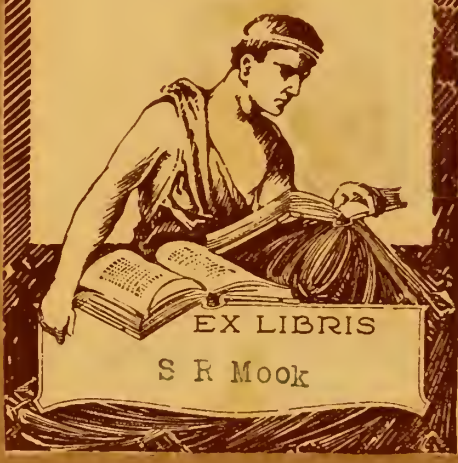


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Lupe Velez

Mentalities of Hollywood Beauties

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Volume XXXIII

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Number 5

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with

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who supply the love-interest
in "Hell's Angels."

What the Fans Think



Watch Robert Montgomery!

IT was a memorable day for me when I saw "Three Live Ghosts," for there on the screen was revealed to me a young, good-looking, dark-haired man who was to relegate such favorites as Buddy Rogers, Gary Cooper, and Dick Arlen to the background. There was not only a charming and handsome fellow, but a real actor!

Oh, I knew then that he wasn't just another leading man. There was something about the subtle laughter in his eyes and his delicious, heart-warming smile that was different. Next time I saw him was in "So This Is College," a mediocre picture, except for him. My belief was justified. There he was, the personification of flippant, wisecracking youth at its most amusing, an utterly different type of rôle from his in "Three Live Ghosts." There followed "Their Own Desire" and "The Divorcee."

I have watched the rise of Robert Montgomery from his first film venture, and I knew from that first glimpse that he would be a success. I say this with all sincerity, and not because thousands of other girls have now recognized his charm and are flooding the information columns of the movie magazines with questions as to his origin and present state of existence.

I liked him from the first minute I saw him. It didn't matter then or now whether he was married or divorced eight times, or whether he was surrounded with those legends which are supposedly indispensable to the standing of a real movie star. No amount of ridiculous rumors—and there haven't been any, anyway—could make Robert Montgomery less an actor than he is already. I know he must be a marvelous fellow, and I know, also, that he will go even farther in the movies than he already has. I think he should be liked as a leading man, for he is about the only one in that class that can *act*, with the possible exception of Gary Cooper, who could not be classed as a leading man, anyway, as he is truly a star in his own right.

Put Robert Montgomery in *any* rôle, and he can toss it off with the greatest ease. Catch Buddy Rogers playing anything but sweet young things, or Dick Arlen anything but one hundred per cent American youths. Robert Montgomery can play the good or bad boy with equal finesse. All of which merely proves my point—that he is a godsend in the realms of leading men!

New York City.

ANNE.

The Extras Are for Gilbert.

My! my! Marie Price, what is your authority for your criticism of John Gilbert? Because you happened to view the filming of a few scenes of "Way for a Sailor" at Los Angeles harbor recently?

Please, I beg you, do you believe that sufficient to make you an able or just critic? Fair play, uh? And you saying unkind things about John Gilbert.

I am sorry, Marie Price, but you happen to be so very, very decidedly wrong. I know. I happen to be an extra girl, and have been working every day for two months throughout the entire filming of "Way for a Sailor." I should be in a better position to judge than you, because of this close association, and I say this—and the rest of the cast are with me—John Gilbert is decidedly liked by us extras. He is not conceited, nor possessed of a superiority complex. He is regular, greets *every* one, irrespective of importance, when coming to work in the morning. Is a sincere and hard worker—and really acts.

I was at the preview of "Way for a Sailor." Both before and after the film the audience enthusiastically applauded for John Gilbert. This picture is bound to be excellent, and both Gilbert and his voice are highly satisfactory.

Here's to John Gilbert, the actor and the man. Extras are a jealous, begrudging lot; but all in his company genuinely hoped for John Gilbert's big comeback and success. You see, he won our true affection—he's a swell guy, that's why!

RACHAEL EDLUNDS.

El Nido Hotel, Hollywood, California.

High Kicking Versus Art.

Virginia Burns's letter in September PICTURE PLAY was bound to result in an avalanche of protesting letters. Here's mine, but not directed particularly against Miss Burns, for her letter is just another example of the attitude of some fans.

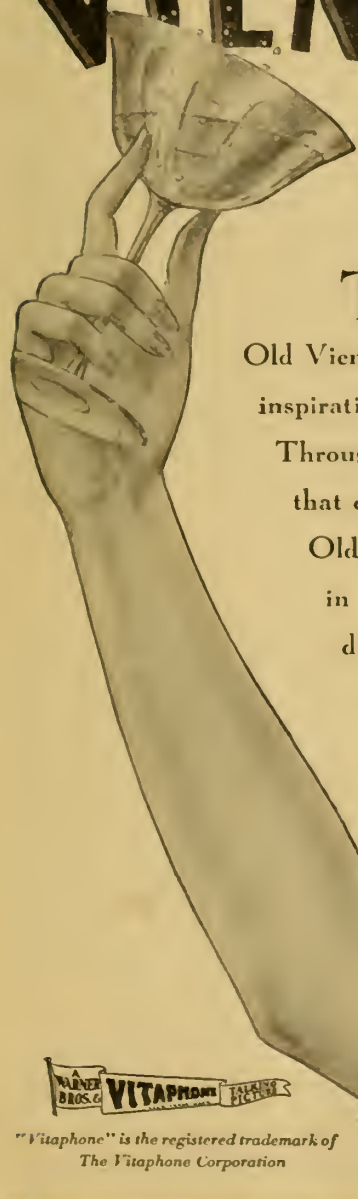
There are two kinds of film players—entertainers and actors. No comparison can be made between the two, and none is necessary, for both types are needed on the screen. With one or two exceptions, the favorites of Miss Burns come in the entertainer class, and because she happens to prefer this kind, is there any need to denounce Greta Garbo as conceited, and to say she is neither beautiful nor talented, because Garbo is, primarily, an actress?

[Continued on page 10]



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What the Fans Think

If your choice is a pretty face, a good figure, and charming ways, if you like to see a favorite star registering this or that—if it is entertainment you want, then there is Anita Page. But if you want to see a rôle acted, to see a player sink her own individuality and actually *be* the part, then Garbo is needed.

No, Greta Garbo is not cute, and if by "talent" Miss Burns means the ability to warble songs and do a little high kicking, then Greta is not talented, either; but she is an actress, a superb actress, and, as such, nothing more should be demanded of her.

And why don't more fans write about Dorothy Mackaill, who is good-looking, a sincere and capable actress, an excellent dancer, and has a really fascinating voice? She's worth a thousand little cuties that are slammed and defended with all the enthusiasm in the world, and yet only one letter in a hundred mentions her.

DORIS PEET.

255 Liverpool Road,
Islington, N. 1, London, England.

Some One to Pick on.

As an ardent reader of "What the Fans Think," it burns me up to read the rude letters about Alice White. I think Alice White is the most adorable actress I have ever seen, heard, or read about. I have been looking for a long time for some star whom I might specially admire, and at last she is it.

If we must pick on some one, why not try Rudy Vallée? He has no personality and is conceited, I think. I was quite fond of his crooning when it was something new, but now I think it is becoming tiresome. I know every one's opinion of Rudy's acting in "The Vagabond Lover."

NAOMI BLANCHART.

635 Orchard Parkway,
Niagara Falls, New York.

Why Leave Garbo Out?

So Greta Garbo will not go down in screen history! "No Garbo, no history," I am tempted to say. Leave out Greta, and what a gap you make in the story of the growth of the celluloid drama of the past five years! There is no more dominant personality in Hollywood to-day than Garbo. Certainly there is no woman in the screen world whose name can be ranked with hers.

They call Chaplin the great genius of screen actors. Among actresses Garbo is a genius. Chatterton is a superb actress, true—or rather she is a clever vocalist. Shearer is a fine technician and a real personality. I mention these two because at this moment they more than any other feminine players seem to challenge the position held by Garbo. But neither of them is a genius. And if the name of an actress may slip into oblivion, that of a genius will hardly die so quickly.

In his article, "Will History Remember Them?" William H. McKegg has drawn his conclusions from a faulty thesis, that the sole requisite for lasting screen fame is notoriety as the creator of a screen type. In the face of this statement, incidentally, he excludes Clara Bow from the roster of the great. Clara, who is nothing if not the great American flapper, the most exploited type the screen has ever known. Whether Miss Bow *does* belong among the screen immortals by reason of histrionic talent I shall not try to prove, because it is not my purpose to debate her acting ability here.

But what does comprise screen fame, by what criteria are we to choose the names of those who will go down in screen history, and what, indeed, do we

mean by screen history? These are questions I fear Mr. McKegg failed to consider when he drew up his list, and without considering them you can reach no valid conclusions. You cannot dismiss the whole problem by crying that some day every name will be forgotten, that the screen and the stage are but pleasures of the moment. If that be true, why approach the problem at all?

To-day there is no one in whom the lovely fire of genius glows so warmly and so constantly as in Greta Garbo. Rather the history of the screen never be written than that the beauty of this fire be forgotten!

But perhaps Mr. McKegg was not thinking of such a history as this when he drew up his list of immortals. Let us suppose for the moment that he was referring to that oft-used but completely fallacious gauge of genius, popularity. In other words, what names will you and I, the fans of to-day, recall when we go to the movies thirty years in the future? But even under these conditions it seems to me that Mr. McKegg's list is completely off balance. For will I remember the same names as you, or you as I? Surely each fan will think of his own past favorites, and he will think of them each, not as a type, but in some striking little detail which fascinated him as a devout worshiper at the idol's feet. And will not the real fans recall *every* name which means so much to-day—Garbo, Swanson, Pickford, Shearer, Novarro, Arliss, Powell, and the rest? As well as the less important figures—Crawford, Rogers, Dix, Gaynor; these and all the rest will be much, much more than mere names to us. But Garbo above all else.

Theda Bara will go down in the book of screen history as the first movie siren. But to place her above *la* Garbo is blindness itself. Endowed by nature with seductive lips and the eyes of an enchantress, Garbo is called a siren of the screen by an audience whose most popular mental sport is placing actors and actresses in categories. Because of the rôles she has played this is in a sense true, yet actually nothing is farther from the truth.

Garbo not among the screen immortals? What sort of immortals are these, indeed!

RICHARD E. PASSMORE.

Media, Pennsylvania.

The Moving Finger Writes—

The Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences has put over its annual bonehead stunt by choosing the ten greatest actors and actresses on the screen, and a very unjust thing it was, as there are many others who are entirely competent to do anything the honored ones have done on the screen. Greta Garbo, Norma Shearer, and Ruth Chatterton are all right if Renée Adorée doesn't get into one of their pictures. If she did, she would steal it, for she is a better actress.

Maurice Chevalier has only his naughty smile. He is not a great actor. Lawrence Tibbett has only his voice and a forceful personality which lacks the polished finesse and charm of Ramon Novarro, who is the greater, because he does the more difficult characterizations, and he is the most versatile and accomplished actor on the screen. The utmost care must be exercised in casting Mr. Tibbett, or he just wouldn't get by.

Nancy Carroll is a cutie; whoever said she was an actress?

George Arliss gives us nothing but striking character studies of an old man. Well, he should, with all his years of experience. If he should give us a character study of a *young* man, ah! that

would be true art. Otis Skinner and Cyril Maude are just as good. Then there are William Powell, Bebe Daniels, and Jean Hersholt. Few equal, none surpass, Warner Baxter, Richard Barthelmess, and Neil Hamilton, any of whom is every bit as good as Ronald Colman, and could take his place any day in the kind of characterizations he does. Oh, it is ridiculous, a shame, and so discouraging to those who really can do complex characterizations.

G. V. H.

1500 Sullivan Street,
Elmira, New York.

Those Male Peroxide Blondes.

Since the columns of "What the Fans Think" are open to all kinds of criticism, may I ask the fans whether they really like peroxide on male hair?

My own opinion is that it is bad enough on feminine coiffeurs, but nauseating on males. First came Phillips Holmes, in "The Devil's Holiday," with a halo intended to suggest youth and innocence. He partly atoned for it by a very good performance. Next was Grant Withers, in "Back Pay," cast as *Little Eva* in trousers, with gilded hair that made his large, solid head look like a great round gilt cannon ball, while his features assumed unusual ruggedness.

Of course, the innocent youth died, and when the light fell on his chin as well as his halo—well, use your imagination, if you haven't seen the picture.

I am expecting every day to see Lewis Ayres or Ramon Novarro with hair the color of an old-style wedding ring, and am praying that M.-G.-M. won't cast Ramon as an Englishman. In that event there would be no escape. Of course, Ronald Colman is dark, but argument would have no effect on a producer's mind.

And speaking of press agents, as "Long Shots" does, Gene Charteris might try his hand on Lew Ayres. He started at twenty-two. Heaven knows what age his press agent will make him if he continues in the good work. His last effusion began: "When the world was started I was a toddling child of four." Really, Mr. Ayres, is this cricket?

S. CARROLL.

Box 4271, Germantown,
Pennsylvania.

C'mon, Tully! Be Sweet.

Frank Tully! You horrid fellow! I do believe you have a jealous streak in you. I would love to tweak your nose. Aren't you ashamed of yourself for condemning Mr. Rogers? Be sweet, now, and take it all back—for my sake, will you? I shall feel much better if you will.

You know, Frank, Bud supports his family, so he has to hold his job. I think he is a much better judge of himself and of the public opinion than you or I. Anyhow, a cigarette is quite common nowadays, so don't you think it is rather nice to be an individual who doesn't do one thing that almost every one does? Surely it is.

Frank, you have got to hand it to Mr. Rogers that he has not "gone Hollywood." He is a clean, refined gentleman, and I have often feared Hollywood might change him, but not our Buddy. He has the will-power to go straight. He appears to be a fellow that one could have utmost confidence in and fully rely upon.

If the "typical American boy" could be portrayed by any better-fitted actor than Charlie, I am afraid that he is long since dead. For Charlie portrays a clean, wholesome youth, sincerely in love with his best girl, in every film. I wonder if

he is like that in real life? It is hard to believe there could be one so nice, though. But maybe I am wrong. I hope so.

DORIS REDDING.

180 Florence Street, Roslindale,
Boston, Massachusetts.

The Accent Question Again.

I think an apology is due to the American fans for the ridiculous nonsense you have read and heard, especially Sir Alfred Knox's speech! As if any one British fan has had fear of being corrupted by American slang! Oh, excuse me while I laugh!

I wonder if Sir Alfred Knox has ever heard a London cockney speak? Or the Yorkshire or Devonshire dialect? Not to mention an Irish, Welsh, or Scottish accent! Before he turns his attention to the "ravages" made in our language by American talkies, I'd like to ask him exactly *how many* of the films he has heard! I presume that he wants Victor McLaglen or Eddie Lowe, in "The Cock-eyed World," to call each other "My de-ah fel-lah"!

Really, I am ashamed to think that an English gentleman should have spoken about the corrupting of the English language, and let him ask himself if our own speech is so perfect that we can afford to find fault with other people's, and to take into consideration that we fall far short in the pronunciation of words as they are spelled. If this is a time for criticism, let me say this, that it is only the *affected* Mayfair talk that has made the English pronunciation what it is. If we have to be correct, let us begin on one word alone; that word is "can't." Oh, I know one *should* say "cannot," but *why* do we English say "can't"? Answer that, if you can!

So carry on, and give us natural talkies, with natural speech, and the *real* English audiences and fans are with you all the way, and here's an honest-to-goodness British "Bravo!" and an American "Rah! Rah!" to all the talkie stars—good, bad, and indifferent!

Sez you?

Sez I!

"THE ROOTER."

London, England.

Why Like Garbo?

Please, please, why do so many people admire Greta Garbo? What has she that's of interest to the American people? In my opinion, and in the opinion of others I know, there are so many more actresses who excel her in every way.

In September PICTURE PLAY I read a letter written by Virginia Burns, and I quite agree with her in everything she said. Greta Garbo is certainly not beautiful or cute, either. She is right when she says that to compare Garbo to Nancy Carroll or Anita Page is foolish. They certainly do outclass Garbo.

To give Garbo a rest, why isn't Mary Brian a star? She is a very good actress, and surely worthy of all the honors any one can give her—but perhaps to be a star is no longer an honor. How about it?

It's a mystery to me why Alice White doesn't go on a rampage. I wouldn't blame her. If all the people who criticize her could do half as well as she does, then perhaps they'd have something to say. If Alice White suddenly put on long skirts and wore a black wig, would she have half the popularity she does now? No, you bet she wouldn't. Give the girl a chance. She's good.

PENNY CASEY.

Detroit, Michigan.

Buddy's Friend Speaks Up.

Perhaps one of the most ridiculous letters ever published in "What the Fans Think" was written by "B. M. K." How any one could so hastily jump at conclusions as has this initialed terror concerning Buddy Rogers is, indeed, almost beyond comprehension.

B. M. K. states that a girl friend of hers wrote a letter of appreciation to Mr. Rogers, and that in return she received the regulation reply saying that for a sum of money the actor's picture would be sent her. From this occurrence Miss K. draws the conclusion that Mr. Rogers is conceited. Every month Buddy receives thousands of letters, and the note of B. M. K.'s friend was but one.

I am so vehement because I know Miss K.'s assertion that Buddy Rogers is conceited to be utterly false and unfounded. I have had the pleasure of meeting him twice—once before he became a star and again quite recently—and both times he was unself-consciously charming, thoroughly unassuming, and altogether delightful, which is quite the opposite of conceit, is it not? At our second meeting Mr. Rogers enthusiastically received me, though our previous meeting had occurred fully two years ago and was but of a moment's duration. In our conversation he remarked that he considered himself extremely fortunate in possessing so many loyal fans and expressed regret that he was unable to get in closer touch with them.

CHARLES LEGRAND.

Detroit, Michigan.

All This World Can Give.

I admire you, Juliette Brown, of Pennsylvania, for your faithfulness to Joan Crawford, and with you I come to her defense. I, too, am devoted to Joan, but without any reciprocation whatsoever. I may as well be placed in the highest ranks of a class of unfortunates.

Some few years ago, when Miss Crawford made her film debut in "The Understanding Heart," I took a fancy to her. Being only at the beginning of my teens, I felt and knew that I would grow up with an increased love and devotion. To be exact, I have written twenty-eight letters to her, eagerly awaiting a reply after each one, but in vain. It really makes me blue every time I realize what futile attempts I have made. Am I discouraged? No. I am only strengthened in my desire to grasp definitely what is a little beyond my reach.

It is said by fans that Joan is not pretty, is conceited, and unmoved by the fans who have so greatly acknowledged her acting ability. It is untrue! It may be seen in "Our Blushing Brides," a rare jewel in the most perfect setting of loveliness, a type of beauty from which great masterpieces are created.

Fans, study Joan more intently. Do not look to her external features as final. Her performances are marked with true realism, a remarkable talent not easily forgotten. She is not harsh and temperamental, but tender and sympathetic. Look to her emotional character, her honesty and faithfulness, and there is revealed the finest characteristics any refined woman of this modern world can possess.

DOROTHY FRYMARK.

830 Racine Street,
Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Give Arlen a Big Hand.

Don't you fans ever get tired of raving about Gary Cooper when Richard Arlen is doing just as good, and often better, work than Gary? Take "The Virginian." Cooper was the star, and he put over an

extremely good performance, but Dick's work was outstanding. Yet from most people he received only secondary praise.

Dick isn't considered one of the big dramatic actors; he doesn't try to make his fans swallow stuff about his being half immortal, and yet he can express more feeling in a single gesture than most stars can in ten. But, apart from his splendid acting, Dick is very much a man, to me the most decided man on the screen to-day.

No, Dick Arlen may not be the type women go breathless over, but I'd rather have him for a pal than any of the famous profiles. Now, fans, isn't it about time we showed Dick we know what he is worth?

DAVID SCOTT.

Thrums, British Columbia, Canada.

Beauty and Talent in Men.

Frank Tully, if you are too narrow and too jealous to admit, even to yourself, that it is possible for a young man to be unusually handsome and an actor of "thought-provoking" caliber as well, I feel very sorry for you.

I am not a "silly schoolgirl," but a serious-minded young lady over twenty-one, whose admiration for Barry Norton is a mature appreciation of a great histrionic genius. You would probably consider Oscar Wilde's admiration of the art of Sarah Bernhardt a thing naive and giddy, too, wouldn't you? I have read many letters written to Barry by "these silly schoolgirls," so I felt your insult more than you could suspect.

If you think it is his profile that has me excited, you are very mistaken. I think Barry has a comparatively poor profile, although, to be sure, from the front he is really beautiful. It is hard to understand why one must look like Emil Jannings to be considered the "screen's greatest actor." I never did agree with that theory. Jannings was never the screen's greatest, and his lack of pulchritude has nothing to do with my opinion. I am attracted to handsomeness in men—naturally. But acting is acting, and beauty of features has little to do with it.

Since when is it so childish to want to know people we admire? Shall we make friends with people with whom we have nothing in common? For a long time I wanted to know Barry. Every friend who has really meant much to me I have met by mail. Why not Barry? We have much in common. Our correspondence was friendship at its noblest. There are precious few of our sex-conscience, selfish American men capable of so fine a friendship with one of the opposite sex as the sophisticated young Argentinean. I never claimed to be excessively patriotic, so it won't disturb me a bit if I am taken to task for this statement.

You, Mr. Tully, are evidently one of those persons who consider all people stupid and prejudiced, except those who happen to have the same stupidities and prejudices as yourself. For example, your praise for the party who criticized Lillian Gish whom I, too, happen to think is a poor actress.

CROCELLA MULLEN.

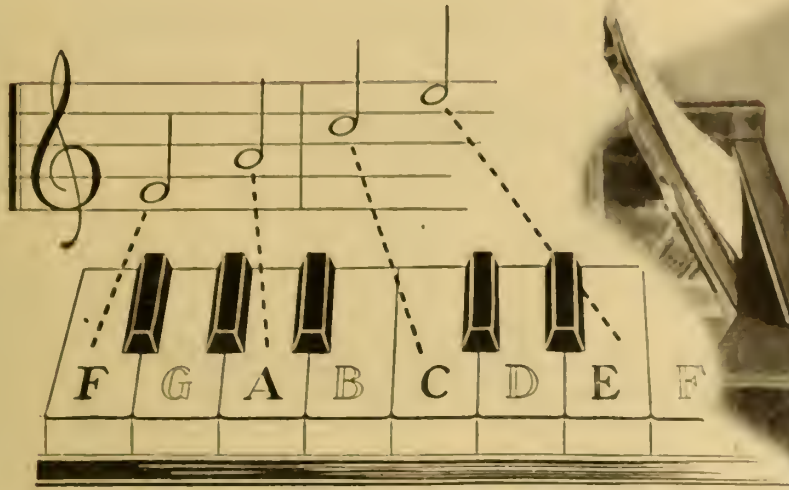
6507 Santa Monica Boulevard,
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What Is a Fan Club?

A reader of PICTURE PLAY recently asked about the fan clubs. That it's a large subject is probably the reason he has not, as yet, received any information.

Let me explain. A fan club is officially organized in honor of some particular favorite for the sole purpose of boosting him. All this star's admirers are invited to join and participate in the activities

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Photo by Max Mun Autrey

Every cloud has a silver lining. And that means the return of Janet Gaynor to the Fox fold and her reunion with Charles Farrell, in "The Man Who Came Back." Neither star is at an advantage when away from the other, for they are perfectly matched as hero and heroine and their joint appearance in the new picture—the first of several—promises not only further enjoyment of their own particular charm, but a far more dramatic and realistic story than any of their previous ones.

Beauty Gets

Though Hollywood's stellar bodies are of their intellects. But now the minds of into four classifications—brilliant, intel article shows how they rate

By Samuel

his reigning favorite, dwelling on her charms and inherently sweet disposition, even though the player may that very day have thrown a sun arc at a luckless electrician, because he had the light shooting down upon her, instead of up at her, revealing her double chin and wrinkles. Your interrogator squirms a little, thanks you for the information, hems and haws a while, and finally blurts out, "Yes, but *is she dumb?*"

And when you get down to the business of analyzing and cataloguing the prominent women in pictures, it is amazing how few there are whose intellects stand up under the cold light of analysis. For the purpose of discussing them, we may divide them into four classes: brilliant, intelligent, clever, and shrewd.

Brilliant.

It is astounding how few actresses there are who can qualify for this class.

Constance Bennett, certainly. It isn't Constance's looks, nor her ability to wear clothes, nor her sophistication, nor her chic. It is Constance herself. She has all these qualities and, in addition, she has the faculty of cold analysis.

She labors under no delusions concerning herself, either as to her ability or her appearance. Asked what she understood by the phrase, "a brilliant person," Constance was the only one who could express her views, and who could also differentiate between the four classifications mentioned. "You speak," she said, "of a brilliant violinist, a brilliant actor, a brilliant student. A person may be brilliant in one line and stupid as a fool in others. How many of us could, by any stretch of the imagination, be called really brilliant in every sense?"

Without fear of contradiction by any one who knows her, I think I may say that Constance

is brilliant. There are few subjects she cannot discuss, not only intelligently, but with sympathy and understanding. It is not book learning, but the poise and



Photo by Hesser

Gloria Swanson is undeniably brilliant, but in her fight to maintain her position on the screen she has sacrificed her femininity.

I HAVE just finished looking through some back numbers of PICTURE PLAY—always an interesting diversion. And, oddly enough, the stories that stick in my mind are those in which various heroes of the screen described their dream girls.

Their descriptions included looks, traits of character, companionship, adaptability, compatibility, this, that, and the other thing. The only item not touched upon was the matter of intellect. Apparently our heroes, like Tennyson, feel that beauty unadorned is adorned the most, although Tennyson may have had a different meaning in mind when he composed that aphorism.

Yet on meeting a person outside the studios, the first thing he asks is, "What's she really like?" You describe



Photo by Ball

Though Lilyan Tashman's self-assurance is uppermost, she is a brilliant conversationalist when away from crowds.

a Mental Test

constantly discussed, nothing is ever said famous beauties are analyzed and divided ligent, clever, and shrewd. This amazing as persons rather than stars.

Richard Mook

sophistication with which she meets situations—a girl of twenty-three or four moving through the social life and studio intrigues of Hollywood with the tact and diplomacy of a Madame de Staël.

Gloria Swanson, sprung from God knows what source, first attracted notice in the Mack Sennett bathing-girl comedies. On through her early days as a dramatic clotheshorse in DeMille spectacles, when critics and fans praised her beauty and kept charitably silent on the subject of her histrionics, Gloria set about making of herself in real life the sort of woman she portrays on the screen—a woman capable of wearing clothes as though they belonged to her, of meeting trying situations capably, of speaking grammatically, and of understanding each separate and distinct phase of her profession.

Out of the maelstrom of the years in which she has floundered as a star, sometimes at the top, sometimes perilously near the eddies and whirlpools that suck one under, she has emerged with brilliant understanding of people, human nature—and movies.

There is no phase of the industry upon which she has not made herself an authority, from selecting a story on through its production and editing. She supervises the cutting of every foot of her films.

What does it matter if, in her fight for supremacy, she has succeeded at the sacrifice of her femininity? For the Gloria of to-day is a cold, abrupt, and brusque creature who speaks with the warmth and loquacity of a bank president listening to a plea for a loan of half a million, unsecured. But of her brilliance there can be no doubt.

Aileen Pringle's reputation for brilliance is founded upon nothing more substantial than a game of dominoes. Meeting Joseph Hergesheimer, the novelist, the conversation drifted to indoor sports, and Joe, the intellectual, avowed that nothing stimulated him quite so much as a good, exciting game of dominoes.

Ann Harding falls almost into the superintelligent group of stars.

Photo by Thomas



Photo by Louise

Norma Shearer's intelligence has made her a star and no detail is too small for her concentrated attention.

La Pringle, who is no slouch when it comes to matching dots on pieces of ivory, invited him up for a tourney. Thrusts of her rapierlike wit doubtless accompanied each move, to the enjoyment of Joseph, and he mentioned to several friends that he had spent a most pleasurable evening with Miss Pringle. His confrères were not slow to follow in his footsteps, for worth-while conversation in Hollywood is as rare as a lasting love affair in the life of Clara Bow.





Photo by Chidnoff

Lois Moran is mental, brilliant, and possesses a real intellect, but her conversation is over the head of the average Hollywood beau.

With her salon filled by the intelligentsia, Miss Pringle's reputation was established. Brilliant her conversation undoubtedly is, but it is the brilliance of repartée, rather than of deep mentality.

Lois Moran is unquestionably brilliant. There is hardly a topic from Einstein's theory to excise taxes that she cannot discuss, with all intermediate branches of learning thrown in, from sports to literature. She is an omnivorous reader and has an uncanny faculty of assimilating what she reads.

But what does it avail her? Her conversation is far over the heads of the young men with whom she goes out, and she is seldom seen with the same man more than two or three times. Lois regrets it,

but she cannot change her mentality, because the men who ask her for dates are her intellectual inferiors.

Scoff as you will, one of the most brilliant women in Hollywood is none other than the erstwhile "Follies" girl, Lilyan Tashman. Along with her poise and assurance, Lil has acquired a knowledge, not only of books, but of many other subjects on which she may safely be quoted.

You may laugh at her conceit, but at the same time it compels your admiration. Lilyan will sweep into a room filled with illustrious men and women with an air that fairly shrieks, "I am as well dressed—or better dressed—than any woman here, and I am infinitely more interesting than the majority of them. Now what the hell are you going to do about it?" And she will retain the center of attraction by sheer dominance of personality, despite all efforts to extinguish her.

Away from crowds, when she relaxes—to an extent—she is one of the most interesting and compelling conversationalists I know.

And there you have it. Out of an industry numbering thousands of women on its rosters, five can be called brilliant. I'll be generous and say that I've overlooked one, and there are six. Supply the name of the missing sixth to suit yourself.

Intelligent.

As Omar Khayyám sagely remarked, "A hair, perhaps, divides the false and true." So it is with brilliance and intelligence—a hairbreadth division, possibly, but what a hair! For brilliance is simply superintelligence projected by that evanescent quality called personality, in a way that causes a woman to sparkle like a jewel. And intelligence is that flavoring sometimes found in a woman's make-up known as common sense.

The number of women in pictures who display intelligence, not only in the handling of their careers, but in the conduct of their lives and affairs, is gratifying at a superficial glance, although it may be a little discouraging when considered in relation to the total number of women in the industry.

Mary Pickford is one of the most outstanding examples of intelligence. Hardly a brilliant conversation-



Sheer intelligence enabled Ruth Chatterton to make for herself a career on the screen more successful than she ever enjoyed on the stage.

alist, she has displayed an intelligence and insight in business matters that most men would envy. Possibly she has never made a study of the business of becoming a "lady" that Swanson has, but, where pictures are concerned, she is certainly Swanson's peer. Her investments have been handled with the same acumen, and she is one of the few stars, men or women, who have profitably produced their own pictures.

Norma Shearer is another. She is one of the most intelligent women I have talked with, in Hollywood or elsewhere. There is no detail too small to merit her attention. In preparing for interviews she endeavors to find out beforehand as much as possible about the work and personality of the person coming to see her. She then considers how best to approach him to make a good impression.

Nor is her meticulous attention to details confined to that phase of her career most likely to be directly presented to the public. She seriously concerns herself with stories, casts, clothes, and habits.

Miss Shearer might accurately be termed a self-made star. She is a star simply because of her indomitable will power and perseverance. She has had no rôle that made her an overnight sensation; she is not a great beauty; and she is not the type of woman who would appeal to the taste of the mob. In addition, she had several physical disabilities to fight before she could become a popular favorite. Yet, through sheer intelligence, she has handled her career in a way that has created a decided demand for her services, and that has won her a very definite fan following.

Louise Fazenda's knowledge of life and people gives her a quality of sympathetic intelligence second to none.



Photo by Hesser

Constance Bennett is Mr. Mook's first nomination for brilliance in Hollywood.



Photo by Alexander

Common sense is at the bottom of Kay Francis's intelligence.



Ann Harding is still another who falls almost into the super-intelligent class. Recently, while praising her ability as a stage actress, I wrote somewhat disparagingly of her chances for success on the screen. Unfortunately I had just seen "Her Private Affair" previewed, before seeing "Paris Bound" and other pictures she has made. A fan wrote to me, "Look again, Mr. Mook, and see beneath that 'destructive coiffure' of which you so evidently disapprove, the fearlessness, tenderness,

and intelligence in those eyes." And the fan was right.

Since writing that article I have had the pleasure of meeting Miss Harding and talking with her, and I have had conversations repeated to me in which she participated. All of it indicates a clear stratum of common sense. She is probably not known well enough to be called "the most popular woman in Hollywood," but I doubt if there is a woman in town who is better liked, or more admired, among her own circle of acquaintances than Ann Harding.

She cares nothing for dress, and offscreen slouches around in clothes that are the despair of her modistes. Yet she has intelligence enough to know that clothes are a very necessary adjunct to success on the screen, and she buys gowns in the best possible taste for her pictures and wears them with an ease that many a clothes-horse might envy.

[Continued on page 104]



New York fifty years from now is visualized in "Just Imagine," a fantasy by the authors of "Sunny Side Up."

The Future of Melody Films

Though King Jazz is nobody any more and Tin-pan Alley is taboo in Hollywood, the musical picture survives—but with a vast difference. In this illuminating article you will learn all about a new form of entertainment which employs music—and better music—than the screen has hitherto provided.

By Edwin Schallert

Oh, Mr. Melody Man,
Please be good if you can—

SO runs the burden of an old song. And so, too, in a way, goes the theme of Hollywood's newest and biggest upset.

Another revolution has come to pass in the films. Another king has been overthrown.

A year ago this monarch's banners were the brightest in the land. To-day they are dragging in the dust, to the dissonant cackles of the I-told-you-sos.

A victim of all-too-familiar movie hysteria, which fools with its golden promises of success, and then clamorously demands the slaughter of anything that doesn't hit, King Jazz right now is a deposed, disaffected old nobody, with his crown battered in, his scepter smashed and a woebegone expression on his face.

And if you don't believe it, why see how much syn-copated melody you can find gushing forth from the loud-speakers of any first-line picture theater in the land. Also listen to the estimates which say that while fifty per cent of the films sang their way gayly along a year ago, only five per cent are warbling a tune at the present.

What has been the matter with the so-called musical film thus far? How could anything that started off so brightly just one year ago, with a budding future that seemed bound to bloom, fall into such a sad estate? Can nothing be done to reanimate and revivify this apparently decrepit and palsied form of entertainment that faded and curled up almost before it reached maturity?

The screen *must* possess some musical possibilities, or else all the seers and the nineteen dozen prophets that flourish about the studios struck nothing but sour notes in their predictions.

Too, there are other reasons why there must be something to this music thing. You just *have* to consider that certain harmonious little opuses went over at the box office with a terrific smash.

There was "Sunny Side Up," for instance. No complaint about that. The picture is expected to bring in more shekels than that very popular feature, "The Cock-eyed World." In fact it was one of the very best winners on Fox's program last season, and all this despite that it lacked any genuine singers in the two leading rôles.

Then there was "Rio Rita." No fault to find here, either. Bebe Daniels's vocal début was a most felicitous



event. Indeed, "Rio Rita," the film, virtually put "Rio Rita," a stage production, out of the running when it tried to play through the country about the time the film was released.

One hears no ill reports, either, about "The Rogue Song," and that was of a more serious musical order. Evidence that it proved popular is supplied by the re-signing of Lawrence Tibbett, the star, for other pictures by M.-G.-M. at a jump in salary.

High hopes are also held for the success of John McCormack's "Song o' My Heart," in the ultimate reckoning, even though it may have been no whirlwind of a cash magnetizer to date.

In passing, one might mention that the public also liked the musical qualities of "Gold Diggers of Broadway." Even though they had to listen to Nick Lucas's voice every half reel, the effect wasn't killing to the production. Furthermore, this film gained a huge number of critics' votes in a trade magazine.

Take the little matter of the songs themselves. What more popular than "Chérie," "It Happened in Monterey," "Happy Days," "Dixiana," "Livin' in the Sunlight; Lovin' in the Moonlight," "You Brought a New Kind of Love to Me," "A Little Kiss Each Morning; a Little Kiss Each Night," "My Sweeter Than Sweet," "Ragamuffin Romeo," "Song of the Dawn," "How Am I to Know?" "Louise," "My Love Parade," "Should I?" "Puttin' on the Ritz," "In My Little Hope Chest," "Tip-toe Through the Tulips," "Cryin' for the Carolines," "Kiss Waltz," "Song of the Flame," and "The Moon Is Low"?

Practically all these have been one hundred per cent bingers with the dancing, radio-listening and jazz-playing crowd. They have gladdened the night clubs, the cabarets, and the family hearthside. They have been warbled, screeched, blued, yodeled, for all I know—and incidentally sung—in the inevitable fashion of the jazz knock-out. No question but that the films are supplying a nation with syncopation—and that many of their biggest melody winners are carrying gawty into the restaurants and homes even of Europe.

The music of the musical picture has gone over; why should the musical picture itself flop? That's the neat little puzzle that folks in movieland have been trying to solve.

Of course, it isn't such a hopeless flop as it looks on the surface. There are many pictures in which songs will be rendered this year, take 'em or leave 'em. Five per cent of the big total of productions, means a very fair number. The output will come near being thirty or forty pictures, all told, which are musical. But from the outlook they will be different entirely from those seen a year ago.

First of all, there will come such carefully and conscientiously produced operettas as "Children of Dreams" and "Viennese Nights." These have been written by Sigmund Romberg

Marilyn Miller appears in "Sunny," a musical comedy of accepted form, but the melodies are superior to Tinpan Alley compositions.

and Oscar Hammerstein, Jr. The former is responsible for such big hits of the stage as "Blossom Time," "The Student Prince," and "The Desert Song."

The Future of Melody Films

He has had the coöperation of Hammerstein on various of his successes.

Then there will be the Rudolph Friml effort to combine music with spectacular and dramatic interest in "The Lottery Bride." Friml is another operetta composer, with a long and hit-bespangled career, including at various stages, "Firefly," "High Jinks," "Katinka," "Rose-Marie," and others. He is recognized as one of the most brilliant and original composers.

One can also see remarkably interesting prospects for "Men of the Sky," by Jerome Kern and Otto Harbach. The former wrote the music for one of the most famous of all stage successes, "Show Boat." Kern is regarded by many as one of the most inspired of composers of the lighter order to-day.

There are besides, "New Moon," a Romberg work starring Lawrence Tibbett, "A Lady's Morals," inspired by the life of Jenny Lind, for Grace Moore's début; "Monte Carlo," featuring Jeanette MacDonald and Jack Buchanan, and directed by Ernst Lubitsch; "The Playboy of Paris," Maurice Chevalier's latest adventure, which includes, I believe, only a couple of songs: "The Hot Heiress," written by Rodgers, Fields, and Hart, who did a musical version of "The Connecticut Yankee" for the stage, and wrote "Ten Cents a Dance"; and "Just Imagine," by De Sylva, Brown, and Henderson of "Sunny Side Up" note.

These appear among the most outshining. The Jenny Lind music, one might mention, is by Oscar Strauss and Herbert Stothart. Strauss, needless to recall, composed "The Chocolate Soldier."

It looks as if the studios were being far more discriminating in whom they choose to provide tunes for the screen than they were in the beginning. There isn't the wholesale importation of the Tin-pan Alley composers of a year ago. Not so long past these same Tin-pan Alleyites were being shipped back by the carload to New York. They had their gay little day, but most of them failed to deliver what was wanted by the movie public.

Here's what one producer told me about the whole affair: "The trouble with those boys was that they were selfish. All they wanted was to have the pictures plug their songs, so they would have a big sale of the sheet music and the phonograph records. They'd stick in a song wherever it suited them. They used vaudeville methods of

introducing a number, literally forcing it upon the audiences.

"To be sure, we were at fault, too. We let them get away with it, perhaps even encouraged it in the beginning. The song came first half the time, the picture afterward. We overestimated the public's capacity for listening to tunes, and disregarded the fact that these tunes often marred the plot of the picture by slowing down the action. Many of the song films were consequently so dull and tedious that people walked out of the theater, or refused to go at all.

"This season the studios have different ideas of musical pictures. The music will be logically introduced. It will form a part of the action of the picture. The singer will be natural about it, and that doesn't mean that every hero is to be a cabaret or vaudeville performer, either, or that every story is to be a back-stage story. We shall endeavor to create an environment for music at the beginning of the production, and let the rest carry itself along."

Examples of this more recent tendency can be found in "Children of Dreams." Here the characters are the gypsylike fruit pickers of the California orchards. They are a nomadic type, and it is entirely believable that they may sing as they work. Furthermore, they have to depend on their own efforts for amusement and entertainment during off hours. It is logical that those with talent should display this talent in songs and dances.

The later scenes of "Children of Dreams" transport one to the opera house. Here the singing is again wholly in order. In both this operetta and in "Viennese Nights," Hammerstein and Romberg have endeavored to fashion a musical aspect to the picture right at the start, and it is their belief that this can be done with any number of romantic plots.

Kern's musical film, "Men of the Sky," is a story of France and Germany during the war, and Kern himself told me that the aim is to keep all the music atmospheric. Whenever melody is heard it will appear to be part of the setting. It will emanate either from a café or



"Children of Dreams" has Paul Gregory, Margaret Schilling, and Marion Byron in the cast, with music by Sig-mund Romberg and Oscar Hammerstein, Jr.

chestra, a marching band, or some other combination of musical instruments that might seem appropriate. The song will follow as a matter of course, but only because it has some obvious inspiration.

These new workers in the films are very skillful, and they appear to be careful students of what is required, most of them spending time constantly on the picture sets. Therefore Hollywood proceeds into its second season of music with some capable and painstaking creators. And that may help to settle up nicely the important perplexity of the music itself.

And what about the singers who'll render the songs? Can they, too, be improved?

Most of the film stars themselves have forsaken the vocal studios. It was just too much of a job to learn to be an opera diva overnight. The best stars are now concentrating their efforts on speech. And here they are bound to fare better and better all the time, as shown in the case of Norma Shearer.

Nancy Carroll, Joan Crawford, Loretta Young, June Collyer, Betty Compson, Lois Wilson, Mary Astor, and others are beginning to give us good, if not better performances than they did in the silent days.

The singing rage was bound to pass, and out of the many who studied there emerged only Miss Daniels, Jeanette Loff, Gloria Swanson, John Boles, Ramon Novarro, and a few others who have qualified. Singing is an independent talent; it needs training, experience, and a musical sense. Hence, a girl like Janet Gaynor, for lack of these, really made herself look foolish by attempting to do musical numbers. And nobody more than Janet has wanted to quit it.

Grace Moore as *Jenny Lind*, in "A Lady's Morals," is the sole exponent of operatic arias on the screen.



Vivienne Segal and Walter Pidgeon, in "Viennese Nights," have the advantage of singing songs that are the logical expression of a mood instead of a musical interruption.

Many of the stage singers failed just as quickly. They lacked screen personalities. Audiences resented the way they photographed. It was a pleasure to shut one's eyes on a majority of them.

However, Tibbett, Jeanette MacDonald, the lovely Marilyn Miller, Bernice Claire, and others are still under contract to the studios, which proves that good voices have a great opportunity. The majority of these have also been approved by the fans.

There have also come more recently Paul Gregory, Evelyn Laye. Continued on page 98





Photo by Otto Dyar



Theirs Are

Phillips Holmes and Helen Twelve
ances that elicit cheers, congratula

THE ability to act well is not a recent discovery in Phillips Holmes by those who saw "The Devil's Holiday," but his rôle in "Her Man" is more exacting and his performance is proportionately exciting. Vigorous, aggressive, he is the young seaman who has smiled at life while fighting his way through its seamier side. In voice, pantomime, and that nameless something that we call discretion or judgment Mr. Holmes proves himself one of the elect. He is seen, left, with Helen Twelvetrees.





Photo by Russell Ball



the Honors

trees, in "Her Man," give performances, and prayers for their future.

F AITH in her ability to prove her talent on the screen has been lacking from neither Helen Twelvetrees nor her friends, but picture after picture failed to give her the precise rôle and director she needed, until "Her Man" and Tay Garnett came along. Delicacy and vigor and pathos beautifully merge in her portrait of the unhappy little gold digger in the Havana dive, who is made doubly real because of her faults and not her virtues. She is seen, right, with Phillips Holmes.



Hollywood Could Be Nuttier



The brilliant coauthor of "Queer People" defends the movie capital—with his tongue in his cheek.

By Carroll Graham

Illustrated by Lui Crugo

THERE has been a good deal of conversation here and there to the effect that Hollywood is a pretty nutty place, and who am I to deny it? I have even fostered that idea now and again in print, and I cannot remember ever having denied it orally upon any occasion.

These same declaimers of Hollywood's nuttiness, however, have been singularly reticent about advancing any reasons for that particular brand of insanity to be found directly south of the Hollywood hills. The average commentator is prone to shrug his shoulders and say, "Oh, well, that's Hollywood. Everybody's crazy out there."

This is unjust to the old residents of that community which was once a peaceful country village surrounded by orange and lemon groves. The few native sons and daughters of that community I have met seem to be decidedly sane.

Now, as almost a native Californian, I point with pride to the fact that the 1930 census states that the up-and-coming city of Los Angeles harbors a population of 1,250,000 souls. Of this number, it is estimated that 350,000 reside in the district roughly known as Hollywood. This includes gag men.

There is probably no reason why any obscure person should take up a blanket defense of 350,000 persons, except that my civic glands are highly developed, and I feel the urge for self-expression.

Hollywood—as an enormous number of earnest writing folk have sought to convince you—is an evanescent and undefinable village bordering on the Kingdom of Oz and the land of Never-never, where almost anything is more than likely to happen. Its 350,000 inhabitants range from acrobats to xylophone players, brought together from such far-flung points as Iceland and Johannesburg. Considering these things, it is as normal and explainable a village as it could be under the circumstances, and I'll tell you why, as Chic Sale might say.

No. 1.—The people who go there are a little balmy, else they would have heeded the warnings about the heartbreaks and hunger of Hollywood and remained home. No. 2.—The ones who are successful become so in such

spectacular fashion that they can't help going a bit balmier. No. 3.—I defy any one to collect 350,000 artists, actors, authors, painters, and the like, and mold the collection into a thoroughly normal community conducted on the lines of Zion City.

A young man of New York lately won \$149,000 on a Canadian lottery ticket. The boy and his father and brother made ludicrous spectacles of themselves in the public prints by squabbling over the prize. They became grasping and deceitful. Without the sudden riches they might—and undoubtedly would—have remained a happy family.

Does this isolated instance make my point clear?

That more Hollywoodians, having suddenly sprung into wealth and fame, do not expand under the intoxicating atmosphere of that city and do strange, fantastic things, is to be marveled at, rather than the reverse.

Let's get down to an example. A young man from, let us say, Biloxi, Mississippi, turns up, through some strange chain of events, in the motion-picture colony. He has a cleft chin, a head of curly hair, and what writers of fiction would call clean limbs. He becomes a leading man, because he caught the eye of a film producer, who does not care to hire some other young man who had come earlier from What Cheer, Iowa, and had boosted his salary to \$1,000 a week, when he can engage the Biloxi lad for a tenth of that amount.

Is our producer right? Of course he is. A cleft chin is more or less a cleft chin. See one and you've seen them all. The boy from Biloxi gets the job, another star is born, and things begin to happen to him rapidly. Very probably he never had more than ten dollars at any time in his life, and was never before on speaking acquaintance with any one more prominent than the Biloxi butcher.

Suddenly he finds himself a celebrity. He is photographed, wined and dined, talked about. His views on life, love, and companionate marriage are suddenly regarded as important enough to print. Aging female stars yearn for his soul.

If the boy from Biloxi does not go dizzy under this swift and drastic treatment, then he is a truly remarkable person.

Musicians are notoriously temperamental and the movie mecca is the goal of every one of them.



Most of them do get a rush of strange impulses for a while, and go in for poses and unnatural accents and temperament, but eventually snap out of it. Some never snap out of it. And a great many of them do not change at all.

But let us forget about actors. After all, they constitute but a small part of the 350,000 persons who infest Hollywood. The strange business of making movies attracts and employs workers in a great many arts and professions, and all of them are apt to include rather unusual people.

Musicians, for instance, are notoriously temperamental. Hollywood is jammed with them. There have always been a great many writers in Hollywood, but the talkies have brought several hundred more. Well, you know writers. If you do, you can imagine what a few hundred of them would do to an ordinary community, to say nothing of one which is already pretty well that way already. A great many of them are playwrights, and any stage producer will tell you about playwrights.

A great many more are newspapermen. Any city editor will tell you about newspapermen. A great many more are Broadway wise-crackers. Well, read the Broadway columnists, who spend all their time explaining the vagaries of Broadway. Most of this class have previously made their living writing vaudeville acts and sketches in revues. I think the results of their efforts speak fairly well of their sanity.

And then there are cartoonists. There is a widespread theory which may be sound, for all I know, that cartoonists make good scenario writers and gag men. The producers' argument seems to run, "They make their living drawing pictures, don't they? We're making pictures. Well, a picture's a picture, ain't it?"

In any event, it is generally conceded that cartoonists are the last word in irrational folk. For confirmation of this, you need only ask a cartoonist, for they admit it.

But this catalogue of strange folk who come to Hollywood from distant lands, and contribute to the city's strange pattern, is far from complete as yet.

There are a great many artists, for one thing. Every studio employs a staff of at least a dozen, the larger ones a hundred or more. They design settings and costumes, and arrange the furnishing of sets, and paint scenery and work on those little miniatures which make such imposing sets out of such ordinary ones.

There are rich men and rich men's sons who have a great deal more money than is good for them, and an urge to spend it where they may get the greatest excitement in return. Having read and heard lurid accounts of Hollywood's gawdy, they flock out jubilantly, establish luxurious homes and settle down to a steady program of making a great deal of whoopee, often to the discomfort of the less fortunate souls who must earn a living in the film industry by working.

Take any town of 350,000 and repopulate it with everything from acrobats to xylophone players, and there's your Hollywood.

Cartoonists are generally the last word in irrationality, and there are swarms of them around the studios.



There are photographers and cameramen, too. Having established the irresponsibility of newspapermen as a class, one has only to discover that a newspaperman regards a photographer as some impossible and often dangerously insane creature, to realize that this class probably does very little to stabilize a community already listing a bit to port.

Then, too, there are nondescripts who come under no general classification—racketeers, people with strange theories who are anxious to unload them at a handsome profit on gullible Hollywood, where the streets are reputedly paved with gold; fortune tellers; phony noblemen; inventors; poets; goofs of all nations.

Out they come, their pet insanity all wrapped up in tissue paper, ready to be whipped out for display the moment they set foot in the town. There they stay, and, not content to nurse their own predilections quietly, they foist them on whomever they meet, and oftentimes they merge and swap.

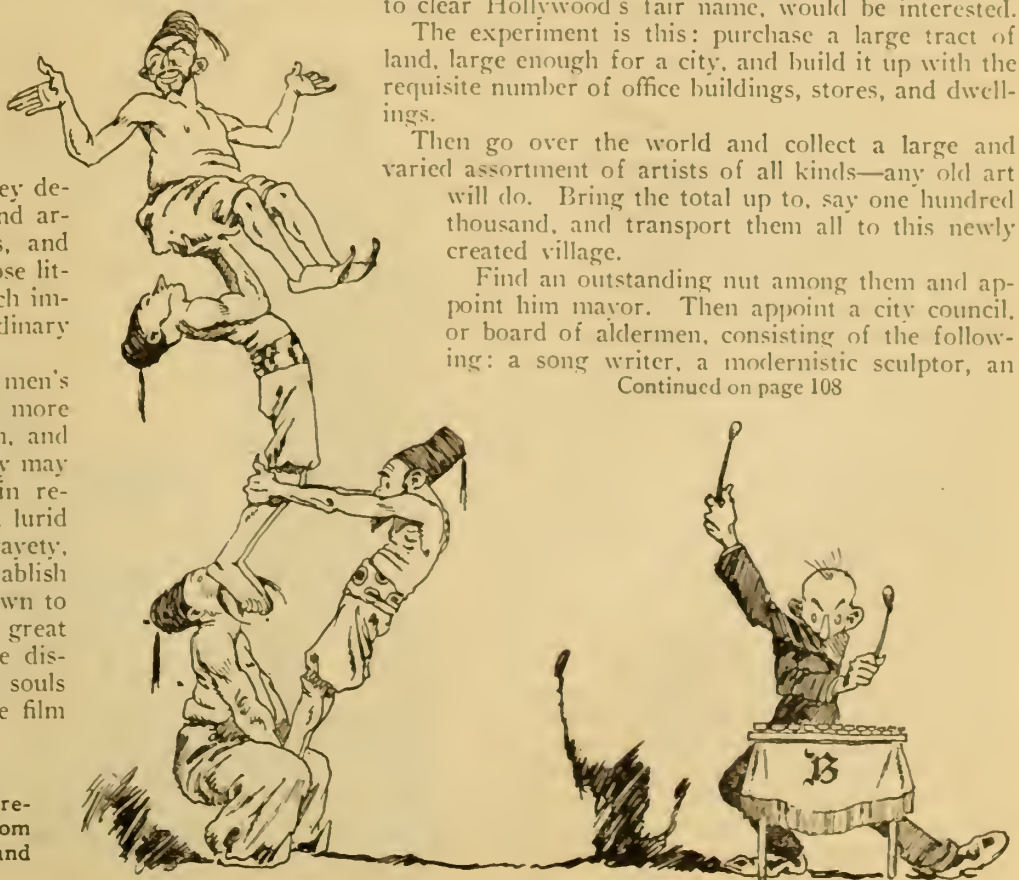
As a bit of purely scientific research, I propose that some exceedingly wealthy person should make an experiment. Perhaps one of the rich producers, anxious to clear Hollywood's fair name, would be interested.

The experiment is this: purchase a large tract of land, large enough for a city, and build it up with the requisite number of office buildings, stores, and dwellings.

Then go over the world and collect a large and varied assortment of artists of all kinds—any old art will do. Bring the total up to, say one hundred thousand, and transport them all to this newly created village.

Find an outstanding nut among them and appoint him mayor. Then appoint a city council, or board of aldermen, consisting of the following: a song writer, a modernistic sculptor, an

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Miss Dressler's best work has been as shady old ladies. Here she is seen in "Min and Bill."

A Greater Gift than Beauty

In all Marie Dressler's forty-two years on the stage and screen, she never worried over diets or beauty culture, but romped through life for all the fun there was in it; thus at sixty her humor and gusto for living make her a real favorite.

By Myrtle Gebhart

A STAR at sixty! From the high peak of success, Marie Dressler looks back upon the rocky path over which she stumbled her way upward, with chuckles that drown the memories of the weary ascent.

In a field peopled by prettiness and youth's buoyancy, two women stand firmly entrenched in the field of drama and comedy. Their names are so similar that confusion results—Louise Dresser and Marie Dressler. They share several qualities—pluck, determination, tolerance, and a childlike spirit. Despite the evident imprint of life's experiences, Miss Dressler is animated by a humor that appeals to all.

The riotous Dressler fun commands higher pay than beauty. A group of salesmen recently voted her their favorite actress, because she invariably relaxes and entertains them. They see a Chatterton drama for mental or emotional stimulus.

Wherever she goes, it resembles a convention. People gravitate into a mob at her heels. Anticipating smiles break out when she is sighted. Groups impede her progress along the street—all well-wishers in whose liking she finds constant delight.

Her friendliness explains the reaction of an audience to her shadow or presence. Life is so fascinating and so funny to her that she is attuned to its myriad harmonies. I sometimes wonder if she ever sees the ugly plotches.

Her circle of intimate friends covers a wide canvas of activities, embracing every type from social lights to waitresses, from celebrities to chorus girls. Hollywood fairly adores her. The boys call her "Baby"; the women delight in her reminiscences, themselves silent for once. Many a young career owes inspiration to her helpful advice.

It's all very well, and a lot of fun, to kid her and remark that she should have been a Wampas baby star. But dignity rests serenely on her large shoulders. Her ample lines give her no concern; reducing has caused not half an hour of annoyance in her busy life. With all her clowning she is never crude; there is a suggested delicacy.

She walks with poise and pride, and her carriage is excellent. True, her short red hair is forever blowzy, ruffled by energetic hands. Her greenish eyes intently proclaim in advance the importance of each trivial comment. She creates commotion. You sense a stir and divine her presence before you see her. And you address her familiarly without feeling intrusive.

She has both an appreciation of beauty and practical sense. Returning from her last trip abroad, she bilowed onto the lot with marching tread and, accompanied by gales of laughter, circled the offices to deposit gifts. Interrupting a story conference, she upturned a paper bag on Irving Thalberg's desk, and some forty pieces of hammered silver clanged on the polished wood. Calling

out a hearty greeting, she dashed away. Mr. Thalberg assembled the articles into a cocktail service that formed a miniature Zeppelin. She left cigarette cases for her men coworkers and jewelry for the girls.

Polly Moran, her little pal, trots alongside like a pilot fish. Polly always looks as if she were coming apart any minute. She is a verbal tornado, lulled into quiet only by her attitude, bordering on reverence, toward her chum. The cigar box containing her make-up stuff under her arm, she herself seems to be tucked into the crook of the plushy Dressler arm. And it takes a strong personality to quench Polly.

"Ah, she's just too wonderful!" Polly exclaims. "Her humor is always kind. Her sophistication is subtle, never ugly. I can look at the *Graf Zeppelin* and say, 'That's Marie enjoying a swing in her hammock,' but just the same I admire her more than any one on earth. She has a perfectly balanced sense of values. But she's too modest."

They met many years ago, when Polly played a small part in a Dressler stage play. "She was beautiful then, so beautiful." Their only arguments are over payment of the luncheon checks.

With dynamic will, Marie fought off an illness that persisted through several pictures, and during one wore a brace on her back teeth, in acute discomfort. Nobody heard her squawk.

She has climbed Vesuvius. No, she didn't walk up; she got hauled, she confides. She likes to stand in high places and watch the antics of people, like ants far below. She anticipates the thrill of a plane flight soon. Some friends have an airport. If she isn't invited, she will maneuver the event with her usual delicacy. In other words, she will appear suddenly and demand to be taken up.

So it is natural that she would choose a home perched on Whitley Heights. Its spacious living-room couches and armchairs are covered with gay prints, slashes of crimson, bright yellow shading into honey brown, and maroons and rich blues. A parade of green elephants marches across a table. Figurines of herself in various rôles, colored in detailed imitation of her costuming, intrigue the visitor. With childlike pride, she displays her treasures, and is gratified at your response. A screen of reprints of early Italian maps, comprising

The rival landladies in "Caught Short," Polly Moran and Marie Dressler, are true pals.



Early in her career Miss Dressler took stock of figure and talent and decided to clown.



Photo by Bull

four tall panels, was painted and coated with shellac by her friend, Lady Colebrook.

On her piano are photographs of celebrities: Duse, Bernhardt, Lillian Russell, Melba, Tetrazzini, all autographed with tributes to Marie. "I had to buy the piano to get a space big enough to hold all my specials. See my Nordica? What a beautiful woman! Fritz Kreisler, there, is a very dear person. We meet once a year for a chat, usually abroad."

To the purple born she seemed in "One Romantic Night" and the testy dowager in "Let Us Be Gay," though her humor gave these rôles a relieving lightness. Yet this woman of culture and distinction has achieved her most memorable screen moments as drink-sodden hags and bibulous human débris. She endows inebriation with her own individual comedy and the humor takes away any vestige of offensiveness. Who can forget *Marthy*, who managed an elegant nonchalance as she regarded the ladies-entrance sign at the waterfront saloon, in "Anna Christie," straightened her hat, tossed her head and stepped in like a queen, with a "Well, why not?"

Her portrayal of the belligerent landlady in "Caught Short" was a riot. If they weren't so fond of her, other players would justifiably accuse her of grand larceny; no talent can safely share a scene with her. Instead, Garbo, Marion Davies, and Lillian Gish requested that not a bit of her work be cut from their films.

She was born in Cobourg, Canada. Throughout her career, which spans forty-two energetic years, she has been served by only two

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Lillian Roth, no longer with Paramount, is playing in vaudeville.

Over the Teacups

By The Bystander

Fanny the Fan nominates the prettiest girl, the luckiest, and the unluckiest, and welcomes Hollywoodians to New York.

WHERE on earth did the stage get recruits before pictures started discarding?" Fanny the Fan asked, just as if the problem really bothered her. "It's getting so a fan has no rest at all, because practically every show that opens has an ex-screen player in it. And if you see plays every night, you have to catch up on pictures in the afternoon and that leaves practically no time at all for other things."

"Such as——" I suggested.

"Shopping," she exploded, with a gasp of horror that I should overlook the most important activity of her life. "And listening to picture people make fools of themselves over the radio, and going to Sally Phipps's to tea, and getting pounded at Philadelphia Jack O'Brien's gymnasium, and strolling up Park Avenue in the hope of running into Norma Talmadge, and seeing people off to Europe, and lunching at Sardi's to see who has been caricatured on the walls lately, and——"

"Oh, stop," I urged. "If I had thought that you would take my question seriously I shouldn't have asked you. You're probably the sort of person who would go into details about all your various symptoms if a night-club doorman said 'How do you do?'"

It took me quite a while to square myself after that. And there were

a lot of things I wanted to hear from Fanny. Eventually she relented and began telling me what had been going on, but more from force of habit, I am afraid, than from genuine forgiveness.

Between pictures Nancy Carroll is playing a sketch in Paramount theaters.



"I've been traveling all around since I saw you last and you've no idea what fun it is," Fanny announced. "I didn't go up to Rochester to see the opening of Colleen Moore's play and I'm just as glad that I didn't, because I hear it's being considerably rewritten and improved before it's brought to New York. But that's the only hinterlands première I haven't dashed off to.

"Of course, practically the whole New York film colony went into the wilds of Queens to see the try-out of 'Sweet Stranger.' It was written by Agnes Christine Johnston and Frank Dazey and all picture people adore them. Agnes was a very clever scenario writer, you know, and is a grand person, too. The plot badly needs some repairs, but the dialogue is simply sparkling. They'll probably get it all fixed up before it comes to New York.

"I'm not as hopeful about the play *Lya de Putti* tried out in Atlantic City. In fact, I'm not hopeful at all about either *Lya*

as an actress, or the play as a success. Her voice is so guttural that you're never quite sure whether she's speaking English or Hungarian or just sputtering.

"The best show I've seen in my wanderings was Fannie Brice's new revue, 'Corned Beef and Roses.' It won't make a hit with the reformers, but it's almost funny enough to justify its lapses. And who do you think is the hit of the show? None other than George Jessel! When picture producers see how he bowls the audience over, they'll undoubtedly say that all his bad pictures are forgiven, and won't he please come back before the cameras?"

"I think I'll swear off going to picture openings. They just aren't fun any more. 'Whoopee' is the only big one that's come off recently and the audience was nothing to cheer about. But Ginger Rogers's opening on the stage in 'Girl Crazy' was something else again. Everybody from the Paramount studio turned out to give their little playmate a round of applause. New York's two most beautiful blondes were there, Claire Windsor and Phyllis Haver. Claire is going on the stage, in musical comedy. Phyllis has no thoughts of ever returning to pictures or trying the stage. She doesn't have to tell any one how happy she is in retiring from the struggle; she looks so sublimely content.

"But one girl there had every one else beaten a mile for looks. She was a sensation."

Fanny went off on an absolutely maudlin description of a white chiffon gown and a white velvet wrap, leaving me to puzzle over who she was talking about. Eventually I discovered it was Mary Brian.

Paramount really ought to keep her working in the East. The way that girl has blossomed out from a demure young miss into a slightly worldly-looking beauty is amazing. But no, I hear that they have lent her to Universal to make 'Many a Slip.' As I remember that play, it wasn't the sort of thing Mary has done in the past. It hovers around the question of whether or not the heroine is engaged on sewing little things. Almost any scene in it would add another furrow to Will Hays's brow.

"Offhand I can't think of any girl in pictures who has plugged along as hard as Mary," Fanny rambled on. "Think of how long she has been at it. Ever since 'Peter Pan,' and all of her work since that has been undistinguished until the very last few months. Every one says she is marvelous in 'The Royal Family.' That reminds me, the two girls who won stardom from 'Peter Pan,' and then passed out of the picture, are trying a comeback. Esther Ralston is to be in 'The Southerner,' with Laurence Tibbett, and Betty Bronson is doing a play on the Los Angeles stage. But, poor kid, the play is 'Little Orchid Ammie' and in all its many try-outs it never was any good.

"I doubt if any girl will stick to the grind of making pictures in the future. They can do so much better



Sally Phipps is riding the crest of the wave of success in a stage play.



If Hollywood producers want Rose Hobart back they will have to pay and pay.

by jumping back and forth from the stage to the screen. As soon as they begin to be stale in Hollywood, they can come to New York and, if luck is with them, get in a play. Then they're discovered all over again.

"Do you remember Flora Bramley? Probably not. She was just one more pretty ingénue in films who didn't get anywhere. But she came East a few weeks ago and when Miriam Hopkins was taken ill she was rushed into the lead of a show in its out-of-town try-outs. With very few rehearsals she got along like a veteran and now, even if she does have to relinquish the part to Miss Hopkins when the play comes to New York, she's all set as a leading woman.

"That's nothing, though, to the luck Sally Phipps fell into. She walked right into 'Once in a Lifetime,' the biggest hit of the year."

I thought I'd seen that girl somewhere. Of course, there is this to be said for my failing memory. "Once in a Lifetime" keeps you in such gales of laughter from the time you go into the theater, that you might be forgiven for not recognizing your own sister if she made a late entrance. It is



Claire Luce got a bad break in her first picture, "Up the River."

a diabolically clever satire on Hollywood and, compared to its barbed shafts, "Queer People" is a eulogy of the film colony. The play has made such a hit that three more satires on Hollywood are scheduled to be produced before the winter is over.

"Where has Sally Phipps been hiding all this time?" I asked, finally giving up the struggle of trying to remember where I had seen her before.

"Oh, she made a lot of those juvenile comedies with Nick Stuart for Fox," Fanny told me. "You wouldn't go to them, if I remember rightly. You were having an attack of being very sophisticated and passing up everything short of Lubitsch. But you missed a lot of amusement, particularly in 'The High-school Hero.'

"Finally, she got sort of fed up with Hollywood and pictures."

If you have the sort of disposition I have, you are already singing, "Or maybe they got fed up with her."

"And she went to Florida to visit her aunt for several months. She had a grand time just playing around and then she went to Southampton. One day when she came in town she had some idle time on her hands, and what did she do but go to Sam Harris's office and apply for a job! She'd always had a vague idea of going on the stage sometime if she got the chance, and it seemed like a good time to do something about it. She's just that casual. And she is undoubtedly the luckiest girl I've ever known. She walked into that office the very day they were looking for some one just like her. So there she is all set in a play that is sure to run for a year. And Mr. Harris is so pleased with her work that he's planning to put her in a musical next year. And she probably will do some short films while she's working in the play.

"It's really the greatest relief to meet some one who is gay and untroubled and unself-conscious. She's perfectly willing to trust everything to luck; it's treated her well so far. It got her into pictures; she just wandered past Frank Borzage, you know, and he decided to make a test of her. She has awfully good features. Youthful, and sweet, and sort of doll-like.

"She's taken an apartment in East Fifty-seventh street and she adores having most of her afternoons free so that she can have people in for tea. The only trouble with her sudden success is that it didn't give her time to see very many of the New York shows. Now she can only see the plays that have Wednesday matinées."

Suddenly Fanny let out what sounded like a war whoop, and hurried out of the restaurant to the lobby. No long-lost sister would get such a rise out of her. I figured that it must be a celebrity.

She came back a few minutes later, entirely unchastened by the critical glare of the head waiter.

"Mary Doran," she announced, somewhat out of breath. "Awfully sorry she was off for an appointment and I couldn't persuade her to join us. *She's* going to do a play, too. It's an epidemic. This is her home town, so she's pretty glad to get back to it. Most of the Hollywood studios are quite inactive and will be for quite a while yet, so if it gets just an average success here she can be back



The camera is kinder to Fifi Dorsay than the foot-lights.

in pictures by the height of the production season. No play except one or two smash hits gets much of an audience nowadays. George Jessel went to a big dinner the other night and explained that he had been working in shows and was anxious to be somewhere where there was a crowd again."

Speaking of crowds suddenly reminded Fanny of eight or ten other people. There was only one whom I expected her to be concerned about and her name wasn't mentioned. If Fanny ever stopped talking, I'd ask about her.

"Weren't you disappointed in Fifi Dorsay? In her stage act at the Roxy, I mean? I still like her in pictures, but she worked so hard on that big Roxy stage that she looked like three or four people doing a daily dozen. Nancy Carroll's very good, though. In Brooklyn she wasn't such a riot, because all the matinee girls idolize Rudy Vallée to such an extent that they are viciously jealous of any one who appears on the stage with him.

"When Nancy finished making 'Laughter,' she was so exhausted that she thought of going to a sanitarium to rest. Apparently Paramount had other ideas, because they persuaded her to play in prologue at their houses for a few weeks.

"There's a story going around about Nancy that has made a lot of people revise their ideas about her. One night after the theater she and her husband ran into some newspaper friends of his. Jack Kirkland—that's her husband—had a business appointment somewhere, and Nancy wanted to go to supper, so the reporters timidly asked if she would go with them. They were quite thrilled over going out with her, but their hearts just about stopped beating when she airily suggested the Central Park Casino. They had about enough money between them to take her to an Automat. Nevertheless, they went to the Casino. They couldn't take any interest in food or surroundings; all they could contemplate was the terrible moment when the check would be presented. They didn't suffer long, though. Miss Carroll looked up with a sweet smile of understanding, and said 'What's the matter with you boys? Have you no money? Well, don't let that bother you. I can sign checks here.'"

Now don't go and jump to the conclusion that Nancy developed that rare understanding by being married to an ex-newspaperman. It happens that she married one who always had good jobs on a newspaper and graduated to even better and more prosperous ones as a scenario writer.

"Lillian Roth is the next girl to hit town in a Paramount stage show. Poor kid, she gets all the breaks and most of them are bad. Paramount is letting her out and when they found that she was booked for vaudeville at the Palace at the close of her contract with them, they exercised their right to make her work in their theaters. She will appear at the Paramount just a week before she goes to the Palace, taking the edge off that engagement. Of course, I'll grant that she was pretty bad in 'Madam Satan'; but who, I ask you, wasn't? It was so bad that at parties nowadays they offer a prize for a more maudlin and ridiculous story."



Mary Doran is deserting films for a while to return to the stage.



Alma Rubens is appearing in a play on Broadway.

"I bet no one has won it yet," I offered with conviction.

Audiences have been fairly respectful toward pictures ever since talkies came in, but lately I have noticed a great change. They did everything but lie down and groan at "Madam Satan" and as for "The Lady Surrenders," they greeted its most serious scenes with chuckles that rose to guffaws. I was sorry for the latter, too, because I think Rose Hobart is a fine actress.

"Didn't you like Rose Hobart?" I appealed to Fanny. "Who didn't?" Fanny retorted indignantly. "She got the most marvelous reviews of any girl who has made her debut in pictures in months. In 'Liliom' she was so good that she made Charlie Farrell seem awfully stilted and self-conscious. It's too bad that Miss Hobart got

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One of the Calmer Redheads

Nancy Carroll's matter-of-fact manner belies the tradition associated with her flaming tresses and Irish ancestry.

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

ANN VERONICA LAHIFF is one of filmdom's bright stars. She has red hair, a literary husband, freckled arms, a round, babylike face with big eyes, and a five-year-old daughter.

Ann Veronica has established herself as a lyrical heroine who can rattle out a neat tap dance if necessary, oscillate the hips in the Pennington manner if desired, and act a dramatic scene with the best of them, on demand.

Ann Veronica Lahiff, you should know by this time, is Nancy Carroll.

Here is an actress with screen charm and a face that registers roguish beauty, when photographed. Offstage, in her lofty apartment, she loses that glamour, impressing one as a pretty young woman with unusually red hair. You would not turn to look after her, I venture. Yet on the screen she is possessed of a pictorial quality that fairly invites close-ups.

She had just been standing in line on Broadway, with a thousand other Garbo fans, but the heat had wilted her and she had returned to her apartment.

"I do want to see 'Romance,'" she said. "Garbo is marvelous, I think. But the crowds were simply ghastly. I couldn't stand it any longer."

She had just completed "Laughter" over at the Paramount Long Island studio. "Donald Ogden Stewart wrote the dialogue," said Miss Carroll, "so you know how smart it is. But it's hard to say whether we have a good picture or not. It hasn't been previewed yet. You never can prophesy with accuracy, you know."

The world has been led to believe that Nancy Carroll belongs in the "Follies to Fame" group. The world has been deceived again. True, Nancy started in a chorus, not Ziegfeld's, but it only served as a rough apprenticeship to stock company days. Second-rate road companies followed, including such ventures as "One Man's Woman" which ran for ten weeks in Chicago, and in Chicago ten weeks may be called a run.

Then there was the Francine Larrimore rôle of *Roxy Hart*, in the Los Angeles company of "Chicago," and so successfully did Miss Carroll counterfeited *Roxy* that even *Variety's* hard-boiled coast guard gave her more than passing notice, while Arthur Hornblow, Jr., wired the *Theater Magazine* how good she was. So Miss Carroll told me.

Some one from Paramount, killing an evening at the theater, saw "Chicago" and advised the office that here was *Abie's Irish Rose*, at that time the object of much attention. The office sent out a corps of under-cover men, checked up thoroughly on the report, held innumerable caucuses, and on the eleventh straw vote en-

gaged Nancy Carroll to play in the epic racial drama. Thus is screen history made.

Artistically, Nancy Carroll has made strides as rapidly as any recent screen arrival. There were a few song-and-dance affairs called "Close Harmony," "Sweetie," and "Honey," and then without warning a full-fledged dramatic triumph in "The Devil's Holiday," one of the best talking pictures turned out to date.

Much of the velvety smoothness of that excellent picture was obtained by photographing continuously, without any break in the action.

"Mr. Goulding had as many as ten cameras working," Miss Carroll explained. "As we moved out of view of one, another would immediately pick us up. This made it possible to get into a scene full speed ahead, and work into a climax without stopping. In other words we knew we had a climax because we marched right into it. And this continuous shooting had a lot to do with the success of the picture, I think."

Only seventeen days were required to shoot the picture, establishing something in the way of a record. There was not even a retake. The final scene offered the only stumbling-block.

"Mr. Goulding felt that the girl's speech, giving up the boy, should be high-powered and sensational. I wanted repression. So we argued. The afternoon passed and we were still deadlocked. About six thirty a man poked his head in the set to say that I was on the air in half an hour. I had forgotten about a national broadcast! I was so tired I cried. Eddie told me to get a sandwich and do my stuff, then come back and finish the scene.

"You should have seen me broadcasting 'Sweeter Than Sweet' with tears running down my cheeks. Then I had a cup of coffee and went back to the set, too tired to argue. And I did the scene as the director thought it should be. When we looked at the rushes I realized that he was right all the time. The picture needed that explosive finish to cap the climax."

Broadcasting in the West, Miss Carroll said, is a crude matter. You are led into a stuffy studio, a man in shirt sleeves introduces you to the unseen audience, and you are left to yourself, to register. In the East, she pointed out, things are quite different. "It's more of a gala performance. First of all there is a dress rehearsal, and then when you do broadcast you do it in costume, or evening dress, while an audience watches through the glass partitions of the studio. It

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Nancy Carroll, as she appears in "Laughter."



ME high hat? Ridiculous!" said Nancy Carroll when the momentous question was put to her by Malcolm H. Oettinger, whose interview on the opposite page judicially appraises the red-headed star and gives credit where credit is due.



CATLIKE in her enjoyment of coming out of a doze, Yola d'Avril stretches and luxuriates in delicious languor, heedless of work. But soon she will be frolicking in the studio lights, intent on repeating her vivacious performance in "Those Three French Girls."

Photo by Hurrell



Photo by Hurrell

ONE of the more durable actors, Conrad Nagel, is also a pillar of society—Hollywood society; and while we acknowledge his forensic ability, his championship of wrongs, and his duties in the vestry, we wish he wouldn't make reliability a virtue.



Photo by Irving Lippman

FOR the moment discarding her wild ways, Winnie Lightner settles down in an hourglass chair to indulge in pensive meditation and perhaps to wonder if her son will grow up to be an actor. She's herself, though, in "The Life of the Party."

GRETA GARBO passes up the coquetries of personal adornment for sweaters, tweeds, and walking shoes. But if you think she loses by her preference for simplicity rather than fripperies, just ask yourself who could wear the same clothes with like distinction.



Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull



WILLIAM BAKEWELL'S scrapbook must be a weighty tome by now, but it was a slender thing when he pasted in it his first interview, culled from *PICTURE PLAY* with shouts and murmurs. We don't know what the moral is, but he's featured by Metro now.

Photo by Hurrell



JEANETTE MacDONALD has sea-green hair and red-gold eyes, or red-sea eyes and green-gold hair, or maybe it's sea-green eyes and red-gold hair—the press agent's compound adjectives perplex at times. Anyhow you know she's lovely in Technicolor.



THOUGH Clara Bow's escapades are pretty well known by now, there is actually another side to her. It isn't only that she is a talented artist and the favorite of all who participate in her films, but it is something deeper—though in the article on the opposite page Margaret Reid makes no attempt to whitewash or glorify her. Instead, she views Clara's life with a fine perspective and brings to light reasons why her early years should excuse her present indiscretions and be considered a logical step in the process of growing up and learning her way about in the world.

Clara—as She Is

One of the most colorful figures of the screen threatens to discard her flapper ways and grow up. Whether a tamed Bow can get by with the fans or not, the analyst finds her private life more sane and orderly.

By Margaret Reid

A TRICK of circumstances and its exploitation has made sex appeal her professional forte. She is actually less sensuous than several unobtrusive ladies whose voltage goes unacknowledged. Clara, through rather tasteless management, has been made to work too hard at radiating "It." Which is a pity, because she is an excellent trouper. Her undeniable talent has been stifled under a succession of vehicles hastily designed to reveal her vivacity and her figure.

Clara, after six years in pictures, is only now realizing herself as an individual rather than an article salable on any screen. Her awakening, retarded by the hectic years of escape from poverty and tragedy, is painful, as a child suffers in cutting teeth late.

Her entrance into the world marked the breakdown of her sorrow-haunted mother. The one flame of spirit remaining after a disastrous life was a passionate love lavished upon this little dark-eyed bundle, the first of her three babies to live. A somber, ill-fated figure was Clara's mother, a thwarted, indeterminate one her father.

Born into a joyless, poverty-stricken home, Clara's childhood was a succession of scrimpings, uncertainties, and denials. While yet a tiny girl, her contact with stark reality was direct. Her grandfather fell dead of heart failure at her feet; her adored little playmate, horribly burned, died in her arms; her mother was a victim of a serious nervous ailment—all inevitably scared the fragile surface of child-mind with lasting scars.

There was no outlet for her wild young energy but ball games and such on the Brooklyn streets. There were no other friends than the rowdy boys to whose gang she was admitted. Her spirits desperately and shrilly high, lest she remember the things upon which she banged the door when she ran out, Clara was the harum-scarum, reckless gamin of the neighborhood.

School figured but vaguely in her life, an unpleasant, dull routine to be hurried through as quickly as possible. Her principal source of learning was the movies. In the dark theater, the tense, belligerent little heart could relax and open to the lovely world there revealed, without fear of hurt; could receive Wallace Reid, Mary Pickford and their enchanted contemporaries in breathless worship.

At fifteen she was ripe material for the newspaper contest to discover new faces for the screen. Afraid to hope, yet desperately doing so, she entered the contest. Her selection as winner is remembered by fans.

Almost unnerved with delight in her good fortune, she was plunged again into despair at the subsequent pause in events. She had won the contest, but getting work was something else again. Minutely small parts and bits came her way, with long intervals dividing them. The dark turmoil of her life at home was far from conducive to concentration on a career.



Clara works under a handicap of poor stories and the "It" classification, but manages to prove her talent in every film.

Finally obtaining the second lead in "Down to the Sea in Ships," she took, figuratively, a shaken breath of impending relief. But again bad luck closed down upon her. No more work followed.

Her mother's death occurred at this time, and Clara was still numb with grief when "Down to the Sea in Ships" was released. Her comparatively small rôle attracted wide attention, and not long afterward she was put under contract and brought to Hollywood by B. P. Schulberg, then coproducer with J. G. Bachman. When Schulberg went to Paramount, Clara's contract was transferred at the same time, and with Paramount she has been ever since.

Precipitated suddenly from the sordid environment of her childhood into the tinsel maelstrom of Hollywood, it is small wonder that she acquired the reputation of a giddy, hard-boiled kid. Thrilled alternately by the possession of silk stockings and lace underwear and the devotion of Gilbert Roland, her first big romance, the unhappy little brat from Brooklyn held out greedy, indiscriminating hands to all that life had to offer.

The salary she made, small at the time, but proportionately tremendous in her eyes, was scattered to the

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Our Blossoming Bebe

There's no stopping Miss Daniels nowadays in unfolding her talent. First, she scored as a singer in "Rio Rita," then as a brilliant dramatic actress in "Lawful Larceny," after which she starred as the bride of Ben Lyon in Hollywood's most distinguished wedding, and now she is playing opposite Douglas Fairbanks in "Reaching For the Moon."



All photos by Fred R. Archer

BETWEEN all her other bids for popularity Bebe Daniels has found time—and enthusiasm—to film "Ex-mistress," based on the novel of that name, in which she displays the chic costumes pictured on this page. And ten to one she has supervised the building of a house or two, for that is one of her pet diversions. If all the homes Bebe has built were laid end on end—well, now she has one with a husband to share it, so perhaps she won't want another.



Walter Byron was recruited to play opposite Vilma Banky, then his career came to a rude interruption.

This Boy Has Been Places

No grass has ever grown under Walter Byron's feet, for he was in the trenches at fifteen, has made good in movies, owns half of a gold mine, and has proposed to twelve girls.

By Madeline Glass

I LIKE Walter Byron; he's awfully regular. Byron has had a strange career since he came to Hollywood about three years ago. When Samuel Goldwyn decided to break up the popular team of Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky, he went to England to round up a new leading man for the exquisite Hungarian star. I suspect that there were men right here in these United States who would have answered the purpose, but Goldwyn wanted another British Colman. To this end he arranged a contest in which he expected to snare the right man, but fate seldom supplies artistic talent in such a cut-and-dried fashion.

The contest proving futile, Colman himself came forward with a young Irishman named Walter Butler, whom he had met at his club. As Butler had been doing good work in English films, Goldwyn promptly realized that here was the actor for whom he had been looking. When the contract was signed Butler's name was changed to Byron, for some obscure reason.

Byron's arrival in America was greeted by a great deal of publicity which, because he is a thoroughbred with excellent qualifications, was not particularly needed. What he did need and, unfortunately, did not get until recently, was frequent assignments.

His first and, as it happened, last rôle with the beau-

teous Banky was in "The Awakening," a film which revealed him as an actor after the fans' own hearts.

Then Gloria Swanson noted his urbane presence and borrowed him for her leading man in "Queen Kelly," a film that almost put Byron on the spot. When this ambitious production finally blew up, he had been kept off the screen for nearly eighteen months, with nothing to show for his efforts. However, the handsome military costumes which he wore in the picture are still held in readiness, for "Queen Kelly" dies hard, and may even yet be resuscitated.

Some months ago Mr. Byron's appearance in Pauline Frederick's "The Flame" revealed, besides a polished performance, a pleasing, cultivated voice. The cooling interest of the fans was immediately revived. Recently he appeared very advantageously in "Not Damaged." Working at present in "The Dancers," for Fox, the long interruption in his career is apparently over.

The other day he dropped in to give me a story about himself. For more than an hour we talked—rather he talked and I listened—about nearly everything under the sun except Walter Byron: the customs of England and her methods of handling crime as compared with those of America; Egypt, where he lived for two months while making the British film, "Tommy Atkins"; India



Mr. Byron is characterized as having a deep understanding and no poses.

and the great unrest there at present; that interesting book, "Mother India"; Russia and her relations to other countries; Mussolini; Ireland, where Walter was born; American comic strips, which are unknown in England; his gold mine in Nevada, and half a dozen other subjects.

The gold mine, in which he owns half interest, is his paramount concern at present. The peculiar and dramatic events leading up to its purchase are too long and involved to describe here, but it now looks as though Mr. Byron will some day be a real financier.

Although he has been interested in this new business only a few months, Walter can discuss mineral veins, salting, crosscuts, dumps, shafts, waste, and everything else pertaining to the work, with what I take to be the ease of a veteran miner.

From time to time he makes the trip to Nevada by auto to see how the work is progressing. On such occasions he endeavors to establish endurance records and usually succeeds.

"And now," said he, rising and straightening the blue tie which contrasted vividly with his bronzed complexion. "I'll be going."

Holy cow! He hadn't told me about himself yet! Not a word about his love life, or his past, or any

of those intimate, personal details so dear to the public!

"Please stay for a cup of tea," said I, threatening to lock the door and throw the key out the window. He decided to stay.

While I was busy in the kitchen, he read a newspaper. Presently "Barney" (William H.) McKegg dropped in for a chat. Barney and Walter first met, I believe, at a gay luncheon given by that so gay Fifi Dorsay to a select group of congenial people.

"This Byron is a nice chap," Barney had told me.

From the first it struck me that he was entirely right. Mr. Byron's manner is debonair and refreshing; his stalwart appearance is arresting; the ordinary Irish freckles scattered across his handsome countenance are reassuring; and he has the best general knowledge of any actor I have met. His conversation is bright, spontaneous, and intelligent. This boy has been places and seen things, and his reactions to the many phases of life which he has encountered are so wholesome and matter-of-fact that it is a genuine pleasure to talk with him.

We three sat in my breakfast nook and partook of a luncheon consisting of strong black tea and gooseberry pie.

"What," asked Barney, in his best company manner as he regarded the table accouterments, "is the pepper for?"

"To put on your pie," said Walter.

Ignoring my fellow scribe's freshness—interviewers can be so trying—I immediately urged Mr. Byron to give us his true life story.

So he went ahead and told us how the War had developed his ability to read character.

"I hadn't supposed you were old enough to have been in the War," I remarked.

"I wasn't old enough," said he, "but I was in. When I was fifteen years old I went to the recruiting office to enlist. The officer in charge asked me how old I was, and I said I was seventeen. Being large for my age, I believed I could get away with it. He told me the age limit was eighteen, and that I had better go away and grow some more. I went away for fifteen minutes by my watch and then returned. When he again asked me my age I said, 'Eighteen and a half.' He knew

perfectly well that I was the same youngster who had been there before, but he let me go in. I passed the examinations and in a short while was on my way to the trenches.

"See this scar through my eyebrow?" he said, tracing it with his finger tip. "Bayonet wound. Had it been half an inch lower, I would have lost the eye. Immediately after that, in the same charge, I was shot through the foot. The force of the bullet whirled me into a complete somersault and I rolled under the edge of an old house. Because it was several hours before I could get medical attention, I lost a great deal of blood. By the time the doctors got to me, the bayonet wound was cold, and they couldn't treat it as they would have done otherwise, so it left a scar. For the screen I pencil it over, and it doesn't show."

Telling of the heavy equipment which a British soldier carries, he described his amusing precautions for bodily and facial protection. Coming of a family of Thespians, he wanted to survive the War with his features intact, as he knew they would be necessary to his career as an actor. So the fifteen-year-old warrior marched to the front with part of his equipment on backward and with his helmet pulled down nearly to his chin. [Continued on page 116]



MYRNA, the lady known as Loy, here looks out calm-eyed upon a world that once was a stone wall to the freckled girl from Montana—until she found that her determination could break down the wall. Untrained except as a member of the ensemble in movie prologues, she was given a chance in pictures and made good by reason of a strange, arresting personality more than by the ability to act. But Myrna refused to remain just an interesting figurante. She set about to make herself an actress, but succeeded only so far as colorless rôles in mediocre pictures permitted. Then came the talkies, with the discovery that Myrna had a voice as unusual as her face. In "The Desert Song," "The Squall," and "The Black Watch" her careful, thoughtful characterizations stood out. Now, because of her success in "Renegades," she has won a contract from Fox, who, it is hoped, will cast her with care and exploit her with sense. If such good fortune is hers, Myrna herself will do the rest and break down the wall that now separates her from those who are stars by popular acclaim.





David Rollins offers his latest study of a mood in which he is becoming a specialist, if he is not already the leader in professional cuteness among the juveniles.

Hollywood High Lights

By
Edwin and Elza Schallert

Recording and transmitting the news and gossip of the celluloid capital.

HOLLYWOOD is itself again. After a year given over to fears, qualms, and trepidations, mostly concerned with the talkies, the movie world has decided that it is time to begin playing.

A big social season is therefore in prospect, and Betty Starbright can now commence squabbling anew with Molly Twinklelight over why she was not invited to the latter's nifty soirée.

Combats seem to be rather appropriate, anyway, to the new season of whoopee-making. Even a charity benefit sponsored by Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks is not bereft of sensational interest, and directors, writers, executives, and other presumably civilized persons are proficient in the gay game of fisticuffs.

Hope Hampton Sings.

The social season had a great pugilistic start, but its brilliance is not limited to the impromptu prize ring. Rivalries sartorial and terpsichorean developed at recent affairs, notably the opening of the Mayfair season, which drew a record-breaking crowd. The opening took place during a week of grand opera, and one of the belles was Hope Hampton, who appeared perhaps to better advantage on the dance floor than as a singer.

Nevertheless, Miss Hampton gave an eye-filling performance in the title rôle of "Manon." The worst fault that may be ascribed to her art is that she sings off pitch rather continuously. She acted surprisingly well in all but one scene in which

she launched a vampish and Mary Gardenish love assault on the somewhat resistant Beniamino Gigli.

While she was in the West, it is understood, Miss Hampton turned down a chance to return to the movies. She is bent on fighting for success in opera.

The Major Bout.

Some bright wit asked regarding the initial Mayfair party, which immediately followed the Lubitsch-Kraly encounter at the Pickford-Fairbanks benefit affair, "Well, who are the opponents in the main event this evening?"

Candidates for Medals.

Winners of movie honors are now being picked for the year by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences. We don't agree with the list in its entirety, but the selection is, on the whole, pretty satisfactory.

Here are the names of nominees from whom will be chosen the star for first place.

For the women: Nancy Carroll, Ruth Chatterton, Greta Garbo, Norma Shearer, and Gloria Swanson.

For the men: George Arliss, Wallace Beery, Maurice Chevalier, Ronald Colman, and Lawrence Tibbett.

The best pictures were voted to be "All Quiet on the Western Front," "The Big House," "Disraeli," "The Divorcée," and "The Love Parade."



Edith Hubner is Anita Page's favorite hair-dresser, but what the fans want to know is who tampered with Anita's eyebrows?

We anticipate first places will go to Arliss and Miss Shearer on the star list. Arliss's portrayal in "Disraeli," and Norma's in "The Divorcée," make them strong candidates for the honors.

Esther in "The Southerner."

Esther Ralston is again a film brightener. She wasn't home more than a couple of weeks from her vaudeville tour, before she was engaged to play the lead opposite Lawrence Tibbett, in "The Southerner."

Esther acquired additional charm and poise during her absence from the colony, and her friends believe she will enjoy renewed success on the screen.

It was just after the talkies began that this attractive girl's contract expired, and she flitted East for a stage tour.

Esther was a very popular star during the silent days, and a very good actress, too, as shown in "The Case of Lena Smith" and others of her more dramatic pictures.

Chevalier Greeting Cool.

Word from France indicates that the home-coming reception for Maurice Chevalier was a bit *frappé*. Various flippant raps were taken at him by the Parisian newspapers. The impression was conveyed that *le bon* Maurice was being spoiled by American money.

Chevalier's popularity is not likely to be diminished here on that account, where the public is used to big film salaries. It might be interesting to note, though, that the French entertainer's weekly salary is rambling along, according to reports, to the tune of \$10,000. He also garners a huge additional income from phonograph records. A franc a day—20 cents—was reputedly his stipend in the good old French days.

The Irony of Life.

And speaking of monetary matters, there is the sad case of the song writer who was recently assigned the job of turning out a musical number for "Prosperity Week," and at the same time was asked to take a cut in salary, because the lyric cinema is in such doldrums.

A Convert to Hollywood.

Grace Moore admits a change of heart regarding Hollywood. She now loves the place.

Miss Moore told us this after postponing her trip to Europe, and simultaneously confessed that she had disliked the colony upon her arrival. She will be in the French version of "A Lady's Morals," and will also make another foreign-language film for Metro-Goldwyn.

We weren't impressed with Miss Moore the first time that we met her, but in a later glimpse she was perfectly charming. She is also a rarely attractive woman, but it remains to be seen whether the camera will be able to catch her personality. Reports of her singing on the screen are most favorable.

A Paternal Incongruity.

Doubtless, it will be almost impossible for Robert Montgomery's many admirers to imagine

After all these years Gwen Lee has departed the Metro-Goldwyn fold—maybe for bigger and better rôles. Here's hoping there'll never be another small one.



Don José Mojica is now making Spanish films exclusively, and we say it sadly to those who were stirred by his singing in "One Mad Kiss."

him as a staid paterfamilias. Frankly, he doesn't live up to that description even when you meet him in person.

Nevertheless, Bob is a parent. A girl was born to the Montgomerys a few weeks ago, and Bob, if you should happen to want to know it, is darned proud about it.

Incidentally, he is the dashing hero of Greta Garbo's latest picture, "Inspiration."

Insulted with Honor.

A movie producer recently went into a rage when a member of his staff referred to him as a veritable "poo-bah." The literary quality of the compliment made him believe he was being grossly insulted.

A Basso Beauty.

Wonders never cease nowadays, and some of those in movieland are decidedly disconcerting.

We had a shock recently at a party when a slender and beautiful girl named June MacCloy was introduced as one of the singing finds of the season, and on being asked to warble, burst forth with a voice of basso timbre.

Miss MacCloy is a music show and cabaret performer from New York, and is evidently due to keep the bachelor and near-bachelor fraternity hopping hither and yon paying court to her. The evening of her début there was a slight difference of opinion between two of the male guests present as to who should take her home, that almost led to a fist battle.

Miss MacCloy departed by herself, leaving the rivals to argue the matter out.

This new singer will be seen in "Reaching for the Moon," with Doug Fairbanks and Bebe Daniels.



Hollywood High Lights

Appropriate Titling.

Just after Clara Bow's pyrotechnical adventure in the gaming environs of Nevada, some studio wag proposed that the next picture of the bright redhead should be called "No Limit Clara." The picture will be called "No Limit," and will have a gambling sequence. This is trading on the sensational news regarding a star quite sufficiently, it seems to us.

White Elephant Disguised.

Another white elephant of the movies is to be neatly camouflaged. "The March of Time," Metro-Goldwyn's costly revue, will emerge as a film with a plot. The picture cost a good round million, and was all but shelved, because revues are presumed to be the worst sort of pills at the box office.

Rephotographing some of the sequences has been under way lately, and the picture will probably put in an appearance in mid-winter.

Some of the most remarkable and elaborate sets ever seen in any picture were constructed for the musical numbers in this production. It would be a genuine pity if the picture never reached the screen in some form or other.

Betty Orchidaceous.

Betty Bronson in "Little Orchid Annie."

Friends of the *Peter Pan* of Hollywood were just beginning to wonder what had become of her, when this announcement flashed before their eyes. It meant that Miss Bronson was appearing in a stage play—in fact, a revival of a stage play in which Ruth Taylor twinkled about two years ago.

Not a particularly adroit move to bring back a girl who has such marked individuality that her career really should be a bright one.

"Orchid Annie," we might say, is a wan stepsister of our old acquaintance *Lorelei*, of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." It's difficult to imagine the elfin Miss Bronson in this sort of impersonation.

A Be-good Bugaboo.

Dire threats that somebody will soon be made a horrible example under the morality clause of the contracts are heard from time to time. The reason is that there have been many sensational stellar outbursts that have got into the headlines of the newspapers.

As a matter of fact the morality clause is something of a dead letter on the books. While it is written into most contracts, there is very little inclination on the part of any film company to use it as an excuse for bouncing a player off the lot. It was first written into contracts in the days of the Arbuckle and William Desmond Taylor catastrophes and it stayed on.

Merely as a curiosity it might be worth resurrecting for the perusal of the fan: "The artist agrees to conduct himself with due regard to public conventions and mor-

als, and agrees that he will not do or commit any act or thing that will tend to degrade him in society, or bring him into public hatred, contempt, scorn, or ridicule, or that will tend to shock, insult, or offend the community, or ridicule public morals or decency, or prejudice the producer, or the motion-picture industry in general."

Yes, yes, but what does it all mean?

Gunning for Fame.

Ben Lyon can congratulate himself. He escaped being shot up to pave the way for a young hitch-hiker's début in the movies.

How serious Ben's danger was never will be determined, because the chap who was out gunning for him was forestalled and taken to jail.

Anyway, a new precedent has been set for attempts at breaking into pictures. Shoot your way in!

Gloria Safeguards Future.

Gloria Swanson now shines as one of filmdom's most provident persons. Gloria has a \$2,000,000 life insurance policy, the largest of any star. Her nearest rival, according to figures recently issued by an insurance publication, is Buster Keaton, with \$1,250,000.

There are several \$1,000,000 policies among the stars. Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge, Will Rogers, Constance Talmadge, and Erich von Stroheim are among those holding them.

Joseph M. Schenck, Norma Talmadge's husband, completely overshadows the stellar aggregation with a policy for \$5,250,000.

The Milton Sills Will.

The estate left by Milton Sills attracted considerable attention. The valuation was placed at \$100,000, which was bequeathed to Doris Kenyon, to whom he was married four or five years ago. The document also made mention of a trust fund of \$300,000 previously created for the benefit of Sills's former wife, and \$100,000 for his daughter by the first marriage.

Due to his illness and long absence from the screen it was thought that the Sills fortune might be greatly reduced. Apparently such was not the case.

The testimonial to this actor by Hollywood was one of the most unusual. In addition to the funeral, which was private, a memorial service, under the auspices of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, was held.

Old-timer Resumes.

Mention of the name of Robert Warwick awakens memories of an old-time stalwart hero of the movies. Warwick was a former star of Famous Players, and about ten years ago friction between him and that organization led to his going to the stage.

Twice a mother and always an artist, Eleanor Boardman returns to the screen in "The Great Meadow," with John Mack Brown.



Warwick is now back in pictures playing a leading rôle in "Once a Sinner" for Fox. His last appearance was in "The Fourteenth Man," a silent version of "The Man from Blankley's," which John Barrymore made as a talkie during the past year.

Miss Master of Ceremonies.

Marguerite Churchill is a clever master of ceremonies. She gave evidence of her ability in this direction at an entertainment offered by the Dominos. Marguerite spoke a piece introductory to each of about half a dozen acts on the program, and did the work with becoming grace and efficiency.

It was an all-women show, and the girls played the heroes and the villains, as well as the heroines and the vamps. Mae Busch and Thelma Todd, in one of the sketches, were cast as husband and wife, and Mae told us that before the show she had narrowly escaped being arrested for going about disguised as a man, while en route to the Dominos Club. A policeman stopped her car, and put her through a cross-examination when he noticed her wearing a tuxedo. Which is amazing when you consider that all sorts of costumes are worn on the street by folk of the movie town.

Starring on the Air.

When the movies fail them, some of the stars manage to find a place for their talents in radio dramas.

Recently we heard Nancy Drexel impersonating the frightened heroine of a mystery play given over the air.

Nancy seemed to us to have charm and talent when she appeared in "The Four Devils," but virtually nothing has come her way in the films since then.

Comfortably Idle.

The ways of the studios are mystifying at times, not to say inscrutable, and recruits from the stage are often much perplexed by what happens to them—or rather what doesn't—when they are hired under contract. In several instances, these stage actors have been signed at very fair salaries, and then left to languish without anything to do in all the six-month duration of their contract.

One company recently dropped about forty per cent of the players it had hired experimentally, when option time came around. Probably less than half a dozen will even be remembered as a name on the lot where they worked, or—as in some cases, loafed.

Nineteen out of twenty of the people brought west from the foot-light sector of Broadway have failed even to get to first base in their screen careers. But still they come.

Denny in Demand.

When in doubt get Reginald Denny. This is the current slogan of those seeking a good leading man for a picture.

Denny was borrowed by Fox to play opposite Jeanette MacDonald, in "Stolen Thunder," and then immediately engaged by Mary Pickford for the rôle of the theatrical producer in "Kiki." The Pickford lead is, of course, a special compliment, since Mary always very carefully selects her leading man.

Leon Janney kids a mechanical man that eats, sleeps, walks, and apparently has a sense of humor, too.



Rogers as Yank Next.

"The Connecticut Yankee"—which might be called a movie classic—has been selected as the next production starring Will Rogers. It has been talked of as a possibility virtually ever since he signed up with Fox for the film speakies. Rogers will enact the rôle that Harry Myers scored in so successfully in the silent version.

Rogers was introduced on the stage at Grauman's Chinese Theater when "The Big Trail" was shown there, and he amused the audience by saying that Fox was thinking of including a morality clause in his next contract. Will's morals, of course, are above reproach. He is one of the most devoted husbands and fathers in the profession.

Sweet Voice Stilled.

Chances of John McCormack doing another song film are now regarded as out. McCormack is reported to have asked \$650,000 for his second feature, which was considered just a bit too high, though "Song o' My Heart" is meeting with enormous success in England, Australia, and Argentina. He still holds a record for the size of his salary for a single production, namely, \$500,000.

Incidentally, the Irish singer was the target for more rumors and gossip than usually fall to the lot of stars from another world when in Hollywood. One story represented him in a very ingentlemanly and unfair light. It was to the effect that he flung a glass of champagne to the floor, because it wasn't of a quality agreeable to him, and was ordered out of the house by his hostess. It is inconceivable that any woman in her right mind would do anything but urge McCormack to remain at her party, for naturally the presence of the great tenor anywhere is a social coup. The absurdity of such a fantastic yarn is further proved by the amusement of those who are closest to the singer and know him best. They say that he hasn't tasted champagne in years, for the very good reason that it doesn't agree with him. It is thus that Hollywood makes up its gossip of the great.

Comiques March Forward.

The stock of two comedians went up several hundred per cent in a single week recently—and we're not talking about Wall Street. We mean that Eddie Cantor and El Brendel are on the big-winner list since "Whoopee" and "Just Imagine" showed in Hollywood. Both stars made immense hits with their comedy.

Brendel seemed more amusing to us in "Just Imagine" than in anything since "Sunny Side Up." He was really the life of the whole affair. Fox is viewing his future so favorably that they will star him regularly, in all likelihood.

Cantor is to do more films. It is possible that these will be tried out as stage shows first, and then transferred to celluloid. Several companies, by the way, are considering this kind of test for their plays. RKO, for one, is opening its own theater in Los Angeles.

Dolors for Dolores.

What will be the fate of Dolores del Rio? This question comes up because of her recent illness. [Continued on page 98]

Synopsis of Preceding Installments.

JANE HAGGERTY, a Nebraska girl who has lived on the Spanish island of Majorca for years, is given a screen test by Larry Bishop, a news-reel man, which wins her the lead in a film. She is renamed Carmen Valencia, and is fêted in New York as a Spanish actress of note. She goes on to Hollywood, where she encounters studio routine and outside gossip until she is sick at heart. She recognizes a rival for Larry's love in Paula Wilding. Her housekeeper, Mrs. Markham, adds to her misery while waiting for her picture to start, with her doleful recollections and predictions. At last Larry is coming home, and he will help her.

Jane attends a big party and is disturbed by remarks she overhears concerning Larry's past love affairs, and more pointed remarks directed at herself. Called to the studio in a few days, Jane is put to the supreme test of her bluff—asked to do a Spanish dance. She hesitates, trembling, when the reassuring voice of Larry reaches her ear, and she puts her act across in a big way.

PART V.

JANE told herself that she couldn't possibly ever be more wretched than she was during those first days after Larry's arrival in Hollywood. For Larry was Paula Wilding's shadow. Apparently whatever he had done in the past was forgiven and forgotten.

He lunched with her at the studio; he accompanied her to the set when she worked; he left with her at night. He was her guest at her beach house at Malibu; they went to a fancy-dress ball as *Romeo and Juliet*.

It didn't make Jane any happier to hear some one in the studio remark, "Well, I wonder what his game is this time?"

There was but small compensation in the fact that Jane's film suddenly began to run smoothly. Even the female impersonator was nice to her. She had a charming bungalow dressing room, her own make-up girl. Yet Jane kept thinking of Larry. It hurt to realize that she had been so mistaken in him.

"Of course, he probably thought he had to make me think he cared about me, in order to get me here," she reflected bitterly. "Well, I'll show him. I'll be a knock-out in pictures! And I'll show all these people, who think I'm just a sort of freak, that I can make good."

But making good was hard work, with no one but Tilly Markham to advise her. Polly Barker had gone off to the mountains with a company that was doing location stuff. Mrs. Markham urged Jane to fight with everybody, to make demands that couldn't be granted without difficulty, to turn temperamental, and to walk off the set once or twice.

"You're Spanish—make the most of it!" she would beg. "Look at Pola Negri—see what she got by flying into tantrums."

Jane reflected that Pola got herself out of a contract, out of the country, and just about out of pictures.

"And you got a swell chance in talkies," Mrs. Markham would go on. "Tell the director, if he bawls you out, that he's made you so nervous your throat's got all tightened up and you can't speak. That'll hold him! Pull a sore throat once in a while. Listen, honey, you got 'em all in a bad spot if you hold up production."

Jane merely sighed, and wondered what it felt like to be really rested. Never had she been so tired in all her life. She hadn't realized what a grind picture work was. How on earth did girls like Bebe Daniels and Clara Bow stand it, year after year?

Babes in

With a sick uncle, a new movie contract, an her bluff about being Spanish threatening to a bit

By Inez Sabastian



She couldn't help being a bit troubled by the chance of encountering her uncle in Hollywood; her mother kept writing that he was coming. Yet sometimes she almost hoped that she would meet him, somewhere in public, where his recognition of her would expose her as Jane Haggerty. What a relief it would be to slip out of Hollywood, back into obscurity—where she'd never hear of Larry Bishop again, never run into him with another woman day after day!

Meanwhile Hollywood's hangers-on pounced upon her, despite Tilly Markham's efforts to fend them off. Jane rarely came home to find the house empty. There was always a crowd on the terrace or in the living room, drinking the gin which they had ordered in her name and charged to her account, and complaining because there wasn't a swimming pool.

Some of them would have moved in, had Tilly Markham not risen in her wrath and sprayed the spare bedrooms with formaldehyde. Tilly waged a constant battle with them. She spilled ink on one girl, and upset a bottle

Hollywood

apparently cooled boy friend on her hands, and collapse, Jane Haggerty finds life in Hollywood trying.

Illustrated by Xená Wright



"She'll throw us all out. Then where'll we get a free meal?" "I am ze dame who owns zees joint!" she said icily. "Now go!"

of glue on another. She inconveniently and loudly recalled a number of embarrassing facts about an ex-leading man, who was bent on marrying Jane and cashing in on her success. She went about among the guests mumbling the most scathing remarks, but without success—to that crew a free meal was worth any number of insults.

Jane would greet them wearily and drag herself up to bed, hoping to eat her dinner there in peace and get some sleep. But one or two of the women always managed to slip into her room, to use her powder and perfume, to try on her clothes hopefully, and let drop a few bits of scandal before Tilly Markham appeared and all but threw them out.

Jane didn't realize the truth about these people, any more than she understood her success at the studio. She never could quite believe that her weariness was interpreted as aristocratic reserve, and her lack of ability as a new technique of repression.

So it came like a thunderbolt when J. G. summoned her to his office and offered her a long-term contract.

"I'll be frank with you," he told her. "I brought you here for this one picture, thinking you wouldn't be much good, but would get over in Spain. I didn't think you'd be such a wow. But you're great; you're just what we need on the Superba program. The public is fed up with these little nobodies from the Middle West. They want women of the world, like you. Now, here's the little paper——" He slid the contract across the desk to her. "More money with each picture, you see. And just a few strings. You're not to get mixed up in any scandal, not to do anything that will cut the value of your pictures at the box office—not that you would, of course. And we're giving you a new car as a little sign of how much we like you."

Jane hesitated. This meant that she had made good in pictures. But it meant staying on here, near Larry—could she stand that? Of course, she had huge debts to pay; if she didn't go on working, she would be unable to manage them. But if she stayed, and Larry went on as he was doing now——

J. G., urged on by a report he had heard that morning, that some one else wanted her services, drew the contract back.

"Well, say we slide the salary up a couple hundred a week right away," he said, writing in a line.

Amazed, Jane signed. A few moments of silence had never been so golden before!

She was just leaving J. G.'s office when she encountered Larry. Paula Wilding was nowhere in sight.

"Hullo," he said pleasantly. "Did you sign the contract?"

Jane looked at him blankly.

"Sign?" she echoed. "Why—how did you know?"

He smiled, shrugged his shoulders.

"I always know things like that," he told her, starting

down the corridor at her side. "Well, it's a great break, isn't it? You're all set now. Getting used to being Spanish?"

Somehow that almost put them back on the old footing.

"Oh, Larry, I'll have to be more careful than ever, now that nobody suspects," she exclaimed. "And an uncle of mine is likely to get here any minute. He'll know me, and what will I do then?"

"Stay out of sight—don't take any chances," he answered. "He can't get into the studio."

"Yes, I can do that—but I wish——"

She would have gone on to say that she wished he would come out to the house and discuss ways and means with her, but at that moment Paula Wilding appeared at the other end of the corridor, and Larry, with a meaningless "Well, see you soon!" was off. Jane went on alone, her cheeks burning. How lucky it was that she hadn't finished that sentence, let him see that she still wanted him to be something more than the casual acquaintance he had become! [Continued on page 92]



All photos, except Beatrice Lillie

Far from

Don't let any one tell you that the boyish to Greta Garbo. Look at these clipped



Beatrice Lillie, upper left, values her hair too highly as a trademark to let it grow a quarter of an inch.

Dorothy Christy, at top of page, is in Maurice Chevalier's "Playboy of Paris" and "She Got What She Wanted."

Another Christy, above, is Ann, who is quite a star in Sennett comedies.

Louise Brooks, left, leader in patent-leather hair cuts, is back in Hollywood after several years in German films, renewing acquaintance with her ex-husband, Edward Sutherland.



and Kay Francis, by Preston Duncan.

Passé

bob is out and the long bob is in, thanks heads for courage to keep the shears busy.



Ethel Sykes, at top of page, you remember as one of the sextet in "The Florodora Girl."

Kay Francis, above, achieves a hair cut that is sleek, but not hard.

Kathryn Irving's head, upper right, is relieved from severity by the soft, natural wave of her hair.

Natalie Moorhead, right, soon to be seen with Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey, in "Hook, Line, and Sinker," has a classical outline.



Photo by Autrey

Sue Carol managed to have a phantom husband, Allen H. Keefer, and a sweetheart, Nick Stuart, at the same time.

I'VE mused around among the stars for six or seven years, but I cannot understand why so many actresses look upon husbands as excess baggage or dead weights. They marry in secret, honeymoon for a while, and then the bride expresses herself something like this:

"Listen, baby, from now on you're not even among those present. You're a *phantom!* You come when I call and go when I wave you away. I'm the exhibit of this family and when public appearances are to be made, I'll make 'em. Do you get me, darling? I cannot afford to have the fans saying 'Aw, she's married,' for it spoils my romantic glamour. So you just come toddling home occasionally, while I do the stuff in the spotlight. Don't show up unless you get the high sign from me."

Then she drives away in her limousine, to remain "Miss" in the eyes of the world until some newspaper re-

Their Phantom

This is an article about the unsung known beauties have married and kept the world does not know they

By A. L.

porter digs up her story, or the husband wearies of his ambiguous status and appears in the divorce court. There is scarcely a month when some husband does not come out of retirement to announce "Why, I'm Miss Whoozit's lawfully wedded spouse!" or Miss Whoozit, in a divorce petition, lets it be known that she has been married two or three years—or sometimes longer.

I think Marie Prevost started all this in 1918 when she secretly married H. C. Gerke, a seaman, and the custom has continued without interruption until now. Quite a few stars have had husbands almost in hiding. Miss Prevost met young Gerke at a house party, fell hard for the naval lad, and under the spell of a June moon and a romantic night rushed off to find a justice of the peace.

"We were just two foolish runaway children," she said four years later when the secret was discovered. "We married and separated immediately."

They were divorced in 1923—friendly and companionable. Members of the film colony who often saw the two together, believed young Gerke to be just an admirer. He passed out of Marie's life, a man of mystery.

Since then circumstances have developed which disclosed that quite a few stars either have now or have had phantom husbands, some known to a limited few and others still phantoms. Among them are Jean Harlow; Helen Twelvetrees, Jeanette Loff, Claudia Dell, Aileen Pringle, Sue Carol, Jean Arthur, Camilla Horn, and Olga Bacanova. Known to the world in each instance as Miss, not many persons had learned that they had wedding certificates

Jean Arthur married Julian Ancker without consulting her film contract which forbade any such rash step, so he joined the phantom husbands.



Photo by Hommel

Husbands

heroes of Hollywood—men whom well-so completely in the background that exist. Pity the poor wretches!

Wooldridge

in their possession. The divorce courts brought most of these to light, but not all.

Olga Baclanova was suing for the annulment of an agent's contract in the Los Angeles Superior Court in April of last year. She had but recently been divorced from Vladimir Zoppi, a lawyer of Moscow, Russia. During the course of the trial, an attorney suddenly turned to her while she was on the witness stand and asked if she was married. The star was distinctly upset.

"Is it that I must answer those question?" she asked Judge William Hazlett in broken English.

"It is!" replied the court.

Miss Baclanova admitted that she was married. Less than two weeks after the Moscow divorce decree was granted, she had been wed to Nicholas Soussanin, she said.

"I wanted to keep him secret," she confessed. "But it is correct."

Then the advent and departure of Julian Ancker, the husband of Jean Arthur, was so meteorlike that it was almost humorous. The two slipped away to Ventura, California, a couple of hours' drive from Hollywood, and were made man and wife. It was July, with the midsummer flowers blooming and gentle breezes drifting in from the old Pacific to cool fevered brows. The mockingbirds and bullfinches were doing their best to sing wedding songs as befitted the occasion. Julian and Jean paid little attention to the songs, however, as they drove dreamily back to Hollywood. It seemed that the day was complete—that is, until Jean happened to pull out her contract with Paramount when she got home. She read a paragraph or two, so Julian told the court, then she let out the



Photo by Ball

Helen Twelvetrees's husband was seemingly content to remain a phantom for two whole years.

squawk that was heard around the world. There in cold type was a clause providing that she must not marry so long as she worked for Paramount.

"Exit, Julian!" she fairly screamed. "Depart! Avaunt! Go thither and keep on going! Don't come back!"—or words to that effect.

Julian reached for his hat. Later he told Judge Marshall McComb all about his one-day marriage and the judge sympathized with him. He was a phantom husband just five months.

Miss Priscilla Bonner had a husband somewhere—she did not know just where—for years. He was a phantom in reality. She told a divorce judge in 1925 that when she and Alan Alexander celebrated their first wedding anniversary, he departed.



Vera Reynolds acknowledged Robert Ellis as her husband after nearly three years of secret bliss.

Their Phantom Husbands



Jeanette Loff's divorce brought to light the fact that she was but a wife in name only.

"When I asked him to return," she said, "he replied, 'Nothing doing—I'm through.'"

Although she got her interlocutory decree in 1925, she did not receive her final divorce decree until 1927—two years with a phantom husband somewhere. Later Miss Bonner was married to Doctor E. Bertrand Woolfan.

The new arrivals in film-land always come as a "Miss." Never do I recall has an unknown girl arrived and openly announced that she is married and happily married, too. They all seem to think that they will start under a handicap if it becomes known that somewhere in the offing is a husband. And as to possessing a baby—Heaven forbid! That would be wicked, or not true to tradition, or something. This notwithstanding the fact that Dolores Costello, Norma Shearer, Doris Kenyon, Joan Bennett, Gloria Swanson, Mae Murray, Leatrice Joy, Zasu Pitts, Lila Lee, Nancy Carroll, Eleanor Boardman and other actresses of the first magnitude have babies in their homes.

Evelyn Lederer came to Hollywood from Chicago early in 1927. Miss Sue Carol she was to every one. A year later she was talking about her sweetheart, Nick Stuart. Two years after her arrival newspaper headlines suddenly announced—"Sue

Carol sued for divorce on desertion plea." Allen H. Keefer of Chicago was the phantom husband. Sue eventually was married to Nick and not long ago Mr. Keefer took another wife. He still remains in Chicago.

The middle of last June there was on file in the Los Angeles courts the divorce suit of Claudia D. Offin against Phillip G. Offin. To the picture world it did not mean a thing. No one had ever heard of Phillip Offin—that is, no one in the screen colony. But an inquisitive reporter had a hunch that a story lurked behind that formal complaint charging desertion. He started an investigation and the trail took him into the presence of a lovely blonde—a former Ziegfeld beauty—Claudia Dell. Tearfully she told him her story.

"Yes, I am suing my husband for divorce," she said. "We were married two years ago—just one of those foolish-girl stunts. I was seventeen. We lived together only the shortest time. Even my closest friends didn't know it. Please don't ask me any more details."

Claudia's phantom husband was expunged from her life by Judge T. B. Warne and she left the courtroom smiling.

Not greatly dissimilar is the case of Jean Harlow, the blonde who played the leading feminine rôle in "Hell's Angels." The divorce records show that Harlean Carpenter McGrew was married to Charles F. McGrew III of Chicago, September 21, 1927. They separated June 11, 1929. Four months later Harlean filed suit for divorce. Another reporter sensed a story and found that Jean McGrew was Jean Harlow of pictures.

One of the most outstanding cases of rebellion against being a husband in name only, with the name being unmentioned in Hollywood, is that of the husband of Camilla Horn. Miss Horn was brought to this country by United Artists to play opposite John Barrymore in

Baclanova's marital "past" was bared on the witness stand by an aggressive lawyer.

Photo by Richee



Aileen Pringle's husband has never been in Hollywood during her ten years there.



"Tempest." Two years after her arrival she returned to Germany and filed suit for divorce from Klaus Geerz, a merchant of Hamburg, with his full consent.

"I am tired of being a husband in name only," Herr Geerz confessed to his friends. "Camilla and I were happy until she became a star in Hollywood. Then I saw little of her.

"When she left for America, I lost her. We have seen very little of each other since then and I am tired of living a lie."

Helen Twelvetrees became the wife of Clark Twelvetrees in February, 1927. They separated in January, 1929, just as she was beginning to smash her way through pictures. Clark was a phantom husband in Hollywood until March of this year, when Helen recalled his name in a divorce suit. She'd had a pretty hard time with Clark, she told the court, because of his liking for the cup that cheers.

"What transpired the day you were married?" asked her attorney.

"Why," she replied, "my husband got drunk and I didn't see him for the next two days. He went his way and I went mine immediately we left the City Hall. Once he jumped out of a sixth-story window while he was under the influence of liquor and I had to pay the hospital bills."

It seemed quite natural that Miss Twelvetrees did not tell the picture colony all about her phantom husband as she wrestled with her professional career.

Evelyn Laye had a phantom husband back in England when she arrived in America to play in pictures. She divorced him last July. He was Sonnie Hale, a British stage actor. Jeanette Loff separated from Harry K. Roseboom, a jewelry broker, in January, 1929, but did not divorce him till nine months later.

"We were just runaway children," said Marie Prevost in seeking to dissolve the marriage that bound her to a phantom husband for four years.



The divorce suit of Harlean McGrew revealed her as Jean Harlow.



Photo by Archer

No one knew that Claudia Dell was Mrs. Phillip G. Offin until she asked to be freed of her phantom spouse.

But the most distinctive record of all is held by Vera Reynolds. Vera was married to Earl T. Montgomery even while she was playing in the Mack Sennett chorus and was just a kid. Montgomery was a comedian. They were divorced in 1926. Immediately thereafter Miss Reynolds went to Paris and secretly married Robert Ellis. They returned to Hollywood. Vera to resume work with Cecil DeMille and Ellis to return to Universal. For nearly three years Bob Ellis was a phantom husband.

But last year the secret escaped.

The actresses are not wholly to blame for the existence of phantom husbands, because an anti-marriage clause is written into many contracts. Under the terms of an agreement made between Sally Blane and RKO last year, announcement of her forthcoming wedding would have to read something like this:

"Betrothed: Miss Sally Blane to Mr. So-and-so, with the approval of RKO."

To this very day, few persons know that Aileen Pringle had a phantom husband who went away to war at the time she went



The Ups and Downs of a Script Girl

What she does to earn her small salary, as well as some of her mistakes are explained in this article, with honorable mention of ex-script girls who have become famous.

By Jeanne de Kolty



Photo by Duncan

YOU'RE fired!" Director George Archainbaud wrathfully eyed his twenty-year-old script clerk, Willy. The company had just returned from location at Catalina Island; and the script clerk, who possessed the only copy of the scenario which contained complete notes of action, wardrobe, and other detail on "The Storm Daughter," had left these valuable notes at Catalina.

The company was in a quandary. A director depends upon his script clerk to make notations of action and wardrobe, and to assist in matching scenes. Remembering all the little details that go into the making of a picture is a tremendous task, almost impossible without the script clerk's notes, in many instances, and Willy had *lost* all the valuable data which had been recorded during shooting the scenes on location.

Willy's gait, as he left the studio, was confident and carefree. He had been fired and, having been in America but a short time, talked with a marked German accent; but his misfortunes could not squelch Willy—he knew what he could do, and the opinion of others mattered little to him.

Director Archainbaud was not so carefree. Upon his shoulders had fallen the task of recalling from memory all the things which Willy's notes should have informed him. A mistake might cost hundreds of dollars.

What an awful situation that kid Willy had got the company into! He had no business trying to break into motion pictures. Nobody could play around the way he did and succeed in the profession.

Not long ago Director William Wyler sat in his canvas chair watching action on "The Storm," a production which was the special pet of Carl Laemmle, the "daddy" of the Universal studio, where all the little Laemmles are engaged in the business of making pictures. To make "The Storm" a success was doubly difficult, since it was a great box-office hit as a silent picture, and must be an even better talkie, in order to command public attention.

Willy had, at the age of twenty-eight, become one of the most promising of the younger directors of Hollywood. To him had been intrusted the making of a picture that involved a small fortune. His cast included Lupe Velez, William Boyd, and Paul Cavanagh, whose salaries alone amount to several thousands of dollars a week.

In studio jargon, Willy had become a big shot. Director Archainbaud may be hard on script clerks—we won't discuss that question—but woe unto the girl who makes a mistake on a Wyler production!

Consider the time when Jeanne, the script girl on "The Storm," forgot that in one scene Paul Cavanagh was smoking a cigarette.

Carmelita Geraghty, now an exotic beauty in pictures, once toiled with notebook for \$35 a week, until she decided to give her mind a rest by becoming an actress.

Close-ups of the shot were made several weeks later, and the heavy had no cigarette in his hand. Retakes of the scene cost the producers somewhere



Jeanne de Kolty, the writer of this article, acted as script girl to William Wyler, who directed "The Storm" and once was a script clerk himself.

between \$1,000 and \$1,500; and if you don't think Jeanne got the dickens, well—just ask her.

"The nerve! The very nerve of any one suggesting that a girl with my brains become an actress!" Carmelita Geraghty, she of the big brown eyes and personality which has delighted thousands of fans, was speaking. "I was a script girl. It takes brains to be a script girl, despite popular opinion that all script clerks are a little bit crazy, but all one has to do to be an actress is to look pretty—anyway, that's what I thought before I tried it."

It took a mistake to convince Carmelita that she might be wrong. She was just another script girl to Mickey Neilan, who was directing "Fools First," at the old Metropolitan studio. The company had been shooting almost sixteen hours without a rest, and Carmelita, being a healthy child still in her teens, was growing sleepy.

The company had moved from an interior to an exterior set. The cameras were grinding, the actors were emoting, and Mickey Neilan was engrossed in the scene. Carmelita glanced at her notes. Heavens! There it was, right along the side of her script—"Ray Griffith—beard"! While inside the house, the leading man had displayed a luxuriant growth of beard and now, in the exterior scene, his whiskers had, like the magic cloak in a Grimm fairy tale, suddenly melted into thin air!

"It must have cost at least \$1,200 to remake that scene," laughed Carmelita. She can afford to laugh now. To the girl who once worked night and day for \$35.00 a week, that modest stipend has become a mere

pittance; but at the time, the occurrence was so serious that the script girl decided to become an actress at the very first opportunity, because she was a dismal failure as a taker of notes.

Dorothy Arzner, at present the only really famous woman director, was one script girl who never made a mistake—but then Dorothy is like that. She is perhaps the only director who does not depend upon her script clerks to help her remember details.

"I think a script clerk is of more value to the cutter than the director," says this unusual young woman. "I never worry about my script girls. I know they are doing their work well; if they weren't, they wouldn't be working for me. I believe it is the director's duty to remember everything that happens on the set. He is responsible for the picture and should not have to trust anybody to remember the things he should know. I know that if I attend to my business while working on a production everything will be all right. I never worry about the other fellow."

Miss Arzner directed "The Wild Party," with Clara Bow, "Sarah and Son," and "Anybody's Woman," with Ruth Chatterton, and she is next to direct Claudette Colbert.

For any one who wishes to break into any branch of studio work, particularly scenario writing, script work is extraordinarily good experience. The script girl works constantly at the side of the director. Her job includes making notations of all costumes worn, the action of each scene and, since the advent of talking pictures, to check all dialogue.



Dorothy Arzner, the only woman director and one of the most outstanding of either sex, is sympathetic toward the trials and tribulations of script girls, because she served time as one.

If a heroine wears a coat in one scene, she must be shown removing the coat, or she must continue to wear the coat until the end of the sequence. It is the script girl's job to see that this is done.

Matching scenes is one of the difficult tasks in the making of a picture. Usually a master scene is made in medium or long shots. When this is completed, the cameras are moved up to get close-ups of the characters. In the close-ups each actor must go through exactly the same actions or business that he did in the long shots, so the scene can be cut at any point in the action, from a long shot to a close-up, or vice versa, and the scene will continue smoothly.

If a man is seen in a standing position in a long shot, he cannot suddenly appear seated in a close-up, but must be shown in the act of sitting down. If he is seen at one end of a room, he cannot suddenly fly to the other end without taking a step, but must be seen walking across the set.

Often mistakes are made by the cutter for which the script clerk is blamed. A man may apparently jump from one end of the room to the other, although a scene showing him walking across has been taken. The script clerk may be blamed for neglect, while in reality

it is the cutter who has omitted the walking scene from the picture.

In sound pictures it is as important for dialogue to match as for action. Exactly the same words must be spoken in long shots as in close-ups, so that the cutter can change from one shot to another in the middle of a word, should he so desire, and the sentence will continue smoothly, without repetition or omission of words.

Many cutters have broken into this specialty as script clerks. Other script clerks have become writers, as in the case of Marion Dix, Paramount's twenty-four-year-old writer, who only a short time ago was just a script girl. She made use of every opportunity to talk with scenario writers and directors and, through her constant contact with them, she was finally given an opportunity to prove her ability to write.

Alice White is another former script girl who took advantage of her opportunity to meet and talk with directors—the only script girl to become a star.

A visitor walking onto a set may envy the script girl her job as she sits on her chair apparently doing nothing. If the same visitor attempted to keep track of action, dialogue, and a hundred other details at the same time, he would realize that the script girl has no easy task. She takes the blame for her own mistakes and those of nearly everybody else on the set—in fact the poor script girl stands plenty of gaff! No wonder they say all of them are crazy!



This is how Alice White looked when she ceased her duties as script clerk to become an actress—the only one to reach stardom.



A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD SEE.

"Abraham Lincoln"—United Artists. Inspired human story of the great American, directed by D. W. Griffith. Walter Huston surpasses his past work, and entire cast is flawless. Remarkable continuity of biography. Kay Hammond, as *Mary Todd*, Una Merkel, Ian Keith, Hobart Bosworth, Henry B. Walthall.

"Outward Bound"—Warner. Strangely arresting picture, with admirable acting. Routine plots and situations avoided, and deals with life after death. Leslie Howard, of the stage, Beryl Mercer, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Helen Chandler, Alec B. Francis.

"Call of the Flesh"—Metro-Goldwyn. Ramon Novarro makes up for his last film with delightful acting and singing in Seville, with Renée Adorée. Dorothy Jordan supplies the innocent but anxious element, and there is a lovely sacrifice of love, and as it deserves, a happy ending. Ernest Torrence, Martha Comont.

"Romance"—Metro-Goldwyn. Greta Garbo's portrayal of opera singer whose "past" caused her to dismiss the man she loves is great—tender, poetic, poignant. Her every thought and feeling registers. Lewis Stone capital. Gavin Gordon the hero; Florence Lake delightful.

"Raffles"—United Artists. Most civilized current film—gay, ironic, intelligent melodrama. It will appeal to all. Ronald Colman, Kay Francis, David Torrence are like human beings. Good dialogue. Frederick Kerr, Alison Skipworth show their value on screen.

"Dawn Patrol, The"—First National. War story without love interest gives Richard Barthelmess, Neil Hamilton, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., opportunities capably exploited. Life among Royal Flying Corps, showing hideous actualities of war. Barthelmess's best in years.

"Big House, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Savage picture of life behind prison walls, finely wrought drama depending upon character rather than studied plot. Wallace Beery, sly, hardened criminal; Chester Morris, slick forger; Robert Montgomery, new convict. Revolt of prisoners stirring scene.

"Holiday"—Pathé. Well-known play, with good cast. Poor rich girl mopes over having too much money, finally wakes up and escapes from her Park Avenue "prison." Ann Harding, Mary Astor, Robert Ames good. Monroe Owsley outstanding; Edward Everett Horton, Hedda Hopper.

"All Quiet on the Western Front"—Universal. Faithful screening of the most realistic novel of World War, with no happy ending or girl appeal. Strongest film document against war. Lewis Ayres, Louis Wolheim, "Slim" Sumnerville, Russell Gleason, William Bakewell, John Wray outstanding in big cast.

"Devil's Holiday, The"—Paramount. Human, sympathetic characterization by

Nancy Carroll, every inch the star. Manicurist out West sells farm machinery to customers, and finally marries son of big wheat man, and complications set in. Nice old lokum. Phillips Holmes, Ned Sparks, Hobart Bosworth, James Kirkwood.

"Song o' My Heart"—Fox. John McCormack central figure in gentle Irish story, with eleven songs beautifully recorded. Finely directed, excellently acted, with new ingénue, Maurten O'Sullivan, and Tommy Clifford, both from Ireland. John Garrick, J. M. Kerrigan, Alice Joyce.

"Seven Days' Leave"—Paramount. Exceptional film, lacking boy-and-girl love element, with honors to Beryl Mercer and Gary Cooper. Charwoman "invents" soldier son, and, to humor her, a real soldier has her to adopt him. Simple, touching.

"Vagabond King, The"—Paramount. All Technicolor. Beautifully filmed, far above the "Oh, yeah?" and tootsie theme-song musical films. Story of Villon, the French poet, and Louis XI—Dennis King and O. P. Heggie respectively, both excellent. Warner Oland and Lillian Roth fine. Jeanette MacDonald pastel leading lady.

"Rogue Song, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Song, dialogue, all Technicolor. Lawrence Tibbett's debut on the screen is high mark of musical films. Magnificent voice, vigorous personality make up for weak story, made weaker by detached horseplay. The bandit kidnaps the princess. Catherine Dale Owen, Florence Lake.

FOR SECOND CHOICE.

"Animal Crackers"—Paramount. Buffoonery designed to exploit the gay talents of the Marx brothers is one long laugh, unless you lead the home-town group of serious little thinkers. Most of stage cast retained, plus, for some obscure reason, Lillian Roth.

"Dough Boys"—Metro-Goldwyn. Diverting, but not remarkably original, comedy of the army, with Buster Keaton as the gooly misfit. Sally Eilers is hostess at a canteen, and there's also Cliff Edwards out yonder in no man's land. For ballast you have Edward Brophy.

"Last of the Duanes, The"—Fox. Fast-moving Western in which hero avenges death of his father and wins pardon and the gal by capturing band of outlaws. George O'Brien, Lucille Browne, who suffers by being cast with Myrna Loy. Considerably above the average.

"Spoilers, The"—Paramount. Big woody tale of those villainous Easterners doing wrong by the valiant sourdoughs of Alaska, with no new insight on life in those days. Gary Cooper, Kay Johnson, Harry Green, Slim Sumnerville, James Kirkwood, William (stage) Boyd.

"Sea God, The"—Paramount. Resembles chapter of a serial, but Richard

Arlen's pleasing personality makes it tolerable. Diving for pearls, he is cut off at bottom of the sea, manages to get out and save the heroine, Fay Wray. Eugene Pallette, Ivan Simpson.

"Let's Go Native"—Paramount. High excellence seesaws with low dullness, but entertaining on the whole. Throwback to musical-comedy days. Comedy brilliant in spots. Jeanette MacDonald shows flair for comedy. Jack Oakie, James Hall, William Austin, Kay Francis, Richard Gallagher, the latter king of an island.

"Monte Carlo"—Paramount. The gambling capital is rather dreary, if this catches its spirit, although there are amusing, ironic touches. A countess runs away from a prince, and finds a count posing as a hairdresser. Jeanette MacDonald, Jack Buchanan, Claude Allister, Zasu Pitts.

"Three Faces East"—Warner. Constance Bennett does not manage to be as secretive and mysterious as a World War spy should. Story a bit old-fashioned, but better than many. Erich von Stroheim's presence more effective than his voice. Other players fair.

"Old English"—Warner. George Arliss in character study of old man who holds onto what he has got through craftiness, and his rebellious end. Intelligent cast includes Murray Kinnell, Doris Lloyd, Betty Lawford, Henrietta Goodwin, and others from stage.

"Anybody's Woman"—Paramount. Ruth Chatterton again leads the stage caravan as chorus girl who marries a lawyer while he is drunk, and their adjustment and eventual love. Intensely interesting with the compelling star and Clive Brook, Paul Lukas, Juliette Compton.

"Common Clay"—Fox. Relic of the stage, with claptrap drama that relieves the tear ducts and gives a woman wonderful chance to be sorry for women, particularly her own forlorn self. Girl tries to go straight, but alas, those men, those men. Constance Bennett, Lewis Ayres, Beryl Mercer.

"Rain or Shine"—Columbia. Joe Cook's humor is refreshing, and you'll be glad he came to the screen, even in a circus story. Young man of society loves girl trying to run sawdust ring. Joan Peers, William Collier, Jr., Louise Fazenda.

"Hell's Angels"—United Artists. Million-dollar airplane maneuvers and photography and a thirty-cent story make unbalanced film. James Hall and Ben Lyon miscast. Jean Harlow the heroine who causes brothers to do strange things behind the trenches. Planes and Zeppelins are the stars.

"Moby Dick"—Warner. John Barrymore's revival of his old film is exciting, but without the subtle terror of the silent version. The well-known epic of the treacherous brother, the girl, and the sea beast. Joan Bennett stays pleasingly girlish as others grow old. Lloyd Hughes satisfactory.

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Robert Montgomery and June Walker make their rôles real and understandable in "War Nurse."



Photo by Hurrell

THOUGH "War Nurse" does not quite attain all its possibilities, it is notable in several respects—chiefly the acting of favorite players—and it introduces a newcomer from the stage, June Walker, whose performance is something to cherish.

The story shows the psychological and physical effects of war upon a group of young women volunteers from civil life who are doing their duty as nurses behind the firing line. It is an earnest, conscientious effort to reveal another side of war and it succeeds, even though the result is uneven. It has moments of conspicuous excellence and others that cause one to ask why such lapses should occur. But there is no doubt at all about the acting of any one in the cast, nor of the naturalness of the dialogue.

The story, such as it is, is simple and uncomplicated, and the various characters are clear cut and human, so the picture is never slow or dull. It deals mainly with two couples, *Babs* and *Wally* and *Joy* and *Robin*. *Wally* pursues *Babs* with wisecracks and banter until she nears the end of her resistance. Suddenly she learns that she is just another woman to him, while she thought his attentions actuated by love. She sends him away. *Joy*, who is younger and more inexperienced, takes seriously the love-making of *Robin* only to discover, when it is too late, that he is married. *Babs* assumes the care of *Joy's* baby when she dies and when *Wally* reappears some years later at the close of the war, he offers his name to the child and its adopted mother. There you have the bare story.

Miss Walker's contribution to it is great. Here is an actress whose position as a Broadway leading woman is second to that of no one who has sought favor on the screen. But if you think she is mannered, or affected, or indulges

Screen

By
The Norbert Jusk

in the least hint of the stage lingo, you are much mistaken. Her casual speech is natural and devoid of accent. It would fit any American character. Miss Walker's great skill is found in being casual and keenly expressive at the same time. A little too plump to compete with the attenuated beauties, she has most of them at a disadvantage in being a human being, a girl one would like to know, to talk with, whereas the majority of the screen sisterhood are creatures of make-up, diet, and costume.

Anita Page, as the junior nurse, is at her best in a rôle that provides greater range than any of the others, and Robert Montgomery and Robert Ames make the two soldiers real. Other nurses are Zasu Pitts, Helen Jerome Eddy, and Marie Prevost, all extremely effective, and Hedda Hopper, Edward Nugent, and Martha Sleeper also do well.

A Gentle Desperado.

If you like a ripsnorting Western produced by one of the great directors, King Vidor, "Billy the Kid" will mean something in your life, though there have been more satisfying films in this category. It is interesting, though, to see what a man of imagination and sensitiveness can do with a story of this kind, because it is obvious that the material at hand could scarcely have inspired the director of "The Crowd" and "Hallelujah" to cheer his luck. At the same time, only Mr. Vidor could have raised it from the slough of mediocrity, or caused the spectator to take it seriously instead of looking upon it as a satire on hard-riding plainsmen, quick to take offense and glib with their triggers.

It's almost outside the issue to say that the story purports to be a visualization of "The Saga of Billy the Kid" and has for its chief character the famous desperado whose murders, holdups, and bank robberies did as much as anything to give the old West its reputation for lawlessness. But in the film *Billy* is no such sanguinary and predatory youth. He is, instead, a chivalrous young man possessed of a Southern accent, boyish diffidence, and considerable personal charm, who becomes an outlaw only because of his determination to avenge the death of his friend. Incidentally, it isn't beside the point to remark that Billy in real life was reputed to be a native of Brooklyn, New York.

This, then, puts the film on the level of pleasant fiction in nowise related to criminal history or, indeed, anything but the standardization of the screen. However, the picture has its moments. I don't remember any love scene more charged with passion and tenderness than occurs when Kay Johnson, the heroine, bravely mounts the steps that lead to the jail and kisses *Billy* in full view of his assembled friends and enemies below, before he goes into durance vile. It is beautiful, exalted, and as far above the necking which we are urged to accept as the expression of love on the screen, as "Romeo and Juliet" is superior to "Young Sinners" as a play. There is also that moment when *Billy* "gets" his enemy, *Bal-linger*, who killed his friend. Because of Warner Richmond's admirable performance in the latter rôle, and John Mack Brown's as *Billy*, not to mention Mr. Vidor's

in Review

Varied entertainment is found in this month's pictures and individual examples of acting continue to shine brighter and brighter.

sure sense of dramatic values, there never has been a villain of my acquaintance whose end made me more jubilant or so stirred my sense of justice. So you see, the picture is not dull.

For one thing, it is excellently acted, as you may have gathered, not only by Mr. Brown, who is entirely satisfactory, if pleasantness and charm are your main requisites, but by Wallace Beery. His portrait of the sheriff whose sense of duty conflicts with his worship of *Billy* is one of the finest of his many notable characterizations. When Mr. Beery is visible the picture as a whole doesn't matter.

If you see "Billy the Kid" in a theater that boasts accommodation for the "Realife" screen, a device that enlarges the panorama to gigantic proportions, you will enjoy the picture all the more, for the greater dimensions of film and screen give scope and beauty to natural backgrounds such as are impossible under ordinary conditions.

Straight from the Shoulder.

For a rattling good picture I recommend, without reservation, "Her Man." It harks back to the day when a picture wasn't a picture unless it had vigor, and violence, and a plot that moved forward with every scene. These qualities are here apparent in good measure, together with clear-cut direction, excellent photography, understandable characterizations, and acting that is keyed to the limit of cleverness. The result is amazingly successful and is particularly interesting to the habitué of films, because, for one thing, the practiced eye can see the banal picture that would have resulted had the collaboration come from a director less skilled than Ray Garnett and players less responsive than Helen Twelvetrees, Phillips Holmes, and Ricardo Cortez. Therefore those responsible for its appeal deserve extraordinary credit, especially as Mr. Garnett and his two leading players are newcomers, more or less, and illustrate the value and efficacy of young blood in the movies.

It is doubtful if Miss Twelvetrees and Mr. Holmes could have been surpassed by any one in their vivid, graphic and moving impersonations, she as a miserable bit of humanity in an old-fashioned dive along the Havana water front, where men are beasts and women theirs for hire, and he as an eager, pugnacious sailor. The young people are mutually attracted, though the girl *Frankie* attempts to pick *Dan's* pocket and he good-humoredly detects her in the act. But theirs is a romance that survives disillusionment—and it's convincing, too. So much so that *Johnnie*, whose girl *Frankie* is, sets about to protect his rights by eliminating *Dan*. The contest concludes with a free-for-all fight that demolishes the barroom and places *Johnnie hors de combat*—to put it euphemistically. How Mr. Cortez, who plays the rôle, will be able to play another without long convalescence, is beyond me. For a more terrific fight I never have witnessed, nor one that conveys less restraint or calculated fury.

This simple story is, like a carefully wrought novel or



John Mack Brown plays his most important part in "Billy the Kid," and Wallace Beery contributes another gem of characterization.

play, embellished with a score of telling details, exposures of character by means of action and speech. Yet such a high order of skill has entered into the telling that the spoken word is employed with fine economy. You see a talking picture, yes, but dialogue is subordinated to action, so that every word that is spoken has the force of a newspaper headline.

Though Mr. Cortez has played many parts, some of them indifferently, some of them well, he comes through in this as a dominant figure and an accomplished artist. Marjorie Rambeau, well known on the stage and once a star in silent pictures, reappears as a sympathetic harlot who aids the young lovers, and she makes her kind-heartedness very real. Comic flashes are shot by James Gleason and Harry Sweet, and admirable bits are furnished by Mathew Betz, Mike Donlin, and Thelma Todd, the latter's Greek *blondeur* effaced by a dark wig, her handsomeness dimmed not a whit. However, the stars are Miss Twelvetrees and Mr. Holmes, who receive the critic's accolade elsewhere in PICTURE PLAY this month.

He Fell in Love With His Wife.

Cecil DeMille, entertainer *par excellence*, hasn't succeeded in maintaining his popular appeal in "Madam Satan." Certainly he has failed to evoke critical praise, for his latest opus is distinctly off the mark. And this is too bad in view of the cleverness of his first essay into audibility—"Dynamite"—which, though regarded lightly by most reviewers, made history at the box office.

The new picture has no such magnetism. It is dull, platitudinous, and unreal as a film purporting to show life on the planet Mars. Even more serious a defect is that most of the sequences are so long-drawn-out that one fidgets at Mr. DeMille's lapse in editorial judgment. Yet it has good points, its moments of excellence, as would be expected from the director.

One of them is the voice of Kay Johnson, whose speech will one day be recognized by every one for what it is: pure, limpid English, musical, expressive, and as free from the taint of accent, affectation, or localism as the purling of a crystal brook, or the cadence of a violin. Yes, eventually Miss Johnson will garner her reward for a virtue possessed by no other actress, with the possible exception of Claudette Colbert who, however, does not seem capable of investing her speech with music to a like



"Madam Satan."



"Those Three French Girls."



"What a Widow!"



"Up the River."

degree. Another merit is found in the performance of Roland Young, that whimsical comedian of such lightness that his speech may be compared to drifting thistledown, but who does not, unfortunately, resemble Buddy Rogers and therefore is destined to be caviar to the general. There is also Reginald Denny, tried and true in silence, who proves himself in full command of the nuances of speech. But his is an ungrateful rôle—one that is a strain on the credibility of the spectator as well as the eyesight of the character. He falls in love with the wife he has rejected merely because she wears a mask and speaks with an accent. For you must know that "Madam Satan" is nothing much else.

Bob Brooks wearies of *Angela Brooks* because she is humdrum—the old theme of "Why Change Your Wife?"—and becomes infatuated with a cabaret girl named *Trixie*. Whereupon *Angela* vows that she will make Bob so sick of vice that he will cry for decency. Conveniently, their friend *Jimmey*—Mr. Young—gives a lavish masquerade ball aboard a Zeppelin lashed to a mast. There the mysterious *Madam Satan* worsts *Trixie* in a duel of wits and physical allure for the vacillating husband. It will scarcely be news for you to learn that *Angela* wins. But not before the Zeppelin breaks away from its moorings and the guests descend to earth in parachutes that land in surprising places.

That's the gist of "Madam Satan" and the most actually that can be said, except that the fantastic and satiric costumes at the ball are wonderful to behold. They represent real imagination instead of a conglomeration of odds and ends made over into musical-comedy outfits. But this effect is spoiled by the extreme length of the revel. And so it is with everything in the picture. However, Mr. DeMille is next to participate in a revival of "The Squaw Man," the first film he directed fifteen years ago, and I venture to say that "Madam Satan" will be erased from the debit side of his artistic ledger.

Stage Ladies Have Their Say.

The least satisfying picture of the month is "A Lady Surrenders." Some there are who call it the worst, but you know me—always straining the quality of mercy. It's a case of talk, talk, talk, to no purpose except to create restiveness on the part of the spectator and giggles where they never were intended. Yet there's a story—not a bad one, either. But it moves with the lethargy of the proverbial molasses. This throws into high relief shortcomings of certain players and gives me a cue for a little homily on a subject that is becoming more and more important to every fan—voice and speech on the screen.

In this picture are two actresses with real, not fictitious Broadway reputations, Rose Hobart and Genevieve Tobin. Their voices are cultivated, their speech fluent, expressive, and they are not displeasing to the eye, though no great shakes photographically. Why, then, should they be singled out for the professor's rebuke instead of being laureled with praise? Because they have the false, absurd accent typical of most stage players. It is heard in all the best theaters nowadays, so it is not peculiar to the Misses Hobart and Tobin. It is contagious too, for it is cultivated by screen actresses who look naturally to experienced speakers for their models. And in this there is danger of an epidemic of affected speech on the screen. For this stage talk is nothing but an affectation, a poor mixture of imaginary English inflections with straightforward American.

It is as if the speaker hasn't the courage to go in for out-and-out English speech, but thinks that a little embroidery of it on American locutions will give the touch of elegant culture that the actress finds valuable in drawing-room plays.

The sadly comic part of it is that their English intonations aren't good; they aren't as refined as the speakers imagine; they are distinctly the tones of the very sort of English that the imitators would call frightfully middle "clahss." Thus we hear "Aoh, I'm gaoing haome," "daon't," "thulhutah" for "theater," while the word "really" is always pronounced "ruh'ally," with a rising inflection, and "are you theah?" is asked in Beatrice Lillie's best burlesque manner, with the actresses fondly imagining a perfection of speech that would cause a Mayfair duchess to say, "My dear, surely you're not an *American*?"

Well, this is the jargon heard in "A Lady Surrenders" with peculiar irritation, until one wishes that both ladies would surrender their highfalutin airs and talk like regular girls. It can be done at no sacrifice of expressiveness, or culture, or smartness, or whatever it is that stage speech is supposed to give.

Then there is Conrad Nagel, with his mild attack of broad "a." He is content to confine it to "lahst" and "calu't," but Miss Tobin prefers to "dalnce" rather than "dance," and one knows that she would admire a "cahstle" and pass a "castle" by. Basil Rathbone, who is also present, is the only person in the "cahst" with a right to speak the English of Britain. He does so with purity and effortlessness.

After this it doesn't much matter what the picture's about, does it? Merely that a wife notifies her husband that she is seeking a Paris divorce and changes her mind after he has married her friend in the interval. In justice to Miss Hobart, it must be said that in "Liliom" she discards her accent and gives a much better account of herself than one would think possible after seeing her in this. It proves my point that affected speech can be shed to the advantage of player and spectator.

All Aboard for Heaven.

Setting out to be imaginative and thoughtful, "Liliom" succeeds only in being artificial, slow, and dull. This is all the more regrettable when one considers the collaboration of Frank Borzage, the director who has given us many notable pictures, Charles Farrell, always a pleasing actor, Estelle Taylor, H. B. Warner, Lee Tracy, and Rose Hobart, a stage luminary, not to mention the fine play that inspired the film. But their combined efforts yield only a few stray moments of beauty or sincerity. It may also be said that "Liliom" is not a subject suited to the screen, though the sequence in a fantastic heaven provides more scope for the cameraman than it offered the scenic designer of the stage production. However, there never has been a picture that was carried to success by settings alone, so there is no reason to suppose this to be an exception.

Liliom is a barker in a Budapest amusement park. He is conceited, arrogant, contemptuous of women, a bully, yet he shows flashes of boyish simplicity. *Madame Muskat*, his employer, is in love with him and so is *Julie*, a poor servant. She worships him dumbly; to her he is a god. And because *Liliom* cannot resist such idolatry he marries *Julie*. Then occurs a sentence actually heard for the first time on the screen. *Julie* says "I'm going to have a baby!" In all the years of pictures, both silent and audible, the birth of a child has always been represented as a miracle of such awesome proportions that censorship forbade mention of it. I shall always remember "Liliom" for this milestone. When the barker commits suicide to escape capture by the police in a holdup, he ascends to heaven where God is represented by a character called the *Chief Magistrate* wearing a frock coat and a gardenia. From then on symbolism is dealt out largely, with comic relief from an old man in a flowing robe and a trumpet. For his sins *Liliom* endures punishment for ten years, after which he is allowed to return to earth for an encounter with his daughter. The child will have none of his affection and repulses him so violently that he slaps her face. For this he returns to the *Chief Magistrate* to do further penance. Dost like the picture?

Mr. Farrell is sadly miscast as the hero. He has neither the voice nor the temperament, to say nothing of the skill, to act a complex rôle that demands mature experience. However, he makes a manful attempt and this should not be held against any one at any time. Miss Hobart shows a clear understanding of *Julie* and plays her with sympathy and pathos, though the rôle becomes monotonous because it is pitched in one key. Miss Taylor is glowingly beautiful as *Madame Muskat* all too briefly seen, and Mr. Warner makes the *Chief Magistrate* soothing rather than anything else.

They're Nice to Know.

A gay, harmless trifle is "Those Three French Girls." It is no more substantial than musical comedy, but happily it is without music except an unpretentious song now and then. Even more of

Continued on page 100



"Her Wedding Night."



"Liliom."



"The Santa Fe Trail."



"The Bad Man."



Pauline Garon, André Luguet, and Jetta Goudal play in the French version of "The Unholy Night," a simple matter for Pauline and Jetta, for they are linguists as well as actresses and André is from the "Comédie Française."

IN Europe once I saw a fantastic play called "The Palace of Cards," in which the players represented every card in the deck. At the end there was a wild shuffle, and every one found himself playing a new rôle. Some of the *Aces*, *Kings*, *Queens*, and *Jacks* became mere numbers and were lost in the crowd, just as certain silent stars found themselves deuces and treys in the talkie game.

The fans have complained about not seeing certain old favorites. They cannot understand why their pets are not constantly in the foreground. My object is to inform one and all the whys and wherefores—and to cheer the forlorn.

"What is Barry Norton doing?" ten thousand fans ask in one voice. "Why isn't he given parts important enough for his talent?" The girls go on further, adding compliments to the complaints, rhapsodizing on the beauty of Barry's nostrils and the perfection of his acting. But Barry remained out of sight.

No longer did his disturbing vision flash on the screen. But he was not flung into oblivion. After leaving Fox he was placed under contract by Paramount. With this company our Argentine hero has been making four Spanish versions—at least acting in them, these pictures being "The Benson Murder Case," "Slightly Scarlet," "Paramount on Parade," and "Grumpy." In the latter picture, Barry enacts the rôle played by Phillips Holmes in English.

George Lewis, though born in Mexico, spoke Spanish with an American accent, so he had to overcome it for the foreign versions of "Common Clay" and "The Last of the Duanes."



Shuffled—

Far from being crowded out by the talkies, some knowledge of foreign languages to films intended describes what they are doing and throws new

By William

Barry speaks Spanish, French, and English fluently. He was educated in an English school in Buenos Aires. Why producers thought he'd speak with an accent is just one of those hasty, unfounded decisions.

All those fans who have been craving a glimpse of their favorite will gain their wish by seeing "East Is West." Barry plays in it.

You will also see Don Alvarado, in "Captain Thunder." But before that turned up, Don had dropped from sight. He disappeared just when he was reaping good reviews for his work. His first rôle of importance was with Dolores del Rio, in "The Loves of Carmen." Under contract to United Artists, he played with Constance Talmadge, in "Breakfast at Sunrise"; also in D. W. Griffith's "Drums of Love." There was a Columbia epic, with Lya de Putti. Finally "The Bridge of San Luis Rey." Then silence.

In all these pictures, each of which missed fire, Don attracted attention. Then the talkies arrived. "Don Alvarado? Ah, yes. A Mexican chap. No good for English." So it went.

In "Rio Rita," Don played the part of Bebe Daniels's brother. And again his rôle, though small, attracted attention.

At a ringside table at the Brown Derby, Don related all his misfortunes to me. But now he is regaining his old place. In fact the head waiter actually let us sit in a preferred booth. Such



In the German version of "Anna Christie," Greta Garbo has the support of Salka Steuerman in Marie Dressler's rôle.

But Not Lost

of the players you have missed are giving their for distribution abroad. This illuminating article light on the uncertainties of an actor's life.

H. McKegg

places are offered only to the gifted. If you have missed Don Alvarado, cheer up. You can now see him once more, for he is to play in several English-language films. He's a pleasing actor. There's no reason why he shouldn't be seen often from now on.

Perhaps the strangest case of all was the temporary disappearance of George Lewis.

He made pictures for Universal for five years—a test for any self-expressing artist. George ground out forty-four of those two-reel "Collegians," many of the later ones being talkies.

With the use of sound came noise. Musical comedies and revues swamped the screen. Actors went crazy doing tap dancing, warbling ditties in every second scene. When it came to competing with Paul Whiteman, George was shown the gate.

Born in Guadalajara, Mexico, he came to the United States when he was seven years old. His father was

Sandra Ravel spoke her native French in the foreign version of "Slightly Scarlet," then lapsed into English with an accent in "Those Three French Girls."



an American, his mother Spanish. Disregarding the "Collegians" talkies he had made, producers took for granted that Mr. Lewis spoke English with an accent. This in spite of the fact that most of his life has been spent in Hollywood. But it was the other way around—George spoke Spanish with an English accent. To overcome this he took lessons every day, in order to perfect himself for Spanish talkies.

Signed by Fox, he has played in the Spanish versions of "Friendship," "Common Clay," and "The Last of the Duanes."

Undoubtedly George eventually will be cast in some English-language talkies. There is no reason why he should not be. In the meantime, should you desire to see his present efforts, you must visit Mexico, or some other Spanish-speaking country.

After appearing in one talkie, Adolphe Menjou was seen no more. Now back from Europe, Adolphe is once again at the Paramount studio, his old home, making pictures in French and English. You are to see and hear him in Gary Cooper's "Morocco" and in Lawrence Tibbett's "New Moon."

In the former picture you are also to see Marlene Dietrich, the German actress. It may strike you as amusing that producers keep native actors with good voices off the screen—for no obvious reason—and sign some one from abroad who speaks with an accent. Yet I am fully convinced that Marlene will stir the fans. I am all for her. In fact, I say "Hoch die Dietrich!"

Gilbert Roland has been off the

screen longer than some have cared for. Though one of the most popular of romantic leads, Gilbert's first talkie, "New York Nights," was a poor picture. The plot belonged to silent days. And he portrayed a thankless rôle.

When Metro-Goldwyn chose to make "Monsieur le Fox," they decided to make it in five languages. Barbara Leonard plays the girl in each version. Gilbert is in the English and Spanish versions.

From now on Mr. Roland will appear oftener. So let's rejoice.

Sighs and complaints are also spreading abroad because of the momentary disappearance of Duncan Renaldo. Señor Renaldo played Don Alvarado's twin in "The Bridge of San Luis Rey." Both vanished as if they had lived the story in real life.

The truth of it is that Duncan has been spending the last year making "Trader Horn." The company spent nine months in Africa. The picture is being finished now, so it may be said that Duncan Renaldo will again stir the girls when "Trader Horn" appears.

Born in New Jersey of Spanish parentage, Mr. Renaldo did various things along artistic lines, eventually finding himself an actor. He'll probably be one for quite a while to come.

When the talkies struck Hollywood most of the studios dispensed with many of their minor players. First National let quite a few of theirs go, Donald Reed being one.

A Mexican by birth, Ernesto Guillen by name, he came to the States when he was ten years old and has lived here ever since. Naturally he speaks English as fluently as a native. But with the talkies, Donald Reed found himself with others on the wrong side of the gate.

Writing, directing, and acting in Spanish versions for Columbia has occupied his time of late. So what the American fans have been missing Spanish fans have been enjoying—let us hope.

Why this player is passed up is beyond me. Possessed of the necessary looks and acting ability, he ought to be where he belongs. In "The Texan" he enacted the brief rôle of a Mexican. For this Don had to cultivate an accent.

He also played a silent part in "The Green Ghost," the first French talkie to be made in Hollywood. Jacques Fey-

Barry Norton and Rosita Moreno shine in the Spanish edition of "Paramount on Parade."



Gilbert Roland played in two of the five versions of "Monsieur le Fox," the languages being Spanish and English.



der directed it. The English version was called "The Unholy Night." Dorothy Sebastian played the part in English which the exotic Jetta Goudal plays in the French. Incidentally, those who desire to see more of *la Goudal* can expect to get a thrill if they hear her in English, for her voice has an individuality all its own.

Pauline Garon is a French-Canadian, and speaks French as fluently as English. She played in this first French version, with André Luguet, an actor from the *Comédie Française*. He was signed by M.-G.-M., and brought to Hollywood especially for French productions.

Most of the studios are now making pictures in English, Spanish, French, German, and Italian.

It might be interesting to hear Greta Garbo in the German version of "Anna Christie." It has recently been made. Theo Shall plays *Matt*



All Don Alvarado's good work counted for nothing when Hollywood decided that accents were taboo, so he had to begin his career all over again.

Burke, Charles Bickford's rôle, while Salka Steuerman portrays the part done so excellently by Marie Dressler.

Would not the Novarro cult like to hear their idol in a film in his native Spanish? Ramon directs and stars in the Spanish version of "Call of the Flesh."

José Crespo played in several silent pictures. Well-known on the Spanish and Argentine stage, he came to Hollywood to give his art to the American films.

When I first met José he spoke no English. He studied until he came to speak the language so well that he appeared on the Los Angeles stage. He is likely to appear in English talkies. But, for the present, since Spanish versions must be made, Crespo is kept busy.

He has just finished playing in Spanish the rôle John Gilbert essayed in "One Romantic Night." Maria Alba, who appeared in several silent films, plays opposite him.

Maurice Chevalier is making all his films in both English and French. His sprightly wife, Yvonne Vallé, appears opposite him in the French version of "The Little Café." "The Big Pond" was made in both languages, Claudette Colbert playing with Chevalier in each one. La Colbert also played with Menjou, in the French version of "Slightly Scarlet."

Françoise Rasay—Mrs. Jacques Feyder in private—is playing in French version for Paramount, as is Emile Chautard, one of the best character actors in pictures.

Rosita Moreno came to the movies three years ago. The silent screen afforded her nothing. Since talkies, she has been signed by Paramount to play in English, Spanish, and Italian. In the Spanish version of "Paramount on Parade," *la* Moreno plays with Barry Norton. She appears in Italian with Nino Martini—not a drink, but an attractive young Italian tenor.

One must give the talkies in foreign languages their due. The Americans may miss something, but they also gain. French brings us Sandra Ravel. Sandra played in the French version of "Slightly Scarlet." She is now seen and heard in "Those Three French Girls," in which two of my favorite French players give of their art—none others than Fifi Dorsay and Yola d'Avril. Watch out for *la* Ravel.

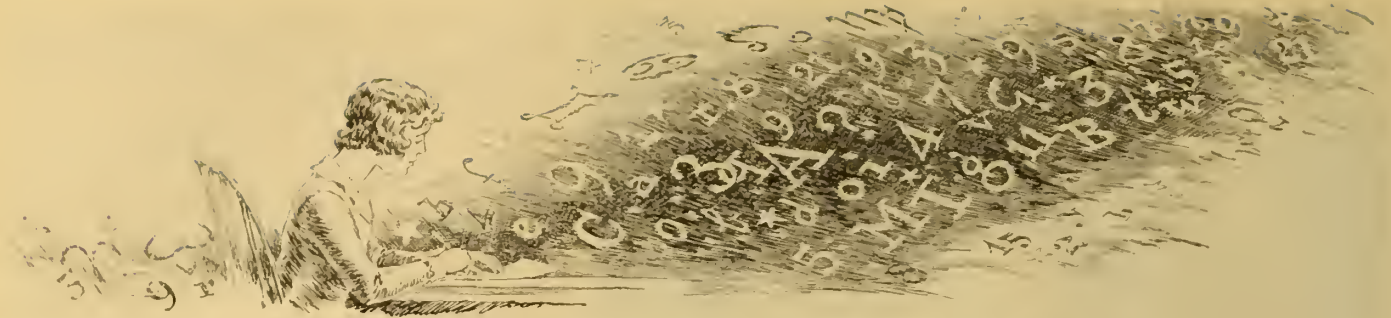
Philo Vance was made so famous by William Powell that the master detective had to create a Spanish prototype of himself. Ramon Pereda serves the purpose. A skillful player, it is a pity he cannot be seen by American fans.

Still more a pity is that "Paramount on Parade," in Japanese, will not be seen by Americans. The Japanese actor, Suisei Matsui, plays in it, enacting the rôles done by Chevalier and Helen Kane in the original! Yet should we not be content?

Many foreign players may eventually be heard in English. If this happens, American fans will then have no cause for complaint.

What American fans are missing—Suisei Matsui, a Japanese actor, in Helen Kane's schoolroom act in "Paramount on Parade" as it will be seen by his countrymen.





QUEER," says the man whose one aim in life is the earning of money, as he looks at the rest of the world. "Queer, that's what some people are. They work their heads off, and what for? To tell about another star in the sky, or find out the shape of the crystals that are supposed to be in lead, or figure out how many words a kid of three can remember. Nuts, that's what I call them!"

But the world of knowledge, service, and self-expression through some activity of that kind will always lure the mind of men who are bent on more than mere physical survival and material display. The professions may now and then offer wealth. More often they have nothing tangible to offer but hardship, with their secret rewards hidden in the heart of the servant at their shrine.

Every number has some relationship, high or low, to all physical, mental, and spiritual activity, and to knowledge of every kind, but the numbers Four, Five, and Six, dealing as they do with the higher human qualities as different from the animal, and Number Nine, the nearly divine, are most closely related to the learned, scientific, and artistic professions.

It is true that Number Four is the number of the material world, with all its sorrow and toil. It is the vibration of disappointment and cross-bearing and destruction. But out of this, new experience, new knowledge, new accomplishment must grow in this life if the man has the endurance and the insight, in other lives if he must wait until then. And no man realizes this new accomplishment, in spite of all its troubles, more than the scientist.

At random, I calculated the names of great men in chemistry, physics, mathematics. They were Michael Faraday, Isaac Newton, Louis Pasteur, Antoine Lavoisier, Albert Einstein, and Robert Millikan. Every one of them has the Number Four conspicuous in a large digit, and every one, as we well know, had endless difficulties to overcome as part of his greatness. As you can see, this Four deals directly with discovery and invention, too. But it must have positive numbers, not more trouble and hardship, to support it.

Then, just by chance, my eye met the real name of that adored actress of a generation ago, Maude Adams. I figured her numbers, out of curiosity and found that she, too, had this destructive and yet constructive Four at birth and elsewhere, and not the numbers of a spontaneous, born actress at all. And I doubted the accuracy of the name as I had it, until I remembered not only that she retired from the stage of her own accord, refusing—until lately—to appear again in any way in public, but also that her great passion was for electrical experiments and invention in light and color, to which she has devoted many years!

As Four is the number of invention, it is also the number of constructive design and of the molding of material substances in every field. This may be only the crude working of wood by a carpenter, but he will know how to handle his tools and will take satisfaction in making his own designs. On a far different level it

The Mystery

In the final talk about your vibrations as revealed why some of you are born artists and others are of Ramon Novarro's name is

By Monica

is in the names of Sir Christopher Wren, the famous architect of St. Paul's Cathedral, of Puvis de Chavannes, whose decorative panels adorn the inner walls of the Pantheon, in Paris, and of John La Farge, the great American mural decorator and painter, who used stone and earth and oil, all crude matter, to express the highest beauty of which man is capable.

But the world of pure ideas vibrates to a very different number. Number Five is judgment, intellect, justice, balance, thoughtful expression. It belongs to the born writer, the lawyer, the independent thinker. Charles Darwin was born under Number Five. So was Sir Isaac Newton. So was that great physician, Sir William Osler. So were Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University, and Charles Evans Hughes. Huges also has Five in divinity, and the same is true of Benjamin Franklin and of Stephen Arnold Douglas, the fiery lawyer and orator whose debates with Lincoln belong to history.

Douglas is a shining example of the combination of Five and Nine. The Number Nine gives a wonderful, fiery flow of spoken language, a dominating personality, the ability to teach. When these qualities are combined with the Five of serious thought and good judgment we find the great success in the field of law, the man who can draw impressive, unassailable conclusions from the mass of evidence before him and overwhelm judge and jury with the remarkable power of his eloquence.

Writers need Number Five for the careful expression of words on paper, which is something very different from the spontaneous, explosive activity through which they are uttered aloud. But let me tell you something very interesting that I have recently discovered. Great writers among women almost invariably have this Five in a large digit, but men are very much more likely to have Number Six.

I can only draw the conclusion that women, especially in the past, wrote more out of the need for an intellectual outlet than for pure artistic expression, because that was the only way in which a woman might appear intellectual and not offend the proprieties. Men, on the other hand, have always had so many ways of using their intellect to the limit, that they have not turned to writing unless there was within them a definite artistic urge.

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of Your Name

by the science of numbers, Miss Shenston shows interested only in material things. Her analysis one of the best of her readings.

Andrea Shenston

What Ramon Novarro's Name Tells

WHAT a beautiful name you have, dear Ramon Novarro, and what an artist you are, and what an actor! You have the great gift that is the secret of all remarkable success before the public, but most of all, naturally, in any interpretive art, and that is an intense attractiveness and an undying charm. You can grow old, and wrinkled, and hunchbacked, you can lose your figure, and your teeth, and your hair, and still men and women will adore you, children will hang on to you, animals will trot after you, because you are a magnet for love.

However, you can cheer up, for you will never be put to such a test, for you can look forward with certainty to great physical attractiveness for the rest of your life. It will always be easy for you to retain your lithe body and your youthful appearance, for your body, as well as your soul, is alive with the fire of youth and the loveliest vibrations of being.

This gift that you possess is what makes thousands of clever, sensitive, intelligent actors, and singers, and dancers spend their lives in making bitter comparisons between their own lesser success and the indiscriminate applause, admiration, and wealth that seems to be showered on an insignificant artist, for no reason at all. They are wrong—there is a reason. The world pours all its gifts into the laps of those whom it loves, without stopping to measure how honestly they deserve it. After all, love does not need to be deserved.

But you are blessed as all genius prays to be blessed, with the inborn vibration that attracts and holds this love, as well as with the great power of expression that deserves it. If that vibration is inevitably the source of a good deal of worry and excitement for you, thank Heaven that you have the power to control it!

You are born under the highest of numbers, Number

Nine, and therefore are very impulsive, very high-spirited, very dominating. You are the young master, and the world obeys. Oh, you have qualities that temper and balance this, but it is the most powerful one in your life just the same. You are by nature a leader, with an intense urge to activity and self-expression, and the burdens of leading are never a burden to you.

In the complete digit you have Number Two. This is where the attraction, the sensitiveness, the imagination and the tenderness come in. This Number Two is your blessing and your curse. It makes you moody, easily hurt, given to fits of depression, but it also raises you as quickly to the heights of imagination. The idealism that is yours in the number of your divinity raises this Two to greater heights, makes it more positive and lovely than it could possibly be alone.

You love women, old and young, with understanding and sympathy, even sisters and cousins and nieces and aunts! You can, when you choose, feel as they feel, and treat them spontaneously as they dream of being treated—tenderly or roughly, as the case may be. You are the kind of man who can beat a woman and make her ask for more, if only you will kiss her afterward. You were never more completely yourself on the screen than as the gay young *Juan de Dios*, whose heart was finally broken, and yours, like his, will more than once be broken, too.

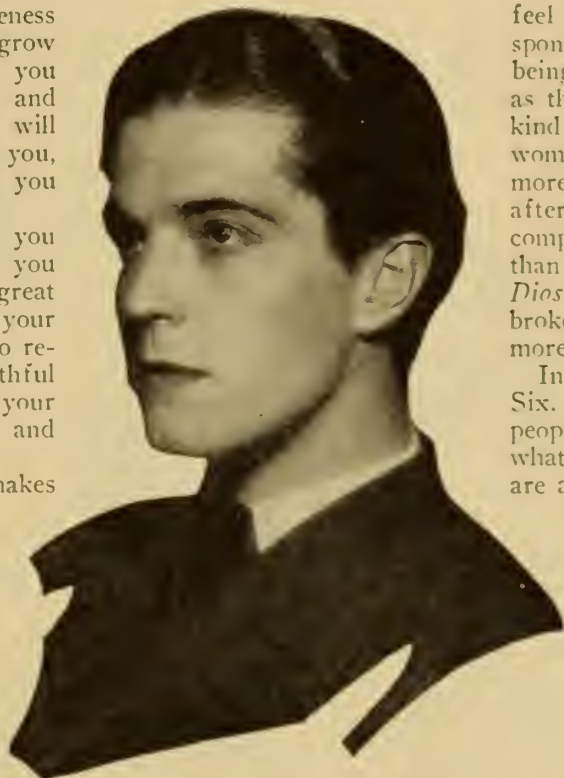
In divinity you have Number Six. You have great insight into people, into circumstances, into what you plan to do. And you are an idealist in everything. You are the only person in the world who can even guess what the struggles between the Two and the Six in your name have caused you, for the Six is the vital vibration of harmony and love, so that your soul insists on seeking a profound, idealistic love, and so far you have never found it.

This Six also indicates that you are truly an artist, especially a musician,

because it appears four times in different totals of your name. You could never succeed in even making a living in any but an artistic capacity, and you are certain to be recognized as a really great singer some day.

In the material you have Number Five. Oh, lucky boy! With the Nine at birth and the Five in the

Continued on page 104



What you love, Ramon Novarro, and seek with all your heart is the complete expression of the beauty and harmony that lives in your soul.

Nobody Gets a Story

That is the plaint of interviewers when they call on Fredric March, but the present is made unusually interesting by recording what the actor himself thinks of his inability to come across.

By Samuel Richard Mook

THE editor looked up with a grunt of annoyance as I burst into the offices of PICTURE PLAY with my best Sunday-go-to-meeting smile. "So you're back!" he exclaimed with an appalling lack of enthusiasm.

"After a year and a half among the fleshpots of Hollywood," I amended, "and just dripping with all the juicy details. Clara Bow and Rex Bell——"

"You know Fredric March pretty well, don't you?" he cut in.

"Sure. He's one of the best friends I have out there. He's a swell guy."

"Yes, I'm sure of it. Tell me something about him."

"Why," I began, surprised, "he's—he's a nice fellow. He—he—I go out there on Sunday mornings for breakfast lots of times and we play tennis afterward and——"

"I'm not interested in the gentleman's social activities," the editor informed me coldly. "I want to know something about *him*."

"Well," I began again, "he—he——" And then a bright thought struck me. "He and Florence give swell dinner parties. I remember I sat next to Kay Francis at one of them. Freddie saw to that. That shows you what sort of man he is, doesn't it?"

Ye editor heaved his bulk around in his chair and sighed. "It's just no use. Nobody gets a story from him."

"Whaddaya mean, nobody gets a story?" I demanded indignantly. "He's one of the most intelligent men in pictures and a gentleman to boot. Either one of those facts should be good for a headline story on any one in Hollywood."

He handed me a note. "Here's what happened when I sent my very best New York interviewer to see him." The note read:

"I saw Fredric March, as you requested, and he is simply charming. But the story just wouldn't come off. He's not enough of a ham to be good copy."

And then I recalled something Helen Louise Walker said to me when we were comparing notes on Hollywood acquaintances and I had waxed eloquent on the subject of Fred and Florence March.

"Sure he's swell," quoth Helen. "He has a nice wife, a nice home, nice friends, they serve nice meals, and he plays a nice game of tennis. If you can get a story out of that you're a better writer than I think you are."

It seemed strange to me at the time that the Bows, the Whites, the Bancrofts, the Nolans, the people who give the public the idea that actors are—well, to put it charitably—different from your own friends, should be the ones writers tackle with gusto while the Marches, the Barthelmesses, *et al.*, should be approached with foreboding.

"I'm one of those fellows to whom nothing exciting ever happens."—
Fredric March.

Now, in answer to the editor's wail, I approached Mr. March. "What the deuce is the matter with you, Freddie," I demanded, "that nobody gets a story out of you?"

He shook his head glumly. "I don't know. I guess I'm poor copy. One of those fellows to whom nothing exciting ever happens. You know, the kind parents tell their daughters would make good husbands and the sort of whom the daughters say 'Yes, wouldn't he? And life with him would be about as exciting as living with a robot. Let Sis have him.' Well, I'm just that type."

And oddly enough, what he says is more or less true. Fred's whole life has been just the sort of life that you or I might have led. When he went to college he wasn't quite sure what he wanted to study. So he studied commerce, because his older brother had studied it—just as you or I might have, because our father had done so.

And because, in college, he impressed people as being intelligent and the gentleman he is, he was selected by one of the Vanderlip representatives as "just the type" they were looking for, and after graduation he found himself banking away in the National City Bank of New York.

After his matriculation into that organization he was referred to by proud relatives and friends as "a promising young banker" and ignored by the higher-ups in said organization—even as you or I, when we started out.

And presently, still in the most approved and routine fashion, he contracted a pain in the region vulgarly described as guts.

He was living in the home of a Mrs. Nickerson—he and four other "promising young bankers" who were trying to save money by taking rooms together. And Mrs. Nickerson, being a motherly soul and an ex-actress, nursed him through that afternoon of pain and took his mind off his troubles by telling him he was just the type for the stage or the screen. She was ably seconded by another lodger, Charles Kent, who had supported more real stars than there are fictitious ones on a Hollywood press agent's letter head.

The pain in Freddie's stomach increased, and what do you suppose? It turned out to be exactly like the pain you and I had when the doctor told us we had appendicitis.

But before Mr. March went under the knife, as he dramatically puts it, he had made up his mind there would be no more banking for him. He was to lose his appendix, but he'd still have the guts left, and with little else besides he would storm Broadway.

Recovered after a month, he started
Continued on page 112





Photo by Irving Childnoff

Fredric March is the despair of interviewers, though all are eager to make known his intelligence, his poise, his complete lack of pose. Realizing his lack of serio-comic high lights, he nevertheless gives his best in Samuel Richard Mook's story, opposite.



Gary Cooper and Lily Damita, above, play the hero and heroine of the romance, Mr. Cooper being *Clint Belmet*, a young scout, and Miss Damita *Felice*, a French girl, who is stranded with a cargo because of the death of her father and must get it to California in order to save the only fortune she has.

At the right is seen a pitched camp which gives an inkling of the beautiful backgrounds in which "Fighting Caravans" abounds.

Besides Mr. Cooper and Miss Damita, the cast also includes Ernest Torrence and Tully Marshall, who play the characters—*Bill Jackson* and *Jim Bridger*, respectively—which brought them fame in "The Covered Wagon."

Pioneers

"Fighting Caravans" is an echo of the historic "Covered Wagon," because it deals with later developments in that epic period of our country, when transporting supplies to the early settlers of California was the perilous undertaking of another group of pathfinders.





A Yellow Gown

Through "The Right to Love" it runs like the thread of destiny, influencing the life of Ruth Chatterton in the three rôles she plays, first as a farm girl of 1880, then as a wife and mother years later, and finally as her daughter of 1930—surely as great a test of the star's versatility as the screen has ever offered.

Miss Chatterton, above, as *Naomi Kellogg*, the country girl who pays in bitterness and sorrow for the right to love, and who succeeds in giving her daughter courage to avoid the dreadful mistake her mother made.

Miss Chatterton, right, as *Brook Evans*, the daughter, who receives a telepathic message from her dying mother which enables her to make a momentous decision. Paul Lukas is the man she chooses.



Sacred and Profane Love

Charles Bickford must choose between Kay Francis and Kay Johnson, in "The Passion Flower," and he does—with surprising results.



Mr. Bickford, above, as *Dan*, is relinquished by his wife that he may go to Europe with Kay Francis, as her cousin. On their return, the wife offers her husband a divorce if he will come to her and ask for it.

Mr. Bickford and Miss Francis are seen, right, in a moment when the unsophisticated husband succumbs to the charms of the experienced siren.

Kay Johnson, above, as the patient wife who, after five years of poverty and happiness with Mr. Bickford, as her husband, reluctantly accepts the offer of a comfortable home from her scheming cousin, only to see the man she loves stray to the side of the adventuress. But fate and the basic goodness of human nature bring him back to her.

Operatic

Lawrence Tibbett and Grace Moore, of the Metropolitan, meet for a feast of melody in "New Moon."



Miss Moore, above, finds Adolphe Menjou attractive.

Mr. Tibbett, right, as a Russian lieutenant with the gift of song, patrols the Russo-Turkestan border, where anything may happen, including the sudden appearance of an aristocratic prima donna.

Miss Moore and Mr. Tibbett, upper right, vie with each other in singing of love.



Eccentricities of Genius

Whatever the title that brings to the screen the famous play, "The Royal Family," you will be highly amused by the witty and humorous exposé of the home life of the gifted great, in this instance a clan of stage celebrities who bear a surprising likeness to the Barrymores.

In the group, above, are Fredric March, Ina Claire, Henrietta Crosman, and Mary Brian, with Mr. March in his famous burlesque of John Barrymore at which, by the way, Mr. Barrymore has laughed heartily.

Miss Brian, left, as the young sister of the family, is counseled by Miss Crosman, as her grandmother, in sonorous platitudes, a language common to all the family.



Music that Helps, Not Hinders

In "Men of the Sky," melody does not interrupt the action, but actually aids in unfolding the plot and furthering a romance that ends in dramatic death for the lovers.

The attractive Irene Delroy, above, from the stage, is *Madeleine Aubert*, a girl who is in Germany at the outbreak of the War, and whose father is secretly connected with the French Intelligence Department. Her duty, then, is to encourage Bramwell Fletcher, as *Eric von Coburg*, her fiancé's friend, a German, and to suffer the suspicions of the man she loves.

Miss Delroy is seen, right, in a charming costume of the period, or rather an adaptation of the mode then current. Anyway, she's lovely.



A Way All Her Own

It's found in Joan Crawford's individuality in wearing clothes, a talent that contributes to her great popularity with the younger set.

Clinging crêpe is glorified by Miss Crawford, right, in an evening gown with a sweeping train. Tiny crystals give weight and substance to the softly draped waist.



Miss Crawford, displays above a smart two-piece suit in material like uncut velvet, the color being African brown, the chic of the skirt coming from unpressed plaits which form fashionable lines.

Shimmering black satin is Miss Crawford's choice, right, unrelieved by even a touch of color—except Joan's glowing face and hair.



Photo by English

The Greer shop "points with pride" to Kay Francis as a smart customer.

The Boulevard Directory

Frills and furbelows still exist in Hollywood, but lately a sartorial revolution has centered around Howard Greer's shop, through which the film girls are dressing up in clothes inspired by Paris, not the Main Street of the movie colony.

By Margaret Reid

THE best *couturier* in Hollywood denies with some heat that Hollywood is the fashion center of the world. Howard Greer, in whose smart salon the more discriminating stars buy distinctly un-Hollywood clothes, goes to Paris every year. Hollywood, he observes, may influence the line of a skirt in Keokuk, but the Park Avenues of the world obey Parisian decrees. Paris as criterion of what the ladies will wear is too old and too reverently established a custom to be lightly discarded. Louiseboulanger is still of more sartorial importance than Billie Dove, and Patou than Cecil DeMille.

Howard Greer, formerly Paramount's crack designer, grew weary of having to decorate hip creations with ruffles and bead fringe. Confident, despite indications to the contrary, that Hollywood *could* learn how to dress if shrewdly encouraged, he left Paramount and opened a shop on Sunset Boulevard. The encouragement has had its effect. Hollywood has become perceptibly smarter in the three years that the Greer shop has functioned.

The most elaborate store of its kind in the film capital, it is a white stucco building across the street from the Hollywood Athletic Club. Red-tile roof, iron grille over the windows, and a row of pepper trees making lace shadows on its façade, it has no appearance of a business house. The entrance faces the driveway along the side. This opens into a square hall, off which are the offices, workrooms, and Mr. Greer's studio. A circular staircase leads to the shop and fitting rooms.

Off the foyer at the head of the stairs are two vast rooms, one of which is abundantly windowed and is the showroom. It is here that the gowns are displayed by four strikingly beautiful models. At the rear are the

six fitting rooms. The whole interior of the shop is an excellent example of conservative modernism, of luxury without ostentation. The color scheme is so cleverly devised that there is no possibility of discord with any gown to be modeled. Attendants wear gray.

Howard Greer ignores the foibles of the players who want to express themselves in their clothes. He uses the current mode, designs variations of it and will adapt each creation to its purchaser if necessary. He knows line and color as do few *couturiers*, and displays a fine discretion along with his originality. Greer is also teaching Hollywood girls that a gown does not have to be unique. Heretofore, if a star met her sartorial counterpart, it was an occasion for hysteria. That ridiculous era is passing, since Greer, like Chanel and others, makes copies of his gowns.

A high-handed young man, he blithely flies in the face of all rules for the conducting of a successful business in the film center. He is not interested in adding indiscriminately to his clientele. One luminary, who now shines principally in real estate, and whose lavish trade is sought by local shops, has a well-known penchant for furbelows. When she went to Greer's, Mr. Greer assured her that he had nothing which would interest her, and escorted her to the door. Another star who was not encouraged to buy was Alice White. Mr. Greer remarked on the brevity of her skirt which ended an inch or so above the knee.

"Oh," said Alice, "I can't stand these long skirts. And I just won't wear them. My legs are my career, and I'm not going to hide them."

Miss White is not Greer-gowned. [Continued on page 117]



The New Tower of Babel

Mixed communities like the Ghetto in New York used to forget their linguistic differences while gazing dreamily at passionate love on the screen, but now that action is cut short for speech, movie-going is more confusion than fun.

By H. A. Woodmansee

Illustrated by Lui Trugo

THE poor, suffering Ghetto, pommelled for years by a mixture of most of the languages and dialects known to man, has a new wonder. The English language talkie has come to stay as emphatically as pushcarts and *gefüelterfisch*.

No longer can the Old World Jew, the Italian, the Roumanian, the Russian, the Pole, the Chinese, the Greek, the German, and the Hungarian check their linguistic differences at the door of a garishly decorated cinema and all enjoy the same wordless film. No longer can each fondly imagine his screen idols are saying, "I love you!" in his native tongue. No, they're speaking English—the English of Oxford, de gas woiks, the lingo of the cowhand, of the Broadway hooper, of the Georgia cracker, the coolie, the hill-billy, the plantation Negro.

Go where the bright lights of the Ghetto burn, to the shabby Times Square at the Williamsburg Bridge Plaza, in New York, to the amusement centers of lower Second Avenue. Tenements, pushcart-crowded streets, screaming children playing on the pavements. There you'll find the crowds swirling about gaudy talkie houses. "All Talking and Singing. Direct from Broadway," the banners shout, in English, Yiddish, and sometimes other languages.

There's a cheerful, holiday feeling in the air that almost makes one forget the sordid shabbiness, the grime underfoot and in the air. Poverty has turned boulevardier. From dismal homes on narrow back streets people have crawled forth to see the sights. Those who have a dollar or two to spend are shopping for amusement. Others are picking up stray bits of street entertainment, as a derelict ransacks an ash can for loot. Women with shawls over their heads, and strangely aloof old men in long beards and black derbies; pert shebas and adolescent sheiks, dressed for conquest; youngsters darting about like sparrows—all are part of the endless parade, eddying before window displays, pawing over pushcart wares in the glare of torches, listening to the raucous blare of sidewalk loudspeakers. Washings flutter ghost-like from fire escapes in the gloom above.

Pause with the crowd to inspect the offerings of one of the talkie theaters. Admission thirty cents, children half price. This is one of the best places; there are others, cheap, dingy halls, where the top admission is ten or fifteen cents.

A shabbily dressed woman, carrying one child and dragging another by the hand, ransacks her hand bag for change at the box office, and enters. The family will forget its dreary tenement life, for a time, in a glamorous flash of Hollywood's great ladies and gentlemen moving through a luxurious dream-world where want is unknown. Father is probably seeking the same forgetfulness with twenty-five-cent whisky at some Bowery speakeasy.

The crowd eddies about a lobby display of scenes from the current film, an Al Jolson singalogue. A little girl, voluble and gesticulating, explains the picture to her friends. "Here's his wife and kids, and here he's in d'jail, and here he's singink sad sonks!" She strikes a Jolonesque pose and shouts, "Sonny Boy!" The Ghetto's younger generation are born mimics, born exhibitionists. From their ranks will come some of the future Jolsons, Cantors, Fannie Brices, Chaplins.

A group of ragged boys hurries up. "Buy my ticket, mister?" Each grimy hand extends a nickel and a dime. With Ghetto shrewdness, they stick close to "mister," to make sure that he does not pocket their money.

The theater is packed to capacity, for the Jolson style of talkie is a dish that pleases the Ghetto. Sentimental songs, broad humor, pathos, and bathos, go straight to its highly emotional heart. It wants to laugh and cry, to applaud and hiss.

Little Davey Lee is run over by a truck. A tidal wave of gasping surges through the audience. All over the theater mothers keep up an agitated murmuring, drowning out the dialogue, until they are quieted by loud and angry "shushing."

Gott im himmel! The cops say Al has killed the man who's after his wife, and they're dragging him away from home and child! Again there breaks forth the emotionalism of the

Sex appeal is a powerful incentive to break down barriers of language.



Ghetto, lying always close to the surface, crying out from under the burden of generations of poverty, oppression, and woe.

The picture continues to dip deeply into a well of tears, until poor Jolson is more sorely beset than Job himself. During the singing numbers the audience is most silent and attentive; but during long stretches of dialogue the people become restless and talkative. Many find it hard to follow the English. However, impassioned dialogue arouses them to a display of emotion even when the words are not clear to them.

There is even more to be seen and heard in one of those cheap Ghetto halls which have been equipped with makeshift talkie apparatus, and offer all sorts of inducements to lure the East Sider from the better theaters. On a good night, such a place is crowded to the doors with a polyglot mass of humanity. They swelter uncomplainingly in the airless hall, while the manager, unable to improve the ventilation, goes about squirting cheap perfume from an insecticide sprayer.

The picture is one of those younger generation affairs. Presently there unreel some wordy love scenes, and a cluster of rough youngsters greet it with a concerted "Bronx cheer."

"*Dumköpfen!*" murmurs an old German woman.

After a while the lights flash up, and the mystery of the huge attendance is explained. It's country-store night. "Happy Farmer Jack," in a grocer's white coat, appears in front of the screen, with his mystery trunk with prizes for every one. A little Italian boy draws numbers from a hat. Some of the prizes are designed to make the audience laugh. A hatchet-faced woman of Amazon build gets a rolling pin, and a suggestion that it will keep a husband in order. A lean, embarrassed man is given pink lingerie. A fat man is handed a pair of baby pants. Grinning broadly at the audience, he pulls a baby's milk bottle from his pocket to show that he is indeed a father.

In other theaters different attractions lure. In some, Rudy Vallée is crooning "A Little Kiss Each Morning" as a tonic for the maids of all nations. In others, Clara Bow is arousing a strange new interest in English in many a Ghetto grandpa. Sex attraction is a powerful incentive to break down the barriers of language, as American doughboys discovered in France.

Night after night the East Side is going to the talkies.

The younger generation accepts them enthusiastically; even the old folks who find it hard to follow the English dialogue can enjoy the dancing, singing, and spectacular effects, and can guess at the significance of most of the situations. A few more romances of old Mexico, and such phrases as "*si, señor,*" "*gracias,*" and "*adios*" will slip gracefully from many tongues. The little Ghetto boy will yet be shouting, "Ride 'em, cowboy!" and "My word, old chap!" He's going to school to Maurice Chevalier, George Bernard Shaw, Jack Dempsey, Buddy Rogers, Sir Oliver Lodge, and President Hoover, to mention a few of hundreds.

There are many who insist that the singing film



In the last of the silent-movie houses, shabby men snore in rickety seats.

will be popular everywhere, regardless of language. They point to the fact that Al Jolson is already an international favorite; that little Parisian boys and befezzed Turks are trying to sing, "Climb Upon My Knee, Sonny Boy," just as they used to imitate Charlie Chaplin's pantomime. It seems likely, for the Ghetto, that outpost of Europe in America, has already been stormed and taken.

Theater after theater has been wired for talkies, or has been forced to close its doors. Some dingy old halls, relics of the nickelodeon days, have been dark for many months. They stand with cheap fronts boarded off and plastered with torn posters, tombstones to the silent picture days of the East Side.

Here and there an old theater still does business with wordless pictures, forced to cut prices on its talkie rivals and to offer double programs. Old landmarks, molding in memories of better days.

Enter one of them. Across the soiled screen flickers the rearguard of the silent-picture parade. The cheaply made horse operas of Hollywood's defunct Poverty Row. Films imported from Europe: some of them deemed unworthy of exhibition elsewhere in America; Hollywood revivals, sad recollections of stars now dead, departed from the screen, or changed by the years.

A cowboy epic flickers into nothingness. It is replaced by a blood-and-thunder serial, another hang-over of the past. The Murder Mansion, the mysterious, mad bare-foot man who prowls the dungeons. But even the children, in the new talkie era, don't shudder as ecstatically as formerly at clutching hands and horrible shadows.

As Episode No. 4 ends with a ten-ton weight relentlessly descending on the helpless hero's chest, a youthful critic remarks, "Dese chapters go goofy, d'ya know it?"

The scattering audience regards the screen apathetically. Shabby men slump in the rickety seats, nodding in the close atmosphere. Perhaps some of them are the old guard who have come because they don't understand or like talkies in English. Perhaps others are there because the admission is only ten cents, or because they want a quiet place to sleep. No Bowery flop house is so cheap.

The organist plays wearily on and on. A new Vanishing American—the neighborhood theater musician.

Any day the old hall may be wired for talkies, or permanently closed. Perhaps it was transformed from a store into a theater at the beginning of the silent picture boom, and will put a period to that era by reverting to a store.

Father has his own idea about forgetting things, while mother and the kids go to movies.





Photo by Fryer

Though Bernice Claire sings like a thrush, she doesn't resemble an actress, so passes unnoticed.

NEW YORK and Hollywood, the two places that know the stars best. The city of a thousand interests far-removed from the world of picture-making; the city whose dominant interest is the movies.

Yet of the two cities, New York can be the more naïvely demonstrative in its treatment of screen idols. Cool, indifferent New York, with its hordes of celebrated ones from all walks of life.

Hollywood meets its famous gifted in the casual day-in-and-day-out contacts, and grows increasingly indifferent to their comings and goings. New York sees the players on their vacations, as a rule, and seems never quite prepared for the meetings. If it ignores the stars, it does so not because it is bored with them, but because it fails to recognize them.

Hollywood no longer takes more than passing note of the scenes which are made along its boulevards. Even talkies are an old story now. But New York still stops, looks, and mobs those companies rash enough to attempt making scenes on the streets without concealing the camera. A squad of police is needed to keep the star-struck populace in leash.

On the other hand, Hollywood never ceases to wax enthusiastic over the stars when they appear on gala film opening nights, decked out in their best. Perhaps the tourists are to blame for the excitement. Or maybe the arc lights and roped-off arenas where the players forgather to speak their little pieces into microphones,

Some Go East,

That is, if the stars want the stimulating and on the street, or taking down the house by a in Hollywood and mobbed

By Mignon

before passing on into the theater. There's much ado on those occasions, at any rate.

But in New York openings are disappointing, if you're accustomed to Hollywood ones. If stars attend they do so, as a rule, without having been introduced, and are often overlooked. On rare occasions, though, they do make special trips East for openings, and are advertised beforehand. Then more famous ones than they are coolly shoved aside in their favor.

One can't always be certain which stars will and which won't be mobbed in New York. They say it's the players who *demand* recognition who get it—the exhibitionists. But this doesn't always hold true. Neither is it always the most popular ones who receive the applause. Stars who are almost ignored in Hollywood may find themselves heartily approved in New York. And the other way around.

Buddy Rogers, Mary Pickford, and Bessie Love are never overlooked by New Yorkers. Yet none of these make a play for public attention. Surprisingly enough, William Haines comes in for little attention in New York. He sheds his clowning personality at the studio for a less obtrusive one, and puts the fans off his trail.

Marion Davies, Greta Garbo, and Ramon Novarro are never even recognized. They go and come as they please. Ernest Torrence is known any time, any place, anywhere. Buster Keaton is known at no time, no place, nowhere. Charlie Chaplin is mobbed in New York and wishes he wasn't. At home he isn't, and wishes he was. Nancy Carroll, whose home town is New York, isn't



Photo by Hurrell

William Haines sheds his clowning personality and gets little attention in New York.



It did Marie Dressler's heart good to be mobbed in New York.

Some Go West

reassuring pleasure of stopping traffic when they appear personal appearance. For one may be almost snubbed in New York, and vice versa.

Rittenhouse

generally recognized there, and is glad of it. It leaves her free to ride on subways and even to eat at the Automats if she likes. Lily Damita, who appeared in "Sons o' Guns" for six months on the New York stage, is occasionally noticed, but usually by theatrical people. The same holds true of Ruth Chatterton and Chevalier.

Joan Crawford and Gloria Swanson seldom escape detection on their trips to New York. Laura La Plante and Harold Lloyd always do. The former wears glasses offstage; the latter doffs his.

When "The Rogue Song" opened in New York, with such well-known persons as Estelle Taylor, Galli-Curci, and Lawrence Tibbett in attendance, it was George K. Arthur who attracted the crowd in the lobby. But then he is not one to hide his light under a bushel.

Buddy Rogers is one of New York's favorites. Last summer he came back to make "Heads Up," with Helen Kane, and to appear in person at Paramount's New York theater.

"And, gee," he said in his slow, rather bashful, way, "they were nice to me this time." Just how nice "they" were, however, he seemed reluctant to explain. His statements having been misconstrued a number of times, he now feels that almost anything he may say about the ovations he receives from fans—and even the most impartial observers can vouch that he re-



Laura La Plante is never recognized in New York, because she wears glasses.



Even in New York Warner Baxter is too well groomed not to attract attention.



Harold Lloyd escapes the crowd merely by taking off his glasses.

ceives more than his share—will be used to show him up as a conceited young upstart. It took considerable probing on my part to find out anything.

Piecing together what I already knew, I was able to learn that in order to get from the Astor Hotel to the theater across the street, Buddy found it necessary to take a taxi. Even then, according to eye-witnesses, there was considerable commotion. It took no little strategy to get from the cab to the stage door. And considerable more to get from the stage door to the taxi. Once a crowd stood on top of a car to get a look at him, and the top caved in.

In order to get his meals and a little rest between performances, the stage manager came to Buddy's assistance.

Always, as Buddy opened the stage door, he'd be met by an onrush of fans. So one day the s. m. shouted at the psychological moment, "Mr. Rogers, you're wanted backstage for rehearsal." And Buddy turned and made his exit through a less carefully guarded door.



Photo by ...

Marion Davies is a drawing card in Hollywood, but is seldom recognized in the East.

One day his hat fell out the window of the Paramount Building, while he was waving to a crowd of boys in the street below. A scuffle followed and, according to those who saw it, it was some scuffle. Half an hour later Buddy was making for a taxi. The kids were still fighting. Suddenly one of the smallest rushed up to Buddy, waving a piece of material in his hand, and exclaimed, "I got your hat, Mr. Rogers, I got it!"

"I can't help but contrast the way things are now," said Buddy, "with the way they were when I attended the Paramount school. Then New York seemed so icy, so hard. I thought I'd never get from under that smothered feeling; never be anything but just another face on its crowded streets.

"Lately when I've gone to shows newsboys and ushers have given me sandwiches, candy, and newspapers. That surely tickles me. But the biggest kick of all I got when a telegraph kid came backstage one night with a complimentary message for me. It was from him. He'd paid for it and bribed the boy on the route, so that he could deliver it to me himself. Wasn't that swell of him?"



Charlie Chaplin does not like being so nearly ignored in Hollywood, nor being mobbed in New York.

"What about the girls?" I asked Buddy, and from the silence which followed, and Buddy's embarrassed look, I gathered that they had not been among the missing on several occasions.

"But if you hear I'm engaged again, it isn't true," he added. "On my way here, I stopped off in Kansas City and kissed my married sister who'd come from Nebraska to see me. Next day the newspapers had me engaged to some unknown girl from Missouri."

Jack Oakie, who made personal appearances at Paramount's Brooklyn Theater at the time Buddy appeared in New York, also came in for his share of applause. Jack, too, was unknown in New York a few years ago when he appeared as a chorus man in "Peggy Ann" and "Artists and Models." He could wander freely up and down Broadway, and was in no danger of being mobbed. In fact, New York gave him the cold shoulder completely. But critics and fans are giving the funny boy a big hand since his talkie appearances.

"I'm from Missouri," he said. "I really am, you know, and I thought New York couldn't show me a thing it hadn't already shown me. But it has. It's shown me what a name in electric lights can do for a fellow like me—plus a funny pan. I have to pinch myself to make sure I'm the same old Jack. Of course once in a while I am mistaken for Richard Gallagher—not, thank goodness, that we look alike, but because we play together. It gets my goat when this happens, especially when somebody calls, 'There goes a guy that looks like Oakie, but it can't be him.

Must be Richard Gallagher!' Why can't it be me? That's what I want to know!

"At the opening of 'Bride of the Regiment,' I had a swell time signing autographs and telling everybody, 'Yep, that's me in person.' Yeah, I was about the only player present.

"Somehow," he continued, "living in

Eddie Quillan's father helps people to recognize his son.



Photo by Thomas

Hollywood makes you forget that people can still get excited over actors. I go around in a sweat shirt there and get left beautifully alone. Think maybe I'll try dressing up when I go back, as I do when I come to New York."

It did Marie Dressler's heart good on her recent trip to New York to be mobbed by a throng of admirers on Fifth Avenue, even though it delayed her shopping excursion indefinitely. She'd borrowed a friend's open car, but was spotted before she'd bought her first pair of stockings. In Hollywood Marie can go anywhere without creating a stir.

Charlie Chaplin, Norma Talmadge, and John Gilbert are three players who are always mobbed on sight in New York. In Hollywood, Chaplin rides down Sunset Boulevard, calls "hello" to prop boys, directors, or actors, and causes little or no commotion. It is even said that when he makes his incognito trips into Los Angeles, as he sometimes does, he is little bothered excepting when he insists in too big a way that he is nobody. But in New York, what wouldn't he give for a disguise!

When he was here to straighten out his legal difficulties with Lita Grey, he found his face all too familiar to New Yorkers. Reporters were known to hire cabs by the day in order to keep up with his every move, and get him to talk. Did he like it? He did not. The fans, too, were out to meet him wherever he happened to go. One night he was actually lifted off his feet and carried into a theater lobby by the excited mob.

When Norma Talmadge went play shopping on a New York sojourn, I chanced to be backstage at a performance she attended. The girls in the show recognized her in the first row, and were all aflutter. Between acts they hurried out to a near-by drug store to buy autograph books. Without so much as taking off their make-up,

Ramon Novarro makes his inconspicuous way about New York, dressed always in black.

Photo by Apeda



Constance Bennett's smart distinction makes her easily spotted.



Photo by Apeda

Ernest Torrence attracts instant attention any time.

they rushed out to the lobby directly after the play and besought her signature. She felt quite thrilled, she admitted, that New York show girls, of all people, should get so excited over her presence.

Charlie Farrell is the cause of few traffic jams when he's at home. But when he appeared at the Gayety Theater in New York for the opening of "Sunny Side Up," he was responsible for many a palpitating heart among the ladies present. Some pretty

girls even stared him into bewilderment while they gushed, "Oh, Charlie, please, *do* please let me have a good look at you."

John Gilbert usually likes to have the spotlight focused on himself when he appears in public. But when he was in New York on his honeymoon with Ina Claire, he would gladly have avoided being noticed, if he could have. But he couldn't. The fans had formed the habit of mobbing him, and had been encouraged too readily in former days.

Clara Bow attracts attention in New York. One reason is that she puts on a good show for her fans. Another, Harry Richman. On a recent trip East, Richman, accompanied by a flock of newspapermen, made his appearance, togged in spats,

Continued on page 116

Had Your Apple To-day?

Then join these players in the chorus of bites, and maybe your pep and personality will rival theirs.

Ivan Lebedeff, left, has his eyes on Dorothy Lee, rather than the other choice California product, so what message this photo has for the palpitating fans is a mystery.

While fans rave hot and cold about her talents, brains, and personality, Alice White nonchalantly nibbles her afternoon apple.



Nick Stuart, below, is a testimonial to the value of apples between meals.

Such unselfish creatures, these movie folk. There's Mitzi Green, right, and Nancy Carroll trading bites in the chummiest manner.



Such a large apple the cameraman gave Althea Henley, left, just before he said, "Now, girlie, take a big bite and grin."



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By BEULAH POYNTER

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Joy and Grief

It comes to great and small in Hollywood, especially when a player starts a picture and is replaced by another.



Pretty Lucille Powers, upper right, eager for her first big chance in pictures, played the heroine almost through "Billy the Kid," when the front office decided the rôle was more suited to the maturer art of Kay Johnson.

So Miss Johnson, right, obliged with a lovely, characteristic performance as *Claire* while her heart bled for the little girl she had supplanted.

Edward G. Robinson, above, is not nearly so cocksure as his expression indicates, though he knows that *Charlie Yona*, in "East Is West," is a juicy rôle such as he likes to play, but—

Jean Hersholt, left, liked it, too, only his Swedish accent seemed an obstacle in achieving his usual perfection in a Chinese character.

Babes in Hollywood

Polly Barker returned to town the next day, and Jane lunched with her at the Montmartre. Afterward she dismissed her car, and began to walk, not with any intention of doing the errands which she should have done on this one free afternoon; she merely wanted a chance to think, to be alone, as she couldn't be at home.

She had gone only a few steps when an elderly man stopped suddenly, said "Gosh!" very emphatically, and clutched her arm. She whirled around, and then, forgetting everything but the fact that this was a familiar face, cried "Uncle Toots!" and threw her arms around his neck.

And then, to her horror, she found herself exclaiming, "I am zo gl-l-l-ad to see you!" The Spanish accent had become second nature!

Fortunately he did not hear her, in the excitement of the moment. As he began to talk, Jane began to think. She'd let herself in for it now!

"Been lookin' for you for a week," he told her, as they got into a taxi at Jane's suggestion. "But nobody knew anything about you. What you doin' out here? Workin'?"

"Yes, I—I'm working," she said slowly. Then, panic making her suddenly inventive, "I'm working for a very sick old lady. I met her in Majorca and she brought me here. I wanted to come back to my own country, you see. But I don't have much time to myself; she keeps me awfully busy."

"That's the stuff!" he exclaimed approvingly. "Never did think it was such a good idea for a girl like you to grow up so far from home. But see here; why don't you get rid of her and stay with me? I'm not feelin' so good myself." Looking at him more keenly, she saw that he did indeed look thin and feeble. "I come out here for my health," he went on, "but I ain't found it so far," with a chuckle. "Too lonesome for me, I guess. You come stay with me, and we'll have a good time."

She looked at him sympathetically, even as she shook her head.

"I can't, Uncle Toots," she answered. "It wouldn't be fair to my old lady. But I can see you sometimes. Let's have dinner together tomorrow night."

She looked for Larry all the next day, and saw him at last, crossing the lot.

"Larry!" she exclaimed, "I must see you. You'll have to help me. My uncle's here, and something's got to be done about it. I can't just shut myself up at home—he's sure to find out who I am—I won't dare tell him; he just can't keep a secret."

"You'll be finished if anybody finds out the truth," he warned her.

"Let them find out!" she cried. "I hate this place. I'd never stay here if I didn't have so many debts to pay. I don't want to be a movie star——"

"You what?" he exclaimed, with a light in his eyes that she had never seen there before. "Say that again!" "Why—why—I said I didn't want to be a movie star."

"Good lord! I thought that was what you did want. Here I've been playing around with Paula—using her influence for you—pulling strings everywhere to make things easy for you—telling J. G. that Metro wanted you——"

Jane felt as if she would float up into the air at any minute.

"You mean that you—you don't love her—you——"

"That old war horse!" he said, and took a step nearer her quickly. "Why——"

"Oh, señorita, just a minute!" It was Jane's director. She tried to listen intelligently as he invited her to a party for that evening, tried to refuse politely. Unconsciously she glanced after Larry.

"Got a date with him?" asked the man, with a little laugh. "Listen, lady, he's good stuff to lay off. He's been playing Wilding till he got what he wanted, whatever that was, and now you're likely to be the next easy mark, since you've signed up again."

Jane drew herself up, her eyes blazing.

"I do not onnerstan'," she exclaimed, and walked away. But he had planted doubt in her heart. Was he right about Larry?

She dined with her uncle that night, and became further enmeshed in the new web of lies that she had to weave. She hated lying to him, he was so wholesome, so kindly, so dear.

He told her about the family, all the relatives back in Nebraska who pretended to care about him because of his money.

"Bunch of leeches, that's what they are," he declared. "But I fooled 'em. Slipped out of town when they wasn't watchin' and come out here. They'd 'a' been with me, the whole pack, if they could 'a' managed it. Don't know where I am now! You're the only one of the lot that's any good, Janie; standin' on your own feet the way you are, makin' a livin' for yourself, instead o' waitin' for an old man to die and leave you his money."

"Don't you dare ever leave me a penny!" she told him, lightly patting his arm. If only he knew what her salary would be for the next two years!

"Why not? You look's if you could use some," he answered, sur-

veying the dowdy suit and hat she had bought for this occasion. "Say, Janie, why don't you try to get into the movies? I seen a photo in the papers the other day of a Spanish girl called Valencia, and you're a dead ringer for her, only you're prettier. I bet you'd do awful well. I got enough money to stake you while you was gettin' started. What say?"

Jane smiled tenderly. The darling! Willing to break into the little bit of money he'd saved to help her!

"I'd never be any good in pictures, uncle," she answered. "I'm not the right kind. I couldn't act if I was paid for it."

She went home, to find the house full of people, as usual. Tilly Markham said that that guy Bishop had called, but hadn't waited. Jane's heart beat faster, despite the suspicion she had felt about him. He'd come to see her at last!

She changed her clothes, and went downstairs to get her new contract out of a desk in the library. Some people were dancing at the other end of the huge room, but she paid no attention to them. Just as she opened the desk, a man caught her by the arm.

"Don't do that!" he exclaimed. "The dame that owns this joint is cranky as the dickens—if she finds you hunting through her things she'll throw us all out. Then where'll we get a free meal?"

Jane drew herself up to her full height and glared at him.

"I am ze dame who owns zees joint!" she said icily. "An' I have want to throw you all out for a long time. Now go!" She waved her hands at them, as if she had been shooin' chickens from a garden. "Go, and do not come back, you and all your kind! I weel not have you!"

"That's what I say," Tilly Markham exclaimed, coming to her assistance. "Get out, and tell the rest of your gang they're no more welcome than you are!"

They went, furiously muttering beneath their breath. Jane laughed as she watched them go. She had been afraid of making enemies of them, but now, with Larry on her side once more, she wasn't afraid of anything, except being found out.

Ten minutes later Larry phoned her. Wouldn't she go somewhere and eat with him? He hadn't had time for dinner, and was starved.

"Come here and eat with me," she urged.

"Oh, let's hunt a few bright lights," he suggested. "I feel the need of scenery."

That was disappointing, of course, but as she dressed she told herself



Mess in the Rough

More evidence that the gifted can do anything.



Ann Harding, above, shrewdly tries it out on her husband, Harry Bannister.



When "Madam Satan" was finished, Reginald Denny, above, took to the woods for a rest. After all the modernistic machinery of that opus, a rustie oven is a treat to him.

Richard Arlen, right, had a fireplace built on the outside as well as inside the house, just to be different.

Charles Farrell, outer right, is said to be something of a barbecue artist, but here's two-bits that he's cooking codfish balls and baked beans.



Lila Lee, right, has a mean way with trout.

Babes in Hollywood

that it showed that he wasn't trying to work her for anything, or he'd have welcomed a tête-à-tête.

She finished her work in the film that week, not minding the long hours and the hard work now. Larry had gone to San Francisco "on business," he said, and added that it concerned something he wanted more than anything else. "That is, with one reservation," he had added, with a look that sent the blood rushing to her cheeks.

Well, she told herself as she went home that day, now she'd have some time to devote to her uncle. They'd slip away to some quiet place and just enjoy life. She called his number as soon as she got into the house and could reach a phone, got his room at the little hotel where he was staying, and a strange voice answered.

"Mr. Haggerty?" the voice repeated. "Yes, he is here. But—is this a close friend of his? Could you come down here at once? Mr. Haggerty is very ill——"

Jane did not wait to hear the rest of that sentence. She hastily summoned her car, the new car Superba had just given her, and drove to Los Angeles, her thoughts concentrated on her uncle. How ill was he? What could she do for him?

He was better than she had expected—was sitting up, in fact—but the doctor warned her that his heart was weak.

"Better take him away to some place where he'll have better air," he suggested. "Have you a car?" with a keen glance at the smart suit she was wearing.

"I—I can borrow one," Jane told him.

"All right. Take him up to some place like—I'll tell you. A friend of mine has a sanitarium that would be just the place for him. Do you know this country? Well, I'll tell your chauffeur how to get there. You can have a little bungalow where you'll be by yourself. Better start to-night, if you can."

Jane telephoned home, asked Tilly

to have some clothes packed for her, and packed her uncle's things herself. He was pathetically glad to see her, and delighted at the prospect of having her with him all the time for a while.

In the car he sat back, leaning against her shoulder, marveling at the kindness of the sick old lady who had lent her this beautiful car.

"I want to tell you, Janie," he said, after a while, "I made a new will the other day. Left you every nickel I got. Wish it was more. But what I got is yours, and those buzzards can't touch it. Now, don't thank me—it's all right."

Jane's eyes filled with tears. How sweet this was of him, and how little she was going to need the few thousand dollars that he had saved. She'd give it to charity, try to use it to help other girls who didn't have her luck.

They were well up in the mountains when another car, swinging around a curve in the narrow road, collided with them. Jane screamed and unconsciously threw out one arm to protect her uncle's face from the flying glass.

But the damage was done in another way. The crash had thrown him against the side of the car and knocked him unconscious.

Jane stood by, cold with fear, as the chauffeur and a man who looked vaguely familiar lifted him out and laid him on cushions beside the road. A man who said he was a doctor got out of the other car and made a hurried examination. Then he stood up, his face grave.

"His heart must have been very weak," he said to Jane. "It's all over with him now."

Jane sank down on her knees beside her uncle, sobbing. She hardly knew what happened after that. She knelt there while people rushed around, was still kneeling there when an ambulance came the short distance from the sanitarium that had been their destination. Some one asked what her name was, who the dead man was, and without realizing that

she was speaking, she sobbed, "I'm Jane Haggerty, and he's my uncle."

The drive home was a long horror, lightened only by the thought that perhaps Larry would be back the next day, that he would help her.

She went to bed when she got home, completely exhausted, and slept till the next afternoon, when she awoke to find Tilly Markham shaking her by the shoulder.

"That Bishop fellow's downstairs," Mrs. Markham announced, "and so's a lot of reporters. Want him to come up to your sitting room?"

Jane nodded. Reporters? But why? She didn't have to do publicity stuff now, did she?

She found Larry tramping the floor, a group of newspapers all about him.

"You poor kid!" he exclaimed, taking both her hands in his. "This certainly is pretty tough on you. But of course, it had to come out sooner or later."

"What do you mean?" she asked. "What came out? Not—not my real name?"

He nodded.

"The newspapers are on your trail," he told her. "Some of 'em just have a story that you were going off to the mountains for a little vacation with an Eastern millionaire, when he was killed in an accident. A fellow who was driving the other car told that one. But you told your name, your real one, to the doctor, didn't you?"

She nodded, suddenly remembering. "Well, somebody heard you and told. And a smart guy who was on one paper hunted up that interpreter who tried to gyp you when you first got here, and he said he knew all along that you weren't Spanish, because you didn't understand him, and got rid of him in such a hurry to keep him from finding out. So—gee! Where's the water? Mrs. Markham! Quick!"

Jane, overwhelmed by the disaster that threatened, fainted in his arms.

TO BE CONCLUDED.

SPHINX

You're the idol of the screen.

Greta Garbo.

Like a sunrise fair you seem.

Greta Garbo.

But you're seen only there.

Greta Garbo.

You leave us in despair

For the rest is m-y-s-t-e-r-y.

Greta Garbo.

You come like a shadow.

Greta Garbo.

You vanish like a dream.

Greta Garbo.

You talk with your face.

With your sweet ways of grace;

Nothing else do we trace.

For the rest is m-y-s-t-e-r-y.

Greta Garbo.

A. GROWDEN.

That Schoolgirl Pep

These girls know how to keep it by wearing off the effects of studio grind in the open air.

Bessie Love, left, clever girl that she is, takes it out on a target when she feels like "potting" a director.

On the right we have Fifi Dorsay in a tennis costume which is not likely to go over in girls' colleges for aesthetic reasons.

Your girl friend will certainly want a croquet habit—or what is it?—like the one protecting Lillian Roth, lower left, from the elements.

Laura Lee, below, is a cute little polo player, and she apparently has the approval of the pony, who could carry her through any number of shutters.



Among women writers whose names vibrate largely to Number Five are Charlotte Brontë, Jane Austen, Amy Lowell, May Sinclair, Willa Cather, and some, to be sure, have been very much more the artist than others.

On the other hand, such names as Thackeray, Scott, Hawthorne, Mark Twain, whose real name was Clemens, Meredith, Shaw, Galsworthy, Hergesheimer, Tarkington, all have at least one Number Six in their totals, and often they have two. This is the number of really artistic creation, no matter where it may be found.

Now to change the subject for a paragraph or two, I must tell you that this article is the last of the series that I am writing for you, dear PICTURE PLAY readers, on Numbers. Before I reach the end of it I am eager to make you realize what a pleasure I have found in giving you some idea of the mysterious, powerful, inevitable relationship that there is between names, numbers, and your own personality. And the greatest satisfaction and delight of all has been in hearing from you.

Youngsters of thirteen and old ladies of seventy-three have written me with the same quivering interest as to what life might have in store for them. But the great host of letters, with thousands and thousands of coupons cut from two numbers of the magazine, came from that eager, budding, blossoming, impulsive age that lies between fifteen and thirty, and I know that you can guess why. They all want to ask about love and marriage. And after thirty they are very, very likely to be inquiring as to the possibility of another marriage, or perhaps of a divorce. Proof enough, isn't it, that love is what makes the world go 'round?

And please don't think that I have not appreciated the charming little letters of thanks and interest that some of you have written. I could not answer them all, so this is a little note, right here and now, to thank you for them, and to tell you how much they were enjoyed.

I hope that I have made clear to you, dear readers, in these articles and readings, that the numbers in your name, as it is received at birth or as it is changed in the understanding and application of this spiritual law, indicate the nature of the actual vibrations of the infinitesimal atoms of your own body, through which your mentality and your soul are forced to function for expression, just as a musician must have an instrument, good or bad, in tune or out of tune, on which to

The Mystery of Your Name

play, or he cannot express himself with music at all.

The rate of vibration in which you live at a particular time is determined by the letter of your name through which you are passing at that time, and also by the numbers that are the totals for your name and your birth path, and thus affect you throughout your entire life.

I don't want to make you believe that because you have Six at birth you will be another Sargent. But you might, I won't deny it! For you do have the same kind of vibration at birth as Sargent had, and your dreams, and what you have it in you to express, are of the same nature as for him.

So you see, human beings are very similar, after all. One may have the intense love of a certain kind of activity, but some contrary vibration prevents him from expressing it. Another has every power and facility to do what the first man only longs to do, and becomes great.

But even the greatness is of no final importance. What matters is the inner understanding that the soul of man derives from existence, no matter whether it is in this one little life on earth or another, no matter whether he finds himself near the bottom or near the top. He can only do the job before him now, according to the light within that soul, and as he does it honestly he will be a little nearer the realization of himself as part of that infinite spirit of life that is the One behind all creation, that needs no perfecting, that knows no top or bottom, large or small.

That essential Self, free from confusion and uncertainty and aspiration and failure, is what he must ultimately see face to face, as that is what existence is, and what experience here is for. And when he has realized what that Self is, he will be above any need for material expression and free from the vibrations of even numbers and names.

W. J. M., February 16, 1906.—You are born with a stunning name, dear boy, the name that can make you a great divine. No other activity in the world can give you such satisfaction, success, and joy as the task of showing other human creatures the way to a higher understanding of life. Whether you are a miner leading a revival meeting for miners, or a highly cultured leader of a select and mystic group, makes no difference—your accomplishment will be the same in nature and degree. You are born under the Number Seven of great spiritual insight and the complete digit is Seven, also. Furthermore, you have Nine in the two other totals, indicating a dominating personality, oratorical ability, mastership over all the circumstances of life, personal, financial, and social. Do not let

yourself be misled into small activities when you are made to control great things. But—there is always a but—you are cursed with what in others would be perhaps their greatest blessing; you have an enormous charm in yourself, and you are intensely attracted to women in a fine, idealistic sense that will not protect you from bitter disappointment. You are realizing the very first indications of that right now—the love and the pain and, up to the age of twenty-nine, you will have to use every reserve ounce of your very highest qualities to rise above the circumstances that will seek to crush you. From then on you will do very, very well, through a fine, creative imagination and a generous nature, but you will never escape the struggle within you between human and divine love. You are also extremely artistic, and could do very well in some such line, if you did not go into entirely spiritual work.

E. O. M., April 3, 1903.—You are going to be a very successful business woman, my dear, and that will make up to you more satisfactorily than you can imagine for the romance that is not in your make-up, except as imagination. Use all that active imagination of yours for practical purposes. Put it to work, and it will bring you wealth and success. But don't look to men to help you out—they never will. I know that for the past five years business has been so low that it has almost sunk out of sight, but just in the last three or four months things have been picking up, and they will continue to do so. Your great trouble is that you are much too sensitive. You get hurt over nothing at all, although after a while you use your good sense to see that it was foolish and useless. From now on you will be able to control that much better, and in five years from now you will be an independent business woman with money and successful activity. You will never be free from more than the usual amount of trouble to overcome, but you have the power to do so if you refuse to follow your inclination and let well enough alone. Just when you want to quit, get up and fight once more, and you will win. You should be in a business that deals somehow with the home, but you are not a good saleswoman, because you do not know how to push yourself forward as a talker. Stick to some other department, like production, for you have originality and intuition, as well as imagination. When you are fifty you will meet for the first time a man who will attract you as you attract him, and you will have a happy married life thereafter.

P. A. H., March 1, 1880.—I may say of some people that they are not fighters, but I can never say that about you, can I? You have a punch that will knock down anything in your world. It will not bring you great wealth, but you will be, and must be by this time, very successful, and you get enormous pleasure out of your work. One thing that can lessen your blow when you strike is your kindness, for you cannot bear to hurt any one, and if it were not for your strength of mind your friends could walk right over you. You love praise, and the easiest way to overcome your sales resistance is to send a pretty woman to flatter you. The only kind of business in which you can succeed will have to do with art in some form, and you have certainly been very active in that line for the past eight or ten years. You must have married be-

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Always in Tune

When a singer plays his own accompaniment there's no doubt that the synchronization is right.



Sharon Lynn, above, looks soulful as her fingers toy with the keys in search of a haunting chord.

Don José Mojica, below, being a graduate of grand opera, instead of having a week-end correspondence-school diploma, must practice an hour daily.



John Poles, above, has enchanted many a young lady with his singing.



"Now watch the technique," trills Madame Moran, alias Polly, center, the gal who has notes that even Mary Garden hasn't learned about: then madame hits high C, still retaining her innocent girlish contours of the face before the music class.

Irene Delroy, below, is lady-like in her playing, offsetting the cold-blooded devotion to art displayed by Polly Moran.



Margaret Schilling, the radio star, Everett Marshall, Ona Munson, and Irene Delroy, mostly from musical comedy. One can well imagine a place, too, for Dennis King, just now absent, in the right kind of rôles.

Choosing voices will doubtless become a highly selective process in the future. Blatting tenors and bleating sopranos will be taboo completely in newer roll calls. Voices must have perfect recording quality.

The voices themselves give a lot of trouble at times. Very high sopranos are especially hard to record. Deep basses are difficult, and neither contraltos nor tenors easy. The best all-around hits so far have been made by the baritones. The lyric soprano with a smooth voice comes next. But improvements in the mechanical devices are making recordings more euphonious.

Now there's one thing more to be done, and that's to send an emissary to spank the man who manages the sound in certain of the theaters. What chance would even a boop-boop-a-doop girl have against an individual who seemed eternally bent on having her seem to be singing into a rain barrel?

Acoustics in many theaters are bad enough, but when something fantastic also happens to the sound thing-amajig, it just drives the audience into a frenzy.

The lagging movie musical has a sad chance, indeed, under these circumstances. Voices of women have been as shrill and horrible as those of harpies. And the men's have often

The Future of Melody Films

been feeble and pallid, when they did not threaten to crack the eardrums. Even Tibbett endured a lot of criticism, and rightfully, about the strain that his too-powerful tones put upon the listener. In part, this was due to "stepping up," as it is called, the recording. Tibbett's voice will be captured more quietly in "New Moon."

Weariness of musical pictures was undoubtedly partly due to the fact that the public has been surfeited with melody over the radio and by the phonograph. It was easier to sit comfortably at home, maybe snoozing the while, and listen to one or the other of these, than to go downtown and see a very badly made picture, while one waited for a disappointing lyrical outburst.

On this account the success of certain song hits far surpassed that of the productions they came from. "In My Little Hope Chest" did better than the picture "Honey," "It Happened in Monterey," and "Song of the Dawn," than "The King of Jazz," although that was a very creditable picture, and "Happy Days" much better than the film of the same name. Even more amazing was the popularity of "Should I?" from "Lord Byron of Broadway." The picture, in this case, was a washout, but the song is one of the season's most hummed and whistled.

Much the same holds true for "Cryin' for the Carolines," from "Spring Is Here." It shows that film plugging of songs, contrary to the anticipations of the Tin-pan Alley

delegation, didn't necessarily help. The songs soon found their own way.

Serious lovers of music haven't very much to look forward to in the films. The best the studios do is to vouchsafe an occasional opera aria, such as the "Ridi, Pagliaccio," sung by Ramon Novarro, in "Call of the Flesh," and "Casta Diva," from the opera "Norma," in "A Lady's Morals."

Picture makers are afraid of grand opera. They feel that it will not be a box-office pull. Then, too, they have much trouble getting the rights to distribute in the foreign market. Novarro told me, for example, that restrictions were so prohibitive abroad regarding the use of some operatic music he wanted to sing, that he doubted whether he would be able to use it. In one country, he said, the studio would be compelled to pay a fixed sum as royalty each day and evening that a certain aria was rendered on the screen.

Short operatic films with Giovanni Martinelli, principally starring, are popular in the theaters, and this gives some hope that perhaps an "Il Trovatore," "Carmen," "Madame Butterfly," or something like that, may be produced in the future, if only in tabloid form.

However, if these aren't, the stars probably will originate their own form of opera entertainment. Then, at least, one may be assured of not witnessing the spectacle of a hundred-pound tenor attempting to carry a three-hundred-pound soprano across the stage.

Hollywood High Lights

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Dolores was dangerously sick with an organic malady, following an attack of ptomaine poisoning, and several times her temperature ascended to an alarming degree. She is practically recovered now, but during the time she was ill plans for the production of "The Dove" were in suspension, and finally given up entirely. Her contract also lapsed, but naturally there is the chance that it will be renewed later on.

There is apparently no intention of making "The Dove" now until the beginning of the new year.

Song War to Courts.

Mary Lewis's troubles with Pathé are going to the courts, according to latest reports. Her picture, "The Siren Song," was abandoned, owing to the decline in popularity of musical productions. And now Miss Lewis has brought suit for \$22,500, which she alleges is due her.

The agreement between the singer and Pathé was recorded on a sound film, and so if the case comes to trial the judge will have the chance to hear all about it from the screen.

For one reason and another courtrooms in Los Angeles are often turned into a sort of motion-picture theater, and actual showings of films introduced as evidence. So such an event in the Lewis-Pathé suit may be anticipated.

Jetta Is Married.

Mrs. Harold Grieve—thus may Jetta Goudal be addressed now. But that doesn't mean she is giving up her professional activities. She will probably grace foreign-language productions.

Jetta chose to be married in the remote quiet of Yuma, Arizona. She and Grieve took a honeymoon trip to the Monterey section of California by auto.

We saw the couple just a few days before their wedding, and there was no question about their being one of the most romantic duos Hollywood has seen. Much to their embarrassment, they were being overwhelmed with advice by married folk of the film colony at the time, but survived the ordeal. This was at a supper party given by Paul Bern, the film executive, long a friend of Miss Goudal's.

Grieve, as is known, is a Hollywood fashion designer.

Avoids Baleful Duty.

Too chivalrous to slap a lady! H. B. Warner achieves that distinction if the stories of his retirement from the cast of "The Southerner" are true.

The action of the picture required him to administer a resounding thwack on the delicately refined coun-

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And so to Bed

Gone are the childish days when they leaped in with no thought of pretty sleepy-time poses.

Lillian Roth, right, hopes that another day will bring a renewal of film luck—but she'd rather not be any more pheasants and things.

Jeanette MacDonald, center, creates a charming color effect, not to mention the tantalizing pose.

Marie Prevost, below, with a hohum and a couple of yawns, reflects that a working goil is still a working goil, whether in fillums or pancake window.

Ah, a book! Kay Francis, lower center, is like that. She doesn't mind if books are a little under suspicion since that mad spring when the old movie gang passed around that volume of Schopenhauer and had intimate photographs made with it.



The boy fan who has written to Claudia Dell, right, may fondly believe this is his letter. Go ahead; it's a cute idea.



The Screen in Review

a happy fact is that it is devoid of that veiled lewdness which one encounters in many pictures and which producers seemingly delight in supplying. The absence of this is especially to be commended, for the subject must have offered a temptation to those collaborators whose idea of a "hot" picture usually coincides with jokes heard in smoking compartments of Pullmans.

The story begins when a whimsical Englishman in dress clothes comes upon three charming dress-makers who are about to be dispossessed by their landlord. He assists them to toss flower pots and furniture on the landlord's head, the four go to jail where they meet two lowbrow Americans, and the entire party is presently in the home of the Englishman's uncle, an earl. There are innocuous complications which are about to end with the wedding of the earl and the principal French girl, when the hero takes matters in his own hands.

A feature of the picture worth noting is the bright dialogue of P. G. Wodehouse, the practiced humorist, and Reginald Denny is capital as the Englishman given to airy persiflage, while Fifi Dorsay, Yola d'Avril, and Sandra Ravel are well cast as the girls. Cliff Edwards and Edward Brophy are the lowbrow comics.

Mother Love Hard-boiled.

Sordid, ugly, and rather unbelievable, "Sinners' Holiday" at least introduces a group of characters new to the screen. For that it deserves mild applause. The principal figure in the group is *Ma Delano*, proprietress of a penny arcade at a beach resort. Hard avaricious, her one weakness is her cowardly son who blunders into killing a crook and allows the crime to be fastened on another of the group of bootleggers, cheats, and vagabonds. When finally he is forced to confess by his sister's refusal to shield him and is led off handcuffed, a crowd of excursionists is seen swarming toward the arcade. Hastily drying her tears and subduing her motherly anguish, *Ma Delano* yells instructions to her barker, "Remember, never give a sucker a break!" That is the keynote of the picture. It is entertaining though, as a glimpse of the seamy side of life, without being artistic or important.

Lucille La Verne, a veteran of the stage who played *Shylock* in London, gives a powerful and moving performance as *Ma Delano*, in which she is brilliantly seconded by James Cagney, also from the stage, as her son. Two other newcomers from the footlights Evalyn Knapp and Joan Blon-

dell, are heroine and vamp, respectively, and do very well. Grant Withers, as the wisecracking hero, is excellent, too. Warren Hymer plays a conventional tough this time—one without the Hymer humor.

"Stone Walls Do Not a Prison Make."

As an antidote to the grim terror of "The Big House" we have "Up the River," a satire—when it is not a burlesque—on prison life. And awfully funny it is, too, when it sticks to its last. But when it goes melodramatic, now and then, one is confused and doesn't know how to take it, especially as the dramatic interest is feebly conventional anyway. Thus the love story, injected to insure popular appeal, defeats its purpose and lessens the success of the picture as a whole. But the comedy is really grand, especially that part of it furnished by Warren Hymer, whose succession of tough rôles in the past year gave him no opportunity to flaunt his sense of humor. And how he comes across with it in this! As the dumbest crook in Bensonatta he gives a performance that guarantees him a long career on the screen and, with careful handling, a successful one.

Bensonatta, you must know, is the name of the prison run on coed lines. It is surprisingly like college, except that the hard-boiled crooks are more interesting than vacuous juveniles. The men and women undergoing incarceration are shown to be lucky individuals. The boys have their annual ball game, their varsity show, their flirtations with the girls through the bars dividing the prison yard from an idyllic garden. There is also the warden's little daughter who scatters sunshine and smart cracks among the prisoners. It's all funnier than the description and excellent performances are contributed by Humphrey Bogart, Claire Luce, and Spencer Tracy, newcomers from the stage. The picture may be summed up as an oddity rather than as staple entertainment.

Triviality Preferred.

"What a Widow!" is disappointing as entertainment but it is further evidence—if that were needed—of Gloria Swanson's astonishing talent. For here she essays slapstick farce with de luxe embellishments of costumes and settings. But notwithstanding the money expended on dressing it up, the picture is thin and often tiresome. In addition there is a curious lack of distinction to the story dialogue, and acting. Shorn of smart clothes, modernistic furnishings, and Miss Swanson, the film would not rate as a suitable vehicle

for any self-respecting star. Yet through sheer force of personality and skill Miss Swanson is dominant and arresting, though never real, and a catch line is repeated with such frequency that you realize it is out of keeping with the so-called sophisticated widow. "It's sorta cute!" she explains over and over again. Regretfully you conclude that Miss Swanson must have thought the speech fetching instead of silly.

There's nothing to say of the plot, except that a young widow possessed of inherited millions goes to Paris bent on having a good time. Quickly she attracts an assortment of men, an American lawyer, a Russian violinist, and a Spanish tenor, and presently all are involved in what we charitably call complications, the end coming with the simple confession of the widow that she loved the lawyer at first sight.

Owen Moore is the lawyer, Lew Cody is an inebriated swain, Margaret Livingston his traveling companion called by courtesy wife, Herbert Brazzetti is the singer and Gregory Gaye is the musician. The latter, a newcomer, has a personality that I imagine will attract fans, and Daphne Pollard is capital, briefly, as a funny masseuse. For that matter, Miss Swanson and Mr. Cody do a rough-house adagio dance that for violence has never been surpassed. Still, the whole thing is awfully trivial and—oh, Miss Swanson sings even better than she did in "The Trespasser."

The Nervous Wreck.

Florenz Ziegfeld on the screen is still the master picker and trainer of America's choice blondes and brunettes, and some of the prettiest scenes yet done in films are in "Whoopie." All Technicolor, the picture unwinds scene after scene of the "Follies" grade of beauty against comparatively simple backgrounds showing to handsome advantage the dancers and players. You are interested in the people more than star-spangled settings. Trick effects in dancing sequences surely have rival cameramen in a state trying to think of a new way to lean their tripods, but the main objective is to bring a real Ziegfeld stage show to the movies. Possibly through Mr. Ziegfeld's association with the producer, it is a faithful transcription of the stage musical of two seasons ago. There is but little difference. It is more colorful, and it is polished up a bit.

Mr. Cantor plays the comical nervous wreck who has as many jokes as pills. He is funny, even though you may try to be too nice to laugh at



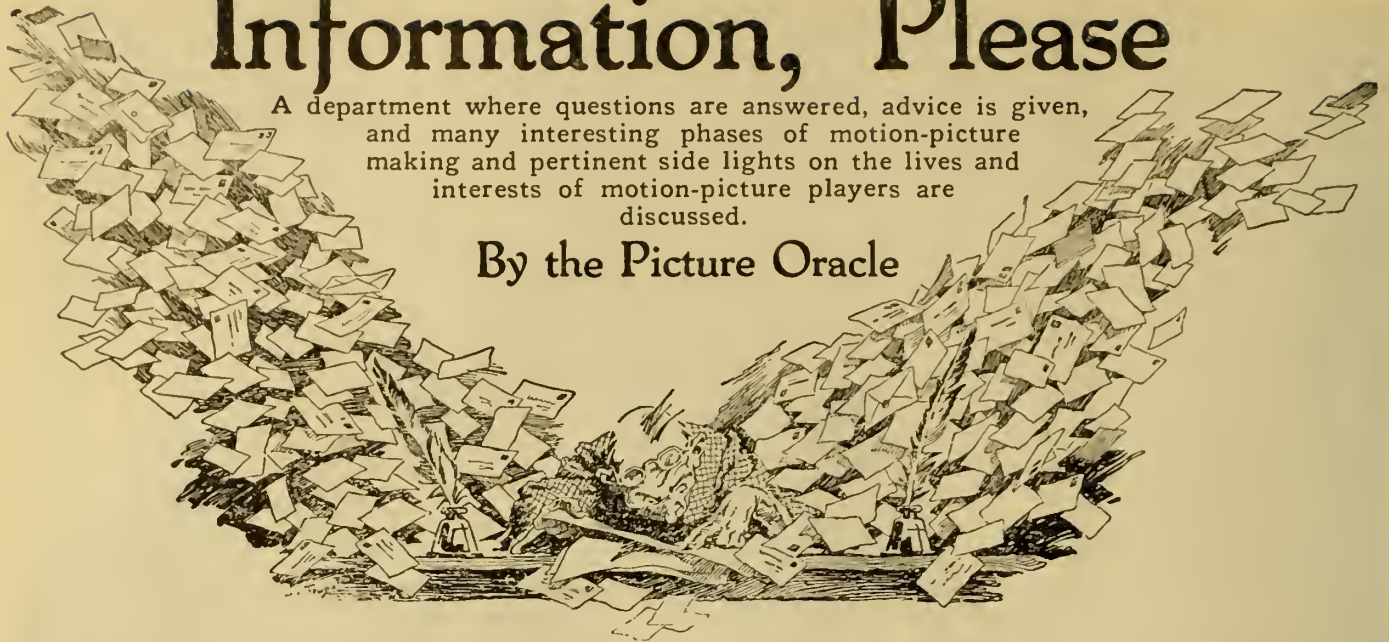
Photo by Eugene Robert Richee

A KNIGHT in shining armor comes to woo his lady fair, and we give you one look—no, two—to see behind their disguises Jackie Coogan and Mitzi Green. But Mitzi's flaxen wig and languishing eyes do not by any means disguise her ability to act—they emphasize it. And Jackie's unwieldy suit of metal does not erase from the minds of moviegoers memory of his matchless pantomime when he was the greatest boy actor the screen has ever known. Now that the years have brought audibility to the films and inches to Jackie's height there is every reason to believe that he will be even more important as an artist. Certainly no happier choice could have been made for his return than the character of Mark Twain's *Tom Sawyer*, in which boyhood's happy hour has been captured and read in every civilized tongue. In the photograph, above, *Tom Sawyer*, after a tiff with *Becky Thatcher*, sees himself briefly as a gallant knight come to pay homage to a *Becky* grown up and properly sedate.

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



ME, MYSELF, AND I.—When I finish answering your questions, I go count sand at the seashore to keep in practice for your next batch. For Lew Ayres's biography see September PICTURE PLAY. His latest is "Common Clay"; Nick Stuart's, "Swing High" and "The Fourth Alarm." In the silent "Border Legion," Antonio Moreno played Dick Arlen's rôle; Helene Chadwick, Fay Wray's; and Rockcliffe Fellowes, Jack Holt's. Will Rogers has been a husband and father for, lo! these many years. Irene Rich is Mrs. Davis Blankenhorn. PICTURE PLAY published Maureen O'Sullivan's biography last October and Frank Albertson's in June. Maureen's new film is "The Princess and the Plumber"; Fredric March's, "The Royal Family"; Buddy Rogers's, "Along Came Youth"; Maurice Chevalier's, "Playboy of Paris"; James Hall's, "Precious"; Robert Montgomery's, "Inspiration"; Chester Morris's, "The Bat Whispers"; Nancy Carroll's, "Rodeo Romance"; and Alice White's, "The Widow From Chicago." Pardon me while I go count sand.

CURIOSITY BOX OF CHICAGO.—When you open the box, I'll bet bullets fall out. Ronald Colman was born February 9, 1891; Gloria Swanson, March 27, 1899. She is half an inch over five feet. Her new film is "What a Widow." The six-foot Robert Montgomery was born May 21, 1904. See above. Marilyn Miller is in her late twenties. Her latest film is "Sunny."

DOUBTFUL.—If it's only James Kirkwood you're doubtful about, that's easy. He was born in Grand Rapids, Michigan, about fifty years ago. I believe he uses his real name. Write him at Columbia Studio, where, at last accounts, he was directing pictures.

G. HENNINGS.—If the Oracle is three reasons for your subscription renewal, I hope you renew it three times! Harrison Ford was last seen on the screen opposite the Bow girl in "Three Week-ends." Harrison is one of these strong, silent men—and silence isn't golden in the talkies. *Egil*, in "The Viking," was played by Harry Lewis Woods. That antedated the theme song, so I don't know what music was played during the picture. My bet is that there will be more *Fu Manchu* films, and that Joe E. Brown will dance in more pictures.

W. H. D.—The man Laura La Plante held in "Hold Your Man" was Scott Kolk, whose age eludes me. Joseph Wagstaff made "Let's Go Places" after "A Song of Kentucky," and is now the juvenile lead in "Fine and Dandy," a musical comedy on Broadway. Gloria Swanson's "What a Widow" was released in New York in early October; her new one hasn't been announced. Arthur Lake is 25.

A TALKIE FAN.—Is that why you like Tammany Young, who talks his way past theater doormen without buying a ticket? His fame is due solely to this talent; he is not an actor by profession, but occasionally plays a walk-on rôle. I don't know where he could be reached. Joyce Compton was Charlie Farrell's sister in "High Society Blues." Don't most young men grow mustaches and shave them, making up their minds—and their faces? Then be big and let Conrad Nagel do the same in his rôle in "The Divorcee." Stanley Smith would probably oblige you with his photo.

A READER AND POWELL FAN.—Bill Powell has so many fans he always keeps cool. He was born in Kansas City but grew up in Pittsburgh. He attended the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York and was on the stage five or six years before playing in pictures. He is divorced from Eileen Wilson. Kay Francis was born in Oklahoma City. Her mother was an actress, but preferred Kay to have a business career. However, when Kay determined to go on the stage, her mother consented. She had made good on the stage when she had her first screen opportunity in "Gentlemen of the Press." She is unmarried.

JENNIE.—I think Clara Bow's engagement to Harry Richman was more publicity than heart interest. Clara is 25 years old; height, five feet three and a half; weight, 115, like Lupe Velez, who is five feet five and 21 years old. Phillips Holmes is 22, as is Mary Brian. Mary is five feet two and weighs 105. Buddy Rogers is 26, six feet tall, and weighs 175. Charles Farrell, same weight, two inches taller, two years older. Janet Gaynor is 24, five feet tall; weight, 100. Gary Cooper, six feet two and a half; weight, 178; age, 29.

BOOTS.—The better to kick with if you don't get your answers! "The Desert

Song" was originally a musical comedy on Broadway. John Miljan played *Paul* in it. He was born November 9th, but doesn't say which one. John Boles has two daughters.

ROSEANNE SPRULES.—I'm blushing with chagrin because your answers could not appear when you wanted them. It takes some months to print a magazine. Nils Asther is almost 29. He married Vivian Duncan last July. Greta Garbo is 25; Mary Brian, 22. May McAvoy retired from the screen about a year ago, after her marriage to Maurice Cleary. Alexander Gray is a widower with a child; Bernice Claire is single. Lois and Polly Moran are not related; in fact, Lois's real name is Dowling. So you think my hair seems scant in the picture of me? That's because an irate star pulled it all out.

THE GIRL WITH THE GARBO COMPLEX.—It would be better to have the Garbo complexion! Garbo hasn't grown an inch in years, but her weight is now given as 125. Rudy Vallée is 27.

JUSTA READER.—Vilma Banky was the heroine in "The Winning of Barbara Worth," Ronald Colman the hero. Gary Cooper played *Abc Lec*. There are several Gary Cooper fan clubs. Write Jack Olson, 824 Bronx River Road, Bronxville, New York, or Ruth Peiry, 687 East Thirty-seventh Street, Los Angeles, California. I'm afraid talking pictures didn't agree with LeRoy Mason; his last release was "The Climax."

EVELYN PRISCHETT.—Well, it seems that Dolores Costello is to devote her entire time to being John Barrymore's wife and Dolores Ethel's mother. In "The Dawn Patrol," *Gordon Scott* was played by William Janney. Paul Lukas was not in "The Divorcee." The count on the train is not listed in the cast—probably he was a bit player. Elinor Fair was born on December 21st, Ralph Graves on January 23rd.

EVELYN M. SAYLOR AND FRANCES E. ANDREWS, 76 Main Street, Lower Hutt, Wellington, New Zealand, would like to receive letters from other fans. I do not know of any fan club for Evelyn Brent.

MORRIS WEIL.—It is impossible for an outsider to get a pass for a motion-picture studio. A few universities, includ-

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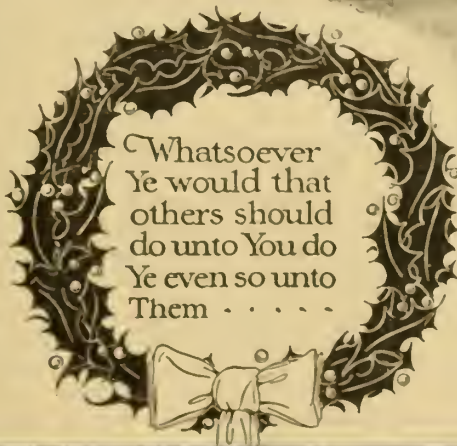
You whose children have food this Yuletide Give unto those who are *starving*

Scent of holly in the air . . . a gay tree brimming with holiday blessings . . . perfume from the kitchen where a generous Christmas dinner is being readied by you and yours . . . and a mother, her happy, healthy children in her arms, looking out upon the serene night, in which celestial candles gleam and glitter. Home . . . sanctuary . . . gifts . . . food . . . protection.

During good times or bad, the average American home manages to approach the Yuletide season with joyous anticipation. And the sympathetic urge to help those who are less fortunate, is, always, a national characteristic.

But today . . . the need for "having a heart" is more tragic, more urgent, more terrifyingly necessary, than ever in the world's history. American children and children of many nations, are STARVING. As the facts accumulate, this situation might well cause us to shudder with horror . . . "Starving Children" . . . not a pleasant thought!

What a beautiful thing it will be for YOU, this Yuletide, to give, if but modestly, to these tiny sufferers to whom even a crust of dry bread will come as a blessing. "GOLDEN RULE WEEK" is a constructive opportunity in this direction. The long arm of its vast charity reaches out and finds these hungry youngsters . . . feeds them. You will do YOUR share, we know.



"GOLDEN RULE WEEK"

The donor may designate his gift for any philanthropy in which he is especially interested and one hundred cents of every dollar will go as designated—none for expenses. Undesignated gifts will be allocated by the Survey Committee after careful investigation to meet the most acute needs through the most efficient agencies.

THE GOLDEN RULE FOUNDATION,
Lincoln Building, 611 E. 42 St.,
New York, N. Y.

Enclosed find \$ to be used in meeting the needs of suffering humanity.

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DECEMBER
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She and her husband care little for society, and they go out or entertain but rarely. Yet her intelligence precludes any possibility of one spending a dull half hour or evening in her company.

While many actresses rebel against playing rôles to which they are unsuited, Miss Harding feels that any part which comes her way is grist for her mill and just so much experience. Her characterizations have run the gamut, from a Western heroine in "The Girl of the Golden West" to the supersophisticate of "Paris Bound," from the thwarted wife of the warden in "Condemned" to the sensitive *Linda*, in "Holiday," who, realizing the futility of her existence, hides herself behind a sense of humor and a fusillade of wisecracks. She was obviously miscast, in two films, but she has never failed to give a highly intelligent performance.

Louise Fazenda, to the casual observer, appears like a kid who has never grown up. Her greatest joy in life, apparently, is thinking up

Beauty Gets a Mental Test

jokes to play on her friends, and her sense of humor is second to none in Hollywood. But underneath this is a knowledge of life and people ungarnered by literary furbelows, that stamps her as unquestionably intelligent. Her marriage to Hal Wallis, general manager of the First National studio, occasioned no little surprise. But those who know Miss Fazenda can readily understand that in serious moments she is perfectly capable of meeting all the requirements of the wife of a man in his position, as hostess and helpmate.

Ruth Chatterton, too, typifies intelligence. There are many who resent some of her mannerisms and affectations, but a girl who can star on the New York stage for years, find herself suddenly out of things, sit quietly at home for a while, and then calmly pick up the broken threads of her career and knot them together in such a fashion as to establish herself as one of the leading actresses of the screen, has intelligence plus.

And on the same lot is the highly decorative Kay Francis. Many of the girls who came from the stage to the screen had only one asset—either their voice, their stage presence, their ability to wear clothes, or their self-assurance. Kay has all. She studies her rôles with an intelligence that is little short of amazing.

I argued with her once about how a certain scene should be played. To me the manner in which she intended approaching it was all wrong. But Kay, eliminating unimportant words, showed me why it was right to stress the words she intended stressing, in preference to those I suggested. She analyzed her character cold-bloodedly and logically, displaying a common sense far removed from the haphazard, hit-and-miss approaches of some of the actresses.

[EDITOR'S NOTE.—Next month Mr. Mook will continue his interesting classification and will deal with those actresses whose success has come from cleverness or shrewdness.]

The Mystery of Your Name

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material, and practically no negation throughout your name, you will never know what it is to be poor, although you may talk freely about poverty when things are a bit low for you.

You certainly had winning ways when you were a little fellow two and three years old. All you had to do was to put down your little foot and look up under your long eyelashes, and the whole family went frantic in an effort to please you, especially because you were not so very husky. Do you remember the time you fell, at that age, and cut yourself rather badly and bled a lot, and caused a heap of excitement, to your own great satisfaction?

As you passed the age of four you became a quietly independent, oddly wise little boy, the kind of child older women adore, in spite of your impulsiveness. You were so sweet and polite and friendly, especially at about twelve, that it was a pleasure for your mother to have you meet her guests, and you enjoyed it yourself in your own way. And yet there was something fiery within you that made you the master of the situation every time, and you were more an equal with them than with children.

When you were about ten or eleven some man closely related to you must have died, and there was more difficulty and confusion in your home when you were that age than at any other time.

Between twelve and sixteen you grew into a very, very idealistic, dreamy, spiritual-minded boy, and it would have been the easiest thing in the world for any one who wished to do so to draw you into the church. You loved its color, its music, its atmosphere. You loved all the stories of saints and martyrs, and dreamed of a mystic life in which love should be transmuted into heavenly desire. But this was hardly apparent outwardly, because you were physically very active, lively, independent. If you seemed moody at times it was put down to an artistic temperament, not to the seething of the spirit that was really taking place within you.

As you grew a little older, alas, that heavenly desire that you dreamed about took very human form, and at seventeen or eighteen you were madly in love. It was a thrilling and a bitter experience. What kept it from doing you more harm than it did was that at about the same time you became very active with music and other arts and were finally led into earning your own living in that way, as you passed the age of twenty.

From twenty to twenty-five you were very active, very creative, very expressive. You did enjoy, just a little, to show off. You had always had a warm and loving heart, and how you were able to give your generous nature full expression. You were in love again, more than once,

in a nice, happy, lively way, but it was never the kind of love affair that could break your heart, or the girl's, either.

The trouble with you is that you are by nature so very charming to women and understand them so well that they believe, without the least excuse, just on general principles, that you are in love with them. And you are—on general principles! You always will be, even when you are eighty and your granddaughters are telling you what a fascinating old gentleman you are.

During the past four or five years you have not been entirely well, and it seems to me that you have had some chest trouble, perhaps attacks of bronchitis, or some annoying cough. But it is not serious.

In the same years you have gone back to that young mystic realm of yours, in which you lived so happily when you were seven and when you were fourteen. You have recaptured that light that illuminated the world for you, and right now you are growing into spiritual mastership of a high order. This understanding is what you need at the present moment, and will need still more during the next two or three years, if you want to keep your life, and your art, and your love clear and active for the fine channel into which it will soon have occasion to flow.

You are going to be deeply tempted to marry a young woman,

who has been married before, who has a great deal of money, and who will be very eager to win you. This will be before you are thirty-three. But this will be, as once before, not what your spirit is seeking. You will not need her money, and you would never be satisfied with her love, good and charming as she may be. The more you use your present wonderful sense of detachment and perspective to judge the relationship between you, when it becomes necessary, the happier you will be ever after.

But, dear Ramon, as you reach that same age of thirty-three you will also find for the first time the love that will truly satisfy you. That is why I am so earnestly begging you not to let yourself be tied before that, not even by sweet promises and soft words. You are indeed a master, in your spirit, right now, but but you are never free from those vibrations of your whole life that draw you and draw you toward the delight and the expression of love. Fortunately you are blessed with Number Five, even if only in the material, the number of balance and proportion, and I want you to use that in the emotional as well as in the material world.

This love of yours will be for a young girl, who will adore you, as you worship her. Ah, Ramon, hold it fast and preserve it, for not many are the recipients of such a wonderful gift. Pour all the ecstasy of it into your artistic activity, into truly great creation. You are indeed an artist, and at that very period of

which I speak love will make you a greater one.

When you reach forty you will be very successful indeed, putting all your creative imagination to work more powerfully than ever before, and by the time you are fifty you will be at the very top in material and spiritual activity and success. You will act, you will sing, and you will undoubtedly be a producer, too.

There is one period that will be dangerous to you, between the ages of forty-one and forty-five. Both your health and your finances will suffer a little depression, and you must on no account take any chances, or do any speculating, no matter how much of a sure thing the enterprise may seem to be. Start nothing new, for if you do it will sink quickly, to rise eventually, to be sure, but why give anything such a poor start?

But your real danger at that time will come from some designing woman, who will be spreading a net for your feet, entanglement for your heart, and an open purse to catch your money. You will have to walk a straight and narrow path, with both eyes wide open, to recognize and to avoid her in time.

You may wonder why I have said so little throughout this reading about your business affairs. Well, to tell the truth, there is little to say, because money has always been of secondary interest in your life, and you have always had enough for decent survival, anyway. A little more or a little less is not worth talking about. Wealth means nothing par-

ticular to you, except as a means to express love and kindness to others, and to produce good work. You are a man who gets what he goes after, but what you go after is not gold.

What you do love, desire, and seek with all your heart is the complete expression of the beauty and harmony that lives in your soul. There is almost too much of this in your nature, and it is this too much that will cause you in time, as it has already done, bitter grief, besides being your own greatest inner obstacle.

Life has taught you to temper your impulse, and you will have to learn that lesson still better to become all that you long to be, without wreckage. But the wreckage in the heart of an artist is so bound up with his own inevitable expression, with his joy as well as his pain, that it is futile to warn him against it too much.

How infinitely sensitive you are! How imaginative! You will never learn to temper that, I fear, but you are learning to use it for greatness. There is no creative art without imagination, and that is why it is the cause of sorrow. Dreams and hope and desire are never fulfilled, but in you, dear Ramon, they have the possibility of fulfillment such as few men know. Sometimes your soul realizes that, and of even that it is a little afraid. It seems too much! Not too much, surely, if you know how to use it for the blessing of the world as well as of yourself. You do know that, and so you are doubly blessed.

Hollywood High Lights

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tenance of Esther Ralston, and it is said that Warner couldn't resign himself to such unknighly measures.

We must say that the sympathetic charm of Miss Ralston would hardly induce any one to administer punishment to her face with any great fervor. So Warner's choice in the circumstances deserves some applause.

Colony Too Speedy.

Explanation for marital troubles in Hollywood is now offered by the Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudraye, agent the breaking up of his union with Gloria Swanson.

"Things move too swiftly. The colony is no place for matrimony."

Aside from this, the marquis is very reticent. He refuses to confirm any intention of wedding Constance Bennett.

The two are seen together con-

stantly and, curiously enough, both attended the opening Mayfair party, at which Gloria was at an adjoining table. The attitude of Gloria and the marquis was friendly at this affair, and both disclaim any rancor or hard feeling.

Pola Negri Expected.

Friends of Pola Negri hear that she may return to Hollywood. It is known that the actress contemplates a trip to this country following her divorce from the Prince Serge M'divani, and as she still possesses property interests on the Coast, it is but natural that she should come to check these over.

As far as American audiences are concerned, Pola has been an absentee from the screen for several years. Her last visit to Hollywood was not productive of any new contract, but this time there is talk to the effect

that she may sign up for a picture, at least one in a foreign language.

An Exotic Reemerges.

Eve Southern, who emerged exotically a few years ago in "The Gaucho," with Fairbanks, is making a very active return to pictures. She appears in "Morocco" and "Fighting Caravans," and may be starred in "The Miracle Woman."

Miss Southern was off the screen for about a year, as a result of injuries sustained in an auto accident. Because she is such an unusual and lotuslike type, success has often been predicted for her.

Merry Men Favorites.

The gift for comedy seems to be the strongest suit that any actor can play these days. This is shown by the fact that Jack Oakie, Bert

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tween twenty-two and twenty-six, and you did have a terribly hard row to hoe, until you were at least thirty-two or thirty-three. After that you rose like a rocket for two or three years, and the strain of hard work and difficulty at home affected your digestion to some extent. Between forty-one and forty-five you came into an unexpectedly large amount of money, probably as a legacy, and you have been immensely active ever since. You are a wonderful talker, and could charm a bird out of any bush, but how you do hate even to appear to take orders from any one on any subject! You will come into two periods of financial depression, one between fifty-two and fifty-six, and the other between sixty and sixty-three. During those years, don't take chances, or you will find that your luck has worn thin.

C. H. H. R., March 20, 1898.—There is no doubt that you are born to overcome a great deal of trouble and to bear more than one cross, but you will indeed bear them successfully, for you have a general, broad outlook on life that does not take every little thing as a personal insult from fate. And this same number is the indication of real mechanical, inventive ability of a high degree. You could make a great deal of money through this gift eventually, but I fear that you will not, because you have not the will and the power to push your way to success. You hate to put forth any great effort for any purpose, and would rather go along comfortably in a small way, even though it means hard work. About ten or twelve years ago you came into some amount of money, and up to the age of twenty-four you were very active, very independent on the strength of it. Since then, up to the age of thirty, you had wonderful insight, a real spiritual mastership over your surroundings, and that intuition, the spoken word of the divinity in you, must certainly have brought forth some original piece of work along the lines I spoke of. Just recently you have not been so well, and I want you to be really careful of your health for several years to come, ten at least. Don't neglect little discomforts, for they will turn into large ones if you do. You were very much in love at eighteen, but that did not amount to anything in the end, and you may have married, happily, too, between twenty-four and thirty, but yours is not the name of a man profoundly interested in women. Real estate, building, and construction are also very good lines for you.

J. E. B. W., July 24, 1903.—You were born with a lot of artistic taste and ability, and keen intelligence, but what difficulties you had to overcome before you could accomplish anything with them! One trouble was that you did not have the desire or the power to fight hard enough to overcome the immediate obstacles. Even since marriage, you have not a greater power, but you have much more intense vibrations in art and love and attraction, and if you will put every ounce of strength behind them, every bit of punch that you can muster, even if you hate to do it, you can be a really successful actress. Success as an actress, and a fair living, will certainly be yours in that case, but you will never have more than just enough money to get along with, even then, with this name. You are doing well now, no matter what your occupation may be, and you are going to do ever so much better until you are about forty-one. Take my advice and save what you can, because after that

The Mystery of Your Name

there will be a lot of trouble in more ways than one and, even if you do have enough to live on, it might do you good to spend some money on rest and recreation. That seems a long way off to you, doesn't it? But to me it is all one when I read your name, whether I speak of when you are six or you are sixty. There is the indication of divorce much later on, and after that you will marry again. Your own extreme emotion and temperament will be the cause of the trouble, but that same temperament, troublesome as it is, is what can make you so successful now. Curb it as much as you can, and use it for good, instead of for trouble.

A. H. F., August 14, 1902.—You are a good-looking, active young fellow who certainly likes girls, aren't you? And yet you just don't have any luck. Oh, they like you, but do they stick to you? Positively not. However, I can give you the pleasant assurance that things began to take a turn for the better just a year ago, and will take the turn so completely that by the end of the next four years you will be very happily married. Furthermore, you are due to receive some unexpected increase in your finances before these three years are over. It may be a legacy, or insurance, or an unusual increase in salary, but it will be there any day from now on, and that is pretty nice to look forward to, isn't it? Two things make your love affairs hard for you. One is that you are so touchy that you get hurt at the least little thing a girl does or says, and the other is that you have a good deal of intuition and can tell when she is fibbing, or merely trying to put something over. From now on you are also going to do very well in business. I think your business will deal with art, but you are not really an artist yourself. There is an indication of being a widower in your name, and also of a divorce, so that you are going to be married at least twice, if not three times. You began very young with love and you will keep up the same interest into practically old age, for you will never lose your young appearance and your natural activity. But don't let your imagination deceive you so much, and do put the soft pedal on your extreme sensitiveness.

A. M. D., October 19, 1875.—Your friends must think of you first of all as a very active and very kind woman, my dear. You decide things quickly and you do them quickly, and there is no fumbling about what you do, because you have both intelligence and intuition to guide you. But before marriage you had a lot of trouble with love affairs, and ever since you have had trouble with money. I should have thought that you had been married twice, but you only mention one marriage name. When you did marry, you were between twenty-two and twenty-six, and you used your head, not your heart, didn't you? In spite of some rather serious illness you must have had a happy home up to the age of thirty-five, for you were full of love and kindness. But just in the past three or four years everything has gone to pieces. You have lost what money you had, and also some one very dear to you, and it seems as if there was nothing to live for. You are very wrong in that, because no one with your bright mentality, your creative ability, your real insight into the meaning of life, can get to the point of having nothing worth while. I can assure you that you will get out of most of this trouble within eighteen months. Financially, things will not be so rosy, even then, but

you will have the chance to marry again, if you want to, and by the end of six years you will positively be married once more to a widower who will be very well off. I mean it, indeed I do, for you certainly cannot look within ten years of your age, and he will think so, too.

W. W. J., December 4, 1895.—You are one of the world's most generous and kind-hearted boys, and how often have you received coldness and ingratitude in return? Most of the time, I know. Do away with this excessive generosity, and you will find that you are doing not only yourself but others a real benefit. You gave candy away when you were two, and now you give what you can much less afford. I must admit that no matter what you do or how much you earn you are going to find, all through life, that something unexpected takes it away from you, and in love you will always have a burden to bear of some kind. Yours is indeed the course of true love that does not run smooth. You are very artistic, in a practical way, and any material success you have will be by using your artistic ability for the sake of the cash returns. You even allow this consideration to color love, and it has certainly done so in the past three years, for I believe that if you are married it has taken place just recently and that your wife is rather well off. Before you were twenty-four you were very much more of an idealist, but not one of your dreams came true, so you shrugged your shoulders and decided to get something more than dreams, and ever since twenty-eight, at the latest, you have really been very active and as successful as one can be who can never keep anything he makes for more than a few moments. You have real originality, so make good use of it, as it is your greatest asset, and for Heaven's sake, salt away some of the cash you do make before it is again lost.

B. B. M., June 23, 1916.—I'll make a bet with you, dear, that you have a lot of scribbling hidden away in your desk and bureau drawers. You are born to be a writer, and it is never too early to begin, especially in your case. You can write ever so much better than you can talk, so that is the best thing in the world to do when you get all choked up with feelings that seem as if they would make you burst if you don't get them out of your system somehow. In many ways you are also, right now, more like a girl of eighteen than your real age, and romance just makes thrills run up and down your spine! Go easy, dear, please do. You have wonderful intelligence and a great sense of justice and balance. Don't let your feelings swamp you, ever. I am going to tell you, although it is not what one tells little girls, that in about two years you will be wildly in love, oh, the kind of love that makes girls clope and never stop to find out what their hero is made of until it is too late. Will you remember then what I have said, and sit down calmly, or as calmly as you can, and say to yourself, "If I don't do what I want to do now my heart will be broken, but what a grand, romantic novel it would make!" By the time you have written a few chapters you will have discovered that your hero on paper will be worth a lot more than that particular hero in the flesh. You will make a great deal of money with this name and be very well off by the time you are thirty-five. And you will have to wait until you are past twenty to find the truly happy marriage that you are looking for.

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Hollywood High Lights

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Wheeler and Robert Woolsey, and now El Brendel, are right at the top of the movie heap. Oakie is out-drawing any other star of the Paramount group, we hear, at many of the larger theaters. A Wheeler-Woolsey appearance is the signal for big audiences. Eddie Cantor stands the chance of becoming a banner favorite, and so does Al Jolson again, with the right kind of material.

Brendel's success in "Just Imagine" was testified to by a huge first-night audience at the premiere of this production. He received the biggest hand of the evening.

Next to Brendel, pretty little Maureen O'Sullivan was a high favorite, although John Garrick and Frank Albertson were her rivals in the applause.

Ramon Wrestling Threat.

Ramon Navarro may now be hailed as a potential threat in wrestling circles. Even when he is downed he is a menace.

We discovered this on encountering Elsie Janis one day on a set. Miss Janis was carrying her arm in a sling. We learned that she had been having a tussle in fun, as part of a burlesque adagio dance, with Ramon at a party, and having succeeded in throwing him to a prone position on the floor, was just beginning to chant her victory.

Navarro gave a sudden jerk to release himself, and Miss Janis's shoulder went out of joint. Hereafter, Miss Janis has decided that she won't do any more burlesques on the adagio, or the apache, either.

Escape Casualties.

William Boyd and Helen Twelvetrees are still congratulating themselves that they escaped injury in an explosion of a powder blast, while they were on an Arizona location with a company making "The Painted Desert." The director, Howard Higgin, and about half a dozen members of the technical staff were hurt in the accident, but Bill and Helen were not in the danger zone.

It was only a few days afterward that the company making "Beau Ideal" had trouble. Some horses ran wild and injured a number of extras, who were to be replaced by dummies in a scene showing a cavalry charge on a fort, but the steeds decided not to wait for the substitution, and rushed the human defenders instead.

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From Lloyd Shirley

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Name
Age
Address

Italian violinist, a Russian realistic novelist, two opera stars, preferably two jealous of each other.

Now let us have a stage star for chief of police, a symphonic conductor as city attorney, a mural painter as city treasurer, a drama critic as director of public works, a philosopher as head of the fire department, and a communistic editor as playground director.

If our philanthropic financier has money enough, let him operate this city for a year. And if at the end of that time, the place is still standing, and has not at least equaled Hollywood in erratic conduct and general irrationality, I am willing to concede that the much maligned motion-picture city is peculiarly crazy of itself.

Hollywood Could Be Nuttier

Hollywood, I grant you, is a strange, weird place. But it is not Hollywood itself, and it is not the motion-picture industry. It is simply that the film business needs all these weird folk to turn out pictures. Naturally, they must all be in the same town to do it, and the film industry once having collected them can't change them or quiet them down. Hollywood is just as sane and normal a place as it has any right to be.

Richard A. Rowland, formerly head of Metro, once vice president of First National, and an eminently sane person, from all accounts, once made a remark which has since become somewhat historic in the film industry.

It was some years ago when Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, and Charlie Chaplin banded together as an independent group and called themselves United Artists. They determined that they were creative artists, and they were not to be hampered by business men. They would make their own films the way they wanted to make them, and they were going to distribute them as they saw fit. Mr. Rowland, when informed of this move—which turned out quite well, after all—is reported to have remained silent for some moments, digesting it thoroughly. When he did speak, he said:

"The lunatics have taken charge of the asylum."

The Screen in Review

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some of them, if the boy friend takes you to see "Whoopee." But you'll tell the girls at the office while the boss is out to lunch. The self-made invalid is way out West where dozens and dozens of pretty girls prance in and out of the old ranch house occasionally and meet an equal number of handsome constables stamping into the yard from the kitchen or somewhere. The heroine is in love with an Indian, the sheriff is in love with her, and she runs away from it all with Eddie Cantor, and all the time the Indian was really not an Indian at all. One of those little doorstep basketeers, you know, a special tribe created by a thoughtful goddess for the ease and comfort of fiction writers.

On the whole, "Whoopee" may be listed as one of the really entertaining musical-comedy films with its agreeable and dynamic star, fragile taffy-and-sepia girls, and half a dozen catchy tunes.

Ethel Shutta and Eleanor Hunt give very good performances. The large and impressive cast has also Paul Gredory, John Rutherford, Albert Hackett, and Chief Caupolican.

A New Version of Clara Bow.

With all the bedroom surprises of the "beanery-to-billions" age of film comedy, "Her Wedding Night" is a rather restless evening, what with a double-barreled wedding and the tramp-tramp-tramping of Charles Ruggles—yes, drunk again—who wanders from porch post to bridal pillow in search of a place to rest his bewildered head.

This is a sprightly and amusing story that runs from farce to comedy, and manages to hold up, thanks to the excellent support with which Clara

Bow is surrounded. She is considerably tamed and is cast as a rather demure little movie actress on a holiday in Paris, where she conducts herself in a ladylike manner far removed from such things as "It" and knowledge of that mean old game called blackjack. She is a great deal more like any other young leading woman than the dashing hoyden of old. Her fans may see additional proof of her talent, but they will doubtless yearn for the wild young thing Clara can play so well.

Oh, yes, the story. Ralph Forbes plays a song writer who tires of popularity, especially being hounded by pretty women. (The pet daydreams of the gifted are always cropping out in films.) Richard Gallagher, his pal, takes over his responsibilities and privileges for a while. Posing as the song writer, he is stranded in a country town with the actress. Through not understanding the language, they are married before they know it. And weddings by proxy hold good over there. Two husbands, plus Charles Ruggles, to say nothing of some ex-sweethearts, Rosita Moreno and Natalie Kingston, make a merry party. Geneva Mitchell, Wilson Bengé, and Lillian Elliott are in the cast.

A Likable Bandit.

A gay, reckless hombre of just the sort you would like to be, when you get tired of it all and make a day-dream decision that you'd rather be a dashing bandit than a hobo, is Walter Huston's *Pancho Lopez*, in "The Bad Man."

Always just about three jumps of his cow pony ahead of the sheriff, *Señor Lopez* stops at a ranch for the purpose of carrying off its treasure,

the prize being the pretty, blond wife of a cold-blooded business man. The husband stands stubbornly in the way of the happiness of the girl and her silent boy friend. With the meddling of an old man in a wheel chair—O. P. Heggie—things are in a pretty mess when, with a flash of Mexican sashes and naughty grins, *Pancho* and his boys gallop into the scene. Just as the *Bad Man* is about to depart with the girl under his arm, it develops that the lover is a sort of old friend of the bandit. *Lopez* sets about fixing things up and after dealing with a loan shark, he very considerably shoots the unappreciative husband and turns the blonde over to the right man. The Mexican Robin Hood wishes them luck a moment too long, however, and it costs him his life.

Mr. Huston's accent seems genuine enough, and his swaggering desperado makes the most of the comedy and drama. Here is an excellent actor having a lot of fun playing his rôle, but he never runs away with it. For that reason, the audience has a good time, too—except those who think that the better people simply detest Westerns.

The cast includes Dorothy Revier the wife who started it, James Rennie, Sidney Blackmer, the husband who wanted only oil lands when he had a wife like that to love, Marion Byron, Guinn Williams, and Arthur Stone.

"Spring Fever" Again.

Billboards inscribed "Benny Rubin & Co." could appropriately be displayed in the lobbies of theaters where "Love in the Rough" is exhibited, and underneath Benny's picture might be added something about

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A Greater Gift than Beauty

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maids. Mamie, her cook, chauffeur, social secretary, and general information bureau, has been managing her for seventeen years. Her dusky duenna is a walking encyclopedia and, in fact, practically a diary of Dressler activities. "Scuse me, ma'am," a voice from the kitchen will interrupt her reminiscences to refresh her memory as to dates.

A few days before their scheduled departure on their latest trip abroad, Mamie was none too cheerful. "Maybe we're goin'," she remarked, "but lots of things could happen 'twixt now an' Friday." All these years, it seems, Mamie has been expecting some dire catastrophe; it never occurs, and Marie is afraid that soon she will give up hope and become optimistic.

"I'm on a crest right now, but how long will it last?" she comments, both sage and humble. "Fame is a tricky dame. My bubble may burst, so I'm not anchoring to it.

"Work alone achieves and maintains one's position. When you stop giving your best, you backslide. No, I don't blame outside factors, such as a fickle public or changing demands, for failure. It's nobody's fault but your own. I've buried seven of my family. I worked the hardest of any. I outlived them all, because I was too busy to enjoy any sickness. Responsibility kept me going, but it has all been so much fun, the whole glorious experience of life. I wouldn't give up a single precious pain or joy of it all, nor do I want to be spared anything that the future may hold for me. I'm glad and grateful for every bit of it. I've salted my money away. I flame up when some one calls me lucky. I've worked for everything I've ever had, except love and friendships. Nothing material really counts, unless you win it for yourself."

In the yesteryears, a young girl who aspired to Broadway regarded herself critically. Liabilities? Plenty. An hourglass figure too generous even for those well-padded modes. A face that indicated character but lacked beauty. Not graceful enough for a soubrette. Assets? A gift for mimicry, a talent for tomfoolery. Very well, then, she would clown. Thus she formed the motto that has ruled her life and later was to be expressed by some one, "Be yourself."

She set about making that individual self liked, mincing as a wasp-waisted dancer, kicking from the beef-trust ballet into a Weber and

Fields show, into good rôles, from one-night stands to stardom in long-run plays. "Tillie's Nightmare" was, perhaps, her major triumph. It was magnetism, not pulchritude, that drew people, that holds them to-day, that makes you believe or feel what she wills. Besides American tours, there were request performances before royalty abroad.

Despite this background, and the ability which the years had polished into a fine art, she came humbly to the talkies. No swank, no hauteur. "Guess I'm through," she remarked a couple of years ago. "Could I make them laugh. I'm old and fat—and the movies are young and pretty."

True, but she overlooked one quality which they share—vitality, personality. This magic of the entertainment art is distinctively a Dressler attribute. She plunged into whatever was assigned her.

"On the stage, I thought only of the play, of myself and my rôle; it was very personal. Only the moneyed class patronized the theater for entertainment or as social routine. I never felt of any real service to them; they were only incidental to my doing something that interested me. But on my first trip abroad after the war, the fact that the movies meant so much to the beauty-starved millions impressed me deeply. Their ravaged lands, their poverty and heart hunger lifted a curtain; it showed me audiences as individuals. The movies mean so much to the poor and to the average folks. Very suddenly, it seemed, we were acquainted. That introduction has given a different and a sweeter meaning to my work.

"I try to lift people out of their sadness, out of their commonplace worries. Occasionally I get the dramatic yen, but stark realism repels me. If I could be *beautifully* romantic, I might cultivate that mood.

"Laughter is one of the three most priceless things in the world. Religion, laughter, and music are essential to happiness, to sanity. I try to carry my humor with me. If I can give the tired salesgirl a laugh, I'm glad."

She selects Garbo, Chatterton, and Ann Harding as the outstanding players. Their attitude is approved. "Though well-grounded in the theater, Chatterton and Harding came out here not to teach but to learn. They have sense. For myself, I adore being an insignificant atom of any vital and worth-while endeavor.

Continued on page 114

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Clara—as She Is

Continued from page 43

four winds with the cashing of every check. With the fear of thinking about to-morrow, innate in her since childhood, she lived feverishly for the day and the hour. Having no background to give her balance and poise, and being of a nature to whom only extremes are possible, she ran the gamut of spending, living, loving, laughing.

Within the last year, particularly with the installation of a conscientious companion-secretary, she has been achieving the tardy process of growing up. Still timorous, but learning to face life as it is, instead of running away from it, Clara is smoothing off the rough edges. She is beginning to know that happiness need not be manifested in shrill laughter, intelligence in wisecracks, charm in brashness.

Lonely and having a horror of being alone, she is as delighted with the companionship of Daisy de Voe, her secretary, as a child with a new-found sister. Miss De Voe has retrieved from the ruins of Clara's business affairs, heretofore in the hands of careless managers and prey to the onslaughts of relatives, everything she could of Clara's money. She has taught her to live on a budget, to save three-quarters of her salary, and to take an interest in the handling of her finances.

Clara has periods of frugality, breaking out now and then into what would be orgies of expenditure, if her secretary did not keep a vigilant eye upon the check book. Appeals made to her for charity also have to be investigated and her inclination to accede to any and all rigidly curbed.

The mind behind the glowing Bow optics is quick and alert. Deep-seated intelligence is not hers, but kindness and a capacity for understanding are evident. Hurt so often by life and by people, she is mentally and emotionally on the defensive, even now that fate has decided to deal kindly with her. Her childlike face is hard in expression. Only when glimpsed off her guard does it reveal the softness suitable to her brief years.

The growth of her career to its present stage has absorbed her energy and time at the sacrifice of her health. Incapable of sparing herself in anything she does, she has worked with such unremitting concentration that the myriad confusions and details of a professional day, to which she gives herself wholly, leave her at night shaken, acutely nervous, ready only for bed. Sleep is in the

habit of evading her even then, and the healthy appearance of her round little face is belied by the weariness in her troubled dark eyes.

Owning a modest, comfortable house in Beverly Hills, she goes out infrequently. Her home, the first real one she has known, is a source of deep satisfaction to her. Within its walls she feels secure, sure of herself. Another house at Malibu Beach is her summer haven. When she entertains, it is without ostentation, and the guests are friends made when she first came to Hollywood and to whom she still clings.

Only a year ago she attended her first première, the opening of "Dynamite." She has learned what happens to her in public, and avoids, whenever possible, the too-demonstrative fans who mob her.

Her privacy, however carefully guarded by her secretary, servants, and the studio, is forever being invaded by fans, agents, inquisitive tourists, and sensation seekers. Although her telephone number is accessible to no one except those to whom she gives it, it is continually leaking out, necessitating a change of number every two or three months. At night her only means of being undisturbed by unwanted calls is to plug the phone.

Recently discovering books, she plunged into reading with her natural unrestraint. She avidly devours everything from the novelizations of her pictures to Flaubert. Hitherto a bit too catholic in her taste she is learning to discriminate, and follows the book reviews carefully. Reading aloud to her secretary, at first as a sort of work-out for her voice, the practice developed into a real pleasure and now occupies most of her evenings at home.

Having become conscious of her home as a place in which to take pride only a short time ago, she is disciplining her habitual untidiness with her clothes and belongings. She now likes to have her house in order and has begun a timid personal supervision. On occasions when the servant problem rears its ugly head and she is maidless and cookless, she likes to prepare the meals herself, being careful to leave the kitchen in spotless condition afterward.

Her taste in personal adornment is still far from conservative. Her clothes symbolize the Hollywood existing in the minds of Easterners. Her hair has achieved a remarkable hue, difficult to describe, which adds, unfortunately, to the hardness of her

face. All of which is probably the result of the type into which her pictures have formed her.

Regarding her much-publicized sex appeal, one finds in the off-screen Clara less a stimulus to the senses than a radiantly vital child. For all the unhappy, difficult years behind her, for all her subconscious bitterness, she is still not a woman. There is a great deal about her that is infinitely pathetic. At the same time one suspects her of having a good deal of courage.

While fully conscious of her success, she is not absorbed in self-conceit. Her satisfaction with her career is detached from any personal esteem. She is terribly in earnest and rigorously conscientious about her work. Discouraged by the mediocre vehicles which have fallen to her lot, she tries, nevertheless, to inject into them some semblance of reality. Richard Arlen, several times her leading man before his own stardom, says

that she is one of the finest natural actresses in the business. He says, moreover, that she is one of the few stars whose feeling for the picture is so sincere as to permit freedom and generosity to other members of the cast.

One of her chief despairs is that her face is round. She yearns for the thin, tragic face of drama ladies, feeling that her own round, childish countenance dooms her to perpetual flapperdom. She wants to outgrow the classification of "flapper."

She is probably one of the most colorful, legitimately vivid figurantes of the film community. In a state of transition now, it is interesting to speculate on what sort of person the next few years will mold. A creature of moods, faintly harsh, difficult to understand, lovable to those near her and to them irresistibly so, she is still, for all her candor, an enigma which only her commencing personal growth will solve.

Over the Teacups

Continued from page 33

all tangled up in her business arrangements. She signed with Universal at a modest salary—modest for pictures, that is. It was more than she was getting on the stage. Then she found that she could do a picture for Fox before her Universal contract started, and they offered her more money. You can't blame her for being dissatisfied with Universal after that. After making one picture for them she flounced out and came back to go on the stage. Some one is sure to come along and offer her a lot of money for pictures. They always do when they find real talent. I'd like to see her sign with Paramount, chiefly because she would be in the East and I could watch her work.

"Did you know that Clara Bow isn't to work at the Long Island studio after all? She's come East, but only to make some location scenes. And she's promised to be very good and quiet while she's here and not get involved in any more scandals. Lots of girls in pictures ought to give a vote of thanks to Clara for monopolizing the front pages and keeping their activities from being noticed."

Fanny has been an almost violent Bow fan ever since every one began picking on her.

"Joan Bennett came East for the opening of her father's play." Fanny reported idly, as she squirmed around to get a better look at whoever was coming in. "She looked very sweet and sedate. Lina Basquette was

there, too. Lina's dancing at Harry Richman's night club and making quite a hit. Oh—I almost forgot. Anna May Wong has come home from England for a visit and you've never in your life seen any one quite so stunning. I don't wonder that artists and society took her up in a large way. She's fascinating.

"I suppose you saw Claire Luce's first picture?" she went on, and it seemed as if there was a tinge of regret in her voice. "That must have been an awful disappointment to her. She started out to play a big part in a dramatic picture and suddenly two comedians ran away with it and interest was focused on them, leaving her just among those present. No one need worry about Claire, though. From the day she set foot on Broadway as a chorus girl she has conquered everything she has set her mind on, and if she really is in earnest about success in pictures, she'll get it. She's one of the shrewdest and most determined people I've ever seen, and she's clever enough not to look either determined or clever."

Still Fanny didn't bring up the name that I was sure was very much on her mind. It was strange for her not to mention Alma Rubens, when I knew that she has an almost avid interest in her welfare.

"What's the matter?" I asked finally. "Haven't you seen Alma Rubens in her play?"

For once Fanny was silent. Eventually she spoke with some effort.

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"Oh, it's one of those things that play isn't half good enough for her. you wish had never happened. The I don't know what ever made her go into it. The play was dying on its feet when they got her to join the cast, and I suppose she has some idea about its being valuable experience or something like that. But I can only look on it as a ghastly mis-

take. With her beautiful voice, it's a crime to waste it on those lines!"

"Let's not talk about it," Fanny broke off abruptly. "I really feel terrible about it, because I wanted Alma to have a glittering success."

Well, it's lucky that Fanny hasn't that whole-souled devotion for Jean Harlow, because *she* is to open in a play called "Passion Preferred!"

Nobody Gets a Story

Continued from page 74

his siege. Introductions were in order, so Mr. March presented himself to numerous agents. Not the high-powered kind who managed stars and featured players—his nerve didn't carry him quite that far—but the kind who place bit players and supers, which latter is Broadway for extra.

well as me, on more occasions than we remember. But, there again, the March was different from us, for Mr. Savage remembered him and gave him the juvenile lead in "Shavings" when it went on tour.

And although none succeeded in placing him, he eked out a precarious income by posing. In telling of it, Fred mentions that he, Neil Hamilton, and Allan Simpson were the most posed men in New York.

Then followed six or seven years of what he describes as "the usual run of plays," followed by a season with the Elitch Gardens Stock Company in Denver, two seasons with a touring company of the Theater Guild, a part in the Coast production of "The Royal Family," and Mr. March found he had entered pictures.

After being turned down for a part in Belasco's production of "Deburau" he later landed it. His first season on the stage and playing in a Belasco production in New York! Only a person conversant with the inner workings of theatricals can grasp the significance of that. That's where Fred differed from you and me. It would probably have taken us years to make the grade, if ever.

The story of his presence on the screen is too recent to need retelling. After making an impression in one of the early talkies, he was nearly submerged through being cast in a series of mediocre rôles in "The Marriage Playground," "Sarah and Son," "True to the Navy," but he has come into his own again in "Laughter," in which he gives his best performance to date, and "The Royal Family."

When that play showed signs of folding up, he read in a magazine that deals with the chronicles of people who have achieved success that Henry W. Savage, another producer, liked college men in his companies. So Fred phoned the Savage secretary, and, quite as though he and the producer were intimates, said "Tell him Fred March wants to see him, and ask when I can have an appointment."

"The same sort of setbacks every one experiences sometimes in his career," Fred explained.

Both Mr. Savage and the secretary were taken in by the ruse and presently Freddie—Mr. March to you—was facing Mr. Savage with an open copy of the success magazine in his hand. And Mr. Savage, stunned by the youth's effrontery, and rather than retract his statement, promised to keep him in mind. Which is probably what has happened to you, as

"There *must* be something different about him," I insisted to myself. Aloud I asked, "Freddie, don't you live extravagantly? Don't you spend most of your money?"

He gave me a disgusted look. "After a course in commerce and a couple of years' bank experience? Don't make me laugh."

I gave up in despair. There's absolutely nothing about him to differentiate him from you or me save his ability as an actor. And as far as the public is concerned, I'm no better than Helen Louise Walker or the New York interviewer—nobody gets a story.

DANIEL IN THE LYON'S DEN!

Bebe loves her man, we know—
Who couldn't love her Ben?
She's a Daniel who won't try
Escaping Lyon's den!

CYNTHIA COUZA.

Their Phantom Husbands

Continued from page 59

on the stage and who for ten or twelve years virtually has been out of her life, living on a plantation in Jamaica. He is Charles Pringle, son of Sir John Pringle, chief privy councilor of that island. For more than seven years she had not seen him when she began speaking of divorce in 1928. Charles Pringle did not like the idea of pictures and never entered into the circles of Hollywood. In fact, I doubt if any one in the film capital has ever seen him.

Some day a happy little mother and her mate will arrive in filmland carrying a baby in her arms, to announce proudly, "This is my husband and this is our child and I've been promised a chance in pictures." I believe every one will rise to applaud and give a helping hand for her bravery. Such honesty would really be refreshing.

The Screen in Review

Continued from page 108

the greatest exhibition of tangled golf clubs, and accents, and old Fords, and positively the last scream in over-size knickerbockers. For the amusing old silent film in the new form is virtually handed over to the vaudeville actor, and he runs around in circles chattering wisecracks and threatening to lose said knickers.

Robert Montgomery is a young golfer who is carried off to a swanky country club by his boss, and presented as his guest, so the Old Man can be coached for a tournament. Young Kelly takes every advantage of the deception, and starting with a blistered finger episode with the club manager's daughter, romance blossoms. Dorothy Jordan is the girl, and she and Montgomery do as well, perhaps, as the limitations of the story permit. Young Montgomery carries off his scenes with humor and smoothness. It is a shame that such good talent is fiddled away on such a farce as this.

Others in the cast are J. C. Nugent, Dorothy McNulty, who does very well as the love-hungry little flapper, Tyrrell Davis, Harry Burns, and Allan Lane.

A Deaf and Blind Wife.

If you like the idea of a man's double taking his place in business and the arms of his wife, then you are welcome to the kick administered by "Scotland Yard." But if you recall "The Masquerader," as novel and play, as well as all the other fiction

Continued on page 115

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FIRST TO-DAY**

A Greater Gift than Beauty

Continued from page 109

The more brilliant the other workers' attainments, the more pleased and honored I am at being associated with them."

She did not sweep into immediate acclaim. It is the Dressler way to build slowly. "The Callahans and the Murphys" was to be her farewell film. She would retire and live either in the California hills, in Vienna, or Italy. You know what happened.

Stropping a razor, she sets about vigorously shaving Wallace Beery, starting in vital fashion "Min and Bill," in which they are costarred. As the landlady of a fishing-dock hotel, she runs the barber shop on the side. Lathering his face, she dives at her labor with a realism that he thinks unnecessary. He quails. "Don't worry," she whispers soothingly. "The razor's dull—I just sharpened a pencil with it."

On a rocky breakwater extending into the Pacific at San Pedro, M.-

G.-M. built a fishing village. Materials were delivered by barge for this engineering feat. Heavy waves wash and pound ceaselessly around the huts. The charm of the set lies in its picturesque simplicity.

A flotilla of yachts in the harbor forms a background of beauty to the squalor of the hamlet where hatred is vicious and raw, where love grows slowly, like a fragile bloom, for the girl "born under a dark star." The rôle of *Min Dibot* was padded to give the Dressler gifts full scope. Partially satisfying her dramatic longings, it has a similarity to *Marthy*, is replete with the heart-throbs of a hard life, with sacrifice and pain and the joy of suffering. Led away to jail, *Min* is content, because she has purchased happiness for her foster child, *Nancy*.

And Marie Dressler is happy because her humor has provided laughter not only for the movie public but for herself.

Mystery of Your Name

Continued from page 106

R. M. W. P., May 6, 1893.—You would never have lacked money, dear lady, if you had lived on with your maiden name, and you will not lack it now, but you have somehow been greatly deceived in your expectations in both love and money. You have great intelligence, mental activity, executive ability, sense of justice, and power of written expression. All of this clashed, when you were a young girl, with an excessive emotionalism, a sensitiveness, and an overliely imagination. You were a natural magnet for men ever since the age of fourteen, but also very proud, very honest and very determined when you could be true to yourself and not follow your annoying tendency to be affected by the opinions of others. You were married at some time between seventeen and twenty-two, in a glitter of emotion and hopes, but not with the love that you had already been able to feel for another. There was depression and loss connected with your married life from the first, and when you were about twenty-seven or twenty-eight a man very closely related to you must have died. Since then you have lived at a pinnacle of love at one minute, and in a valley of gloom the next, and the same emotion that drove you into marriage has caused untold confusion in your life for the past five years. Right now you are at a parting of the ways, where you must make your choice and live with it, and it is worrying you a great deal. Please use your real, fine native judgment, and forget imagination and dreams for a while. There are three, if not four marriages in your name, with widowhood twice and divorce once.

Z. L. O., March 10, 1911.—You are a wonderful girl, dear, and if you go into any artistic or professional activity, don't, whatever you do, change this name. You can speak, you can write, you can act,

and you have, at the background of everything you do, a profound intuition that is your guiding star when you allow it to be so. You often find yourself driven by an almost uncontrollable impulse to do something that your head suspects or disapproves, and when it is all over you find that the impulse was right. You have wonderful activity and intelligence and real executive ability, and in any artistic work, which is the only kind you can really succeed in, you will never be the kind that lets her emotions get the best of her or who spends her money foolishly. Until you were five you were the quaintest little thing, talking like a wise little angel rather than a baby, and from then until about ten you were one of the prettiest and brightest little girls in your class at school, or in the whole neighborhood for that matter. From then on, up to about fifteen, you began to awaken inwardly, spiritually, as not many girls do, and to have your ideas and ideals about life and love and your own future, that did not fit much with those of the little feather-heads around you. You began to realize your own power and mastery, and you have certainly needed all you could muster of it since then, for at fifteen or sixteen everything went wrong. Money grew low, you were not well, and some one very dear to you passed away. Right now you could marry, but please don't, dear, for no matter how sincere your feeling is, I do not believe it will be a success. Use your strength and independence to wait and work and put to real use all your native ability. It will bring you a great deal of money as you pass the age of twenty-five, with artistic activity and success. You will be about thirty when you meet the man whom you can marry for the happiness of all concerned, and you will find that he was worth waiting for.

One of the Calmer Redheads

Continued from page 34

all heightens the excitement of the thing, and gives you enthusiasm."

Nancy Carroll is definitely in a "spot."

She has made a picture that it will take months to top. Two have already followed without effect. What to do? It is the question that haunted Barthelme after he made "Tol'able David"; it baffled Belle Bennett after her sole claim to fame, "Stella Dallas"; it plagued Barrymore following "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

In all likelihood musical mélanges will be the unsatisfactory solution, for although "The Devil's Holiday" was one of the outstanding pictures of the year, "Sweetie" did almost twice as much business at the box office. And the movie makers are vulgarly commercial, enjoying a return on money invested.

So, however you may have applauded the dramatic side of Miss Carroll, it is altogether probable that she will be projected in more musical romances, business being business. Not long ago, when broadcasting over a nation-wide hook-up, Miss Carroll asked listeners to write her which type of picture they preferred her in, musical or dramatic.

"I'm afraid it was three to one in favor of musical," sighed the star. "And I'd much rather do drama."

Rumors seeping in from Hollywood had it that ever since the success of "Sweetie" Miss Carroll had been "difficult." It was increasingly trying for her to report for fittings; stills and portraits irked her; interviews were minor chores of no consequence. Thus the whispers went.

She had had words, as they are called, with a sister player, it was hinted. She had objected to the

prominence of her colleague's rôle and the elegance of her wardrobe. And when it came to making "Paramount on Parade," the Carroll number had to be a star affair or nothing. She had been scheduled to coo with Buddy Rogers, a favorite in the boarding schools. Schedules discarded, Miss Carroll danced and sang, solo.

Every star, of course, has similar things bruited about concerning her disposition. Every stellar body is subject to a minimum amount of polite calumny. There are petty jealousies—and some a size larger than petty—in every studio, politics of a sort, and probably the most strenuous competitive spirit anywhere to be found. So one cannot bank too definitely upon what They Say.

Still, as your guide, philosopher, and friend, I felt that Miss Carroll should be quizzed tactfully regarding her temperament, allegedly high-powered. When the proper lull in the conversation occurred the query was launched. What about the reports that she had showed signs of the high hat since hitting the high road of public acclaim?

She turned ingenuous eyes upon me and said, "Me high hat? Ridiculous." Quietly and calmly with effect.

There was no ground for the rumor, Miss Carroll insisted gently, no basis in fact. She was the same today as when she had essayed to be *Abie's Irish Rose*, starting on her climb to stardom.

Thus does a celluloid celebrity brush aside the cobwebs of gossip, revealing a shining countenance, a disarming smile, and, one supposes, a clear conscience.

The Screen in Review

Continued from page 113

built around the idea, the picture may give you tremors of weariness—as it did me. However, there's the new generation to consider. There's no proof that it doesn't like its hokum as we did when we were very young and all make-believe was fascinating. Even so, I don't think this picture will cause any eddies of excitement, but will just past muster.

Edmund Lowe plays three characters. First he is *Sir John Lasher*, then an unkempt crook who would rob him but for *Sir John's* appealing wife, *Xandra*. But when *Sir John* is out of the way, the crook, *Dakin*

Barroles—yes, there are fancy names here—returns as head of the late *Sir John's* bank and the loving "husband" of the wife *Sir John* mistreated. A friend of the family, *Sir Clive Heathcote*, conveniently of Scotland Yard, unmasks the impostor as a criminal, while the scenario writer asks you to believe that he is the noblest member of the cast. Character names tell me a good deal and those used in this melodrama identify the vintage of the story.

Joan Bennett, as the wife, is exquisitely to look at, and Lumsden Hare is the polite detective.

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The Lonely Heart

By

Mary Frances Doner

"Rose stood in the chill dusk with brilliant early stars rocking in the windy heavens, waiting."

In this fashion begins a story which has in it all the elements that make for the best of good reading—suspense, romance, intrigue, adventure. For Rose was waiting to see David Marsh pass by—David, whose coming to the little town had caused such a fluttering of the local doves. To Rose, it seemed as if a star had fallen down into the darkness of her lonely heart, and David were that particularly bright star.

Here is no usual story of the city man and the small-town girl, though Heaven knows that the Midwest town where Rose lived, and whither David had come from sophisticated Harvard, was small indeed. As a matter of fact, there is nothing of the usual in the entire unfolding of the tragedy of a lonely heart which the author so deftly portrays. It is a strangely moving, deeply felt, tender love story that brings quick tears to the eyes of the most hardened reader, and yet at the end there is the sort of true happiness that comes only after suffering.

75c 75c



This Boy Has Been Places

Continued from page 46

"You were practically a tank," observed Barney.

Out of the War sprang many stories of miracles and adventures involving the supernatural. Mr. Byron discredits all such accounts, believing them to have sprung from overwrought minds and nerves.

"The eyes," he said, "are made up of nerves, and when we are overtired they play tricks on us. Recently I was driving home from my gold mine in Nevada. I had been driving for almost two days and was very tired. As I drove along I continually seemed to see forests of trees growing along the sides of the road. It annoyed me, for I knew no trees were there. Strain and fatigue caused some of the soldiers to believe they saw things they really didn't see."

Other experiences, too horrible to dwell upon, were experienced by this young soldier. As he talked about these things, I saw that Byron is totally different in thought and demeanor from any other actor. He is mellowed rather than hardened, sympathetic instead of cynical. He is straightforward, impersonal, and humorous. Walter never goes hunting, as he does not care for sport that involves bloodshed and the destruction of life.

Take the suave Nils Asther, the sophisticated John Gilbert, the satiric Barrymore, the flashing Edmund Lowe, or almost any other actor you care to name. Not one of these men has the human understanding and the lack of pose that Walter Byron has. It is not their fault; they simply have not been through the fire as Byron has.

Concerning his sentimental affairs, Walter is a susceptible bachelor who intends to spend his honeymoon in Egypt. I don't know who is his best girl; possibly that demure Irish rose, Maureen O'Sullivan, whom he sometimes escorts places. Walter believes that there are more happy marriages than unhappy ones, but that because we hear and read of more of the latter, we assume that they are in the majority. Before coming to America, he declares that he proposed to twelve girls and by each was gently but firmly refused.

"While I was in Paris," he relates, "I wrote a proposal to a girl in England. She sent back a nice letter of refusal saying that she didn't love me, adding, 'And I notice that you forgot to say whether or not you loved me!'"

Anyway, I like Walter Byron; he's awfully regular.

Some Go East, Some Go West

Continued from page 89

cane, and a spiffy gray suit, at Grand Central Station, and properly notified every one that there was nothing to that trip Clara took down to Texas; that she still loved him, and him alone. He beamed as the train drew in. But Clara wasn't aboard. In fact, for days and days, she didn't seem to be in New York at all. Imagine his embarrassment!

Notified by her studio to get off at 125th Street, instead of at Grand Central, to avoid the rush, she had followed instructions even more literally than was desired. She went into total eclipse and, although the press department called up every hotel in town, she was nowhere to be found. She had registered under an assumed name.

Ramon Novarro is one of the most popular of stars, but partly because of his retiring manner, and partly because he dresses entirely in black, he is seldom recognized, especially in New York. During his last visit here, he strolled up and down Fifth Avenue and Broadway accompanied by a publicity man, walked through

the thick of the five-o'clock rush, dined at Pierre's, rode on buses, and was noticed not at all. To show how completely he was overlooked, one ticket agency even tried to foist bad theater seats on him.

Few directors come in for any fanfare in New York, though occasionally on a Hollywood opening night they have been known to be given quite a hand. D. W. Griffith, the most easily recognized of them all, can stand in lobbies where his pictures are opening, and hardly be noticed, while fans strain themselves looking for celebrities. When Clarence Brown made an airplane flight to New York recently, there was no record of a movie director's arrival at Roosevelt Field, even though the studio had notified the field of his coming.

Many stars and directors admit frankly nowadays that they'd rather be noticed than ignored, whether they're in Hollywood or New York. For the truth of the matter is that fewer stars are meeting with hero worship than in the good old days.

The Boulevard Directory

Continued from page 83

Greta Garbo never "shops." She always knows beforehand just what she wants. She goes straight through to the fitting room, asks for the things she wishes, tries them on, buys them, and leaves. Fitters, salesgirls, and models all like her, because she wastes no time and is never indecisive. The Garbo taste runs especially to heavy tweeds, tailored sport coats, and severely plain evening dresses. She never selects definite colors, preferring monotonous.

Marion Davies is an extremist, liking either severely tailored sport suits or very feminine chiffons and clinging crêpes. Ruth Chatterton chooses smart and sophisticated models. Greer's is the only place west of New York where Miss Chatterton will shop. Betty Compson is partial to prints and well-tailored suits and is, incidentally, the idol of the work-room. She never grows irritable during long fittings and the fitters would work nights for her without a murmur. Lilyan Tashman's weakness is street clothes, ultra-smart and distinctive. Mary Pickford likes evening dresses and has a penchant for tulle. She chooses with care and her selections are usually for special occasions. The Talmadges—Norma,

Constance, and Natalie—generally visit Greer's *en masse*. They shop at length and always purchase complete ensembles, all being aware of the importance of details to a costume. Norma has a noticeable partiality to cloth coats with luxurious fur trimming. Marie Dressler is a favorite customer who, despite her girth, wears the smartest of Greer models with distinction.

In closing, it would perhaps be just as well to reveal the source of a new shade of green which is becoming known, even outside Los Angeles. At a Hollywood première, the radio announcer threw in an intimate touch by describing the gowns worn by the players. A fashion editor was enlisted as aid and, in preparing her notes, called Mr. Greer to ask just what shade of green was used in one of his dresses which was being worn by a star. Mr. Greer, to whom the ways of Hollywood are of infinite amusement, replied that it was a shade which he had named after Mrs. Dolly Gann, whose place at table in Washington official circles has been widely discussed. And that night, Miss X was described over the air as looking particularly beautiful in a Gann-green frock.

COMPLAINT

The favorite plot with talkies seems
To be the courtroom game;
We've had "His Captive Woman" and
"The Trial of Whatsername."
The touching case of "Madame X"
Is shown us from the stand,
And when we think there ain't no more,
The "Bellamys" take a hand!
"The Argyle Case," "The Drake Case," too,
"The Girl in the Glass Cage."
Yas, verily, these "Hear ye!" themes
Have put me in a rage.

L'ENVOI

To-day I staggered, screaming,
From my seat, and up the aisle—
They thought the heat had got me, but
'Twas just another trial!

BARBARA BARRY.

ETIQUETTE

What to do, if I should meet a?
Shake her hand, with "Howdy, Greeta"?
No, I think it would be betta
Just to murmur, "So chavmed, Grehta"!

DOROTHY GARBUTT.

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UNITED PORTRAIT COMPANY
900 W. Lake St., Dept. A-211, Chicago, Ill.

A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

Continued from page 63

"Good Intentions"—Fox. Brightly told crook melodrama, with Edmund Lowe's best performance, Marguerite Churchill excellent, and return of Earle Foxe. A silk-hatted crook and a trusting girl. Regis Toomcy, Eddie Gribbon, Owen Davis, Jr., Robert McWade.

"Grumpy"—Paramount. Cyril Maude, the English actor, gives mellow stage-like performance, with appeal for older fans. Not one "Oh, yeah?" Mild story about a nephew, a crook, and a diamond. Frances Dade and Phillips Holmes.

"Our Blushing Brides"—Metro-Goldwyn. Be nice, sweet maid, and you'll get a millionaire for your man, with doggy cars and all. This is the message of too many films to the world, and its new version is thinly redressed. Joan Crawford's best performance recently. Dorothy Sebastian, Anita Page, Robert Montgomery, Raymond Hackett.

"Manslaughter"—Paramount. Prosecutor causes his ladylove to be convicted for reckless driving that resulted in death of a policeman. He quits job, and finally wedded bliss looms ahead. You must accept theory that married couples never bring up the past. Claudette Colbert, Fredric March, Natalie Moorhead.

"Let Us Be Gay"—Metro-Goldwyn. Dowdy wife lets husband drift, turns tables by becoming social bird of paradise, reduces her man to dust, and takes him back—favorite cigarette dream of losing wives. Norma Shearer a hit. Marie Dressler, Gilbert Emery, Hedda Hopper, Raymond Hackett.

"For the Defense"—Paramount. Another fine performance by William Powell in film that has moments of inspiration. Lawyer bribes juror in effort to save man he hates for woman he loves, and his plans crumble. Kay Francis the girl, who promises to wait until Powell returns from prison.

"So This Is London"—Fox. Amusing caricatures of the Englishman and American, as imagined by ignorant on opposite shores. Love affair brings families together, enmity of fathers separate them for a while. Will Rogers irresistible. Lumsden Hare leaves nothing undone. Maureen O'Sullivan sweetly real; Frank Albertson, Irene Rich.

"Big Pond, The"—Paramount. Maurice Chevalier, almost songless. Frenchman brought to this country by chewing-gum king to show him up and break romance with American's daughter. What does he do but show our boys how to make gum, and win the girl, too? Voilà! Claudette Colbert good.

"Journey's End"—Tiffany. Faithful reproduction of outstanding stage war play. Devoid of love interest and dramatic formula of screen, but strangely revealing life in a dugout. Cast includes Anthony Bushell, Charles Gerard, Billy Bevan, Colin Clive, Ian MacLaren, David Manners.

"Lady To Love, A"—Metro-Goldwyn. Vilma Banky's first all-talking effort is admirable. A grape grower picks a waitress for his wife, sends her a young man's photo as his own, and things happen. Edward G. Robinson brilliant, Robert Ames satisfactory as young man.

RECOMMENDED—WITH RESERVATIONS.

"Dixiana"—RKO. Medley of old

plantations, Mardi Gras, a duel, a bride, and moss-grown traditions. Bebe Daniels tries to carry the picture, and is charming enough, but music is below par. Everett Marshall, baritone; Bert Wheeler, Robert Woolsey, Dorothy Lee, Ralf Harold.

"On Your Back"—Fox. A good idea gets a misfit in this film of humble dressmaker's artistic urges. Irene Rich never looked lovelier nor acted with less finesse. So very, very happy in drab surroundings. Raymond Hackett, H. B. Warner, Ilka Chase, Marion Shilling.

"Outside the Law"—Universal. Crook opus in which Owen Moore leads the talking out of the corner of mouths. Mary Nolan interesting and beautiful, but such pictures do not help a career. Plot rings of past films.

"Follow Thru"—Paramount. Musical comedy not good enough to renew one's appetite for such things, and although Technicolor reveals pleasing cheeks of Nancy Carroll and Buddy Rogers, it still is rather tiresome. Something about female golf champions. Fair cast from screen and stage.

"Leathernecking"—RKO. Story of life as it is not lived in the marine corps, and love with a society girl as society girls don't love. Eddie Foy, Jr., Louise Fazenda, Lilyan Tashman, the latter providing the entertaining moments.

"Good News"—Metro-Goldwyn. Dash a sprinkling of music and musical-comedy props into a frothy collegiate picture and you have this film. Bessie Love only relief. Cliff Edwards, a bit shopworn for campus capers; Stanley Smith, Lola Lane, Gus Shy.

"Sins of the Children"—Metro-Goldwyn. Hokum melodrama about woes of parenthood, the scenes being tearfully chewed by Louis Mann, of the stage. All the tricks of the footlights. Robert Montgomery, Elliott Nugent, Leila Hyams, Mary Doran, Francis X. Bushman, Jr.

"Eyes of the World, The"—United Artists. Funny curiosity unless you're one of the boasted million or two Harold Bell Wright tribe and have an inner light on the meaning of his things. Wicked city folks and adolescent nymph of hills, shocked innocence, gun play. Una Merkel, Fern Andra, Nance O'Neil, John Holland.

"On the Level"—Fox. Decidedly below level is the plausibility of this story of sweetly trustful steel worker, Victor McLaglen, and vampish member of crook gang, Lilyan Tashman. The latter gives picture certain attraction. William Harrigan, Fifi Dorsay.

"Sweet Mamma"—First National. Tedious jumble of night-club stuff, bogus money, gangsters, and such, too dull to be relieved by Alice White's acting or shapeliness of her legs. Kenneth Thomson as gangster is nice business man. David Manners, Rita Flynn, Robert Elliott.

"Swing High"—Pathé. Drama under the big tent fifty years ago, with young love, a hard-drinking vamp, and banjo-playing swain, plus a big accident aloft. Helen Twelvetrees wistful as the girl; Fred Scott the warbling boy friend; Dorothy Burgess the siren who lays it on thick. Several others in bits.

"Love Among the Millionaires"—Paramount. Be nice to youthful railroaders in overalls, or little Cinderella won't make Park Avenue. A nice bit of balcony for studio walls. Clara Bow, as hash-house girl, is nice to Stanley Smith, Stuart Erwin, Richard Gallagher, Mitzi Green.

"Bad One, The"—United Artists. Another of those pictures in which the bad girl is really and truly a good little girl just being cute, you know, even though

an inmate of a dive. Dolores del Rio's debut in all talking film. Edmund Lowe, minus uniform, much like H. There's a murder charge and a fight.

"One Romantic Night"—United Artists. Lillian Gish's long-delayed talkie debut adds nothing to the glory of Gish on screen. Reminds one of church theatricals. Incident in life of stuffed royal robes and uniforms. Rod La Rocque, Conrad Nagel, Marie Dressler, O. P. Heggie.

Information, Please

Continued from page 102

ing Columbia, have courses in scenario writing. Scenarios, after use, are kept on file by the producing companies; I never heard of any of them being published in book form. Obviously, talking films have altered the technique of scenario writing.

5' 10".—So you hope I don't look like the cartoon of me! And I always felt so flattered by that picture! Greta Garbo's official height is five feet six, and Kay Francis's is an inch less. Their weights are 125 and 112. Mary Brian's real name is Mary Louise Dantzer, which would indicate that she is of German descent, though I believe her parents were American-born.

CHARMAINE.—I don't need three guesses as to what month you were born in. Other nice people born in July and since in movies are: John Gilbert, Lily Damita, the 10th; Sally Blane, 11th; Cornelius Keefe, 13th; Raymond Hackett, 15th; John Darrow, 17th; Richard Dix and Lupe Velez, 18th; Ken Maynard, the 21st; Donald Reed, Aileen Pringle, 23rd; Alice White, Lila Lee, the 25th; Olive Borden, the 26th; Larry Gray, the 27th; Blanche McHaffey, Joe Brown, Catherine Dale Owen, the 28th; Clara Bow, William Powell, the 29th; Alice Joyce was born October 1, 1890; Leatrice Joy in 1897; she doesn't give the month. Lilyan Tashman admits only to being born on October 23rd.

KAY-O.—Why does my head look so small in the picture? Scientists now say that it isn't the size of the head that counts! Virginia Valli was born June 10, 1900. She is five feet four and has blue eyes and dark hair. She was divorced three years ago from Demarest Lamson and has not remarried.

M. HALL.—Leatrice Joy may be reached in care of her representative, A. J. Gaschen, North Westknoll Drive, West Hollywood. This information comes from Miss Demetra Hatzis, to whom I am very grateful.

BETTY ANN.—Phillips Holmes was born in Grand Rapids, Michigan, in 1908. He is the son of Taylor Holmes, well-known stage star, and was attending Princeton when Buddy Rogers's company came there for scenes in "Varsity." Phillips was asked to take part, and given a contract. His biography does not give his description.

MRS. MYRA SIMONS.—Anita Page was born on Long Island and her real name is Pomares. So she is American, with a dash of Spanish! And where've you been that you ask if she has made any talkies? She's one of our most talkative players. "Caught Short," "Our Blushing Brides," and "Little Accident" are her latest efforts. Buddy Rogers's college curriculum included the ordinary amount of "writing" of any English course in college.

BILLIE.—Yes, Ramon Novarro played the title rôle in "Ben-Hur." I suspect George

O'Brien takes quite an interest in his fan mail. As to Ronald Colman and Kay Francis, only a miracle man could untangle the truth of these Hollywood engagements. Elaine Hammerstein, as Mrs. J. Walter Kays, has long since retired from the screen. Dolores Costello became Mrs. John Barrymore on November 24, 1928.

ROSITA DE LERMAS.—Many of your questions are answered elsewhere on this page. Bernice Claire is five feet two and a half and weighs 116. Raquel Torres, five feet two, weight 110. Jean Arthur, five feet two, weight 116; Lois Moran the same. Vilma Banky, weight 121, height five feet six, like Mary Nolan, who weighs 112; both blue-eyed. Other blue-eyed players of your group are Betty Compson, five feet two and a half, weight 112; Jeanette MacDonald, five feet five, weight 122; Josephine Dunn, five feet five, weight 112; Jeanette Loff, five feet two, weight 105; Fay Wray, five feet three, weight 114, like the brown-eyed Lily Damita. Constance Bennett, five feet four, has brown eyes. Mary Pickford is just five feet, weighs 100, and has hazel eyes. Lola Lane is five feet two, weighs 120, and has violet eyes.

TONY.—Besides the films you mention, Dick Arlen has played in "In the Name of Love," "Enchanted Hill," "Behind the Front," "Padlocked"—small rôles—"The Blood Ship," "Sally of Our Alley," "Figures Don't Lie," "Ladies of the Mob," and "Thunderbolt."

CANDIDUS.—You won't have much luck with your answers—either the player you ask about doesn't give the year, or else not the month of his birth. Louise Brooks was born in 1909, Theda Bara in 1890; Percy Marmont on November 5th, Myrna Loy on August 2nd. Mildred Davis doesn't reveal when she was born.

JANICE BORDEN.—Sorry, I don't know Mary Kornman's age—about sixteen, I think. There is no fan club for her. Yes, Corinne Griffith has retired from the screen, and Colleen Moore has turned to the stage. Colleen may return to pictures later.

SALLY.—Meeting Jean Arthur in Hollywood would be like meeting some one in any other strange town. If you have friends in common, you could meet her. Jean was born in New York, October 17th—but doesn't say which one. Her favorite recreations are reading, driving, and swimming. In 1927 she married Julian Ancker, and the marriage was annulled after two years. She is now playing in "The Record Run," for RKO. She has no fan club.

BILL BOYD FAN.—What do you do in the rare moments when you're not asking me about Bill Boyd? He has completed a picture called "Beyond Victory."

MR. J. B.—Buddy Rogers's parents have moved right out to Hollywood to be with

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their famous son. Buddy was born in Olathe, Kansas, August 13, 1904. Arthur Lake opened his eyes on Corbin, Kentucky, in 1905. Young Hubert Prior Vallée, now warbling as Rudy, began life in Westbrook, Maine, in 1903.

M. A. D.—I'm sorry to hear of all your bad luck. Jack Perrin has not disappeared from the screen as much as you thought. He has been playing in a Universal serial, "The Jade Box." Write him at Universal City, California. He is married to Josephine Hill.

RENA KALER, Green Island, Dunedin, New Zealand, would be very grateful if Marguerita Fischer and Mary Cornwallis, formerly in pictures, or of Virginia Gray, of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Miss Kaler has tried in vain to get these photographs.

Miss B.—You hope that I'm in a good humor! The idea! I'm full of good humor! Leatrice Joy has done nothing in pictures since "A Most Immoral Lady" but she has been playing in vaudeville. Esther Ralston can be reached at Metro-Goldwyn studio, Hollywood. She has been cast opposite Lawrence Tibbett, in "The Southerner." Baclanova has also been playing vaudeville, but took time out to play mother to young Mr. Soussanin last August. May Allison, now Mrs. James R. Quirk, lives at the Hotel Buckingham, West Fifty-seventh Street, New York City. Hope Hampton is touring in grand opera, but can always be reached through the office of her husband, Jules Brulatour, at 1540 Broadway, New York. Jacqueline Logan's latest—and infrequent—pictures are "The Faker," "The Bachelor Girl," and "General Crack." Thanks for the invite to Minneapolis. Shall I just ask for Miss B.?

MISS EVELYN ROSSMAN, 1555 South Thirtieth Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, would like to hear from other Buddy Rogers fans. Robert Montgomery is rapidly reaching first place among male stars with his fan letters. I understand. I haven't the latest figures on the five most popular actors.

COLFAY.—I'm for anybody who's for Claudette Colbert. She was born in France about twenty-three years ago and

took her mother's name for the stage, her own being Chauchoin. She is Mrs. Norman Foster. Her new film is "Strictly Business." Frank Fay will next be seen in "Captain Applejack."

DILYS OWEN.—By all means don't furrow my brow too much; it already looks like corrugated iron. The picture of Hoot Gibson's you describe was "The Saddle Hawk." Marian Nixon played *Rena Newhall*, the heroine, and Josie Sedgwick played *Mercedes*. Mary Astor was the heroine in "Oh, Doctor," with Betty Lee, now Mrs. Reginald Denny, in "The Nightbird." William Austin was born in Georgetown, British Guiana, June 12th, but doesn't say which June 12th. Robert Ames peeped out on Hartford, Connecticut, on March 23, 1889. Ann Harding was born in Fort Sam Houston in San Antonio, Texas, but doesn't say when. Yola d'Avril is from Paris. Eddie Nugent was born in New York, February 7, 1904.

PEPILLO.—That makes you almost a butterfly, in French. I'm getting sensitive about those ten hairs in the artist's drawing of me—there are too many comments! Artist, draw me another hair! Ivan Lebedeff was born in Lithuania and is a graduate of the University of St. Petersburg. He was in the Russian diplomatic service under the czar and an army officer during the War. Griffith discovered him for pictures and engaged him for "Sorrows of Satan." Rex Bell, once George Beldam, began life in Chicago, October 16, 1905. He got his film start through selling building materials to the studios. Robert Chastain, of 1002 Brushy Street, Georgetown, Texas, has a Barry Norton club. I'll record your Farrell-Gaynor club with pleasure. Renée Adorée is much better and Edwina Booth is recovering.

TEXAS KID.—Well, don't kid me! Scenarios, after use, are filed by the companies, and are not available to the public.

STEPHANIE HENRIETTE.—I could read your letter better if I had kept up with my German. Clive Brook, your crush, was born in London June 1, 1891. He was educated at Dulwich College. He was an army officer during the War, and then

went on the stage. He married Mildred Evelyn in September, 1920. Faith Evelyn was born in 1924, and her brother two years later. Allan Kearns has been a leading man for years in Broadway musical shows; did you see him on the screen in "Loving the Ladies"?

BRENNA HAWLEY.—Hurray, Brenna, you certainly can buy records of Buddy's voice! He made recordings for Columbia of "I'd Like to Be a Bee in Your Boudoir" and "My Future Just Passed," from "Safety in Numbers." Buddy's brother is to be called Bruce. Maurice Chevalier's new film is "Playboy of Paris."

ALICE CLIFTON.—I'm all a-twitter! You say you guessed who the Oracle is, but you don't tell me what your guess was! And I've forgotten. Your big moment, Colin Clive, was born of English parents at St. Malo France, January 1, 1900. He is a descendant of Lord Clive and a line of military officers. But Colin met with an accident at Royal Military College which disqualified him for service in the World War, so he went on the stage. He acted in London for eleven years. When "Journey's End" was filmed, the producers sent for Clive, then playing *Captain Stanhope* in London. He returned to the stage rôle upon completion of the picture. He is married to Jeanne de Casalis.

A. G. HAMMOND.—I blush that I don't know everything, particularly about Freddie Burke Frederick, the boy you fancied in "Wall Street." The men in the cast of "The Aviator" were: Edward Everett Horton, Johnny Arthur, Lee Moran, Edward Martindel, Armand Kaliz, Kewpie Morgan, Phillips Smalley, and William Daly. The players in "The Lone Wolf" were Dorothy Dalton, Jack Holt, Wilton Lackaye, Tyrone Power, Charlotte Walker, Lucy Fox, Edouard Durrant, Robert T. Haines, Gustave von Seyffertitz, Alphonse Ethier, and Paul McAllister. If Billie Dove has a gray hair, she keeps it dark. Ha-ha, pun! Panchromatic film is used in making colored pictures; I don't think the lighting is different.

MARY O'MALLEY.—Mary Pickford started "Forever Yours," but it was discarded. She is making "Kiki."

Addresses of Players

Richard Arlen, Mary Brian, Marion Shilling, Bruce Rogers, Marlene Dietrich, Charles Ruggles, Warner Oland, Ruth Chatterton, Clara Bow, Clive Brook, Charles ("Buddy") Rogers, Gary Cooper, William Powell, Nancy Carroll, Jean Arthur, Jack Oakie, Kay Francis, Fredric March, Jeannette MacDonald, Rosita Moreno, Richard Gallagher, Mitzi Green, Harry Green, Phillips Holmes, at Paramount Studio, Hollywood, California.
Greta Garbo, Lella Hyams, Bessie Love, Edward Nugent, Ramon Novarro, Norma Shearer, John Gilbert, William Haines, Marion Davies, Robert Montgomery, Kay Johnson, Mary Moran, Cliff Edwards, Lawrence Tibbett, Wallace Beery, Raquel Torres, Joan Crawford, Conrad Nagel, Anita Page, Buster Keaton, John Mack Brown, Lewis Stone, Charles Bickford, Catherine Dale Owen, Gilbert Roland, Joan Marsh, at the Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California.
Ronald Colman, Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge, Chester Morris, Walter Huston, Al Tolson, Evelyn Laye, Joan Bennett, Dolores Del Rio, at the United Artists Studio, 7100 Santa Monica Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.
Rlehard Barthelmess, Dorothy Mackaill, Loretta Young, Inez Courtney, Marilyn Miller, Ian Keith, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., at the First National Studio, Burbank, California.
Lupe Velez, Mary Nolan, Lewis Ayres, John Boles, Jeanette Loff, Barbara Kent, at the Universal Studio, Universal City, California.
William Boyd, Robert Armstrong, Fred Scott, Ann Harding, Helen Twelvetrees, Russell Gleason, Constance Bennett, Eddie

Quillan, at the Pathé Studio, Culver City, California.

George O'Brien, Edmund Lowe, Earle Foxe, Janet Gaynor, Kenneth MacKenna, Dixie Lee, Mona Maris, Pifi Dorsay, Charles Farrell, Victor MacLaglen, Lois Moran, Frank Albertson, Farrell MacDonald, Marguerite Churchill, David Rollins, Warner Baxter, Sharon Lynn, at the Fox Studio, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Edna Murphy, John Barrymore, Irene Delroy, Grant Withers, James Hall, Joe E. Brown, Winnie Lightner, Marian Nixon, at the Warner Studio, Sunset and Bronson, Los Angeles, California.

Hugh Trevor, Bebe Daniels, Rita La Roy, Ivan Lebedeff, Dorothy Lee, Bert Wheeler, Robert Woolsey, Betty Compson, Olive Borden, Sue Carol, Arthur Lake, June Clyde, Irene Dunne, Karl Dane, and Richard Dix, at the RKO Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Allene Ray, 6912 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Robert Frazer, 6336 La Mirada Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Patsy Ruth Miller, 808 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, California.

Robert Agnew, 6357 La Mirada Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Julanne Johnston, Garden Court Apartments, Hollywood, California.

Malcolm McGregor, 179 East Seventy-eighth Street, New York City.

Jackie Coogan, 673 South Oxford Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Ivor Novello, 11 Aldwych, London, W. C. 2, England.

Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Anna May Wong, 241 N. Figueroa Street, Los Angeles, California.

Forrest Stanley, 604 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, California.

Gertrude Astor, 1421 Queen's Way, Hollywood, California.

Virginia Brown Faire, 1212 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Theodore von Eltz, 1722½ Las Palmas, Hollywood, California.

William S. Hart, 6404 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Estelle Taylor, 5254 Los Feliz Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Pat O'Malley, 1832 Taft Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Ruth Roland, 3828 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Barry Norton, 855 West Thirty-fourth Street, Los Angeles, California.

George Duryea, 5959 Franklin Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Neil Hamilton, 6118 Selma Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Laura La Plante, Margaret Livingston, Lloyd Hughes, and Dorothy Revier, 1839 Taft Building, Hollywood, California.

Basil Rathbone, 22 East Thirty-sixth Street, New York City.

Mary Carr, 6113 Dorcas Place, Hollywood, Los Angeles, California.

Claire Windsor, The Savoy Plaza, New York City.

Joseph Schildkraut, 24 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

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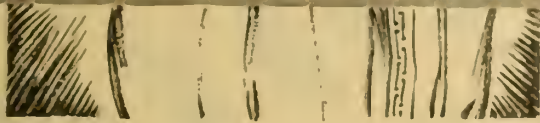
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What the Fans Think



How to Keep from Swooning.

BETTY MALONE, of Hollywood, California, please take notice, as well as take heed. It seems to me, Betty, that you have a terrible case of Novarroitis. I am only twenty years old myself, but I never let my heart rule my head. It is a bad habit, and one should rid oneself of it, if afflicted.

Betty, you know as well as I do that it is only the glitter of stardom that you are in love with. Remember that no one should wear her heart on her sleeve. Perhaps in future years, when you are married and settled down, you will laugh gayly and think, "Why, I wouldn't trade my hubby for all the Novarros in the world."

I am not making fun of you; I am serious. The last part of your letter in *PICTURE PLAY* makes me feel like shaking some sense into you. Ramon Novarro is a fine actor and singer, as well as being a good example of a gentleman. But, in the name of common sense, who is he that any one should be ill in bed for three days and lose six pounds, just because she happened to see him in person! I dread to think of what might happen if he ever spoke to you.

Snap out of it, little girl! Would you have been so wild over him if he had been just another Mexican boy with high ambitions? Would you be so foolish if he had been plain Ramon Sameniegos, dealer in fruits and vegetables? Would you swoon with delight if he, as a fruit dealer, tried to overcharge you for a bunch of bananas? I don't think so. You probably would turn your American nose skyward if, as Sameniegos, you saw him entering shabby living quarters, as well as exclaim, "Just like those foreigners!"

You probably wouldn't care if he went to a Russian church, swore, chewed tobacco, and read dime novels. You would exclaim, "*Tch, tch*; it's his business, not mine!" So brace up, Betty; there is as good a fish in the sea as was ever caught. Not one of us is given to be a wingless angel. Novarro probably growls and grumbles over the breakfast table, mumbles about his suits being left too long at the cleaner's, and all that.

Remember, Betty, he is only a man, and men have faults that would try the patience of a saint. I say all this not alone to Miss Malone, but to all girls similarly afflicted by that dread disease known as "movieitis." Remember that the Garbos, Novarros, and Coopers of this world are not all gods. Humanity has its faults, and they are no exceptions to the rule.

Again I say, cheer up, all you Bettys of the world, and remember that you are just in love with love, when you suddenly lose sleep and weight over a movie star!

L. M. R.

Pennsylvania.

Richard E. Griffith, Jr., Corrected.

The defense of Lillian Gish by Richard E. Griffith, Jr., certainly squelched Florence Bogarte and Gordon Mackay, and rightly. But Mr. Griffith himself made some misstatements concerning Ruth Chatterton.

In the first place, "Charming Sinners" and "The Laughing Lady," despite the sure-fire dialogue, required acting of a very high order—mental, restrained, conveying emotion by the shading given each syllable.

In the second place, Miss Chatterton wasn't an utter failure in "Sins of the Fathers." Considering that she was working in a medium with which she was unfamiliar, that she was without her greatest asset—voice—and that she was competing with such masters of pantomime as Emil Jannings and Barry Norton, her work was very fine indeed.

In the third place, she has played rôles—among her best—in "Madame X" and "Sarah and Son," that were far removed from the sparkling dialogue of Barrie and Lonsdale in "The Doctor's Secret" and "A Lady of Scandal," respectively. To clinch her claim to versatility, there is her recent portrayal of the unrefined, raucous-voiced chorine in "Anybody's Woman," a far cry from her other rôles.

Just remember the absinthe-drinking scene in "Madame X"; her beautiful singing in German in "Sarah and Son"; the manner in which she sustained the accent in the latter picture, while gradually depicting *Sarah's* forward steps in English; the consistent manner in which she played the chorus girl in "Anybody's Woman," and then deny that she is a great actress.

Yes, she has mannerisms. So has Gish. So has Swanson. So has Norma Shearer, who in addition is affected, poses, lacks beauty, and has a voice that is sometimes shrill. Yet no one who has seen "The White Sister," "The Trespasser," and "The Divorcee" will deny that these three are superb actresses.

EARL ALAN JOHNSON.

117 First Avenue.

Altoona, Pennsylvania.

Continued on page 10

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Continued from page 8

Long Live Queen Ann.

Arriving at the royal court of Hollywood unheralded by the conventional fanfare of cheap publicity and beauty-pageant notoriety, Ann Harding has unobtrusively gained possession of the golden crown of achievement. To-day she is queen of all actresses, and from her throne in movie-land she receives the deferential homage of her people—the millions of screen followers who still give preference to the refined, the pure, and the truly beautiful.

In Ann Harding one finds an ideal. Here is no mere proletarian East Sider, come to entertain the illiterati with a pair of shapely calves and a cute countenance. She is, indeed, a far cry from the Bows, the Carrolls, and the Alice Whites, with their vulgar and sensual appeal. Rather is she the little practitioner, appealing always to the finer qualities in man and setting the perfect criterion for her own sex, a human pattern embodying all the excellencies of nature.

In "Holiday" she won her crown. Now, with the release of "Girl of the Golden West," she has securely barricaded the gates of her castle against all possible usurpers. For a while Ruth Chatterton loomed as a formidable rival, but now even Ruth—Hollywood's other actress—has been barred. Of course, the average players need hardly be considered at all. Without their bathing suits and cheap tricks, they rate *nil*. Then there are girls like June Collyer, out of place among such rabble, yet hardly great actresses. To-morrow it may be to one of these that Queen Ann surrenders her glorious supremacy.

But to-day there is no need for worry. So long as our fair queen can come through with faultless performances, can flit about the silver sheet like some phantom of delight, and can thrill packed houses with her low, melodious voice, her throne is safe. For my part, I hope I shall never see her replaced. The good old year of 1930 has brought two blessings to the screen—"Journey's End," the picture of pictures, and Ann Harding, the star of stars. *Que voulez-vous encore!*

DONALD MACCAMPBELL.

1010 South Forty-fifth Street,
West Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.**To the Connecticut Tully.**

Such letters as Frank Tully's in "What the Fans Think" burn me up. Apparently Mr. Tully has his famous name-sake's acidity and bad temper, without Jim's analytical powers. In fact, the Connecticut Tully seems a little sophomoric in his efforts to be devastatingly clever.

I'm sure Lea McAlister will be glad to know that Douglas Fairbanks was once a stage actor. Well, well, well. And John and Lionel Barrymore, too, Mr. Tully? Hm-m-m, it's a small world. And yet this encyclopedia of histrionics asks, "Who is Barry Norton?" Mr. Norton is the boy who gave one of the screen's most unforgettable performances as "Mother's Boy," in "What Price Glory?" and who nearly stole the "Legion of the Condemned" from Gary Cooper. That's who he is, Mr. Tully. And he was never on the stage.

As for his and the others' criticism of Lillian Gish, words fail me. Miss Gish has undoubtedly made enemies by being referred to as "The Duce of the Screen," but at least Miss Gish is one of our most intelligent players, even though versatility is not her long suit. But when an actress can give us wonderful performances, such as Miss Gish did in the rôle of the beaten waif in "Broken Blossoms," one doesn't

What the Fans Think

expect her to play *Ninon de Lenelos* in the next picture, any more than Kay Francis would be asked to give up her sophistication to play *Little Eva*. Although after the casting of Constance Bennett as *Ellen Neal*, in "Common Clay," we can expect anything.

Mr. Tully dismisses Lillian's divine picture of *Helena* in the stage production of Cheekov's "Uncle Vanya" by the mere mention that she is appearing in it. Does he know that *Theatre Magazine* included it as one of the four best feminine portrayals of the past season? Could he possibly have seen her as *Helena* and still say she knows nothing of dramatic art?

E. F. MILLER.

Douglaston, Long Island.

Old Shoes and Old Faces.

I have seen and heard practically all of the newcomers on the screen, and it seems amusing to me to compare the faces that the public has liked for years with new faces that do not appeal.

For instance, who would try to compare Helen Kane, Lillian Roth, or Zelma O'Neal with snappy, vivacious Clara Bow or dainty Nancy Carroll?

Can Ann Harding, Kay Johnson, or Jeanette MacDonald be compared with Norma Shearer, Billie Dove, or Gloria Swanson?

John Boles and Lawrence Tibbett will never attain the popularity of Richard Barthelmess and Richard Dix.

Jack Oakie, a newcomer, posing as a new type of smart-Aleck, will never wear the shoes of William Haines. He hasn't the looks or charm of Billy Haines, and even a smart-Aleck hero, no matter how talented, must have looks that appeal to the eye to have a following like William Haines.

Yes, there is Lawrence Gray, Alexander Gray, and Robert Montgomery; but they will never click like Charles Rogers or Gary Cooper.

I am remaining loyal to my favorites, because I can't like these new screen personalities, so I hope my stars remain in their heavens a little longer.

MEL GRAYSON.

Lake Macquarie,
New South Wales, Australia.**Page the Answer Man.**

The talkies have given us new entertainment, new faces, new stars. But they have also taken from us many of our old favorites that have sort of become part of us, favorites who have taken us to far-off worlds, have thrilled us in a storybook fashion, and now we miss them. So, for the present, let us drift back a few years to the days of the Mary Pickford who used to thrill us with her delightfulness, her curls and winning smiles, the days we used to bring all-day suckers and hiss the villain. Of course you remember them. You feel you even want to do those things over again: you want to keep on being a Mary Pickford fan in the years to come.

What has become of the Mary Pickford we used to call "America's Sweetheart"? And what has become of other stars as delightful—the Vilma Banky who used to make us dream of kings and princesses and love in a rose garden; the Emil Jannings who used to touch our very soul? Do you not wish they were with us again? The Barry Norton who used to make us want to sit by candlelight and dream of home; the Colleen Moore, of "Flaming Youth," who used to make us want to feel naughty and make eyes at the boys; the Jack Gilbert who used to be our lover bold, the answer to a maid-

en's prayer; the Nils Asther whose eyes we thought were so alluring, and who could thrill us by his love-making—and what maiden wouldn't be thrilled? What has become of them? Can't we have them back again?

ELLA NIKISHER.

1225 Lancaster Street,
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.**Prove Your Case, Mr. Mook.**

Samuel Richard Mook's article in a recent PICTURE PLAY, "While Talent Goes Begging," is founded upon fact, no doubt; but why didn't he strengthen his argument by citing some real examples of ignored genius? Without doubt there are dozens of talented players in Hollywood who should be given opportunities on the screen, but those he named are not among them. All those he referred to as being martyrs of the producers' blindness have played in numerous pictures, but the public just naturally hasn't taken to them. It's a case of the public turning thumbs down—not the producers. There are reasons in each instance for their failures, but perhaps it would be kinder not to detail them.

As one who thought the talkies were going to make life miserable for the fans, I withdraw my charge. It is to the talkies that we owe thanks for the intelligent acting of Ruth Chatterton, the versatility and ability of Walter Huston, the poetic realism of "Journey's End," the sane acting of Claudette Colbert and Fredric March, Tibbett's beautiful voice, Barrymore at his best, and a greater Garbo.

DEE CHAPMAN.

Los Angeles, California.

Even Strong Men!

Movie fans seeking photographs of stars, listen. My one favorite star is dear Buddy Rogers. For many months I've been writing to him, requesting his photograph. Of course, I mailed it to the Paramount studio. I wrote four letters, and each time I received a card showing the prices of different sizes of photos. But I didn't send a cent, because I didn't want to buy a photo. I wanted a photo from Buddy himself. One day while looking through a movie magazine I noticed Buddy's home address. I addressed my next letter to his home, and exactly a week later I received a photo, signed, "Always, Charles Buddy Rogers." It was autographed with blue ink, not a duplicate autograph. No, I didn't send a cent.

I wrote a real, honest-to-goodness, sincere letter, because he is the only star whose pictures I see over and over again.

Fans, don't write to every star that you see listed in a fan-magazine directory. Write to your favorite only, and get better results in requesting photos. Another thing, don't blame stars for not answering your requests. It's the secretary's fault. I believe they don't even read the letters, just send out cards with prices.

STEPHEN E. WAGNER.

P. S.: Yes, it is a young man of twenty writing.

1411 Manitoba Avenue,
South Milwaukee, Wisconsin.**Conceited? Who Cares?**

I have been following with interest the letters about the conceit of Richard Barthelmess. All the comment on this subject shows me more fully how ridiculous the matter is. Who cares about a star's life outside or off the screen? We go to the movies to live the life of the hero or heroine of the moment, and not to com-

Continued on page 12

Are You Tired of Being a "Soother"?

Do those grown-up babes who call themselves men come sobbing to you with all their petty troubles? And then demand that you soothe them?

That's the fate of lots of girls. It was the fate of Janet Wilde, who was brought up among temperamental artists. After the death of her actor father she made up her active mind that from then on she would no more be a "soother." But fate decreed otherwise and you will be at once thrilled and vastly amused when you read



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Continued from page 10

ment whether this actor or actress is contented, married, divorced, or the like.

As long as our favorites can hold us by the spell of their acting, they need never fear to lose their popularity. Anyway, the person who writes letters to the stars, or in any way acts as a nuisance, is not worth bothering about. The stars can't be blamed for not paying attention to clamoring fans who hang around with their persistent demands for pictures and signatures.

After seeing Richard Barthelmess in "The Dawn Patrol" I realize that he is an actor in every sense of the word. His characterization of *Dick Courtenay* was splendid. I really lived the part of the aviator under Mr. Barthelmess's clear guidance. Never once did I allow myself to think of the unkind things that are said of him. No matter how much gab is spilled, unkind or the reverse, I shall still believe in him as being a wonderful artist.

MIRIAM FURMAN.

139 Bergen Avenue,
Jersey City, New Jersey.

Souls, Beauty, and First Nights.

So Bert King, of England, just can't stand hearing about Ramon Novarro's soul. Poor man—if we could only have Eddie Lowe do "Faust" for him he'd love it, I know.

I do not think Novarro fans would enjoy him at all in the sensuous type of picture, except that he would undoubtedly give a very fine performance. And, Mr. King, some of us believe rather strongly in souls and aren't a bit ashamed of them.

Another thing, Mr. King! Very few of the stars write or direct or even have a final voice in choosing their vehicles, which is something all of us should remember when we are disappointed in a picture.

If Catherine Dale Owen could forget entirely how pretty she is, and let herself really understand what it's all about, she would undoubtedly spoil fewer films for us.

May I recommend to all readers who appreciate real talent and are interested in the new players as well as old favorites that they look out for pictures with either Marguerite Churchill or Raymond Hackett in them? These players are both blessed with a quality of real sincerity which is rare indeed. Stage training is not to be sneezed at, if we are to judge by these youngsters.

Carrol Graham's "Razzberries for Our Hero" was so realistic one could almost believe it word for word. It's a close-up of a Hollywood movie any night in the week.

DOROTHY MASON.

1721 West Eighty-third Street,
Los Angeles, California.

For Stars Especially.

A year ago I wrote ten letters and sent them to ten celebrated actors and actresses in Hollywood. I was personal and sincere in my praise of their work. After weeks of waiting I received a letter and a picture from Vilma Banky and a picture from Richard Dix. I haven't heard from the other eight.

I realize the volume of mail the stars receive, and so do I realize the number of letters that the nation's chief executive receives. But write the President of the United States and you will get a reply in one form or another. But the actors think they are superior, and there's where they make a mistake. "What is one fan, anyway?" think these swell-headed actors.

Here's a piece of advice to these celebrities: Every little thing in this world counts. The fact that you are being wor-

What the Fans Think

shipped does not mean that you can do things unpleasant to those who make heroes of you.

In a vaudeville show recently a young actor, after being applauded for five minutes, came out again on the stage, blushed, smiled and bowed to the audience, and said: "Thank you, friends, for your kind applause. I assure you that it will go to my heart and not to my head." More long and loud applause.

REYNALDO R. CURVA.

4 Lyon Street, N. E.,
Grand Rapids, Michigan.

That Versatile Ramon.

At least there is one subject the Gene Charteris type of followers must admit about Ramon Novarro. He is the most versatile actor on or off the screen. His accomplishments and talents are ever surprising; just as we are accustomed to one, along comes word that Ramon is exploring a new field of endeavor. When news arrived that Ramon had written a story called "The Truthful Liar," and that Metro-Goldwyn thought it so good that it would be filmed, I was simply petrified.

In case some have the idea literary work is easy and a cinch, just try it. Yes, just try it! But—Ramon hits the bull's-eye directing the Spanish version of "Call of the Flesh"—Ramon directing! And from all that I hear he is doing admirably well, and the picture promises to be better than its predecessor in English. Let's take up Spanish! What, you have already? I wonder why!

GEORGIA MITCHELL.

Box 776, Lomita, California.

A Rose for Oettinger.

A word of appreciation for Malcolm H. Oettinger. His interviews are always interesting and original. I am convinced, as I read his impressions and opinions of the various stars, that I am reading just exactly what Mr. Oettinger thinks. It's such a satisfying thing to a fan to discover that there is, now and then, an article about a star that is at least nine tenths true!

Especially original and pleasing was Mr. Oettinger's interview with Maurice Chevalier. One could almost see so vividly this charming Frenchman.

JOAN B. OATES.

Charleston, West Virginia.

And Now the Boys.

Ramon Novarro is one of the finest, most sincere, and most unaffected men among all the actors, and yet not at all the namby-pamby sort of person that "nice" people usually impress you as being. He doesn't pretend to be the goody-goody type of person that Buddy Rogers does, who won't even smoke a cigarette, because he's afraid he'll disillusion his dear public.

Some say that he is conceited and wants to be thought a god. But I think that's silly. I'm not a hero worshiper, but wasn't it H. G. Wells who said that man might have been a god had he wanted to be? Surely there's no particular vanity in wanting to be the finest person one is capable of being. I only hope that when I am older I can be as much.

DAVID SCOTT.

532 Brown Street,
Collinsville, Illinois.

By-by, Scrapbook.

After reading all the letters praising Joan Crawford, I thought the fans would like to know that I sent her a scrapbook I worked on for months. It cost me quite a bit, because I purchased every

magazine that contained her picture. The book itself was rather expensive. I sent this book with all the best intentions in the world, and inclosed return postage. Naturally, I wanted her to autograph it, but I never saw it again. I inquired very kindly whether she received it. I thought perhaps she wanted to keep it, so I told her she might, but would she please let me know. Well, I guess I kissed that book good-by.

On the other hand, I sent a scrapbook to Clara Bow to be autographed. The book came back in a short time with a lovely letter and a darling autograph. Wasn't that sweet of her? Clara even pasted a picture in the book herself. Besides, she sent me a huge picture under separate cover. I was thrilled to pieces. She certainly is a generous, kind star, and beautiful, talented, and human.

BLANCHE SVEHLA.

3215 South Ridgeway Avenue,
Chicago, Illinois.

Uncle Dimmy to Clara.

Won't some one do something about Clara Bow? For a long time I've been noticing how her following has dropped off, and as one of her faithful fans I always came to her side with the excuse of bad pictures, but even the most loving of fans cannot offer this any more. Her trouble, I think, is plain conceit!

Why, the Queen of England couldn't get away with the things Miss Bow has tried to pull the last few months. The battle of Dallas, it seems, was just the beginning. Since then Clara has broken into print in several shady notices. Doesn't the red-haired one know that nothing will kill her as quickly as bad publicity? Clara is surely on the wrong path, and the heartbreaking thing is that the fans who sincerely admire her and her work can do nothing, except ask her to turn over a new leaf—and probably get a slap in the face for their trouble!

I'm not trying to preach. Clara is a woman of twenty-five, and when you see her doing things that even an eighteen-year-old girl wouldn't do, it's pretty hopeless. And what's more, I hope she reads this! And another thing, I'm ready for any Bow fans that think I've been too harsh in my judgment! If there are any, speak up; I'm ready!

"DIMMY."

312 Read Street,
Santa Fe, New Mexico.

Don't Shoot, Mister!

Evidently the motion-picture industry is still in its infancy, and as all young children, it is often unintentionally amusing. A studio, for example, sends to a person a photograph of a well-known European actor, accompanied by a form letter, supposed to be signed by the player, stating, "We send the photograph you request," et cetera, though no letter of any kind had been sent to the actor and no photograph requested. I roared with laughter, thinking of the pathetic complaints of fans who really wanted photographs and were willing to pay for them.

Any one having a grudge against an actor can be revenged by getting one Edward Nagle to interview him. Phillips Holmes, in "The Devil's Holiday," seemed not unworthy of praise, and perhaps even liking. In Nagle's interview he showed up as a most unpleasant young man.

If Crocella Martin and Wilma Thompson, who think Barry Norton ought to be shot for his beauty, will turn to page 72 of November PICTURE PLAY they may get over feeling that way.

S. C.

Box 4271, Germantown,
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Little Boy Behind the Eyes.

Ma, I, through "What the Fans Think," say how glad I am at last to see a few sensible letters about Novarro? Some fans are realizing that Mr. Novarro is a human being, and that nothing human is infallible. Bert King's remarks were particularly refreshing, and Muriel Graham answered "One of Ramon's Fans" in such a marvelous and delightful manner that no offense could possibly be taken.

One wonders how a fan, who admits Ramon is her chief interest in life, even going so far as to try to be the type of girl he would admire, can so thoroughly and carefully point out the flaws in her favorite, particularly in his appearance. Some kind of complex there! It is true this Novarro boy gets into one's blood, and the only medicine is to see one of his pictures, but as there are not enough of these, one must suffer much in silence. And this suffering is not alleviated by hearing complaints about his work, appearance, or voice.

Any person of discernment knows that the very best of actors, in a poor film with a poor cast, will disappoint the most rabid of his admirers. Ramon is not the only one suffering from unsuitable stories. I should like to remind those fans who place poor Ramon on such a high pedestal, in their romance-starved imagination, that the gods themselves could never write a story or find a director splendid enough to cope with the talents they believe their favorite is endowed with.

Does one expect incomparable performance of those he loves? No! A king can do no wrong, and if I should find Ramon miscast as the uncouth, hairy-legged Highlander in "Seven Days Leave," I should still like him and believe that he was doing his best. Better a warm liking for the boy than cold, critical admiration for his accomplishments. The most cynical could not but like the scenes in even the illogical "Gay Madrid" in which he explains "the accident" to his father. And that scene at the edge of the fountain! The funny little snickers—the expression—that scene was real, and what more can one ask of the screen? I suspect there is much of the small boy hidden behind those dark eyes. A touch of comedy brings it out, and one loves him the more because it suits him.

"Je Vous Souviens."

Montreal, Canada.

Natives, Here Comes a Tourist!

Jean Black's letter in the December PICTURE PLAY made me hopeful that I might receive some answers to this appeal.

A girl friend and I are planning to go to Hollywood for a few weeks during May and June. Don't think we're movie-struck. We're not trying to break in. I've read and heard so much of Hollywood—Hollywood! What a magic name!—that now I feel I must see it. Two girls of my crowd came back after a week's visit and talked us all Hollywood-mad.

As we are staying only a few weeks, we want to plan the trip so well we shan't miss a minute's pleasure. I wonder if some of the folks in Hollywood would write to me. Even in Hollywood it would be nice to have a few friends. By carrying on a correspondence, I shall not only have made friends by the time I arrive, but a native Hollywoodian can give me more facts than all the travel bureaus put together. They can tell me the places to go, et cetera. And perhaps I may have the pleasure of seeing these places with them.

Crocella Mullen, don't think me terribly impertinent, but I wish you would

write to me. My venture has been capricious by quite a few, but if I were fortified with the advice and information Mrs. Mullen could give me, I should feel quite sure. I shall be glad to hear from others, also, living anywhere, if they care to write to me.

LARRY M. NOLL.

1153 North Kedvale Avenue,
Chicago, Illinois.

Mystic Power Discounted.

Here is a brickbat for Madeline Glass. In her article on Ramon Novarro, "What Is His Mystic Power?" in August PICTURE PLAY, she tells several absurd stories about Ramon, which are amazing, as she says. For instance, she says a girl came from the East to see Mr. Novarro. She had the money to get to Los Angeles, but evidently did not have the ten-cent bus fare out to Culver City. She trudged all the many miles there and back, the article says. Then she does a very amazing thing. She walks back miles along Washington Boulevard, and turns off the side street Mr. Novarro lives on, and quite by accident walks across his cool, green lawn and sits down to rest; and then, at just this moment, who should walk out but Mr. Novarro himself!

In view of the fact that Mr. Novarro's house is inclosed by a high brick wall, I don't see how she could walk across his lawn. No one would have the nerve to enter a gate and rest on a person's lawn. She must have done her resting on the narrow strip outside. Many times I have passed by his house, but I have never seen him. The article was interesting, but this part was impossible.

MRS. N. SHAVER.

1053 Third Avenue,
Los Angeles, California.

Critic Mean to Boles.

Following are some of the famous and brilliant sayings of that perfectly wonderful critic of yours, Norbert Lusk. From his preview of "Rio Rita": "So far as acting routine goes, Mr. Boles does exactly what musical heroes have been doing since 1892, but as nothing more is required of him than to be conventional, it is all right with me. Only I decline to wax enthusiastic, because acting is more important than singing—outside of grand opera." From "Song of the West": "The acting of Mr. Boles has all the breathtaking vivacity of a wooden-soldier number in a prologue. His singing, however, is supposed to make any picture." And from "Captain of the Guard": "John Boles, a pleasing singer"—I'm surprised he admits that—"is still an inadequate actor whom practice doesn't seem to cure of stiffness. His scene when in the throes of composition leads one to rise and ask, 'Is there a doctor in the audience?'"

Absurd! I realize that it is the privilege of a critic to express his opinion of a star, but I certainly believe it unfair of him to exaggerate the faults of one, especially when that player is improving with every picture. I have read through "What the Fans Think" every month in search of letters defending Mr. Boles from the unfair attacks of Mr. Lusk. Finding none, I have at last written.

GERALDINE OLVANEY.

Michigan City, Indiana.

A Major Disaster.

What next! First Mary gets her curls clipped, John Boles raises a crazy mustache, Clara Bow starts yodeling, and now, worse than any of these, Cliff Edwards is giving his "uke" the gate. Im-

agine, will you, a picture in which he is without it! That took a just bit of pity. Why, it would be the same as taking Mox's horse from him, so Dick Aronson can't run him.

The very first time I ever heard of the "uke" arrangement of love and not a great mistake. Can you imagine me wanting to be a girl-friend actor? Why, he's busy one time I can remember, and the most rational one I've ever seen. I'm certainly not the only one who thinks he's great. I hope some one will send his plea to Cliff to be himself, as I am doing. That crooning voice cannot be better, not even by Rudy Vallee himself, and ask me who he is. His singing comes straight from his heart and not from the mouth. Would I go to hear Lawrence Tibbett or John McCormack when Cliff Edwards is in town? I'll say not.

Mr. Edwards is certainly in a class by himself, and I call that class A1.

KAY KEELERMAN.

Atlantic City, New Jersey.

Check and Rubber Check.

No one has ever proved her self as great an actress as has Clara Bow. No one has had to fight such a tough battle. No one has had to listen to so many ungrateful and untruthful things as have been said about her. No one has been slammed and trampled as has this great genius; but despite all these she has whipped fate and grasped him with a firm hand.

She has put joy and happiness in many hearts. She has caused us to laugh at fate. She has brightened many hours that would have been dull and wearisome. She will forever live in the hearts of the people as a goddess of love, beauty, friendship, and happiness.

May I quote the beautiful words of Lois Ferguson as she describes Miss Bow? She says: "Like a breath of mountain air she comes with the gay spirit of womanhood." She smiles, and the world of troubles vanish, and the kingdom of dreams is real. She sings, and we hear the melody of love poured from a vessel of rarest purity. She speaks, and we listen to the magic which is her voice.

To one constantly confronted with life's realities she is the embodiment of refreshing youth and beauty. She is Clara Bow!

BROADY McCLEARY.

Memphis, Tennessee.

Dorothy Jordan Cannonaded.

I seldom criticize stars, because I realize a lot of the dumb titles, stories, casts, et cetera, are not their fault. But I must say a word about Ramon Novarro's leading lady, Dorothy Jordan. I wonder if he chose her himself, or whether he had to take what they gave him.

One picture would be bearable, but to go on seeing her in every one of his films, which I enjoy because he sings so well, is getting the best of me. Especially the last one, "Call of the Flesh," where she was inane beyond reason. Novarro was charming. I stayed to see the picture through twice, just to hear him sing "Ridi Pagliaccio," again, and had to put up with her.

Many players have become stars without much acting ability, but they had charming faces, Dorothy Jordan is not even charming or good looking. She is so affected, self-conscious, and obviously trying to be sweet and dear.

I suppose it is too much to ask Novarro to change his leading lady, but I would appreciate it very much, as would a few others, I believe.

JACK MATHEWS.

Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

RICHARD BARTHELMESS

OUR DICK!

—in an even greater part than he played in *The Dawn Patrol*.

—a hard-fisted, quick-shooting daredevil!

—a steel-hearted avenger of wrong, but a lover—tender, romantic and winning!

—under the sting of a burning lash he rises to new heights of dramatic power!

PUT "THE LASH" ON YOUR LIST OF PICTURES THAT MUST BE SEEN!



The LASH

MARY ASTOR
MARIAN NIXON
FRED KOHLER
JAMES RENNIE

Based upon the story "Adios"
by Lanier Bartlett and Virginia
Stivers Bartlett. Screen Version
by Bradley King

A FRANK LLOYD
PRODUCTION

VITAPHONE Picture
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A FIRST NATIONAL & VITAPHONE PICTURE



Greta Garbo and Robert Montgomery in the same picture! The title "Inspiration" is peculiarly apt, because bringing them together was just that. Letters from PICTURE PLAY readers nominate Mr. Montgomery the most popular recruit from the stage—who is destined for individual stardom in a very short time. Playing *la* Garbo's vis-à-vis is just another firm stepping-stone along the way, than which no greater distinction can be won by any leading man. Now let's hold our breath for the film!

The Myth of

Are Hollywood's stars paving the way capitalist? Who's rich and who's not will

By Edwin



Photo by Fryer

Laura La Plante has amassed \$800,000 of her own, and the earnings of her director-husband add to the family fortune.

DO gold and acting go hand in hand? Can riches suddenly and brilliantly amassed in the movie world contribute to the founding of huge fortunes? Is stellar success and fame adazzle with platinum and jewels? Or is it decked with somber tones of crêpe and disillusionment?

The movies have always clanged of dollars. Money, money, money, and the gossip thereof, chinks and tinkles everywhere in Hollywood. Million-dollar contracts sometimes become almost a byword; weekly salaries soaring into the thousands are the topic of luncheon conversations.

Filmland may not be materialistic—and again it may be, depending on how you look at the matter—but always associated with each enthusiastic and bubbling ambition is the glint of the yellow metal that may be found at the other end of the rainbow. Achievement, of course, triumphs—these may be looked forward to, but, oh, for that life of ease and comfort also promised!

"Even if I shouldn't make a hit for very long, anyway I can make my pile of coin, and get out." This is often the attitude expressed by those who are locally called the

"wise ones." "Perhaps, if I do strike it lucky, I'll be worth a million. One is bound to be very soon, with these remunerative contracts. It's a gold mine any way you look at it, and worth taking a chance on."

And such indeed is the studio metropolis in its lure and enticement, but the realities are often disconcerting.

Not long ago, for instance, it was divulged in the newspapers that Lon Chaney, rated one of the greatest money-makers, had, after a comparatively long career, left an estate of only \$550,000. The word "only" might get a laugh, since, as things go, that is quite a fortune. Still Chaney, who had guarded his affairs well, and who had been in the films so long, left just a half million!

Not long before that, in the divorce proceedings of William Farnum, it was brought out that he should be worth \$250,000, though he took exception to the size of this figure. Farnum, it may be remembered, was garnering no less than \$10,000 a week at one time when he was working under a Fox contract, and in a single year that would yield him twice \$250,000. Need for ready cash now is said to be one of the things inducing him to return to the screen.

Milton Sills's highly remunerative activities were represented in an estate of \$100,000 at his death. Undoubtedly he was worth much more than this a few years previously, but illness and reputed difficulties on account of income tax were responsible for the shrinkage.

There have been far more striking cases of depleted fortunes than this among screen notables, many instances coming to public notice with something of a shock.

Charles Ray was literally wiped out financially, after enormous success, by one production, "The Courtship of Myles Standish."

There are many instances where stars enjoyed a fair proportion of success, and later went

through the courts of bankruptcy. Recently, too, even some of the most prominent have been reported "on their uppers," because of the stock-market debacle, or loss in



Lon Chaney's long and lucrative career netted his estate only \$550,000.

Their Millions

to the huge fortunes that distinguish the in the movie colony? The facts in this article surprise you.

Schallert

real estate. John Gilbert, among others, has been nominated one of the heaviest losers. He has had plenty of companionship, though, throughout the colony.

One is safe in saying that the real fortunes of the film colony are founded in the same fashion that most fortunes outside of pictures, namely, cumulatively. Once in a while somebody may grow rich overnight out of an oil gusher, or a diamond mine, but ten chances to one it is the business of building, plus the luck, that creates the big procession of dollars.

There are no such gigantic assemblages of millions west of the Mississippi River, as exist east of that line. The West is proud of a scant dozen, and most of those are not in movies. Their wealth, like the Easterners, has become great by careful nurturing through a generation or two.

The wealth of the movie producers, Zukor, Lasky, Schenck, and Laemmle, far exceeds that of any of the talent whom they employ. The directors of pictures as a class probably are more consistent money-getters than the people whom they manage on the set. In a way, the stars come last of all. While their salaries often appear the most dazzling, the demands on those salaries are generally heavy by comparison.

Nevertheless, the stellar palaces all have their Cræsus, with those who have been working over a term of years the richest.

People will tell you in Hollywood that Harold Lloyd must by this time have \$10,000,000 to \$12,000,000. It is generally conceded that he is the top-notch.

I doubt whether he is quite that rich. While his earnings were enormous a few years ago, when he was coming into the biggest money, he has gradually slowed down his average of production. Individual pictures are returning more to him perhaps than they ever did, but with the coming of talkies accumulated profits from the older films must be somewhat diminished. However, as "Feet First" is considered one of the cleverest of his efforts, there is no telling how much will accrue to his exchequer.

And whatever does accrue is largely retained, because Lloyd is anything but a wild and foolish spender of money. His greatest flourish was his home in Beverly Hills, which, with all embellishments, probably cost more than a million.

It is interesting to note that at one time Lloyd and Cecil De-



Mary Pickford began early to accumulate a fortune. To-day it is estimated to be \$3,000,000 to \$5,000,000, depending on the value of real estate.



Photo by Witzel

Charles Ray, once rich and popular, has lost the fortune that once was his.

Mille were running a race for first place in the fortune list. Recent opinion seems to concede that Harold has sped away from his rival.

And where in all this is Chaplin? Where, indeed! Charlie was hit some dire blows a few years ago, when Lita Gray Chaplin and the government both laid siege at once to his treasury. Uncle Sam did better than Lita, getting more than \$1,500,000 for income tax "overlooked" in returns through years, while Mrs. Chaplin got \$650,000 for herself, and \$200,000 in a trust fund for the children. The cost of the divorce was computed at a million.

The experience turned the comedian's hair gray, and made him go back to work with a vengeance on his picture "The Circus." He declared at the time that he had to.



Accumulated income tax, as well as the cost of his divorce, depleted Charlie Chaplin's treasury, but he has many millions left.

Lita, in her divorce complaint, asserted that Charlie was worth \$16,000,000, and that his income was \$75,000 a month, but Chaplin himself suggested that \$3,000,000 would more reasonably describe his fortune.

He became even more conservative on the witness stand, and said that it was something over a million, indicating not too much.

Allowing for Mrs. Chaplin's enthusiasm, and Chaplin's ultra-retentiveness, Hollywood decided that about \$6,000,000 or \$7,000,000 might be near the correct figure. But many contend that this is an excessive estimate. However, anybody that pays \$1,600,000 extra income tax can safely be said to have plenty of money. It is generally considered to mean an income six or seven times greater, allowing for the surtax. And Chaplin hasn't spent all of that!

Mary Pickford started her fortune early, and in what is conceded to be a very sound manner. Out of the \$560,000 that she made in 1917—and this was actual—she saved \$420,000. On the advice of Charles M. Schwab, she created a trust fund to be assured of a retirement income.

Mary told of this on the witness stand during the settle-

ment of her mother's estate. Mrs. Pickford, it may be recalled, left an estate of \$1,100,000, very largely the trust fund, held by her and Mary together, which was shown to have increased to \$780,000. It is surmised that this is just an incident in the Pickford fortune, which is variously estimated at \$3,000,000 to \$5,000,000. The large range is due to the fact that a considerable portion consists of real-estate investments, which at present are of indeterminate value.

Douglas Fairbanks startled the world two years in succession, 1923 and 1924, by paying the largest income tax of anybody in the movies. He was exceeded by several other wealthy southern Californians, but his contribution was very substantial. Doug is known to have made big money on such pictures as "Robin Hood" and "The Thief of Bagdad," thus laying the foundation for his personal wealth. He is popularly rated as being less wealthy than Mary, although because of his several years of striking success at a time when pictures were returning much money, the two are possibly not far apart.

There is no myth, of course, about the financial vigor of some of these long-standing favorites. Barring the circumstance that one or the other of them may have been caught in the stock-market crash, or suffered from the shrinkage in other values, they should have enough resources for a future of serenity and enjoyment.

Still they are a handful, and there are not so many others to augment the total. Those most nearly approaching them include Norma Talmadge, Marion Davies, Colleen Moore, Tom Mix, and perhaps John Barrymore, with money made from the stage and pictures, Corinne Griffith, Will Rogers, and a few others.

It is believed that the fortune of several of these stars, like Miss Talmadge and Miss Moore, closely approximate, if they do not exceed, \$2,000,000. Rogers has such numerous sources of income that his fortune is now growing with decided rapidity. Reports around Hollywood are that he received as much as \$25,000 a week while working on a picture. The duration of filming is frequently six to eight weeks, or even more.

The millionaire list will, needless to say, soon be augmented by such stars as Norma Shearer, Greta Garbo, Ronald Colman, and a few others. Stars who may be in that class now include Richard Dix, Richard Barthelmess, and, needless to

For years William Farnum's salary was \$10,000 weekly, but he has returned to the movies through necessity.



say, Jackie Coogan, even if he has not been so busy lately. Dix is known to have cleaned up in real estate in the East some year ago, and has nearly always been on pretty steady salary.

Bebe Daniels, another of the consistently working stars, may also have a fair fortune. It is said to depend somewhat on the outcome of her investments in real estate.

William Powell, Evelyn Brent, and Mary Brian are examples of stars who have come into success too recently to have accumulated a fortune. Powell is on the way, but hardly over \$200,000. A portion of his savings went toward the property settlement during his divorce suit.

Miss Brent spends liberally of her earnings. Miss Brian is putting money away, but it is doubtful if her fortune exceeds \$100,000 or if she has that much. Betty Bronson is reputed to have about \$50,000 saved from her earnings. Naturally, her salary was much larger than Mary Brian's at the start.

Clara Bow has a trust fund into which about half her salary has been going for over a year. It is said to contain about \$100,000. Outside of this Clara spends pretty liberally. Also, of course, she has to pay liberally.

With reference to Chaney, it might also be well to note that his wealth probably exceeded the \$550,000 shown in the court records, as his fortune, according to the best information, was largely shared with his widow. She was, incidentally, the beneficiary of his estate, with the exception of a few thousand dollars.

Wills so far have not indicated any startling amounts of money bequeathed to the heirs. Certainly none of those left by the stars have reached the million mark officially.

The largest fortune in the past few years was George Beban's—about \$500,000. And Beban was noted, I believe, for making good investments. The Earl Williams estate was once estimated at \$250,000, but through misfortunes it was subsequently reduced to nothing, and the body of the star had to be virtually rescued by his friends from potter's field.

Mabel Normand, gay spirit of the films, despite her many reverses, succeeded in leaving a fortune of about \$100,000 to her mother, consisting of \$9,000 in cash, \$50,000 in jewelry, and nearly \$40,000 in real estate. Mabel was at one time estimated to be worth about half a million.

Jeanne Eagels, who received \$1,000,000 during her stage career, died leaving less than \$100,000, and the tragic incident in her

Jeanne Eagels, who earned a million, died leaving less than \$100,000 and a quantity of imitation jewelry.



Photo by Muray

After years of highly paid work, Milton Sills left an estate of only \$100,000.



Photo (c) by Strauss Payton

case was that her jewels, thought to be worth a huge sum, turned out to be paste and hardly of any value. Sometimes, indeed, the player folk wear the tinsel crown financially.

Many players were satisfied to retire while on the crest of the wave, and not a few of them still do this.

Marguerite Clark, once Mary Pickford's rival, chose to do this, following the completion of her Famous Players contract nearly ten years ago. One hears now that she enjoys peace and contentment in New Orleans, and recently there was even talk of her husband's political ascendancy.

William S. Hart, choosing liberty rather than slow death owing to his conflicts with the movie producers, hied himself to his

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THE coming of the New Year always moves a Hollywood Boulevardier not to resolutions, but to honest confessions, and he now reluctantly admits that—

Nancy Carroll is one of the most versatile actresses in pictures—but when she starts singing it's another thing entirely.

Janet Gaynor is probably the most appealing girl on the screen—but she ought to curb her temperament.

Buddy Rogers is a likable chap—but his persistent puppyishness is alarming in a man of his age.

Loretta Young is one hundred per cent pretty and charming—but she should remember that not even the great can repeatedly acknowledge introductions to a person and get away with it.

Ruth Chatterton is certainly a fine actress—but her condescending manner offscreen is jarring.

David Rollins is a nice boy—but his photographic poses are more suitable for girls.

William Powell is the suavest man in pictures—but his smugness is very wearing.

Frank Albertson is a most engaging chap—but he wears white buckskin shoes on all occasions.

Conrad Nagel has an agreeable voice—but his aggressive demeanor of culture is, to put it mildly, extremely irritating.

Anita Page's development as an actress is welcomed by both fans and critics—but her winks and grimaces—attempts at devilry, are embarrassing.

Constance Bennett's poise, charm, and brilliance are undeniable—but her heart never rules her head.

Fredric March is a cultured man—but he uses trite phrases in conversation.

Ann Harding's intelligence and sweetness are unquestionable—but offscreen she always looks like a housewife going to market.

Richard Barthelmess is one of the most interesting figures in pictures—but he always seems bored.

Merna Kennedy is one of the most beautiful girls ever seen in Hollywood—but her temper is undisciplined.

The Stroller

The New Year causes a kindly observer of the administer a friendly warning against permitting of themselves. For he, like every fan, has only this year the most memorable

By Everett

Jack Oakie is the grandest wisecracker on the screen—but his effort to keep up a flow of wit when he isn't working is boring.

Lillian Roth puts over a song as few others can—but she always starts fooling with her hair as soon as she comes into a scene.

Neil Hamilton has a most buoyant disposition—but he dramatizes everything that happens to him.

Dorothy Jordan is a honey—but she giggles.

The talent of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is unquestioned—but he always needs a hair cut.

Robert Ames gives some swell performances—but he shouldn't rout his friends out of bed at one o'clock in the morning to read them "Blind Raftery."

Marian Nixon looks clinging enough—but her determination, when she makes up her mind to anything, is well known among her friends.

Charles Bickford has established himself as a he-man interested in big issues—but I wish he wouldn't make such a fuss over standing up for his rights.

Marie Dressler deserves her success—but she talks too much about her "society" friends.

Glenn Tryon's wit is unsurpassed—but when a person is no longer useful to him he gets no sample of it.

Bebe Daniels's friends are legion—but it is a relief to know that she is safely married at last.

Ramon Novarro is the most ascetic of stars—but he drinks tomato-juice cocktails.

Mary Brian's sweetness is as unfailing offscreen as on—but her lack of temperament affects me like a meal consisting entirely of desserts.

Phillips Holmes's sense of humor is exceptional—but he blondines his hair.



Calls the Roll

stars to bestow praise for their good points and minor faults to modify the success they have made sincere appreciation of all they have done to make of all in the movies.

Blagden

Dorothy Mackaill's candor is disarming—but she changes boy friends too often.

Grant Withers has risen from two-reelers—but one wishes he would get used to the fact that he is lucky.

George Bancroft in pictures is rough and ready for all comers—but his bathroom is done in orange.

Betty Compson is a most honest person—but she wears false eyelashes.

Sue Carol and Nick Stuart are a most charming couple—but guests at their parties have seldom met before.

Olive Borden has a perfectly gorgeous pair of legs—but her come-and-go-Southern accent is amusing.

Robert Montgomery is the most popular leading man drafted from the stage—but he tries to impress people with the fact that his intelligence is valued by his employers.

Sharon Lynn is well-bred enough for Hollywood—but she insists upon telling people she is a lady.

Chester Morris has developed a box-office following—but he is interested in no one but himself, his wife, and his children.

Kay Francis is the most smartly gowned woman on the screen, and her acting is a joy—but she is getting a little too grand.

Jeanette MacDonald has a lovely voice—but she makes things difficult for those who work with her at the studio.

Ronald Colman gives good characterizations of the polished gentleman—but his conversation offscreen is scarcely what could be called stimulating.

Polly Moran and William Haines bring laughter into many

drab lives—but it left to their own devices, their conversation is deep 'blue'."

Clara Bow has the most vivid personality in pictures—but her escapades as reported in the newspapers are shocking and show a lack of common sense.

Warner Baxter's sartorial splendor is blinding—but his wife is too high-hat.

John Mack Brown conquered the movie—but his conversation does not indicate that he was equally successful with his schoolbooks.

Joan Crawford has developed into a real actress—but the curiously unreal person she has got herself up to be makes her a sad spectacle.

Eddie Nugent is extremely well-informed—but he's always feeling sorry for himself.

Lilyan Tashman is a great gal—but she has pictures of herself spread around in profusion at the press table.

Stanley Smith is nice-looking, and has a good voice—but he cultivates only people who have "arrived," or who can be of use to him.

Alice White is great company—but her sudden refinement seems unreal.

Marion Davies is the grandest girl in pictures—but her films always cost more than they bring in.

Richard Arlen is probably—and deservedly—the most popular man on the Paramount lot—but it would be a relief to hear of his kicking over the traces of domesticity occasionally.

Lois Wilson won a beauty contest once—but she's never forgotten it.

Barry Norton is very handsome—but he is seen with the strangest people.

Louise Fazenda is a good cook—but she overworks her giggle in fillums.

Al Jolson sings as no one else can—but his conceit is even greater than his ability.

Joan Bennett's success

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It's All

When seen through the eyes of clever caricaturists
startle without leaving any



RICHARD ARLEN.



GRETA GARBO.



NORMA SHEARER.



BUSTER KEATON.



GEORGE BANCROFT.

in Fun

like Coke and Stone, the stars undergo changes that doubt of their identity.



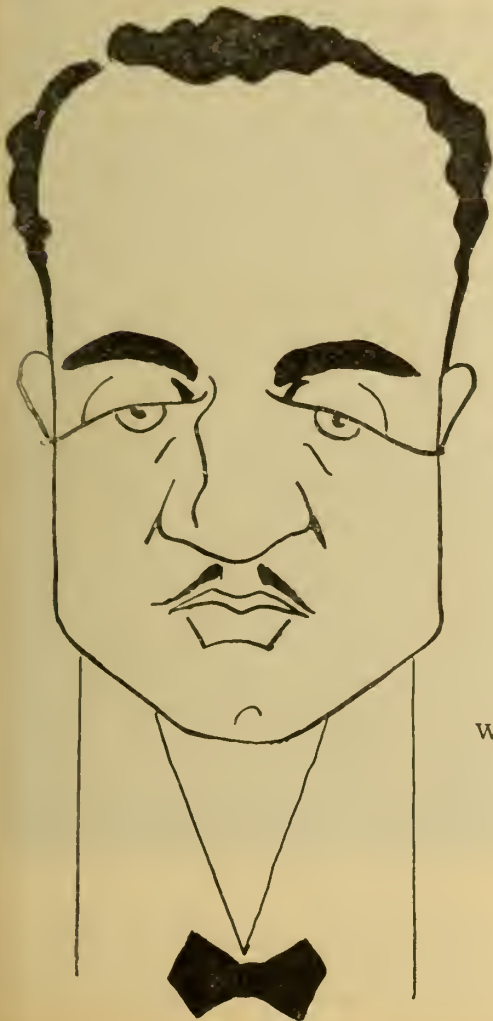
HELEN TWELVETREES.



PHILLIPS HOLMES.



MAURICE CHEVALIER.



WILLIAM POWELL.



ADOLPHE MENJOU.



Photo by Richee

A close observer of the rise of Charles Rogers says he has passed through the following phases: the bewildered kid fresh from the campus, awed by the stars; the young player seen, reseen, and admired by a million or so young girls, and his own love affair; third, the haywire stage, expressed in funny clothes, tricky cars, and interviews about women; and the present-day Buddy. The picture, above, is as he used to look.

Buddy the Fourth

Charles Rogers has gone through three stages of development since he came to the movie capital, and is only now settling into a practical outlook on life there and discovering a balancing sense of humor.

By Ann Sylvester

THE Buddy Rogers of to-day is not the same Buddy Rogers who came to Hollywood. There have been three or four of him.

People are like chapters in books. In the long run they may be the same old yarn, but the endings of various episodes and phases in the stories do not leave our heroes where we found them.

One's mirror to-day does not reflect the same person it did yesterday, and to-morrow's reflection will be unlike what is pictured now. This is true of you, of me, of the girl in the apartment above, and of the man on the street corner. It is also true of Buddy Rogers.

To many people, the idea that a person may change immediately implies something derogatory. This is especially true of actors. Witness the frantic stew, in "What the Fans Think," stirred up by a girl who used to know Gary Cooper when she passed on to the world the information that he is not the same boy he once was. Incidentally, she is not the same girl—but we do not allow the same latitude to our public idols we do to ourselves.

So, we say, Buddy Rogers has changed? He isn't the same naïve boy he was when he first came to Hollywood? Then, the assumption is that he must have changed for the worse. But Buddy, in common with us all, has changed neither for better nor for worse. Things have merely happened to him, things conducive to a completely changed outlook, from one chapter to the other.

Coupled with this natural fact, fame burst upon Buddy at the most impressionable and changeable years of his life. Even had he not been under the cold eye of publicity, he would have gone through that period of readjustment which changes old standards, weeds out ideals, assumes and discards ideas. A trying enough time in the life of any boy, without every change of development being recorded for public inspection.

The first Buddy Rogers I knew—and I met him two days after his arrival from Paramount's Long Island studio—was a little hick of a kid. His ideas were not even half-baked. They weren't that far advanced.

It had never occurred to him that life was not a peaceful, well-regulated affair, centered in the heart of a loving family, embroidered with fraternity hops and jazz music, at which he was extremely adept. Romance was something of moonlit nights at a country club where one might stroll between dances and hold a girl's hand—if she would let you.

Girls were of two kinds—those you couldn't kiss and the ones you could. And you couldn't kiss the "nice" ones. People were either important, like the big stars, directors, and executives, or they were unimportant, like Buddy himself, for instance. It was all very simple.

Upon the world that was Hollywood, he excitedly cast an eager but dubious eye. His entire attitude was that of an

impostor at one of Mrs. Astorbilt's receptions who might be asked to leave at any moment. He suffered because of his shyness and lack of understanding of these strange, new people of this gilded world. He sought advice on every hand, having confidence in every one's opinion but his own.

He was on the Paramount lot two years before he had the courage to speak to B. P. Schulberg, production executive. According to Buddy's conception of the film world, only the mighty had business with the mighty.

Away from the studio, he sought friends outside the mystifying profession. He lived with a fraternity brother and his family, paying fifteen dollars a week for his room and board. In Olathe, Kansas, one could live at the best hotel for that rate. Buddy felt it was plenty.

His social activities retained the tinge of the collegiate. Buddy would go to anybody's party and play the drums or the saxophone until twelve o'clock. After that he got sleepy. More than once he has fallen asleep on a friendly shoulder on the ride home. Once it was mine.

Then a million young girls cast romantic eyes on Buddy and his pictures, and found him a hero. His doings became publicity fodder. His rôles advanced with this new growth of public interest. Almost immediately he verged on semistardom.

To the boy himself, this was confusing and unexpected. He was not prepared to cope with it. Nor was he prepared to cope with what he referred to as "comment on his personality." Hollywood seemed to be slightly amused that he should be a "nice boy."

Buddy felt that something should be done about it. He even gave in to the extent of sipping a cocktail, but it made him slightly sick. And he still blushed, much to his embarrassment.

At this stage of the game, a vitally important factor in the development of Buddy occurred. He fell in love with a moving-picture actress, a very lively, charming woman, Claire Windsor.

He fell in love with all the intensity and unsophistication of his youth. She was a figure totally different from any he had ever known. She was very much the woman of the world. She had been married and divorced twice.

She was gloriously beautiful. Above all, she was a famous star who wore ermine to Hollywood premières—and she was interested in *him*! Why, he had seen and admired her long before he ever came to Hollywood. A number of

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Buddy Rogers is beginning to look behind the veil of Hollywood.

When Buddy fell in love with Claire Windsor the romance was kidded to death.



Applause

It is won in unstinted measure by Lewis Ayres for his notable performance in "The Doorway to Hell," in itself an arresting picture and made all the more so by its leading player.

A scant two years ago Lewis Ayres was among the thousands of unknowns in Hollywood, because he never had met the opportunity that might lift him above them.

Under contract to a studio, he might just as well have gone on playing the banjo he abandoned in a night-club orchestra for all the good it did him.

Then, against the competition of other unknowns, as well as many very well-known young men, he was chosen to play *Paul*, in "All Quiet on the Western Front." The rest is history.

Now comes Mr. Ayres, left, in a totally different characterization—a racketeer, hard, aggressive, unidealized by any fictitious glamour or romantic hokum and with an underlying tragic note that makes the performance mature, authoritative, human, one of the genuinely fine exhibits of the month.



Green Lights All the Way

Dorothy Jordan's road to prominence in films has been free of the obstacles that ordinarily make life unpleasant for the little girls crashing the movie game.

By Edward Nagle

INACCESSIBILITY is one of the most picturesque gestures of the movie folk, and is very popular this season, so I was not in the least surprised, and only a little annoyed, that it took fourteen telephone calls to arrange an appointment with Dorothy Jordan.

My annoyance vanished when I finally met Dorothy. She is the kind of girl that men forgive. The publicity department has described her as "diminutive," and the adjective is not only obvious, but also apt. She has that flutteringly feminine manner which seems to belong to all girls born in Dixie. In addition to that, she has youth, and I don't mean merely her years; she has talent and another potent attribute not always associated with it, which she has requested me not to describe.

"Don't mention my beauty," Dorothy begged. "All the writers do. If I am beautiful"—here she dropped her eyes and went into her blush—"then the public will discover the fact for itself."

I knew nothing at all about Dorothy's past, except that she had studied at Sargent's Academy of dramatic art. I could tell that by the way she pronounced "desprit cherecter" in "Devil-May-Care." I asked her to tell me the story of her life.

She was born in Clarksville, Tennessee, on August 9, 1910. Her family is upper middle class, so her early childhood was utterly lacking in color. Dorothy, after a good deal of concentration, could remember only two incidents of it: having played in a sand pile, and having written a fan letter to Norma Talmadge. These facts may be relevant to advanced students of psychoanalysis, but to me they convey nothing.

But the little Jordan girl was not so dull as her environment. She was promoted from grammar school at the age of eleven. This was something of a record in those parts, and the Clarksville newspaper described it in a full column. Dorothy was quite excited at having become famous, but her joy was short-lived, because she came across a New York newspaper which contained not one word about her precocity. From that moment on, Dorothy's one desire was to go to New York and to achieve recognition there.

During her four years in high school, she begged her father to permit her to go to New York to study, but he always replied with a loving *tut-tut*. She entered Southwestern University, in Tennessee, but one semester's frolicking in the Pierian spring was enough.

She asked her father to stake her to one year in New York and promised that if she wasn't famous by that time, to return to Tennessee and spend the rest of her days in obedient oblivion. He consented, and pretty soon the whole town was buzzing with the news that little Dorothy Jordan was going to New York to study. There were farewell parties galore, and a big farewell scene at the railroad station. It was not until the train was pulling out that Dorothy's mother remembered to ask, "But, Dorothy, what are you going to study?"

Dorothy hadn't thought of that. She perused the magazine advertisements

"Don't mention my beauty, sir," said Dorothy Jordan to the stern writer who rode by on his bicycle while the lass made hay on the studio lawn.



Photo by Bell



Photo by Bull

Dorothy Jordan is worried because she has never starved nor suffered for art's sake.

and finally decided to enroll in Sargent's Academy. It is a good thing, she says, that she reached that decision some miles out of Clarksville.

Dorothy's visits to the theater had been confined to Fritz Leiber's Shakespearean repertoire. She had been a movie fan, but had never hoped to become an actress. She felt that something so glamorous was not for her. But once enrolled in the academy, she knew that she would never be happy as anything else.

When the year was nearly over and Dorothy wasn't famous yet, she found herself a job as one of the Chester Hale girls at the Capitol Theater, and later in the "Garrick Gaieties," and in "Twinkle, Twinkle."

She danced and sang so well that dramatic art nearly lost an exponent. She was given bits in "Funny Face" and "Treasure Girl," two musical comedies which died young, but not because they were good.

Her agent arranged a test for Fox, which was so favorable that she was sent to Hollywood for revue work in "Happy Days" and "Words and Music." Dorothy worked hard in these two pictures, but the result of all her labor ended on the cutting-room floor.

She was given the second lead in "Black Magic," Fox's last silent. "I'd never have been a success in silents," Dorothy confesses. "The clamor was too confusing. I'd been told that there would be music to help us emote. I expected a symphony orchestra, at

least. Instead, there was a wheezy portable organ and two squeaky violins which alternately played 'Yes, Sir, That's My Baby,' and Massenet's 'Elegie.'

"There was a death-bed scene played to the accompaniment of the former, and the villain attempted to seduce me, and the hero wooed me, to the heart-rending strains of the latter. I was overjoyed when the picture was finished and I was sent to United Artists to play *Bianca*, in 'Taming of the Shrew.' I worked seven weeks in that picture, although I spoke but two words."

Her agent then arranged a test with M.-G.-M., which resulted in the lead opposite Novarro, in "Devil-May-Care." The critics hailed her as the most likely lead Novarro had had since Alice Terry went Riviera. In answer to my question as to whether she enjoyed working with the romantic Ramon, she said, "Yes, it was pleasant. Novarro's unit is always the gayest in the studio." She refuses to be tricked into making effusive statements, although she has the courage of her enthusiasms.

She attributes her meteoric rise to prominence in films to beautiful breaks and enterprising agents. "I have had miraculously good luck," she says.

It worries her a little that she has never starved or suffered. Artists should, you know. Her life has known but one grief, the death of her father a year ago. He did not live to see her achieve the fame she set out to find in New York.

It is hard to meet any one in Hollywood who appreciates his good fortune. The boys and girls of the movies are so bored by it all. Not Dor-

othy: she cherishes every slight manifestation of her success. Her name in lights over a neighborhood picture house sends her into raptures, and she even enjoys being interviewed.

She likes to think of the thousands of theaters which are showing her pictures. "In the evening I like to imagine the fans scattered throughout the country who are watching my films. What are their emotions when I am performing? No doubt most of them feel nothing but indifference, but what do the others feel?"

She greatly regrets that she cannot afford to subscribe to a clipping bureau and so read all the reviews of her work. She also admitted that she enjoyed being recognized as a movie person on Hollywood Boulevard. In fact, she often engineers such recognition.

"How in the world does one go about that?" I wanted to know.

"It's quite simple. I make up extravagantly, toss two or three fox furs at a nonchalant angle over my shoulders and wear sun glasses. So the tourists imagine I am a celebrity seeking to escape recognition and stop dead in their tracks to stare and to speculate on my identity. I haven't yet been taken for Garbo, though."

Dorothy's accent is, as I said before, Sargent school. But when she becomes excited, as when speaking of Greta Garbo, or a sunset seen from an airplane, her voice

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Photo by Fred R. Archer

A BONNIE, bonnie lassie, as sweet as the lily in the dell," Harry Lauder used to sing. That seems fitting enough as an introduction to Claudia Dell, who is both bonnie and sweet, though there seems no likelihood of her fragrant personality being enjoyed in the seclusion of a dell. For she was not born to blush unseen, nor had she any such desire in choosing this striking costume for her forthcoming appearance in "Fifty Million Frenchmen," when the Broadway hit comes to the screen.

Over the

By The Bystander



Ruth Roland, above, worked like Barnum's daughter to put her picture over.

Jeannette MacDonald is visiting New York before starting her Fox contract.

THERE'S just one point that we shall have to clear up before I decide whether to lunch with you, or off in a quiet corner by myself," Fanny the Fan informed me in no uncertain terms. "When Anna May Wong comes drifting in and a handsome young man makes a dash for her side, you are *not* to say 'Another good man gone Wong.'"

And I thought Fanny never tired of hearing about her, so long as one didn't suggest that Anna May was anything short of a genius.

Even when Anna May was shunted off in small parts in Hollywood pictures, Fanny used to maintain that she combined all the best features of Ruth St. Denis, Celestial poetry, the Winged Victory and a torch song. And now that the Chinese girl has made a hit on the New York stage and her British-made pictures have turned up minus the usual British fog, Fanny is just dying to have some one remind her that she recognized Anna May's talent long ago.

But don't, in case you are the good Samaritan who does remind her, bring up any of the names of those for whom Fanny prophesied greatness who have been lost in the shuffle. She is a little sensitive about it.

"I wish that Anna May's triumph might have come a little sooner," Fanny remarked sadly. "It would have made Lon Chaney so happy, if he could only have lived to see her successful. He used to storm around the studio in a fury when Anna May didn't get a part he thought she ought to have. He said that she was one of the most skillful and adroit players that he had ever seen."

Anna May came in a moment later, looking very smart and dignified. She must be a little weary by now of hearing how grand she is in "On the Spot," but she takes her congratulations as graciously as if each one were the first. After all, she has the satisfaction of being a hit in a rôle for which some of the best actresses in America were tried out.

"Do you remember how futile her career looked a few years ago?" Fanny asked. "When she was considered for an American part, directors said she looked too Chinese, and when she was considered for a Chinese rôle, they said she looked too American! Oh, well, maybe the most important factor in an actress's ultimate success is persistence. Look at Dorothy Mathews."

Every one, by now, has taken a look at Dorothy Mathews, in "The Doorway to Hell." She doesn't play much of a part because it is almost entirely a man's picture, but it is nice to see a girl in a leading rôle who isn't limp and cloying. As for me, I like a sullen, disagreeable face occasionally.

"Did she have to try so very hard?" I asked politely, knowing there was something Fanny was dying to tell if she only were urged. "I don't remember seeing her around in many pictures."

"She's been around for years and years trying to get a break!" Fanny exploded. "She was smart enough to get a job in a studio as script girl, thinking that after she got inside and became acquainted she'd have a chance to prove she could act. But she was such a good script girl, they didn't see why they should let her do anything else."

"A long time ago Frank Tuttle let her play a bit in that Atlantic City beauty-contest picture he made. 'The American Venus' it was called. I think. She looked lovely, and she had a lot of poise, but do you think that got her anywhere? No, she went right on being a script girl. She

Teacups

Fanny the Fan reports New York's reaction to several Hollywood questions.

was awfully clever; was always suggesting titles for pictures after every one else in the studio had flopped on them. She was very well liked, I remember.

"When she married, Bebe Daniels was maid of honor and every one made a great fuss over her, but so far as any help in her acting career was concerned, she had to do without it. She's left her husband now, and every once in a while she lands a nice bit in a picture.

"Without any one telling me, I know she never had anything to do with selecting her costumes for 'The Doorway to Hell.' Her own taste is decidedly superior. I've seen her around a lot and she always looks quite distinctive. I heard she was going to be in a play here. Maybe that will help her."

"But practically everybody will be in a play here before the season is over," I objected. "And if the plays keep right on dying before they run a week, who's to see the actors except a few reviewers?"

"Well, there's something in that," Fanny admitted. "But you'll notice that even if 'A Farewell to Arms' ran only a few nights, Elissa Landi made enough impression so that Fox signed her and sent her to Hollywood. She is exquisite. She's to make a picture with Charlie Farrell."

"That's a bad risk," I cut in, a little fed up with Fanny's air of sweetness. "If she's as good as she was on the stage, Charlie's fans will hate her for showing him up. He can't seem to figure out what it is all about, except when he's acting with Janet Gaynor."

"I wish some one would issue a primer on the art of acting," Fanny chimed in reflectively. "And I've a good idea for the first part. The opening lesson would be to send all the pupils to see Greta Garbo, in 'Romance,' and then Grace Moore, in 'A Lady's Morals.'"

I knew she couldn't stay off the subject of Garbo long. I wondered just what conclusion she would draw from that very good picture and very bad one, for as you may have noticed, Fanny is the world's long-distance conclusion jumper.

"The lesson for the day would be, 'The Art of Acting: What Is It?' You see Garbo in a highly romantic story about an opera singer and in spite of the fact that she can't sing a note, she brings you all the glamour and the temperament of an ideal prima donna. Then you see Grace Moore, a real opera singer with a glorious voice in a similarly romantic picture, and you're never convinced for an instant that she is any part of the world of make-believe. She's just a nice placid person, sweet, but a little stolid. Marion Talley to the contrary, I refuse to believe that prima donnas are like that. I want glamour and temperament in my opera singers."

"Yes," I agreed, "but where will you get it? There's a conspiracy on foot among the producers to keep it out of pictures. Look what they've done to *Du Barry* and to *Jenny Lind*? They've cleaned up those two legendary sirens to such an extent, that if you want to cling to any ideas of their being fabulous charmers you have to stay away from theaters and go to the public library."

I can usually manage to remain fairly calm about pictures on the assumption that most of them are made by people who are slightly astigmatic, but sometimes Fanny's undying hope that the next ones will be different is contagious.

Fanny was still puzzling over singers and their lack of temperament.



Irene Delroy, above, is returning to the stage.

The camera is unkind to June Walker.



Photo by Lippman

Winnie Lightner's name is in the biggest letters on Broadway.

"I can't understand it," she blurted out. "I always expect singing voices to be lodged in magnetic creatures with the grand manner, like Mary Garden and Geraldine Farrar. Even a moderately good voice ought to have some temperament behind it. And look at Jeanette MacDonald! I'll never forgive Lubitsch for casting her as a gay and dashing princess. A fine girl to play the part of a governess, or a small-town choir singer. When she stops singing I expect her to start chewing gum."



Dorothy Mathews's persistence finally won a leading rôle for her.

Fanny was growing quite indignant. And a lot of good it does her, because evidently Miss MacDonald is on the screen to stay. As soon as her contract with Paramount expired, Fox signed her. Maybe they haven't heard that musical films aren't doing so well any more.

"Miss MacDonald is due to arrive here any day now for a vacation," Fanny remarked as she gazed around the Algonquin languidly. "I wonder if some one couldn't persuade her to play sweet and simple rôles on the screen in future."

From the sudden sparkle in her eyes I knew that she had thought of something more pleasant.

"Have you seen Marlene Dietrich's 'Morocco'?" she asked excitedly, and as I shook my head, she burst forth, "She's amazing! She has whatever it is that some of these better singers haven't. Allure, I guess you'd call it. But there's one puzzling thing about her. She has no individuality of her own. One minute she looks like Garbo, the next like Jeanne Eagels, and then suddenly you think you are looking at Phyllis Haver. She has all the best features of a lot of swell people, but I can't figure out whether that spells quick oblivion or a rousing success. It will be interesting to see. Meanwhile, 'Morocco' is well worth seeing. You won't complain about *her* being stolid."

If everybody I meet continues to rave about Marlene Dietrich, I'll either have to stay away from the theater from sheer ennui, or find some obscure reason for objecting to her. I can't, after all these years, spoil my record for never liking the people who make the biggest bit with the largest audience.

"I see that Dick Barthelmess says that Richard Cromwell, who plays in the new version of 'Tol'able David,' is great." I remarked, wondering what that would bring forth. Fanny hates to see new versions of old pictures that she liked.

"Maybe he was just being polite," Fanny offered. "I haven't seen the picture, but there is a persistent rumor that the new prodigy is a sort of male Betty Bronson. Just too sweet and wistful for words."

"After all that's hardly a valid criticism," I objected. "You could hardly expect—or want—a swaggering brute like Charles Bickford plays, could you?"

"I couldn't want *any* one in the part," Fanny assured me. "It was done beautifully once, so why not

let it go at that? And that reminds me, did you by any chance think that 'The Life of the Party' was a new story?"

"Never thought about it. I was so charmed with Charles Butterworth, I wouldn't have cared if it was a Cinderella story, or the one about the twins who were separated as children."

"Well," Fanny sighed. "that was a pretty good story for the days when Darryl Zanuck was turning them out at break-neck speed and the Warners were making them at bargain prices. Louise Fazenda and Jacqueline Logan were in it, if I remember correctly, and I practically never do. But when they had Winnie Lightner, and

Delroy, and Whiting, and Butterworth, and Technicolor, and a lot of money to spend, I don't see why they didn't use some of it for a story. The picture's going over awfully well, though, and I am glad for Winnie Lightner's sake. Apparently, other people aren't bothered with a memory like mine.

"Imagine what a thrill it was for Winnie when she drove down Broadway and saw her name on the biggest banner that has ever been put up! She's one of the few stage imports who looks as if she would survive in pictures. Winnie hasn't been thinking an awful lot about work, though, since she's been here. She's been worried about her baby. He's in the hospital having his tonsils out and Winnie will be simply frantic if she has to start back to Hollywood before the child is entirely well.

"She didn't make a personal appearance the night the picture opened. She left that doubtful honor to Irene Delroy and Jack Whiting. It was easy enough for Miss Delroy, because the audience wouldn't expect her to do anything but look sweet, but if Winnie had come out they would have demanded that she be funny. And even a good comédienne can't rush out on the stage and cut up at a moment's notice.

"The night of the opening Winnie went to a ball given by the Warner employees, and I needn't tell you she made a great hit with them."

"Irene Delroy is going back on the stage, isn't she?" I asked.

"Yes, and I think she'll do better there," Fanny rattled on. "That reminds me, you should have seen her the other night at the Mayfair. She looked utterly lovely. I don't know why the camera isn't kinder to some people. Just look what it did to June Walker, in 'War Nurse'! For no reason at all, it presented her with an extra chin or two and made her look dumpy."

"But the Mayfair——" I reminded her.

"Oh, yes," Fanny said. "It was gay and dashing and brilliant, as usual. Fanny Ward was there to give it the Old Home Week touch. And Corinne Griffith had just arrived in town, so she was there, too. Ginger Rogers was the belle of the younger set, and Lillian Roth and Claire Windsor were also among those present. Of course, the undisputed queen of all Mayfair gatherings is Marilyn Miller, but she was in Boston opening in 'Smiles,' so they had to get along without her.

"A lot of film people were here just the week

Broadway has broken out in three cheers for Anna May Wong and three sneers at Hollywood for neglecting her.



Photo by Arthur

Marian Nixon won't play any more guileless ingénues.

before, but left before the party. Louise Fazenda got terribly fed up with Broadway after a few days and was eager to get back home. Every one who has a beach house in California is anxious to return and find out if oil has been struck on their property.

"Marian Nixon was here for a while. The opening of 'Kismet' was quite the grandest New York has seen in ages. Picture people in ermine, society people in the sackcloth of a bad stock market, and film reviewers in a rage at the crowd. Marian looked very sweet, but it will be a break for her when styles go back to short skirts and cute styles. These trailing gowns don't do a little girl very much good.

Continued on page 105



Photo by Freulich

Take a Look at Baby

Jean Harlow, the ash-blond siren of "Hell's Angels," is worth close scrutiny to an interviewer of all the great beauties of the screen.

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

THE latest overnight sensation of the screen is Jean Harlow.

When Howard Hughes made "Hell's Angels," his idea of heart interest was Greta Nissen, by no means a poor idea. But fate intervened in the form of the microphone, and talking pictures snuffed out the Nor-

famous bee-stung lips. But the overemphasis is not good.

However, Jean Harlow has other virtues besides a startlingly beautiful face. She has style and spirit and a flair for the unconventional touch.

"If I bore you," she said, upon greeting, "just drop me out the window."

I looked at Central Park, a mosaic in green and ivory twenty stories below, then I looked at Jean, from the glint in her platinum hair to the gleam of a slave anklet. That was the last look the park got.

Meeting people is a holiday for this new picture girl. She has poise, ease, manner. She is sure of herself; in fact positive.

She was loath to talk of her debut in pictures, but agreed that it might be news. So the story came forth, interrupted by telephone calls from importunate swains, slaves bearing gifts, messenger boys winging in with messages, and later, mamma. But we will come to mamma in due time.

Jean was born in Kansas City, in the midst of a cyclone, one guesses. Her mother and father were divorced early in the scenario, and Jean went to Chicago to enter a finishing school.

Before she was properly polished off she married, for want of something better to do. She was sixteen and bored. So she accumulated a husband. "A very silly move," she added. Then things began to happen. Because they moved to Los Angeles—that place where the movies are made.

"I never thought of going into pictures," she said, lighting a cigarette. "People used to say, 'You could get by in the movies,' but I'd simply laugh it off. I had no idea of becoming an actress.

"One day I went to Fox with a friend to meet a boy in pictures, and the casting director asked if I'd take a test.

"Drop pictures or I drop you," said Jean Harlow's rich grandfather, but you'll be seeing her for some time to come.

That sounded as if it would be fun, so I did. Then that evening when the crowd heard about it they began to needle me in a nice way. Some one capped the climax by offering to bet \$200 that even if they gave me a job at the Fox studio I wouldn't get by. So I took the bet."

Months passed, call after call from the studio was persistently ignored, and finally, in order to collect the wager, Jean went to Fox and did a day's extra work, for which she received two hundred and seven dollars and fifty cents.

"And that was the beginning," she said. "I found a thrill in working that I hadn't found in matrimony. Hal Roach saw me on the lot one day and offered me a two-year contract which I grabbed."

The next chapter in the melodrama concerns the strait-laced grandfather back in Kansas City, who, upon seeing Jean in superb black lingerie, in a Roach triangle epic, wired "You drop pictures or I drop you," which meant that the family fortune went into permanent escrow as long as the Harlow figure was on the screen.

Continued on page 111



Photo by White

wegian blonde. So another even blonder blonde was signed, and the name was Harlow.

If you ask the critics about "Hell's Angels," you will hear that the air stuff is unsurpassed and the love scenes fairly tropical in their intensity.

That brings us to an afternoon in November. No one goes about interviewing airplane pilots. But blondes are still preferred.

Miss Harlow was at the Savoy-Plaza, one of the more elegant retreats for overnight sensations.

Miss Harlow registered as rapidly as a shot of cognac.

Her amazing ash-blond hair is almost white, framing her face with dazzling effect. The gray eyes and provocative mouth serve to point her face dramatically, although when I saw her the cupid's bow was drawn a trifle high. Mae Murray was pleased to exaggerate her



Photo by White

JEAN HARLOW entered pictures on a dare, her first day of extra work netted her \$207.50, she relinquished a contract rather than lose a big inheritance—and now she's the most spectacular newcomer of the year. Her story, opposite, tells all.



PICTURE PLAY, like the camera, cannot resist Loretta Young, whose features are said to be proof against any vagary of photography and whose charm off the screen is as pronounced as when she is acting. Her next film? "You and I."

Photo by Elmer Fryer



Photo by Eugene Robert Riches

THE procession of Spanish beauties crossing the screen halts that you may see the loveliest of all, Rosita Moreno, whose liquid syllables you heard in "The Santa Fe Trail," and who mustn't be lost in foreign versions. Let's pray against that.



Photo by Freulich

IT is no longer news that Leslie Fenton courageously deserted the screen a year or so ago to sail the seven seas and explore the highways and byways of the world in search of his soul. He's back in Hollywood again, intent on giving those notable performances in which he excels and which no one equaled in his absence. It's safe to guarantee that he will give another in "The Man Who Came Back," with Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell.



Photo by Hurrell

REGINALD DENNY, no longer actually a star, is more of an asset to a picture nowadays than when he carried the burden alone. His deft and engaging comedy is always a blend of taste and a sure sense of humor, while he speaks the King's English as might be expected of a member of the royal family. You'll be seeing him often for a long time to come.



Photo by Eugene Robert Richer

RESOLUTELY Fay Wray set about to overcome the handicap of being overpublicized as a swansdown heroine at the beginning of her career. So well has she succeeded by dint of hard work that now she's placed by the critics among the select few.



A NN HARDING is one recruit from the stage who will not abandon the movies. For in little more than a year she has made a secure place for herself by reason of a voice and a personality unlike that of any one else.



Photo by Irving Childnoff

BEHIND the hoyden pranks of Lupe Velez, with her romping, her flaunting love for her Gar-ee and all the rest of her child-of-nature spontaneity, lies a very real and rather pathetic girl. Margaret Reid introduces her to you. opposite.

Lupe—as She Is

Much has been written about the sprightly Miss Velez, but for the first time she is appraised with detachment, sympathy, and understanding—and the result is a portrait of the actual girl.

By Margaret Reid

THE colors of her personality are bright and sharp. They are not especially rich colors, but that is because she is so young. Young, even aside from the brevity of her actual years. At twenty, she is as young as she ever was and as old as she ever will be. Spring full-blown into being, there has not been the gradual development which opens the depths of consciousness. She is rather pathetically young. Vivid and sparkling she is, but not glowing.

Exemplifying youth in the abstract, she has all its harshness, its heedlessness, its uncertainties, and its bravado. Unabashed and too self-confident, she is, far underneath and never by her own admission, uneasy. In Lupe's subconscious mind is the panic of youth exposed to all the hurts that will inevitably come. Concealing this panic, of which she is not really aware, is a naïve, childish philosophy—a simple philosophy of expedience that only the child of a race as old as the Latin could have.

In three years she has swiftly traversed the path from indigence to wealth, from obscurity to fame. Things happen rapidly to Lupe. She is a magnet for storminess. Her very vitality is a lightning rod for turbulence. That vitality is magnificent. With the high spirits and strength and instincts of a healthy little animal, she is superbly free of the wariness engendered by intellect. She thinks, not through the complexities of brain cells, but through the pores of her skin. Because she possesses physical, rather than mental, instincts, things will always happen violently to Lupe.

The daughter of a Spanish singer and a Mexican army officer, Lupe is the youngest of seven children. Born in Mexico, hers was the customary childhood of high-caste bourgeois Latin. Convents, *duennas*, family vigilance, and intricate Latin conventions rose protectively about her adolescence. As if even stone walls could have hidden Lupe from the sun and the soil, to which she belonged more intimately than she belonged to her parents.

When Lupe was fifteen, a revolution exploded the Velez fortunes into small bits. The fragment which her family had managed to retain was insufficient to provide more than a bare existence. Lupe, bursting in one great breath the bonds which had bound her to ladylike routine, got herself a job. Naturally, being Lupe, it was a job singing and dancing.

At sixteen, she was an entertainer of some note in Mexico City cabarets. Instinctively she possesses a flair for expressing herself in voice and motion. The high-keyed emotions that, in a more mental type of person,

would be projected by indirect means, Lupe projects with her body. She hadn't then, and she never will have, any faint suggestion of technique. The fire in her, expressed so simply and eagerly, was bound to attract attention. She received an offer to come to the United States for a part in the Los Angeles production of "The Dove," with Richard Bennett.

There was pandemonium in the Velez household, with vociferous arguments as to the wisdom of Lupe's departure from the fold. Tearful trepidations. Lurid visions of the dangers the world held in reserve for unprotected girls. Finally, after stormily assailing parental objections with her stubborn determination—and winning—Lupe made her farewells.

Amid tears, and prayers, and blessings, and advice, she took her departure, hugging to her breast a Chihuahua puppy and weeping inconsolably as the train drew her away from her mother's last broken adios. Lupe was headed for triumph. That she knew. But she was also very young, with the scared, helpless bewilderment of young things parted for the first time from the comforting security of family. So Lupe wept gustily on the dog's uncomplaining neck. Wept for just a little while. The recuperative powers of youth are quick and easy. And trains bound for foreign countries are lovely vehicles.

At the border there was difficulty about her passport. She was under age. There was a great deal of red tape to be unwound. Lupe was detained for the process. Alternately furious at the delay and enchanted at occasioning this international interest, Lupe was not allowed to continue her journey for some days.

The passport finally arranged to every one's taste, Lupe was sent on her way. On the train her pocketbook was stolen. And the delay at the border had made her too late for the rôle in "The Dove."

She left the train in Los Angeles, a dollar bill in her pocket and the Chihuahua in her arms. She knew no English and, since her engagement with Richard Bennett was automatically annulled by her failure to arrive in time, she had no place to go. So she and the Chihuahua sat in the Santa Fe station for many hours, waiting for an inspiration. The only inspiration to materialize was Lupe's appetite, which grew and grew. Accustomed to eating when she was hungry, Lupe finally left the station and found a hot-dog stand. A hot dog, two hamburgers, and some meat for the Chihuahua consumed forty cents of her capital.



Photo by Freulich
Lupe Velez thinks, not through her brain cells, but through the pores of her skin.



As They Were

To realize how much the stars have gained in chic, charm, and beauty you have only to glance at these photographs taken not so long ago.

Look at the group, above. Bessie Love, left, was then a nut-brown brunette, Carmel Myers let almost anything do for a negligee, and Priscilla Dean's towering coiffure was awfully smart. The girls were showing the studio to Irene Franklin, vaudeville star.

Norma Talmadge, left, just attaining stardom, hadn't yet acquired the ermine and diamonds of one of the screen's richest actresses.

Can this be Gloria Swanson, below? It isn't her double, for Gloria had ideas of style that no one equaled then as now.



Mae Murray, above, at the height of her starring career displayed curves that formed one of the loveliest figures of the day.

Marion Davies, left, ten years ago concealed the wit and sophistication that distinguish her to-day.





Far Tincher, above, a stellar comédienne ten years ago, longed for tragic rôles.



The Corinne Griffith above was a far cry from the "orchid" she was to become when success, money, and travel had matured and polished her beauty.



Leatrice Joy, above, girl-hly poised on the thin line that separated obscurity from fame about ten years ago.



Mary Pickford, right, served Uncle Sam valiantly when she sold Liberty Bonds during the War.



Bebe Daniels, left, was just a youngster coming up in films when she posed for her idea of an Oriental enchantress.

Beauty Gets a

In the second part of his classification of intellectuality, an alert observer singles out illuminating facts

By Samuel

point of sugariness. Her prettiness seemed cloying. Other people have said the same. Yet, when I was presented to her, all preconceived notions were knocked into a cocked hat. For Mary has a pretty clear idea of what it is all about. Her sweetness, which is as apparent off the screen as it is on, is not at all assumed. It is natural. But underneath it, she knows just exactly how to go about getting what she wants and, as a rule, people do those things for her with the air of having thought them up themselves and of preparing a pleasant surprise for her.

Another who is clever to the *n*th degree is Evelyn Brent. I doubt that there is a woman in Hollywood who is her equal in this respect. It is not a particularly sympathetic nature, as in the case of Mary Brian, that gains Miss Brent's ends for her. It is a keen wit that knows how to turn things to her own purpose, and which is quick to take advantage of them.

Happenings, which, to the casual observer, may seem to reflect in a distinctly unfavorable light on her, are quite plausibly explained by Miss Brent in a manner that causes one to place more reliance on her words than on the evidence of one's own eyes.

Those things which cannot be explained are lightly brushed aside or hurriedly passed over in such a way that one never notices them until the conversation has ended and there is a distance between Miss Brent and interrogators that prohibits further questioning. Clever? Most emphatically, yes!

And still another is Dorothy Mackaill.

Dorothy's cleverness, paradoxically enough, lies not in her indirect methods of approach to anything she wants, but in the direct manner in which she goes after it.

Where other girls seek to cover the object of their desires and camouflage it with a world of subterfuges and artifices, Dot displays a breath-taking candor that is equally, or more, effective.

Her frankness may be a pose. Beneath it may lurk one of the most calculating minds in the business—I don't know—but if it is a pose, it is more effective than all the cocktails, high balls, drooping of eyelids and amorous sighs of the rest of feminine Hollywood put together. She makes you feel that she is a pal and "regular" in the best sense of the word.

Her conversation is frequently punctuated by epithets, but these, too, are part of her cleverness, for they sound more like caresses than anything else. And who could refuse a pretty woman anything when she turns a calm gaze upon you and begins to talk and argue in a "man-to-man"



Evelyn Brent's cleverness lies in a keen wit that knows how to turn circumstances to her own purpose.

CLEVER.

CONSTANCE BENNETT defined cleverness as the ability to get your way, and to get the things you want, without letting people know that you are after them. Or, in other words, to make people think *they* are suggesting and that you are simply falling in with *their* wishes. I can think of no better definition.

Certainly Mary Brian falls into this category. Mary has the faculty of making people want to do things for her, and it is done without much effort on her part.

Before I met Mary I rather resented her on the screen. I thought her an indifferent actress and sweet to the



Mary Brian makes people want to do things for her—another kind of cleverness.

Mental Test

Hollywood women from the standpoint of those who are clever or shrewd and submits to prove his points.

Richard Mook

fashion that makes one want to give her anything, so long as one can be friends with her?

Nancy Carroll is a shining example of misdirected cleverness. There is no question of her talent or her looks. But back of that baby-faced prettiness lies a mind and ambition that have determined that she shall be at the top.

She has studied pictures from every angle, and those close to her say that when she argues about points in connection with the actual production of a film she generally knows what she is talking about.

But instead of trying to win the people associated with her to her way of thinking by conciliating them, she makes the mistake of fighting them. "You can catch more flies with sugar than were ever caught with vinegar," but that is something Nancy has apparently never learned.

June Collyer can well be put into this classification, too, as June has gone from one contract to another with little more to recommend her than a charming manner, a pretty face, and a pair of dimples. Since her work in "Four Sons"—one of her first pictures—she has done little to justify her featured position.

Her strongest fan could hardly accuse her of being a good actress, but she has taken those assets above mentioned and uses them so effectively that producers and a large part of the public—including myself—have come to welcome her presence in a film.

SHREWD.

Shrewdness has been defined as an "uncultured skill in using quick perceptions for a desired end, generally in practical affairs; ready to take advantage of duller intellects."

It is a harsh definition, but a fairly accurate one and in classifying ladies of the cinema thus, there is no intention of reflecting on their characters or characteristics.

I should say that Joan Crawford is exceedingly shrewd. Without a great deal of background, Joan succeeds in giving the impression of intelligence. Fired with a great ambition, I don't believe she would let anything or anybody stand between her and its fulfillment, regardless of who or what must be sacrificed. One can only stand in awe of such a flame and respect so consuming a purpose.

Alice White is another who, with no great equipment, has pulled herself up to the top simply by determination and the use of such people or weapons as she could command.

Whether one accepts Alice as a competent actress or not, whether one likes or dislikes her, one cannot help but



Photo by Mana't

Joan Crawford's shrewdness furthers a great ambition that will not let anything or anybody stand in the way of its fulfillment.



Dorothy Mackaill cleverly makes you feel that you are her best pal.

admire her spirit and stick-to-it-iveness and her honesty of purpose.

She has never made any pretense of being anything other than her natural self, and Alice, successful, is exactly as she was when she first turned her face toward a definite goal and started marching resolutely to it.

The Garbo can scarcely be classified as anything other than shrewd. A limited actress, she succeeds in personifying passion as it has never been represented before. Not overburdened with gray matter—according to reports—and ostensibly caring nothing for

publicity, she has shrewdly refused to see writers, or to give out interviews, possibly for fear of being shown up. She can be discussed, but she cannot be quoted. Yet, with equal shrewdness, she sees to it that there are always plenty of her photographs on hand in the publicity office to avoid any possibility of the public forgetting her between the releases of the Garbo films.

And Lupe Velez! Lupe works along the same principle that guides Dorothy Mackaill. Only where Dot is guided by logic, Lupe is guided by instinct.

A stranger in a strange land, unused to our ways or customs, it did not take Lupe long to realize that if she were to succeed it would have to be largely on the strength of her personality. There were many arresting, dynamic personalities on the screen and, deliberately or intuitively, she set about making hers entirely different. The madcap we have come to know is the outgrowth of, and the size of her pay check is tribute to, her shrewdness.

A friend of Clara Bow, in speaking of her intellectuality, said, "I've seen Clara when she was nothing short of brilliant. You know how sometimes you talk to a person and that person inspires you? Well, that's the way it is with Clara—she talks *up* to the company she's in."

I recalled a dinner at William S. Hart's ranch at which Clara was one of the guests. There were some rather intellectual people at that table, and the conversation was certainly stimulating. But Clara contributed nothing to it. In fact, she seemed to have little interest in anything other than the food.

Remembering this, I was somewhat dubious of her brilliance, but in compliance with her friend's insistence, I went out on the set to talk to her. "Miss Bow," I found myself saying a few moments later, "I've got the unpleasant task of classifying Hollywood women intellectually. Mr. Blank thinks you are brilliant, but he told me to talk to you. What do you think?"

"Well," said Clara. "I'm certainly not shrewd or clever. I've got a lot of common sense and sometimes I think it amounts to more than that. I'm not brilliant, as far as book learning goes, either," she added with amazing frankness.



Lupe Velez shrewdly set about to make herself different from everybody else—and she succeeded.

intelligent, clever, nor shrewd—merely vevry, vevry dumb—an impression in no way dispelled by her recent publicity.

And so we have the clever and the shrewd. Perhaps the distinction is not as sharp to the reader as it is to the analyst who forms his opinions from observation. To me there is a vast difference between, let us say, Garbo and Joan Crawford. Not only in temperament, but the quality they both share—shrewdness. While the Swedish enchantress arrives at conclusions by

Cleverly June Collyer has made a charming manner, a pretty face, and a pair of dimples bring her contract after contract.

Photo by Fryer



"Then in what way might you be considered brilliant?" I asked.

"As far as people are concerned. I don't believe any one could put anything over on me."

"Wouldn't you be more apt to call that shrewdness?"

"Maybe. But only as far as people go."

The conversation languished. Miss Bow, with her near-English accent and her diet, appeared to be vevry, vevry bored—but no more so than I was. When the silence became embarrassing, I commented upon how well she was looking.

"Yes," she said complacently, "I've lost twenty pounds. I look much better this way," and she walked out with Stanley Smith, leaving me with the feeling that she was neither brilliant,

analysis and deduction, the American has derived her shrewdness from the hard school of life, particularly those merciless lessons which teach one to get along in professional life—or be lost among the rank and file.

Though Joan Crawford has reached her present high position through her popularity with the public, she has overlooked no opportunity to manipulate even adverse circumstances to her ultimate advantage. Garbo's subtlety is enhanced by silence, but Crawford's lies in her shrewdly directed aggressiveness.

The fat is in the fire. If I've stepped on the toes of some of your favorites, I'm sorry. I've given them to you as I have come to know them from personal observations, tempered by those of others close to them. "Hew to the line and let the chips fall where they may." After the storm, the deluge!

The Kids Get a Break

Many Hollywood youngsters are getting a chance in life that would be impossible without the helping hands of the players, who, impressed by the possibilities of their protégés, are helping them through school and into film work, or adopting them.

By Muriel Babcock

THE little village by the side of Los Angeles in which motion pictures are fashioned is full, simply chock-full of protégés. Every one who arrives at the pinnacle has been the discovery of some one or another. At least, there have always been people claiming the credit—and sometimes a percentage!

Some who haven't got to first base in the celluloid world, gnashing their teeth and clutching their hair, bemoan the fact that no one ever took them as protégés. But all of this is just here and there.

This tale will not deal with the bal-lyhoood protégés—the Greta Garbo that Mauritz Stiller brought with him to America; the Marlene Dietrich that Von Sternberg looks to as the blossoming star of the day; the Gilbert Rolands, the Eva von Bernes, or the John Mack Browns.

This story will take you behind the curtain and show you what a number of prominent folk of the picture colony are doing—their deeds unheralded and unsung—for deserving lads and lassies who have needed a lift. Most of them are normal youngsters who may or may not become famous, but to whom the stars are giving a chance to find out what they can do on the screen, or in other fields of work.

In some instances, the stars have opened their homes to the youngsters through adoption. The lad that was little Johnnie Smith is now John Star, adopted son of a celebrity. This has happened more often when Johnnie has been a nephew, a cousin, or the son of a close friend who met with misfortune.

There is the case, as a great many fans already know, of the round-faced, big-eyed little boy that Barbara La Marr left when she died. Zasu Pitts took Donald—that was his name—to her heart, and made him little brother to her seven-year-old daughter, Anna.

"Donald isn't a protégé," she told me. "He's my own son. He's just the same to us as our little

Tommy Clifford, the little Irish lad with the big brogue, is the protégé of Frank Borzage.

girl. Do I think he'll be an actor? I don't know. It's too early to make any predictions. I do know that any profession he eventually chooses will meet with our approval."

There was talk not long ago that Zasu had adopted four more youngsters, the children of a sister who had died in New Jersey.

Zasu denied this. "When the children's mother passed away, their father was very ill. Naturally, I tried to help. The story spread that I had adopted four youngsters. I haven't."

However, the more good the stars do, the less they will talk of it. Louise Fazenda, who gives until it hurts, is now putting a thirteen-year-old girl through school. She came to know the child through a series of adoring fan letters. Impressed by the youngster's brightness and great longing to amount to something, Miss Fazenda made a point to seek her out.

For a time, she considered taking the child into her own home, but eventually decided that this perhaps would not be for the best. So she put her in school. Miss Fazenda will not tell the little girl's name, and will not talk about the case, except to say she is pleased with the child's progress. I am told that the girl is a good little actress and occasionally works in pictures. Perhaps this protégée will be a star some day.

And now, folks, step right up and salute Carl "Major" Roup, a hard-working, quick-thinking lad who is Marion Davies's protégé. Major's industry at study and work is pushing him right along the path that will

make him a worth-while man.

He used to be a newsboy. His father was dead, and his mother, with Major and a little daughter to support, worked in a beauty shop. Major sold papers on the Metro-Goldwyn lot. Miss Davies became one of his best customers, and, being impressed by the boy's earnestness, she delved into his life.

On Christmas Eve of that first year she knew of him, she called him over to her dressing room and gave him a bicycle. Major felt pretty good about it. He worked harder. Marion watched him all the next year and came to the conclusion that the lad had a spark of something that should be encouraged.

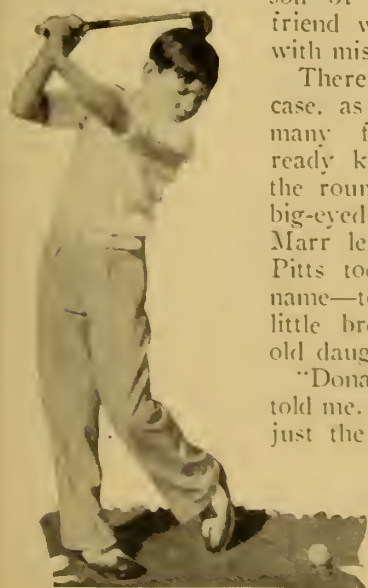
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Marion Davies is seeing Carl "Major" Roup, ex-newsboy, through a military school.



Margaret Livingston has supported at times five of her cousins, but only Emerson Livingston leans to the stage.





Al Jolson, left, Mary Pickford, Ronald Colman, Gloria Swanson, Douglas Fairbanks, Joseph M. Schenck, Charlie Chaplin, Samuel Goldwyn, and Eddie Cantor catch their breath after charging that Fox theaters seek to "stifle" their art.

Hollywood High Lights

By
Edwin and Elza Schallert

Grabbing rings of news and gossip from the merry-go-round of the studio colony.

THE prayers of producer, player, and director are futile to restore the calm and quiet of past days of Hollywood. Nineteen thirty-one opens dramatically as a year of battle in the movies.

Minor squabbles have spread out into major ones, what with the recent fight against the Fox theatrical circuit launched by United Artists. Big names no longer seem a necessity at the box office. Fans appear as much delighted over the discovery of new sparklers as they do over beholding the unsuspected talents of old favorites. Perhaps they are even more fascinated by new players.

The pictures themselves are a puzzle. What does the public want nowadays? One hears this cry on all sides.

Actors who were once famous are suffering financial reverses. They simply can't get jobs now.

Wall Street will soon take over and manage the whole industry, one hears. Everything's going to the dogs!

Oh, yes, this film business is terrible!

A Bundle of Nerves.

The foregoing is our impression of movieland at the present moment. But, we ask you, is it any different from what it has always been?

To quote the title of an article that once appeared in PICTURE PLAY, Hollywood is "Hysterical as Usual." And probably will be throughout the New Year.

How's This for Emotion?

We make pictures for the love of the doing. It is not work; it is pleasure, it is joy. We do not say to ourselves, "Now we will spend just so much on a motion picture." We say, "We will make the best picture that is in us. We will dream over it, we will toil over it, and if we put our hearts into it, we will make something that will entertain and inspire the American public. We know that that is the road to success in the making of motion pictures, because the American public have told us so."

El Brendel, the comic, is elevated to stardom in "Mister Lemon from Orange."

No, these are not the words for a theme song, but



an excerpt from an official statement issued during the United Artists-Fox war recently. It was signed by Charles Chaplin, Norma Falmadge, Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Ronald Colman, Gloria Swanson, Al Jolson, and Eddie Cantor.

Believe us, this is the age of emotion in movieland.

Fêting the Winners.

As we forecast last month, Norma Shearer and George Arliss were the winners in the award of honors by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences. Both received gold statuettes at a banquet given at the Ambassador Hotel. That is, Norma Shearer received hers, and Arliss's was accepted through Darryl Francis Zanuck, executive of Warner Brothers, in the place of the actor, who was in Europe at the time.

Miss Dietrich in Revolt.

Marlene Dietrich is rebelling. She doesn't want to be compared with Greta Garbo. She is a friend of Greta's and has a high regard for the Swedish actress, but she wants to be considered for her own talents.

At that, Miss Dietrich has already stepped beyond Greta in one respect. Her picture, "Morocco," was booked for screening at Grauman's Chinese Theater, the de luxe showhouse of Hollywood.

Few stars have succeeded in arriving on the screen at that establishment in their very first production made in a Hollywood studio.

None of Greta's films has as yet been exhibited there.

The Storky Season.

We have always contended that the stork is a temperamental bird when it comes to his visits to movie folk. Some years he seems to shun the colony. Others he is flitting about everywhere.

This is one of the storky years.

Chester Morris and Joe E. Brown are the fathers of new offspring. And little Ann May, who used to be leading woman for Charles Ray, is the second time a mother.

Alice Day, who was married to Jack Cohn, a broker, is reported to be sewing little things, too.

Chaplin Opus Near.

At last the première of Charlie Chaplin's "City Lights" is near. The film will show in the larger cities during the next few weeks.

The Los Angeles opening was to be a New Year's event, made doubly impressive because booked for a brand-new \$2,000,000 theater, with seats up to \$10.

Charlie is said to have spent \$1,500,000 on the picture, which required nearly two years to make.

Gloria Dodges Photographers.

Playing hide-and-seek with newspaper photographers, when stars are being divorced, is the latest pastime in Hollywood. Colleen Moore not long ago was pursued out of the Los Angeles courthouse, when she got her decree, and now Gloria Swanson is the latest to exhibit her dexterity in escaping.

Gloria was just about half a minute ahead of the pursuers, too, who fired random shots at her from their cameras as she ran. She managed to get into her car before any good pictures were taken, and then was whisked away.

Gloria's divorce was obtained on grounds of desertion, a nice chilly letter from Hank being introduced into the testimony, written after his return to Los Angeles, to clinch the legal battle.

It was a classic of brevity:

DEAR GLORIA: I have been thinking this thing over as you have asked me to do, and I am sorry to have to tell you that even though I am going to stay out here for an indefinite period, I will not come back to live at home as you have asked me to. This decision on my part is final.

The Valentino Heritage.

Rudolph Valentino's estate is now \$100,000. That much is definite. For it was conceded by George S. Ullman, executor of the estate, defendant in a suit brought by the heirs, Rudy's brother and sister. They claim it should be about \$1,000,000.

Ullman testified that Valentino was \$500,000 in debt at the time of his death, but that by a carefully conducted campaign of showmanship, in connection with his funeral, etc, as executor, was able to realize \$375,000 on the star's pictures. He further testified that the enormous crowds were drawn through a high-powered publicity campaign. Every detail for handling mobs was provided—free—even ambulances and extra cops. Auction of his personal effects brought in nearly \$100,000. Some money was also realized from life-insurance policies. The heirs are objecting principally to the expenses in connection with the settling of the estate.

One of the things brought out at the trial was that during his days of success in pictures Valentino owned a cleaning and pressing shop in Hollywood, which was a failure.

Popularity of Valentino's films has been renewed abroad. In Paris, especially, at recent showings there have been standing lines of picture fans.

When Doctors Disagree.

The only positive thing that can be said is that Tom Mix was sick. Certainly the bulletins given out regarding his recent stay in the hospital were disconcerting

Photo by Irving L. ...

Natalie Moorhead holds the match that will set the candles blazing to wish all Hollywood a Happy New Year.



enough to make one believe that he might have anything from myopia to hydrophobia.

Here are samples of the reports over a few days:

An old injury he received when he was thrown from his horse, Tony, as a result of a premature dynamite blast for a motion picture, yesterday placed Tom Mix, former screen hero, in the Hollywood Hospital.

Yesterday it was determined from X-ray pictures that Tom Mix was suffering from *arthritis* brought on by his fall from a horse some years ago.

Tom Mix, cowboy screen hero, is suffering from an injury to a vertebra. The illness is due to the injury of deposits between the vertebrae which has caused the patient excruciating pain. It is not known how Mix received the injury, but he believes he got it *alighting from his car*.

Mix was first thought to be suffering from a recurrence of an old ailment, caused by one of his many accidents in the past. It was thought that it might be his back. Mix has had a number of accidents of one kind or another. Then it was thought that it *might be his shoulder*. Perhaps his trouble is *intestinal*. However, he is much better to-day.

Suffering from an old injury to his spine, Mix has been in the hospital since Saturday. The doctor said yesterday he will perform an operation on one of Mix's *shoulders* Friday or Monday. The shoulder was badly smashed several years ago, and subsequently wired together. The doctor plans to remove the wire.

Staving Off Tempests.

There was a delay on the set. It was a production in which two prominent stars were appearing opposite each other.

"Well, what's holding up production now?" asked one prop man of another.

"Aw, rats!" said the one addressed; "they've just gone after a druggist's scales to weigh the close-ups so that one doesn't get more footage than the other."

Sally and Molly Broke.

And now Sally O'Neil and Molly O'Day have done gone and got busted.

The sisters filed petitions in bankruptcy on the same day.

Sally listed her liabilities as \$31,022, and her assets as \$3,300, including \$300 worth of clothes. Molly gave her liabilities as \$12,799, and her assets as \$200.

Just to add to the griefs of the moment, our old friend, Stepin Fetchit, is reported in trouble because of being behind in heart-balm payments to a girl who won a \$5,000 judgment against him, about the time he was married.

Footlight Impressions.

Mention of Molly O'Day reminds us that we saw her not long ago in a most creditable portrayal of a naughty little tramp in the stage play, "Young Sinners." Molly, whose fate appears uncertain in the movies, probably could do well in ingénue rôles on the stage, if she were so minded.



Louise Brooks is all set to resume her film career and has landed a rôle in William Powell's "Ladies' Man" to start the New Year right.

In the same play, Polly Ann Young, sister of Loretta and Sally Blane, enacted a small part, and, of course, Loretta and Sally both had front-row seats for the première. Their sister exhibits distinct charm on the stage, though so far she has never been very successful in pictures.

Lew Cody Fares Well.

No illness, bad luck, or anything, can dismay Lew Cody. He is forging right ahead again, and you may expect to see him in pictures this coming year. Lew looks as hale and hearty and fashionable as he always did, and has entered with new zest into his work.

Wherever he goes he is welcomed, and directors seem immediately to set about finding some bright rôle for him.

One of his earliest screen appearances will be in "The Land Rush," with Victor McLaglen and Fay Wray.

Clara Kimball Glimpsed.

Another old-timer whom we saw recently was Clara Kimball Young. She was

at the première of "Just Imagine," looking as elegant and distinguished as always.

Those Doggy Titles.

The titles and character names of the dog comedies made at the Metro-Goldwyn studio are a joy. You may recall "The Big Dog House" and "The Dogway Melody," and the fact that *Phido Vance* played a rôle in the "The Dogville Murder Mystery."

The latest title chosen for these short-reelers is "The Two Barks Brothers."

"Southerner" Rôle Hoodooed.

The rôle of He-who-slaps-Esther-Ralston is ill-fated. You may remember that H. B. Warner stepped out of the cast of "The Southerner," because he was required to administer punishment to Esther. Following that, Ricardo Cortez was chosen for the part, but he, too, retired from the cast.

Now, every one is asking what the future holds in store for Theodor von Eltz who replaced Cortez.

Dolores Prefers Hearthside.

We refuse to believe that any star's retirement is permanent, unless it is sealed and sworn to, and even then we doubt it. But for what it is worth, we toss along the information that Dolores Costello has settled her choice on domestic life for the future.

Not long ago Vilma Banky made a similar announcement, but she is coming back to films again.

MacLean a Scenario Writer.

"It's better to be behind the camera than in front of it." This is a truth often realized in film-land.

Lowell Sherman and Louis Wolheim are among those

recently essaying directing rather than acting, and Ramon Novarro is also fulfilling ambitions in that field, though he is continuing to play in the foreign-version pictures that he is directing.

Now Douglas MacLean has stepped behind the scenes, and is working on stories at the RKO studio. He was chosen for this work because of his long experience in comedy-making. Probably his first picture will be a farce for Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey.

Seek Further Recuperation.

Poor Renée Adorée! She had hopes of returning to Hollywood and to work. But the strain of attempting to resume her career proved too much for her, and the doctors advised her to go back to the desert for a while. The climate there seems to be beneficial, because she was feeling much better when she returned to Hollywood.

Lila Lee is still an absentee, endeavoring to recuperate her health at a sanitarium near Prescott. At this writing, some hopes are entertained that she may play the lead in Cecil DeMille's "The Squaw Man."

Good Choice for Janet.

We vote whole-heartedly for this! There is a chance that Janet Gaynor may appear in "Daddy Long Legs," once a celebrated Mary Pickford vehicle. The rôle should be ideal for her.

Pretty Miss Cræsus.

This looks like a Constance Bennett year. The smart-appearing blond star, who is under contract to Pathé, is forever being borrowed for an important picture by some other company. Then, whenever she does return to the home base, something bright seems to happen for her.

Most glowing reports are circulating about "Sin Takes a Holiday," which she completed a few weeks ago, and she is at present engaged in "The Easiest Way" for Metro-Goldwyn.

Whenever Connie is lent out, it is said that she receives \$75,000 for four weeks' work—more if the picture takes longer to film. And Pathé, it is reported, permits her to keep most of this, which is a variation from the usual policy when a star under contract to one company is borrowed by another.

When she is working in her own studio Connie is reputed to receive about \$1,750 weekly.

Then, too, you may recall, Connie is supposed to have garnered nearly \$1,000,000 when her divorce case was settled.

Joan May Yet Prosper.

Joan Bennett is much less fortunate, from all accounts, than her sister. For one thing, whenever she is lent out, the film seems a bit hoodooed, or her rôle does. This was true of "Moby Dick" and "Maybe It's Love" in which she was cast with Joe E. Brown. "Maybe It's Love" was a popular feature, but Joan's rôle seemed a negligible one.

She is such a delicate and exquisite type that it would seem that she must some day soon find a rôle suited to her personality and beauty.

Meanwhile there are many rumors that Joan will marry John Considine, formerly an executive with United Artists, now associated with Fox. They are frequently seen together.

Photos and Big Heads.

The Paramount publicity department is apparently all hot and feverish on the subject of statistics regarding their stars. They have recently ascertained how many times a year Clara Bow is photographed for portraits sent out to the fans, and displayed in various magazines, newspapers, et cetera. They figure that Clara is shot 10,000 times a year.

Also they recently started an investigation of the size of heads of stars—which, to our mind, is always an appropriate and interesting gesture. Gratifying to the news that no excessively large heads were discovered. However, the measurements in each case are better than seven for all the leading men, William Powell heading the roster with seven and a half, and Phillips Holmes being next with seven and three-eighths.

Reaching for Fame.

Unless all signs fail, June MacCloy, whom we reported last month as having a weird basso voice, is headed for fame. We omitted to note at that time that she suggests Marion Davies in appearance. Her blond hair is worth fluffily, and she has small features. Also she is gifted with a crackling wit, and the spirit of mischief.

Edmund Goulding, we learn, was so impressed with Miss MacCloy's work in "Reaching for the Moon" that he will cast her as the lead in the next Paramount picture.

A Spanish Dazzler.

Resemblances are noted in many newcomers now being. There is, for instance, a Spanish girl who has lately been dazzling. Her name is Celia Montalvan, and she is noted both in Mexico and abroad as an actress. There are times when facially she appears Pickfordian, and others when in figure and manner she is not un-Swanson-esque.

Rita La Roy introduces a 1931 version of the divided skirt that shocked and rocked the country years ago.

Photo by Bachrach



Ben Needs Protection.

Ben Lyon will simply have to traipse around Hollywood in the future with a bodyguard. Ben has now been twice threatened, first by the chap who waited for him one day outside the studio with intent to take a shot at him, and now by an extortioner. The latter wrote the following charming note: "You double-crossed me and you will pay some day—and if you don't pay with money you will pay some other way, and pay plenty." The envelope containing the threat was addressed to Mrs. Bebe Lyon, who all but fainted when it arrived so closely following the trouble with the would-be gunman.

Regarding Ben's first threatener, he was finally sent back to his home in the East. In a kindly way, he was disabused of the notion of obtaining a picture job in the fashion he had undertaken. It is surmised that the publicity concerning Ben's and Bebe's wedding is responsible for the unwanted attentions that Ben is receiving.

Christened Pugilist.

Even if he isn't mixed in the fight at all, Rex Lease gets his name in the papers. This is the penalty he

Continued on page 104

Synopsis of Preceding Installments.

JANE HAGGERTY, a Nebraska girl who has lived on the Spanish island of Majorca for years, is given a screen test by Larry Bishop, a news-reel man, which wins her the lead in a film. She is renamed Carmen Valencia, and is fêted in New York as a Spanish actress of note. She goes on to Hollywood, where she encounters studio routine and outside gossip until she is sick at heart. She recognizes a rival for Larry's love in Paula Wilding. Her housekeeper, Mrs. Markham, adds to her misery while waiting for her picture to start, with her doleful recollections and predictions. At last Larry is coming home, and he will help her.

Called to the studio in a few days, Jane is asked to do a Spanish dance. She hesitates, trembling, when the reassuring voice of Larry reaches her ear, and she puts her act across in a big way.

Jane is a success. A nice contract is signed, but her uncle's sudden death in an auto accident causes Jane to tell her true name.

PART VI.

WHEN Jane finally sat up and looked around, Larry was nowhere to be seen. She leaned back and closed her eyes, trying to hide her disappointment from the peering eyes of Tilly Markham.

But there was no keeping anything from Tilly.

"If you're seeking that Bishop feller," she remarked, "he went off somewhere in a great hurry. Scared off by all this stuff that's come out about you, I guess. But he left you this note, if you care to read it."

If she cared to read it! Jane snatched it from her hand. It was scrawled on the elaborately monogrammed stationery that the studio had ordered for her.

"Sit tight and admit nothing but perfection of California climate," Larry had written. "I'll fix everything."

Jane felt consoled, but somewhat worried. Larry had fixed everything when he got her to leave Majorca and come over here; there was no telling what he'd do now!

"Them reporters is still hanging around," Mrs. Markham announced, glancing over Jane's shoulder to read the note. "You better see 'em now."

"Yes, I suppose so," Jane agreed, feeling as if she were about to be attacked by vultures. Drearily she went to her dressing table and began putting on make-up. Had any other girl ever got into such a mess as this?

The reporters had assembled in the living room. They came forward eagerly as Jane entered. She was wearing a pale-yellow tea gown trimmed with heavy bands of fur, the sort of thing the designer at the studio thought she ought to wear. To Jane it was in a class with the weird garments that Gloria Swanson had once worn, in her early days of reputation building, but to-day it seemed quite the proper thing.

She sat down, and the newspapermen gathered around her and began asking questions. Was she really Spanish? Had she been eloping with that old man? Was it true that her name was Jane Haggerty?

Jane drew a long breath. It was all very well for Larry to tell her not to admit anything, but why hadn't he stayed here to help her keep still?

How on earth was she to begin? What could she say that wouldn't incriminate her hopelessly?

One of the men murmured to another. Jane caught the

Babes in

In the final installment of the serial that takes fame and has a bit of rare luck which enables in her

By Inez



"Let this story about the elopement with the millionaire stand . . . a girl like

end of the sentence, "Just an old Spanish custom," and the laugh that followed. She straightened up abruptly.

"Before we talk," she said graciously, "allow that I offer to you some refreshment, as ees done at all times in my own countree. A little wine?"

"A little Scotch?" corrected one of the men.

Jane nodded and rang for the Scotch which the parasites who had made her home their own had ordered. Tilly had told her that it was excellent whisky, and Jane was thankful for that, at least.

As the men drank their high balls she began to talk about California. It was very beautiful, the climate was very wonderful! She grew more and more enthusiastic as she began to run out of words. When any one else began to speak, she plunged into another rhapsody about the State. Warily she watched the clock. She'd talked fifteen minutes and put off the debacle that long, at least! But what could she do when they finally cornered her?

And then Jim Peters appeared suddenly, breathlessly bustling across the room as if his presence were the one thing desired.

"I'm head of the publicity department at Superba," he announced to the reporters, who resentfully grunted, "Yeah, we know it!" by way of reply.

"He's here to muzzle her," Jane heard one of the men say. "We'll never get a story now."

"Just what did you want to know?" Peters continued, facing them.

Hollywood

you right into the studios, Jane Haggerty tastes her to do what you perhaps would do if you were place.

Sabastian

Illustrated by Xená Wright



you needs a little scandal to make her interesting."

Blessed inspiration came to Jane, quite without warning. She rose, facing fat little Jim Peters majestically.

"First, I must know someseeng," she announced. "What is zeese story you turn out about me? About an elopement—about zome one name Jane someseeng—why you start zeese lies?" The sight of the abashed press agent, and the eager interest of the reporters, goaded her on. "I come here to act, not to get my name in ze papperrrs! Always I was have ze picturrres taken—for publictee! Now you have zem preent zeese stories about me! Why? Why?"

"But I—I didn't—" Peters began, startled, but got no further.

"Say, that's it—publicity!" "Just the kind of gag he tried to put over about Wilding!" "Pretty low, dragging this poor kid into it, taking advantage of the death of that old man to put it over!" The rumble of bitter comment swamped Peters's protests.

"Don't try to square yourself!" one of the men told him. "If you think we're going to give you a lot of space on denials of this, after what the story got, you're mistaken. Say, I wouldn't write the story now if it was true!"

They bade Jane an affectionate farewell and departed, and she leaned back, sighing, as Peters reached for the nearest bottle.

"Say, that was a fast one you put over!" he remarked, mopping his brow, as he set down his empty glass. "I

thought you were in a bad spot, but you got out of it all right. Well, put on the old hat and coat and come along with me—J. G. wants you."

Jane eyed him laughily.

"I dress for the street at my leisurre!" she announced, and stalked from the room. Evidently Peters believed those newspaper stories. What chance would she have of convincing J. G. that they weren't true?

She sat down at her dressing table and stared drearly at her reflection. That new contract of hers stipulated that she wasn't to do anything that would hurt her standing as a Superba actress—and she'd done the one thing that would hurt it most!

Tilly Markham sauntered in at that moment, waving a letter. Something in her manner, an added familiarity, warned Jane that all was not well in that quarter.

"Well, Miss Haggerty," Tilly began conversationally. "I was right all along, thinkin' you wasn't Spanish."

Jane merely stared.

"I never said nothin', because I like you," Tilly continued. "But you should 'a' told me in the beginning. Havin' letters sent to you in my care, addressed to you as Miss Haggerty—say, you should 'a' been smarter'n that, if you didn't want me to know."

Jane felt as if some one had hit her in the stomach. She hadn't thought her uncle would try to reach her that way, and she'd told him not to communicate with her, unless it was of tremendous importance. Oh, why hadn't she thought of some other way? He'd asked her so suddenly for her address that she hadn't had time to figure out anything.

"Eef zat letter is for me, give eet to me!" Jane said majestically, holding out her hand.

"Well, I got a copy of it," Tilly announced. "And I got a few requests to make. After this I'm to be your chaperon, and go everywhere with you. I'm goin' to be at all your parties as the hostess. And I'm goin' to have a split on your salary—twenty per cent."

Jane was too horrified to speak. Have Tilly with her always?—oh, she couldn't! She glanced at Tilly, and the complacent expression she saw there made her smother a groan. What an old man of the sea Tilly would be!

She folded the letter and tucked it into her hand bag without looking at it.

"I cannot talk to you now," she said, as she rose. "I have an appointment—"

"I know—with J. G.," contributed Tilly. "I'll go right along."

"You will not!" exclaimed Jane. "I weel not have you in my car!"

"I should care, with busses runnin' regular," she retorted, and departed to get her hat.

Jane rushed downstairs and grabbed the amazed Mr. Peters by the arm.

"Hurry, hurry!" she cried, turning toward the door. Protesting, he dragged back.

"Oh, there's no rush; he'll wait for you to-day," he said.

But Jane insisted. Tilly was already at the foot of the stairs, a salmon-pink turban dragged over her dyed hair, an ominous expression on her face.

"Thank goodness she never takes taxis," Jane thought, as the door of her car slammed behind her.

It was one of the days when traffic was at its worst. Jane had expected to outdistance Tilly easily, but Tilly had caught a bus at once, and the driver showed uncanny skill in finding gaps through which to run his vehicle. Sometimes Tilly was ahead; at others, when Jane's car slipped into the lead, Tilly's bus was a close second.

Jane reached the studio first, and ran to J. G.'s private office. She was aware of the interested glances of his

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Papa Knows Best

When a young chap calls on Anita Page, he sees Pop, Mom, and the kid brother, too, but then Mr. Pomares will point to our favorite blonde's success and her health as the reward for postponed whoopee.

By Myrtle Gebhart



Photo by Bull

Anita Page, as her brother Marino sees her, is a nice homy sister who will make fudge when the family isn't seeing a boy friend.

stopping? "Oh, just call me at the nearest auto camp." Delivering this with devastating sweetness, she swept out.

The fact that they stop at auto camps, shunning the high-priced hotels, and have a whale of a good time, is indicative of the family's spirit, of the wholesome naturalness and companionship that have prevailed despite the circumstances of having a movie daughter. Sometimes they take equipment in a trailer and camp out in the hills.

The publicity given the system by which Papa Pomares has promoted her career appears to make of Anita Page a mere puppet. His management and chaperonage have been slammed. In the opinion of some, his supervision has been carried to a ridiculous point.

"Twenty years old and she's never had a date!" the scoffers sneer. "He has made a machine of her. No wonder she's dumb."

Obviously such comments are fairly reasonable. When Anita goes any place, it resembles a convention; she's all family. After you know them, you like it that way. Dad guides her career. She is perpetually sweet and vivacious, a fluted sunrise tiptoeing on the mountaintop, and she apparently fails to understand remarks in sophisticated vein.

But for all of this there are reasons, the success of which has proved their logic. Mr. Pomares was formerly in business accustomed to figuring how to save time and money. He grasps situations as a whole, and he sees details with mechanical exactitude. These traits he has applied to her career.

"I know I seem just a stop-and-go signal. But why not?" Anita says, defending his management. Her eyes, cups of lightning, italicize her rapid speech in the rousing discussions around the family hearth.

"All actresses have managers; I picked a good one, didn't I? Dad knows business; I don't. He contrived these methods for my success. He watches box-office reports. He watches the public's reaction to types of pictures and rôles. He knows what will be liked in each section, and why.

THE young man was smitten with the actress to whom he had been presented by a common acquaintance in the dining room of a tourist hotel. She was of that coloring preferred by gentlemen. Might he telephone her?

"Certainly," her dulcet tone curled its favor. Where were she and her family

"He charts me, outlining drama, comedy, pathos, costuming, all such things that affect me professionally, even conduct! He pays careful attention to my fan mail, but does not consider it as authoritative as the box office's reply. He budgets my salary, apportioning it in accordance with my needs. As a result, I have a healthy trust fund.

"I pirouette when dad pulls the strings, or so a lot of people think. I haven't the liberty—to get into trouble, possibly—that the majority of girls enjoy. But *I'm* not kicking. If we still lived on Long Island, and I hadn't gone into pictures, I should be having dates, of course."

Her chatter trips her words in a heedless rush. "Maybe I would be married. I simply live differently here to meet a particular set of situations."

"Hollywood molehills become mountains in the press," reasons Mr. Pomares. "Rumors start scandals. Goofs in this game, we thought the whole thing over and settled on a sensible policy.

"Nita's character was in its malleable years. We determined to exercise care in choosing the influences which would mold it. Didn't want her to get tangled up in an artificial life that is, at best, temporary. Wanted her to have only the best, the finest.

"Her talent was entitled to every chance. But we realized we must keep our heads—and our ideals. You don't talk about ideals nowadays, but most ordinary folks have 'em.

"Nita was young enough to give a few years to her work. Late hours don't help a girl's beauty. She needed study—reading, dancing, music, drama, languages. She can have all the company she wants at home, and I'll leave it to you whether or not it's dull around here, and we arrange Biltmore and Ambassador parties between pictures.

"What has she lost? A few good times, perhaps, offset, we all think, by her gain in success, knowledge, health, looks."

"And a clear conscience," put in the convalescent Maudie, from her corner, Maudie being Mrs. Pomares, whose sly humor is only a hop and skip behind papa's tumultuous fun and the bubbling gayety with which the pretty Page spices her remarks.

"You *would* mention something unfashionable," Nita murmured.

Though these methods have evoked criticism, they are largely responsible for Anita's steady progress. So many factors are determining currents that only a shrewd comprehension and supervision of them keep a career pointed ahead, instead of being blown like a leaf on the wings of errant breezes.

Dumb? It's all in the viewpoint. The general studio impression is that she is a sweet and cheerful kid who doesn't yet know who puts the candy in her stocking. Same being, if you'll pardon the shattering of an illusion, a large lot of bluff, and more power to the Page for putting it over.

At the very first, the publicity boys fell in love with her, every wisecracking one of them, and appointed themselves her guard. But one doesn't work for three

Dieting and exercise have insured Anita against dangerous curves.

At nine thirty every night during work periods, this scene takes place in the Pomares home.



Photos by Bull

"In another year I'll start having dates," says Anita Page. "I want to marry, but not until I stop working."

years in a constantly changing professional stream without soaking up some knowledge of life.

That very innocence proved her protective shield. At first, she looked blank, because she really didn't understand many things. Realizing the annoyance that it saved her, she continued to present a puzzled countenance to the occasional amorous overture, and to gossip.

It worked. Forwardness is beaten back most effectively by that uncomprehending frown. It's a simple but a grand way of avoiding quarrels, or even those explanations of a policy inevitable to any girl making her own way. Behind this mask of the ga-ga ingénue, she chortles sometimes over the discomfiture. I don't think it's a bad racket at all, if one is twenty and has big blue eyes.

That she has no dates is a matter of sad concern to several studio people who wail over her lack of a love life. Through genuine affection they take her interests really to heart, but like most unsolicited advice, they express their concern in blandly ignoring her own wishes. They cannot believe that she concurs in her parents' ideas.

"She should know life," they insist. I no longer cross blades in these verbal duels. Those who prefer spectacular experiences never will understand the finer and more thoroughly enjoyable ones which are hers. The loss will be theirs, not 'Nita's.

Her days tread no dull march. Enthusiasm, bubbling from vital health and keen interest, dances along her studio hours. Study actually engrosses her, particularly history, languages, and music. She plays golf and swims, is intensely absorbed in the momentary occupation with all the fused zest of her French impetuosity, Spanish fire, and Irish humor. There's something doing at home a couple of evenings a week.

Sometimes the whole works—meaning Pomares, practically incorporated—will drape their assorted selves over my living room. Chatter is a ping-pong ball pitched from one to another of the group bent over Guggenheim columns, "thought" games, or the twenty questions in a weekly magazine.

Dad dominates. "A big goose egg for you on your boundaries of Anam," he calls scores. "Ten off for misspelling Abyssinia, you hole-out-of-a-doughnut. All right, you ring the bell with your quotation from 'Don Quixote'—provided we don't have to listen to it again."

True, at nine thirty, if she is working. 'Nita goes to bed. There's a fifteen-minute wrangle about it, after which, quite good-naturedly, she disappears upstairs, blowing a kiss over her shoulder along with some adios that would be a credit to Bill Haines.

You are volubly candid with them. You tell dad you

Continued on page 110

Of Private Life and Habits—Nothing

Yet Roland Young furnishes one of the most unusual, revealing, and delightful interviews that *Picture Play* has ever published.

By Laura Ellsworth Fitch

WHY must you—addressing the mob howling at the gates of PICTURE PLAY'S presses—demand to know so much? So many truths? So much data? Why do you have to know *everything*? You are perfectly aware that curiosity killed a cat, but do you take heed? Oh, no, not you.

What can come of your vast fund of knowledge, familiarity with the breakfast menus, favorite authors, waist measure, hobbies, and love life of your pet star?

If you demanded the same information of Ed Robinson, the hardware dealer, that you demand of Gary Cooper, it is likely that Mr. Robinson would sock you a fast one which you wouldn't forget in a hurry. Maybe Gary Cooper has moments of wanting to do the same. It's a thought, anyhow, for to-day.

Why can't you be satisfied with the light, polite banter of the drawing-room? Please, leave us all be little ladies and gentlemen for a minute. It is the panic cry of a desperate reporter about to launch an article about Roland Young.

Of the private life and habits of Mr. Young, you will hear practically nothing. This gentleman doesn't make small talk about his innermost soul. He would, indeed, be embarrassed if you suspected he had one. He is one of the most diverting conversationalists at present in our midst. And he is vile copy. Revealing facts and biographical statistics will be conspicuously lacking in this thesis. I couldn't get any, I tell you.

The principal reason for this interview is the stage production of "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney," which your reporter saw during its Los Angeles run some three years ago. The star of this piece was Mrs. John Gilbert—née Miss Claire—who was utterly delightful. The real reason your humble reporter attended the show twice was Roland Young, who played *Lord* somebody in a delightfully whimsical manner.

Among purveyors of delicately shaded comedy-drama, the theater possesses none more expert than Roland Young. Neither guffaws nor tears enter his territory. He is concerned with nuances of amusement, upon the varying strings of which he plays with the command of a concert master. Subtlety—a term grown smug through abuse—is his forte.

This quality is now, via Metro-Goldwyn, adding luster to the talking screen. Inadequate rôles have, so far, supplied poor settings for it. To dim it entirely would be impossible.

The scene of this interview is the Beverly Hills home of Mr. and Mrs. Roland Young. It is palatial but not fancy, if you know what I mean. The exact locale of aforesaid ceremony is a small study, off living room, to right. The time is toward the end of a balmy, winter afternoon. Windows, left, open on a rose garden. The master of the house is discovered in deep chair, facing divan on which reporter presents grim mien.

REPORTER: And where, Mr. Young, were you born?

YOUNG: In London.

REPORTER (laughing to give impression of tact): When?

YOUNG: Oh, my! November 11, 1887.

(All of a sudden, this becomes a play, you see. You are not nearly so startled as I. Free verse probably to follow. With, perhaps, a song or two.)

REPORTER: How long have you been on the stage?

YOUNG: Eighteen years.

REPORTER: Theatrical lineage?

YOUNG: No.

REPORTER: How do you account for yourself?

YOUNG: Oh, I don't.

There is an awkward pause. No one can accuse Mr. Young of being cagy about questions. But his replies are gems of brevity. The qualifying adjective, the redundant phrase, the prolongation of an idea—these are flaws which no headmaster would have found in his essays at school.

REPORTER: I'm afraid we shall need more details.

YOUNG (surprised): Details? Well, I went on the stage, played a bit in London, made an American tour two years later, and I've been here ever since. So there you are. (He finishes with a benign smile.)

REPORTER (weeping softly behind cigarette smoke): But there are at least fifteen paragraphs more to fill.

YOUNG (shocked): Oh, I say, how appalling. Couldn't you make this story a short one—something to fill in among the advertisements?

REPORTER (testily): I am not in the habit of supplying fillers for the back of the book.

YOUNG: Oh.

Another pause. Which can be occupied by a belated description of the gentleman on the stand.

He is below average height and boasts no distinguishing characteristics. His face presents the requisite number and arrangement of eyes, nose, mouth. His features are essentially practical rather than ornamental. Heaven alone knows why he is fascinating.

Yet Nils Asther himself would have difficulty in holding the ladies' attention were he unfortunate enough to appear in the same scene with Mr. Young. The guy is a swell actor, I grant you. But he is also more personally intriguing than is logical.

REPORTER: The point is to enlarge on your answers. Let go a bit. A few adjectives never hurt any one. So let's start over again. How about your parents? What sort were they?

YOUNG: Well, they were very nice.

REPORTER (encouragingly): Yes?

YOUNG: My father was an architect, a good one.

(After a moment, in desperate attempt to do the right thing): He had a beard.

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Roland Young lends his sense of humor to "The New Moon" and "The Southerner."



Photos by Lansing Brown

ESTELLE TAYLOR is an amusing anomaly. Beautiful, exotic, voluptuous, her appearance is that of a siren of the most dangerous sort and it is in such a rôle that she always appears on the screen. *Lucrezia Borgia*, in John Barrymore's "Don Juan," the subtly obscene Eurasian in Lon Chaney's "Where East Is East," *Madame Muskiet* in the recent "Liliom," and now *Dixie Lee*, the shady lady of "Cimarron," in which flaunting character she is pictured, right.

Those who know Miss Taylor in real life find amusement in the difference between her two selves, the professional and the private. In the latter sphere she is decorous, abstemious, domestic and, oddly enough, finds cigarettes distasteful.





Dorothy Wooldridge couldn't understand how it was done, but her picture appeared on the screen of Mack Sennett's television set.

MACK SENNETT let me look into his workshop. He has gone television mad. Books, magazines, newspaper clippings, a television receiver, theses on gallium photo-electric cells, pentodes, spectra, alternating currents, and a lot of things I couldn't even pronounce, much less spell, were there in profusion.

"It's coming, it's coming!" he gleefully exclaimed. "A little more research for the advancement of the television photocell through use of a coating of caesium and potassium, in combination with a gas of gallium vapor kept constantly heated by electricity when in use, and we'll have it."

Raving mad, I tell you!

Now Mr. Sennett is no manufacturer of television apparatus. He boasted a few years ago that when bigger and better pies are made, Mack Sennett's comedians would throw them. Now he says that when television pictures are projected in theaters or elsewhere, Mack Sennett will make them.

Seriously, the former glorifier of the bathing girl is deep in the study of television, because, he says, the television era is coming and is destined to revolutionize the entire field of entertainment.

"Television already is here! Do you know that a public broadcast of talking film projected by television and radio to a theater screen was made in London the other day? That in this country the Federal Radio Commission is allotting visual broadcasting channels now for experimental purposes? That in Chicago a newspaper is establishing a television broadcasting station which is the fourth to be licensed for placing pictures on the air? That television receiving sets may be bought for as low as \$200?

"All of which means that television has become a reality. Not perfected, by any means, but further along than were the first moving-picture films. Development has barely started, so what may we look for a year or two from now? Let's see.

"First, broadcasting complete talking pictures from a central station to any number of theaters, either through the air or by means of electric cables.

"Second, reception in the home of singing-talking entertainments with all characters visible on a screen.

"Third, reception of the day's news, in films, at about the time dad usually sits down with his evening paper.

"The possibilities, I tell you, are absolutely limitless. We cannot tell how far television will go, nor what effect it will have on our daily lives, any more than we could envision what motion pictures would accomplish

The Old

Mack Sennett knows the stars as few do, his slapstick comedies. He looks back upon a sensation and recalls some who are famous tells what he sees in

By Dorothy

when they first started. Why, just a very, very few years ago, no one envisioned the characters in silent films suddenly starting to talk out loud."

Production of television entertainments will have little effect upon attendance at theaters, Mr. Sennett insists, even though home receiving sets become cheap.

"People will always seek groups for entertainment," he said. "Television in the home will be an

interesting novelty and will be widely used, but it will not eliminate our desire for association and contact with people. We will go to theaters just as we do now, to nod to Mrs. Brown and wave to Mrs. Jones, and have something to discuss when we meet them again.

"There are more theaters in the world to-day than ever before. They afford a common meeting place for the masses. Eliminate them and the resultant howl would be heard around the world.

"We have no place to go-o-o-o!" every one would cry.

"The President of the United States, Congress, the army, navy, J. P. Morgan, and the King of England would be asked to do something about it."

The enthusiasm of the comedy producer was keen, and if television is to become an important factor in theatrical programs, he intends being in on it at the start. Mack Sennett, as almost every one knows, was the first to capitalize on the interest people took in bathing girls. He was the first to produce pictures independent of the old Biograph and Seelig "trust" years ago. He was the first to inject gags in comedies and to use stars in comedy rôles. He was the first to make talking-comedies in color.

Recently he completed "Hello, Television," a picture which purports to show television in use. After taking a look at his workshop, I asked him to show me his television apparatus. He took me to one of the big stages.

"We might continue the interview here," he suggested.

He led me to a small curtained booth constructed just back of a large picture frame. This frame, about 3 by 3½ feet, was entirely inclosed in glass. Then he turned to the television receiving set and began turning a dial. Slowly, very slowly, a gray-green light came from somewhere, gradually increasing in intensity.

"All right," I heard his voice say, "proceed with your interview."

"But I can't see you," I protested.

"Certainly not! There is only one receiving set. We out here can see you, though. Stay still a moment while a cameraman gets a picture of you."

I felt that there was a hoax of some sort, but I had no way of telling. I still wonder if there wasn't a radio connection between the booth and his receiving set.

But I remembered his promise of an interview, and went after it. I felt something uncanny was taking place.

"Is it true, Mr. Sennett," I asked, "that Gloria Swanson once was slapped in the face with a custard pie when she worked at your studio?"

Master Speaks

because many of them made humble beginnings in the days when his sedate bathing beauties were now. Incidentally, he peers around the corner and the future of television.

Wooldridge

"Any star who worked at the Sennett studio in the early days was certain to get her pie," he replied.

"And Marie Prevost?"

"Yes, Marie Prevost, too. We put Marie in some goofy 'undies' one day and had her chased by a goat."

"Could she run?"

"With a goat after her? I'll say she could."

"Who intercepted the first pie in pictures—what girl?"

"Mabel Normand."

"Why did you stop using custard pies?"

"Well, blackberry pie proved better. Then, after a while, pie-throwing lost its kick."

"Where did you get your pies?"

"Made them in the paint shop."

"Why did you stop making the bathing-girl pictures?"

"The amateur bathing beauties put the professionals out of business. If I had clad my girls in bathing suits like the amateurs use now, they'd have put me in jail. My mother—God bless her, she's still living—would have spanked me, besides. Bathing beauties on the screen and pie-throwing passed out about the same time. Both brought in money in the early days, but picture-making has changed to such an extent that such things now are utterly obsolete."

"What would happen if some one hit Gloria in the face with a pie now, Mr. Sennett?"

"Do you know Gloria?"

"Yes."

"Then you know the answer. You couldn't print it."

"You see some of the pictures your old stars, your graduates, make, don't you? There's Gloria, and Betty Compson, and Carol Lombard, and Marion Nixon, and Louise Fazenda, and Marceline Day, and Polly Moran, and Natalie Kingston, and half a dozen others. Aren't you proud of their work?"

"Sometimes."

"Not always?"

"Huh! I should say *not*. Listen, sister. I've watched some of the Sennett graduates struttin' and high-hattin' their way through scenes as if they were mechanical robots. And I wanted to have some one

Dear, dear days beyond recall, when Marie Prevost, left, and Gloria Swanson displayed their chic and daring as Sennett bathing girls.

walk straight up to them and deposit a custard pie in exactly the right place and say, 'Climb off that high horse and get down to work! You're hired as an actress—not as an exhibit.'"

"Who writes your comedies?"

"Mack Sennett."

"Who directs them?"

"Mack Sennett."

"Who gets the money?"

"Guess!"

"Do your ideas of what is comedy always get over?"

"Satisfactorily, at least. Yet episodes which appear funny when contemplated in the afternoon will be cold and out next morning. I recall one idea which I thought would be great. I would have big Jim Jeffries chased by a diminutive wife wielding a switch. She could run about as fast as he, and every time she got close enough she'd switch his legs till Jim did a kangaroo hop. After I chuckled over it a bit, however, the value of the episode waned.

"Then I thought it might be even better to have Jack Dempsey chased by Estelle Taylor armed with a little stick of some sort. 'Wonderful!' I decided. That idea sank, too. It would seem so unreal. 'Flokum!' the audiences would say. Ideas like these go into limbo overnight. They don't always 'jell.'"

"So, instead of old-style comedies, you expect to center activities on what?"

"On comedy dramas. On modern development of things. On manners, and customs, and changes throughout the world. I have made comedies centering about golf, using world champions. I have taken the Zeppelin, fat legs, modern husbands, racketeers, deep-sea fishing, and television as themes. Audiences now demand such things." [Continued on page 167]

Photo by Evans





Photo by C. A. Pollock



SWEPT into popularity by "The Rogue Song," Lawrence Tibbett has too long delayed his appearance in another picture to please those who respond to his compelling personality, his matchless baritone, the first opera singer to be accepted as a romantic hero.

Soon, however, he will be seen and heard in "The Southerner," which also will bring back to the screen Esther Ralston after more than a year in vaudeville. To her fresh blond beauty and appealing womanliness she has added the poise acquired by facing an audience twice a day.

She is seen, above, with Mr. Tibbett and again, left, while Hedda Hopper displays, right, one of the very chic costumes she wears in the film.





A CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE TO CURRENT RELEASES

Underwood & Underwood

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD SEE.

"Whoopie"—United Artists. Technicolor does well by Eddie Cantor and Ziegfeld beauties. Stage success excellently done on grand scale. Story parodies medicine taking for imaginary ills and talk of operations. Large cast from stage includes Ethel Shutta, Eleanor Hunt, Paul Gregory, Albert Hackett.

"Her Man"—Pathé. Vigorous, well-constructed picture of love and hate on the water front, with realistic touches enhanced by subordinating dialogue to action. Helen Twelvetrees, Phillips Holmes, Ricardo Cortez excellent. Comedy by James Gleason, Harry Sweet.

"Abraham Lincoln"—United Artists. Inspired human story of the great American, directed by D. W. Griffith. Walter Huston surpasses his past work, and entire cast is flawless. Remarkable continuity of biography. Kay Hammond, as *Mary Todd*, Una Merkel, Ian Keith, Hobart Bosworth, Henry B. Walthall.

"Outward Bound"—Warner. Oddly arresting picture with some admirable acting. Routine plots and situations avoided, and deals with life after death. Leslie Howard, of the stage, Beryl Mercer, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Helen Chandler, Alec B. Francis.

"Romance"—Metro-Goldwyn. Greta Garbo's portrayal of opera singer whose "past" caused her to dismiss the man she loves is great—tender, poetic, poignant. Her every thought and feeling registers. Lewis Stone capital. Gavin Gordon the hero; Florence Lake delightful.

"Raffles"—United Artists. Most civilized current film—gay, ironic, intelligent melodrama. It will appeal to all. Ronald Colman, Kay Francis, David Torrence are like human beings. Good dialogue. Frederick Kerr, Alison Skipworth show their value on screen.

"Dawn Patrol, The"—First National. War story without love interest gives Richard Barthelmess, Neil Hamilton, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., opportunities capably exploited. Life among Royal Flying Corps, showing hideous actualities of war. Barthelmess's best in years.

"Big House, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Savage picture of life behind prison walls, finely wrought drama depending upon character rather than studied plot. Wallace Beery, sly, hardened criminal; Chester Morris, slick forger; Robert

Montgomery, new convict. Revolt of prisoners stirring scene.

"Holiday"—Pathé. Well-known play, with good cast. Poor rich girl mopes over having too much money, finally wakes up and escapes from her Park Avenue "prison." Ann Harding, Mary Astor, Robert Ames good. Monroe Owsley outstanding; Edward Everett Horton, Hedda Hopper.

"All Quiet on the Western Front"—Universal. Faithful screening of the most realistic novel of World War, with no happy ending or girl appeal. Strongest film document against war. Lewis Ayres, Louis Wolheim, "Slim" Sumnerville, Russell Gleason, William Bakewell, John Wray outstanding in big cast.

"Devil's Holiday, The"—Paramount. Human, sympathetic characterization by Nancy Carroll, every inch the star. Manicurist out West sells farm machinery to customers, and finally marries son of big wheat man, and complications set in. Nice old hokum. Phillips Holmes, Ned Sparks, Hobart Bosworth, James Kirkwood.

"Rogue Song, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Song, dialogue, all Technicolor. Lawrence Tibbett's debut on the screen is high mark of musical films. Magnificent voice, vigorous personality make up for weak story, made weaker by detached horseplay. The bandit kidnaps the princess. Catherine Dale Owen, Florence Lake.

FOR SECOND CHOICE.

"War Nurse"—Metro-Goldwyn. Sufferings of volunteer nurses behind the trenches, physical and moral. Good work, but short of greatness. Love interest concerns two soldiers, two nurses. June Walker, of stage, makes excellent debut; Anita Page, Robert Montgomery, Robert Ames also good. Zasu Pitts, Marie Prevost.

"Billy the Kid"—Metro-Goldwyn. King Vidor directs a Western, and his touch lifts this film, although it is conventional screen stuff, not story of the famous outlaw. John Mack Brown, Wallace Beery, Warner Richmond, Kay Johnson. On "Realife" film—good for Westerns. Five mountains instead of three.

"Her Wedding Night"—Paramount. Clara Bow in restrained role of ladylike movie actress, who is accidentally married to a man who has borrowed a friend's name for the day. Charles Ruggles makes bedroom farce what it

ought to be. Ralph Forbes, Richard Gallagher, Rosita Moreno, Natalie Kingston.

"Bad Man, The"—First National. Walter Huston can do anything. In this film he is wicked but gay bandit, who will do any favor for friend, even shooting an unnecessary husband. Dorothy Revier, James Remick, Sidney Blackmer, O. P. Heggie, Marion Byron, Guinn Williams, Arthur Stone.

"Scotland Yard"—Fox. Quant plot and character names indicate old vintage of this film. Crook takes man's place at head of bank and household, if you can believe that. Edmund Lowe plays three characters; Joan Bennett, Lumsden Hare.

"Madam Satan"—Metro-Goldwyn. Slow-moving tale of humdrum wife who goes "wicked" to get husband from cabaret girl. The clash and victory come aboard a Zeppelin, which then wrecks in most faked scenes of recent date. Kay Johnson, Reginald Denny, Roland Young, Lillian Roth.

"Liliom"—Fox. Artificial picture, although director had good intentions. Barker in amusement park loved by employer and servant girl. He marries latter, but commits suicide, and you follow him to next world and back again. Charles Farrell, Estelle Taylor, H. B. Warner, Lee Tracy, Rose Hobart.

"Those Three French Girls"—Metro-Goldwyn. Gay as musical comedy, but only incidental songs. Whimsical Englishman helps three dressmakers toss things on mean landlord, and all go to jail. There they meet two roughneck Americans. Bright dialogue. Reginald Denny, Fifi Dorsay, Yola d'Avril, Sandra Ravel, Cliff Edwards, Edward Brophy.

"Sinners' Holiday"—Warner. Penny-arcade woman, hard, avaricious, has trouble with her wayward son, who finally kills a fellow crook. Entertaining glimpse of ugly side of life. Lucille La Verne, James Cagney, from stage. Evalyn Knapp, Juan Blondell, Grant Withers, Warren Hymer.

"Up the River"—Fox. Funny story of prison run on coed lines, with varsity show, ball games, and flirtations. Goes dramatic now and then, but mostly humorous. Warren Hymer fine; Humphrey Bogart, Claire Luce, Spencer Tracy, newcomers from stage. Odd film.

"What a Widow!"—United Artists. Disappointing on the whole, but dis-

Continued on page 113



Gary Cooper adds to the importance of Marlene Dietrich's brilliant début in "Morocco," in which she justifies every expectation.

LET the shouts and murmurs die down. Marlene Dietrich will not top Greta Garbo. She has no need to. She will stand on a pinnacle as much her own as Garbo's. And from indications in "Morocco" she is nearly there.

A brilliant, fascinating, individual personality, she has also the accomplishments of a superlative actress. These include poise, repression, a light, pleasing voice with the merest trace of accent, and a complete understanding of what she does. Because of her flexibility, one feels that she can adapt herself to any character.

She makes her début in one that is unusual, according to Hollywood standards. But the picture itself is unusual, though not overly strong except in characterization and detail.

It is the story of a Continental music-hall girl who fills an engagement in Morocco and there meets a legionnaire. The substance, suspense, and adult appeal of the picture come from his studied indifference to her, her change from desire to love, his refusal to acknowledge her importance to him, and her decision to abandon a rich marriage and join the vagrant women who follow the marching soldiers of the legion.

Not a pastel of virgin love, for *Amy Jolly*, sauntering among the men in the café, hands her key to *Tom Brown* at first sight. Nor is he an unblemished juvenile, but a profligate whose escapades are more than censor-proof hints.

Screen By The Norbert Jusk

The absorbing interest of the story lies in the slow, inescapable attraction they hold for each other and their ultimate acknowledgment of it. Made graphic with revealing detail, sure knowledge of psychology and a glowing visualization of the Orient, the picture is extraordinarily intelligent, amazingly honest.

The success of Miss Dietrich is vastly aided by Gary Cooper, as the American, perhaps his best performance so far. But there can be no best to some of us, though certainly this is among the best of Mr. Cooper's pictures. Adolphe Menjou is ideally cast as the understanding, patient worldling who waits vainly for *Amy* to forget the soldier. Josef von Sternberg, the director, reaps stellar honors as bright as any of those won by his players.

Is This the Start of an Epidemic?

This is a serious moment, my pupils. Your professor would have his say. So read on—or skip to the next review. He'll never know the difference. Still, if there is a serious one among you, the new menace of the screen may be worth a few minutes attention. The new menace is nothing more or less than quaintness, whimsicality, antic comedy, self-conscious cuteness—call it what you will. It made its first disquieting appearance in "Holiday," when a little group of the jaded rich forgathered to make whoopee in paper caps to show their superiority to guests in the formal ballroom of the mansion. But the merrymaking of the self-elected turned out to be as sophomoric as if they were at a country candy pull, or a husking bee. Their clown caps and champagne only showed that they were old enough to know better, particularly the more haggard actors of the group.

This same quality manifests itself in "Laughter," not a picture to be dismissed because of this, but far from being the milestone that enthusiasts try to make it. The strain of being quaintly original costs the film its heart appeal. Actually its antic comedy is pursued with such unflagging vigor that one doesn't care whether the chorus girl bride stays with her millionaire husband, or elopes with her suitor of a more frugal day. This is, in effect, the big situation in "Laughter." Will *Peggy* remain with her husband and starve for laughter, or will she run away with her sweetie and be quaint for the rest of her life? It doesn't make the least difference which course she follows, because the spectator feels that those responsible for the picture just threw that in as a sop to the box office anyway; their real concern is in being more whimsical than any one else ever dared be. So we have *Paul Lockridge* returning from Paris to find *Peggy* of the "Follies" with a husband and a butler. To show what a gay, inconsequential fellow he is *Paul* writes his name on the bosom of the butler's shirt in lieu of a calling card. And to drive home the important fact that he isn't a chap to carry a card, he announces that he had one last year. One is asked to believe that only dull, stodgy men carry visiting cards, and that sprightly elves like *Paul* never do. Then we have him invading the ice

in Review

A critic enthusiastically records golden hours furnished by some of the new pictures and new players, and makes the best of the gloomy ones.

box and emerging triumphantly with a glass of beer and a chicken leg while he plays the piano after *Peggy* refuses to see him. Later, when he and *Peggy* are marooned in a deserted house during a rainstorm, they wrap themselves in bearskin rugs, crawl on the floor and growl at each other until policemen arrest them and telephone *Peggy's* husband. True, this is a case where you don't know what the characters will do next, and there's virtue in that. But when *Paul* plays Beethoven with the butler just to show that he's a free soul unshackled by dull conventions, he has already become a rather tiresome puppet of the playwright rather than a human being.

Fredric March plays this part well, giving, on the whole, a brilliant performance of an entirely artificial character. Nancy Carroll is admirable, too, but she makes one feel that she is the victim of the director's enthusiasm for quaintness rather than any sympathy for her as an unhappily married woman.

The subplot concerns the affair of *Peggy's* stepdaughter and another of her former sweethearts, the latter played by Glen Anders, of the Theater Guild, the most interesting and vital performance of all, with Diane Ellis, as the daughter, not far behind. Frank Morgan is the husband, with a line that is as penetrating and shrewd as the comedy tries to be. Inheriting \$7,250,000, he wishes to give his tired secretary a thrill. So he tells the old man to order a new typewriter.

"Time Cannot Wither Nor Custom Stale."

Count on your fingers the stars of the old régime who still retain their places in the stellar orbit. Count on your two fingers the old stars who are losing their hold, or have disappeared entirely. And on your eleventh finger count Harold Lloyd. He has bridged the chasm between silent and audible pictures, without losing—or gaining—a single point. He remains an institution, the same in technique, in laughing appeal, that he was some ten years ago. He stands alone. And for that reason he stands apart.

In his new picture, "Feet First," he is at his best. An amusing, carefully worked out film, his is perhaps the most truly American sense of humor one sees on the screen to-day. There is no slightest taint of what we commonly call sophistication, no least suggestion of the tear behind the smile. Mr. Lloyd is not, thank Heaven, ever wistful, or one who would have us accept him as a comedian who yearns to be funny to the obligato of "Laugh, Clown, Laugh." Because of this complete lack of affectation, this vigorous, uninhibited humor, we have a straightforward picture such as old and young will enjoy, laugh at, and be refreshed by. It seems to me this is a rather high honor, one that is shared by no other star and certainly no other comedian.

"Feet First" tells the story of a shoe clerk, shy and timorous, who is in love with a girl he believes is beyond his station. So *Harold Horne* sets out to prove to her that he is a rich play boy. Much of the story and Mr. Lloyd's best gags occur on board a steamer bound from Honolulu to San Francisco. Shipping as a stowaway, he



Nancy Carroll and Glen Anders, of the stage, adorn "Laughter," one of the most unusual pictures of the month.

is hard put to mingle with the passengers, be near his girl, and at the same time ward off the pangs of hunger. Finally, in order to test his mettle, he agrees to deliver ashore his employer's bid for a contract before the time limit expires. This finds him concealed in a mail sack that is taken off the ship by plane. Presently *Harold* is struggling inside the sack some hundreds of feet above the street, on the narrow ledge of a painter's platform. His efforts to extricate himself from the mail bag and maintain a sure footing constitute the latter part of the picture, to the accompaniment of apprehensive thrills and nervous laughter on the part of the audience.

All of which is simple in the telling, but ingenious and complicated in action typical of Mr. Lloyd in viewpoint and execution.

He is supported by an admirable cast, beginning with Barbara Kent, a perfect adolescent, not to mention such seasoned troupers as Robert McWade, Alec Francis, Lillian Leighton, Noah Young, and Arthur Housman, the latter in a bit that attests his ability to play a gangster or a sap with equal ease.

A Barefoot Boy.

What is acting? Where does the gift come from? Is it instinct or the ability to take direction? These questions never will be answered satisfactorily. For where the instinct is, the individual often is unable to express it. How many players are incapable of acting even under painstaking direction? How many, indeed, have gained nothing in expression after years of practice? All of which makes Richard Cromwell's amazing performance in "Tol'able David" a mystery I cannot solve.

An inexperienced youth in his first part exhibits acting that is natural, artless, fluent. It combines emotional force with poignant earnestness, perfect balance, perfect timing. Nor is this the exhibition of a clever puppet. It is sincere, knowing, the work of a skilled actor who is enabled magically to be younger than young. I give up



"Kismet."



"The Life of the Party."



"The Doorway to Hell."



"Renegades."

trying to explain it. Mr. Cromwell is an enigma, perhaps a sphinx without a secret, who is himself unable to explain how he does it.

Let us, then, relax and enjoy a fine picture, be touched by it and even shed a tear in the dark for the poor mountain boy whose dream of a lifetime is to drive the mail team as his brother did. And on his first trip loses the precious burden, only to trace it to his enemy, the maniac who crippled his brother. The lone youth invades the stronghold of the brute, vanquishes him in a horribly tense conflict, and returns weak and bleeding to town with the sack, vindicated in the eyes of those who thought him only a boy, just "tol'able."

There is more than this to Joseph Hergesheimer's fine story of West Virginia mountaineers, their feuds, poverty and stalwart honesty of purpose. Every point that made the silent version notable in 1922 is caught with unusual fidelity. Furthermore, Richard Barthelmess graciously indorses the new picture and praises the new player of a rôle that is closely identified with his own position on the screen to-day.

Noah Beery, Joan Peers, Henry B. Walthall, George Duryea, Edmund Breese, Helen Ware, and Barbara Bedford contribute vastly to a picture that cannot be recommended too highly.

All Over the Place.

For rollicking, boisterous fun "The Life of the Party" lives up to its title with a vengeance. A funnier film hasn't been seen in a blue moon. Not, in fact, since Marie Dressler and Polly Moran raised the roof in "Caught Short." There is the same hearty attack in this, with subtlety scorned, finesse knocked into a cocked hat, and a spade called a pickax. There the similarity ends, for this bears the imprint of musical comedy in its extravagance, though there's only one song and no chorus at all. But the flavor of that form of entertainment pervades and you like it.

This is due in large measure to Winnie Lightner, whose antics in past films are familiar. They take an added bounce—if you can believe that!—and yield more laughter than before. Strenuous as she is, with her mugging, wisecracking and bumptiousness, she has the virtue of spontaneity and sincerity. One could never say that *la* Lightner tries to be something she is not, or that at heart she is wistful and shy with a yen to play *Juliet*.

She gains much through being paired with Charles Butterworth, a comedian whose screen début is more important than my faltering words may convey. Here is something new and different—a man whose sense of humor is as far beyond ordinary comedy as to be a sixth sense. He begins where others leave off. Equipped with what is known in the jargon of vaudeville as a "dead pan," he is as devoid of good looks as of expression. But how he can project the lunatic humor of a line in his low, hesitant voice! And he has some exceedingly good ones. Good or not at the outset, you feel that Mr. Butterworth would make them so. His rôle is slight and he makes his appearance late in the picture, but once he is in evidence he is a star truly. As *Colonel Joy*, from Kentucky, a breeder of horses, he is a guest at the Havana hotel where Miss Lightner and Irene Delroy arrive bent on gold digging. They are first seen in a music shop, where, incidentally, Miss Lightner warbles the only song one hears. Fired for some reason or other, *Flo* and *Dot* vamp an excitable Frenchman into giving them jobs in his dress shop and run off with most of his gowns. They land in Cuba, and Miss Lightner sees to it that they are mistaken for rich girls whose credit is unlimited. They fasten themselves on a young man they think is a millionaire, there's a horse race in which Miss Lightner is a jockey, and in the end the girls find themselves in the arms of men who are able to take care of their material wants.

Just an ordinary story of Broadway gold diggers, but it is geared in high, is beautifully photographed entirely in Technicolor, and is without a dull moment. So what more do you want if your mood is for comedy? Charles Judels, John Davidson, Arthur Hoyt, and Jack Whiting are the other principals, all well chosen.

A Baby-faced Killer.

One of the most successful pictures of the month is "The Doorway to Hell," a crook melodrama that is as good as "The Racket" of two years ago. With all that has been said of the underworld, it is extraordinary that a new series of characters and incidents can

be blended in a semblance of novelty. Exactly that is achieved in this latest glimpse of gangster life that has some stock figures as well as a new one. This is a youthful racketeer played by Lewis Ayres, the erstwhile adolescent of "All Quiet on the Western Front." He is *Louis Ricarno*, who appoints himself czar of the underworld and indicates the zones in which gangsters under him are to confine their traffic in liquor. He warns each to keep within his own boundary, and his word is accepted as law—oh yeah? But there are double-crossers in his smoothly running organization, who determine to strike *Ricarno* through his young brother. While *Ricarno* is away on a honeymoon, an attempt is made to kidnap the boy who is killed in making his escape. *Ricarno* "gets" the men responsible and he in turn meets his end. A sardonic touch comes from the fact that *Ricarno* never knows that his wife is philandering with his friend.

Not a cheerful tale, but its working out is looked upon favorably by those who know their underworld lore. Certain it is that the story is arresting, fast, exciting, and is capably acted by Robert Elliott, in his usual characterization of a drawing detective, James Cagney, as *Ricarno's* treacherous friend, Dorothy Mathews, his wife, and Mr. Ayres, whose poise, maturity, and tragic suggestion constitute one of the big surprises of the month.

From the Temple of Music.

The screen debut of an operatic star is usually one thing or the other, a hit as in the case of Lawrence Tibbett, or a dismal failure as was—but why bring that up? Strangely, the first appearance of Grace Moore, prima donna of the Metropolitan Opera, is neither.

A gracious, womanly personality, her agreeable voice in speech melts into beautifully limpid song, but she remains too placid an actress to inject needed strength into a picture that is already unexciting and a little dull. Confession of weakness lies in Metro-Goldwyn's questionable title, "A Lady's Morals," for a pleasantly fictionized Jenny Lind, who was perhaps the most blameless singer that ever lived and whose life on the screen is in keeping with tradition.

It shows the famous songstress pursued from place to place by a young composer who resorts to every loverlike ruse to bring himself to her attention. She is gently kind in refusing his love. Not until she loses her voice and he brings his uncle, a famous teacher, to restore it, is *Jenny* touched. When she learns that the young man is threatened with blindness as a result of the riot that occurred in the theater during her fateful performance, she is moved to compassion and love. But he disappears rather than marry her with a handicap. They are reunited, however, during *Jenny's* historic engagement at Castle Garden in New York, when P. T. Barnum introduced her to the American public eighty years ago.

Frequently touching, always pleasing, the film pursues an even course, leaving in its wake undeniable charm and the memory of a superb production and admirable acting. For one thing, I have never seen a representation of opera managed as well, nor has there ever been a performance that so clearly justified the enthusiasm caused by *Jenny Lind's* "Norma." In this episode Miss Moore sings the "Casta Diva" aria beloved of operagoers; elsewhere she is heard in selections from "Daughter of the Regiment" as well as some ballads.

Reginald Denny is impressive in his serious performance of the composer, and Wallace Beery is likewise effective as *Barnum*, the master showman, whose knowledge of modern idioms is a bit surprising. However, no one minds when he says, nearly a hundred years ago, "Give 'em all you've got!"

A "Success" Story De Luxe.

Oh, the pain of it! Here is Norma Talmadge, one of the great ladies of the screen, ill at ease vocally, dramatically, and sartorially. The lapse from greatness occurs in "Du Barry, Woman of Passion." Her fault is in Robert Burns's lament, "O wad some power the gittie gie us to see oursel's as ithers see us!" It would seem that the canny Scot had especial reference to the yes men of the studios when he penned that immortal line, for one feels that they stand in the way of any star's approximation of true vision. Miss Talmadge,

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"The Big Trail."



"Feet First."



"Playboy of Paris."



"A Lady's Morals."



Photo by Richee

Alice White's dark eyes and olive complexion, inherited from her Italian mother, suggest anything but the blond flapper she was forced to play.

THE fans who silently hoped for, or noisily demanded, the removal of Alice White from the screen have, to some extent, reason to feel satisfied. The peppy little star is no longer a star. Indeed, at this writing, she had not yet obtained a new contract of any sort.

"I'm resting," she tells you, with a slight, meaningful smile. Alice is too honest to try to fool you, much less herself.

And now that the blow has fallen, one wonders if the fans who never speak of her without pointed animosity do not feel just a little guilty. Or, do they rejoice that the much-discussed star, whose films no fan was ever compelled to see, has been crowded out?

There were many who derided her efforts as an actress. There were as many others to whom her performances gave pleasure, who were thrilled by her piquant beauty and provocative youthfulness. It is they who will regret that her contract with First National has been terminated, not without some rancor. And they will stand by her during her present difficulties. Or will they? I'll leave that to the Alice White fans themselves to answer.

Just what was it that made certain fans so resent her? She couldn't act? Well, since when has that become a screen handicap?

It has always been my contention that the public gets exactly what it wants and deserves in the way of entertainment, and when Alice White was raised to premature stardom, it was done because a great many fans wrote

What's All

By Madeline Glass

letters, or in other ways expressed their approval of her. Alice, an orphan working for her living, would have been rather unwise to have rejected such a lucrative job as stardom, wouldn't she? Caught you there, didn't I? No? That's too bad.

Recently, while talking with a beautiful but eccentric young lady, I remarked that I intended to write an article about Miss White. Her reaction was a quick, incredulous smile which she politely erased when she saw that I was serious. Her attitude nettled me, and I was more determined than ever to give Alice a chance to defend herself.

"Looky here," I began, laying back my ears. "I'm not a White fan, but do you know that Alice has less conceit, and puts on less 'dog,' than almost any star in Hollywood? Her tastes are simple: one of her best friends is a thirty-dollar-a-week stenographer, and she is mighty generous.

"Why, there was an old man at the studio who was about to starve, and was three months behind with his rent. He couldn't sleep out in the woods, you know, in spite of our swell climate. Alice paid not only his back rent but three months in advance, and looked after the old fellow until he died. Perhaps she has been reckless with her reputation at times, and given out some cuckoo 'true' stories that didn't do her any good, but she has a kind heart."

"Oh, I don't deny that she is generous," said my friend soothingly, "and I haven't the least

interest in an actor's morals. The point is, she can't act."

That left me floating at anchor with flag at half mast. For a little, a very little, I would revenge myself on this erudite young woman by telling how she disguised herself as a mulatto and attended a Negro theater to see a Novarro film.

As for the oft-repeated charge that Alice can't act, what about her work as *Dorothy*, in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes?" At that time Alice had not embarked upon her ill-advised stardom. Her hair was still its natural dark shade, and even the critics spoke highly of her work.

It is said that Samson was reduced to something of a ninny when Delilah barbered his hair, but in the case of Alice it was not the cutting, but the bleaching that robbed her of her natural personality. Thereafter she was identified with the vast army of *Loreleis*, a symbol of frivolity and ephemeral glitter.

Alice's dark hair was a heritage from her Italian mother, and her great brown eyes and olive complexion, should have inspired producers to give her rôles in keeping with her rich pigmentation, rather than to cast her continually as a frothy flapper.

"In the movie business one has to play politics," said Alice, "and I'm not a politician."

She was sitting on a divan in my apartment, one foot tucked under her, the other, in its neat patent-leather pump, swinging idly. Above it gleamed one of the famous White legs, slender and hoseless. Her dress was black, in perfect taste, with a wide patent-leather belt girdling her waist. A black turban hid most of her hair.

the Shouting For?

Fans who loudly called for the removal of Alice White from the star's pedestal, and, through "What the Fans Think," tried to promote

an anti-White crusade, may now stop to reflect on the fairness of their prejudice, since she is now idle. Miss White herself has a few pointed, sensible things to say.

Alice applies only the minimum of cosmetics. Her smile is infrequent, her manner alert, her conversation intelligent. During our talk I do not recall that she made a single inane remark—which is more than I can say for my own conversational offerings.

"A player is expected to be nice to every one at the studio where she works," said Alice, "regardless of whether she is sincere or not. I've never gone in for a tooth-paste grin, or bowing to my shoe tops when meeting an executive or his wife. Perhaps I am not as diplomatic as I should be, but I try to give every one a square deal."

It is said that on several occasions Alice has led some pretty or talented extra to her director and insisted that the girl deserved better breaks than she was getting. Her unselfish attitude contrasts pleasingly with that of a certain beautiful and highly regarded leading lady who all but slapped the face of a character actress, because the latter was given a dressing room nearer the stage than hers.

"I wasn't, of course," continued Alice, "permitted to choose my stories by First National. The day before we were to start on a new production, I was given the first half of the scenario to take home and study. I tried to do the best I could with what I had. When I urged them to give me rôles that would enable me to characterize, they always pointed out that my pictures were popular and making money, so why should I wish to change my type?"

"When Marilyn Miller came West to make pictures, she was given an enormous amount of publicity and her films were widely advertised. It was far more than I was getting, and I felt a bit hurt. When I asked that my pictures be given *just half* as much advertising as hers, the studio people said, 'Alice, every one has heard of you; your pictures don't need so much advertising.'

"In the movie business one has to play politics," says Alice. "And I've never gone in for tooth-paste grins."

Photo by D. H.

"But they would have been more successful—the best ones, I mean—if more attention had been given to that end of the business.

"I've never imagined that I am a Bernhardt; I never will be. But I like to act, and there are a few people, at least, who seem to enjoy my work. I don't care a damn whether I am a star or not; what I want is good parts—but that is what we all say, isn't it?"

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Photo by Ray Jones



RESTLESSLY Lupe Velez paces the high road looking for new opportunities to display her verve and fire. She succeeds both in the search and the display, for few stars have been more successful than she has lately in capturing colorful rôles.

A pidgin-English heroine one month, as she was in "East Is West," a tragic Russian girl the next. The latter character is none other than the betrayed and disillusioned *Katusha Maslova*, left, in "Resurrection," which brought fame to Dolores del Rio in the silent era, with John Boles in the rôle played in the earlier version by Rod La Rocque.

That Lupe is Latin in temperament all the while doesn't seem to concern the producers in the least. Apparently they have concluded that their star's southern fire burns brightly no matter to what part of the globe it is transplanted.

A red rose to Lupe for causing them to think so.

Colleen on the Loose

In the course of a performance of her stage play, "On the Loose," Miss Moore, late of the films, is visited by PICTURE PLAY'S sympathetic reporter who tells how she is getting on.

By Willard Chamberlin

COLLEEN MOORE'S stage play, "On the Loose," opened in an ugly old theater in Rochester, New York. Her dressing room was small and dark and stuffy. It was furnished atrociously. There was a couch with a worn red cover and a camp chair. But Colleen didn't complain. She sang a little song to herself, and threw her hat upon the couch.

The street outside was being paved. "The noise is deafening," I said. Colleen replied, "I didn't notice it."

She is like that—no temperament, no nervous excitement. She was perfectly calm, although two nights later she was going before an audience for the first time in her life.

My appointment was for eleven in the morning at her hotel. I saw her at two in the afternoon. She had been rehearsing until five that morning. Hattie, her maid, said Colleen must sleep. So Colleen slept while Hattie stood guard with the endurance of a Joan of Arc.

At two o'clock I persuaded Hattie to let me in. Colleen was not yet dressed. There were Venetian water colors on the walls, and roses in a large vase. Colleen loves flowers.

While I was waiting for the photographer, Virginia Valli entered the room, attired in pajamas of lilac silk. Virginia was Colleen's guest and moral support for the big event, and she, too, had been up until five at rehearsal. Even if this is Colleen's story, I can't resist saying that Virginia looked irresistibly fresh, and lovely, and twenty-five.

Virginia was seriously considering a shopping tour, but she consented to show me Colleen's photograph albums. I wish you could have seen them. They were crammed with snapshots of players which no fan magazine will ever have the privilege of publishing.

Snapshots of Billie Dove, Bebe Daniels, Dorothy Mackaill, Lilyan Tashman, Edmund Lowe, Charles Farrell, and Lois Wilson disporting at Colleen's beach home, some of them in poses which would be a sad blow



Colleen Moore hopes to film her play and she has ambitions to do "Madam Butterfly" on the screen, but her future is unsettled.

to their professional dignity if published. The pictures were not marked in any way, but that would have been quite unnecessary.

Besides the albums, Colleen's books included a French-English dictionary, and a bridge instruction book. On the desk was a stack of perhaps fifty photographs, each of them signed by Colleen herself. Nobody forges Colleen's signature; it's as distinctive as her eyes.

Colleen on the Loose

There were intermittent sounds of Colleen's splashing and singing. The photographer arrived and Virginia began to think about her shopping again. Colleen obliged with a brief appearance, wrapped in a purple bath robe spattered with white butterflies. After offering a cheery "Hello!" she went out to dress.

In ten minutes she was back, ready for business. She looked winsome and vivacious, but beneath her gay lipstick and her wide eyes, there was a trace of tiredness. Rehearsals until five! No fun!

By the time the pictures were out of the way, it was three o'clock. Colleen had to be at the theater, in make-up, at quarter to four. So it was decided to carry on the interview back stage.

"We go," Colleen informed me in her crisp, delightful way, raising a finger that had given many a peremptory order. She stood before a mirror and pulled on a chic little hat, with a bow perched atop. Colleen gave parting advice to Hattie. "*Bien. Merci.* Thank you. *Au revoir.* Good-by," said Hattie.

Going to Colleen's dressing room was somewhat like descending to the cellars of a medieval castle. This old basement room had housed Julia Marlowe, E. H. Sothern, Mrs. Leslie Carter, Maude Adams, Joseph Jefferson, David Warfield, Margaret Anglin, and Mrs. Fiske in their day.

"What have you been doing this last year, Colleen?" I asked.

"Living. Taking a vacation from everything. I've had a wonderful time. For seven years I was under contract, unable to get away, but now for a year I've been really free. A while ago I decided I wanted to do a stage play."

She fussed with the pink evening gown she was to wear.

"It's always been my dream, you know, to play before a really truly audience, but my contract stood in the way of doing it. Now here I am, scared to death over the whole thing. But just the same, it's fun.

"I'm really tired. For three weeks we've rehearsed twice a day—or rather once a day and once a night. Valli has been a great help to me."

She designates Virginia thus.

"Last night she was with me all night at the theater."

The play, originally titled "Foam," was designed to exploit Colleen's versatility. The first two acts are light comedy with Colleen wisecracking and romping her way through a Mexican-California *cantina*, and later in a New England drawing-room. But in the last act it goes dramatic.

She tried to laugh off her fright. "If any one applauds, I'll turn around to see where the noise is coming from!" she said, with a twinkle, making light of it, but there was never any one more earnest.

"I picked out the title, 'On the Loose,'" Colleen said. "The other title, 'Foam,' didn't apply at all."

Colleen poses for a photograph with her interviewer.

She was enthusiastic about the East. "I love the cold weather," she said. "New York was stifling, but up here it's wonderful." She misses the sunshine, though. "I'd never live anywhere but in California; when I'm at home I'm a sun worshiper. I love the water and boats. And some day," she said in a hushed little voice, "my yacht and I are going sailing off to Tahiti. That's my one great desire. And I feel it slowly creeping on.

"Virginia Valli is my dearest friend. I love her. Then Laura La Plante, and Bebe Daniels, and Julianne Johnston. Oh, and Dorothy—Dorothy Mackaill! In Hollywood, we play tennis and swim all day long."

Colleen has a collection of dolls, all kinds of dolls. But she likes her boats better than her dolls; when she answers the siren call of Tahiti, the dolls will stay at home. She likes crowds, even the crowds which greet her in public places. She walked with me through the hotel, mailed letters and sent telegrams, oblivious to the stares which followed her. She has a little slouching walk that is singularly arresting. She is thinking of other things than the curious stares, but she likes the feeling of crowds about her.

"I love the theater. Of course I'm a film fan; every player automatically becomes a fan. But I like the stage, too. It's so much better this year. My favorite is 'Uncle Vanya.' Lillian Gish is like Dresden china in it; she goes beyond anything she has done in pictures."

She likes to make quick, reckless little speeches. "After my play closes, I want to make a film of it. It has wonderful picture possibilities." After seeing it, I agree with her in that particular. It offers colorful settings; there's a part in it just made for Hedda Hopper, and another that cries for Rose Dione.

"After that, I don't know. Maybe another picture. Maybe Europe. Maybe—Tahiti!" Ah, Tahiti! There's a pagan strain in Colleen, even as there was in a certain Arden Stuart!

The wardrobe mistress came in bringing a saucy little suit of red plaid. Colleen eyed it critically. "It is good," she said. "I can be in and out of it—like that. But"—tearing down a lacy whatchamacallit from the wall—"take this thing out. I can't get into it."

Colleen's hair is bright brown. It invariably photographs black. Even the stage lights show it up black. She wants to change her hair cut. "I wanted to for my

play. Then I thought, people will want to see me as they always have seen me on the screen. If I'm different, they'll be disappointed. But after this play, I'm really going to devise a new coiffure."

The wigs she wore in "Footlights and Fools" are sufficient proof that she doesn't need her tonsorial trade-mark to get by.

I have heard it said that Colleen adapts a sort of shopgirl vernacular when she talks, and that in her conversational manner she is often maladroit. This is in no way true. Beneath the bright, flippant remarks, one senses an innate refinement. Col-

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King on Broadway, Deuce in Hollywood

Frank Fay learned that a twelve-weeks' stay at the Palace, in New York, got him nothing but cold shoulders when he arrived at the movie capital. His experience in bucking the hostility he felt there throws light on the battle between screen and stage stars.

By Mabel Duke

THERE is something worse than being in the Big City, all alone and broke. It is being in a strange city, famous and rich, but regarded with suspicion and faced with the necessity of starting at the bottom and proving one's worth all over again.

Hollywood is not always kind to the stranger within its gates. Especially that rival stranger, the stage star. Not that it is meant for unkindness—it's only self-preservation—but the effect is often the same.

Tears have been shed for the struggling extra fighting for a foothold in this mad movie game. But few, I believe, have ever realized the bitterness, and heart-break, and unhappiness that many successful stage stars have had to face in Hollywood—unfriendliness from jealous screen players; unfamiliarity with the strange medium of the screen; homesickness for Broadway and friends.

It has been a stiff battle for many—too stiff for some who gave up the struggle and returned to the Broadway that honors them. Some others, unwilling to admit defeat, have stuck it out and have been rewarded with screen popularity and the friendship and admiration that always accompanies success.

I was discussing this situation with Frank Fay, one of the stage stars who has bridged the chasm between stage and screen after the usual period of trial and probation.

"It is so new, so strange," he explained. "It's just like starting all over again. Former triumphs count for little. You've got to make good from the word go."

We were back stage at the Palace Theater in New York. On a brief vacation from Hollywood, Mr. Fay was back for a two-week engagement at his old stamping ground. I watched him from the wings as he strolled nonchalantly onto the stage, and heard the audience greet him with gay applause before he uttered a word. They were welcoming him like a long-lost son.

If you have ever seen Fay on any of his numerous vaudeville tours of the country, it isn't likely you have forgotten his nonsensical chatter about his eccentric family of string savers. He has told that story for years, but it only grows funnier with repetition.

And it is not the audience alone that enjoys it. At every performance, as he begins his turn, his fellow players on the bill gather in the wings and listen to Mr. Fay convulse the audience with his hilarious monologue and impromptu bits. Such interest from fellow actors is a rare tribute.

Fay occupies a unique position in that transient hall of fame, the Palace Theater, the mecca of vaudeville artists.

To be retained for a second week is a feather in an actor's cap. But Frank Fay holds the endurance record. At one time he remained for twelve consecutive weeks—a record that remains unapproached.

He didn't headline for twelve weeks, however. He was engaged for one week merely as a featured attraction to bolster up a weak bill, and his success was such that he was retained as master of ceremonies for the succeeding eleven weeks.

In other words, Fay is something of a favorite along the Main Stem. But when he arrived in Hollywood last winter, he was, in the eyes of the movie folk, just another actor trying to take the bread from the mouths of starving movie stars.

"I can understand their point of view," Fay considered, as he leisurely applied light make-up for his performance. Before him, stuck in the frame of the dressing-table mirror, was a magazine reproduction of a photograph of Barbara Stanwyck, otherwise Mrs. Fay.

"After all, we stage people were interlopers. And some actors have a disagreeable way of thinking they know everything, and an air of condescending to the movies. Which, of course, doesn't make for pleasant relations.

"But you know movie stars have often taken fliers into vaudeville, and I can't remember ever having heard the vaudeville actors squawking. After all, there's room for everybody. It's all rather amusing, I think, to watch the situation."

That remark is, I believe, typical of Fay. To him, folks are amusing, whatever they do. He goes through life leisurely. He speaks with an effortless drawl. His movements are unhurried. It's difficult to imagine Fay becoming upset, or flurried, or excited. He watches the passing show and is amused.

I can picture him regarding Hollywood in some of its haywire phases, with that slow, tolerant smile and disarming composure, plainly amused and somewhat puzzled at the feverish excitement of those about him.

"On the other hand," he continued, "I understand perfectly well the difficult position of the stage actor out there, for I was in that position myself.

"I guess it's a blow to an actor's professional pride when he gets to thinking he's some punkin on the stage, and then goes to Hollywood and feels like a rank beginner. I love the movie business now, but I never went through anything tougher than my first few weeks there.

"You see, a stage actor is as ignorant as an extra, when it comes to knowing the technique of the screen, which is radically different

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Frank Fay was a bit elusive in interviewing, because he talked about his wife, Barbara Stanwyck, more than himself.



Somebody's Sister

It annoys Mary Brian that even blasé interviewers strike a big-brother attitude, and warn her against rich desserts and naughty plays, the result of her air of sheltered sweetness that is disarming, if not a bit disconcerting.

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

MARY BRIAN is a sweet child. She is prettier off the screen than on, demure, unspoiled, and young. She is much as you would expect her to be.

Al Wilkie was Dadda at luncheon and I was Big Brother. It annoyed Mary.

We told her what desserts were in season, advised her against the wickedest plays current in Manhattan, and looked after her welfare in a spacious way.

"I wish," Mary wished, "that some one would meet me without feeling brotherly. I have a brother and I don't need any more.

"People are always telling me not to forget my rubbers, and to wear heavy sweaters, and to get plenty of rest. I wish I didn't inspire so much advice."

But that is just the sort of child Mary is. And who am I to report otherwise?

Mary is the type who inspires in man that protective instinct. But she is tired of being protected. She wouldn't mind coming across a mild offensive, for a change.

Ever since "Peter Pan," Mary Brian has been turning out picture after picture, one very much like the other. She is the spirit of the eternal ingénue, epitome of the good girl, Rosie Romance herself. She is sweet, and simple, and wholesome, and the movies have capitalized these qualities for all they are worth.

Sometimes it is an auto story, sometimes a tale of the prize ring. But whether it be "Burning Up" or "The Man I Love," you may depend upon it that Mary will be the faithful heroine waiting patiently through all the plots in the world to reward the hero with a fade-out kiss.

In Hollywood they say Buddy Rogers pays her court. Also Jack Oakie and others.

We were talking about nothing in particular when the subject of actresses came up. "I don't see what you find interesting in them," said Mary. "They're practically human."

Actresses are always different, I told her. "Actors are not," I added. There was no retort. "That doesn't apply to Buddy Rogers," I said. Still there was no come-back. "Because he isn't an actor."

Mary Brian raised a demure face, with a still more demure smile.

"So what do I say?" she asked.

That her years of trouping have stood her in good stead was apparent by the calm manner in which she approached

the first day of shooting "The Royal Family," in which she is surrounded by stage folk of training and experience.

Henrietta Crosman, star of yesteryear, was playing Mary's grandmother, and Ina Claire, luminary of Broadway, if not of Hollywood, was playing her mother. Then there was Fredric March in the leading rôle, and the superb German actor, Arnold Korff, doing a character part. The array of acting talent was enough to unnerve any young actress. But Mary was as calm as a moonlit lake.

"It's marvelous playing with a cast like this," she said.

Mary is tired of playing the sweet young girl, but admits that she could not fool anybody in a naughty rôle.

"They are inspiring. The whole thing is so different from the ordinary program picture. It's a treat to play in a thing like this. I hope it will be good."

She is naïve in more ways than one. Some one mentioned "Young Sinners," and Mary said, "Oooh, I've heard about that one. I must see it." Harry Richman was reported doing a talking short in the studio that day. "I'd love to hear him sing a number," said Mary.

She would like nothing better than to escape from the stereotyped heart-interest rôles that inevitably fall to her lot, but down in her heart she realizes her limitations. She knows that her naïveté is apparent and a trifle overwhelming, stamping her "ingénue" from the outset.

"No," she said with a sigh. "I don't want to do wicked women. I guess I wouldn't fool anybody."

She has a cute, barely perceptible brogue that makes "any" almost "inny."

"I'm a nice girl, you know. And the directors know it. So there you are. And here I am. But sometimes when they cast me in unusual atmosphere, as in the Civil War film I did with Gary Cooper and Phil Holmes, I get a chance to step out and really act a bit. If you want to call it acting," she added with maidenly modesty. Everything about Mary is maidenly and there is no doubt in my mind about her modesty. The violet is obtrusive in comparison.

She had been seeing things in New York, but not the usual things. There had been no night clubs, no speakeasies and just a touch of theater. "Lysistrata" had been sneaked into her play-going, strangely enough, and Mary had little to report of its bawdy humor. "I guess it was all right," she said.

For a girl of twenty-one she is normally intelligent, bright but not sparkling, wise, perhaps, but certainly not

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Photo by Herman Zerrenner

Even under the scrutiny of an Oettinger, opposite, Mary Brian is exactly the charming, feminine, and wholesome girl her fans see on the screen, a little irked, perhaps, by the protective instinct she arouses in men, but sweetly so.



HERE TO STAY

Those who have seen Marlene Dietrich, in "Morocco," will not ask why, and those who have yet to see her have a treat in store

Originally brought by Paramount to this country for one picture, the German actress was prevailed upon to sign a contract for others as soon as her quality was glimpsed. Thus we find a mother torn by longing for her little girl denying herself the long journey to her native land in order to seize opportunity while she may. Fräulein Dietrich is seen, above, in her latest photograph and, left, in her new picture, "Dishonored," with Gustav von Seyffertitz.



FINE FEATHERS

Tillie the Toiler sees her dream realized by Constance Bennett, in "Sin Takes a Holiday," as a stenographer who enjoys the cream of life just by being herself.

Miss Bennett, above, is *Sylvia*, a rich man's secretary who becomes his wife in name only to save him from marrying a woman he doesn't love. Then it's Paris, beautiful gowns, a nice allowance, and no cares at all, until love sends her back home to the husband who has learned to adore her by long distance. Miss Bennett, right, with Kenneth MacKenna.





Our Dancing

Joan Crawford is rewarded
for a star



Joan Crawford, at top of page, is *Mary Turner*, who is caught by John Miljan in an attempt to rob the home of her husband's rich father. Kent Douglass is *Bob Gilder*, the husband.

Miss Crawford, above, is seen at the moment she is confronted by Mr. Douglass, whom she marries to avenge the wrong done her by his father.

Mr. Douglass, right, well known on the stage as Douglass Montgomery, is aware only of the beauty and charm of Miss Crawford, for he has no knowledge of her prison record.



Daughter Goes Dramatic

with one of the strongest rôles ever written in "Within the Law."



Joan Crawford, at top of page, proclaims herself a dramatic actress when she is sentenced to hard labor, while William Bakewell tries to steady her.

Miss Crawford, above, vows to get even with the millionaire who railroaded her to prison.

Does Miss Crawford, left, think of her glamorous heroines of past pictures as she toils with Marie Prevost?





Oh, Night

Evelyn Laye, distinguished star of screen by Samuel Goldwyn, with his in "One

Evelyn Laye, at top of page, is *Lilli*, a poor flower girl in a Budapest café who is persuaded by *Fritzi*, a notorious demi-mondaine to go in her place to see *Count Mirko*, who will thus be deceived by the innocent girl into granting *Fritzi* freedom from police interference.

John Boles, left, as *Count Mirko*, hereditary magistrate of the province, mistakes *Lilli* for *Fritzi* and falls in love with her in spite of her reputation. The girl, wearing lovely gowns and jewels for the first time, listens against her will to *Mirko's* pleas.



of Love!

English operetta, is brought to the accustomed taste and eye for beauty, Heavenly Night."

Driven almost to madness by the lovely creature masquerading as some one else, *Mirko* seizes *Lilli*, at top of page, and declares his passionate love. The girl cannot resist the man she has learned to adore.

Lilyan Tashman, as *Fritzi*, right, comes upon the scene and finds *Mirko* so attractive that she plans another conquest and wonders why she denied herself that pleasure by sending *Lilli* in her stead. But *Mirko* gives her the cold shoulder and forces her to tell where he can find *Lilli*. In the flower girl's bare garret they sing of love everlasting.





"The Great Meadow"

Colonial days are revived in a picturization of a novel that describes the early settling of Kentucky by brave pioneers from Virginia.

John Mack Brown, at top of page, center, tells Guinn Williams, Russell Simpson, and Eleanor Boardman of the great country discovered by Daniel Boone across the mountains. They set forth on the perilous adventure and meet with all the hardships imaginable until finally they reach Harrod's Fort, the settlement already established and fighting for its life in the hostile country.

Eleanor Boardman, left, as *Diony*, the wife who marries another man when her husband is given up for dead and who, on his return, is forced to choose between them.



Photo by English

Stanley Smith would, of course, take June Collyer to the best.

The Boulevard Directory

One is considered quaint in Hollywood if lunch does not suggest the Brown Derby as the place where eating is both a pleasure and a smart affair, and where one sees and is seen.

By Margaret Reid

IN Hollywood the consumption of food is a ceremony, not only in the quality and preparation of the viands offered. A very vital element of the ritual is that it be conducted in the right place. It is not a matter of how many head waiters greet you by name, but how amiably the head waiter of the correct joint welcomes you.

At present you are proved socially established if Nick will hold a table for you against the querulous throng waiting in the entrance of the Brown Derby. For, of course, to lunch elsewhere is rather quaint and slightly peculiar.

The Brown Derby, presented to a gratified community about two years ago, is a restaurant of a type which had been sadly needed in Hollywood. A smart, roomy, and discerningly managed place, it offers really excellent food. Unlike most places which have catered to movie trade and, inclusively, to a tremendous tourist following, the Brown Derby's chef has not grown careless after the clientele was assured. The menu retains its excellent quality, even after two years of standing room only—which augurs well for its span of popularity.

The Derby's owner and proprietor is Herbert Somborn, to whom Gloria Swanson was formerly married. It is only one of his several important ventures around town, but he has given it a generous share of thought and attention. Studying the general tastes, idiosyncrasies, and requirements of his clientele, he has developed a restaurant which fits perfectly the needs of a studio patronage, even captious as such a trade is.

On Vine Street, a few doors south of Hollywood Boulevard and next door to the Braxton Gallery, it presents a white stucco façade with nice economy of ornamentation. A correspondingly simple and attractive in-

terior is large, cool, and inviting. Done in shades of brown, during the day the light filters in through amber windows and orange curtains and, at night, the glow of electricity is the same subdued amber tone.

The Derby doors are never closed. It is at luncheon and dinner that the crowd waiting for tables is thickest, but at any hour tourist curiosity may be satisfied.

Luncheon, except for those slaves who have to be back on the set, is a leisurely ritual extending from twelve thirty to two or three. Cinema problems are argued and settled at every table, except those where enraptured fans neglect their dessert for Evelyn Brent's profile. The dinner rush ends at eight thirty, when the Derby relinquishes its occupants to the theaters. After theater hours it is crowded again, until two or three in the morning. Following this, up to five or six, there are stragglers returning from late parties, who drop in for the tonic tomato juice so comforting to a cocktail-ridden palate, or sometimes for an early breakfast before retiring.

While strictly conservative, the atmosphere of this restaurant is also informal. Most of the patrons know each other and spend as much time wandering around friends' tables as at their own. The Derby is particularly gratifying to exiled New Yorkers, who find it the best Hollywood has to offer as substitute for their own metropolitan aura.

So essential has the Derby become to Hollywood routine that even a fire was not allowed to interfere with its business. A short time ago, around two in the afternoon, a blaze broke out in Mr. Somborn's apartment above the restaurant. It spread rapidly and the crowded tables were hastily vacated. For two hours a highly

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It's the Cupid-kist Climate

Romance flourishes in Hollywood because Old Man Weather is an ardent ally of the god of love, and the setting being highly favorable, it's no wonder that the film city is a grand place for finding, losing, and exchanging mates.

By H. A. Woodmansee

Illustrated by Lui Trugo

IT is said that climate has a big influence on people, and when one compares the New Englander with the Georgian, the Eskimo with the South Sea Islander, it seems reasonable. Who brought that up? as the Two Black Crows would say. Well, as everybody within broadcasting distance of Los Angeles knows, sunny southern California has more climate to the square inch than any other known region. It boasts a year-round mildness that makes life in the open an uninterrupted affair, and sunshine, sunshine, sunshine. Something besides flowers ought to sprout under such skies—and it does!

When you hear about the incredible blooming and fading of Hollywood romances, lay part of the blame on the climate! For in many, many ways, the insinuating overtones of film-land's out-of-door life influence courtships and even marriages and divorces. It's a sly old climate, gently but persuasively pleading, slipping over its little jokes on the susceptible of movietown, giving them a good time, and sometimes making them pay for it.

Let's see some of the ways in which Old Man Climate plays Cupid in Hollywood. His particular delight is in bringing together fellows and girls who might be pretty lonely, or preoccupied with their work, in other towns. Romances bud with difficulty in harsh climates and congested cities. Most young people who go to some metropolitan mecca to seek fame and fortune find conditions conspiring to keep them from making friends among the opposite sex. They have to live in furnished rooms and have no place to entertain acquaintances. Except for a short season when park benches and suburban resorts are available, they have no place to go that doesn't cost money. Even to take a stroll means a session of dodging traffic and outshouting a bedlam of truck horns, trolley cars, and elevated trains. Restaurant tête-à-têtes and taxi soirées come high. The great cost of being together, and the rush and bustle of the crowded metropolis, do everything in their power to put a crimp in romance. Thousands of lonely strugglers in great cities get their only taste of romance in their brief summer vacations.

But things are quite different in Hollywood, where Old Man Climate is more indulgent. Under his benign sway, life moves at a lazier pace. There's a feeling in the air of this sun-baked town that there's plenty of time to get acquainted. Work doesn't seem so engrossing as it does in more rugged climes, and nobody is too busy or too preoccupied to take notice of every handsome face, of every well-turned ankle. It's Old Man Climate whispering in every ear, "Take it easy; work isn't so important. Have a good time; you're young only once!" It's the siren song that is heard everywhere in the spring and summer, but in Hollywood it is heard the year round.

Lovers, no matter how poor they may be, find it easy to meet, to go places, to carry on romance under the most favorable conditions. Parks and resorts are available throughout the year. The fellow or girl who would have to be content with a furnished room in many cities is able to rent an apartment, or even a small bungalow, in certain sections of the city. He or she may have roses and sunshine outside the door, and a view that a millionaire might envy, and even though, as is frequently the case, the shack is so flimsily constructed that breezes sift through the boards and billow out the wall paper, that matters little in such a gentle climate. It means a place to receive friends, to give merry dinners and parties.

The boy and girl friends, who would have to hop trolleys and dodge traffic in many a city, find transportation in Hollywood more fitting to romance. Nobody is too poor to own a battered old flivver, which may sell for as

little as thirty-five dollars.

The contraption may be, and usually is, parked in the street, and there is never any worry about the radiator freezing up, or about getting stuck in a snowdrift. Even if the car will not run, the romantically inclined couple are satisfied. It makes a good observation platform, a place to sit and talk, and even a place to make love.

Many of the Hollywood youngsters have no reticence about showing their affection in public. It is

Romance on wheels is a favorite outdoor sport that appeals to everybody but the cops on duty.



no uncommon sight to see and hear an old-style Ford tearing up Hollywood Boulevard loaded to the gunwales with boys and girls, arms and bodies interlocked, heads bobbing about on shoulders. In fact, romance on wheels is a considerable problem to the Hollywood police. A number of officers are detailed to patrol the side streets of the town and the highways leading into it, flashing searchlights into parked cars. At eight o'clock every evening, the entrances to Griffith Park, on the edge of Hollywood, are barred with heavy chains, and woe to the couples that are stranded within! There is nothing for them to do but to abandon their cars and walk out of the park.

With the engine of the old flivver tuned up, the tires patched, and everything set to go, the world lies before the impoverished young couple. Any old day in the year, in this climate, they can drive to the mountains, the desert, the ocean resorts. The roadsides swarm with eating places. If they find such resorts as the Zulu Hut, the Stable Café, the Jungle, or the Plantation Café too expensive, there are plenty of other places just about as colorful where a jitney or two will get them service. They may stop at the Barbecue Cave for a bite, at an imitation Spanish mission or iceberg for a cold drink, or at a shop masquerading as a gigantic ice-cream cone or freezer for frozen dainties. "Pedigreed Pups!" shouts the sign of a hot-dog stand, while "Love at First Bite!" retorts a dispensary of hamburger sandwiches. They're just a pair of strugglers who can't get past the studio gateman, very likely, but they've got a car, an open road before them, and the whole world of concessionaires wants to serve them. Royal lovers mounted on flapping fenders!

In the spring they may pawn their winter overcoats to buy gasoline, and make a pilgrimage to the desert, to witness the annual miracle of the wasteland gorgeously blooming with wild flowers. The mountains call them, for the barren slopes are covered with fresh green, and even the dry southern California rivers, which are the subject of jests most of the year, are raging torrents. No trouble now to find a babbling brook beside which to eat a picnic lunch!

In summer, when the land is scorched under the relentless, dry heat, the ocean resorts beckon them. One sees many an old car, laden with couples in bathing suits, beachward bound. Some of them are going to Venice, the Coney Island of southern California; others are going as far away from crowded midways and candy-sticky crying children as they can get.

Even at Christmas time Old Man Climate is still coaxing the boy and girl friend to get together in out-of-door romance. Though the store windows may be filled with cotton snow, though a wintry-looking Santa Claus on the street corner may urge passers-by to contribute to the Salvation Army, though vacant lots may be stocked with Christmas trees, it's not winter. Between rains the sun is shining. The flowers and green things are growing; the open roads, the park, and the open-air places are calling.

Everything tends to social life, to a holiday mood, to romance. People may forget, at times, that they are young, and that there is an opposite sex, in cities where there is a harsh and

energetic climate. They may bury themselves in their business, in their books, or in their careers. But not in Hollywood. Old Man Climate is working hand in hand with Cupid every minute of the day.

If you don't believe it, consider the romances of the stars that are forever cropping out in the news. Engagements, marriages, divorces are the order of the day, not only among the comparatively few known to the public, but among the rank and file of movie people. Off with the old loves, on with the new—a romance a minute!

Not all the hectic activity in matrimonial statistics can be checked up to the climate, of course, but it plays a part. Apparently some of the Cupid-smitten can't get married or divorced quickly enough. They go to Mexico in their impatience to get into the bonds of matrimony, and fly to Reno to get out of them.

Can it be possible that there is something in the seductive summery indolence of the climate that deludes people into thinking they are in love when they are not? In more frigid places, apparently unaccountable infatuations have been checked up to the intoxicating effect of spring on a young man's fancy, or to the idyllic associations of a summer vacation. In any event, Hollywood is a dangerous place to be if one wants to stay single.

It is surprising at what an early age the Hollywood young man's fancy turns to thoughts of love. And the young lady's fancy is, if anything, a little quicker still on the trigger. Of course, in a community filled with world-celebrated great lovers the force of example is tremendous. But remember, also, that boys and girls mature very quickly under the southern sun. Many a girl born and bred in southern California passes for twenty-odd when she is fourteen or fifteen. The boys, too, shoot up like beanstalks.

Like adolescent boys and girls everywhere, they like to pretend they are older than they are. And it's very easy to get away with the deception, especially with visitors from the East. The romantic life starts early and ends late.

The town is, in a sense, the Land of the Lotus Eaters, where one finds it easy to forget all but the present. The romantic one may have had a hard and rocky past, filled with disappointments and privations, and a very uncertain future, but it's hard to be despondent about it while the sun warms one comfortably, the ocean sparkles and Old Man Climate whispers that it's great just to be alive.



The sunny indolence of a picnic in California cannot be compared with the coldness of a dinner date in a big city.

Romance is inevitable in a country where everybody has a place to entertain his "gang."





Photo by Seely.

William Seiter puts Sheik Hamilton, Boles, *et al*, in the shade when Laura La Plante leaves the set.

LOVE. What a wonderful thing the screen makes it out to be! What a gorgeous, breath-taking affair is screen romance! Particularly when practiced by such pleasing romanticists as Rod La Rocque and Billie Dove, George O'Brien and Olive Borden, William Haines and Joan Crawford, or Richard Dix and Mary Brian.

Day after day, week after week of desperate, delightful love, raised to the 7th degree of perfection by the movie stars. Think of the love-making that Edmund Lowe, Richard Barthelmess, or Conrad Nagel must perpetually endure in their pictures. Romance and more romance—love, love, love! Is it any wonder that the stars become bored and weary of love-making? For even the most delicious pastry becomes sickening after too many helpings.

And then they marry—in private life. What for? Is it the romantic urge that prompts most modern marriages? Or is it not true that to many whose professional life is so filled with make-believe romance, and whose natural romantic cravings are sated by too much of its glamour, marriage is honestly an intellectual oasis in a desert of love?

Of course, there must be the element of romance in any marriage; it is the ingredient which is practically indispensable, although it may take the form of admiration or respect. The occasional marriage without romance one reads about is considered in the light of an oddity. But we are contrasting the marriages of film people with the love matches of everyday boys and girls.

It seems inevitable that the stars become jaded by the honeyed affections they are called upon continually to exhibit in their work. "Real, honest-to-goodness love!" the directors insist. "Act as though you really loved him." This kind of work, day after day, in scene after scene.



The marriage of Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is an exception.

Pity the

Fed up on the sugary moments," the leading girl the ranks of plain, unro fellowship in their

By Willard

If you had played puss in the corner all morning and all afternoon, would you want to go home and play puss in the corner all evening? The stars, being intelligent people, would not, and seek a restful escape in marriage and domesticity.

Too, they tire of the stereotyped movie lover. The exaggerated kisses and embraces, which thrill the public, become a bit too much of a good thing. The ardent infatuations become silly.

Many an actress, used to the gallant attentions and poetic idolizing of the screen's greatest lovers, picks for her marital companion one who has few or no claims to romantic attributes.

There is, for instance, the marriage of Edmund Lowe and Lilyan Tashman, frankly a pact between two mature and sophisticated people. They speak of their domestic amity, but there is none of the I-love-Eddie-and-Eddie-loves-me attitude of the average youthful love-birds, no billing and cooing.

Eddie's conversation is usually of tennis or Lil's very commendable cuisine. Lilyan prates of antique screens and Staffordshire ware.

On the screen Eddie spends his days embracing Billie Dove or Dolores del Rio, while Lilyan, through her half-shut lids, entices the students of the Baclanova school of vamping.

And that long-enduring union of James Cruze and Betty Compson which lately came to an end. Cruze, the veteran director, was far from being the romantic lover of Betty's picture-romances. I believe that to Betty he was more a father, a protector—some one to run to when she was tired or troubled—for Betty is of the fragile, feminine type that needed a man like James Cruze to take care of her.

Poor Sheik

love-making of the screen's "big players pick their husbands from mantic men who have more good-make-up than "It."

Chamberlin

Their marriage was one of respect and companionship, decidedly not one of romance. And on the screen—what movie lover has not fallen victim to the charms of the bewitching Betty? So the purely romantic elements that her married life lacked were found in her mimic life!

The colorful Estelle Taylor, whose vivid personality fits well into films of Spanish setting, has been loved on the set by such dark-skinned señors as Ricardo Cortez and Antonio Moreno, not to mention John Barrymore, Lloyd Hughes, George O'Brien, and Roland Drew. But the man of Estelle's choice was not a handsome lothario; just Jack Dempsey, rough-and-ready good fellow, whose heart meant more than his face to Estelle.

The wives of Baclanova have ensnared such handsome boys as Neil Hamilton, Richard Arlen, Warner Baxter, and Leslie Fenton. In fact, the glistening, lithe Russian has made a sort of hobby of insnaring young men. But in real life—commonplace real life—Baclanova chooses the very Russian, very suave Nicholas Soussanin—by no means handsome in the American sense of the word.

Soussanin is not young, nor is he romantic; he is not the logical choice of the siren. Somehow this seems to be more an artistic marriage—Baclanova, the actress and musician; Soussanin, the very artistic screen villain. Perhaps this is merely an intuition, but theirs does not resemble a romantic union.

Eleanor Boardman's choice was somehow characteristic of her personality. There is nothing glittering, nothing striking or brilliant, about the charming Eleanor—she is not tinged with the lure of the actress. And her wedding had none of the flamboyant tinsel of many movie marriages. King Vidor is by no means the ardent



Kindred interest rather than moviesque romance led to the marriage of Jascha Heifetz and Florence Vidor.



Eleanor Boardman did not look for a dashing hero in King Vidor.

lover nor the dashing-hero type. Quiet, both in love with their home and work, they did not seek high romance in their marriage. They live happily in a rambling Mexican hacienda, and in films Eleanor is loved gorgeously by John Gilbert, Conrad Nagel, and Edmund Burns.

Phyllis Haver, erstwhile powder puff of screenland, flirting in turn with Don Alvarado, Victor Varconi, and James Murray, falling head over heels in love with handsome lads who blended so well with her blond vivacity, found real romance less juvenile. Her choice was safely over twenty-one, and he would not win a cup in a masculine beauty contest. But he was Phyllis's ideal, and she loved him well enough to give up her career in films. All of which shows that love is not made up entirely of "wonderful faces and chivalrous graces."

And Carmel Myers—whose workdays are spent loving and luring behind veiled curtains to the music of muted violins. A woman who would love an apache or a masked dancer. Seductive Carmel, whose sloe eyes and crimson lips have enchanted the screen's handsomest men—Valentino, Ramon Novarro, John Barrymore, John Gilbert, William Haines—whose screen life has been a whirlwind of passionate and frivolous escapades, weds Ralph Blum. Distinguished, successful, plainly a man of the financial and business world, who would assuredly plead innocent to any knowledge of boudoirs and negligees. So strikingly different from Carmel's screen lovers! It is a fair guess that being constantly the temptress in pictures has wearied Carmel of the glamour of love-making. For her husband she chose a man practical of the every-day world.



There is none of the "I-love-Eddie-and-Eddie-loves-me" attitude about Lilyan Tashman and Edmund Lowe.

Florence Vidor's marriage to Jascha Heifetz bears few of the earmarks of glamorous romance or vivid courtship. Rather is it a platonic combination, made up of two highly intelligent people. Jascha is the musician, Florence—always the grand lady of films—is his wife and companion. They travel the world together on his concert tours. Music, society, travel. Such are the ingredients of this marriage, plainly one of distinct cultural quality.

Laura La Plante preferred William Seiter, the director, to all her perfect screen moments with Joseph Schildkraut, Neil Hamilton, and John Boles. Seiter, always the director, carelessly groomed, but with more than the suave polish of the others to Laura.

May McAvoy and Maurice Cleary, Esther Ralston and George Webb—there are numbers of others whose marriages are something besides mere infatuations.

While Marion Davies, who remains Hollywood's most conspicuous bachelor girl, has perhaps too great a sense of humor to succumb to the routine of the perfect little wife!

And, before we end the lesson, there is Norma Shearer. Loved by the worldly Lew Cody, by Basil Rathbone, and practically every leading man in films, including Robert Montgomery, she took seriously only the love-making of a studio executive, Irving Thalberg. It is true that the three mimic suitors mentioned were not eligible, so far as current marriage ties would permit, but their love-making on the screen is sufficiently realistic to have inclined Norma to

The man of Estelle Taylor's choice has a well-known face—but Jack Dempsey is no flapper's ideal lover.



lend an ear to a leading man not already married had she chosen to do so. But no. It was the quiet, self-contained business man—whose technique in love-making is, to say the least, not practiced—who awoke Norma to the existence of real love.

Consider, too, Dorothy Revier, until recently married to a director with none of the qualities noted in her screen suitors. Nor can we overlook Norma Talmadge, who wed the prosaic and practical Joseph Schenck.

The Last Laugh

Some of the foreign players hastily sacked by the producers because of their accent, are now at home competing with the multilingual films made in Hollywood for European trade.

By Elsi Que

Of course you speak French, Spanish, German, and English—but how is your Russian?"

In the not remote future this question may be put to picture aspirants along with the customary queries as to wardrobe, dancing ability, and so on. It is beginning to dawn on American producers, with something of that heavy morning-after feeling, that the price of their talkie spree will be considerably more than the industry can afford, unless something is done promptly to meet the problem of supplying the foreign market with multilingual films. This Metro-Goldwyn and Paramount are doing to some extent.

Europe and South America, whose trade provides more than twenty per cent of film revenue, have seized upon talking pictures with avid interest. At first the foreign fan went to the talkies to marvel at the novelty of them. Now the novelty has worn off, and he wants the film drama in his own language, and in the voices of his favorite stars. Nor will he again be satisfied with silent versions, retitled for foreign consumption, in the old manner.

It looks as though the

Arlette Marchal's exquisite French is appreciated at home.

Photo by Richee



Photo by Freulich

Conrad Veidt is America's loss and Europe's gain—in his own language.



Photo by Apella

Lovely Eva von Berne would be perfect in Hollywood's German versions.

wholesome sacking of foreign stars two years ago was a shortsighted move on the part of the producers. Several of the topnotchers among them are now engaged in making talking pictures in their respective countries, and these pictures are going to edge out American importations without a struggle.

Emil Jannings is working for Ufa. Erich Pommer and Josef von Sternberg, directors who learned a great deal in Hollywood, became shining lights in the same organization. In fact, nearly all that talented company

who were turned away from Hollywood, because they couldn't manage English vowels and consonants, and who, judging by the sadness of their departure, felt that they were leaving their brightest hopes and dreams behind them, are finding themselves unexpectedly up to their knees in clover in the homelands. Jannings is to return, however, for talkies in English and German.

But for that precipitous and ill-judged dismissal, they might all have been making pictures in their respective languages on the Hollywood lots right now. And the foreign-trade problem wouldn't be looming quite so large on the horizon of our harassed producers. There is no question but that Europe is in deadly earnest about getting her share of the talkie pie. At present the fight is being waged over technicalities involving patent rights to sound-recording apparatus, but with the settlement of these confused issues—and there will eventually be a workable settlement—the quality of output will once more become the deciding factor.

It will be squarely up to us, if we wish to keep our leadership, to provide pictures in several languages, and more of them than have so far been produced. In a few instances, after the English



Photo by Chidnoff

Vera Voronina came here from success abroad—and went back to it.

version of a film was completed, Spanish, French, and German casts used the sets to make copies of it for the foreign trade. "One Glorious Night" was filmed in three languages, and Greta Garbo performed "Anna Christie" in German.

This opens up an interesting vista. It suggests a decided check to the so-called Americanization of the world with which the silent movie was credited. It will mean that foreign versions will receive individual treatment in the hands of the different directors who make them. The plot will remain the same, but the handling will show decided variations.

Foreign directors in Hollywood, heretofore baffled and handicapped by the American viewpoint, will now be encouraged to present their product in the form most likely to appeal to the country for which it is designed—brittle sophistication for France, goopy sentimentalism for Germany, stark realism for Russia. The glittering optimism and rampant materialism of America carried to the far corners of the earth by the silent screen, will now be shaded and colored with the somber reflections of older civilizations. Does it mean the end of our supremacy as missionaries?

And what of the stars of to-day who must meet this startling new competition? A very few are gifted linguistically, but most of them have been frantically "boning up" on the one language at their command, in order to meet the requirements of the talking screen. One or two find themselves in unexpectedly favorable positions, and likely to be even better off in the immediate future. Bebe Daniels is one.

Credited with being one of the best troupers in the game, Bebe plugged along for years with Paramount, in a series of slap-dash dramas which netted her more broken bones and bruises than com-

mendation. Her contract with that company was not renewed last year, and some of her fans felt that it was a step down for her when she signed with RKO. Then came the discovery of her fine singing voice and her smashing hit in "Rio Rita." She speaks Spanish fluently. With the South American market demanding films in that language, and with Bebe already firmly established as a star, the future looks bright for her, even should she make nothing but Spanish films, or Spanish versions of American films.

Of course this is not likely to happen, at least for some time. But think of pictures that might be made with Spanish-speaking stars now in Hollywood, which would go like wildfire below the Rio Grande. There is Barry Norton, a native of the Argentine, Donald Reed, of Mexico, Lupe Velez and Dolores del Rio, also of Mexico, Raquel Torres and Armida, Ramon Novarro, Gilbert Roland, Antonio Moreno, and Don Alvarado, to mention a few of the outstanding ones. Some of these have already made the experiment, notably Moreno and Roland.

After a brief but spectacular flare-up, Baclanova, the beautiful Russian with the Persian-cat eyes, seems to have nearly faded from view for the time being. For some reason not made public, Paramount did not take up their option on her services. Perhaps they found her supercharged personality too overpowering to suit the stories then on hand, or maybe they

couldn't find stories in which her accent would be acceptable. We do not know if Baclanova speaks French and German, but probably she does, since she was trained for opera. The Soviet Republic probably would snap up any films in which she appeared, and the Russian colony in Los Angeles would supply all the atmosphere necessary for some far-seeing producer who chose to specialize in Russian films. An added attraction—from the Soviet point of view—would be the appear-

Continued on page 115



Robert Castle is welcome in films made in his native Vienna.



Renée Adorée, teamed with Chevalier, would be a riot in France.



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MOON"**

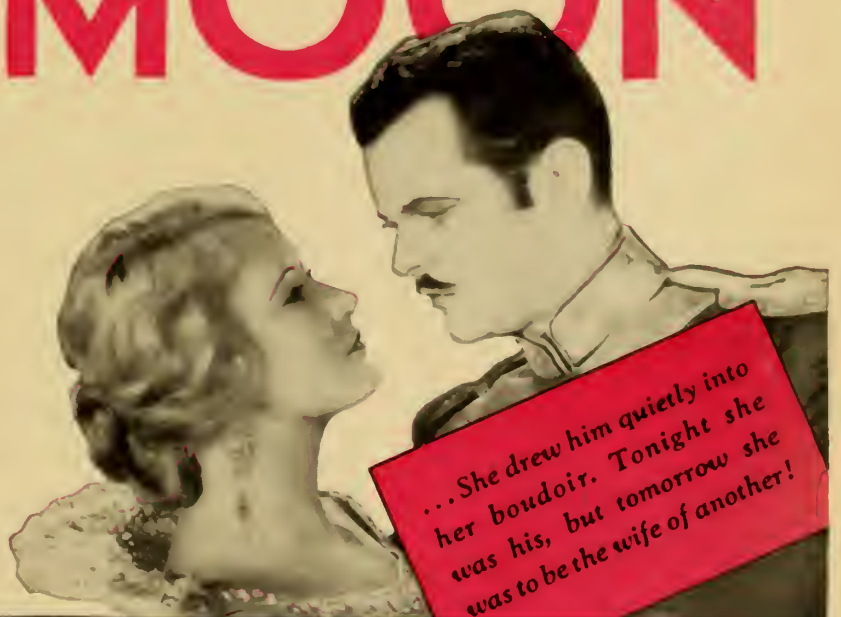


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was his, but tomorrow she
was to be the wife of another!*

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GAY CAPRICE

By Beulah Poynter

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SEE Richard Cromwell first! For when a twenty-year-old amateur comes across with a performance such as he gives in "Tol'able David," it is the duty of every conscientious fan to inspect the phenomenon, to check and double check the feat and compare it with what a more experienced player would have done in the same rôle. The comparison will leave young Cromwell victorious.

Born Roy Radabaugh, the son of a stenographer, he was an art student when he was picked for the part of the mountain boy in the revival of the famous story. He is five feet ten, weighs one hundred and forty-eight, has light-brown hair and blue-green eyes.

Babes in Hollywood

two secretaries and the office boy, as she crossed the outer room, and scraps of their comments added to her fear of what was to come.

"She won't be wearin' that sable scarf long," one girl whispered, and the other added, "or buying any more pearls."

Jane longed to turn on them and explain that her scarf wasn't really sable, and that her pearls had come from the ten-cent store; she'd bought them one day when she slipped away on a shopping excursion all by herself. But they wouldn't believe her, of course. In this mad place called Hollywood they accepted a person according to the bluff that was put up!

"Larry said they were all babes in Hollywood," she reflected as she opened J. G.'s door; "and he was right. Only J. G. isn't one of the babes. Well, here's for the worst!"

J. G. was pacing the floor of his elaborate office, smoking a huge cigar when she entered. He paused and gazed at her admiringly.

"Say!" he exclaimed, hurrying toward her, "you're the smart one, aren't you? You took me in, along with the rest! I never caught on once."

Jane said not a word, undecided whether to deny that she had been clever, or admit that she was not Spanish.

"Well, I needn't have worried for fear you'd high-hat us," he went on, sitting down beside her. "I ain't got any resentment. I can laugh at a joke as well as anybody can, even when it's on me. But listen, you ain't told anybody anything, have you? What about the reporters? Didn't break down and admit anything, did you?"

Jane shook her head.

"Fine!" He leaned back and slapped his knee. "Then we're set. Now, first of all, let this story about the elopement with the millionaire stand. You didn't have any 'past,' see, except that bunk about the bull-fighter, and a girl like you needs just a little scandal to make her interesting."

"He was my uncle!" Jane exclaimed furiously.

"Sure, stick to it with me, but not with anybody else," he answered. "But you stay Spanish, understand? From now on you're going to be so Spanish the king himself would think there was something wrong with him.

"We got your next picture lined up—the Old Man signed up a Spanish song writer in New York, when he wasn't thinking, and the guy's on his way out here. So I told the boys to throw a story together, and we'll

shoot days and nights, too, and grind it out in a hurry.

"Then we'll throw some parties. I'll give some dinners for you, get some big Spaniards to come, make 'em classy. I'll round up the girls here in the studio, too—not one of 'em's given a bridge luncheon for you since you've been here! I'll tell Wilding a few things, and make her give the first one right away.

"And then we'll send you down to Mexico—sort of a good will tour or something. I'll give a statue, maybe, and you can christen it. After that you can go to South America, or Spain—yes, Spain's better. We'll rake up big occasions when you can be on hand to give somebody a bunch of flowers and make a speech. Say, you're goin' to be so Spanish——"

Jane leaned back exhausted. Would he never cease thinking up new horrors for her? All too vividly she remembered that dinner party of his at which she had been present. And a luncheon given by Paula Wilding—could anything be more terrible to contemplate?

"I'll show the world whether you're Spanish or not!" J. G. concluded, rising. "Now you better clear out of town for a few days; we'll announce that you're taking a rest somewhere, and I'll get the new picture fixed, so's we can begin shooting Monday."

As Jane rose to go, she summoned courage enough to ask a question.

"Larry Bishop—did he come to see you this morning?" she asked.

"Oh, that guy that sent you over here in the first place?" J. G. frowned and threw out his hands, disgusted. "Sure! I fired him before he had a chance to get a word out. Thought he could fool me!"

Jane gasped. One moment he was telling her admiringly how clever she was to have deceived him, and planning to deceive every one else. And the next moment he was saying he'd fired the man who thought of the plan in the first place!

Gloomily she went out into the reception room, and on into the corridor. How could she ever carry out J. G.'s plans? She'd never have any peace now, never! Banquets, and bouquets with thorns that stuck into her, and a lot of dull people, or catty ones—what a future! And always there'd be Tilly Markham—she must never forget Tilly!

And Larry'd be through with her now, since he'd lost his job because of her.

Just then she saw him loitering in the hall, apparently waiting for her. He hurried forward as she called to him.

He gave her one keen glance, and took her arm.

"Gave you the works, didn't he?" he said sympathetically. "Too bad, when you had that new contract and everything. I knew he was going to fire you, when he tied the can to me. Swell guy, after all we did for him!"

Jane looked up quickly, and then looked away. His sympathy was too sweet to lose immediately by telling him the truth.

"Don't you care, honey," he went on. "You've still got me—that is, if you want me."

"Want you!" she exclaimed so emphatically that he kissed her, to the great interest of a passing stenographer.

"Do you, honestly?" he demanded. "I thought you didn't for a while, when you gave me the cold shoulder every time we met."

"You turned me down for Paula Wilding," she reminded him.

"I only went around with her to help you," he retorted. "Kept her from getting her claws into you, and through the people I met with her I got a chance to help you. But honey—you do love me?"

"I certainly do!" she answered adoringly.

"All right, then we're set. I haven't any job, but I can always go back to grinding camera. And maybe some day I can pull off a deal like the one I went to San Francisco on. Gee, if I could have swung that! Big expedition going to Africa for animal stuff. They admitted that I was the man they wanted, but they had to have somebody who'd put up money, buy an interest in the picture. So I was out. We'd have had a swell time, you and I, and I might have made a name for myself—but that's out, for the present, at least."

He seemed so downcast that she had to cheer him up.

"But, darling, J. G. didn't fire me," she told him. "He wants me to stay—only I've got to be more Spanish than ever—and go to Mexico, and Spain——"

Drearly he shook his head.

"That fixes our marriage," he said. "I've seen too many Hollywood marriages go on the rocks, because folks didn't stick together. Even a ten-day location trip can throw a monkey wrench into the machinery."

"Then I'll resign!" promptly declared Jane. "I don't want the money, and I certainly don't want to go to Spain. I'm so sick of Spanish things I don't even want us to have a house with a patio."

"You'll be darned lucky if you have a two-room apartment, with me," Larry laughed. "Come along,

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Maureen

Little Miss O'Sullivan is being groomed for stardom, aided and abetted by Charles Farrell.



You first saw Maureen O'Sullivan as a charming newcomer with an Irish-English accent in John McCormack's "Song o' My Heart." So appealing did she prove that Fox renewed her contract, concentrated on her make-up and gave her some more good rôles, all with the end in view of one day starring her.

Now she is paired with popular Charles Farrell, in "The Princess and the Plumber," a whimsical romance which should ideally display their respective talent for light comedy.

Miss O'Sullivan is, of course, *The Princess*, a mythical kingdom being her domain, and Mr. Farrell is *The Plumber* who is really an engineer sent by the office of his company to make some changes in the American heating plant installed in the castle. And the radiators do the rest!

Babes in Hollywood

let's chase over to Los Angeles and start getting married; it takes five days in this State."

A familiar voice came to Jane's ears just then, and she turned to see Tilly Markham at the door of J. G.'s reception room, arguing violently with one of the secretaries.

"But I got important information for him!" Tilly was sputtering. "He'll be sorry if he don't see me! He'll regret it to his dyin' day! I tell you——"

Chuckling, Jane turned and ran. Let Tilly do her worst, now! Mrs. Larry Bishop wouldn't have to try to make the world think she was Spanish!

As they drove away from the studio, Jane, fumbling in her bag for a handkerchief, came across the letter Tilly had given her. She glanced through it, and handed it to Larry.

"Could we stop at this lawyer's office to-day?" she asked. "I know what he wants me to come in for—my uncle told me that he was going to leave me his money. Of course, it won't be much, probably not more than a thousand dollars or so, but that'll buy us some furniture, at least."

"It might be more," Larry suggested, but without hope.

"It's the old codgers like that who have money these days: the ones who put up big fronts just have bills."

"Well, Uncle Toots didn't have much, I know," Jane assured him. "The relatives all thought he did, of course, but back in the town where they live even a little money looks like a lot. However, we can use it, and I'm grateful to him for wanting me to have what he left, even if it's only fifteen cents. Darling, say you love me!"

"Love's too mild a word," Larry replied.

Larry remained in the car while Jane went into the lawyer's office. He said he wanted time to make out a list of the men who owed him money, and try to figure out how he was going to collect it. Jane was gone about twenty minutes, and he was just borrowing one more cigarette from the chauffeur when she returned, her eyes blazing with ex-

citement, her breath coming so jerkily that she could hardly talk.

"Larry!" she cried. "Larry! I can't believe it, but he says it's true. He says——"

He laughed as he helped her into the car.

"Uncle didn't leave a dime, eh?" he remarked. "Well, who cares? I'd rather support my girl myself, anyway. What's money to us?"

"But Larry——"

"Take a long breath and count ten," he advised.

She laughed happily.

"You're all wrong," she told him, her voice still trembling. "Uncle Toots left lots of money; lots! Two hundred thousand dollars! And all for me! I've been in there, signing papers and things, proving who I am——"

"And you're going to take that money and pay your bills, and invest the rest of it in government bonds," he told her.

"I am not! I'm going to invest it in that expedition, and we're going to Africa, and I'll never have to face a camera again as long as I live."

"Oh, won't you? That's just what you'll be doing the rest of your days. Who wants to see a hippopotamus unless there's a pretty girl in the offing? Look at the way Martin Johnson shoots his wife right along with the baby elephants and the lions and what not! If you think your face is going to get a vacation, you're mistaken!"

"Well, I—oh, what's that?" as some one signaled to them from a car that was parking just ahead of them. "Oh, Larry, it's J. G.! Come along with me while I resign."

J. G. leaned forward eagerly as Larry opened the door of his car.

"Why did you go off so quick?" he demanded. "The studio wants you right away—our man in China is sick—you're going as soon as you can get a boat."

"I am not!" Larry told him flatly. "I'm not working for you any more, not since eleven o'clock this morning, when you fired me."

"Oh, but that didn't mean anything," J. G. protested. "I'll give you a raise. You'd better hurry."

"That's what I am doing," Larry retorted carelessly. "I'm hurrying to get married, to Miss Haggerty."

"But she—she can't get married," sputtered J. G. "She's under contract to me. And say, young lady, you come in here with me now—I'm going to see a fellow that's just come from Spain——"

Jane drew back.

"I'm not going anywhere except with Larry," she told him. "And I'm resigning, right now. I'm not going to be a picture actress, or a Spaniard, or anything but just Larry's wife. I'm not going to act any more, except in animal pictures."

"Animal pictures?" J. G. leaned forward eagerly. "What animal pictures? You can't work for anybody else, not till you finish your contract with me. But that's an idea—we ain't got any animal pictures, and our program needs 'em; they're making money now. Say"—to Larry—"how'd you like it if I had you make one? Where's the best animals now? Any new ones in Africa that got away from Johnson? Say, you two get in here and we'll talk it over."

"We'll talk it over to-morrow," Larry answered, drawing Jane away from J. G.'s restraining hand. "We might do it, at that."

"I just can't understand the way they do things out here!" sighed Jane, as she and Larry drove away. "First he fires you, then he wants you back. And right off the bat he decided to do an animal picture——"

"Oh, he's like every one out here," Larry answered. "As soon as one person has anything, or does anything, that's just what everybody else wants, like children who want each other's toys. Why, if Greta Garbo began wearing a nose ring, every girl in town would weep her eyes out till she got one. Let one man make a war picture and everybody else stays up nights turning one out. Like a lot of kids, all the time. Treat 'em that way and you get along fine; treat 'em as grown-ups, and they run you ragged."

"I know," laughed Jane, moving closer to him. "just babes in Hollywood." THE END.

STAR GAZERS

"I love the stars!" he said to me,

"They're really very fascinating."

"I'm crazy 'bout them, too," said I,

"I think John Gilbert's devastating!"

He looked at me—an awful glare—

Then disappeared into the mist;

But, goodness! How was I to know

The guy was an astrologist?

BARBARA BARRY.

FROM the pictures on this page you will see what the spirit is of Douglas Fairbanks's new film, "Reaching For the Moon." A welcome return, say we, to the earlier form of entertainment that brought him fame.

Minus the sword of *D'Artagnan* and the buskin of *Petruchio*, Mr. Fairbanks plays a lively Wall Street broker more interested in stock quotations than in eloquence—or girls.

Then along comes the one girl in the person of Bebe Daniels, who succeeds in crashing the gate that leads into his saucum, where Doug's indifference soon flames into fascination.



Doug follows Bebe to Europe on a steamer leaving that night—anything to prevent her marriage to a titled Englishman. The picture's a gay adventure all the way through—and don't you like Bebe as a blonde?

country mansion in New Hall, where he, too, can bask in quiet and ease. Bill would like to return to the screen, but he is making no foolish moves financially toward that end. His fortune is said to be about \$750,000, but Bill himself will never chant about it being anywhere near that amount. The most serious setback he encountered was in the settlement of his marital difficulties. Hart also made his money when income tax was at its peak, and a godly portion of his earnings disappeared.

Billie Dove has a considerable sum laid by, though the chances are that she will soon be working again. Laura La Plante, in conjunction with her husband, William Sciter, is comfortably fixed, though she had to fight her way along financially during the earlier years of her picture experience. Her personal fortune is estimated at \$800,000. Corinne Griffith is, of course, one of the richest of those who have recently become inactive. She made lucky investments in Beverly Hills with the help of her husband, Walter Morosco.

The movie folk can hardly be

The Myth of Their Millions

charged with possessing colossal fortunes, as the millionaire class of the United States goes. Nevertheless, the few who have persisted toward fame over the years have been liberally rewarded. Those who have recognized the signal moment to leave the screen have also sometimes enjoyed excellent benefits. Ill health, bad investments, the struggle to keep in the limelight, which is always an expensive game, have made the road rocky for others.

Again, one of the things that has demolished many a movie fortune and much success is domestic trouble. Some of the very brightest careers have been spoiled by it. When stars take their troubles to court, there is generally plenty of disaster. Perhaps the most severe catastrophes, especially in the case of the male group, have hinged on alimony. A few have even gone to jail on that account.

The stars are the target, too, of the racketeering gentry of all kinds. Sometimes the racketeers may even be in their own family—relatives who bob up from nowhere to ask for financial aid, or perhaps even a steady

living. A court of hangers-on seems to go with film celebrity, and not always are they members of the family, either. Indeed, many make a profession of finding jobs for themselves in the movie king's or queen's entourage.

At present, several stars are arranging to have their affairs taken care of by agents or investment concerns. Actors are not supposed to be gifted with great business acumen, and it is often easier to leave the entire management of a growing estate to others.

Some of these agents and investment concerns take their work so seriously that the star ranges about virtually poverty-stricken.

Worse still is the experience of that star who early in his career binds himself by contract to some one helping him to break into the movies. There have been players who have enjoyed nothing but regrets over their success because of this. The agent received more money—without effort—than the star did. Sometimes, therefore, Hollywood bears the aspect of a slave mart.

The Screen in Review

Continued from page 67

alas, viewed her picture through myopic eyes, else she would not have permitted it to go out and nullify her reputation as an actress.

Richly mounted, handsomely costumed and expertly photographed, it is the more or less tiresome story of *Louis XV's* girl friend, who began as a milliner and ended on the guillotine, or rather in the arms of Conrad Nagel. However, as a "success" story, this version of *Jeannette Vaubernier's* life is remarkable. The dialogue tells us that in one period of her career she gave only "saucy smiles" in return for thousand-dollar gowns and the position of queen of a sumptuous gambling establishment.

One doesn't cavil at the historical inaccuracy, however, so much as at its faults as a poor picture. So far as most of us are concerned, *Madame Du Barry* can take as many liberties with facts as she likes, but we insist that she be interesting. Miss Talmadge isn't. Her voice is unaccustomed to the high-flown speeches provided for her, her acting falls short of making *Du Barry* a reed in the gale, a petal on the current, or whatever you call a woman who says she loves a poor man and is swept into accepting the riches of a king. To make that believable a degree of skill in speech is required that is possessed by few.

William Farnum is *Louis XV*, as

right a monarch as could be expected under the circumstances, and the cast is further ornamented by Hobart Bosworth, Ulrich Haupt, and Alison Skipworth, all of whom uphold the art of speech, but to no avail.

The Will Is Read at Midnight.

If your memory is three years old you will recall "The Cat and the Canary," one of the better mystery melodramas, if not the best of all. Silence added to its eeriness, that and imaginative lighting and settings superbly managed by the late Paul Leni, the German director whose first Hollywood effort it was. Well, the same story comes again to the screen. In fact, the time is coming when no old picture will be overlooked as promising contemporary material. This is all right, considering the feeble efforts of playwrights brought to Hollywood to write "originals" for the talkies. But I'm getting away from my subject, aren't I? The new incarnation of the old picture is called "The Cat Creeps" and very good it is, too. For one thing it boasts a real cast—Helen Twelvetrees, Raymond Hackett, Neil Hamilton, Lilyan Tashman, Jean Hersholt, Montagu Love, Lawrence Grant, Theodor von Eltz, Blanche Friderici, and Elizabeth Patterson, the latter a most accomplished character actress.

Granting that melodrama in the

haunted house, where all the relatives assemble to hear the old man's will, is pretty old stuff, the skill of the assembled company makes the revelations interesting, if neither thrilling nor novel. There have been many stencils of the story, you see. But it is well told, more by the players than the director, who suffers by comparison with the sensitive Leni. Of course—in case you are in doubt—the heroine who inherits all the eccentric's wealth emerges triumphantly and presumably marries the youth she loves, in spite of all her frightening experiences.

No single performance can be picked out as being better than the others. All are expert, satisfying.

Pioneers of the Plains.

More covered wagons, more buffaloes, cows, and Indians than you've ever seen at one time before, and a wider panorama to boot, but "The Big Trail" is dull and, in the last analysis, is just another Western, a noisy "Covered Wagon," as some one has said. This is too bad, because a trifle of \$2,000,000 is reported to have been expended. However, one should not shed tears over the refusal of producers to recognize that fans aren't interested in scenery so much as in people and acting. There's no one in "The Big Trail" that engages

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It's Mary!

Miss Pickford gives an inkling of what you will see in "Kiki."



PERHAPS the most daring characterization ever attempted by Mary Pickford is *Kiki*, the impudent, playful gamin who forces her way into the office of a theatrical producer, lands a big part in his musical show and makes him fall in love with her.

The rôle was played on the stage by the fiery Lenore Ulric, and was later brought to the screen by Norma Talmadge, with Ronald Colman in the part played in the talking version by Reginald Denny.



one's interest or sympathy and the number of bearded pioneers is appalling. They succeed in overwhelming the youthful hero and heroine who, if given a chance, might have been appealing. As it is, they are incidental figures in a grand parade from Mississippi to Oregon in the days when there were no railroads and Pullmans. Hardships are graphically pictured, together with magnificent vistas of mountain and plain, but it doesn't matter much, because one cares little whether the pioneers reach their destination or not.

The feeble love interest is sustained by Marguerite Churchill and John Wayne, a newcomer discovered in the cutting room or property department as being the only living person for the rôle. Mr. Wayne presents a muscular figure of young manhood, but he spouts of empire building and all the rest of the stencils in much the same manner that old-fashioned schoolboys used to recite "Casabianca," better known as "The boy stood on the burning deck, whence all but him had fled." Miss Churchill, most agreeable of actresses, is lost, and David Rollins, as her brother, means nothing in his Daniel Boone make-up. El Brendel, elevated to stardom on the strength of this, is funny in contrast to the dullness of his surroundings. The long cast includes Tully Marshall, Ian Keith, and Tyrone Power, to mention a few.

An Arabian Night and Day.

"Kismet" is tawdry and dull, a poor excuse for the reappearance of the veteran Otis Skinner, who starred in the play years ago and who contributed an excellent silent version to the screen some years back. But the present incarnation is unworthy both of the distinguished player as well as the modern screen. Gaudily spectacular, the production is rich enough in musical-comedy values, but it does not capture the Orient it attempts to portray. Nor is the acting otherwise. Mr. Skinner is, of course, eloquent, but time has made his portrayal shrill rather than mellow, strained rather than poised. True, he gives his utmost to *Hajj*, the beggar of Bagdad, whose life for twenty-four hours is followed.

In that short span he marries off his daughter to the caliph, cuts a showy figure in Bagdad social life and returns to the post of beggar before the mosque. It is fantastic, ro-coco, an Arabian night's dream. All very well, if one expects nothing else, but the screen has a way of showing up the flimsiness of plays that were thought poetic masterpieces years ago. And so it is with "Kismet." The

cruel searchlight of the talkies shows that "Kismet" was, in its day, just so much hokum, no nearer reality and sincerity than most of the stuff that comes out of Hollywood.

Mr. Skinner is entirely expert as the beggar, but the character belongs to a vanished day. Loretta Young, David Manners, Sidney Blackmer, and Mary Duncan, ask us to accept them as talented high-school amateurs intent on excelling themselves in the annual show. Some of the lesser characters do not aim so high, being content to remain the most awkward bit players the season has disclosed. However, there stands out Edmund Breese, in the small though significant rôle of *Hajj's* enemy. In the opinion of many, Mr. Breese gives the most believable performance in the whole show.

Amos 'n' Andy.

"Check and Double Check" is just one of those things. In no sense a picture worth considering, it becomes a big event by reason of the screen début of the radio stars, Amos 'n' Andy, who are, respectively, Freeman F. Gosden and Charles J. Correll. It stands as a freak attraction in every sense of the word. If you don't know what that is, ask Rudy Vallée. But this need not lessen your enjoyment of it, if you are Amos 'n' Andy fans, as I suspect some millions, excluding myself, are.

However, I am constrained to ask why the picture isn't better. An excellent cast, including Sue Carol, Charles Morton, Ralf Harolde, Irene Rich, and Rita La Roy, not to mention Duke Ellington and his orchestra, labor vainly to make of it anything but an excuse for the appearance of the two comedians on the screen. Considering also the collaboration of Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby, experts in fabricating musical comedy, the flat result is all the more incredible.

Nevertheless, *Amos 'n' Andy* are all over the place in a juvenile story that, among other things, sends them to Harlem to spend a night in a haunted house, where they surprisingly recover papers urgently needed by the hero of the story. Their session in the house is funny as is the collapsible car that serves as the vehicle of the famous Fresh Air Taxi Company. All of which notwithstanding, Amos 'n' Andy have had their one and only adventure on the screen, unless these rheumy eyes are mistaken.

Where Salmon Sport.

Without a great deal to recommend it, "The Silver Horde" is in-

teresting to those who like melodrama in the raw. It is often confused and unconvincing in the telling. But it has magnificent shots of silver salmon whirling down the foaming river—it was photographed at the fisheries—and there are excellent performances by Evelyn Brent, Jean Arthur, Blanche Sweet, Louis Wolheim and Raymond Hatton, who are the comedy team, together with Joel McCrea, a likable hero.

The whole is another episode in the life of *Cherry Malotte*, recently seen in "The Spoilers." This time she is portrayed by Evelyn Brent and is the central figure instead of an incidental one. Whether *Cherry* is a realistic and sympathetic character depends on your relative evaluation of Miss Brent and Betty Compson, who played the same rôle in "The Spoilers." In the present story she is a lady of doubtful reputation, whose heart is, just the same, pure gold. In love with *Boyd Emerson*, she secretly sets him up in the fishing business, only to discover that he prefers the love of a society girl. In the final show-down *Cherry* is disclosed as being far worthier than the other girl, and convinces *Boyd* that a woman may love often without being the less prepared for the big passion of a lifetime.

Miss Brent is admirable as *Cherry*. So is Miss Arthur, as her rival. So, indeed, are all concerned, and I think you will agree that Mr. McCrea, though lacking experience, is a most agreeable hero to look for in future pictures.

Twins Separated in Infancy.

Bert Lytell brings to the screen "Brothers," the dramatic chef-d'œuvre which occupied him profitably for nearly a year on Broadway. The gift demonstrates two points. First, that considerable time has passed since Mr. Lytell acted in silent films and, second, that present standards make the screen, as a whole, more knowing and true to life than the stage. For "Brothers" is of the stage stogy, a yarn that begins when twins are adopted, one by a rich couple, the other by a poor woman, the first to become a profligate, the other a compound of all the virtues. The rich brother, a lawyer, commits murder and the poor twin is accused, to be defended in court by the attorney whose resemblance to him no one notices until the lawyer dramatically calls attention to it and wins his acquittal.

Then, grateful for his freedom, the good brother is persuaded to step into the shoes of the bad one while



The Last *Geste*

The only surviving brother in "Beau Geste" reappears in the sequel entitled "Beau Ideal," which promises to be equally exciting, colorful, and touching.

Played by Ralph Forbes, below, *John Geste* is a prisoner for avenging the death of his brothers by the brutal sergeant. A fellow prisoner is *Otis Madison*, an American, played by Lester Vail, right.

They are discovered by the *Emir*, who rescues them from death only to imprison them himself. The *Emir's* wife, known as *The Angel of Death*, betrays her husband and liberates the men because she is initiated with *Otis*.

Now go on with the story that the film narrates.



has been meteoric—but life leaves the child with nothing to talk about.

Raymond Hackett's admiration of the Barrymores is all right—but his imitation of them leaves much to be desired.

William Bakewell's enthusiasm is refreshing—but his constant punning is too juvenile.

June Collyer's charm is indisputable—but her efforts to show her dimples become extremely tiresome.

Edmund Lowe is an admirable actor—but he continues acting long after he has left the studio.

Norma Shearer's clothes are *ne plus ultra*—but her stinginess where

The Stroller Calls the Roll

others are concerned is common gossip.

George O'Brien not only acts in pictures—but tells you that he also writes most of his dialogue.

Lupe Velez has a stimulating personality—but it would be quite a relief if she would change her diet to something other than raw meat.

John Barrymore's position is well established—but the public does not always share his belief that "a Barrymore can do no wrong."

Gloria Swanson's popularity is enormous—but it would be greater if she were less abrupt in speaking to strangers.

Charles Farrell's manner is pleasantly boyish—but not dangerous enough for his father to act as body-guard on his personal-appearance tour.

Lois Moran is extremely intelligent and well educated—but she has a passion for pinching people.

John Gilbert's flop in talkies would have commanded sympathy—but he made himself ridiculous by refusing to see interviewers.

Fay Wray's beauty is great—but her heart is as cold as a landlord's where those who "knew her when" are concerned.

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the latter has a nervous breakdown. The old, old situation of an unwilling impostor deceiving parents, facing impending marriage with the fiancée of the absentee and chivalrously denying himself a kiss; then the "punch" when the girl laughingly admits her awareness of the deception all along. With, of course, a big church wedding, though one isn't told how a piano player in a dive will earn enough to satisfy a movie bride.

The picture has a certain fascination as a glimpse of old-fashioned direction, acting, and such details of furnishing as a bronze group in a lace-curtained window. Dorothy Sebastian is the optimistic heroine. Oh—and, of course, Mr. Lytell is twins.

The Bat Flaps.

Adapted from the mystery thriller of a decade ago, "The Bat Whispers" comes to the talkies minus most of the suspense which characterized the silent version. As the story stands, it is really an exhibition of endurance on the part of a middle-aged woman and the hysterical reactions of an early Mack Sennett maid to the mysterious noise caused by *The Bat* and a couple of other crooks in a house leased by the lady. In the play the middle-aged lady was a very elderly woman who spoke her lines much more crisply and with much more feeling than is portrayed by Grayce Hampton in the picture.

A series of early robberies by *The Bat* detract from, rather than heighten, the suspense.

Chester Morris wears a mask during most of the picture, thank Heaven, for when he isn't masked he mugs as even he has never been known to do before.

Una Merkel is pleasing as the niece and William Bakewell performs creditably the very little left him to do.

Maude Eburne, the maid, garners

what laughs there are, but it's horse-play, pure and simple.

The picture itself is tedious and might much better have been left wherever it has lain during these past ten years.

A Broken Pledge.

Nice people make "The Dancers" tolerable, without being interesting. The burden bearers are Lois Moran, Phillips Holmes, Mae Clarke, and Walter Byron. It is a very sentimental tale they tell. There is the genteel dance-hall girl of the Northwest in love with the young Englishman pledged to a girl back home. But when he inherits a title and returns to London he finds that the girl has forgotten her promise and is the gayest of the gay, with a Rolls-Royce, an airplane, and a thirst for night life. The dance-hall girl makes the trip, too, ostensibly to fill a professional engagement but really to go on concealing a tear behind a brave smile. Well, the youth persuades the girl of his dreams to marry him, but at the last minute she leaps into her plane and flies across the Channel. There he finds her, a year later, teaching a village school in expiation of her sins, which never went beyond late hours after all.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell, once a great actress on the stage, plays a small rôle elaborately.

Backdrops Dramatized.

Once a sensation on the stage of enough dramatic importance to serve as an opera libretto for Puccini, "The Girl of the Golden West" isn't even operatic drama on the screen. Instead, it is a rather funny antique which some one thought worth filming exactly as for the stage, artificial scenery and all. Because of the stiltedness of the whole thing, dialogue, acting, and settings, it rates as

a smart burlesque on an old-fashioned melodrama of the West. There's *Minnie*, barmaid and proprietress of a place that combines a saloon, school, and social rendezvous for the miners. A regular Pollyanna, she is a little mother to all the desperate characters who respect her innocence and purity. She is sought in marriage by *Jack Rauce*, the sheriff, as bad a man as there ever was, but woman's intuition guides *Minnie* right. When *Dick Johnson*, a desperado, comes into her life, it is *Minnie's* determination to see only good in him that causes him to refrain from robbing her of the money she is keeping for her pupils. Her insistence on his goodness finally accomplishes his reform, brings to an end the sheriff's bloodthirsty pursuit of the outlaw and the renunciation of his love for *Minnie* in favor of the better man.

Ann Harding is miscast as *Minnie* in spite of the earnestness of her performance, Harry Bannister is unbelievable as the sheriff, and James Rennie's high place on the stage is nullified by a listless, often indistinct performance as the supposedly dashing bandit.

When Music Is Missed.

The popularity of Maurice Chevalier puts over "Playboy of Paris" as pleasing, though inconsequential entertainment that falls short of being the brilliant affair it should have been. This is not the fault of the cast, nor even of the story which, though taken from a musical comedy, has a certain light appeal. It lies more in the unimaginative direction and a literal, not to say heavy, touch that isn't in keeping with the material at hand. And for some reason—probably because the public is fed up with music—Mr. Chevalier sings but two songs. This

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The Screen in Review



Photos by Hurrell

THE fans have made William Haines what he is to-day. And evidently they mean to keep him exactly as he is. Though some critics score him for persistent wisecracking and boisterous clowning, neither Billy nor his friends have cause to take issue with them. Why? For the very good and sufficient reason that Metro-Goldwyn has signed him to a new contract of such proportions that the voice of the box office quite overwhelms the chirps of those who think he carries things a bit too far.

FIGURE PLAY therefore rises to congratulate the Virginian, to wish him a Happy New Year—it's sure to be a prosperous one—and to applaud his fans for getting what they want.



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

A. B. C.—Not my old friend, alphabet soup; Phillips Holmes is under contract to Paramount; I don't know whether Frances Dade has a contract or not. Phillips's new film is "Confessions of a Coed." In "Romance," Florence Lake played *Susan*, the "ingénue"; in "The Rogue Song" she was *Najda*, the hero's sister. All the scolding Janet Gaynor got from critics, and so on, was because she seemed to have become temperamental. Jeanette MacDonald's next is "Stolen Thunder." Joan and Doug, Jr., are still honeymooning, from all accounts, and a great vast silence reigns over Pickfair as to that separation story. You get a photo—presumably—by writing your request, with a quarter, to the star whose picture you want.

MISS ADELINE NAUMAN.—All I know about Charles Bickford's age is that he was born on January first, along with a new year. Cliff Edwards doesn't tell his age, either, but he must be in his late thirties or even later. The reason you never saw Clara Bow's films, "The Humming Bird" and "Station S. E. X.," is that they were never made. Announced for her, yes—but not made.

GRETA.—If all questions were as simple to answer as yours, life wouldn't be hard at all. Lew Ayres was born in Minneapolis in 1910. He has dark hair and blue eyes, is five feet eleven and weighs 155. He was formerly a banjoist and now has a contract with Universal, where you can reach him. He is single. Ginger Rogers is a New York girl who made good on the stage and played in three pictures. She is now the ingénue in "Girl Crazy," a Broadway musical comedy. She is divorced from Jack Pepper.

V. I. N.—I'm sorry, but I know nothing about Don José Mojica, except that he is a Spanish actor who plays in Spanish versions of films, as a rule.

JUDY.—Where's your friend Punch? Ramon Novarro is thirty-two, and that's authentic. However, I think he is shorter than his official height of five feet ten. He has several fan clubs; the one nearest you is in the hands of Marguerite B. Steins, 101 Richlawn Avenue, Buffalo, New York. See **GRETA**. Lew Ayres did not play in "Glorifying the American Girl." Owen Davis, Jr., played in "They Had to See Paris." I suppose he will con-

tinue to appear on the screen from time to time; he is now on the stage in "Solid South."

T. M. H.—Though Lillian Roth played in "Madam Satan," the cast does not mention Ann Roth. Lillian's first film was "The Love Parade," and you can reach her at the Paramount studio.

A SALLY O'NEIL FAN.—Your favorite doesn't seem to play in many pictures these days—not since "Hold Everything" and "Girl of the Port." The latter was an RKO picture and I can only suggest that studio address for Sally, unless just Hollywood, California, would reach her. I'll speak sharply to the editor for not publishing any late pictures of her—but maybe she hasn't been photographed recently. Molly O'Day is Sally's only sister, so far as I know, and they have a brother Jack.

M. G. S.—David Newell says only that he was born on January 23rd. While still attending the University of Missouri, he established a community playhouse, and after graduation went on the stage. It was while he was appearing opposite Ethel Barrymore that Paramount signed him for his first screen rôle in "The Hole in the Wall." I don't think he is married.

JOAN CRAWFORD MAD.—Listing all Joan Crawford's pictures would keep me up all night. Surely you wouldn't want to do that! Her first film, in 1926, was "I'll Tell the World." Her first starring film was "Our Dancing Daughters." Joan was born May 23, 1906. She is five feet four and weighs 120. To join Joan's fan club, write to Helen Cohn, 3628 East First Street, Long Beach, California.

IRVING HAMILTON.—Glad to welcome you in the ranks of PICTURE PLAY readers, and by all means write me again. The "Four Sons" were *Joseph*, James Hall; *Franz*, Francis X. Bushman, Jr.; *Johann*, Charles Morton; *Andreas*, George Meeker. Margaret Mann was the mother. Besides Billie Dove, the cast of "Careers" included Antonio Moreno, Thelma Todd, Noah Beery, Holmes Herbert, Carmel Myers, Robert Frazer, and Sojin. Supporting Pola Negri, in "Loves of an Actress," were Nils Asther, Mary McAllister, Richard Tucker, Philip Strange, Paul Lukas.

A. S. N. SCOTT.—Questions coming all the way from Singapore must, of course, be answered. Janet Gaynor was born in

Philadelphia, October 6, 1906. She has auburn hair with brown eyes, is five feet tall and weighs 100. I believe she learned to play the ukulele for her talking-singing career. Charlie Farrell was born in Walpole, Massachusetts, in 1905. He is brunet, six feet and weighs 175. After Janet's dispute over rôles and salary with Fox, she has returned to that studio and will be seen with Charlie again in "The Man Who Came Back."

WENDELL GULDIN.—When I finish your questions, I'm going to ask for a vacation—but it's the wrong time of year for that. Hedda Hopper was born in Altoona, Pennsylvania, but doesn't say when. Her name was Furry until she became one of De Wolf Hopper's many wives. Her latest pictures are "Our Blushing Brides," "Let Us Be Gay," "High Society Blues," "Holiday," and "War Nurse." Julia Faye has played in nothing since "Not So Dumb" a year ago. She is unmarried. Dorothy Gulliver and Donald Keith have birthdays on September 6th. Henry B. Walthall played in "Temple Tower" last May and in "Abraham Lincoln" more recently. Most of the others whose addresses you ask for have long since left films, and I've no idea where they could now be reached. Helen Jerome Eddy's newest picture is "War Nurse." Antonio Moreno's "One Mad Kiss"—besides lots of Spanish versions—Ivan Lebedeff's "Conspiracy." But I have no record of all the pictures of any but featured players. There are no fan clubs for any of those you ask about.

LUCILLE HUTSELL, 7103 Lakewood Boulevard, Dallas, Texas, would like to hear from other Joan Crawford fans. See **JOAN CRAWFORD MAD**.

A. O. B.—You'll be glad to know that your favorite, Margaret Livingston, reappeared on the screen in "What a Widow!" Jacqueline Logan has done nothing here since "General Crack," and is now appearing in English films. I think just Hollywood, California, would reach them both. Louise Brooks recently returned from Germany, where she made several films. Laura La Plante is to make "Song of Fire" for Universal; Kathryn Crawford still plays opposite Western heroes from time to time. Betty Bronson's last was "The Locked Door," a year ago.

WILLIAM COLLIER FAN.—But it seems you mean William, Jr. He was born Feb-

Outcasts

An honored screen tradition is that gentlemen eat with forks and dose odder guys feed wit' knives.



One is tempted to get punny when David Manners, left, eats in such an un-Postlike way.

James Gleason and Cedric Holiday, right, disgust the waitress, Zasu Pitts. Just wait till she starts eating.



Ben Lyon, center, has a way with silverware that Marian Nixon simply loves.



Joe E. Brown, below, although disguised as a gentleman, reveals himself to Frank McHugh when he fails to hurdle the silver barrier.



"In my countree," says "Bad Man" Walter Huston to Dorothy Revier, "we eat lak thees."

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evidently has to pay for the Malibu Beach fracas involving Vivian Duncan last spring.

In the newest row he seems to have been just an innocent victim. He was entertaining friends at a restaurant. One of them, Ralph Ince, became involved in a joust of some kind. Because of his previous pugilistic activities, Lease's name appeared in the headlines reporting on the battle as much as anybody's.

The facts are that Lease has only had two combats to date, one with Miss Duncan, and the other on a subsequent occasion with her brother.

Sun in Eclipse; Satellite Fades.

Once she shone by reflected light; now she shines no longer.

Briefly that is the theme of a pathetic experience of a certain Gladys White, who used to double for Pola Negri. The story came out when Miss White unsuccessfully tried suicide to end a bitter struggle.

When her life had been saved she related the tale of curious significance.

She had been an extra in the movies before Pola arrived in this country, and then after the star's advent it was found that she looked so much like Pola that she could "stand" for her while the cameras were being set up, and occasionally even appear in a long shot.

When Pola left over two years ago, this work automatically ceased, and the studios yielded no other employment. Finally, she took a job as a waitress, and after a considerable struggle despaired of providing enough money for herself and her eleven-year-old son. So, depressed, she attempted to take her life.

Mrs. White believes that she and Pola are linked fatefully, because about the same time that her depression reached its climax, Pola was going through her divorce difficulties in Paris.

Time, the Tragedian.

Another case of sad discouragement. We learn that a film director, once successful, is now a janitor at one of the studios.

Rogers Aids Charity.

Will Rogers recently showed his spirit of generosity. Serving the Community Chest in its campaign in Los Angeles, he appeared on the stage for a week at one of the movie theaters. A portion of the proceeds, amounting to \$12,000, was donated to the cause.

Quite a contrast to this is a story they tell of Will—namely, that he was invited as a guest at dinner, and

Mrs. Rogers was not included. It is said that Will sent the host a bill. When the charge was amazingly questioned, Will said that since his wife hadn't been asked to the party, he imagined that he was present as a professional entertainer.

Rogers has an acute sense of the fitness of things.

Another Dirge for Musicals.

One more blow isn't likely to hurt the musical pictures. They have been walloped right and left already, with almost every kind of knock-out punch.

The latest "Marche Funèbre" is being played for the dissolution of the studio music departments. All the bright boys with song ideas, who were left after the first raid or two, will now do their tuning up elsewhere than in Hollywood, and even the men who helped to bring the warblings and the accompaniments to life will take a holiday.

There will be musical pictures from time to time, but no special department will have supervision over them. A lot of people therefore lose nice jobs.

Mary Garden Prophecies.

Just about the time all this was happening, Mary Garden breezed into town, and predicted a new type of opera via the screen. She also declared that she thought most musical pictures thus far filmed were a lot of trash.

"I do believe that something extraordinarily new is to arise from all this," she said. "It will hardly be the old-type opera, where the singer took half an hour to say good-by, but some concise and vibrant musical form that will be the most ideal sort of entertainment. Producers will have to turn their backs on the present trivialities, and call in the finer talent, like Lawrence Tibbett, for example—to interpret, as well as create, the new screen opera."

Rumors are that Mary herself may be identified with such a production.

Clara Bow Sleepless.

Clara Bow suffers from insomnia. This was one of the interesting disclosures of Daisy De Voe, her former secretary, during the row that the two girls recently had.

Miss De Voe asserted that this fact was one of the things that contributed to her grief. She declared that Clara kept her awake all night, and that she therefore worked twenty-four hours a day for her. "If there were forty-eight hours in the day, I would have worked forty-eight," Miss De Voe said.

One of the pithy statements she

also made, was that she would put a period to a lot of things in Clara's life that have a question mark behind them now. This was a threat Miss De Voe issued when she accused Clara and the star's friends of indulging in smart cracks about herself.

Clara is keeping in the public eye almost continuously, what with one thing and another. Miss De Voe was her secretary for two years, and was enraged when she said she found herself discharged without proper notice.

Gloria in Feud.

This isn't the only new filmland feud. Gloria Swanson has been having troubles with Maurice Cleary, May McAvoy's husband, formerly her manager. Cleary has sued Gloria for \$45,000, claiming this as his share of profit on her pictures, "The Loves of Sunya," "Sadie Thompson," and "The Trespasser." He asserted that he was to receive \$7,500 on each, as soon as they had returned more than \$200,000. He demanded as due some other money besides this.

Gloria's affairs haven't moved too smoothly aside from that. She has given up "Rockabye," a mother-love story. Production was under way, but it was abandoned.

Gloria probably doesn't want any more such unsatisfactory experiences as she had with "Queen Kelly." It is said that a large part of the profits from "The Trespasser" went to defray the expenses of that shelved feature.

Farewell, Eisenstein.

History continues to repeat itself in Hollywood.

What prompts this assertion is the fact that Sergei Eisenstein is the newest European celebrity to return home without having done a film opus. He spent five or six months in the colony, and at one time was programmed to produce "An American Tragedy."

Differences of viewpoint about the use of talk and sound, and other matters, arose between him and Paramount, where he was under contract. So the agreement was broken off. Reports then were that he might go with Metro-Goldwyn or Universal, but nothing came of it.

Underlying some of the difficulties that interfered with his picture making in this country, lurked, according to popular assumption, the idea of Eisenstein's close identification with Soviet propaganda activities in connection with films. Aside from this, he is regarded as one of the truly original directors to-day in Europe. The Soviet hook-up, as a cause of his troubles, was constantly denied during his American sojourn.

Over the Teacups

Continued from page 33

Marian swept in grandly, with yards and yards of skirt billowing around her, and then Nancy Carroll arrived in a stately gown. They looked rather like boarding-school girls dressed up for a fancy-dress ball in the gay '90s.

"Marian isn't under contract to Warners any more. She's fed up with playing ingenues. She's to try free-lancing for a while and see if she can land some dramatic parts.

"Probably the luckiest girl in town at the moment is Lois Moran. Maybe she is the luckiest girl anywhere. When she isn't signing a new contract and getting big rôles, the monotony of her life is broken by inheriting a lot of money. She came East a while ago intending to go to Europe with her mother, but the day after she arrived she was offered the lead in a stage play. And the play is apt to be good, as Arthur Hopkins is producing it.

"So far, players from Hollywood haven't caused any dancing in the streets by their stage performances. Colleen Moore's play is not a success and probably won't come to Broadway.

"It seems almost as important for a girl to have judgment as talent. So long as they have money enough to live on, I cannot understand why some of them will act in anything just to be acting. Imagine Ruth Roland staying out of pictures all those years and then coming back in a stupid story like 'Reno'! It must have been found in some old carpet sweeper or wastebasket. Ruth wasn't bad at all—"

"Not the highest praise," I suggested.

"She sang very well." Fanny went on determinedly. "And you know Ruth! She'll work day and night trying to put anything over. She made personal appearances and dragged celebrities to the theater as her guests, sang over the radio, and went in for all kinds of plain and fancy ballyhoo. But the public stayed away from the picture in droves."

"Maybe they did as I did," I suggested. "After hearing that the picture was dull and that her voice was rather nice, I sat quietly at home one evening and heard her sing over the radio."

The mere idea was appalling to Fanny. She wouldn't stay away from a picture just because she heard it was poor. She must go and see for herself.

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Buddy the Fourth

people back home had written her for autographed photos. There was a great deal of fan worship in Buddy's romance with Claire Windsor.

When the glamour of the affair was at its height, a location trip to New York separated them. Buddy stormed up to my apartment—I happened to be in New York at the time, too—almost wringing his hands. He had missed a long-distance call from Claire. The world had stopped. The calamity of calamities had befallen him. "I'm in love," he breathed almost in a whisper. "Honest!"

And I think he was. The same kind of heroine-worshiping love that very young boys give to charming women a little older, a little wiser, and a little more experienced than themselves.

But Hollywood, incapable of minding its own business, made fun of the romance. Their appearances in public were gently kidded by a press that loves to be smarty about that sort of thing.

It came to the point where Claire thought it best to break off a friendship that had meant a great deal to both of them, in order to escape these ridiculous quips.

Buddy emerged from this experience with his first coating of sophistication. He later referred to the romance as an infatuation. His phrases

sounded vaguely "Hollywood." He began to acquire more self-confidence among the people of his profession. I believe he admired them so completely that he wanted to be like them in the things they did, in their smartly sophisticated outlook.

He took on some of the consciousness of the *matinée* idol. He permitted himself to be quoted in interviews about his dream girl, and even the young ladies he went about with.

His wardrobe was a startling affair of checks and stripes of exaggerated cut and color.

He acquired a trick car that is beyond my powers of description. It is equipped with everything, including a radio and, I understand, a jewel safe. Mechanically, it is a nightmare of luxury.

Incidentally, he gave up his room at fifteen dollars a week. A new and very smart apartment was more suited to Buddy's altered outlook on life.

A boy who was thrilled by movie people, and who wanted to "belong," had "gone Hollywood."

But the moment did not last long. It couldn't. The foundations of a parentage and training as safe, sane, and American as Buddy's do not fall in the whim of a moment. It is true that he still has the trick car, and the elaborate quarters. He is still seen at dance-and-dining places and

premieres, along with the rest of the Hollywoodites.

After all, we seldom go back to things in life we have forsaken. It isn't human nature. But all of this is developing in Buddy a tremendous new characteristic—an important one. He is acquiring a sense of humor with which to weigh the values of reality and to separate the wheat from the chaff.

People are becoming important to him, not because they are important in Hollywood, but because they are worth while themselves—have something to give. He spends several nights a week in the apartment of a young musician and his wife discussing music and movies. Other evenings he spends at the home of June Collyer in family parties.

His work at the studio is no longer a puzzle and a mystery to him, to be accepted gratefully. He is sure of his field. He is beginning to look behind the veil of Hollywood and find that it is a little bit of a sham, with all its veneer of smartness and sophistication. No longer can Hollywood kid Buddy Rogers. He is acquiring the courage of his convictions.

To-morrow will be another chapter. In the case of Buddy, I believe it will be even more balanced, because he is headed that way.

King on Broadway, Deuce in Hollywood

Continued from page 73

from that of the stage. And yet the actor can't learn by the trial-and-error method, as the extra can. One flop and he's done for, whereas, the extra can keep on trying.

"I was pretty discouraged at first. Got out to Hollywood and found I was cast in 'Under a Texas Moon.' First thing I had to do was dye this red hair black, suitable for a romantic Mexican caballero. Barbara"—he motioned to the photograph—"almost passed out when she saw me transformed into a bold, chile-con-carne hero.

"Then when we started shooting, I was in the dark about it all. I didn't know a camera from a cactus. I was accustomed to acting all over the stage, and camera lines and microphones were the bane of my existence. As for knowing anything Mexican—a sombrero and a tamale were all one to me.

"After a few days I felt like throwing up the sponge and hotfooting it back to Broadway. But Barbara made me stick. In 'The Show of Shows' I got along better, because it was more in my line. And by the

time I got around to 'The Matrimonial Bed' and 'Bright Lights,' I felt quite at home. Now you couldn't get me away from the movies if you tried. Barbara had the same trouble at first."

Perhaps you've noticed that one of Mr. Fay's favorite topics of conversation is the charming Mrs. Fay.

"Barbara's first picture," he went on, "was 'The Locked Door.' If you saw it, there's no use of my saying more. When we saw it, she felt terrible, poor kid. Just like I did after my Mexican brainstorm.

"She wanted to quit, but it was my time to make her stick. So we agreed to try it a while longer, and then Barbara got a real break in 'Ladies of Leisure.' She's marvelous in that. All the critics said so, too.

"Now she is as sold on the movies as I am. You know, she doesn't go in for this funny stuff like I do. She is a real actress. That girl could bring tears to glass eyes!"

If you saw the glamorous Barbara in "Ladies of Leisure," you can probably understand Frank's enthusiasm. Several critics have called her one of

the most talented of the young dramatic actresses.

Frank Fay comes by his love of the theater naturally. His parents were actors. He was born in San Francisco, and his childhood was spent in a trunk, figuratively speaking, chasing over the country with his parents in vaudeville and stock. The red-haired boy joined the act himself when he was four, and has been treading the boards ever since.

The senior Fays have now retired and are living with their son and daughter-in-law in Hollywood.

The romance of the Fays reads like a story. They were married two years ago, their romance having begun a few weeks before, right on Broadway. Miss Stanwyck was playing at the Plymouth Theater, with Hal Skelly, in "Burlesque," the play that reached the screen as "The Dance of Life." And right next door at the Shubert Theater was "Revels," in which Fay was featured.

The stage doors opened side by side, and the two players, who had never chanced to meet before, found themselves exchanging friendly greet-

ings as they passed one another at their respective doors. Sometimes they said "Good night" as they left the theaters.

One evening Mr. Fay asked the pretty lady if she would like a little supper after the show. The pretty lady said she would. And that's how it began. A few weeks later they were married.

"'Burlesque' was a much bigger success than 'Revels,'" Mr. Fay recalls, "but that show served its purpose, even though it didn't break any records for long runs."

The Old Master Speaks

Continued from page 61

I got my picture taken on the television set. Don't ask me how the cameraman accomplished it. I never saw him, but my face was projected on the screen. I still think there was something phony about it. But I am impressed with the idea that we are on the verge of some vast change in modes of entertainment through the development of television. With experts both in Europe and the United States working upon it, ultimate perfection must be accomplished.

Then the slogan, "Stay at home and see the movies!"

I wonder what it all will mean.

The Screen in Review

Continued from page 100

from a star whose gift is largely that of a singer. However, I can bear it.

He is a waiter in a little café in Paris who inherits a million francs, but cannot quit his job because he has been tricked into signing a contract that would force him to relinquish half of his legacy if he resigned. Therefore he must carry on, resorting to all sorts of comic means to get himself fired. Incidentally, there's a romance between the waiter and the proprietor's daughter, played by Frances Dee.

Stuart Erwin is unusually successful as a dumb friend of the hero, Eugene Pallette is funny, as usual, and O. P. Heggie, a fine actor if ever there was one, is wasted in a routine part. But if you like Mr. Chevalier you won't be disappointed in his efforts to please.

Sand.

With the Foreign Legion coming to the fore again, it is not surprising to find many combinations of the elements that occasionally make such a story entertaining. It would be an exaggeration to say that "Renegades"

Continued on page 109



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Of Private Life and Habits—Nothing

Continued from page 58



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REPORTER: Fine. And did you always yearn for the stage?

YOUNG: No, I intended to be an architect. But I was no good at figures.

REPORTER: And how did you happen to begin your theatrical career?

YOUNG: Well, I had a bad cold.

REPORTER (all sympathy): *Tchk, tchk!*

YOUNG: I was most uncomfortable and my father felt sorry for me. And he knew I'd never make an architect. He suggested the theater, as I had seemed interested in it. So I went on the stage. Will you have a cocktail?

Pause.

REPORTER: I think seven or eight more paragraphs should do it, now.

YOUNG: How about our Russian wolfhound, our black cat and our eight goldfish? Three of the goldfish are in an interesting condition, for which we paid fifty cents extra when we got them. But that was several weeks ago, and nothing has happened yet. Do you know much about goldfish? (plaintively).

REPORTER: Very little.

YOUNG: The black cat is quite beautiful. He endeared himself to us when we found him having an epileptic fit in the cellar. He was painfully thin, but since we adopted him we have reason to be proud of his physique. He has, too, a handsome coat. He also has a latchkey, being a gentleman cat of varied interests, in which he brooks no interference.

REPORTER: We're doing just dandy—only about five more paragraphs to go.

YOUNG (bucking up, now that end is in sight): Well, I've just had a book come out. Maybe that will be good for another.

REPORTER (screaming with exasperation): Why didn't you say so before! It would have been good for several.

YOUNG: Oh, I really doubt it. It's just a book. Called 'Not For Children,' with sketches and captions of a slightly obscene nature.

In this casual manner is dismissed a talent of considerable proportions.

REPORTER: Speaking of children, we might use your childhood to good advantage. What sort of little boy were you?

YOUNG: I was a horrid little boy. Skinny and peaked, with big spectacles. I wouldn't play and I wouldn't study. I was away at school from eight to eighteen, fortunately for my family.

REPORTER: We can do something with that. The lonely, wistful little lad—

YOUNG: But I wasn't wistful. I was just unpleasant. I snarled at people.

REPORTER: Oh, all right. How Mr. Young, do you like moving pictures?

YOUNG: I don't.

REPORTER: Then why are you in them?

YOUNG: That is a very naïve question.

Reporter gives impression of horror of artist who is not thus for art's sake alone.

YOUNG: I think I shall like pictures more, as I become accustomed to the methods. The lack of audience is still a jar. On the stage, you rehearse for three weeks, play out of town for two, then open in New York and your audiences teach you how to play. Without audience reactions to be guided by, a stage actor feels sort of gone in the knees. A few minutes' rehearsal, then three or four minutes in front of the camera doing a fragment of a scene, and the die is cast. There's no changing or polishing possible, once it's in the box.

REPORTER: Do you like movies for your own entertainment?

YOUNG: Tremendously. That is, silent pictures. To my mind, they have yet to make a talkie as good as the best of the old silents. But it's a mistake to expect the talkies to reach that standard in one bound. It took silent pictures many years to reach the quality of a year or so ago. For myself, I enjoy individual performances more keenly than the things as a whole. Garbo, I think, is an amazing and powerful actress. Her sense of timing and pantomime is perfect. She has rhythm. Bessie Love is a corking little trouper—corking. And Chevalier is a delight—such an artist and such an electric personality.

REPORTER: Had you ever done any pictures before?

YOUNG (sheepishly): I played *Doctor Watson* in John Barrymore's "Sherlock Holmes." Oh (hastily) there's no reason why you should remember it. Who remembers *Doctor Watson*, the most nebulous character in all fiction?

REPORTER (unable to contain self any longer): Mr. Young, *what* about all these penguins?

YOUNG (glancing fondly around the room, every corner of which boasts a cluster of penguins—etch-

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Colleen on the Loose

Continued from page 72

leen has no degree, nor is she a linguist, but she is nobody's fool. When one can mingle with the stage folk for one solid month and only once in an hour's conversation let slip an "O. K.," that person is not maladroit.

She doesn't like to dress up. Her clothes are extremely simple, such as any girl might wear for economy's sake. There is absolutely no vanity about her, and she dismissed with a shrug the array of costumes which hung on the wall beside her.

She is mouelike in her movements; on the street she would pass for a schoolgirl. Scores of people pass her by, never noticing her.

Contrary to the opinion of many who have reached the top, Colleen does not disparage the idea of young girls seeking a theatrical career. "I think it's a grand idea," she told me, "if a girl really has talent, to develop it. But there are two big considerations. She must be willing to work harder than she has ever worked before. And she must have money enough to last her two years in New York or Hollywood, and outside of that a beautiful wardrobe.

Besides the cruise to Tahiti, there's one other great ambition in her life. She wants to play "Madam Butterfly" on the screen, as a play, not an opera. With music, but no singing.

"Why should I sing?" she asks. "If I had a voice like Bebe Daniels', then I'd sing all the time, everywhere. But I haven't. I sang in 'Footlights and Fools' and 'Smiling Irish Eyes,' because it was the fad and people expected me to."

Colleen's plays include one great screen ambition to be realized and one great off-screen adventure to be lived. The rest—well, Colleen doesn't know herself. When I saw her, she was at a milestone in her career—making her first stage bow. That over, one ambition will be satisfied, and then she will turn perhaps to "Butterfly," perhaps to the coral strands of far-off Tahiti. Perhaps to neither. Pictures may lure her back; at any rate, she has not bidden them farewell.

Virginia Valli told me that Colleen had received hundreds of telegrams from Hollywood, wishing her luck. "All Hollywood loves Colleen," she said.

And so Colleen plunges in, eager for a new sensation, a little scared, a little thrilled, to satisfy a longing for a real audience.

[EDITOR'S NOTE.—Miss Moore's play ended its career a few weeks after she was interviewed for PICTURE PLAY.]

The Screen in Review

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is entirely that, but it has its moments. They are contributed by Warner Baxter and Myrna Loy, among the players, and the management of some desert fighting as a feather in the cap of the director. Just what the story is actually about, is the real difficulty both in the picture as well as in this report.

Mr. Baxter, as a soldier of the legion, is confronted by Miss Loy clothed and mannered as an adventuress. The soldier's agitation is never explained, nor is the motive for his attempt to choke her to death made clear. He deserts the legion, however, joins and becomes the ruler of a desert tribe, which is made colorful when Miss Loy is brought in kidnaped at Mr. Baxter's order. Whereupon he sets about to punish her, though for what I cannot tell you. And so on, with quite a few deaths at the end.

Noah Beery, Gregory Gaye, George Cooper, and others supply diversion in spots, but the intervals are infrequent.

Sheep Are Dull Animals.

"The Santa Fe Trail" leads nowhere, but it gives glimpses of Richard Arlen, Mitzi Green, Eugene Palette, and Rosita Moreno, a Spanish stranger, who is charming. She has a slight accent that reminds one of Novarro's. But this is not enough to relieve the dullness of the proceedings, or to raise the picture above a routine Western, except in the care taken to achieve beautiful photography. Sheep, even when seen in misty light, are dull animals at best, and the picture is mostly about them, with their herder the hero. Naturally there's a feud and the irascible Spanish father of the heroine opposes the hero, until he rehabilitates the former's estate and puts it on a paying basis with the help of his sheep.

Richard Arlen grows in naturalness and likableness, even though there is no opportunity in this picture to draw upon his skill as an actor. "The Santa Fe Trail" is a blind alley.



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Papa Knows Best

Continued from page 57

had dreaded that he would talk career, and thank him for not doing so. You argue with him over roulette—of course, he would devise a system, wouldn't he? You fling sarcastic remarks across to the blonde whose delicate diablerie has drawn them.

You are susceptible to Marino's infectious giggle. You laugh over nonsensical nothings. 'Nita's voice a bit high, is sashed with fluffy verbal ribbons, skipping and bounding. She can trill a cadenza and beguile a mean tune from her uke.

Conversation is speedy. They all talk fast, culminating in the rapid motion attained by the seven-year-old Marino when he gets a good start and shifts into high. Constantly admonished to slow down, instead he gathers momentum and, suddenly, with a sigh like an exhaust, plunges into a high-pitched race. No one ever has been able to hear him through whatever he wants to say.

During her mother's recent illness, 'Nita presided over the dinner table with sang-froid—and trepidation. In fear of a faux pas she had at hand an imposing book on etiquette, which was consulted dramatically.

Still nobody considers dignity really necessary there, not even when they're sick. Maudie was supposed to lie quietly and meditate upon the operation she was to undergo.

The other girls followed my peep in. Soon the boys were lounging in the doorway, while 'Nita twanged her uke and murmured, "How'd it go, mother? Aw, come on, throw me a line! *Hm-m-m, boopa-humph?* Your error, mater, it's *humpa-doop!*"

Books ranging from "The Growth of the Soil" to "Queer People" came up for discussion. Thus did Mater Maudie meditate.

An astigmatic person couldn't miss 'Nita's loveliness of feature and personality, with a certain translucent quality. She walks in light, somehow, as though a luminous ring surrounded her, its shafts seen in the prisms of her vibrant buoyancy.

Dieting has routed the avoirdupois which a year ago began to proclaim dangerous curves ahead; her early impetuosity of movement has melted into a slower grace. While acquiring more poise, she has retained the freshness of a June morning, lavish in its golden beauty. Her naturalness is her greatest charm.

"In another year, I'll start having dates. I am glad I didn't go running around at first." She has emphatic views. "I expect rather fine qualities in a boy, of character and mind; most of the men I know enjoy being with

the folks, because they like a good time, and not just necking contests. I won't cheapen myself to please some people who don't understand.

"I don't believe in divorce, and I hope to have children. I want to marry, but not until I'm ready to stop working. Meantime, acting is a pleasant occupation, in which I wish to do well without letting it become my sole objective, until," she tucks on with a flip of humor, "my hero prances along in his midget car and kidnaps me."

With mental agility, she will flash from the ridiculous to the sublime, her method of reasoning naïve, but not without a peculiar charm. A

girl whose faculties lead her to thought and discussion of one's individual manner of achieving the grace of contrition, and kindred spiritual subjects, and to apply her conclusions to her daily associations and personal life, cannot be shrugged aside as dumb.

Those who have noted her increasing depth, particularly the realistic restraint of her tragic portrayals, believe her capable of finer interpretations than the dizzy dancing dramas with Joan Crawford provided.

Anita and Joan, both young and talented, have been cast together frequently as perfect foils. Only one

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Of Private Life and Habits—Nothing

Continued from page 108

ings, paintings, lithographs, pottery, statuettes, ash trays—an orgy of penguins): Oh, I like them.

REPORTER: A penguin complex. We might analyze it.

YOUNG: Nothing to analyze. Have you ever seen a penguin?

REPORTER: The one in the Bronx zoo in New York.

YOUNG: Oh, that fellow. I know him well. He is charming. But it's when you see a lot of them together that they're most devastating.

Interview ends. What facts I chanced upon, I lay gladly at your feet. He has appeared on the stage

in, among other things, "Beggar on Horseback," "Rollo's Wild Oat," "The Devil's Disciple," "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney," and "The Queen's Husband." His new pictures are "The New Moon" and "The Southerner" and his current one is called "Madam Satan."

He has one of the most ingratiating smiles extant—not a dental smile, not premeditated. He was in the American army during the War.

So few facts, I suppose, as to constitute a very poor interview. But that's for you to worry about. Me, I had an awfully nice time.

Take a Look at Baby

Continued from page 34

"In a way you can't blame him," said Jean generously. "Comedies wouldn't exactly dignify the good old family name. And something approaching a quarter of a million was being held in trust for me. So I promised not to play in pictures any more. Mr. Roach was darling about it, tearing up my contract and letting me go back to calm domesticity for a while.

"When you've tasted success, though, you know what happens, according to the psychologists. You won't be happy till you get it again. That was my case. Bridges and dinners seemed awfully flat compared to the glamour of the studio." I didn't interrupt, but this was the first time I had ever heard of a two-reel factory possessing glamour.

So before she knew it, Jean Harlow was again back in front of the Bell and Howell, doing a bit in "The Saturday Night Kid." And supporting Richard Dix, in "Moran of the

Marines." And taking a day here and a day there.

"It wasn't much, but I knew that I was in pictures for keeps," she said. "And grandfather in Kansas City simply had to reconcile himself to the fact."

When she met Jimmy Hall at the Montmartre one day he asked her what she was doing, which was precisely nothing.

"Well, why don't you come and do the lead in the picture Ben Lyon and I are making?" he asked. "It's called 'Hell's Angels' and looks like big news."

With nothing to lose, the blond Harlow went to meet Howard Hughes, impressed him sufficiently to warrant a test, and found herself signed for the part that had eluded Loretta Young, Joan Bennett, and twoscore other established Hollywood belles.

Mr. Hughes probably felt that he

Continued on page 114

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What's All the Shouting For?

Continued from page 69

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She smiled and gazed speculatively out into the street. Still, I believe that she is sincere in her assertion that she does not care for stardom. Certainly her fling at it brought her money, but very little happiness.

"I like to read the letters in 'What the Fans Think,'" said Alice. "Some of the fans have said harsh things about me, but I believe I have won several of them over. A few who used to criticize my work very severely are writing pleasanter things now."

The glib charge that Alice White is dumb—overworked word—is sheer nonsense. She reads a great deal and discusses current books intelligently. She has sense enough to save and invest her money. She sees through shams and hypocrisies. She does her own thinking, and when she doesn't agree with you she remains politely silent.

Some time ago Alice and her fiancé, Syd Bartlett, attended a social gathering at which Harry Carey and other film luminaries were present. There were also a number of guests from the East. After dinner Alice approached Carey and said in her matter-of-fact way, "Mr. Carey, do you remember me? I used to be script girl on your set."

Carey said he not only remembered her, but had watched her film progress with pride.

"That," said one of the Easterners, "is the most human incident I have seen since coming to California."

Alice's last year in the Los Angeles high school brought about an acquaintance with Lina Basquette. Several years later, after Lina had reached rather dazzling heights in the world of films, she came to the First National studio where Alice was plugging along. Lina, from her perch on top of the wave, paid scant attention to her former schoolmate. Alice made no overtures at friendship, but wondered when Basquette would get next to herself.

When Miss Basquette attempted suicide recently, not one of the people who had fawned on her in her day of glory, and had accepted her hospitality, came near. Alice, however, on reading of it in the newspapers, inquired where Lina could be reached by telephone, and promptly called to ask if she might be of assistance. Naturally, Alice did not tell the story; it came from Lina herself.

So there you have her, boys and girls. Not a very brilliant defense, I'm afraid, but perhaps it will throw some light on the character of the girl who started all the shouting. Although not a Garbo or a Chatterton, I imagine there will be a place for her on the screen for some time to come.

Lupe—as She Is

Continued from page 43

Lupe was not worried. She knew something would happen. She believed that if she were meant to survive, God would look after her. The station is on the outskirts of the Mexican and Spanish quarter of Los Angeles. A compatriot noticing her, spoke to her in her native tongue. There were kindly countrywomen. Lupe was destined to survive.

After an interval of poverty, brief but acute, she secured work in a Fanchon and Marco prologue at a picture house. Thence to Hal Roach comedies. It was there that she was

discovered by Douglas Fairbanks and engaged for "The Gaucho." With the release of this picture, Lupe was established.

Success has not particularly turned Lupe's head. What she has attained matters less to her than what she is. And with that she is satisfied. Not conceited, she is, nevertheless, a complete egoist. In a mental type, her supreme self-confidence would be offensive. In Lupe it is the complacency of a puppy and almost as ingratiating as it is irritating.

It is easy to hurt Lupe. It is impossible to disconcert her. She is wounded to tears when people don't like her—wounded and puzzled. It is hard to dislike her, when it is obvious that unanimous approval means so much to her. If you have ever slapped, a frolicsome spaniel, you know what it is like to rebuke or criticize Lupe.

Her introduction to Hollywood,

How I Got Rid of Superfluous Hair

I know how—for I had become utterly discouraged with a heavy growth of hair on my face, lips, arms, etc. Tried depilatories, waxes, pastes, liquids, electricity—even a razor. All failed. Then I discovered a simple, painless, harmless, inexpensive method. It succeeded with me and thousands of others. My FREE Book, "Getting Rid of Every Ugly, Superfluous Hair," explains theories and tells actual success. Mailed in plain sealed envelope. Also trial offer. No obligation. Address Mile. Annette Lanzette, 109 W. Austin Ave., Dept. 612, Chicago.

after her triumph in "The Gaucho," was accomplished at dizzy speed. She was cute, mischievous, adorable—and knew it. And was pleased that every one recognized it. She gave prodigally of her fire and vivacity, loving the pleasure and amusement it occasioned. Quite sincerely, she was glad to be "giving happiness."

It is Lupe's theory that the gift of happiness results inevitably in the receipt of it. Proceeding from this basis, she feels fairly secure of a pleasant road. But if there are griefs and troubles, it will mean that God meant her to have them, and Lupe would be the last one in the world to argue with God. At the very suggestion of such audacity, she turns pale and crosses herself hastily. Whatever happens to her, good or ill, she accepts meekly and without struggle as His mysterious, sagacious will.

Just in case, however, disagreeable events are imminent, Lupe snatches greedily at happiness while it is yet within reach. She lives fervidly. She adores living. She adores being young. Age, even middle age, is a distasteful prospect to her. She makes no provision for it. She is living *now*, and declines to look ahead at the next day or hour.

Generous and eagerly sympathetic, she loves to shower friends and relatives with a share of her good fortune. Yet an anomaly in her unthinking generosity and lavishness, she is, at the same time, an excellent business woman. She has no caution with money after she has got it, but in the getting of it—drawing up of contracts, salary stipulations and such—she is shrewd and alert. This financial flair is the one inconsistency in her otherwise heedless nature.

She loves to be babied and made much of, and seldom walks beside any one without entwining arms or at least swinging hands. She has a fiery temper which flares violently and subsides quickly. She will forgive any one anything. Between scenes, or in any leisure moment, she is usually to be found curled up in a corner, sound asleep. She likes only such books as have abundant pictures in them. Overcredulous, she believes anything she is told. She has an idea she is getting fat, but cannot curb her healthy appetite. A customary breakfast includes many mushrooms and as many muffins, which she thinks are called "mufflers." She hates cold weather and responds, purring, to hot sunshine. She won't take cold showers and will only swim in heated pools. She is a free creature of the earth and the sun, living ardently, believing confidently in herself and devoutly in God.

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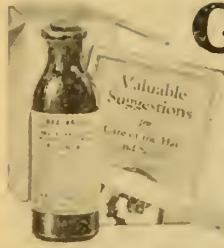
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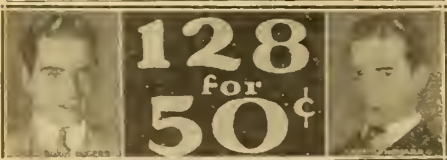
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Papa Knows Best

Continued from page 111

quality do they share—ambition. Understanding between them would be practically impossible.

Joan had the advantage of prior experience. But soon they were running parallel courses, neck and neck, a situation bound to breed a certain rivalry.

"Our Blushing Brides" crystallized the competition. It was understood that the one making the better showing was to be slated for special consideration, though technically it was Joan's picture. Anita was included in very few stills; several of her best scenes were cut. The crowning blow came when her make-up was altered—unattractively. Her more becoming long bob was clipped, and the line of her eyebrows was redrawn.

More tears than the blonde ever had shed accompanied that production. In such cases, one merely resorts to a vague generality and blames the studio, though there's no law prohibiting private opinion. The peaceful Page will stand for a lot—because at first it doesn't dawn on her that she is being discriminated against. Then it is not her nature to become disagreeable over her "rights."

We wondered how long she would remain flaccid. One day, her face

flushed and a couple of thunderstorms brooding around in her eyes, she announced that she was "going in there to fight." The set is the only arena she knows. Ending on a note approaching hysteria, she threatened, "As many scenes as I can take are mine! Place your bets! thanks for all the confidence."

Though Joan's performance was splendid, a number of reviewers practically gave the picture to 'Nita. She could have remarked something about the just being rewarded, but she didn't.

Her talent is most evident in the interpretation of worldly characters. Many people think the screen is merely a mirror of her actual self. Try to tell the Stanford boys that she stays home nights—and get hooted off the campus.

Anita's fan mail maintains an average of four thousand letters a month. Her salary is over the five-hundred mark. She is established.

They are chary of approval at home. Praise is given only when deserved by the frankest family I ever have known.

Dumb, the Pomares community, because they haven't gone Hollywood?

Well, it's all in the point of view.

Take a Look at Baby

Continued from page 111

had never seen anything quite like Jean Harlow before, and he was unquestionably right. Jean Harlows don't happen often, or what a world this would be! Jean is not a calm spirit. She is not easy to handle, I imagine. She has a knowing face that breathes defiance without exactly frightening you away. She will never lack men to do her bidding.

While she is in New York she has the use of a silver-and-black car. She said that she preferred a Ford that was also at her disposal, but this I doubt politely but firmly. In fact, honesty impels me to add that there were several minor points about which I was dubious. But on the other hand no woman could be so gay, and reckless, and abandoned without being slightly indifferent to cold fact.

"I'm under contract to Mr. Hughes," said Jean, "but I haven't any idea what I'm to do for him next. Maybe a play here in New York, to be made into a picture later. Maybe a picture in Hollywood."

And one gathered that to stave off the gnomes of restlessness and ennui Jean was making the nightly rounds of the town, dining at the Casino perforce, dropping in to the Club Abbey, and possibly winding up at the Nest or Connie's, or one of the less reputable Harlem spots aglow after midnight. One imagined that Jean would cut a picturesque figure amid such surroundings, indeed, a sensational figure.

The door opened, and a smartly groomed woman of forty or less entered the room.

"How's my baby?" she asked.

"I feel all right, now," said Jean. "Have you the drawing-room for the Louisville express?"

"Yes, baby," said mamma.

"We're going to Louisville over the week-end," explained Jean. "And now I must pack."

As I left I heard mamma saying "Hurry, baby, or you'll be late."

That baby will never be late. They'll wait for her!

The Kids Get a Break

Continued From page 49

The next Christmas Eve Marion gave Major his tuition at a military school in Los Angeles, where he's studying to be an engineer. He works after school and in the summer with the M.-G.-M. technical crew.

"Yes, Miss Davies has been grand to me," he told me. "Please don't say much about it, though, because she doesn't like it to be known."

Margaret Livingston, who sails so blithely and nonchalantly through life, has dug deep into her beaded bag for the support of not one but five likely young folks. She has been doing this for years. One of the girls recently married. Another is in high school. One of the family has his own bakery business now. They are her mother's brother's children. Both parents died almost overnight.

"We just raised them, mother and I, as if they were our own," said Margaret. "They ask for anything they want and they get it, or don't get it, as in any family. Their beaux run in and out of the house, and goodness knows I can't keep track of the way they are growing up.

"I'm particularly proud of Emerson, who is just twelve. I believe he is my real protégé, for I see in him talent that should be developed. He dances very well and made an appearance recently at the Hollywood Music Box. I think he has great possibilities in films."

Loyalty and friendship are prized dearly in the George Fawcett family. Accordingly, when a University of Virginia classmate wrote Mr. Fawcett to say that his children desired to leave a little Mexican town, where their father was engaged in mining work, to come to Hollywood and go into pictures, George replied, "Certainly, send them right along."

Two girls and a boy, Mina, Marion, and William Cockrell, arrived. The boy enrolled in Hollywood high school, the girls went to work in pictures. Their home was with the Fawcetts.

Well, that was a couple of years ago. William is now working in an aviation field in Burbank, and doing well. Mina married a Spanish lad and went back to Mexico, and Marion is still acting.

Estelle Taylor has a niece, Frances Carter, aged fifteen, who looks to Auntie Estelle for her schooling.

Frank Borzage brought over little Tommy Clifford, the lad with the big Irish brogue, from Ireland and put him in pictures. He thinks Tommy has a great future.

Most every one has heard the story of the boy who litch-hiked from the Middle-West to Lew Cody's home, perched himself on the front stoop and announced, "Tell Mr. Cody I'm here!" Lew, amused by the boy's persistence, and impressed by his sincerity, helped him along. The lad is now grown up and married.

The story of Lupe Velez's guitar player is not so well-known. It seems that the Mexican tempest became interested in this individual on her trip to Florida for "Hell Harbor." She thought he was such a swell player that she helped him to come to Hollywood and has paid for some additional music lessons.

And, of course, Buddy Rogers is looking after his brother, Bruce, and Clara Bow is always doing something for her relatives, or her relatives' friends. She is almost protégée to death a large part of the time.

Charles Chaplin discovered Jackie Coogan and he used to tell how much Jackie's fresh, childish mind meant to him in his pantomime pictures.

Clarence Brown, the director, used to spend thousands of dollars every year on Christmas cards and presents. Now this money goes to the Los Angeles Orthopedic Hospital for crippled children. Apparatus for the injection of serum in cases of spinal meningitis was purchased with last year's fund.

One of Hollywood's greatest altruists is Paul Bern. His protégés, who shall be nameless, for the most part, are also numberless. His salary, reputed to reach an annual six figures, until last year was completely exhausted by his good works.

Throughout the length and breadth of Hollywood, one is accustomed to hear, "But how does she get along? Why, she hasn't worked for months and months. She never saved a penny." Or, "Gee, nobody'd give him a tumble. He hadn't worked in a year, until he got that part at So-and-so's studio. Now he's working steadily again."

Perhaps the reason is Paul Bern. He helped Barbara La Marr in her last days. He is the patron of young ambition and talent. Mary Doran is a Bern discovery. He has been helpful to many picture personalities.

And there's Rupert Hughes. He has encouraged virtually every young writer in Hollywood with advice, if not financial aid. His literary discoveries run into the dozens.

Well, all through history there have been protégés. The movie colony has its full quota.

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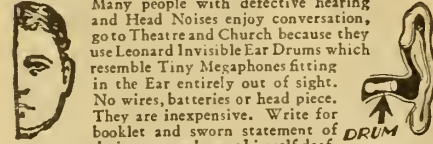
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Somebody's Sister

Continued from page 74

witty. She is typical of thousands of pretty girls between Staten Island and the Golden Gate. The swains dance attendance because of her infinite goodness, rather than the party-girl allure.

If some one wrote a sequel to "Bad Girl" and called it "Good Girl," Mary Brian would inevitably draw the title rôle. She is the perpetual heroine, with honor to be defended, and a sweet smile for every one. Slow to anger, quick to forgive, Mary is one of those ideal girls Buddy Rogers and Rudy Vallée write newspaper articles about.

"I miss the picture people I know on the Coast," said Mary. "You know there are always a dozen or more players at a restaurant, or a movie, or anywhere you go. I mean you see folks you know at every turn. I miss them. New York is so—big."

That covered New York very well. So we turned to other things.

As a matter of fact, what we turned to is of little importance. Besides, I have forgotten. Conversation with Mary Brian is not exactly memorable.

There is nothing that irks her more

than being referred to as a model young woman. But what better describes a girl who travels with her mother, retires before midnight, shuns public places, excepting church, eschews the weed as well as the insidious cocktail, and permits herself the haven of manly arms only at private dances heavily chaperoned? What would you call such a girl?

Mary is not only the antithesis of the flapper; she is one of the serenest starlets that ever came out of Hollywood. No company ever has trouble with Brian. No temperamental outbursts ever come from her tidy dressing room. Nothing ruffles her; nothing upsets her.

She was probably a model child, too. In fact, she still is. For although she must be at the threshold of the twenties, she has the bright aura of adolescence still clinging to her. Her face is bright, her eyes clear, her brow as free from wrinkles as a baby's.

And if she doesn't like this honest report celebrating her outstanding virtue, her obvious goodness, her unimpeachable purity, she has only herself to blame!

Green Lights All the Way

Continued from page 28

becomes most charmingly Dixie. She "adoahs Gahbo." She has never been introduced to her, but one day when she was having her hair curled, Greta passed by the window. Dorothy severely burned her neck with the curling iron in an effort to get a good look at the great one. She'd do it again.

Hollywood thrills her, but she doesn't live there. She has a bungalow with her mother down at Del Rey, where there are but a handful of celebrities. She feels that an actress must have background, and that it cannot be picked up at George Olsen's night club, or even at the Embassy, so she spends most of her leisure studying languages, music, and the theater.

Her singing voice is unusually good, but she does not take it seriously. She went into stitches of mirth when I said that I had thought it was Marion Harris doubling for her in the singing sequences of "Devil-May-Care." Doctor Marafioti has said that her voice is extraordinary, but then, as she points out, he's on the M.-G.-M. pay roll.

The theater is her major delight.

Recently she saw Katharine Cornell for the first time. She was disappointed in the performance of "our first actress." Most of the other movie ingénues thought it "simply marvelous"; Dorothy dubbed it "efficient, but uninspired." You have to have a great deal of self-confidence to arrive at an opinion like that.

She spends a great deal of time reading biographies. Her favorites are those of Marcel Proust and Heinrich Heine. She is, you see, quite mental. Perhaps that's why I neglected to ask her what she thought of love. Then, again, that isn't exactly the sort of question one puts to a Tennessee girl who has an older brother.

Dorothy wants to be an actress, not for a year or a decade, but for all ways. And remembering her as she vowed that her talent would increase as her youth and beauty decreased—one strikes such absurd attitudes at twenty—I am moved to predict that long after most of the current cuties have hooked their millionaires and retired among their first editions and orchids, Dorothy Jordan will still be a name in lights.

The Boulevard Directory

Continued from page 83

entertained through watched the flames and smoke from the street, three well-known masters of ceremonies making impromptu introductory speeches to the crowd for each new development. One posted himself outside the Braxton Gallery, whence several luminaries had fled, and eloquently relayed to them the progress of fire and firemen. Considerable damage was done, but at six o'clock that evening the doors were open and the customary diners ate a customarily good dinner in placid disregard of scorched, smoke-begrimed, water-soaked walls and ceiling. And later, it being the night of a big premiere, the Derby blithely fulfilled the Warner Brothers' reservation for a party of three hundred after the show.

It was in the Derby, around four in the morning, that the historic Gilbert-Tully bout occurred. You have heard of the story of their spectacular battle before, so a repetition is unnecessary.

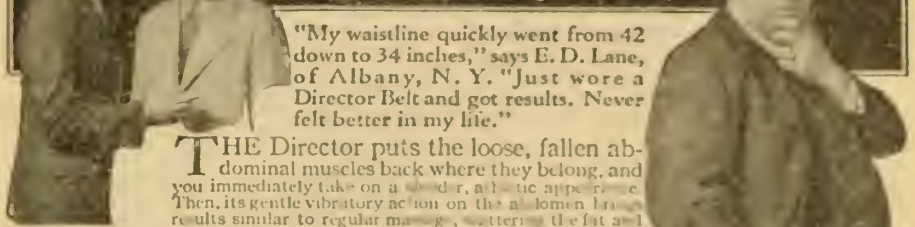
It was also into the Derby that a girl staggered, late one night, and plaintively begged some one to tell her her name. Her hair in fetching disarray and her manner prettily agonized, she offered a well-constructed amnesia story. Escorted to the police station by Nick, in an effort to help her find her identity, it was not till the next morning that she was proved a fraud trying to crash the movies. It was just her luck that the only director in the Derby at the time was making a picture devoid of women.

To enumerate the Derby patrons would mean listing the cinema blue book. It is more practical to select from to-day's luncheon guests.

In a secluded corner, Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., still more intrigued by each other than by food. John Barrymore, not especially well-groomed, with a group of studio officials. Nancy Carroll, in studio make-up, her eye on her watch. Lupe Velez, Gary Cooper, and Gary's father, eating the Derby's special tamales. Grant Withers and Loretta Young, his shy, self-contained bride. Josef von Sternberg, with Harry Braxton and the scintillating Viola Brothers Shore. Wallace Beery, ravenous after a flight up the coast in his plane. Ann Harding and Harry Bannister with friends from New York. Richard Dix and an unidentified young lady. Richard Arlen and Jobyna Ralston on their way to tennis.

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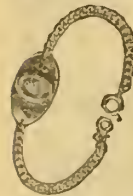
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A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

Continued from page 63

plays new talents of Gloria Swanson. Slapstick farce in swanky settings. Rich young widow goes to Paris for good time and has it. Owen Moore, Margaret Livingston, Herbert Brazzetti, Gregory Gaye.

"Animal Crackers"—Paramount. Buffoonery designed to exploit the gay talents of the Marx brothers is one long laugh, unless you lead the home-town group of serious little thinkers. Most of stage cast retained, plus, for some obscure reason, Lillian Roth.

"Dough Boys"—Metro-Goldwyn. Diverging, but not remarkably original, comedy of the army, with Buster Keaton as the goofy misfit. Sally Eilers is hostess at a canteen, and there's also Cliff Edwards out yonder in no man's land. For ballast you have Edward Brophy.

"Last of the Duanes, The"—Fox. Fast-moving Western in which hero avenges death of his father and wins pardon and the gal by capturing band of outlaws. George O'Brien, Lucille Browne, who suffers by being cast with Myrna Loy. Considerably above the average.

"Spoilers, The"—Paramount. Big woody tale of those villainous Easterners doing wrong by the valiant soursouls of Alaska, with no new insight on life in those days. Gary Cooper, Kay Johnson, Harry Green, Slim Summerville, James Kirkwood, William (stage) Boyd.

"Let's Go Native"—Paramount. High excellence seesaws with low dullness, but entertaining on the whole. Throwback to musical-comedy days. Comedy brilliant in spots. Jeanette MacDonald shows flair for comedy. Jack Oakie, James Hall, William Austin, Kay Francis, Richard Gallagher, the latter king of an island.

"Monte Carlo"—Paramount. The gambling capital is rather dreary, if this catches its spirit, although there are amusing, ironic touches. A countess runs away from a prince, and finds a count posing as a hairdresser. Jeanette MacDonald, Jack Buchanan, Claude Allister, Zasu Pitts.

"Three Faces East"—Warner. Constance Bennett does not manage to be as secretive and mysterious as a World War spy should. Story a bit old-fashioned, but better than many. Erich von Stroheim's presence more effective than his voice. Other players fair.

"Old English"—Warner. George Arliss in character study of old man who holds onto what he has got through craftiness, and his rebellious end. Intelligent cast includes Murray Kinnell, Doris Lloyd, Betty Lawford, Henrietta Goodwin, and others from stage.

"Anybody's Woman"—Paramount. Ruth Chatterton again leads the stage caravan as chorus girl who marries a lawyer while he is drunk, and their adjustment and eventual love. Intensely interesting with the compelling star and Clive Brook, Paul Lukas, Juliette Compton.

"Common Clay"—Fox. Relie of the stage, with elaptrap drama that relieves the tear ducts and gives a woman wonderful chance to be sorry for women, particularly her own forlorn self. Girl tries to go straight, but alas, those men,

those men. Constance Bennett, Lewis Ayres, Beryl Mercer.

"Rain or Shine"—Columbia. Joe Cook's humor is refreshing, and you'll be glad he came to the screen, even in a circus story. Young man of society loves girl trying to run sawdust ring. Joan Peers, William Collier, Jr., Louise Fazenda.

"Hell's Angels"—United Artists. Million-dollar airplane maneuvers and photography and a thirty-cent story make unbalanced film. James Hall and Ben Lyon miscast. Jean Harlow the heroine who causes brothers to do strange things behind the trenches. Planes and Zeppelins are the stars.

"Moby Dick"—Warner. John Barrymore's revival of his old film is exciting, but without the subtle terror of the silent version. The well-known epic of the treacherous brother, the girl, and the sea beast. Joan Bennett stays pleasingly girlish as others grow old. Lloyd Hughes satisfactory.

"Good Intentions"—Fox. Brightly told crook melodrama, with Edmund Lowe's best performance, Marguerite Churchill excellent, and return of Earle Foxe. A silk-hatted crook and a trusting girl. Regis Toomey, Eddie Gribbon, Owen Davis, Jr., Robert McWade.

"Grumpy"—Paramount. Cyril Maude, the English actor, gives mellow stage-like performance, with appeal for older fans. Not one "Oh, yeah?" Mild story about a nephew, a crook, and a diamond. Frances Dade and Phillips Holmes.

"Our Blushing Brides"—Metro-Goldwyn. Be nice, sweet maid, and you'll get a millionaire for your man, with doggy ears and all. This is the message of too many films to the world, and its new version is thinly redressed. Joan Crawford's best performance recently. Dorothy Sebastian, Anita Page, Robert Montgomery, Raymond Haekett.

"Let Us Be Gay"—Metro-Goldwyn. Dowdy wife lets husband drift, turns tables by becoming social bird of paradise, reduces her man to dust, and takes him back—favorite cigarette dream of losing wives. Norma Shearer a hit. Marie Dressler, Gilbert Emery, Hedda Hopper, Raymond Haekett.

"Journey's End"—Tiffany. Faithful reproduction of outstanding stage war play. Devoid of love interest and dramatic formula of screen, but strangely revealing life in a dugout. Cast includes Anthony Bushell, Charles Gerrard, Billy Bevan, Colin Clive, Ian MacLaren, David Manners.

IF YOU MUST.

"Lady Surrenders, A"—Universal. Much talk in that hybrid accent, "stage English." Story of wife who goes to Paris to get divorce, but changes her mind. Hubby thought he could depend upon her going through with it, and marries. Rose Hobart, Genevieve Tobin, Conrad Nagel, Basil Rathbone.

"Love in the Rough"—Metro-Goldwyn. Perhaps better than no love at all, but that's an open question. Robert Montgomery and Dorothy Jordan nice couple, but there's no hand holding on a golf course when Benny Rubin is around. Shipping clerks given holiday by boss. Dorothy McNulty, J. C. Nugent.

The Last Laugh

Continued from page 90

ance of grand dukes and princelings in minor rôles. Hollywood is running over with them.

Chevalier and Renée Adorée teamed together would be a riot in France. Menjou has worked over there, and is liked. Arlette Marchal's beauty and pure limpid French are probably lost to us forever. Eva von Berne is another who might have been retained to advantage. Victor Varconi, gone for a while, has come back to play in English with an accent. A dozen names come to mind as one reviews a list of deported foreigners who are competing with their former employers.

The Orient is about the only foreign market that isn't causing concern to talkie producers. The large cities of China buy mostly American films, because of their English-speaking colonies. Australia also is a good market. In Japan it has always been customary for a native reader to stand beside the screen and dramatize the action in a form comprehensible to the audience. The amount of noise which this will involve, unless the sound track is silenced in some way for talking pictures over there, is appalling to think of. But the Japanese like plenty of noise in the theater, and it may add to their pleasure to listen to the reader competing with the vocal screen. We should like to hear the reader interpreting one of Al Jolson's mammy songs!

Nothing is too fantastic to be possible in the next few years, especially in the chaotic picture industry. But unless our sound stages become multilingual at a rate more rapid than at present, American producers are destined to be out some four million dollars yearly—dollars which will clink in the pockets of foreign competitors. Only one fact stands out clearly above the mist of the debacle. Silence may be golden, but it is now indubitably passé. We started something. But can we keep our bulldog grip? Quién sabe?

Information, Please

Continued from page 102

ruary 12, 1902. During 1930 he appeared in "Melody Man," "Lummox," "Royal Romance," "Fox Follies," "She's My Weakness," "Rain or Shine," and "Little Caesar." Sorry, I don't know Gary Cooper's home address—honest I don't! David Rollins was born in Kansas City, Missouri, September 2, 1909. He got into movies in 1926 as an extra and worked his way up.

EMILY HANNA.—When any one asks about Fredric March, I march right in to say he's a charming fellah! He was born in Racine, Wisconsin, August 31, 1898.



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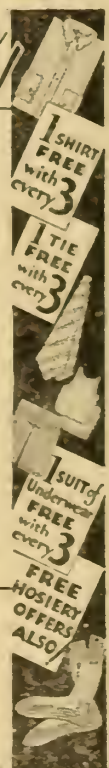
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He is of German descent, his real name being Bickel. He is married to Florence Eldridge. Besides those you mention, his films include "The Wild Party," "The Studio Murder Mystery," "Jealousy," "Paris Bound," "Footlights and Fools," "Marriage Playground," "Sarah and Son," "Ladies Love Brutes," "Laughter," and "The Royal Family." Norma Shearer was born in Montreal, August 10, 1904.

L. G.—Thanks for all your good wishes; the same to you. Barbara Stanwyck was born in Brooklyn, July 16, 1907. She has brown hair and eyes and is about five feet two.

TOTO'S SWEETHEART.—And all this time I didn't know Toto had a sweetheart! Elaine Hammerstein married J. Walter Kays four years ago and hasn't appeared on the screen since. Perhaps she just got tired of working. She played in too many films to list them all; a few of her last ones were "Greater Than Marriage" and "Parisian Nights," with Lou Tellegen; "Paint and Powder," with Theodor von Eltz.; "The Unwritten Law," with Forrest Stanley. Kathryn McGuire is the only actress I know of with a birthday on December 6th. I can't find a record of any film with Billie Dove and Jack Mulhall.

TED R. DOMURAT.—As to whether Kay Francis is the best-dressed woman in America—to think that I should be called upon as an arbiter of fashion! She is very chic. Kay was born in Oklahoma City, January 13th—but she doesn't say which one! As far as I know that is her real name, except that she was known as Katherine on the stage. She is not married. No, Kay is not a star. Her 1930 films were "Behind the Make-up," "Street of Chance," "Notorious Affair," "For the Defense," "Let's Go Native," "Raffles," and "Virtuous Sin." I'd suggest that you write and ask for her coöperation before starting a club in her honor.

G. W. F.—You're just one of those statistics hounds, aren't you? Leila Hyams is twenty-five, weighs 120, and is five feet four and a half inches tall. She was born in New York City, as was Billie Dove, who is twenty-seven, weighs 115, and is five feet five. Janet Gaynor was born in Philadelphia twenty-four years ago. She's five feet and weighs just 100. Charlie Farrell, of Walpole, Massachusetts, was born twenty-eight years ago. He's six feet two and weighs 175. John Boles is an inch shorter and weighs five pounds more. He was born in Greenville, Texas, thirty-one years ago.

JACKSON DALE.—There's no fake about Buddy and his music—he had an orchestra of his own in Kansas University. You were all wrong expecting him to marry Nancy Carroll, who is Mrs. Jack Kirkland and has a daughter! Buddy goes around a little with June Collyer. See WILLIAM COLLIER FAN. Dave Rollins worked for months in "The Big Trail," and is also cast for "The Sea Beneath" to follow. There are lots of David Rollins clubs—write to Bella Jaffe, 110 Bushkill Street, Easton, Pennsylvania. No, that doesn't mean you correspond with Dave himself, only with other fans of his. I imagine Dave flies, but I don't know.

FOUR BASIL RATHBONE FANS.—My teeth chatter just thinking of a fan these days. Basil was born in Johannesburg, South Africa, of English parents. He went to school in England and, at the age of eleven was playing in Shakespearean productions. He came to America in 1912 and played on the stage in "The Czarina," "The Swan," and other plays. In 1925 he

played opposite Mae Murray on the screen in "The Masked Bride." That was his only film effort until the advent of talkies. Besides the pictures you mention, he also played in "A Notorious Affair," and his new one, "Body and Soul." He is married to Ouida Bergère.

MARK O. O.—Who gave you the double O? Jack Perrin has rather faded out of prominence; that is why you seldom see stories about him. He recently played in "Overland Bound" and "The Jade Box," a Universal serial. He is divorced from Josephine Hill. Address him at Universal City, California.

CLAUDETTE COLBERT ADMIRER.—And who isn't? Claudette came to New York City in 1913, from her native France, and has lived here ever since. She was attending an art school, with no thought of the stage, when she met a woman playwright and jokingly asked for a rôle. And she got it! She has dark-brown hair and eyes. Her next film is tentatively called "Strictly Business." Norman Foster played in "Love at First Sight," and he is appearing opposite Clara Bow in "No Limit."

PAUL EMILE FOURNIER, 538 St. Catherine Road, Outremont, Montréal, Canada, would like to hear from fans all over the world. You don't know what you're letting yourself in for, Paul!

BLANCHE INSCHIO.—We don't announce fan clubs, but keep them on record in case any one asks. Jeannette MacDonald was born in Philadelphia, June 18, 1907; Doris Dawson in Goldfield, Nevada, April 16, 1909; Marian Nixon in Superior, Wisconsin, October 20, 1904; Claudia Dell in San Antonio about twenty-two years ago. Claudia was a Ziegfeld beauty; her first film was "Sweet Kitty Bellairs." Audrey Ferris has just dropped out of the picture—and the pictures!

J. B.—How's the skating in Switzerland? I hope you have no cheap skates there. Raquel Torres was born in Hermosillo, Mexico, November 11, 1908. She is now playing in "Alohae" for Tiffany, and she frequently plays in Spanish versions. The ages you wish are as follows: Lillian Roth, 19; Lupe Velez, Bernice Claire, 21; Damita, 24; Lila Lee, 28; Lois Wilson, 34. Lila Lee was recently divorced from James Kirkwood, Claudia Dell from Phil Offen. Dorothy Janis was christened Dorothy Penelope Jones.

MARY BAYE.—I'm very sorry none of your letters to "What the Fans Think" was published; no, the subscription list is not consulted in choosing letters for publication. General interest is the test. The villain in "Grumpy" was played by Paul Cavanagh, who is from the British stage.

FAN.—Mabel Coleman was just one of the hundreds of players who started out with a future, and the future passed her by. She hasn't been heard of in several years.

FLOSSIE.—You must be running a marriage bureau with requests for all those marriage dates. I don't know them all—but here goes for the others. Constance Bennett married Phil Plant, November 3, 1925. Mary Pickford married Owen Moore in 1910 and was divorced ten years later. Doug was divorced from Beth Sully about the same time. Doug has brown hair and eyes, is five feet ten, and weighs 165. Grant Withers's first wife was Inez, but I don't know her maiden name. They were married for two years beginning in 1923. Sue Carol became Mrs. Allan Kiefer in 1925 and was divorced three years later. Dick Arlen's first marriage and Nancy Carroll's marriage to Jack Kirkland occurred before their screen fame, so I have no record of the dates.

R. F. M.—Ramon Novarro was born in Durango, Mexico, February 6, 1899. He is the son of a dentist and one of a large family; three of his sisters are nuns. Ramon was formerly on the stage as a dancer and he also taught music. Rex Ingram discovered him and gave him a rôle in "The Prisoner of Zenda." Ramon is a bachelor and plans to go on the concert and operatic stage some day. "The Pagan" was released in America in May, 1929.

MAX M. II.—You're quite right; how does a fellow find out, if he doesn't ask questions! Dorothy Lee was born in Hollywood in 1910, and came to public notice with Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians, a well-known orchestra, with whom she danced. She was recently married to James Fidler, a Hollywood press agent. Her real name is Marjorie Millsap. Write her at RKO studio.

GWENETH JOYCE.—Yours was a delightfully chatty letter which I enjoyed very much. Anders Randolph played *Wagner*, in "Son of the Gods." Yes, he died last July after an operation. I fancy your Canadian censorship is responsible for some of the cuts you complain about, and perhaps the smaller theaters, giving continuous shows, cut out parts to shorten the running time of pictures. Victor Varconi is Hungarian. He was formerly with DeMille and played in "The Volga Boatman," "King of Kings," "Fighting Love," "The Angel of Broadway," "Forbidden Woman," "Chicago," "Tenth Avenue." Since "The Divine Lady," he appeared in "Eternal Love" and spent a year abroad in foreign pictures. Now he's back in Warners' "Captain Thunder." Betty Bronson was in the film *Peter Pan*. Principals supporting Lillian Gish, in "Romola," were Dorothy Gish, Ronald Colman, William Powell; in "La Bohème," John Gilbert and Renée Adorée. When we refuse to answer questions about stars' religious faiths, it is not that they are ashamed of their beliefs, but merely that there is prejudice among the public against religions not their own, and so on. Your nearest Novarro club is with Marguerite B. Steins, 101 Richlawn Avenue, Buffalo, New York.

POLA'S FAN FOREVER.—As to what Pola is doing, she has been living in France and getting a divorce from her prince. Her address there is Château Rueil Seraincourt, Par Moulain, Seine et Oise. It wasn't the producers who scorned Pola—it was merely that her salary demands, when her contract came up for renewal, were far in excess of what her box-office returns justified. She made "The Queen's Necklace" in France and "The Woman He Scorned" in England—neither shown in America, I believe.

FAN FROM MISSOURI.—Missouri can bow and take credit for many stars: Patsy Ruth Miller, Laura La Plante from St. Louis; the Beery brothers, Alice Joyce, Harrison Ford, David Rollins from Kansas City; Jack Oakie from Sedalia; Pauline Starke from Joplin. Gilda Gray, no longer on the screen, was born on October 24th. The "Sinners in Heaven" were Bebe Daniels, Richard Dix, Holmes Herbert, Florence Billings, Montagu Love, Betty Hilburn, Effie Shannon, and Marcia Harris.

AN ARDENT FAN.—Ah-ha, you like 'em young! Phillips Holmes was born in Grand Rapids in 1908 and is the son of Taylor Holmes, well-known stage star. He was attending Princeton when "Varsity" was filmed there, and Phillips was discovered for pictures. Doris Hill and Marion Byron are not related.

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Who Are They? What Holds Them in Bondage that Galls?
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Will Tell You Just What Stage Players Have Made Good on the Screen. It Will Remind You of Those Who Are Still Struggling for a Foothold. And You Will Learn Why Some Big Shots of Broadway Failed To Get Over With the Fans. The Only Complete Catalogue of the Stage Invasion. Don't Miss April PICTURE PLAY.

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SIT TIGHT



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What the FANS Think



Is Kay Hard and Glittering?

IT was with mingled amusement and indignation that I took note of what Elsi Que had to say regarding Kay Francis in her article, "Who Are the Sophisticates?" in December *PICTURE PLAY*.

Her statements to the effect that Miss Francis is a sort of brunet edition of Lilyan Tashman; that she strives so hard for sartorial perfection that the effort defeats its purpose; that she is hard and glittering as a synthetic jewel, and is a noteworthy example of the butter-and-egg man's dream of sophisticated femininity, will arouse the wrath of the Kay Francis fans. Any one of these statements would indicate that the one who made them has not seen Miss Francis in "For the Defense," "Raffles," and "The Virtuous Sin," or else is deplorably lacking in discernment.



Miss Francis is certainly not a brunet edition of Lilyan Tashman or, in fact, of any one else. Kay Francis is Kay Francis, and that's that!

When on the Broadway stage Kay was known as New York's best-dressed woman and now the cinema theaters feature her as "the best-dressed woman on the screen." She knows what to wear and when, where, and how to wear it—yet I have never seen any one less conscious of her clothes.

Kay is well-groomed, well-mannered, and perfectly poised—sophisticated in the best sense of the word—but never hard and glittering. She has lovely, expressive hands, the type of figure that goes well with sophisticated clothes, a lovely and interesting face, a husky, fascinating voice, and a laugh you just love to hear—an altogether charming person.

N. L. GRAHAM.

Hartford, Connecticut.

The Million-dollar Smile.

ACERTAIN fan remarked in *PICTURE PLAY* that Nancy Carroll was one of the many stars the screen doesn't need. I agree that there are too many stars in Hollywood, but Nancy Carroll is not among them. There isn't another star on the screen whose versatility is so unlimited. She can sing, dance, and above all, act. "The Devil's Holiday" proved that conclusively, if there were any doubt about it.

Of course there is that disturbing account of Nancy's temperament that makes her fans stop and wonder if she is all they believe her to be—want her to be. I don't doubt that Nancy is a bit temperamental—in fact, I like her for it. But I do think that the stories circulated about her are exaggerated. From her moments of anger on the screen, one can easily see that she has plenty of spirit. Nancy has a keen mind. She can think clearly. She knows her wares and how to display them.



If you don't believe that she is fast becoming the outstanding star on the screen, you should have seen the crowds that stormed the Brooklyn and New York Paramount theaters when she made her personal appearances there. She is the most bewilderingly lovely girl I have ever seen. And her hair—I wonder if there is another head of hair like hers anywhere in the world! It is vivid, flaming like her personality. She can dance with the very best and stand out as even better.

I saw her four times and liked her more each time. I hope she will always enjoy the success that was hers during her personal appearances—and she will if she continues to be so adorable and smile that million-dollar smile.

GERTRUDE CONNELL.

186 Congress Street, Troy, New York.

That Accent Wah Again.

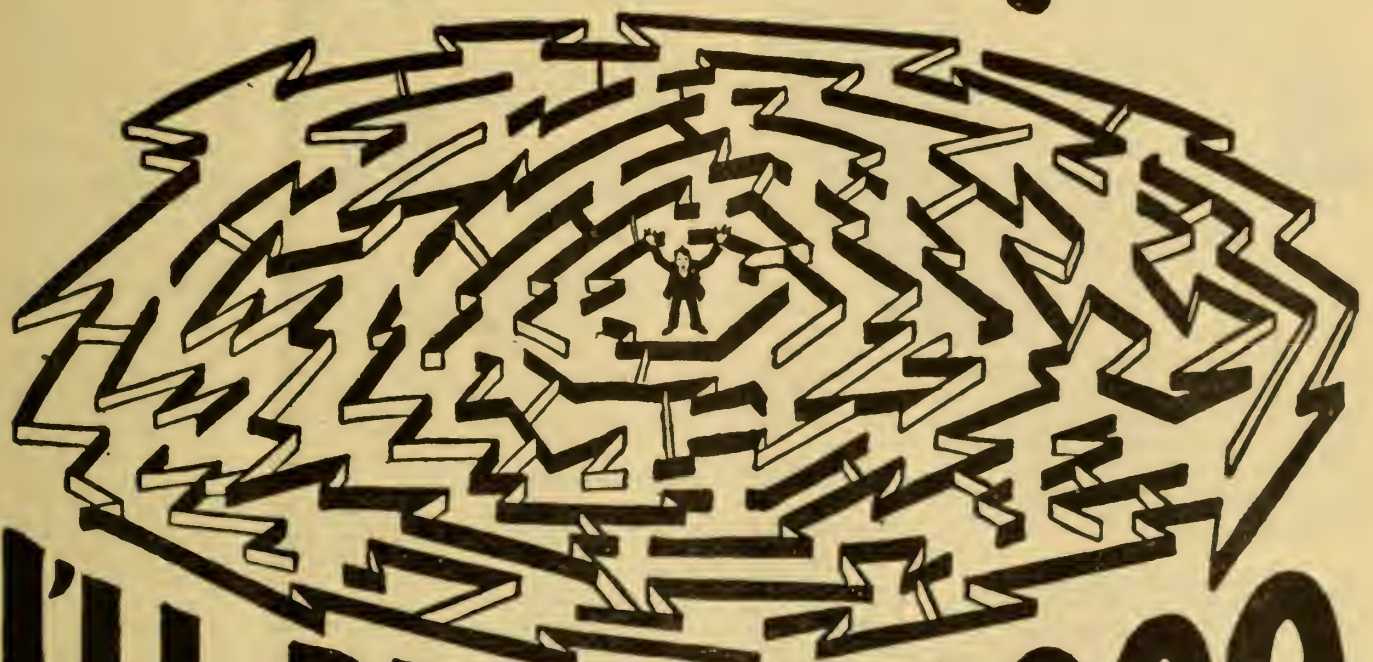
MARY PICKFORD'S idea of being versatile led her far astray. Grown-up parts are not for her. She was nothing short of ridiculous in "The Taming of the Shrew" and "Coquette." Why did she do it?

If movie directors and players only knew how incorrect their idea of Southern life and Southern speech is they would never attempt to film it. A Westerner or Northerner may learn to speak any language in the world, but never can he acquire a natural Southern accent. My blood simply boils every time I have to listen to such farce. I have been told that Gary Cooper is a Southerner. I do not believe it. Never in all my life have I heard a Southern voice like his. Mary Brian was simply



Continued on page 10

HELP!! HELP!!
WHO CAN GET ME OUT?



I'LL PAY \$8000.00

Come to my rescue—QUICK! I'm HOPELESSLY LOST in these treacherous, trackless catacombes. I've tried for hours to find the right path to freedom but here I am right back in the middle again.

Can YOU Find the Right Path?

Will you try? A THOUSAND THANKS!—I knew you would. But first, let me warn you that *THERE IS ONLY ONE PATH* to freedom and it's,—Oh! so hard to find. It starts in the middle where I am and WITHOUT CROSSING ANY OF THE WALLS, it ends somewhere on the outside of these terrible catacombes. I hope YOU can find THE RIGHT PATH to get me out. If you do, mark it plainly with pen or pencil and send it to me quick. IF CORRECT, I'll see that you are qualified at once for an opportunity to win as much as \$2320.00 cash out of the \$8,000.00 IN REWARDS that I'm going to give away.

\$1,000.00 Cash Just For Being Quick!

Yes, I'll positively pay ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS cash to someone, just for being prompt and duplicate prizes in case of ties. IT'S ALL FREE! Anyone may try for nothing, so send YOUR answer today. Rush it!

L. SHULMAN, 37 West Van Buren Street, Dept. 709, CHICAGO, ILL.

Continued from page 8

terrible in "The Virginian." Southern ladies do not talk like Negro house servants. Why don't they use a real Southern actress, instead of some one who never was below the Mason and Dixon line, for Southern films?

Douglas Fairbanks has never interested me as an actor. His leaping from place to place, hanging from bell cords, chandeliers, and other foolish places has left no doubt in my mind but that Darwin was correct concerning some people's ancestry. I believe that he would be likable in person.

MARY ROSE.

295 S. Bellevue, Memphis, Tennessee.

A Pair of Slayers.

WHAT can any one find wrong with Charles Rogers? Don't you fans love him for his pristine youth—but why go on? He is perfection.

And Phillips Holmes! Fans, isn't he the berries? He slays me every time I see him with his boyish suavity and poised nonchalance. I predict a tremendous future for Phillips. He is already far on his way.

Now for a brickbat aimed at the press agents, or who ever is responsible for praising Greta Garbo more than any actress on the screen. Would some one please tell me why? Recently I saw her in "Romance," and I was greatly disappointed after having heard her lauded so highly. I could hardly understand her when she talked—her natural Swedish accent certainly did not mix with the Italian of the picture. I will admit she has good facial expressions and therefore was a success in the silent days, but now we need warm, compelling voices and characterizations, in addition to mobile faces.

MARIE L. Petaluma, California.

Likes the Garbo Girl.

OF late there has been criticism in some quarters of Greta Garbo. PICTURE PLAY contained a letter by George Abbate which naturally pleased me as a Lillian Gish fan, but which I do not think was quite just to Garbo.

The Swedish actress has a remarkable and interesting personality, but she also has ability as an actress. Fortunately, owing to a pronounced dislike of the male part of the combination, I missed the Gilbert-

Garbo pictures. I say fortunately, because they would undoubtedly have prejudiced me against her. As it is, while I have never been one of her mad adorers, I like and admire the girl. After all, she is a girl, or little more, and few have kept their heads so well through such a storm of adulation.

In some of her earlier pictures, she showed the ability which afterward shone in "Anna Christie" and "Romance." Not that her characterizations in these plays were faultless; far from it. Marie Dressler certainly stole the first scene in which Anna appears; but Garbo rose nobly to the later sequences in which she faces her father and lover.

I have done nothing but criticize "Romance" since I saw it. From a musical standpoint, it shrieks for criticism; and it seems to me Garbo's conception of the character was completely wrong.

There is room for both Gish and Garbo in our hearts. The personality and methods of Lillian Gish are to me more appealing, more moving, but that does not prevent

What the Fans Think

me from appreciating the other. The pity of it is, as Mr. Abbate suggests, that most Garbo fans in their adoration care little for her acting. It is her personality which attracts them.

B. WATSON.

Box 4271, Germantown Pennsylvania.

New Excuse for Vallée.

OUR Rudy Vallée has been run down enough and it is high time that a real Vallée fan gets a little backbone and starts to uphold him. Everywhere you look you see letters like "N. M. H." written in "What the Fans Think," for instance.

Listen, "N. M. H.," you say Rudy Vallée hasn't looks. Let me tell you, he can stand up against any other movie star and then some, and that goes for English stars as well as American.

My dear, you say he has no personality. If he hasn't, will you please inform me who has? I think he has a very striking personality and a charm which I have never seen in any one else.

As for his singing, or rather crooning, it is the best ever. Stanley Smith is O. K., but he cannot compare with Rudy in any way, especially when it comes to singing. When Rudy sings he knocks the world dead.

If his acting in "The Vagabond Lover" wasn't so hot, that was not Rudy's fault; it was poor direction. The director did not want him to become too popular, so they made him act quite stupid. But that does not give any one the right to believe he is naturally that way. And he did not think he was perfect, but said that if RKO did not make "The Vagabond Lover" over, it was their own fault.

A. G.

4524 Aldine Avenue, St. Louis, Missouri.

Claudia Dell Has a Fan.

I CANNOT let pass some assertions made in December PICTURE PLAY. Have Roy B. McAloney and Ralph Porter seen "Romance"? Although I had always admired Greta Garbo, I was not so enthusiastic as to her ability as an actress until I saw this picture. I saw nothing lacking in Garbo's beauty, and her poise I consider one of her chief attractions. I wish to congratulate Richard E. Passmore on his excellent tribute to "Romance."

I share Mr. McAloney's enthusiasm for Gloria Swanson and Pola Negri and sympathize with Mr. Porter's leaning toward Buddy Rogers.

Elinor Garrison Henderson asserts that Catherine Dale Owen is not beautiful. I admit that Miss Owen's beauty is of a type which justifies debate, but I wish to place my vote in the affirmative.

What a charming and lovely person is Claudia Dell! Her speaking voice is delightful. I hope to have the pleasure of seeing and hearing her again soon.

JUANITA HOWARD.

215 N. Third Avenue, Phoenix, Arizona.

When Is an Actor to Act?

HURRAH for Ralph Porter and Eileen Margot Draper for boosting Rudy Vallée in December PICTURE PLAY. That line of Miss Draper's about "unfair criticism" is the truest statement I've heard in a long time. Rudy certainly does not deserve the publicity he is getting at the present time. True, he did not display any outstanding acting ability in "The

Vagabond Lover," but his rôle did not necessitate any real acting.

And as for those folks who think he has a drab personality, I can truthfully say that they have only to speak to him to realize what a wonderfully strong personality he has. Regarding the supposition that he is detested by other men, one will readily change his opinion about this, when he realizes that one of the numerous Vallée fan clubs throughout the country has three hundred male members. I recently started a club called the Vallée-bonds, which has enlarged considerably in its two-month existence.

JACK (RUDY) SEYBOLD.

9229 55th Avenue, Elmhurst, New York.

Chatterton and Garbo Are There.

IN Chatterton and Garbo one finds the essentials of which are greatness: the ability to become the person portrayed; to be able to convey that idea to the public; to instill into the minds of the public a thought that will assert itself after the picture has been seen—well, these are the things necessary, and these are the qualities which both actresses have.

To see Chatterton laugh after having an unpleasant situation; to hear Garbo say

"No" when her human side is struggling—that is acting. Both actresses usually have pictures that are human. By that I mean pictures which deal with life.

Perhaps some go to the theater to become dreamers, but the average person who goes to the show for ideas and ideals can do no better than to watch these two.

B. H. JONES.

Greenport, New York.

The Prize Fan of the Year.

IT makes me very angry when I hear people say that the movies exert a bad influence. Of course, there are a few exceptions, but for the most part the movies have no trace of immorality and I think they are, on the whole, productive of good taste; indeed, if taken in the right spirit, they can cause their audiences to lead nobler and more virtuous lives.

I will show you what I mean. My hero is Ramon Novarro. To me he is the ideal man. His beautiful bronzed body is like an ancient god's. His charming, cultured manners reminding one of an Old-World grandee's savoir-faire.

When I first saw him it was in silent pictures, when no vehicle given him was worthy of his beautiful presence. Those must have been unhappy days for dear Ramon, when his genius was so vilely cramped by the limitations of his everyday human associates. He could portray the braggart perfectly, and the lover sublimely, but he was not given the chances he deserved.

Then came "The Pagan"! Never will I forget the sight of his splendid lithe form. Ah, Ramon, since that beautiful day, your clothes have always seemed to hamper you.

I may seem a bit extreme to those who do not feel about Ramon as I do, but one cannot control these things, so one might as well admit them.

Concluding that a great soul like Ramon's must have a beautiful faith, like so many others who love him, I have entered the church to which he belongs, and I am now a Catholic.

I have also, as so many of us have done, taken up the study of Spanish, that I might be in closer communion with him.

Continued on page 12



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What the Fans Think

You now see what I meant in the beginning of my letter. I feel that my life is more beautiful now and my thoughts run deeper. I have very mystic moods. Ramon, unwittingly, has led me to a higher plane where coarseness is eliminated.

EVA PRATT.

223 West 15th Street, New York City

And Now This Is Settled.

I WISH to suggest that certain players I belong in the hall of motion-picture fame, and certain others should be nominated for oblivion. I suggest the following for the hall of fame:

Ruth Chatterton, because she is thoroughly versed as an actress, because I can't think of any really worthwhile part that she could not portray admirably, because she has intelligence and poise, and because she has a delightful sense of humor.

Mary Pickford, because she is the only player who really stands out as exemplifying the old order of heroine worship before fans realized that actresses are really people.

Gary Cooper, because he is so natural, and, though lacking the polish and finish of stage actors, he is at all times compelling in his rôles; he is oblivious to the fact that he is unusually handsome, and he spells clean entertainment plus.

Constance Bennett, because she is a really smart, well-groomed woman, because she does not go in for the outlandish extremes in dress and personal demeanor affected by some actresses, and, though mechanical in emotional scenes, she is so sincere that you sit on the edge of your seat.

Ann Harding, because of her acting in "Holiday," because she is simple and compels personal admiration.

Richard Barthelmess, because he was popular in the silent films and has emerged into a finished talking player, losing no appeal; because he is straightforward and unaffected.

Fredric March, because he came to the screen and did not try to impress us that he was a stage success, because he throws himself entirely into his rôles, and because he is a far cry from the type of man that used to be popular in movies, such as Valentino.

Hedda Hopper, because she is often the most attractive person in a picture, though she seldom gets the big parts, because she can get away with being "theatrical" and make you like it, because she is smart-looking, and because she has such a delightful way of shaping her mouth when she says certain words.

Harold Lloyd, because his amusement is clean, intelligent, and distinctive; because he is a leader, does not unnecessarily exploit himself, and because he has made us almost forget Charlie Chaplin.

Greta Garbo, because she has successfully overcome her handicap of having a thick accent, because in "Romance" she proved that she is a finished player and does not have to appeal to people of low intelligence, and because her technique improves with each picture.

Robert Montgomery, because of his superior acting in everything he is in, because he does not know he is a success, and because he will play any type rôle and make you like him.

Now for the following I wish to suggest complete oblivion:

Clara Bow, because she represents those qualities as an actress that went out with dime vaudeville, because such splendid actors as Fredric March and Ralph Forbes have to play with her, because she has not groomed herself to the responsibil-

ities success and age bring, and because she is the worst actress on the screen.

Alice White, because she is impossible in any and everything, and because she is worse now than a year ago, because she utterly fails to move me, and because she ranks next to Clara Bow as a poor actress, and because intelligent people have had to see her when they could not help themselves.

Charles Farrell, because of his interpretation of his rôle in "Liliom," because he has such a poor speaking voice, and because he always seems conscious that he is favoring us by acting for us—heavens!

Jack Oakie, because he left the chorus, because he is unsuited to leads and fits better into the background as jester; because "The Social Lion" was the most disgusting picture I ever saw, and, lastly, I want him to be Clara Bow's escort out of pictures.

Arthur Lake, because I once spent an hour or so looking at him, because he always looks so well pleased with himself, and because he bores me more than any man I have ever seen.

John Gilbert, because I think he is the most overrated man ever before the public, because he is hopelessly conceited, because he fails to touch my emotions, because his love scenes are revolting to me, and because he keeps me out of a certain theater I like when he plays there.

Ramon Novarro, because he never gives his supporting players a break, because he seems to be so sure that people will like him, because he sticks to acting when we could struggle along without him, because his pictures show at the best theater here, and deprive me of even enjoying the orchestra, and because I went to sleep with a date once when a picture of his was showing and I got Hail Columbia from the girl.

Janet Gaynor, because she decided to make up with Fox—she had a grand chance for a graceful exit—because she reeks with theatrical appeal, and because she terms herself a real artist who should get what she wants when she wants it. She should be glad to get any part.

Charles Chaplin, because I am bored to tears when it is my misfortune to see his pictures, because his pictures are termed artistic and his work art by those critics and friends who feel it their duty to stand by him; because he refuses to talk.

Of course, every one knows why George Arliss should be in the hall of fame, and why Norma Talmadge should be there right next to him.

C. B. V.

165 Fourteenth Street, N. E.,
Atlanta, Georgia.

If You Were Lupe.

I CAN'T imagine how people can be so conceited as to think the stars care what the fans think. If you like—or adore—Garbo, go to see her five times a week, if you like. If you don't, stay away. There are enough stars and types of pictures to go around. You know producers aren't just trying to satisfy you, Johnny Jones, or you, Alice Jones. If you don't like a certain star—Alice White, for instance—then tell yourself: "I don't like Alice White, but there are thousands of fans who do. I'm not so important that my not liking her will end her career. I'll just stay away from her pictures."

I go to five shows a week, perhaps more. I am a girl of twenty-two, all alone in the world, and the movies are my only enjoyment.

Ruth Warner states she does not want Lupe and Gary to marry. Who cares what she wants? Let the stars have their

own life to live, just as we do. How would you like it, Ruth Warner, if you loved some one dearly and folks just couldn't seem to let you be. If some of the many insignificant fans decided you weren't suited to each other, if a young lady said she didn't want you to marry the one you love, you'd say, as any right-minded person would, "To the devil with her." Just because the fans go to the movies and pay their admission price seems to make them think they have a mortgage on the stars.

COLETTE DUMAS.

Chicago, Illinois.

Stop Razzing Our Girls.

DON ROSS had nerve to say that the people who knocked Alice White were catty. I didn't happen to be one of those who said anything about his precious Alice, because I like her all right and enjoy seeing her sometimes. But it seems to me that Don Ross is the one who is catty.

Just because Miss Gaynor hasn't a thing about Alice White, he had to pick on Anita Page, and also on all the girls in the United States in general. I think Anita Page is one of the screen's most beautiful blondes and best actresses, and any one must be crazy to think that Alice White can even be compared with her.

But the girl I'd like to see given a chance to act in a good picture is Dorothy Sebastian. I think she has ability, talent, personality, and looks, and if she were given a chance, she would prove a real success.

ANNA L. GRASS.

Linton, Indiana.

Now Mook Will Be Good.

I SUPPOSE it is not right to talk against the staff writers, but the article "While Talent Goes Begging," by Samuel Richard Mook, enraged me so much I felt I had to tell him just what I think of him. It is what Mr. Mook says against Gaynor and Farrell that angers me most, and I wish I had Mr. Mook here to shake him.

Just because Miss Gaynor hasn't a prima-donna voice, just a sweet little, soft, melodious one that carries a tune perfectly well, and she isn't trained in dancing, you say she made a spectacle of herself. So, you see, I disagree with you entirely, and as she and Charlie Farrell were made queen and king of the movies, it looks as if thousands of other people disagree with you, too. Evidently they, too, think Janet can act.

Furthermore, if you think any one could have played the blind scene in "Seventh Heaven" more convincingly than did Farrell, please name the man. Certainly never Charles Morton! What has he to his credit? "Christina!" Played only in third-rate houses in Los Angeles. "Caught Short," no acting at all. In "Four Devils," Farrell could have put over the rôle better by far. So, as far as I can see, you are mistaken again. Also, don't think that Janet didn't want "Liliom" because it wasn't good enough for her. If you think that, you are still more wrong. So here's to sweet Gaynor and stalwart Farrell. I hope they both continue to get the breaks they have worked so long for and so richly deserve.

E. ALLEN.

Los Angeles, California.

Full of Cheek and Bounce.

AFTER reading the letters panning William Haines, I went to see "The Girl Said No," and I can honestly say I have never spent a more enjoyable evening. He is a great favorite in London. Behind the Haines style is an idea, the idea

of self-enjoyment. He enjoys innocently and naturally kidding other folks along, and enjoys equally being kicked for the kidding. Haines is always Haines. Full of cheek and bounce, he is the spirit of youth that laughs at life.

Some fans dislike him because he depicts the wise guy, the smart Aleck full of conceit and bombast. I like him for it. He has created a screen type of which he is the only example. Hurrah for William Haines, and may his star never set!

BESSIE SKINNER.

17 Berkshire Road, Victoria Park, London, England.

When a Fella Needs a Friend.

HERE is a great big bouquet for Norbert Lusk—the only intelligent movie critic in the world! I read all kinds of reviews by all kinds of critics in magazines and papers, but none of them can compare with his for intelligence and fairness. I don't always agree with him, but the reviews of his which I don't like don't make me mad, and that's a real test of a writer's ability.

And while I'm talking about Mr. Lusk, I just want to say that I'm certainly glad somebody agrees with me about Constance Bennett and "Common Clay." Boy, talk about good old hokum! That was it! Every situation in the picture was hoary with age. Of course, that isn't uncommon, but it usually isn't quite so evident. And the suave, sophisticated Constance Bennett was as much out of place in the picture as Kay Francis would have been. It just wasn't her style. Now, if they had to film that story, there is one actress who could have played the part and really made it seem believable, and that is Janet Gaynor. I have heard that she wanted to play it. Well, she could have done it beautifully, but Constance Bennett of all people! It is to laugh. I am not disparaging Miss Bennett's talent at all. She is all right in her way, although I don't happen to like her.

All in all, I thought the picture only passable, if indeed that, and, like Mr. Lusk, my eyes remained dry through the performance. In fact, many times I was almost overcome by a desire to laugh. However, I suppose the average person enjoys that sort of hokum, or it wouldn't be so successful, and if Mr. Lusk and I can't share their viewpoint, perhaps there's something wrong with us. Anyway, we agree on "Common Clay," and I'm so glad I'm not the only one who wasn't impressed by it or by Constance Bennett.

M. SHOREY.

Casper, Wyoming.

Oh, Andy, Be Yourself!

PICTURE PLAY always supplies good reading and entertainment. However, "What the Fans Think" must be very embarrassing to the different stars who draw most of the public's attention and criticism.

Lupe Velez gets her share of good-natured bantering about that sentence, "I love you, Garee." But it's a privilege the lady has, and she is a lady. I like her frankness. I couldn't say I liked her beauty, because I'm married, and I could not be quite frank. I do think Lupe was bluffing when she remarked that she could kiss those who said nice things about her. My son Bob, two years old, will collect that kiss, if Lupe wasn't bluffing, when we attend the American Legion convention in Los Angeles next year.

ANDY BURNS.

Mechanical Inspector,
N. Y., N. H., & H. R. R.,
Worcester, Massachusetts.

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**RKO RADIO PICTURE with RICHARD DIX, IRENE DUNNE, ESTELLE TAYLOR, WM. COLLIER, Jr.,
▲ ▲ NANCE O'NEILL and Thousands of Others. ▲ ▲ Directed by WESLEY RUGGLES ▲ ▲**



Photo by Kenneth Alexander

Loretta Young

She stands on the threshold of greater success, her radiant, girlish loveliness opening door after door to her, her sympathetic voice warming into life every rôle she plays. Her next, in "Three Girls Lost."

Photo by Baehrach



LOVE

By Samuel Richard Mook

OOOH, daddy, buy me that," whispers the little chorus girl to her heavy "sugar," as they saunter past a diamond anklet in a jeweler's window.

And if daddy likes the little dear, he buys it, because if he doesn't, she probably will find a new sugar.

But in Hollywood it's very, very different. As Robert Benchley so quaintly puts it, "Love Conquers All." And actors who are notoriously prodigal in their spending, simply throw discretion to the winds when their affections are involved, and seldom wait to be asked to "put out."

Nick Stuart's top salary in the halcyon days of his Fox contract was \$300 a week. Yet when he and Sue Carol announced their engagement, a ring in proportion to his salary was out of the question.

Only the best was good enough for Sue, and he promptly bought her a square-cut diamond, which weighs only a fraction less than four carats. Nor was this enough. It was accompanied by a diamond necklace studded with emeralds.

The two combined probably ate up the major portion of a year's salary, yet Nick manfully pays, and pays, and pays, nor does he begrudge the amount he spent on tokens of his affection.

Sue's presents to Nick have been in keeping, although possibly not so showy. First came a star ruby set in platinum, with baguette diamonds on the sides, a platinum locket, chain, and watch for evening wear, dress studs, a genuine black pearl, and Heaven only knows what else.

The stars give automobiles to the objects of their affections as if they were merely new dimes.

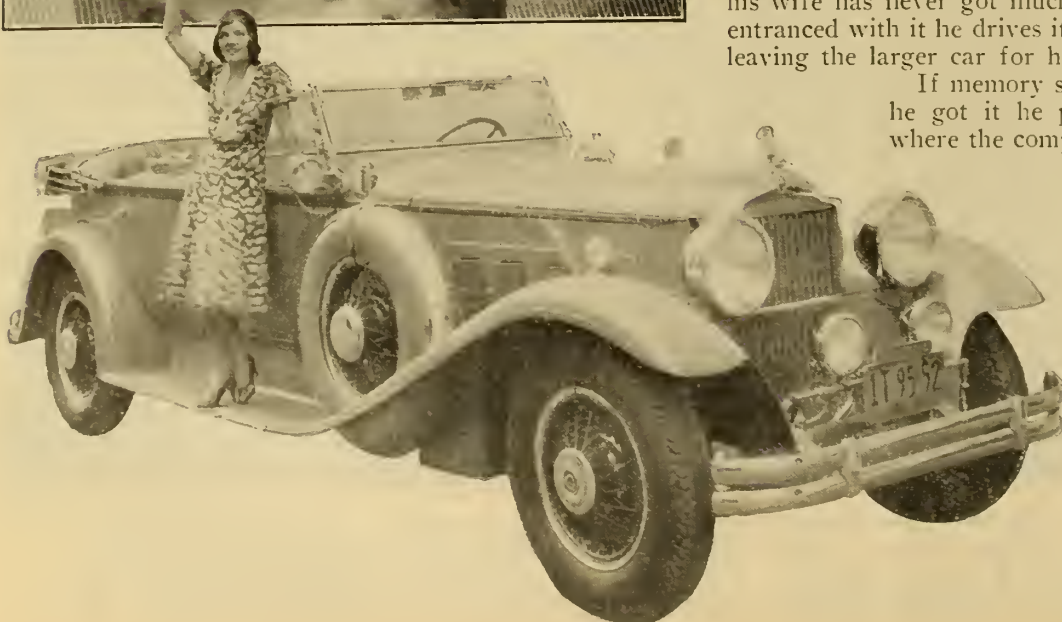
Fords, of course, are the most common. Robert Montgomery gave his wife one for Christmas last year. She had driven it only a few months when a smaller car appeared. Its diminutive size intrigued the lanky Bob, and he promptly traded in the Ford for one. But his wife has never got much use out of it. He is so entranced with it he drives it himself most of the time, leaving the larger car for her.

If memory serves me correctly, the day he got it he parked it outside the hall where the company was rehearsing "War

Nurse." In one sequence he had to ride a motor cycle, and he was outside practicing. Losing control of the

Sue Carol's diamond necklace, as well as a square-cut diamond ring of nearly four carats, were tokens of Nick Stuart's joy in their engagement.

Marian Nixon gave her husband a car she thought too expensive for herself.



Goes Buy-buy

Players in the throes of the grand passion stop at no expense to prove the depth of their feeling for their hearts' desire. Diamonds, automobiles, furs and even buildings become tokens of a love as prodigal as it is sometimes impermanent. But it costs plenty while it lasts.



Claire Luce's rich husband showers her with gifts, but her favorite is the dog you see in this picture.

cycle, it crashed into Martha Sleeper's big motor which she had just taken out of the paint shop, smashed in the rear end, and threw Bob heels over head into the lap of the baby car, which seemed very little larger than the motor cycle.

Ben Lyon presented Bebe Daniels with a Ford closed car for Christmas last year, and for a wedding present Bebe had a tennis court built for Ben on their grounds.

Doug, Jr., gave Joan Crawford a Ford for Christmas, and many and many a day the big car stands idle in their garage while Joan whizzes herself about in her flivver.

One of the presents most talked of in Hollywood last year was the \$45,000 chinchilla coat Edmund Lowe gave Lilyan Tashman when she was in New York. I don't recall that there was any special occasion—except that Lil happened to want it. Maybe it was to celebrate his elevation to stardom, or the signing of his new contract.

At any rate, it was a seven-day wonder, and furnished gossip at many a dinner table, until Howard Hughes completely eclipsed it by presenting Billie Dove with a sable mantle valued at about \$75,000 as evidence of his admiration.

So much has been written of the practicality of Jobyna Ralston and Richard Arlen and their rigid adherence to their budget, one is rather surprised to learn that Joby recently kicked over the traces and gave Dick a high-priced sedan.

Nor was the present bought with Dick's money. At the time of her retirement from the screen, Joby was drawing down about \$1,750 a week, and if you think that girl spent all her money, you're cuh-razy.

You might think from the foregoing that only the married people indulge in expensive presents, but 'tain't so, sister, 'tain't so.

One of the least publicized gifts in Hollywood is the diamond bracelet which Gary Cooper presented to Lupe Velez to celebrate their discovery of each other and of love in its most refined strain. It's a pretty swell article, and Lupe is justly proud of it.

During the days when Hugh Trevor and Aileen Pringle were all in all to each other, Aileen presented Hugh with a beautiful wrist watch. And on the catch is inscribed "H. T. from A. P."

So now, although each has turned to other interests, every time Hugh raises his hand to learn the time, he sees the "A. P.," and is reminded, no doubt, of the time when he did not need a watch to recall the existence of the charming domino player.

"I've been accused of buying many automobiles," Betty Compson laughed, "but, honestly, I prefer to give something more personal when I give presents. Handkerchiefs and homely little things like that. When Jim Cruze and I were married, I used to give him all the shirts he wore, and things of that kind."

Neil Hamilton is one of the most generous husbands in Hollywood. Any occasion is seized upon as a pretext for giving Elsa, his wife, a present. Birthday, wedding anniversary, Christmas, New Year's, the Fourth of July, Labor Day, Easter, St. Valentine's Day, an engagement for a new picture which promises to turn out better than usual—anything and everything.

The presents he has given her are too numerous to catalogue, but, besides a diamond bracelet, diamond wrist watch, and a roadster, the thing that gave them both the biggest thrill was the ermine coat he gave her on their seventh wedding anniversary. It was symbolical to them of the success for which they had been striving these many years.

There are many things that distinguish Alice White from the ordinary girl, but not the least of them is her



Photo by Freulich

Genevieve Tobin's baubles make even Hollywood gasp, for her pearls are real and her wrist watch is a marvel of incusted jewels. But she won't tell who gave them to her.

distaste for diamonds. She simply doesn't like them. And Sid Bartlett, who is not only her big moment, but practically her whole life, didn't know just what to give her that would, in some slight degree, indicate his feelings for her. After many sleepless nights when, instead of counting sheep, he was struggling desperately to grasp an idea, he hit on a novelty.

One evening when Alice came to the dinner table, she found a white box about two feet square. Opening it, she discovered a slightly smaller box inside. And that contained another. For almost an hour Alice was pulling little ones out of big ones, until she finally came to one less than an inch square. When it was opened with trembling fingers, an emerald of magnificent size and color sparkled and flashed in the light.

Not to be outdone, Alice thriftily repacked the boxes and put them at Mr. Bartlett's plate a few nights later. And when he had got down to the last one, he opened it and found a "pink slip" for an expensive car—the slip that betokens full and complete ownership, without benefit of finance companies.

When Edward Hillman, of the Hillman Department Stores, Chicago, married Marian Nixon he gave her a diamond ring that would have served very well as headlight on a locomotive. It was followed shortly by a diamond necklace.

One present followed another with such rapidity that even the newspapers could not keep up with them—or, if they could, they ceased to chronicle them.

Marian, although "up in the dough" herself, has always been a thrifty little girl, and never lost her head, because she happened to succeed. She had always wanted a big car, but felt it would be extravagance for her to buy one, so she drove an inexpensive machine. Shortly after her marriage, Eddie gave her the closed car she liked.

And then Marian proved how very genuine her love for her husband is, because when he looked out of his bedroom window on his birthday he saw an orchid phaeton which he had admired in the showroom of the same agency.

"Whose car is that?" he asked.

"Yours," Marian replied.

The thing she had wanted and denied herself, she did not hesitate to buy for her husband.

Genevieve Tobin, who recently came to the Universal lot and was hopefully hailed as a second Chatterton, has not yet learned that a player can't hold out on her public. Or maybe it's only that she hasn't found her public and feels her private affairs are none of a snoopy reporter's business. I guess she's right, at that.

At any rate, she sports a diamond wrist watch the like of which has never before been seen in Hollywood. Of course, there are diamond wrist watches and diamond wrist watches, but this one is really a diamond wrist watch.

It is less than a half inch in width, and about three-eighths of an inch long. The case is platinum set with carved rubies and baguette diamonds, with the strap carrying out the same design in the same stones.

The watch was accompanied by a platinum ring set with twin carved rubies to match. In addition to these, a little platinum bangle studded with diamonds, rubies, sapphires, and emeralds which spell "My Dearest" dangles from a wristlet of gold and onyx.

Asked who gave her such lavish presents, all Miss Tobin would say was, "Cartier's in Paris sent them to me."

Well, all I can say is Cartier's certainly are generous. Robert Ellis is nothing, if not practical. His Christmas present last year to Vera Reynolds (Mrs. Ellis) was a three-story apartment house.

The gifts with which Harry Edwards showers Dame Evelyn Brent, his wife, are impressive, to say the least. A few months ago, on his return to New York from a European trip, he visited auto row and picked out \$5,000 worth of glistening metal on wheels, arranging by long distance for its delivery in Hollywood. It was his homecoming gift for Evelyn.

Glenn Tryon has one of the most contagious grins in pictures. And his wife was not long in discovering a gift that stretches it to the breaking point. Although he seldom smokes, he has a passion for collecting pipes, and takes great pride in his assortment of them.

So constant has Mrs. Tryon's patronage of a certain pipe shop in Los Angeles been that they never hesitate to call her upon the arrival of anything new, antique, or novel.

Although the price of any particular pipe is small compared to most of the gifts I have mentioned, the value of the collection runs into thousands.

Blanche Sweet is one of those rare souls who values a gift for its sentiment, rather than its intrinsic value. One of her most prized possessions is a "lucky bracelet"—a simple little platinum chain from which are appended more than a score of miniature figures of platinum, gold, and jewels. Each is a memento of some particularly warm friendship.

Blanche's gifts from her ex-husband, Marshall Neilan, are interesting. Mickey's factiousness is well-known, and his gifts are quite in keeping with this trait. One, for example, is a miniature piano complete in all details, yet built upon such a small scale it has no practical value. Another is a toy whale which, when put in the bathtub, sports prodigiously while propelling itself about in some mysterious manner. This latter Mr. Neilan brought all the way from England.

Since he became an established success, Conrad Nagel has given his wife many lovely presents, but none of them has ever had the same meaning that his first sizable one had.

He had just finished an engagement on the stage with Alice Brady, in "Forever After," and was at liberty. A friend suggested that he call at the old Famous Players office to apply for the lead in "The Fighting Chance," and advised him to be sure to ask for \$500 a week—they'd pay it in a minute.

Conrad called, but when they asked how much he wanted, the \$500 just wouldn't come out. He had never got more than \$250 a week on the stage, and the idea of nonchalantly asking for a one hundred per cent increase in salary seriously impaired his usually faultless diction.

He finally gasped out \$400, and when they gave it to him, he took Mrs. Nagel out and bought her a sealskin coat that more than took up the surplus in his salary for the next six months.

Claire Luce has been presented by her admiring husband, Clifford Smith, with many a bauble that would take the breath away from the average person. Yet the one that pleased Claire most is an inquisitive-looking little terrier.

A rather amusing anecdote is related of Cedric Gibbons and two of his loves. Mr. Gibbons is an ardent devotee of the fine arts, sculpture in particular. He is frequently to be found in a certain Hollywood art gallery. On one visit he discovered a bronze which literally made his mouth water. But he did not feel in a position to buy it at the time.

Then he met Lola Lane and they discovered that for the nonce, anyhow, life held little for them beyond each other's company. Naturally, Mr. Gib-

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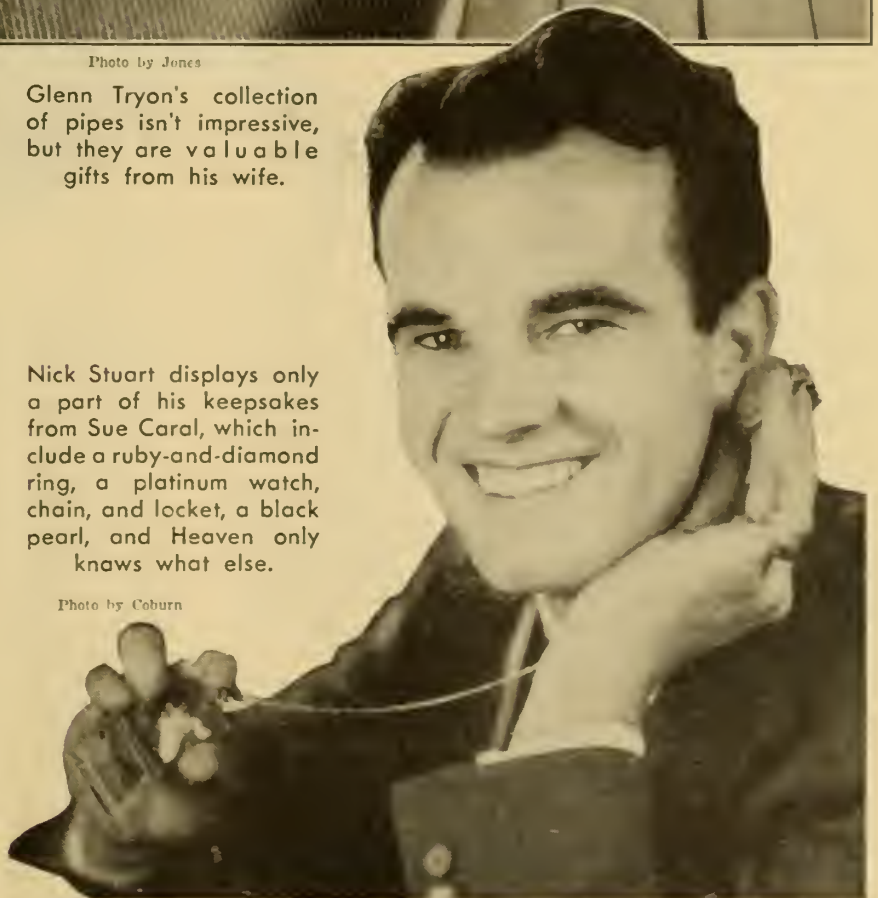


Photo by Jones

Glenn Tryon's collection of pipes isn't impressive, but they are valuable gifts from his wife.

Nick Stuart displays only a part of his keepsakes from Sue Carol, which include a ruby-and-diamond ring, a platinum watch, chain, and locket, a black pearl, and Heaven only knows what else.

Photo by Coburn



Have you ever had a sudden impulse to dine with a strange man because of the haunting loneliness of a big city? Then you will sympathize with the heroine of our exciting new serial of film life and be doubly thrilled by her adventure in a New York night club, and its consequences.



The Movie Runaround

By Helen Klumph

Illustrated by R. Van Buren

PART I.

ANNABELLE ST. JOHN walked up Fifth Avenue through the blue dusk, trying hard to bolster up her courage. Here she was in New York, at last—she simply mustn't feel unhappy, just because a week's job hunting had brought only failure!

What if she did have only ten dollars left? What if she were so lonely that it was a relief to have a policeman shout, "Hey, where do you think you're going?" when she almost walked in front of a taxi?

Something would turn up soon. And thank goodness she wasn't in Chambersville! She glanced at her reflection in a window. If she'd been home right now, people would have stopped her to say disagreeably, "A new dress, Annabelle? Your aunt must have got a raise. Isn't she getting pretty tired of teaching and supporting you, after all these years?"

Mr. Chambers, of the school board, wanted to get rid of Aunt Ellen to give her place to his cousin. He'd almost succeeded in doing it when Annabelle announced that she was going to New York.

"But you go right ahead," Aunt Ellen had said valiantly. "You go down there and buy some clothes and get work—you'll be at the top in no time."

Aunt Ellen read the success stories about business women as avidly as Annabelle read the movie magazines.

Aunt Ellen having taken out her savings, Annabelle started off feeling quite adventurous, and quite sure of success.

Now here she was in New York, almost broke, lonesome, discouraged, with nothing ahead of her, on this gorgeous evening, but the prospect of going home and sitting in her dingy room that looked out on a brick wall.

The landlady would be prowling suspiciously about the grimy halls. The woman in the next room would be quarreling with her husband.

Annabelle drew a long breath and clinched her hands. She couldn't go home, she couldn't!

A girl drifting by remarked to her companion, "Come on, Charlotte, let's go to the Roxy. There's always a good stage show there, and it's a Constance Bennett picture. I'm crazy about her."

Annabelle turned to stare after them as they disappeared in the crowd. She wanted to go, too. One of the girls back home had always insisted that, if her hair were light, she could have passed for Constance Bennett's sister.

"You've got features like hers, and your figure is grand!" Beth had said. "Too bad you can't go to Hollywood!"

Annabelle had just laughed. She was as likely to go to Hollywood as she was to inherit a million dollars!

A tall heavy-jawed man approached and stood glaring down at them a moment before speaking. "What's the big idear coming here to-night when you know——" Jahn beckoned to the waiter and asked for his check.



hear, "If anybody asks you to go to a night club, you go, and write me all about it!"

Annabelle smiled ruefully. As if any one had even spoken to her, much less asked her to go anywhere.

Well, she could do one more thing that would be fun. She had read about the miniature golf course behind the Roxy, where famous stage folk often stopped for a round or two after the nightly grind.

Annabelle joined the throng of watchers on the outside. There was a slender blond girl that looked like Marilyn Miller, but she had on a dark suit and a tiny hat, and was so quiet that it hardly seemed as if she could be a celebrity. One man was a dead ringer for William Powell.

A girl was standing beside Annabelle, talking with two men. She was bored and wanted to leave. Finally one of the men said impatiently, "All right, where do you want to go?"

"Oh, to a night club—a night club," the girl answered. "How about wandering over to Fifty-fourth Street? They close two and open three every evening there."

They turned and walked away. Annabelle, driven by a sudden impulse, walked after them. She couldn't go to a night club, but she could at least see what one looked like from the outside.

The girl continued talking loudly enough for Annabelle to hear.

"I went into the Club Noyette last night at twelve, and sat around there alone for two solid hours waiting for Morton," she said, disgusted. "He'll never stand me up again! He said he was tied up with a business engagement—that same old story!"

Annabelle's eyes opened wide. She hadn't known that a girl could go into a night club alone. Of course, she couldn't do it, but wouldn't it be possible for her to walk into this one, following these people as if she were one of the party?

Thought of the loneliness of the past week urged her on. She could nonchalantly walk in, go into the ladies' room, and then, after a little while, come out again and leave. Nobody would even notice that she was there. This wasn't like Chambersville, where the whole town knew everything you did.

The others paused, turned in at an entrance that looked quite dark, though a small sign overhead announced that it was the Club D'Armand. Annabelle set her jaw and followed them. The doorman hardly glanced at her. She realized that he thought she was with them.

She glanced around, suddenly frightened. The other

She turned now and walked back up the Avenue. If she sat in the balcony, and didn't eat lunch to-morrow, she could go to the Roxy, too. For just one evening she could forget her troubles.

Several people glanced at her as she walked on—even in that street of beautiful girls she was noticeable. Her dark-blue eyes were sparkling with anticipation; against the soft waves of her dark hair, her skin was very white. And her cheap little dress, with its white collar and cuffs, was smart despite its cheapness.

She sat in the very top of the balcony, from where the dancing looked tiny. But she enjoyed everything tremendously, from the blues singer to the acrobatic dancers. While watching the picture she forgot herself completely. She was the lovely girl who moved across the screen, wearing the exquisite clothes, adored by Annabelle's favorite leading man.

It was a shock to go out into the street again, and it was harder than ever to go to her room. Annabelle stood looking about her, still feeling not quite herself.

Her aunt had said, lowering her voice lest some one

girl said, "Wait for me here while I powder my nose," as she turned to the left. Annabelle blindly followed her.

Drawing a long breath of relief when she found herself in the small mirror-lined room, Annabelle sat down on a chair in a corner. A girl sat in another corner, smoking and talking to the woman who seemed to be in charge.

Annabelle pretended to hunt in her bag for her vanity case. Now that she was actually here, she didn't know how she had dared to come in. She was always doing that, rushing into things on the spur of the moment, and then wondering how she'd get out!

The girl in the corner rose. Remarking that she might as well return to her prize dumb-bell or he'd get tired of waiting, she drifted out. The girl Annabelle had followed in hurried away. Annabelle went over to the mirror, straightened her hat, and sat down again.

"Waiting for somebody?" the maid asked sympathetically. Annabelle nodded. "Well, it's early yet. We've just opened. Seems like the crowd comes later every night."

Through the open door came dance music, soft, insistent. Two girls in evening gowns drifted by, then another one passed dressed as plainly as either Annabelle or the girl she had followed.

"Seems like hardly anybody dresses any more," the maid remarked, glancing at Annabelle's simple black dress suit. "Peggy Joyce come in here the other night in a blue dress like the kids wear to high school. And not a diamond on her!"

"Ma-ma!" A girl stumbled into the room, slumped into a chair. The maid jumped up. Turning quickly, Annabelle heard her gasp "Lola!"

The girl bent forward, with a little moan. The tray of cigarettes that she had been carrying fell to the floor.

"Ma, I can't go on," she cried. "I nearly fainted a minute ago—it's so hot—"

"Get those smelling salts on the table!" the woman exclaimed to Annabelle. "And some water, quick!"

Annabelle ran to obey. Dashing back, she knelt down and rubbed the girl's cold hands. Finally, when she opened her eyes again and sat up, Annabelle began picking up the scattered cigarettes. The woman explained.

"My daughter," she said tenderly, "just got over pneumonia. she did. I begged her not to work to-night, but she was bound to hang onto her job. There, honey—I'll telephone Sue—"

The girl tried to rise.

"Sue can't get here for an hour," she said wearily. "I'll have to go out again. If Henry sees I'm not around, and somebody wants something—"

Annabelle swallowed hard.

"Could I—I mean, if I could go out for her——" she faltered, her eyes on the girl's ashen face. "If it's just to sell cigarettes——"

The woman turned to her gratefully.

"Say, would you?" she asked. "Just walk around

between the tables, you know, and when anybody wants cigarettes, sell 'em. The price list's pasted inside the tray. That dress you got on is all right. I'll have the other girl here inside an hour. It means Lola's job——"

She felt as if she had stepped into a movie. This was the kind of thing that was always happening to girls in pictures!

She went out of the little room, feeling as if she were floating through the air. Her knees shook, and her throat was dry, but she went on, walking in time to the music, feeling as she had when she took the leading rôle in the school play back home.

The faces on either side of her were mere white blurs. When a man said, "Cigarettes here, please!" she did not hear him until he spoke again.

She forgot to look at the price list, but he gave her a two-dollar bill and said, "That's all right," and when



"She must be a bad lot running around with a man like that."

she consulted her list, she found that he had tipped her a dollar.

That price list amazed her. She didn't know much about cigarette prices, but she did know that at some of the grocery stores back home one brand was sold for twelve cents—and here they were fifty cents!

Yet people paid the exorbitant prices willingly, and tipped her, also. Her heart glowed. She'd have a lot of money to turn over to Lola!

Nobody paid any attention to her, except when they wanted something. She tried to keep out of the waiters' way, and to see something of the dancing.

The show was on now. Two girls, dressed just alike, were doing a clog. The lights were very low, save for a spot turned on the dancers. Annabelle could hardly see her way about.

A fat man who was inclined to be boisterous caught her by the sleeve, demanding something to smoke.

"Just anything—anything!" he exclaimed, thrusting a ten-dollar bill into her hand. She began counting out change, but he pushed her away.

"Don't bother—keep it!" he urged.

Annabelle's lips straightened into a thin line.



"It's too much," she protested, and bent over to lay the money on the table. Laughing, the man slipped a bill into her pocket without her realizing it. She turned and walked away, hoping that he wouldn't call her again.

The head waiter had questioned her when she first came out. She was afraid that he would refuse to let her work, but now he nodded at her affably.

"Take all you can get from suckers like that," he told her, "and look—that man over against the wall wants you."

Annabelle stared as she made her way along the narrow aisle. She had seen that face before somewhere; in the newspapers, probably. She'd been reading them thoroughly, after she clipped the want ads.

He had iron-gray hair, and keen, dark eyes, oddly set. She couldn't see much of his face; he was resting it on

his hand. He glanced up at her and smiled as she stopped beside him.

"You're a new girl here, aren't you?" he asked. "Where's Lola?"

"She's sick; I'm only taking her place for a little while," Annabelle answered.

"That's too bad." He studied her for a moment. "Like working here?"

"I don't know," she answered, involuntarily glancing back across the room.

She faced him again. Realizing that he was watching her intently, she felt suddenly uncomfortable.

"Did you want cigarettes?" she asked stiffly.

He smiled. "What I really wanted was to talk to you," he said. "I was curious about you. Tell me—you're out of a job, aren't you?"

Surprised, Annabelle nodded.

"I thought so. Not that I'm a mind reader, but—I'll bet you're hungry, aren't you?"

She nodded again reluctantly. He turned to the head waiter, who was hovering about.

"I'd like to have this young lady have a bite of supper with me, Henry," he said. "That's all right, isn't it?"

"I can't!" Annabelle exclaimed, stepping back.

"But you will eat!" announced Henry, grasping her arm so tightly that she winced. "You cannot step in here and work a little and say what you will do! Go back and see if Sue has come, and when she does, you will join this gentleman."

"It won't be so bad," the man urged, with a smile. "Please come back!"

Annabelle hastened away, telling herself that she'd manage to slip out of the door, somehow. She dumped the tray down, and turned to look for her things, when the maid hurried out of an inner room to ask what was the matter. Annabelle told her. The woman went to the door, stared across the room, and came back beaming.

"Listen, you go out there and get a good meal," she said. "I've seen half a dozen girls make a play for that man, and he's never given one of them a tumble before. He's on the square—won't do nothing but buy you supper.

Have some sense!"

Annabelle slowly prepared to leave. "Go on!" the woman urged. "Henry's waiting right outside," she added, "and he'll make a fuss if you don't. Besides, it might get Lola into trouble; you're in her place, you see."

"I couldn't do that," Annabelle said thoughtfully. She couldn't help being rather pleased, somehow, at having to stay; she hated

to leave this enchanted place now.

She went back to the table, to find hot soup waiting for her, soup that smelled so good that she realized suddenly how long it was since she had had a really good meal.

"Please don't be angry with me," the man said, with a smile that made her smile in return. "I was lonely and wanted to talk to some one, and—well, when I see a little country girl tackling New York, I'm always tempted to give her some advice."

"How did you know I was a country girl?" Annabelle demanded.

"Because you haven't the hard look that the city will give you," he answered. "And because I saw you refuse that tip a few moments ago. Now tell me about yourself, won't you?"

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The Happiest Woman

By MYRTLE GEBHART



Photo by Duncan

WHEN you look back on your life from your death-bed, by what facts will you determine whether you have succeeded or failed?"

A group gathered in the Bannister living room discussed this question from the Edison intelligence test. The obvious answer, some one suggested, would be a consideration of one's service to humanity.

"Boloney," Ann Harding Bannister remarked in her throaty, pulsing voice. "With me, it would be whether or not I had achieved personal happiness."

Her reply unwittingly conveyed much of this woman who is intuitive enough to sense the lasting things of life, and startlingly frank in shearing off the false tissue which many mistake for reality—the sentimental mazes.

Only a clear-thinking and an honest person would admit such selfishness of motive. And only one thoroughly schooled in evaluating experience would know that this goal of and for self is achieved most solidly by building contentment for others. Rarely is such mellow knowledge found in a woman as young as Ann.

One could scarcely find a happier actress. With a husband who shares her professional and personal interests, an adored child, and a stone castle embedded in a mountain-top up under the stars, herself a success, all worth-while things are hers and are cherished dearly. Her life is busy, yet leisurely; orderly, but never monotonous; varied, without diverging from a pattern basically simple.

Dressed in knickers and shirt, or a loose jersey suit, she tramps their own all-paid-for mountain. She is gloriously free, because she is so gloriously bound. Spare hours are spent out of doors, on the tennis courts, from which steps descend to a projection room, or in the swimming pool, or landscaping, or luring the wild quail to become friendly, or on the roof acquiring sun tan.

Guests ramble over the place, doing as they please. Friends are treated like family.

"My memories of the theater are not pleasant: hard work, constant struggle and study, stuffy hotels, cold, ill health. Life holds so much more out here. I am grateful. I'm happy because I have what I want, I suppose. My needs and desires are very simple."

"In your boarding-house days, your life had few frivolities."

"Simple, but good and substantial," she qualified. "Though not actively discontented then, I felt no firm ground. Crudity and impermanence surrounded me, and too many cross currents of vague dissatisfactions. Now my environment is fundamentally wholesome, calm, and beautiful."

Her need of stability grows from her early life as the daughter of an army officer whose family followed the roving course of his duties. The soldierly qualities of courage, honesty, directness, and simplicity form the cornerstone of her character, and explain her self-discipline and poise.

"I have almost too much discipline," she laughed. "I regard obedience to those in command of my pictures as a matter of course. I call them 'Sir,' the salute of one's officers to which I am accustomed. They look bewildered at first, but I think they like it!"

Ann Harding calls those in charge of her films "Sir," because she believes in discipline and obedience as a result of her training as an army officer's daughter.

in Hollywood

Ann Harding's contentment is built on marriage, child, and home. Added to these essentials is an active and successful career. How she combines all her activities without excitement or confusion will be fully understood when you meet her on the intimate terms of this article.

It takes an Ann Harding, the way she stands—straight and slim with head thrown back and level, questioning gaze—to toss off such a buoyantly crisp and yet respectful acceptance of instructions in picture circles, without a touch of the theatrical.

To her work she brings a soldier's zeal in its dramatic thrills, and his precise attention to petty duties likewise. While she guards her health with considerable care, she submits to discomfort without complaint when good sportsmanship demands it. Behind schedule, and unwilling to cause even a few hours' delay, she once stood all morning in slippers painfully tight, the wrong size having been sent with a certain costume.

She knows the first name of every studio worker—and his children's as well—though this contact of hers does not smack of camaraderie. A rare talent, that, to inspire a limited friendliness which no one has ever abused. You should have heard the Pathé publicity department rooting for her last Christmas Eve.

They were busily wrapping gifts for members of the press when Ann dropped in with her own remembrances for the staff. A dozen last-minute duties at home awaited her, but she just pitched in and assisted, to enable them to leave for their own homes on time.

But if you picture a Pollyanna, your mental canvas needs a few bolder strokes of color. Her fine honesty makes her intolerant of weakness in screen character. Employing her own sure logic, she adds detail to her scripts. Her studio battles are patiently fought, by quiet, decisive argument; if the case seems hopeless, she murmurs an apology and walks out. And stays out, in so far as that matter is concerned.

Several stories which she thought unbelievable have been shelved. Much of the scintillant "Holiday" dialogue was to be cut from the play, because it had no direct bearing on the plot; she knew its value in stamping the characters' reaction to environment, and, one point at a time, won her stand.

"I have rolled into things. Opportunities have come to me uninvited." Thus she disposes of her career. "I



Photos by Langworth

Ann Harding's home is on a mountaintop up under the stars, with a view of Hollywood that is breath-taking.



Rooftop beds are a health-giving luxury to Ann after years of hotels and Pullmans.

have demanded little of life—the most sure way to placate it, incidentally. By relaxing that tense vigil of waiting which harries so many, I conserved my energies; when my chance arrived I plunged into the work with a determination to make good.

"Ridiculously patient," she analyzed herself. "A fault, not a virtue. I'll stand for too much. Never do I attempt to reform people; I've no missionary spirit at all. I bear with something distasteful, until I no longer can endure it; on a sudden decision, I step out, cutting the association abruptly"—she made a sharp gesture—"and forever."

Her thoughtful acts for others are legion, services inconspicuously rendered. A common friend of ours,

Continued on page 106



Photo by Hurrell



BY far the gentlest and most appealing picture ever taken of Constance Bennett is here for your delectation. In pensive mood she is seen without the trappings of luxury that have earned for her the name of a devotee of fashion, an exponent of sophistication more than sympathy, the quintessence of worldly appeal.

In reality she is a girl as eager as a beginner to succeed in her profession. What matter if she has more money than she needs, a position second to none, and a string of popular films behind her? She knows that all these advantages count for nothing if she lessens her effort to please those whose favor decides the fate of a star—the fans.

In the small picture, left, Miss Bennett is seen as *Laura Murdock*, heroine of the stage play, "The Easiest Way," which will come to the screen with a new title.

More than Tol'able

Richard Cromwell, an amateur who put aside his brushes and paints for a fling in movies, is having a swell but bewildering time trying to get used to all that goes with sudden stardom.

By James Roy Fuller

EVERY time the younger generation is almost convinced that fresh young faces and winsome personalities should be kept at home to brighten offices and sales campaigns, leaving the screen to struggle along with the talent at hand, an amateur comes across with a really fine performance. Then every hamlet has again to put up with all its Dots and Bills who are bitten anew by dat ol' devil, the acting bug.

Now it is Richard Cromwell who upsets the cinematic law of gravity by stepping right out from nowhere to stardom.

Richard's *Tol'able David* is as fine a characterization as you are likely to see on the screen for some time, yet it is his first effort. He acts and talks with feeling and animation, and with that much rarer something, convincing restraint. These are the marks of the master actor.

How did Cromwell, an inexperienced boy, do it? Perhaps it is more to the point to ask, Can he do it again? But leaving such questions in the hands of those eccentric muses that watch over the casting offices and scenario departments, let's see what Richard has to say for himself.

"Hello—I'll be out in a minute."

He wasn't even halfway presentable when he peeped out from his bedroom and greeted the publicity woman who was with me, although it was every bit of twelve o'clock. Half an hour before I had banged on his door without arousing so much as a sleepy grunt within. A pretty reception, this, from the star who had a while ago glorified the Southern highland folk, who are terribly hospitable if you are on their side. I went down to the hotel office to phone him.

The Eastern office had lent a "big brother" to Cromwell, upon his arrival in New York, to keep him from being mobbed by those timid young blondes on Broadway. Big Brother answered, after a moment's ringing.

A few minutes after the publicity lady and I went up, Richard bounced in, wearing the Kansas City edition of Hollywood trousers—more about these later—his shirt very much open at the neck and sleeves rolled above the elbows. He jerked his blond hair back out of his eyes and grinned, just *Tol'able David* himself.



Cromwell played *Tol'able David* to the satisfaction of even Richard Barthelmess.

Pulling down his eyelids, he howled to the lady, "I can't get them open!" He explained. "All these personal appearances and things, and the dance last night—gee, I'm glad I don't have to work to-day—I'm glad I'm going back to Hollywood next week."

At that his was the most untired face I'd seen for a long time. "It's great—all this that's happened to me. I still think it must be a sort of dream. It must be like being drunk—although I never was drunk—you know what's going on, but things seem hazy and unreal."

He grinned in the wholehearted, boyish manner of a lad having the most thrilling, but the most tiring, time of his life. Richard is just himself; he has no pose. He is naively enjoying every bit of his sudden stardom, even though personal appearances scare him half to death. You like him at once, and feel glad, too, just as if your own kid brother had come into a dazzling bit of luck.

Breakfast was brought in—toast and coffee—and only two cups.

"Take my cup—I'll call for another," offered Richard.

"No, take mine," said Big Brother. "Dick—they didn't bring your whole-wheat toast!"

I couldn't think of cheating them out of their coffee, since I had had breakfast long before "professional" hours. Finally I was forced to take Big Brother's cup. While I drank my coffee, Big Brother nibbled the white toast, with no coffee, and Richard sipped coffee without his toast. The lady phoned for another cup.

The waiter popped in, bearing the whole-wheat toast



"We went to the Columbia jubilee disguised as gentlemen," put in Big Brother. "Dick got a big rush. I had him to change partners at each break in the music, in order to get around. And at one thirty I kidnaped him away and sent him to bed."

"It's funny," Richard observed, "people always expect me to be like an actor, and I don't know how to act like a movie actor. It makes me feel silly when people stop me at the stage door, look me up and down, and say, 'Why, you look just like you do on the screen.' Honest, I don't know what to do or say—but I like it!"

"A chap stopped us on the street. 'Aren't you Richard Cromwell? I've just seen your picture. It's fine.' That was great!" He turned to Big Brother. "Wasn't he a nice fellow?"

Big Brother agreed that he was a nice chap.

"But personal appearances"—Richard shuddered—"you step right out on the stage, with your face out over the front row, and people staring up at you so hard—you just stand there and shake like this."

He jumped up to impersonate a star reacting to the much talked of personal contact with an audience.

"Had you done any film work before 'Tol'able David'?"

"Only two days of extra work. I was a cowboy in a scene in 'The King of Jazz.' I did a sort of setting-up exercise 'way in the background while John Boles up front was singing."

I asked how he came to step into Richard Barthelmess's old hill-billy brogans.

"They'd tested everybody at the studio and were giving almost anybody a try-out. I heard about it and applied. I'd always wanted to be an actor, but people had kidded me so much I'd quit talking about it. I didn't dare to expect the part—but I sort of expected it, too. Yet getting it was a big surprise."

Prior to his extra work in Paul Whiteman's film, Cromwell had had a little stage experience. He was the leading man in "Ivanhoe" as brought to the boards by the Long Beach eighth grade.

Young *Ivanhoe* galloped home and called for his armor true. The best that Radabaugh Hall could muster up was an old suit of underclothes. Good enough.

The young knight then besought from Dame Radabaugh, his mother, the honor of having her sew on, with her own fingers, a thousand or two of those metal things used to clamp around chickens' ankles. His mother had the armor plates, but no time for such chivalrous pastimes.

"I began to sew them on myself. When I finished five tags, I quit and painted on the plates. It made a swell coat of mail.

"I got along fine, except about the middle of the play I got a line wrong. I said, 'No, damn it!' and went back and said it right. They got sore at me for saying 'damn' right out before all the kids and mothers."

A player who tells you all these things would doubtless tell all, but if you're expecting a snappy confession or two, or a personality chart of "The-kind-of-girl-I-want-to-marry," calm yourself. Richard says he hasn't had time to fall in love. He just has pals like Anna Q. Nilsson and Dave Rollins's kid sister.

It's great but terribly tiring to be a star on tour, says Richard Cromwell.

Until a short while ago, Richard was only Roy Radabaugh, a young artist of Los Angeles about to make a go of it. He had begun to sell his stuff, had done some mural work in a theater, and was

specializing in portrait masks.

"Then—this came along," he chuckled. "Now I can paint what I want to in my spare time, instead of making the stuff that sells. And mother can now write her impossible stories all the time. They sound like newspaper stories, so matter of fact, but they are fiction. I've put crazy books around for her to pick up, but she didn't take the hint."

This slim *David*—five feet ten, weight one hundred and forty-eight—was called "Fatty" all through his childhood.

[Continued on page 104]

and another pot of coffee, instead of the cup. Big Brother, knowing New York waiters, gave up and took his in a water glass. His coffee, you know. The waiter seemed frightfully calm about his blunders. I do hope his boss turns out to be PICTURE PLAY'S old pen pal, Constant Reader.

Breakfast started, we are all set for the interview.

"Look at the pretty flowers," said Richard, beaming. "They gave them to me at the party last night. I didn't know it was to be a masquerade, so I barged in—"

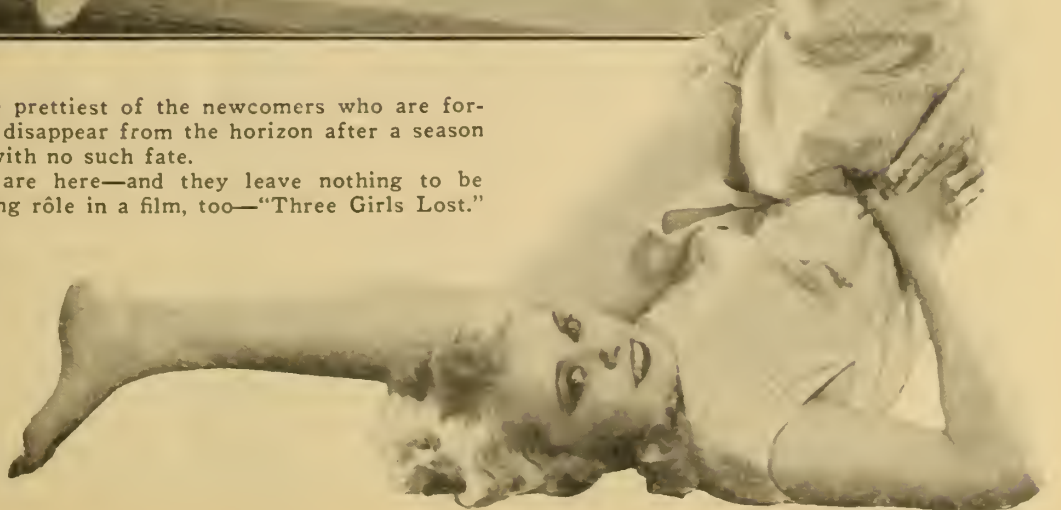


Photo by Bull

JOAN MARSH, one of the prettiest of the newcomers who are forever cropping up only to disappear from the horizon after a season in photographs, is meeting with no such fate.

True, her photographs are here—and they leave nothing to be desired—but she has a leading rôle in a film, too—"Three Girls Lost."

Her father is Charles Rosher, a cameraman whose name you have seen on the best that the screen has offered for years, so it's no wonder that his daughter is photographically perfect.



Hollywood

Lively items of news and gossip broad

By Edwin and



Polly Moran lives up to the title of her new picture, "Reducing," by struggling through a work-out between scenes, but it doesn't do any good.

a buffet supper at Bess Meredyth's, and they gracefully explained away all the rumors of differences between them. They are happier now than when they were first married; they have a better mutual understanding of each other.

"Why," exclaimed Ben, "we don't quarrel now even when we're playing bridge, and we used to all the time before our wedding."

Bebe lavishes such endearing words as "precious" and "honey" on her husband, and Ben is all admiration for his wife's talents and accomplishments.

Duke Dallies a While.

Mary and Doug have taken to entertaining royalty again. And here everybody thought that they had relinquished that pet pastime.

But then up bobs the Duke of Sutherland, all of a sudden. Serious thoughts of the continuance of picture careers are abandoned, and Doug, Mary, and the duke go on a fishing trip.

The Duke of Sutherland emulates movie celebrities by having his own private picture theater on his estate, and he is an ardent fan of Doug and Mary's.

ALTHOUGH Norma Talmadge may not be superstitious—

A numerologist informed her that she must do nothing during the weeks around the New Year, because it would be unlucky.

Therefore Norma hid herself to New York on a pleasure jaunt.

The trip also had another objective. Norma is planning to star on the road in the stage play, "The Greeks Had a Word For It." She has to do this in order to obtain the screen rights. She's planning to make it as her next picture.

Veritable Turtle Doves.

Are Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon happy?

We'll venture to say they are. We sat next to them at

Unlucky.
What on earth is to be done about Pauline Frederick?

Here she is again with another smashed-up romance. The shortest, too, of her four marriages.

Pauline has always managed to stay married for about three years heretofore, but the match with Hugh C. Leighton, wealthy hotel owner, has lasted scarcely six months. He is called the "kissless husband," because, as he himself had asserted, Pauline was not a very affectionate wife.

Pauline is one of the few four-timers in the marital list. Her best rival is Robert Ames, who has been married and divorced four times. Then there is De Wolf Hopper who has a six-time record, but he is more of the stage than pictures.

That Canary Appetite.

We marvel at Gloria Swanson's dietary restraint, and at the tunefulness of her gowns. The former was demonstrated recently at the Embassy Club, where Gloria confined her luncheon to three asparagus tips and a cup of tea.

The sartorial melodiousness was evidenced when she came into a theater to see Mrs. Patrick Campbell, in "Ghosts," and was adorned with a gown that literally jingled with beads and sequins. It was audible enough to register in any microphone, had there been one, and attracted no end of attention.

Au Revoir, My Whale!

If you have seen "New Moon" and heard that favored song "Lover Come Back to Me," you will appreciate this one.

A picture titler in one of the studios wanted to call a whaling feature made in Labrador, "Blubber, Come Back to Me."

Hot-blooded Romancing.

Ramon Novarro—murderer! Harold Lloyd—shot and killed!

That's a Guatemala press agent's idea of swell publicity for a picture. The story was published during the run of "Call of the Flesh" in the Central American republic.

The fantastic tale declared that Lloyd had trampled on the Mexican flag, and that Novarro, in a fit of rage, had fired upon the comedian, and killed him.

It is unbelievable that such a cock-and-bull yarn could ever be printed, but it actually was.

Ritzy to Marlene.

Stars of Hollywood turned thumbs down on Marlene Dietrich. They admitted she had beauty and personality, but declined to see her as a Greta Garbo rival.

"She hasn't the subtlety of Garbo," was the remark we heard most frequently at her première, a flashy affair at the Chinese Theater.

The stars didn't like the picture "Morocco," either. They said it moved too slowly. Generally it seemed a washout at the grand opening, but we have a lot of

High Lights

cast from the central station of filmland.

Elza Schallert

friends outside the movies who think it is a fine example of the picture art.

Hollywood's judgment oftentimes doesn't ring the bell, when it comes to appraising a picture or player.

A Western Culmination.

First, last, and all the time—a Westerner! That's Tom Mix.

He even finished up his matrimonial life with a horse-opera climax. In her divorce complaint, his wife accused him of brandishing a revolver, and frightening her almost to death with it.

Tom and Victoria Mix have been at the parting point for months, and have long maintained separate homes. Tom would come to his wife's residence for a day or two, she declared in her suit, but would dash away again in a hurry. Much of the past year he has been with a circus.

Outside of the revolver threat mentioned, there isn't anything sensational about the separation of the Mixes. Mrs. Mix wants to keep Thomasina.

Ingénue Learns Language.

"S'long; see yuh soon!"

Yes, this is English—movieland English. It's about the first set of words one learns to say in bidding adieu to a friend in Hollywood, according to a bright little player, Sidney Fox, who has just been signed by Universal.

"Nearly every one around the sets uses this expression in saying good-by," she declared. "It sounds funny to an Easterner, but there is something friendly about it that I like."

Miss Fox stands out in the galaxy of new arrivals, because she is a brunet ingénue. Most ingénues are blondes or redheads, either by nature, or by preference. We don't expect to see Miss Fox succumb to the peroxide or henna convention.

Sidney comes from the New York stage, where she played in "Lost Sheep." "I'm not one of them, though, even if I have come to Hollywood," she said.

Boss Complex Hits Dix.

Another dream fulfilled! Richard Dix will direct "Big Brother" for RKO. Every actor seems to want to be the head man on the set at some time or other. The anticipation is sometimes much better than the realization, however. Louis Wolheim feels that way about it now. Since "The Sin Ship," he has about made up his mind to stick to acting.

Lowell Sherman and Ramon Novarro, on the other hand, are going on. Ramon's first Spanish effort is a big hit. He was just about mobbed by the enthusiastic crowd at the première of "Sevilla de mis Amores," "Call of the Flesh," Spanish version. Ramon made a personal appearance in connection with the first showing at a theater in Los Angeles.

Everybody says that Ramon has done an intelligent and clever piece of direction in the picture. What a pity that it cannot be seen and enjoyed by his American admirers!

Sweet-sounding Names.

They are now called Juan and Lolita! What poetic names these, for the John Barrymores!

John and Dolores were so christened when they visited San Salvador, where the inhabitants were quite mad about the duo.

Indeed, that entire yachting cruise in Pacific waters was a great success, according to the returning voyagers. The only marring experience was that John suffered an attack of fever, which recurred after he got back to Hollywood. Otherwise he had a great time, and caught some of the biggest fish that roam the seas.

Dolores looks more slender than when we saw her a few months ago at a preview of "Moby Dick." They seem very happy together, and there was some talk of Dolores appearing with Barrymore in a revival of "Trilby." It has since been decided she will do another film, now that she is back at Warner's.

Lewis Now Lew.

Lewis Ayres had to give it up. He will now be known as Lew Ayres.

What's the use of trying to be known by a formal name when the public prefers to treat you informally? Everybody persisted in calling the hero of "All Quiet" Lew, and so Lew has been officially adopted by the studio.

Wouldn't it be interesting, in this connection, if some of the stars were called by their nicknames on the screen? For instance: "Speedy" Lloyd, "Buck" Arlen; Gary "Coop," "Texas" Brian, Jeanette "Mac," Ernst "Lu," and "Bucket" Oakie?

Gary Love Lupe?

Gary Cooper is right there with frankness and brevity. "Who's your girl friend?" some one asked him recently while visiting in San Francisco; "Lupe Velez?"

"You bet," replied Gary. "Same girl friend as before."

"Are you married?" inquired the curious one.

"Nope."

And that was that.

Rest Cures Prolonged.

Send a word of encouragement to Lila Lee and Renée Adorée. They are both at a sanitarium in Prescott, Arizona, and neither can return to Hollywood until the



Now we know why regiments have honorary colonels. The reason is Marion Davies, who holds that post in the Twenty-sixth Infantry, First Division.



No star in the firmament looked a whit brighter than he at the time "The Singing Fool" was running. Al was the superking.

The past twelve months have been slow ones for Al in picture making. He hasn't got going on his United Artists contract, either. And just recently he had to sell a block of stock at a loss of \$720,000. Add to this the fact that his appendix recently kicked up trouble.

It's a hell of a life.

Wally Takes a Rap.

Wallace Beery is another star who is reported to have taken a bad financial rap. Wally had \$100,000 in a concern that was recently rifled of its funds by one of the officers. Wally hopes to get some of his money back, but then you never can tell.

This is one of the few times that the comical character actor has ever been hit very hard in the pocketbook. He is pretty shrewd most of the time. He was once robbed of a large amount of securities, but was fortunate enough to recover this.

Victor Diligent Student.

Victor Varconi deserves a few good rousing cheers. He's fighting to stay on in Hollywood, and the odds

'Eeny, meeny, miny, mo," says Wallace Beery in considering his pictures for the New Year, and he draws "The Secret Six."

aren't a bit favorable to the foreign actor with an accent, such as most foreign actors have.

Victor has been studying virtually night and day to overcome any faults in his English inflection. He is determined that he will speak like a native.

You remember what an excellent actor he was in the silents. He merits a chance to come back.

end of spring, at the earliest. Miss Adorée may not be able to go back to the colony until July.

John Farrow, scenario writer, to whom Lila was recently reported engaged, often visits her at the sanitarium, flying a portion of the way in order to make the trip.

Renée may occasionally be lonely, but she has a strong philosophy of life to fall back on. She went through many struggles and much unhappiness, especially in her youth.

Renée shares her quarters at the hospital with six other patients, and the companionship helps. Lila Lee occupies a bungalow, where she is attended by a maid. She is reported the more lonely.

Trinket Far Too Small.

An executive at one of the studios was very much impressed with the success made by one of his stars. So, too, was the star. The executive wanted to do something nice for Christmas, so he bethought himself of presenting a midget car just as a sort of trinket. He didn't realize that success had really gone to the star's head.

"Huh," exclaimed one of the executive assistants, "a lot of good that'll do him now. Why, he'll never even get his head inside."

Jolson, the Ill-starred.

Al Jolson has had a terrible year! And, just think, he was on top of the world when the talkies first came in!

John Miljan, pluperfect villain, is a menace only to worms when he goes gardening.



"Cimarron" Must be Good!

We hope all we hear about "Cimarron" is true. Richard Dix really needs a good picture.

From the way the talk is going, this is one of the epics of all time. Indians, wagons, cattle, bad men, gay women—not to say naughty—and everything that spells a high time on the old frontier. The land rush scenes, wherein a hurly-burly of vehicles are seen racing each other across a prairie, are said to be one of the big thrills of the year. Estelle Taylor, Irene Dunne, and William Collier, Jr., are in the cast.

RKO spent a lot of money on the land rush. They had bad luck. Rain spoiled the first attempts to photograph the wild dash, and the whole business had to be undertaken a second time.

Jackie Gives Up Game.

Whoever said Jackie Coogan wasn't an exceptional boy! He has an admirable spirit of self-sacrifice, too. His mother pridefully told us an incident that illustrates it.

Jackie wanted very much to go to the Notre Dame-U. S. C. football game, but tickets were at a premium. Jackie heard that he could get one for \$20, the regular price being \$5, and he told his mother about it.

"That seems like an awful lot to pay for a ticket," she told him; "after all, there are so many poor boys to whom \$20 would mean much—"

"I guess that's right, mother," Jackie answered right away. "I guess I'll listen over the radio."

And he did.

And that's going some for a youngster who is reputed to have considerably more than \$1,000,000 in his own right!

Luck of a Colleen.

Stage show quits on the road; star goes to hospital; former husband is reported engaged to another girl.

So goes the sad saga of Colleen Moore, who ruled as one of the most popular stars of the movies just a few years ago.

It is no news that Colleen's stage venture didn't come out as well as she had hoped. The strain of the experience, and the fact that she wasn't used to the unearthly hours that footlight folk have to keep, sent her to Battle Creek Sanitarium for a rest.

Then just about that time came the announcement that John McCormick had fallen in love with Mae Clark, and that they expect to wed as soon as divorce requirements permit.

Colleen is home again, and happy to be in Hollywood.

Virginia Goes English.

Hurray for Virginia Lee Corbin! She announces that she is returning from abroad with an English accent. She thinks it will help her career.

Virginia really went across the seas on a honeymoon trip with her husband, Ted Krol, but she decided to turn the jaunt to profit, and took up elocution while she was in England.

As if the poor stars didn't work hard enough at premièrès, here's Leila Hyams autographing the latest wrinkle, a theater guest book.



Her efforts should help her to knock the colony cold.

Photographer Stalks Greta.

The day of reckoning has come for Greta Garbo. She has shunned publicity so much that even the cameramen are out to capture her, dead or alive. And Greta almost died, too, when one of them concealed his photographic apparatus in a hedge surrounding her house at the beach, and shot a picture of her while she was taking a sun bath. The reports are that Greta was not very heavily clad at the time. One generally isn't when a sun bath is under way.

Now the question is, Where are those pictures?

Eagle Eye on Warner.

The light now shines on Warner Baxter. The "light" is the gleam in the eye of Cecil DeMille when he has found a new star. Baxter is to play the title rôle in "The Squaw Man."

In the old days Baxter would have been called a DeMille discovery, but times are changing. Baxter has been a discovery ever since he appeared in the bandit rôle of "In Old Arizona."

If there is any star who leads a quiet, unobtrusive life around the colony it is Warner. He tends to business, wins medals from the Motion Picture Academy, and is apparently very much in love with his wife, Winifred Bryson. Added to all this, he is a very competent and experienced actor.

Maureen's Fall from Grace.

Maureen O'Sullivan is shocking some of her fans around Hollywood by taking up smoking. They regard it as a sign that the little Irish girl has suddenly gone in for the gay life. Maureen is such a youngster,

they say, she shouldn't be doing anything like that. And she was so idealistic before she came to America. But so it goes!

The fact is, Maureen used to smoke in her native land. She quit it when she came to the colony, for fear it might impair her voice. She tried it lately and found it didn't do any damage. So she just resumed the habit.

A Valiant Fire Fighter.

Buster Collier, Jr., now holds the title of Fire Chief of Malibu Beach. He was the hero of a recent conflagration that burned a number of the homes at the film seaside resort. He organized the dwellers as assistants to the regular firemen, and they did valiant work. So if he wants it Buster now has an official post awaiting him.

Stars who lost their homes in the fire included Louise Fazenda, Marie Prevost, and Frank Fay and his wife, Barbara Stanwyck. The destruction to property, including automobiles and jewelry, was estimated at nearly \$1,000,000.

A Beneficial Husband.

Rita La Roy is to be married. She's the smart-looking vampish girl who often appears in RKO pictures. Rita will not only acquire a husband in the match, but also a daughter. Her intended is Ben Hershfield, an agent for players. Their marriage awaits the final decree in a divorce suit which he won a few months ago, securing the custody of his child.

Rita's future will be well taken care of, no doubt, by her husband, since if he can get engagements for others, he can surely do as much for his wife.

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ENGLISH Girl— AMERICAN Style

Combining traditional British logic and American "push," Dorothy Mackaill achieved the unusual in coming through a studio rebellion with a handsome contract, instead of a long vacation.

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

TWISTING the lion's tail is risky business at best, and it becomes acutely ticklish when the lion is a motion-picture mogul.

The stars who have essayed Oliver Twisting, asking for more opportunity or more salary, have been notoriously unsuccessful.

Raymond Griffith was turning out hilarious comedies when his differences with Paramount put him on the outside looking in. Adolphe Menjou was at the top of his elegant stride when he requested a three-thousand-dollar raise in his weekly stipend, and sought solace in Europe upon being turned down. A year's absence was enough to bring him back with altered ideas.

Wallace Beery and Conway Tearle are two other excellent actors whose ambition closed the studio doors to them for terms varying from a year to indefinite. Beery is now profitably engaged at Culver City, where one of his duties is to tutor the burly Tully in camera deportment.

Discipline is severe in Hollywood. Among the ladies perhaps there is less avarice, and so less clashing with the front office. However, Janet Gaynor, Jetta Goudal, and Dorothy Mackaill are outstanding maidens militant, who decided what they wanted and proceeded to let the world know.

Goudal was less than sensationally successful. After winning a lawsuit against the tinsel wizard, DeMille, she found it impossible to get work, because of that relatively barren victory. The little Gaynor girl broke off with the Fox field marshals for months, but finally returned on their terms.

Mackaill is different.



Photo by Fryer

Miss Mackaill's blond presence puts a film on the preferred list.

Dorothy Mackaill has been playing leads in standard pictures for a full decade, which is a milder way of saying eleven years. Arriving here from Hull, England, she found a place in the "Follies" ranks, 1919 series. Soon after that, she served as Barthelme's leading lady in several amusing films, later achieving stardom on the First National roster.

As a stellar body her course has been steady, rarely brilliant, but never doubtful. She has had her share of routine program pictures, but she has also had such things as "The Barker," "Man Trouble," and light comedies with Jack Mulhall. She has had her ups as well as her downs. And she has accumulated a devoted public to which she does not refer.

But for all her security, she has not been satisfied with her pictures. She felt that fewer and better Mackaill features would do her no end of good, mentally, physically, and spiritually. So she said as much to the gods of the lot, and they heard her not.

Then there followed one of those sturdy studio combats that are usually skimmed over by the publicity department, and omitted altogether in the glowing annual reports on the condition of the company.

Upon completing the last picture under her five-year contract, Dorothy Mackaill did a daring thing.

From time to time during her term of stardom, Mackaill had raised her voice in protest against the shoddy stories, or the hurried production, or the lack of time between pictures. One release after another is wearing

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FOR years Dorothy Mackaill has been in pictures, with the ups and downs of poor rôles in weak films, as well as stardom and admirable performances. Malcolm H. Oettinger, on the opposite page, sums up her career and cites her greatest victory.



Photo by Irving Chidnoff

JEAN HARLOW, whose luscious beauty was first seen in "Hell's Angels," is not to wait another two years for her next appearance. Far from it! Right now she is spreading her lure all over "The Secret Six," starring Wallace Beery.



Photo by Russell Ball

LESS is published about William Boyd than any other long-established star, including his marriage to Dorothy Sebastian; and a new photograph of him is as rarely seen as Colonel Lindbergh's smile. But you'll agree he's as likable as ever in this one



WE single out Joel McCrea for applause, because he hasn't let being a college athlete stand in the way of his becoming an actor who can speak as well as look a part. You saw "Lightnin'"? Then watch for "Once a Sinner."

Photo by Ruth Harriet Louise



Photo by Bredeil

IF here isn't Clara Bow sublimated by a wedding veil and a bit of lace both rare and old—because that's what lace usually is, isn't it? Her melting eyes on the organist, she goes through the marriage ceremony in "No Limit."



COURAGEOUSLY battling troubles and bravely rising above a great sorrow, Mary Astor emerges triumphantly as an individual and an actress, for her performances now have depth and warm sympathy, where formerly she was as unexciting as a perfect cameo.

Photo by Preston Duncan



Photo by Eugene Robert Richee

CLIVE BROOK goes steadily on, as much a staple in the cinematic grocery as the orange marmalade of his native England, his performances as correct, balanced, zestful and welcome to fans as jam is to toast.



Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull

WHAT are we coming to? Lawrence Tibbett confides, opposite, that he doesn't want privacy, but gets a thrill out of being recognized and mobbed—that the more attention he receives from the public, the better he likes it. Read what he says!

Tickled All Over

That's how Lawrence Tibbett feels about life and people, smirking like the cat that swallowed the canary when he's recognized in public and confessing that he'd be annoyed if he were ignored.

ORANGE picker, oil driller, sailor—down to the depths, and he comes up smiling. He laughs at life, for life can't hurt him. He isn't disillusioned, for he has no illusions.

Life to Lawrence Tibbett is a pretty swell dish, and each to-day is a little more wonderful than yesterday. Had he lived hundreds of years ago, he would probably have been the inspiration for the French phrase, *joi de vivre*.

Blessed with a great voice, he turned naturally to the stage when he finished school. He played in musical stock companies all up and down the West Coast—"The Mikado," "Pirates of Penzance," "Robin Hood," the whole works.

When he had played them all, he realized that if he were ever to amount to anything, he would have to go to New York. He might have the greatest baritone voice in the world, but unless he sang in New York no one that mattered would ever hear about it.

He had a boyhood sweetheart, Grace, I think, was her name. Hardly had he finished school when they up and married. Scarcely more than children themselves, twins greeted them on their first wedding anniversary.

If it had been hard to make ends meet before, it was actual labor now. What future for a father and husband singing in third-rate stock companies in the West?

On to New York! But how? Meetings—many meetings—of the ways-and-means committee, consisting of L. Tibbett and wife. Nights spent in long discussions which ended when Mrs. Tibbett took a job and supported herself and the children while he went East in search of a break—and the end of the rainbow.

Tiny bits with the Metropolitan Opera Company, while he struggled and studied. And then one memorable day when they asked if he could sing *Ford*, in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," three evenings later.

Many operatic stars take a year to learn a single rôle. Tibbett learned his in three days and awoke four days later to find himself famous—the operatic find of the decade.

Many of these finds prove to be flashes in the pan—meteors that dazzle for a moment or two and

By Romney Scott

fade, leaving only a memory of lost brilliance. But each new rôle has carried Tibbett on to greater glory.

Then the talkies and "The Rogue Song" carried his name and voice into those remote corners of the earth that Metropolitan Opera music never reaches.

"Lord, the fun we've had along the way," he said, in speaking of the hardships he and Mrs. Tibbett have faced. "There have been times when we hardly knew where our next meal was coming from. That was fun, too, in a way.

"We didn't feel that the world owed us a living, but we did feel that a living was there for us, if we knew how to get it. It was our wits against the world's, and there was joyous satisfaction in obtaining it."

Success has left him singularly unspoiled. He is described at the studio as being plain as an old shoe.

Gradually you learn to take these studio ravings as so much blurb, and swallow a spoonful of salt with them—if you swallow them at all.

One morning I saw him walk onto the set of "New Moon." There were perhaps fifty extras there waiting for him to show up, in order that they might start the day's work. And on his appearance a cheer went up—as spontaneous as the yells at a football game.

There is none of the glamour of the operatic star about him. He's "Larry" or Lawrence to half the prop boys and electricians on the set.

"Why, I went to school with a lot of these chaps around here," he explained. "How in hell could I start ritzing them and acting stand-offish now?"

"You wrote an article some time ago about Novarro, in which you showed how disillusioning success has proved to him. Well, that's Ramon as he is. Sensitive and retiring. Small things cut him and he shrinks every time a person in whom he has pinned faith proves a disappointment. He withdraws into himself and away from the world. Ramon is made that way. I'm not.

"Most of the people who have succeeded in this business tell you you don't have friends—you have hangers-on. Well, that's true.

Continued on page 100

Tibbett is "Larry" to half the studio help, and he never thinks of bestowing a "slow, grave smile"—he grins.



OVER the

Fanny the Fan deals out brickbats and
ings of the moment in

By The

just went over to the studio, stopped the first executive you met and said, 'Mr. Gimmick, as the representative of an enormous group of fans comprising one and one-half members, I want to congratulate you on your recent acquisitions,' you undoubtedly would pick a man who hadn't wanted them signed up in the first place, or who thought 'acquisition' a dirty word. Just let well enough alone. Keep on buying tickets to 'The Blue Angel' and if you want to be really big-hearted, don't groan the next time you see Buddy Rogers simpering his way through something on the screen."

I could see that Fanny thought that was asking too much, so I sought to distract her attention.

"If memory doesn't fail me," I said, "and it rarely does when it comes to remembering something annoying, didn't you once remark that Miss Dietrich had little individuality? That she was an imitation——"

Fanny smiled guiltily.

"Not exactly. You'll admit that it would have been much better if audiences had seen 'The Blue Angel'

first. In that film she is like no one else on the screen. But in 'Morocco,' you know, the cameraman, or director, or some one stressed the Garbo resemblance as much as possible. Every time she strikes a pose that looks a bit Garbo, she holds it almost to the stiff-neck stage.

"I'm second to no one in admiring Garbo, but after seeing 'The Blue Angel' I'm thoroughly convinced there is room for both Garbo and Dietrich on the screen. She acted as if she were intelligently directed in that picture, but in 'Morocco' it was as if the director just sat back and watched her, so fascinated that he couldn't call a halt.

Marlene Dietrich is the first real sensation in pictures in years.

Norma Talmadge will next take a fling at sophisticated comedy.

Photo by Richee



Photo by Pach Brothers

JUST how do you go about it," Fanny the Fan asked me earnestly, "when you want to pat a whole corporation on the back and tell it you think it's swell? Something really ought to be done about Paramount for giving us Marlene Dietrich, and promising us Tallulah Bankhead, and making a delightful picture like 'The Royal Family.' But what?"

"If it were a person you felt indebted to," she rambled on when she noted that I had no suggestion to offer, "you could write her a fan letter that wouldn't be read in all likelihood, or take her to a lunch that she couldn't eat because she was dieting, or promise not to listen in the next time she made a fool of herself trying to sound spontaneous on the radio. But I can't figure out anything that could be done for an organization as big and rambling as Paramount."

"No," I agreed. "If you

TEACUPS

bouquets as she recounts happen-
motion-picture circles.

Bystander

"For once I'm not in the minority. Every one is crazy about Marlene Dietrich. Just look at the business her pictures do!

Variety, the showman's Bible, encyclopedia, and court of last resort, said that 'The Lottery Bride' took in only twenty thousand dollars in a whole week, and 'The Blue Angel' played to twenty-four thousand dollars in the same theater in three days!"

Imagine getting to the point where you go around memorizing statistics about a star! Maybe it is just as well that the famous Tallulah is coming over to offer Miss Dietrich a little competition.

"Do you remember?" Fanny and I said in chorus.

We were thinking of the days a few years ago when Tallulah was rated about the most promising young actress on the American stage. Almost every day she lunched at the Algonquin, and if she wasn't the most dazzling creature there, she was at least the most unusual and sinister.

Motion-picture producers urged her to go into pictures, but she would just say, 'No, thanks, I've been.'

I don't remember ever seeing her in a film, but she made several with Madge Kennedy back in 1918 and she thought she was terrible.

Tallulah was one of those unfortunate people who got herself talked about. In no time at all she became a legend of all that was wrong with the younger generation. Figure out for yourself how much of it was the work of other less-fortunate players who were jealous. Anyway, she got so fed up with Broadway that she went to London. I won't describe what a sensation she has been there.

You may get a fair idea from the fact that on the

Lily Damita is temporarily devoting herself to foreign versions.

Photo by Richee



Photo by Autrey

Jeanette MacDonald proved to be a many-sided personality during her New York visit.

day of her openings hundreds of people come at dawn and stand in line all day to get gallery seats. When she comes on the stage it is nothing for her admirers to cheer for twenty minutes before they let the performance go on. She is the favorite playmate of the more dizzy aristocracy and the idol of servant girls. It is high time she came back to her native land to give us a chance to see her again.

"You would think that boarding schools would raise eyebrows and deplore such rowdy pictures as Marlene Dietrich's," Fanny resumed, getting back to what threatens to be a chronic topic of conversation with her. "Strangely enough, they don't. One chaperon's verdict to her charges when she came out of the theater with them was, 'Now maybe you will listen when we try to teach you to walk gracefully.'"

Miss Dietrich does carry herself beautifully, now that I come to think of it. It's her eyes that haunt you, though.



Photo by Hurrell

Many will rejoice at Eleanor Boardman's return to the screen.

And just imagine a whole boarding school of girls trying to imitate her!

Fanny and I know some girls who go to a finishing school and every once in a while we take them to the movies on a Saturday afternoon. Their verdicts on pictures and players delight us.

They adore Janet Gaynor and think Charlie Farrell is stupid because it often takes him several reels to start trying to win her. They think Maureen O'Sullivan is cute, and a large part of the school is divided over whether they would rather be like Helen Twelvetrees or Myrna Loy.

Before they had ever seen Helen Twelvetrees in a picture, the nice quiet ones had selected her from photographs in magazines as a model of propriety and sweetness. And then a few of them saw "Her Man." There's been a notable lack of appreciation for sweetness and simplicity since then, but the furor over Miss Twelvetrees has increased.

"Wait until they see her as *Millie*!" Fanny gasped.

"What, you don't know who *Millie* is?" she asked in amazement. "She's the heroine of one of the most sensational novels of the year. She is described as 'the right girl who met the wrong men.' If the picture is even remotely like the book, and I don't see how it could be done without chloroforming all the censors, it will make all other lost heroines in the movies seem like *Elsie Dinsmore*."

"If the book's that bad, probably all the girls of boarding-school age have already smuggled it

in under the wrapper of Henry van Dyke's sermons and read it, so the picture won't hurt them. What's Myrna Loy doing?"

"Just splendidly, thank you," Fanny retorted, gazing around Rumpelmayer's to see who was there. Visiting picture stars have not discovered Rumpelmayer's yet, but they will any day now because all the young Broadway actresses gather there for tea and it is as gay and decorative as a fashion show.

Dorothy Hall, who plays in Paramount pictures occasionally, and who is doing 'The Greeks Had a Word For It' on the stage comes there often, and you couldn't find a prettier girl anywhere. Sometimes I suspect Fanny of going there just to see what new gadget in the way of a tiny pocketbook muff, or a fur-coated suit Dorothy is displaying.

"But what about Myrna Loy?" I repeated, as Fanny continued to stare at Dorothy Hall as if she were trying to memorize her costume.

"Oh, she's just finished the part of the *Queen* in 'A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court' and she has the toughest, and yet the most interesting, assignment ahead of her you ever heard of. She is to be in 'Squadrons' and the other feminine lead is played by Elissa Landi. And even if Miss Landi never has made a picture, she will give Myrna a lot of competition.

"She's played in 'A Farewell to Arms' on the stage," Fanny explained as I looked a little bewildered. "She's the most exquisite and appealing person. The play ran only a few nights, but when it closed there was a chorus of film producers shouting, 'I want her!'"

"Fox got her. She speaks several languages and they figured that if she didn't make a hit in English, they could use her in foreign



Photo by Ball

Helen Twelvetrees is playing the most sensational of the year's heroines.

versions. But her tests look so marvelous that now they see they won't be able to spare her for any foreign versions after all."

"Is everybody still studying French and Spanish so frantically?" I asked. "It strikes me it's a disadvantage sometimes for a girl to be too much of a linguist. She might spend years in foreign versions and never be seen over here."

"Oh I know," Fanny agreed. "You're thinking of Lily Damita. I think it's a shame they've stuck her in foreign versions. She's doing the pictures Norma Shearer played in English and those are the best stories that Metro-Goldwyn could buy, but she might as well have stayed in France if she is to be in pictures that will only be seen there. She wasn't awfully keen about doing 'Sons o' Guns' in pictures, so it wasn't a blow when Al Jolson postponed making it, but she probably would like to play in the language she struggled so hard to learn."

"There's still a rush in Hollywood to learn French and Spanish, when a lot of them might put in a little time improving their American—or English, if you insist. But at least they're spared continual singing and dancing lessons, now that screen musicals have almost passed out."

"I don't want to see musicals discarded," Fanny objected. "But I'd like to pass a law compelling Ernst Lubitsch to direct them all. And I'm so fond of Irving Berlin's songs that I know I shall resent the big open spaces in 'Reaching For the Moon' where they've been removed."

While Fanny deliberated over the bewildering array of pastries that the waiter displayed before her, she paused now and then to cast a bit of news my way.

"Joan Crawford and Douglas, Jr., are here for a holiday. Joan's been working and dieting so strenuously that every one is worried about her health. She is terribly thin and her complexion looks like something thought up in a morbid moment by a Paris dressmaker."

The mere thought of Joan's starving prompted her to take another trifle of chocolate.

"Virginia Sale is in town," she went on, still pausing reflectively over the tray. "She can stay only a week or so, because she's just getting into her stride in pictures. She's falling heir to a lot of rôles intended for Zasu Pitts and doing awfully well in them. After all, Zasu can't be in every picture, and that's what producers as well as audiences want. Oh, well, it was inevitable that some day the two would agree on something."

She selected one last bit of sugary confection and waved the waiter away, even though he did relish

Tallulah Bankhead, favorite of London, has come home to make pictures.



Photo by Autrey

Myrna Loy is pitted against the lveliest of newcomers in "Squadrons."

her extravagant use of names. I think he really wanted to ask her about Clara Bow.

"Even if people compare Virginia to Zasu Pitts, she shouldn't mind. A girl might mind being a second anybody else, but not a second Zasu. I've seen lots of pictures that could have been vastly improved with just one speech from a voice half as plaintive as hers."

While Fanny was mentioning various visitors to Broadway, I wondered that she didn't speak of Jeanette MacDonald, and I tried to think of a tactful way to bring up her name. There probably was, but I couldn't think of it. I just asked her bluntly.

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The director made Lupe Velez raging angry in "Resurrection."

WHIPPED to TEARS

LUPE VELEZ was mad. Not angry, just plain mad. And when she gets mad, some sort of a hurricane starts.

Five times she had rehearsed a scene in "Resurrection," and five times Director Edwin Carewe had ordered her to do it again.

"But Meester Carewe," Lupe protested, "I haf done eet my best already. Why do eet all over again? Eet only wastes time."

A cold, withering smile overspread the director's features. He leveled his gaze at the fiery little Mexican actress, surveyed her slowly and serenely, and replied with words which burned through her pride as though they were acid.

"So that's the best you can do, is it?" Then he added, "*Humph!*"

That "*humph*" was what blew off the cap and loosed Lupe's vocabulary. A tornado of words started. Lupe hurled at him everything she could think of that wasn't nice.

Then she went back and hurled them all over again with some fancy trimmings. Her eyes blazed in wrath. She stormed and stamped, and put on an impromptu scene which was a marvel of Latin emotion. Following which she went back on the set and gave a magnificent performance.

When the cameramen were ordered to "cut," Carewe turned to Lupe with a twinkle in his eye and said, "Thank you, my dear. I knew you could do it. You just needed a little stirring up."

Lupe understood immediately. The director had brought on the tantrum to get some of Lupe's dormant fire into the scene. When she realized it, she smiled, almost through tears, and exclaimed, "You terrible!"

Back of countless emotional scenes in pictures are hidden some amazing efforts of directors to bring out dormant talent and to get action. The play's the thing always, and the actors are mere manikins selected because of their aptitude for certain kinds of rôles. Directors know that talent and ability are there, but drastic measures sometimes must be used to draw them out to the surface.

Cecil DeMille called Leatrice Joy into his office during the making of "Saturday Night" years ago. With ice in his voice he informed her that she was through, and that he was utterly disgusted with her work.

"You'd best take your things and go," he said. "We'll have another leading lady on the set in your place in the morning."

DeMille went on looking over and shuffling some correspondence on his desk, apparently oblivious to the sobs he heard. Before long, Leatrice was on the floor at his



Winifred Westover felt like a scrub woman in "LummoX" when Herbert Brenon threw mops at her.

When a player fails to give her emotional all to a big scene, the director may verbally lash her to a tearful rage or dejection. Lagging careers have been spurred on in the same manner. Here is a strange story of literal suffering for art's sake.

feet, crying that her career would be ruined, pleading for one more chance.

"I can do it, Mr. DeMille," she sobbed. "I can do it!"

Cecil B. let her cry out her misery there alone, offering no word of encouragement, sympathy, or even interest. When he believed the scene had gone far enough, he turned and said,

"Now, Leatrice, that is just what we want in your pictures. We want your heart, your soul, your all. We want you to give and give—everything you have in ability. You need to wake up in your scenes, concentrate, think, work. Now you drop everything for the rest of the day. Come back to-morrow morning, and let's see if things will not be different."

That interview made Leatrice a star. It gave her a new outlook on screen work, and in her heart she probably thanked DeMille a thousand times. Drastic, perhaps, but efficient.

Even more terrifying was the experience of little Mary Philbin during the making of "The Phantom of the Opera." Rupert Julian, director, seemed unable to arouse Mary to dramatic heights in one of the final scenes, although he worked and worked until weary.

Suddenly he turned upon the frail actress and, in the presence of the entire company, gave her a berating which brought tears gushing. He told her she could not

By A. L. Wooldridge

act, wondered how she ever got into pictures, called her dramatic efforts pitiful, and thought up a few more things which he knew would hurt.

After he had proceeded for some time with his tirade, Lon Chaney went to Mary's side.

"Now hold on, Mr. Julian," Lon said. "You've gone far enough with that mauling. This girl can act and act well, when you treat her right. That kind of black-jacking will not get you anywhere."

He put a kindly arm about Mary and she, drooping with self-pity, laid her head upon his shoulder and sobbed.

Chaney looked at Julian and winked. And Julian nodded his head understandingly.

Every one who saw Mary Philbin creeping down those dark steps in the Paris Opera House with awe and fear written upon her features, now know why the scene was so magnificent.

I doubt if these two incidents set any example to be followed by directors in more recent pictures, but assuredly the same methods are in use to-day, if the occasion requires them.

When Winifred Westover was playing in "LummoX" last year, she had trouble in getting realism into her scrubbing scenes. Somehow she just couldn't get the dejected, hang-dog expression to the complete satis-



Constance Bennett was made to run till exhausted for a scene with Regis Toomey, in "Rich People."

faction of Herbert Brenon, the director.

"Remember," Brenon urged, "that you must appear as though you have lost all hope and are thoroughly miserable. You are a slavey—a menial. You resent it bitterly."

The scene was shot again and again. Same result.

"Once more!" Brenon would call.

Finally, in desperation, he grabbed a handful of the sappy scrub rags and began hurling them at her. "Slap!" one sounded against the wall and "Slap!" went another.

"Why don't you do as I tell you?" he yelled.

The atmosphere on the set became tense. Members of the company withdrew to the sides. No one spoke. Miss Westover looked appealingly at all and the tears appeared ready to flow. She was ready.

"Try it again!" snapped Brenon.

Already down in spirits, Helen Twelvetrees had to be boosted sky-high for the latter part of "The Grand Parade."



A dejected, pitiful-looking Miss Westover bent to her work and did a portrayal which was almost a masterpiece.

"There is a certain time when an actress making a scene reaches what is called the 'mounting point,'" explains Director Al Santell. "By this I mean a definite moment when her dramatic emotion has been worked up to the point when she feels the scene she is about to play, and is eager to get into it.

"Possibly the best example of this I know was with Molly O'Day when we were making 'The Patent Leather Kid,' starring Richard Barthelmess. You will remember the scene where the soldier boys were being brought in from the trenches, mud-besmeared, mangled, dying, or crying from shell shock and delirium.

"Among them, Molly, as a nurse, discovers *The Patent Leather Kid*, her sweetheart, almost unrecognizable through the mud covering his entire body. She screams and begins clawing the mud away, calling on the surgeons to help him.

"We shot the scene several times, but Molly was not getting enough action into her rôle. Then it was that I led her up to the stretcher where Barthelmess lay. I ordered all the lights on and taking her hand began talking in a low voice.

"I painted in words the tragedy which was being enacted, the pitifulness of the young man lying before her, mangled and suffering, and the awfulness of his sacrifice. I clutched her hand harder and harder and poured the tale into her ears. Presently I could see Molly's muscles stiffening and sense her concentration. The mounting point had arrived.

"Now go!" I said, stepping quickly away.

"And Molly went! Do you remember her work in that magnificent scene? It was one of the greatest bits of emotional acting I've ever seen in a film. I knew she had the spark in her, if once it could be aroused."

I noticed Mr. Santell using a different plan one afternoon to get results from pretty Mona Maris during the filming of "Ro-
Continued on page 104

Put to the Test

Edwina Booth undergoes an experience that could happen only in Hollywood to a girl eager to make a name for herself on the screen and, given an opportunity to do so, is denied an appearance.

TRICKS of fate are many and various in the film colony, where no one is quite satisfied with what is dealt out to him, but it is Edwina Booth who has just cause for complaint. Yet she, too, finds compensation, if only for the amazing amount of patience she has had to cultivate.

Chosen with a blare of publicity two years ago for the leading rôle in the "Trader Horn" expedition to Africa, she underwent hardship and illness during her work on the picture. On her return to the studio all of a year ago it became necessary to refilm many of the scenes, thus delaying release of the film that she hoped would make her well known.

Still uncompleted, it is becoming a tradition more than a reality. Meanwhile Edwina Booth is without a part to play except that of patience on a monument, a vigil lasting more than two years. Ah, shed a tear for the pretty starlet!



Photo by Hurrell

DAVE

By
Edward Nagle

WHEN I crowded up and down the Boulevard that I had an assignment to interview David Manners, my colleagues offered condolences, instead of the expected congratulations.

"Manners is very tough copy," they warned. "If you ask him anything so personal as whether he enjoyed playing opposite Alice White, he'll freeze up and make you feel like a social error."

They proceeded to regale me with the sad, strange tale of a woman writer who emerged from an interview with David, not only without a story, but with an inferiority complex so serious that she hasn't yet got rid of it. I was incredulous, so they referred me to the young woman in question.

"What didn't you like about David Manners?" I asked her.

"David's manners," she snapped.

So it was with heavy heels that I dragged myself up to Manners's apartment one afternoon, fashioning on the way caustic phrases with which to describe an actor's indifference to the press.

But I might have spared myself that effort, because Manners turned out to be one of the most gracious and ingratiating persons I've met in Hollywood. True, Mr. Manners—Dave to his mother, perhaps—possesses a dignity that confounds one's reportorial diligence, but, because this quality is genuinely a part of his character, and not merely a pose, one is forced to respect it.

Upon meeting him, one appreciates more fully his characterization of *Raleigh*, in "Journey's End." In his late twenties, there is about him a definite air of maturity, of having spent most of his illusions and enthusiasms, yet no one will deny that he portrayed the idealistic young *Raleigh* so well that the rôle might have been written especially for him.

"I'm afraid you won't find me very profound," he began. "I had my wisdom teeth extracted this morning. My nerves are on edge, and, in consequence, my mind is not functioning

Mr. Manners, since playing in "The Right to Love," is hopeful of film and social success, after uncertain months in both.



Photo by Fryer

to His MOTHER—Perhaps

A natural dignity has hitherto stood between David Manners and a revealing interview, but Mr. Manners, understanding the game better now, meets a tactful scribe more than halfway and tells all that is asked of him.

very well. Besides, these interviews are ordeals to me. At first I couldn't bear them.

"Before I entered pictures, I had never read a fan magazine, and I had no idea to what extent a player is expected to reveal himself. I thought the reporters were merely being rude when they asked for intimate details.

"My first interview was with a young chap from a newspaper. We were having lunch together, and everything progressed beautifully, until he insisted that I tell him my father's name—Manners, you know, is my mother's—as if he had a strong hunch that I was an illegitimate child, and intended to follow it up. Well, I became terribly indignant and stalked out of the restaurant, leaving him to finish his lunch alone."

"And what did he write about you?" I asked.

"He was frightfully unpleasant."

I can well believe that. Hell hath no fury like a reporter stuck with the check.

"But I've learned better," Manners went on. "I can now, by gritting my teeth and closing my eyes, rattle off my life story, recite my philosophy, and catalogue my neuroses with the best of them.

"I was born in Nova Scotia. My father was headmaster of a boys' school where young Canadians were prepared for English universities. It was in the best English tradition—called Harrow, in fact. When I was seven, we moved to New York, I was educated in private schools there.

"About the time I was sixteen, I developed a passion for the theater. This alarmed the family, naturally, and my father shipped me off to the University of Toronto to become a forest engineer. I majored in forest engineering, and really believed that was to be my life work."

I chuckled rather rudely at that. I couldn't imagine this young supercivilized person laboring with anything so rugged as trees. I explained this to him.

"I'm afraid," he said, "that you confuse a forest engineer with a lumberjack."

I admitted that I probably did.

"There was a semiprofessional theater in connection with the university. Here my thwarted histrionic leanings found outlet. Acting absorbed me, and I soon became the leading player. When my father heard this, he cut off my allowance, hoping that I'd give up acting. Instead, I found a part-time job which paid eighteen dollars a week.

"I lived for three years on this amount, often nearly starving to death, because I spent most of my wages on rent and clothes. When I graduated, I thought I'd have a try at acting in New York, before settling down to forest work.

"I found a job almost immediately. It was my misfortune to get parts in two long-run plays. The second one, 'Dancing Mothers,' ran for nearly a year, and I was frantic with the monotony of having to repeat the same lines night after night. That's why I left the stage.

"I found a job with an art dealer. My family thought peddling Cézannes and Picassos more respectable than

pounding one's chest and bellowing behind the footlights, so they accepted me again.

"In my new job I spent six months of every year in London. I love the city, but every time I went there I contracted pneumonia. That, too, became monotonous in time. The last time it happened the doctors ordered me to Arizona, and cautioned me to spend the rest of my life in a warm climate. So I came on to Phoenix, Arizona.

"I had a delightful time there, but the illness annoyed me. I got a job with a sugar firm in Honolulu. I was on my way there when I decided to look up some friends in Los Angeles.

"I went to a party with them, and Jimmy Whale was there. He asked me if I had ever been on the stage. When I told him I had, he invited me to the studio to take a test for *Raleigh*, in 'Journey's End.' I hadn't seen or read the play, and I had no idea how important the part was. But the producers being pleased with the test, I was chosen."

First National put him under contract upon the release of "Journey's End," and he has been busy since then. Universal borrowed him for "Dracula," and Paramount for one of the leads in Ruth Chatterton's "The Right to Love."

He feels that his rôle in "The Right to Love," although it is only little more than a bit, is the first real break he has had since "Journey's End." He disliked the parts he played in "Sweet Mamma," "He Knew About Women," "Mother's Cry," "Truth About Youth," and the badly directed "Kismet."

He walked through his scenes in these films with a feeling of indifference and disdain, and, to his complete chagrin, the camera captured these attitudes. As a result the critics have put him on the pan. But all will be forgiven, he believes, when "The Right to Love" is released.

Every one finds Hollywood lonely at first. Even after the release of "Journey's End," the movie colony didn't embrace David Manners to its bosom, but now that Ruth Chatterton has taken him up, his social success is assured.

To have enlisted the enthusiasm of Miss Chatterton is a testimonial to the young man's charm. He greatly admires Chatterton, and his apartment is plastered with photographs of her.

While I was there, Louise McKintosh, the lovely actress who plays his mother in "The Right to Love," came in. She had heard of his dental loss and had brought him some soup so he would not have to go out in the bad weather—most unusual weather—in quest of nourishment.

Her arrival put an end to his confessions, and we had a delightful time gossiping about acquaintances, making solemn promises not to quote one another.

Tea and cocktails were served. Manners drank tea. "Alas," he explained, "I have Methodist tonsils."

How many other juveniles, I ask you, would have resisted such an opportunity to explain lengthily that



Sharon Lynn started something when she wore this gown in "Sunny Side Up."

Two summers before shorts were considered new and ultra-ultra abraad, Leila Hyams wore them at the beach.

EVERY one, of course, recognizes Paris as the ruler of Vanity Fair. But every one doesn't realize what a tremendous power behind the throne Hollywood has become. One thing is certain, a Made-in-Paris label in a gown no longer means that it was necessarily designed in Paris.

Any number of the recent styles made their first appearance, not at an opening on the Rue de la Paix, not at the *Grande Semaine* at Deauville, but on the screen.



Look Out, Here Comes

The movie colony, leading the revolt against styles bands and memories of girlish lines, some time ago and now she is openly taking hints from

By Adele

Let us be quite specific about this.

A hat Adrian designed for Joan Crawford revived the off-the-face beret worn in old Italy by the page boys. This hat was a boon to the cameraman, because it cast no shadows. Joan wore copies of it in several successive pictures. It was gay and it was youthful, and Paris did not scorn to include it in the next style showing.

Last summer at Antibes nothing was more popular than shorts. To quote from the impeccable *Harpers Bazaar*, "A rumor from Monte Carlo, very smart this summer, has it that the Honorable Mrs. Reginald Fellowes is 'running round in shorts.'"

Shorts were erroneously hailed as something new over there. The summer before last dozens of players wore shorts at Malibu and Coronado.

In "Sunny Side Up," all of a year and a half ago, Sharon Lynn wore a hydrangea-blue taffeta gown, with a big bow at the back, just above the hips. That bow, according to Sophie Wachner, designer for Fox, was the mother of all the bows and similar effects we have been admiring and wearing ever since.

We could go on and on.

Consider the now very important matter of the bell silhouette. Way back in 1928, which is ancient history, as far as the current mode is concerned, Travis Banton, costume designer for Paramount, ordered a wholesale quantity of horsehair which made style history. It enabled him to stiffen even net frocks to a bell-like effect.

The clothes that come out of Hollywood are no longer the circus trappings they were when Cecil DeMille made a fortune showing us how the Four Hundred do not live, and how "ladies" do not dress.

Hollywood has grown older and learned restraint. The stars no longer have their clothes designed and executed by Paris houses, no matter how discriminating they are. They wear clothes created for them in the studios. And very smart they are, too.

After all, what is style? Three years ago if a girl had appeared in a long-skirted, high-waisted, collared-and-cuffed dress, all of which comprise the essence of chic to-day—she would have seemed hopelessly dowdy. At that time we were not prepared to accept the ensemble of such effects as smart.

PARIS!

Hollywood

created in France for dowagers with rich husbands caused Dame Fashion to lift a trembling lorgnette the land of prolonged girliness.

Whitely Fletcher

And, by the very same token, five years from now if you chance upon a snapshot of your-

self taken in your new off-the-forehead hat and your long skirt, you'll be a little self-conscious about it, and wonder how you ever could have thought such a costume smart.

By that time you will have conceived a different image as the smart one. In this constant suggestion of new style images, what under the sun is more influential than the screen? No medium of presentation is as far-reaching as the movies. A gown, or wrap, or hat worn by a star as glamorous as Swanson, or as smart as Constance Bennett, or as individual as Norma Shearer, certainly will stir the feminine imagination, making the effect achieved seem most desirable.

Dame Fashion usually is a thorough worker. She is now in an intensely feminine mood, absorbed in flowers, flowing skirts, and dainty Kate Greenaway effects.

There is one exception that proves beyond question the power of the screen in popularizing a style. Ignoring the pretty pretties of the mode, Greta Garbo walks across the screen and sits for portraits in a rough polo coat, with a beret stuck lightly on the back of her casual head, her hands in her pockets. And in amazing defiance to fashion's trend, we have Greta Garbos everywhere.

From fourteen up to an age where she might be expected to know better, young Miss America swaggers about in a polo coat, a beret on the back of the head which she hopes is sufficiently casual, her hands stuck in her pockets.

Wouldn't Paris be dull not to take advantage of such a tremendous shaper of modern fashion? And Paris is not dull; she gives ample evidence of faithfully attending the style show of the screen.

Looking back a decade or two, you'll see how the movies have forced Paris's old jeweled hand. The mode used to cater almost exclusively to the older woman. After all, why not? Her husband was well enough established to permit her extravagant accounts with the smart shops.

Year in, year out, we had the straight gown that did not expose lost waistlines. Everything was beaded. Hats were heavy. Fashion confined herself almost exclusively to things the older woman might be expected to wear with regal dignity. The young woman had to make the best of the unflattering gowns.

Then Hollywood threw a monkey wrench into things. The studio designers realized that the stars would be lovelier, much more provocative, and infinitely smarter, if they turned their backs on the Paris styles. Then the designers began to make clothes that would enhance slender youth.

Immediately Paris proceeded not only to accept some of

Any gown worn by Constance Bennett causes the girls to go shopping for one like it.

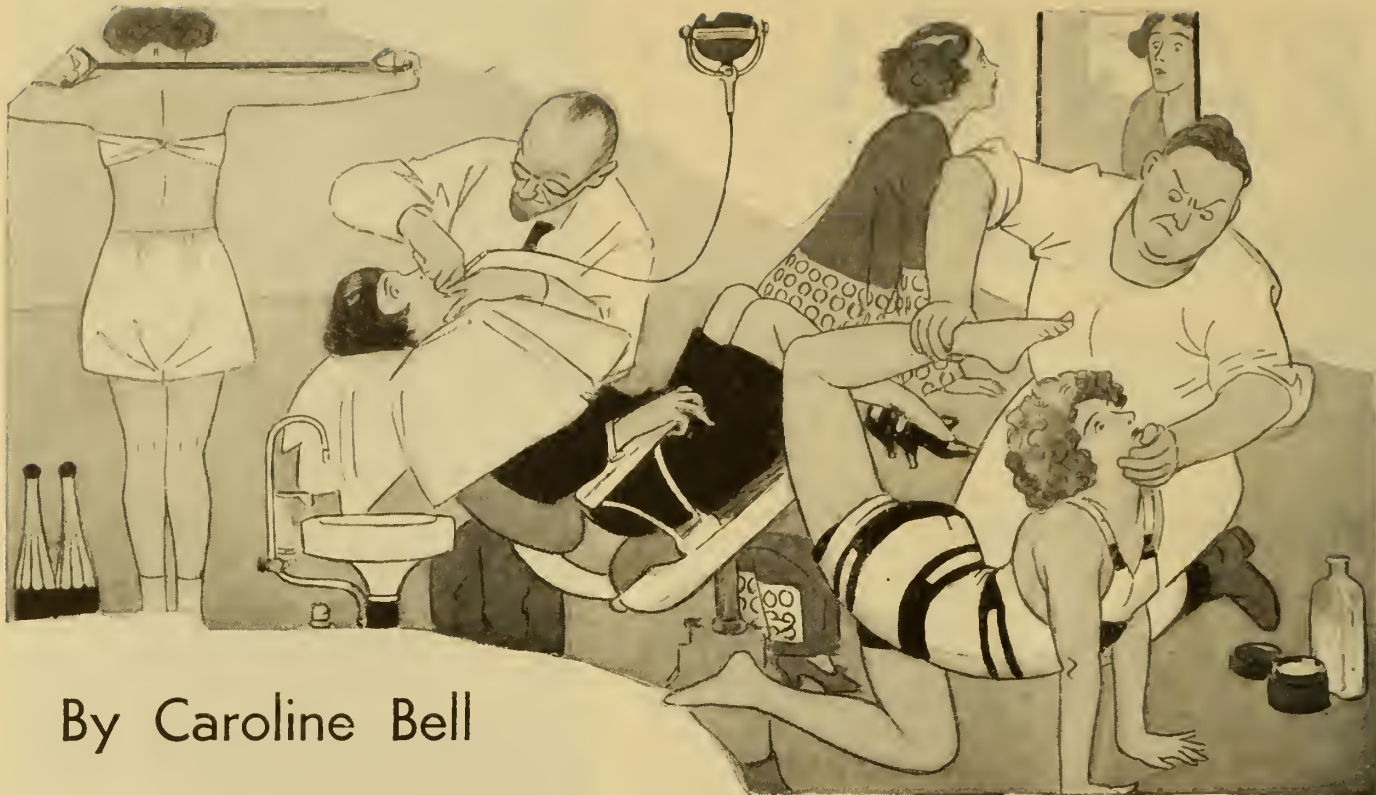


the Hollywood designs and to include them in her showings, but to consider youth in new designs of her own. That was the beginning of the present styles.

Is it any mystery now that thousands of women look younger to-day at forty than they looked fifteen years ago at twenty-five? It is not! Seventy per cent of the American women are not over five feet five inches tall. Of course they look better in youthful modes. It takes height to carry effects designed for dowagers.

However, there's even more than this to be said in enthusiastic approval of the new styles that Hollywood has set and sponsored. They are less expensive. The new evening gown, with practically no back, depending upon the roundly turned figure in it for its decoration, doesn't cost half what gowns did when the inevitable beaded pattern had to be embroidered entirely by hand.

Continued on page 114



By Caroline Bell

THORNS in a

Though favored players of Hollywood live in the lap of luxury and are young and and undergo tortures of the flesh that recall the

DROP the eyebrow lifted at my choice of reading," Estelle Taylor counseled. "Remember that I used to teach Sunday school in my antique youth. I retain occasional hangovers of serious thought."

I had found her comfortably ensconced in a garden chair, her gaze fixed abstractedly on the sky, Papini's "Life of St. Augustine" in her lap.

"Austerity is dead! Long live austerity! Mortification of the flesh is old-fashioned, but its banner still waves over the town of the bound and the home of the stayed!

"Has it occurred to you how similar we players are to the saints in that, although we berate their self-denial and torture, we follow a program at times equally severe?"

We pondered the thought, there in her restful garden, while a few blocks away Hollywood was at the services of homage rendered to its idol, Career.

The names of the saints are inscribed in the archives of time; the stars' names are swallowed up by swiftly flitting seasons.

Surely there is an analogy between the rigor to which both groups have subjected their lives in the zeal of dominant purpose?

The one toiled and endured deprivation for their religion, and for their endless to-morrows; the other works and suffers for fleeting fame, for the luxury which they cannot enjoy, because of the strain of its maintenance.

Their expensive motors, carrying bodies strained to the breaking point and minds aching in ceaseless vigil

of alertness, glide easily over *El Camino Real*, trod out of brambles, and mesquite, and green buckthorn by the patient, bleeding feet of the brown-robed friars, into the smoothly pressed highway of the king.

Do they see, I sometimes wonder, the banks of pale manzanita, perennial and silent guards, the cool yuccas that bend their plumes of waxen bells, as though in sorrowful salute, from the hillsides? Their life is too swift to contemplate beauty!

Sixteen centuries have thundered their dramas across the footlights of time, yet the Bishop of Hippo stands as stalwart in the minds of thousands as though he had but yesterday inscribed the name of Augustine in pain-etched letters of reparation for himself and a careless world.

To-day movie names are streamers around the civilized world, engraved on the gauzy tissue of option paper.

Temporary applause their halos; a golden April shower their reward; pictures in the fan magazines their statues; a sheaf of yellowing newspaper clippings their litanies—their fame is soon forgotten by all save themselves.

That a Joan's fair loveliness be made a prey of the flames evokes a casual gesture of pity. But how willingly the players subject their pink flesh to tortures reminiscent of the racks and wheels of an Inquisition.

Costumers' tiresome fittings, beauticians' rites, vocal calisthenics, the plastic surgeon's scalpel—a ceaseless round of devotions consumes energy, nerves, and patience.



Illustrated by Strothmann

BED of ROSES

healthy enough to enjoy all that money can buy, they are forced to practice self-denials saints of old. And all for the great god, Career!

They scoff at the martyrs whom they imitate—in another cause. They adhere to more barren diets than those to which the desert hermits were vowed. They starve themselves into saplings that easily sway before the storm of illness. The term "penance" belongs, surely, to the mysticism of the Dark Ages, but in daily, hourly duty they practice its equivalent.

Only a Rose of Lima would sleep on a bed of nails as penance. An actress accepts as a matter of course acid face peeling, iron braces and leather straps binding aching flesh, that an imperfection may be eliminated.

Their vigils are tedious watches before the shrine of evanescent beauty. Excess fat is literally pounded and pinched off, or electrically rasped away, or even cut off. Many a stellar chassis is rebuilt into the seasonal streamlines, sandpapered, upholstered and redecorated.

When clamps worn at night fail, teeth good enough for the average person are extracted, because of slight imperfections, and false ones are riveted into the gums.

The saints longed to be unknown in life, "pressed underfoot as a little grain of sand." The actors strive as loyally for the glow of man's approval.

Never did the saints deny the legitimate needs of the body for health. They knew that strong souls cannot rest peacefully in frames driven beyond human endurance—and the lack of that balance explains the relatively large number of deaths in the film colony; the frazzled nerves to be soothed by drugs, the cases of hysterical collapse—the toll taken of fine talents that should have been nurtured into full flower.

Chaney and Sills died of other ailments, but unquestionably the physical discomfort to which the former subjected himself for his rôles, and the second's state of worry amid financial disorders, aggravated their illnesses.

Wallace Reid died a victim, in a sense, of sycophants, to that perpetual camaraderie expected of a public character. Rich food and drink undermined Rudolph Valentino's strength.

In the twilight of bare, cloistered cells, their stone walls lost in gloom beyond the flickering candlelight, the monks spent their lives over old manuscripts.

In homes of a rococo splendor, stars spend evenings coming "sides," studying characterization, and costuming, when they would prefer to be at parties or shows. Those who maintain topnotch positions practice a hermitlike denial of pleasure's whims, that youth and looks may not be dimmed.

A Patrick heeded not his mileage of pain, for it purchased a green island dear with the poetry of a rare race. Teresa of Avila traveled, ill and weary, through the dangers of sixteenth-century roads, to establish the order of the cloistered white-and-brown habit.

Players have no complaint at injury, when dangerous scenes fracture limbs, even take lives of comrades. They minimize fear and challenge death for an ecstatic hour of fame. Aërial accidents are becoming commonplace occurrences.

In five years about thirty-five fatalities have shrouded these thrilling stunts. More than fifty were permanently crippled, and almost thirty-five hundred have been hurt,



in order that some star might shine more brightly. "Wings" took three lives, "Hell's Angels" four, "Such Men Are Dangerous" ten, including its director, Kenneth Hawks.

With a grit bred by that axiom of the theater, "The show must go on," the players clinch their teeth against pain and register gayety, love, enthusiasm. George O'Brien worked through a picture with his back in a plaster cast; Tom Mix and Lincoln Stedman managed close-ups with legs broken; Walter McGrail acted with broken ribs.

Thrown by a fractious horse against a fence, Marjorie Daw was helped to remount, and completed the day's location work in the saddle—with a broken leg. Lina Basquette made the pastoral scenes of "The Godless Girl" with two broken ribs.

Once a team of snarling wolf huskies fought on a set and a malamute took a chew out of Irene Rich's arm. Norman Kerry carries a head-scar relic of "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," Norma Talmadge one to counsel distance from tipsy sun-arcs, Edmund Lowe a leg wound reminiscent of a "What Price Glory?" bayonet.

Gallant Mabel Normand made her last comedy while a tube drained her lung. For three months a plaster cast held Colleen Moore's shoulder and neck. Years-old back strain still causes Louise Fazenda excruciating pain. Richard Dix got his nose broken and three ribs cracked in a stunt.

Emil Jannings cut his wrist badly in striving for realism. A fight scene sent Richard Arlen to the hospital. To Tom Mix, Hoot Gibson, and George O'Brien, broken ribs and strained ligaments are mere incidents, while Bebe Daniels is our champion calamity gal. Accidents have left her mementos of many pictures.

Martha Mansfield was burned to death when her frilly crinoline costume caught fire from a discarded match. Anna Q. Nilsson suffered severe burns when she drove an engine through a flaming forest, and Claire Windsor and Betty Blythe were scorched in fire scenes. Harriett Hammond was ill for two years after a dynamite explosion. A bomb that misbehaved cost Harold Lloyd a finger.

Nor do disagreeable water sequences quench dogged ambitions. Inability to swim did not restrain Gloria Swanson, Kathryn McGuire, or Mary Philbin from leaping into the ocean when so required by plot action. Monte Blue and Matt Moore are but two of a number hurt when raft or barge catapulted them into the rough sea. Bebe Daniels and her company were rescued after hours adrift when the engine of a small boat on which shots were being taken failed.

"We're a silly lot, though—when you analyze us," said Estelle, as we talked in her sunny garden. "It's all that we may clasp that intangible bubble called fame. But we really don't think of it that way at the moment. The drama of what we're doing keeps us going."

In the tropics they burn, are nauseated by unfamiliar food, and are harassed by swarms of mosquitoes, as Ramon Novarro has been, and Monte Blue, Raquel Torres, and others. In the wintry mountains ears and feet are frozen; the altitude causes constant nosebleed, as during "The Trail of '98."

Nine months in the African jungles left Edwina Booth a pale wraith of a girl.

A Cecil DeMille troupe once was caught in a blizzard on the Nisqually Glacier of Mount Ranier. A torrent of cutting sleet drove them through drifts. Forest rangers found them and carried Lillian Rich down unconscious. But, after such experiences, do they use salt and cotton batting to simulate realism? They climb higher!

"The Big Trail" company suffered hardships through heat and cold, in almost inaccessible spots. Forest fires and buffalo stampedes were but temporary hindrances. Marguerite Churchill hung halfway down a cliff, clinging to a rope, and awaited the sun while her head swam with giddiness, and her fingers bled.

From desert locations they bring burned faces and swollen lips. Though expertly managed, these trips are days of discomfort. Supply trucks break down; water is scarce; the menu of canned food revolts stomachs accustomed to finer fare. Often the ice must be broken in the water pitchers each morning, yet soon the sun blazes its scorching rays.



The one hundred and twenty-five beauty parlors of Hollywood take six hundred dollars annually from each actress for upkeep of looks, exclusive of specials, weight reduction, and massages. Each averages three hours a day on the routine that prevents the etched lines from becoming engravings. It is an arduous program of minute duties, tiring rather than painful.

Ridiculous diets have ended their tyrannic despotism. They left acidosis and anemia, cadaverous bodies lacking necessary minerals, and drawn faces. While only one death, Marietta Millner's, was attributed directly to insufficient food, there is no doubt that starvation has contributed to the many illnesses.

But the battle knows no armistice. Massage remodels figures. Badly formed bones are covered, and bowlegs are made less obvious; avoirdupois is removed or added as desired for a symmetrical silhouette. Winnie Lightner reduced twenty-eight pounds on order, Mary Lewis twenty-three in three weeks, Clara Bow twenty-five, through exercise and an electrical vibrator, Helen Kane boop-boopa-dooped twenty away. A character actress had sixty pounds sliced off. The anatomy cut away from Mollie O'Day returned, but she lost twenty pounds of it by massage.

"In self-sacrifice and determination, at any rate," Estelle commented, "the saints have nothing on us."

Nor are the men immune from this guard against age and fat that steal up so silently. Bancroft and others approaching the shadier years, play golf and have daily work-outs when they'd rather sprawl in a chair and read. All skimp at their meals.

Even directors break under the strain. King Vidor's health was impaired; a trainer accompanied Raoul Walsh on "The Big Trail" locations, keeping him fit.

A doctor explains that the sudden death of athletes, like Fred Thomson and William Russell, is caused by the inability of their hearts, accustomed to an accelerated speed, to slow down and cope with idleness enforced by some minor ailment. Once the pace is set, they dare not slacken it!

The men do not escape the beauty-parlor vows, either. Barrymore sat for hours for a "permanent," Phillips

Holmes once got a noxious peroxide and Gary Cooper a daily Marcel for certain rôles.

Two thousand film faces have been made over. One facial sculptor rearranged six hundred in five years. Sail ears, worn habitually at half-mast, are trimmed—their flaps put back. Noses are bridged with paraffin, weak chins strengthened with wax. The face lift jerks up that paper tissue around the eyes. Tucks are taken in jowlish cheeks, yellowish skin is peeled into freshness.

Nasal trims predominate. Cameramen agree with Ziegfeld that the nose is the most important feature. If light is caught and slides indiscriminately off a prominent ridge, cartilage must be removed. Paul Lukas's was narrowed. Vivienne Segal had a bit of her ear taken off and attached to her nose, winning a temporary contract.

Richard Dix's nose was repaired. Fannie Brice's was delumped, something was done to Harry Richman's; the latter made one film, the former two.

Bebe Daniels, Helen Ferguson, Adamae Vaughan, Virginia Brown Faire, LeRoy Mason, Lola Todd, Ruth Taylor, Duane Thompson, and others had nose corrections. Few of them are still on the screen.

"If the time spent on grooming were given to perfecting talent alone, our careers might last longer," Estelle said when we discussed this point. "On the brink of attaining a goal paved by sacrifice, many an ability goes down before the cost of what it has held most precious, beaten by its very earnestness."

May Allison, who retired into a gracious semipublic life as wife and writer, recently remarked with regret the ludicrous strain to halt the years' encroachments. Because she has given life its own sweet way with her, Miss Allison looks the junior of her former confrères who continue to grasp at fading, papier-mâché crowns. Follywood!

Speaking of a certain actress now on the crest, Marie Dressler said, "She will be great—if she lives." In her hint both sorrow and fear lurked. Drink, dope? My eyebrows shot up, for the star's reputation is blameless. "Nerves," the woman who has managed more than forty

Continued on page 116



Boco, Rex Bell's police dog, is worried when his master goes swimming.

EVEN New Yorkers will admit that California is an ideal place for children. The sunshine, warm air, and expansive gardens that bring roses to human cheeks are also conducive to the health and good spirits of that other adjunct of any family group worth its salt—the household menagerie.

Just as in any community the world over, tastes in Hollywood are catholic concerning pets. There are canine preferences and feline, and land, and marine.

The difference is that, in many cases, the indulgence of these fancies is on a more generous scale. For Hollywood gardens are spacious, and in them even the most delicate and aristocratic animals will thrive. And there is always room for one more.

At the home of Kay Francis, at any rate, this last rule prevails. The delectable brunette from Fifth Avenue would have none of apartments when she came West. For the gratification of a desire long suppressed, she took a house. Not a big house, but one surrounded by extensive grounds.

On her arrival, the Francis household consisted of two, Kay and her maid. Since then there have been exactly thirteen additions, twelve of them belonging to the animal kingdom. The exception is mechanical—a Ford coupé which is, however, named *Rabbit*, to put it at ease among the rest of the cortége.

The pride of Kay's heart is a Scotch terrier named Snifter because, being small, he is just a snifter of Scotch. Snifter is a minute black shadow of excitement. His energy is boundless, his curiosity chronic, and his affection demonstrative. There is never a dull moment in his company. For which reason, there is required constant diplomacy, lest he be in the garden at the same time Peter is there.

Peter is a white rabbit who was found—a snowy baby with ravishing pink eyes and long ears—sitting on Kay's doorstep last Easter morning. Exhaustive inquiries failed to reveal the source of Peter and, after making sure that he was not intended for one of the neighborhood children, Kay welcomed him in.

He has grown large and very beautiful. Snifter admires him and makes enthusiastic attempts to frolic with him. It is due to the violence of these attempts that Peter and Snifter are kept apart as much as possible.

Then there are seven goldfish. They live in the lily pond and are called the Seven Vestal Virgins, because no amount of cajoling has induced them to found families. Also residing in the lily pond is a bullfrog named Cæsar, who

ROOM FOR

The pets of the stars are lucky indeed, with care given them, and the numerous pals, added to the men

By Laura

comes out and sits in front of any one who happens to be in the garden, blinking amiably and occasionally croaking.

Snifter, whose love encompasses every living thing, is devoted to Cæsar and likes to carry him around the garden in his mouth, always careful not to hurt him.

There is a canary named Napoleon, who is completely self-sufficient. When a Josephine was provided for him, his cold indifference caused that feathered lady to waste away and die of wounded pride.

Publix, the cat, enchanted Kay into adopting him when he was one of a litter of alley kittens at the studio. Publix is now at the awkward age, long-legged and skittish, and is the only playmate whom Snifter will acknowledge his superior.

Not all Hollywood menageries, of course, are quite so extensive. Clara Bow's, for instance, consists of one dog. Yet you might still say it was large, even if not numerous. For Duke takes up most of the available space wherever he is.

Duke is a great Dane, a gift from Harry Richman. Duke is a canine Titan. Clara calls him her big horse. She only can manage him, since he is not a good mixer and is skeptical of all but the closest friends. His dignity is menacing, but Clara yanks him around by the neck, and he loves it.

His devotion to Clara is stubborn



Publix is the recognized boss of Kay Francis's dozen pets.



John Miljan likes to show visitors the plump head man of the fish pond.

ONE MORE

all the sunny grounds to romp in, the lavish ranging from bullfrogs to monkeys, that are ageries from time to time.

Ellsworth Fitch

and faithful. He is constantly with her and in everybody's way. It is a little like having a big truck underfoot. When Clara is having portraits or stills made, Duke is inevitably in the way and, unless he takes a fancy to move, he stays there, for he is too heavy to be lifted or pushed away.

Wherever Clara is standing or sitting, Duke trots up and leans heavily against her. Frequently, however, in a moment of idealizing himself, he attempts to climb into her lap, overcome by a desire to be a Pekingese.

Lon Chaney was proud of his talking crow. Gleaming black, this bird flew about the Chaney garden, but never left the boundaries of its master's home. It came when it was called and said quite a few words in a harsh voice that would shatter any microphone.

Kay Johnson's parrot, on the other hand, is noted for its excellent diction and large vocabulary. Wandering at will through the Cromwell-Johnson home, it jabbars with any one who happens to be about. Or, just as contentedly, talks to itself.

Rex Bell owns one of the finest police dogs in the film colony. Boco—Boco von Karlsruhe to you—comes of a long line of champions, the famous Matern stock of German dogs.

Despite Boco's twelve years, he still learns new tricks. He doesn't like other dogs, but is devoted to horses. Fully police trained, he has worked in several pictures. He is an expert swim-



David, Jean Arthur's favorite, has but one worry: he can only sit down in the dogs' swimming pool.

mer. When Rex goes swimming he does it furtively, lest Boco spy him and streak out through the water in a fever of anxiety for fear his troublesome young master may drown.

His teeth in Rex's bathing suit, Boco tows him back to shore, brooking no argument. The one indication of Boco's advancing age is in his bad hearing. Rex communicates with him by pantomime, which Boco, who is surpassing wise and alert, seems to understand perfectly.

Jean Arthur's home is presided over by three dogs and a cat. David is a St. Bernard of vast proportions and unflinching good humor. Stubby is a wire-haired terrier with a proclivity for getting into trouble. Teddy is a chow who was dying in a hospital when Jean found him and nursed him back to health, and Virginia is the result of a mésalliance between a Maltese and an alley cat.

They all play together in the best of good-fellowship, but it is tacitly understood that Virginia is the boss, since her claws are sharpest.

The Arthur domicile is in a canyon, and every morning at six thirty, Jean's father sets out with the dogs. The routine never varies, and if Mr. Arthur should be a trifle late, the dogs make no attempt to conceal their displeasure.

A mile and a half up the canyon is a little pool, formed by a spring, which is a grand swimming hole for the three pals. Stubby, the reckless one, dives from a tree stump at the edge, making a terrible commotion.

David is so big that he can only sit in the pool, sending an everflow upon the banks where Stubby and Teddy bark impatiently for him to come out so there will be room for them.

Once Stubby sneaked up to the swimming pool alone—and returned with one eye missing. Jean was frantic, but Stubby was blandly undisturbed by the disaster. Jean is sure he is a trifle crazy, and could have his head knocked off and not notice it.

Appropriately enough, Lawrence Tibbett has a hind thrush, whose clear caroling is sweeter than that of a canary. It is allowed the freedom of the house and gardens, but never leaves its own yard. When Tibbett whistles, it obediently flies and perches on his hand.

Bessie Love's preference is also for birds. Two love birds which were sent Continued on page 98



A cub timber wolf is the temporary favorite of Ruth Chatterton.



Skipper and Boots are the aristocratic pets of Charles Farrell.



The only picture of its kind, "The Royal Family of Broadway" is an individual triumph for Mary Brian, Henrietta Crosman, Fredric March, and Ina Claire.

The SCREEN in REVIEW

Comedies of manners and sophistication come to the fore in this month's new films, with brilliant performances to enliven them. And there are enough staple plots and reliable portrayals to please those who like old stories well told.

THE one and only picture of its kind, "The Royal Family of Broadway" is distinctly suited to those who enjoy satire, burlesque, and a devastating insight into the private lives of actors. By turns ridiculous, touching, and always charming, the profession of acting is shown to be a state of mind possessed by none but those who are born and bred in the glow of the footlights. It is an engaging sort of madness to watch, but is shown to be terrible to live with!

Mercilessly the picture reveals this, which causes me to ask if any spectators except those in the know will relish it? One may go so far as to ask if its penetrating disclosures will be enjoyed or even appreciated by the fan who has never seen a star in person and longs to do so?

Be that as it may, it is entertainment of the highest order—gay, briskly set forth, a study of character that is not sacrificed to movement for one instant. There's not a slow scene, nor one that is not superlatively interesting. The end of the picture came all too unexpectedly and left me asking if there wasn't any more.

The story is a searchlight that illumines every corner of the *Cavendish* home presided over by *Fanny*, the dowager queen of the clan whose stage memories are a favorite topic of conversation. The household, further consists of *Julia*, the reigning star of the family, her ingénue daughter *Gwen*, who is just beginning to taste success, and *Anthony*, the madcap brother whose return from Hollywood puts the household in an uproar.

In this fermenting brew of temperaments things are always happening to reveal the absurdity of acting, as well as the nobility of the calling and its inescapable

By Norbert Lusk

fascination once it is in the blood. For the *Cavendishes* are aristocrats of the stage, with a long line of ancestors who have made history behind the footlights.

Fredric March is magnificent as *Anthony*, an astonishing example of what an intelligent actor can do to create a character utterly unlike himself. Ina Claire is superb as *Julia*, a brilliant comédienne with the gift of pathos; and Henrietta Crosman, a stage veteran, plays the dowager with loving understanding, while Mary Brian is surprisingly dramatic as *Gwen*. All in all, this is a daring picture—and there are too few producers who dare anything except safe routine.

A Tidy Scapegrace.

Drawing-room comedy is perfectly served by Ronald Colman, in "The Devil to Pay," a picture that has the exact quality one finds in plays at St. James's or the Haymarket theaters in London. And good reason there is, too, for Mr. Colman, as we know, is adept in this form of acting; the piece was written by Frederick Lonsdale, the British playwright, directed by George Fitzmaurice, whose happiest efforts have ever been those that dealt with society, and produced by the tasteful Samuel Goldwyn. The result is smooth, intelligent, amusing, and wholly unexciting.

Mr. Colman is supposed to be the irresponsible younger son of a rich family, who returns to London after making a failure of farming in the colonies. Resuming his well-bred liaison with an actress, he falls in love with a friend of his sister, the daughter of a wealthy manufacturer of linoleum. Suspicious of the scapegrace who has turned the girl from her titled fiancé, he traps Mr. Colman in the act of bidding a fond farewell

to the actress while his disillusioned daughter gives him \$25,000 in payment of her "experience," which he deftly presents to the disgruntled fiancé. Then the fair penitent comes to him while he is packing to go away and changes his plans.

As you see, there isn't much plot. Nor is more needed. Dialogue and characterization make or mar drawing-room comedy. In this both are brightly, gayly, if not brilliantly, put forth and the picture is entirely pleasing. Suspense comes from one's doubt of what the players will say next, rather than what one will feel about their pleasant traffic in minor emotion.

Loretta Young is girlishly lovely and charming as the heroine, Myrna Loy delicately *declassée* as the actress, and the voice of Florence Britton, a newcomer, is unusual. Frederick Kerr, Craufurd Kent, David Torrence, and Paul Cavanagh are other satisfactory members of the cast.

Jannings and Dietrich Together!

Emil Jannings is back on the screen he never should have left, proving with ease that he is the king of actors silent or audible. And Marlene Dietrich gives us another revelation of her amazing skill and personal lure. This exciting conjunction of talent occurs in "The Blue Angel." You will surmise that it is a major attraction. Not because it is a great picture of itself, but it is important because of the magnificent performances of the principals.

Filed in Germany, it enables Mr. Jannings to be heard for the first time in a combination of English and German, the former often unintelligible, though it doesn't matter in the least whether he speaks or not. His acting is as eloquent as a trumpet blast, as poignant as a violin chord, as pitiful as human nature.

The story is reminiscent of "The Way of All Flesh," "Sins of the Fathers," and "Variety." Which is another way of telling you that Mr. Jannings is a middle-aged, high-school professor who falls under the spell of a cabaret girl, is dismissed from his position, sinks to the degradation of acting as the dummy assistant of a musician in her troupe, and is hooted when he appears on the stage before his former townspeople. His mind gone, he staggers back to the schoolroom where he dies a wreck on what once was his throne.

There are too many moments of surpassing brilliance in the picture to attempt a description of a single one. Nor must the reviewer dwell on either Mr. Jannings or Miss Dietrich at the expense of the other. The only way out, then, is to urge you who enjoy mature art on the screen to see this splendid exhibit.

Musical Heartbreak in Vienna.

It's really too bad that operetta, musical comedy, and other forms of song on the screen are no longer palatable to the majority, for "Viennese Nights" has much to recommend it. True, it's operetta pure and simple, not to say artificial, and therein lies the rub. But loads of money have been spent on it; it's tasteful, tuneful, and charming, yet it's unreal, incredible, a pleasant pastime.

Deplore the fickleness of public taste if you will, the fact remains that producers, casting aside their vaunted shrewdness, go on giving us what we have shown we don't want. For I doubt if many will go into ecstasies over "Viennese Nights," though a short time ago it would have been a nine-day wonder.



Photo by Alexander

English drawing-room comedy is ideally realized on the screen by Ronald Colman, in "The Devil to Pay," with Myrna Loy.

So far as I can see, the fans reject musicals because they do not stir the emotions. They appeal to sight and hearing, but they do not cause the spectator to share the mimic joys and sorrows depicted on the screen. Who ever shed tears over an operetta? And laughs at the comic relief are none too frequent. It's all rather curious and indicates the difference between the stage and screen. For "Viennese Nights" would be rated as an excellent show in the glow of the footlights, whatever you may think of it on the screen.

You see a tale of lovers separated by an ambitious father, the happy ending achieved by the granddaughter of the unhappy heroine finding her mate in the grandson of the hero. It begins in that mythical Vienna, where every one is bent on finding love and singing and dancing about it under the stars. Where voices always blend, where daughters of cobbler fathers wear daintily expensive costumes, and where heroes are always in the uniform of a huzzar regiment. Our particular hero is also a musician, so the separation sends him to America and symphonic fame.

Alexander Gray sings well the gently sentimental numbers in a voice that I consider one of the best. Vivienne Segal is the heroine whose three phases consist of ingénue, matron, and grandmother. She is best as the latter. Walter Pidgeon, with not much to do, is thoroughly at home as the pseudo-villain, and Jean Hersholt, Louise Fazenda, and Alice Day are seen in lesser parts. The picture is entirely in Technicolor, the music carefully composed for wistful pleasantness.



"Sin Takes a Holiday."



"Lightnin'."



"The Truth About Youth."



"Way For a Sailor."

Sinless Sinners.

There's nothing to get excited over the tidings that "Sin Takes a Holiday." It's a title that means nothing, but may pique the glibble even as the picture is pleasing to those for whom it is intended. Frankly, I'm not interested in fables that have for their heroine a stenographer who achieves wealthy marriage, satin, and sables in modernistic settings, bored worldliness, an insistent suitor and the adulation of a prima donna with bird-of-paradise trimmings, just by being her languid self. How many stenographers have you known who met with this success? Or, for that matter, any girl at all?

So far as I can see *Sylvia*, as played by Constance Bennett, does nothing to make herself attractive, except to wear extreme clothes and speak the attempily bright lines provided for her. Ah, but the secret is that she realizes the dream of *Tillie the Toiler* who sees herself the bride of the boss, with all that his money can give her for nothing in return. So this one joins the army of wives in name only for the purpose of rescuing him from an adventuress, and is promptly sent to Paris as a reward for valor. There she becomes a stellar light in the gay set, returns to her husband with an amorous beau, and in order that the proprieties of the screen may be observed, he and she discover that they love each other and the suitor is sacked.

All this holds the promise of a comedy of the sort called sophisticated. But it fails in gayety, the light touch, or anything approaching high comedy. It is self-conscious, smirking, a faintly amusing example of Hollywood's idea of the smart set. But if you like Constance Bennett you will enjoy her in this, and you will find fault with neither Mr. MacKenna nor Basil Rathbone, who is the disappointed swain. But if you ask me which is more annoying, actors being grand or actors being tough, I cannot tell you.

A Beautiful Performance.

"Scarlet Pages" is doubly worth while for the finely persuasive performance of Elsie Ferguson, whose return to the screen after ten years is altogether a happy event. Though we may call the piece just another courtroom melodrama and let it go at that, excellent acting, intelligent dialogue, and good craftsmanship make it entertaining, even though it moves slowly. There is much to hold the attention, however, and interest never flags, with Miss Ferguson always the center of attraction.

Her slim elegance, her tasteful clothes, her modern womanliness, her high-bred face and curling, slightly contemptuous lips make her a far more eloquent figure than many a star born to the screen. And there is the Ferguson voice. It is keyed low, but it is clear, unclouded by huskiness, and beautifully distinct. Until you have heard her you have missed a post-graduate lesson in dramatic speech. For the good of your ears and mind avail yourself of the opportunity.

The story has Miss Ferguson a lawyer defending a night-club girl charged with the murder of her supposed father. Unexpected developments in the courtroom bring about surprises in the relationships of the characters and the motive for the crime, with the romance of the prosecuting attorney and the woman lawyer brought to a conventional culmination. Never mind if it is all typical of the stage.

Marian Nixon gives, in my opinion, her best performance as the sullen dancer, John Halliday, of the stage, is admirable as the attorney, and Grant Withers makes much of an ordinary part. Incidentally, Helen Ferguson plays well a small rôle.

Jackie Coogan Triumphs.

"Tom Sawyer" is a little masterpiece, a picture so warmly and thoroughly enjoyable that it is best reviewed briefly in glowing terms. Mark Twain's immortal character comes to the screen clean of movie sentimentality, self-conscious boyishness, or any of the irritating traits of the juvenile actor. And the cast is, of course, made up almost entirely of Hollywood's youth. Jackie Coogan, in the title rôle, returns to the screen after a considerable absence and proves that he has lost none of his personal appeal or his skill as an actor in the process of growing up. There is apparently no "awkward age" in Jackie's life. And Mitzi Green, spiritualized

by a blond wig, is gentle and demure, never once suggesting the precocious actress and amazing mimic that she is. But for that matter all the youngsters are perfect—Jackie Searl, Junior Durkin, and Dick Winslow. This is a film that cannot be recommended too highly, if you enjoy a flawless reflection of small-town life as it used to be lived by old-fashioned children.

John Gilbert At Sea.

It's getting so that reviewing a John Gilbert picture is embarrassing. One wants to be considerate of him and fair to one's readers. Also a certain repertorial instinct must be served. Amidst three fires, it is nevertheless true that "Way For a Sailor" is an indifferent picture and Mr. Gilbert is the same, more interesting as a reminder of the past than a present joy. Why this is so is just another proof of the microphone's capriciousness.

It isn't that Mr. Gilbert's voice is insufficient; it's that his use of it robs him of magnetism, individuality and, strangest of all, skill. He becomes an uninteresting and inexperienced performer whose work could be bettered by hundreds of lesser-known players. True, he hasn't much of a picture to improve, but it often happens that a star is better than his vehicle. Mr. Gilbert isn't.

He asks us to believe that he is a seaman of the merchant marine, with a girl in every port, and interested in the stubborn resistance of one in London. She yields, he marries her, she discovers that he must sail that night and they meet on the same steamer, he a sudden officer, she a passenger. There's a wreck, a rescue, reconciliation, and the memory of a boring hour or so.

Wallace Beery shines as a pal of the hero, Jim Tully, the writer, is in the picture for no visible reason, and Leila Hyams is exquisitely gowned, Marcelled, shod, and groomed as a working girl, a marvelous example of budgeting her salary as an employee in the pay office of a shipping concern. Polly Moran and Doris Lloyd are great in fleeting bits.

Hag o' My Heart.

Marie Dressler shines as the star of "Min and Bill," in a rôle which enables her to throw the works and act to the limit. There is still much else that she can do, but it cannot be denied that she has full opportunity in this to do quite as much as is good for any star. And how audiences respond to her! The more critical note her exaggerations and are grieved, but that doesn't lessen the smiles, laughs, and tears of the majority. Her vitality and sincerity are irresistible. Miss Dressler is an actress to the manner born, not assumed.

Vastly entertaining, "Min and Bill" is not a distinguished or even an important picture save for the acting of Miss Dressler. Wallace Beery, Marjorie Rambeau and, surprisingly, Dorothy Jordan, who gives by far her best performance as the girl weather-beaten old *Min*, of a water-front saloon, raises as her own, concealing beneath her gruff exterior a boundless love. The adventurous mother of the girl reappears after years of indifference and neglect on the day the girl is marrying a wealthy man. To save the girl from the disgrace of her parent's threatened demand for money, *Min* shoots the woman and is led away to jail while the bride remains unaware of it all.

Too much cannot be said of Mr. Beery's racy, vigorous performance as *Min's* paramour, nor of Miss Rambeau's sharp effectiveness as the mother, whose final scene is charged with high suspense. A picture to be seen, if you like sordid melodrama.

Mr. Bancroft Rings the Bell.

George Bancroft in his best picture in years. "Derelict" is the name. Make a note of it, if you've not already heard of its excellence. Not only the star, but direction and supporting players make it one of the month's outstanding films. In character it is quite what you expect a Bancroft picture to be, but in the telling it is more logical and absorbing than many. And the acting is nothing less than superlative, perfect. For once the critic is disarmed.

The story deals with a couple of merchant-marine officers and their long-standing battle over position and women, the momentary victory of one, the defeat of the other, and the final acknowledgment—

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"Min and Bill."



"Scarlet Pages."



"The Blue Angel."



"Just Imagine."



A CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE TO CURRENT RELEASES

Underwood & Underwood

What Every Fan Should See

"Morocco"—Paramount. Marlene Dietrich takes her place among the stars as an individual. Adolphe Menjou returns, though tamed by talkie morals, and Gary Cooper going strong, as member of Foreign Legion. Two cynics find that only simple, fundamental love for each other counts.

"Feet First"—Paramount. Harold Lloyd, the hardy perennial, as funny and thrilling as ever. Straight humor, without taint of "sophistication"; no tears behind the smile. Shoe clerk in love tries to win girl by posing as rich play boy, but finds trouble and danger ahead. Barbara Kent, Robert McWade, Alec Francis, Lillian Leigh.

"Tol'able David"—Columbia. Amazing first performance by Richard Cromwell, as mountain boy whose dream of greatness is to drive the mail hack. Three bad men of the hills and a sweet little girl friend are involved. Noah Beery, Joan Peers, Henry B. Walthall.

"Life of the Party, The"—Warner. Ordinary story of two Broadway gold diggers, but geared in high, and in Technicolor. Not a dull moment in girls' pursuit of Kentucky colonel. Hearty dose of hard-hitting humor. Winnie Lightner, Irene Delroy, Charles Butterworth.

"Doorway to Hell, The"—Warner. Good crook melodrama that has many new touches. Story of young czar of liquor gang, Lew Ayres, double-crossed in love and racket. Arresting and capitally acted. Robert Elliott, James Cagney, Dorothy Mathews. Poised, mature acting by Ayres.

"Whoopee"—United Artists. Technicolor does well by Eddie Cantor and Ziegfeld beauties. Stage success excellently done on grand scale. Story parodies medicine taking for imaginary ills and talk of operations. Large cast from stage includes Ethel Shutta, Eleanor Hunt, Paul Gregory, Albert Hackett.

"Her Man"—Pathé. Vigorous, well-constructed picture of love and hate on the water front, with realistic touches enhanced by subordinating dialogue to action. Helen Twelvetrees, Phillips Holmes, Ricardo Cortez excellent. Comedy by James Gleason, Harry Sweet.

"Abraham Lincoln"—United Artists. Inspired human story of the great American, directed by D. W. Griffith. Walter Huston surpasses his past work,

and entire cast is flawless. Remarkable continuity of biography. Kay Hammond, as *Mary Todd*, Una Merkel, Ian Keith, Hobart Bosworth, Henry B. Walthall.

"Outward Bound"—Warner. Oddly arresting picture with some admirable acting. Routine plots and situations avoided, and deals with life after death. Leslie Howard, of the stage, Beryl Mercer, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Helen Chandler, Alec B. Francis.

"Romance"—Metro-Goldwyn. Greta Garbo's portrayal of opera singer whose "past" caused her to dismiss the man she loves is great—tender, poetic, poignant. Her every thought and feeling registers. Lewis Stone capital. Gavin Gordon the hero; Florence Lake delightful.

"Dawn Patrol, The"—First National. War story without love interest gives Richard Barthelmess, Neil Hamilton, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., opportunities capably exploited. Life among Royal Flying Corps, showing hideous actualities of war. Barthelmess's best in years.

"Big House, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Savage picture of life behind prison walls, finely wrought drama depending upon character rather than studied plot. Wallace Beery, sly, hardened criminal; Chester Morris, slick forger; Robert Montgomery, new convict. Revolt of prisoners stirring scene.

"Holiday"—Pathé. Well-known play, with good cast. Poor rich girl mopes over having too much money, finally wakes up and escapes from her Park Avenue "prison." Ann Harding, Mary Astor, Robert Ames good. Monroe Owsley outstanding; Edward Everett Horton, Hedda Hopper.

"All Quiet on the Western Front"—Universal. Faithful screening of the most realistic novel of World War, with no happy-ending or girl appeal. Strongest film document against war. Lewis Ayres, Louis Wolheim, "Slim" Sumnerville, Russell Gleason, William Bakewell, John Wray outstanding in big cast.



For Second Choice

"Laughter"—Paramount. The screen is going too whimsical for words, if this is a sign of the times. A group of the quaintest folk in the world make high jinks. Nancy Carroll and Fredric March brilliant. Glen Anders, Diane Ellis, Frank Morgan.

"Cat Creeps, The"—Universal. Yes, it's only "The Cat and the Canary" done in talkies, but well done by Helen Twelvetrees, Raymond Hackett, Neil Hamilton, Lilyan Tashman, Elizabeth Patterson, and others. You know the story of the will and the haunted house.

"Kismet"—Warner. Another warmed-over silent, a bit flat, for the cooks slipped up somewhere. The Orient without its old flavor. Otis Skinner as beggar in Arabian night story, with pretty girl, caliph, and all. Loretta Young, David Manners, Sidney Blackmer, Mary Duncan.

"Check and Double Check"—RKO. As to movies, also check out for Amos 'n' Andy—Freeman F. Gosden and Charles J. Correll who, like other radio stars, are good for ear appeal only, in their husky arguments about nothing. Good support, including Sue Carol, Charles Morton, Irene Rich, Rita La Roy.

"Playboy of Paris"—Paramount. Maurice Chevalier in musical-comedy story, with but two songs. Waiter in café inherits money and tries to get himself fired to break contract. Frances Dee, Stuart Erwin, Eugene Pallette, O. H. Heggie.

"Silver Horde, The"—RKO. Melodrama in the raw. Shady lady sets her man up in the fishing business. He loves a society girl, and bad girl is really pure gold, something the films are always proving. Evelyn Brent, Joel McCrea, Jean Arthur, Blanche Sweet, Louis Wolheim.

"War Nurse"—Metro-Goldwyn. Sufferings of volunteer nurses behind the trenches, physical and moral. Good work, but short of greatness. Love interest concerns two soldiers, two nurses. June Walker, of stage, makes excellent debut; Anita Page, Robert Montgomery, Robert Ames also good. Zasu Pitts, Marie Prevost.

"Billy the Kid"—Metro-Goldwyn. King Vidor directs a Western, and his touch lifts this film, although it is conventional screen stuff, not story of the famous outlaw. John Mack Brown, Wallace Beery, Warner Richmond, Kay Johnson. On "Realife" film—good for Westerns. Five mountains instead of three.

"Scotland Yard"—Fox. Quaint plot and character names indicate old vintage of this film. Crook takes man's place at head of bank and household, if you can believe that. Edmund Lowe

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Photo by Bull

WITH that rare feeling which makes her kin with the whole world, Marie Dressler in a simple, though eloquent, pose, says to every person—man and woman—everywhere, that *she* knows the anguish that they feel when that extra pound of flesh is revealed by the tell-tale mirror. And she knows, too, the acute distress that follows the discovery of an extra pound in the *wrong* place.

So in her new picture, "Reducing," she and Polly Moran will depict the joys and sorrows of shedding fat, the efforts required to do it, the deep and abiding joy of those who succeed. And this, mind you, after her tragic portrayal in "Min and Bill." There's no getting away from it, the little girl is versatile.



Florence Vidor is content to remain in the background as the wife of a great musician, Jascha Heifetz.



Phyllis Haver says that she hasn't a remnant of ambition beyond being just Mrs. William Seeman.

Come Out

Though you may say that to four favorites who traded their tell you that they have retired from the screen for

By Mabel

THEY mean it—they're through. They've quit for keeps, these girls who traded their make-up boxes for cookbooks. No more lights, and cameras, and dramatics for them. Henceforth they'll take their romance straight—in real life instead of by the vicarious route of a scenario and a length of film.

Seriously, it is rare when the retirement of an actress is on the level. Look at Patti's prolonged farewell appearances. The movie girls are much the same. Occasionally they retire with the best intentions, but before long they're back again to pick up the interrupted "kay-reer" where they left it flat.

That is why it is interesting to contemplate the little group of actresses in New York who have gone domestic in a great big way. Hollywood always accepts news of a retirement with a grain of salt. But these, after a reasonable test, seem really lasting.

And how do they like being away from the screen? And how does it feel to be a lady of leisure? The answers, reading left to right, are "Fine" and "Dandy." They told me so.

But what do they do with all this unfamiliar leisure? And back comes the answer—"Keeping house."

For instance, there's Mrs. Billy Seeman. Never heard of her? Don't be silly. She's Phyllis Haver. Phyllis's case is unusually interesting. For about fifteen years she struggled along in pictures, romping around in a bathing suit for Mack Sennett, then becoming serious and trying to make directors realize she had a brain beneath that yellow hair. But Phyllis never got a real break until she played the merry murderess in "Chicago," and was so good they offered her stardom. But did she take it?

"I suppose it's just a case of when you get what you want, you don't want it," Mrs. Seeman explained to me one afternoon in her penthouse apartment in Greenwich Village. "For years I dreamed of being a star and then just as I was actually realizing that ambition, I met Billy and we fell in love and somehow stardom didn't mean anything any more. When Billy asked me to give up for good, I didn't mind a bit."

However, Phyllis admits it was difficult to break the habit of working. The Seemans went to Europe for a honeymoon and then returned to New York to live. And for the next few weeks Phyllis found herself, at odd moments, longing for the studios.

"I couldn't become accustomed to so much leisure and I knew nothing about managing a house," she said. "Besides, Billy had lived here in the apartment for a long time before we were married and he had very efficient servants.

"They were accustomed to managing everything completely and they resented a woman attempting to dictate to them—especially when they realized the extent of my ignorance about such matters.

"Finally in exasperation I fired them all one day and went to an agency to pick out a good cook. And from that day on I have never really missed the studios. I haven't had *time* to be homesick!"

Phyllis had difficulty at first in getting servants she liked, what with the servant problem as it is. But her sister-in-law, Mrs. Rube Goldberg, wife of the cartoonist, came to her aid in putting her house in order.

The beautifully appointed apartment is on the eighteenth floor of a building in Waverly Place. As you step



Jane Winton is no more, but Mrs. Horace Gumbel is very much on the job of interior decoration.

Ruth Taylor, née Lorelei Lee, finds contentment in the preference of Paul Zuckerman for a blond wife.

of the Kitchen

make-up boxes for wedding rings and cookbooks, they will keep and—but let them speak for themselves.

Duke

off the elevator, your eyes meet a decorative panel proclaiming the domain of "Sky Hye Farme."

The spacious drawing-room gives onto balconies overlooking the narrow streets of the Village, with a view of North River. Mrs. Seeman is very proud of her view and also of her new handball court. As for hobbies, she is taking up golf and tennis, but most of her time is engaged in planning menus and managing her home. Although the apartment was completely furnished before her arrival, she amuses herself with a little rearranging to carry out her own ideas.

One of her most prized possessions is a pencil sketch of Mr. Seeman which their friend, James Montgomery Flagg, dashed off one evening after dinner.

"And don't you ever have the faintest desire to resume your career?"

"None," she answered emphatically. "You see, I made a solemn promise to Billy when we were married that I would give up the screen. And I'm so glad I have no desire for it any longer, for I can imagine how unhappy one would be in keeping a promise and yet nursing a secret yearning for self-expression." She made a grimace and laughed. "Frankly, I haven't a remnant of ambition beyond being just Mrs. William Seeman."

There's another young matron with a studio "past." Although she hasn't made any rash promises, her career is of secondary importance to Mrs. Horace Gumbel, otherwise Jane Winton. Of first importance is her lovely apartment in East Sixty-eighth Street, just off Fifth Avenue. It is charming—and she did it all herself.

Interior decorating has long been a hobby of Jane's. She supervised in a casual way the decorating of her

Spanish home in California a few years ago, although her picture work prevented her devoting much time to it. And that's why she has enjoyed decorating her new home in New York so much. With nothing else demanding her attention, she has reveled in period furniture and gay draperies and what not.

"It's all finished except the eighth room and we can't decide whether to make that a cardroom or a guest room," Jane declared as she proudly displayed the drawing-room with its colorful chintzes and wide, low windows, the dignified dining room, Mr. Gumbel's English chamber and her own French boudoir, with its peach-and-blue taffetas and frilly draperies.

Miss Winton has truly planned the furnishing to the tiniest detail, without the aid of a professional decorator. Some of the furniture, including the bow-end bed in her boudoir, of walnut decorated in gold carving, she designed, and she also designed the luxurious blue taffeta bedspread.

There are several lovely antiques, including a Cashmere shawl which can be traced through ten generations, and a number of jade pieces, many of them wedding presents. But one of the treasures Jane displays with most pride is a mounted fish that hangs above the dining-room door—the Gumbel's first catch on their honeymoon in Maine last July.

Mrs. Gumbel has several interesting hobbies. Something more than a hobby is her enjoyment in planning menus. While she confesses complete ignorance as to actual cooking, she enjoys finding new recipes for the cook to prepare. She and her husband have two dinner parties a week and hold open house for their friends on Sunday nights. And every Wednesday evening is a

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Photos by Hurrell

CONCHITA MONTENEGRO! There's zip and fire, lure and languor in that name. And well there may be, for its owner is a beauty from San Sebastian who played opposite Ramon Novarro in the Spanish version of "Call of the Flesh."

Because she speaks English and French as fluently as her native language, it is more than likely that she will graduate from foreign versions and make her bow to American fans.



Photo by Louise

This is John Gilbert, in "The Big Parade"—vital, flashing, a brilliant actor in a great performance.

HIS BIGGEST FIGHT

John Gilbert's back is to the wall in a terrific struggle to regain his place on the screen as an idol of the fans. His contract gives him four more chances. Meanwhile he feels keenly the hurt of his drop from the heights, and is a changed man.

By Dorothy Wooldridge

JOHAN GILBERT, great lover of the screen in the days of silent films, gazed abstractedly out at sea. All afternoon he and Raquel Torres had played on the sands at Malibu Beach—romped, plunged in the surf, and laughed like children. The studio was forgotten. Grievs were dropped like a shabby old coat—at least for

the time. Once more John Gilbert was a carefree boy. For Jack has had his back to the wall, fighting. He's fighting still. He's taking punches on the chin. He has four more pictures to make for Metro-Goldwyn. If any of them make a big hit, he may recapture his place as an idol. If not, he bids adieu. He knows it.

While Jack and Raquel, his next-door neighbor, were whiling away that afternoon, huge posters throughout Los Angeles read: "Wallace Beery, John Gilbert, Polly Moran, in 'Way For a Sailor.'"

The film had been produced with John Gilbert as the star. The story had been written specially for him, giving him the rôle of a rugged he-man of the merchant marine. It had been filmed with microphones carefully placed to record his voice better than had been done before.

Yet, when the picture was finished, it did not make John Gilbert stand out with the dominating personality which had brought him fame.

Jack Gilbert probably laughed when he saw the billing—a forced, ironical laugh. It was just another punch on the chin. What if they did bill Wallace Beery's name over his? He wasn't proud of the picture. He wasn't satisfied with it. It wasn't the story for which he had waited. But he had four more chances, he remembered, before his contract would expire. And then?

The afternoon waned. Raquel and John, stretched on the sand, watched the fishing boats coming in with their catch. A big tanker, black smoke floating from its funnel, headed off toward the Orient. A small freighter rancid with the smell of coconut oil heeled in toward the docks. The gulls making their final forage before the coming of night.

"I've made a lot of mistakes, Raquel," said Jack. "I made one big one."

The little Mexican girl made no reply. She did not ask what that big one was. He would tell her if he wished.

"Watch your step, Raquel," he continued. "You have a splendid chance before you. Listen to the advice of friends. Sometimes it's invaluable."

What was Jack Gilbert's one big mistake? Was it one of his marriages? Every one makes mistakes and almost everybody makes a big one that stands in the forefront for the remainder of life. What was Jack Gilbert's?

Could it have been his marriage to Olivia Burwell, the Southern girl he met in camp when men were being mobilized for the World War? Olivia, an entertainer, smiled at him when he was lonely and talked to him because she was lonely, too, in that camp bristling with guns and bayonets.

They were married in the chaplain's quarters three days before the armistice was signed. For weeks Jack could find no work at the studios and before long he borrowed the money to send his girl wife back to her home. They never saw each other again.

Was his big mistake in not standing by Olivia and fighting the game till success was won?

His marriage to Leatrice Joy was next. He believed that he was in love—really in love. When he learned that a baby was coming, he seemed in ecstasies. At last he had a home, something he never had known before. But half a dozen times in the next two years he and Leatrice quarreled and separated only to make up again.

When Leatrice finally bade him good-by and took their baby away, he knew that the romance was ended. Leatrice got \$15,000 payable at the rate of \$300 a week and their daughter will get \$50 a week until she is eighteen.

Was his consent to the departure of his wife and baby that one big mistake? He went to the heights soon after the separation, when he starred in "The Big Parade." But it wasn't long before the road became rough and stony. Now the time has come when his name is billed beneath that of Wallace Beery by one of the big Hollywood theaters. Jack likes Wally and does not blame him for what happened.

There was his marriage to Ina Claire in Las Vegas, New Mexico, in May, 1929. Many times since then both have told how happy they were. Yet they lived apart for several weeks while Jack's bachelor home was being remodeled to accommodate a bride, so it was announced. They honeymooned in Europe and from Paris came the report of a rift between them, but this was denied. Last fall, Ina went to New York to film "The Royal Family," leaving Jack alone with his thoughts.

Could it be that his marriage to the blond Ina was his one big mistake?

Or was it the ending of his romance with Garbo which shadowed the course of his life? They meet on the lot occasionally and exchange formal greetings as they pass. But there are no more rides in the moonlight by the sea. No lunching at a sequestered table in some restaurant. No lovers' talks between scenes at the studio. He has not even had Greta in his arms in a picture since "Flesh and the Devil."

Once they almost married, according to a report circulated in Hollywood. In 1927 they motored to a near-by town, the story said, with the intention of becoming man and wife. But Greta halted before the license bureau and asked to wait a while longer. She is not the kind to rush headlong into anything. Not Garbo!

Was John's failure to press that romance his big mistake? Does the memory of those wonderful days and nights with Greta haunt him continuously as time goes on? Returning from Europe two years ago, Greta telephoned Jack immediately she arrived in New York. To-day they scarcely speak.

Something has happened to make John Gilbert change; some-

And here is the Gilbert revealed by "Way For a Sailor." What has changed him? He admits having made a big mistake in his life. What was it?





Photos by Autrey

Going Strong

Janet Gaynor is making up for her regrettable absence from the screen by giving her best to one film after another, that her fans may know she is as appreciative of their loyalty as they are of her appealing talent.

EVERY one knows the name of the picture that reunited Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell—"The Man Who Came Back." Now, instead of going their separate ways, they are to repeat that happiest of all star-combinations. Their next picture will be the charming, touching "Merely Mary Ann," which old theatergoers remember but which youthful fans don't. Miss Gaynor's rôle is that of a down-trodden slavey in a London lodging house, to whom a turn of fortune brings sudden wealth—and the loss of love.

Let's hope it will be another "Seventh Heaven."



LADY Luck's STEPCHILD

Perhaps you will tell Dorothy Sebastian why this negative distinction is hers. She, poor girl, doesn't know.

By Madeline Glass

RECENTLY PICTURE PLAY carried an excellent article entitled, "While Talent Goes Begging," in which are cited many instances of neglected talent in Hollywood. The name of Dorothy Sebastian did not, however, appear in the list of these less fortunate players, although that seems to be her position. I'll speak to somebody about that!

It is not merely a personal opinion, but the opinion of many others, that Dorothy is seldom given rôles in proportion to her talents or deserts. She herself feels that something is wrong, and talks about her situation frankly, though not in a spirit of complaint.

She is simply bewildered by the fact that after five years of earnest effort in Hollywood she is still playing no more important rôles than when she began. Lady Luck hasn't done right by our Dorothy.

There are many who consider her work in "Our Blushing Brides" superior to that of either Joan Crawford or Anita Page. When she appeared with Buster Keaton, in "Spite Marriage," the critics praised her as highly as the star himself. In "The Unholy Night" she essayed a Jetta Goudal rôle and came through with honors.

In many other pictures her gentle beauty and thoughtful characterizations, even in parts of no consequence, have won commendation, yet she was dismissed from the Metro-Goldwyn studio, while the comparatively colorless Dorothy Jordan is not only retained, but is given excellent parts, including the complex heroine of "Min and Bill."

Miss Sebastian, not Miss Jordan, should have been awarded that plum. The rôle suits her right down to the ground.

"The electricians on the set," relates Miss Sebastian, "used to say to me, 'Dorothy, why is it you are not given better parts?' And I would say, 'Honey, if I only knew I'd be happy.'"

That Dorothy is willing and courageous is proved by a glimpse at her past life. She was born in the heart of the South, a land of charming hospitality and cast-iron conventions. Birmingham, Alabama, to be exact. Her soft speech recalls bayous, muscadines, fields of cotton, yams, and men who say to a lady, "Do you mind if I smoke?"

In this languid region the stage is not considered a suitable vocation for a lady. Dorothy early understood this, and, although she was determined to be an actress, she did not announce the intention. She did, however, play at acting with her small friends, a peculiarity that was looked upon with tolerant amusement by "the folks."

As she grew older, her talent for drawing stood her in good stead. After the War there sprang up a vogue for hand-painted scarfs, calendars, photos, and various knickknacks. Dorothy took up novelty painting and from a modest beginning her trade grew until she had a small shop. Carefully banking her money, Dorothy was able to go to New York to study art.

Her real purpose, however, was to get in contact with the motion-picture studios. Since she had won some small success in painting and drawing, her parents gave their consent, particularly as an aunt lived in that city.

Wishing to be free of auntie's supervision, Dorothy went to what she had been told was an inexpensive hotel. It was night when she arrived and still night when she awoke hours later. All being well, she went to sleep again, and wakened to find it still dark. Wondering at the exceedingly long night, she called the office and was informed that it was noon.

"You have an inside room," explained the clerk tersely. "That's why it's dark."

On finding that her room cost seventeen dollars a week, she gave it up and found one for twelve. Re-establishing herself, she began to haunt the studios.

Continued on page 111

Dorothy Sebastian's ill luck is not financial, but lies in the fact that her career has been without high lights.





Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull

What's wrong with Dorothy Sebastian? "Why, nothing!" you exclaim. Nor is there. But her lack of a conspicuous position after five years in Hollywood is one of the mysteries that puzzle her friends. Her story, opposite, is one you shouldn't overlook.



The Heart Bowed Down

It belongs to Greta Garbo, in "Inspiration," a modern version of "Sapho," in which a woman renounces the love of her life to safeguard the future of her adored.



Greta Garbo, above, decides to leave Robert Montgomery though he has no inkling of the blow about to fall.

The unusual picture, left, shows Garbo in a rare moment of light-hearted banter.

At the bottom of the page are seen Garbo, with John Miljan and Judith Voselli, who play important rôles.



Off Guard

The popularity of Kay Francis keeps her on the set most of the time in one film after another, but she smilingly welcomes you to her dressing room when she's there.



Photos by Otto Dyar

Accustomed to the austere dressing rooms of stage folk, Miss Francis insists on the same simplicity for her make-up table at the studio. Practicality is her guiding thought—let the chintzes and cushions keep out of her way.

Kay's spontaneous smile is a passport to her presence for all who catch sight of it from afar. Her next picture is George Bancroft's "Scandal Sheet."



Lucky Break

It comes again to Nancy Carroll and Phillips Holmes in appearing together in "Stolen Heaven."

The new picture promises to the young stars opportunities as great as "The Devil's Holiday." Miss Carroll is a night-club performer who takes Mr. Holmes to her room, only to discover that he is sought by detectives.

Miss Carroll, right, undergoes a radical change of expression when she plays a dramatic rôle.



A Lover's Sacrifice

"Youth must be served," says the middle-aged swain in "Ex-mistress," so he bravely turns his back on the girl who prefers his young friend.



Lewis Stone, at top of page, tries to make Bebe Daniels forget the man she loves on a long yachting trip.

Miss Daniels, above, as *Doree Macy*, plays the heroine of the widely read novel.

Ben Lyon and Natalie Moorhead, right, are the couple whose marriage conveniently breaks up that Mr. Lyon may claim Miss Daniels from her free-and-easy life.



"Dance, Fools, Dance!"

The title of Joan Crawford's new picture indicates a return to the form of entertainment that made her the premier modern maiden of the screen.

The negligee party aboard a yacht shown at the top of the page, with Joan Crawford and Lester Vail, speaks louder than words.

Miss Crawford, right, wears the choicest creations of Adrian, the designer.

Dancing with Lester Vail, below, Miss Crawford is in her element.



Sables and Spangles

Ona Munson, First National's musical star, displays some of her sumptuous frocks and furs.



Miss Munson wears, above, a black-and-white velvet tunic frock in the frankly Russian manner which permits of full-shirred sleeves drawn into tight cuffs.

Spangled net, above, is gracefully effective when fashioned, like the Russian ensemble, by Milgrim.

Parchment satin banded with Russian sable, center, is Samuel Lang's striking design to harmonize with Miss Munson's sable wrap.



Russell Ball finds in Gloria Swanson an almost perfect sitter.

The Boulevard Directory

This article of the series that takes you through the shops favored by the players introduces Russell Ball, one of Hollywood's finest portrait photographers, and tells of the visits of a star or two.

By Margaret Reid

HOLLYWOOD'S most successful photographer has yet to discover the perfect face. Which implies that if such a paragon cannot be found in the cinema colony, it just doesn't exist. But, at the same time, a perfect face is not essential to an interesting photograph. The real requirements are a dash of gray matter in the subject's head—and a good photographer, although Russell Ball discounts the last.

Mr. Ball conducts a trade whose magnitude would frighten any photographer with a nonprofessional clientele. Supplying the constant demand of magazines, newspapers, and fans for new pictures is a very important element in a star's business. Once a picture has appeared in print, it is immediately old, useless, because no longer exclusive. And editors insist upon exclusive pictures.

In the unpretentious, untidy little studio where Mr. Ball makes homely ladies look pretty and pretty ladies look intelligent, a sitting means from seventy-five to two hundred poses, and an order from five hundred to five thousand prints. Since few stars let three months go by without supplying press agents with new portraits, you can readily see that, although it be less remunerative, it is also less work to photograph débutantes and bankers.

"There are," Mr. Ball claims, "no two people alike in the world. That is why I don't believe in the time-honored custom of displaying samples in the reception room. What is the point in showing Mrs. Gilblatz a picture I made of Greta Garbo? It couldn't possibly give Mrs. Gilblatz the remotest idea of the sort of picture I'd make of her.

"Sometimes girls starting out in pictures are obsessed with the idea of their resemblance to certain stars. It

is only humane to blast that notion with a good photographer. There is no place on the screen for imitations. Because every one has eyes, nose, and mouth in approximately the same positions, we are limited as to externals. But underneath no two people in the world are alike, and the goal of photography is to coax out and reveal the inner person."

The term "photographically perfect" is loosely intended to mean beauty from the standpoint of measurements. But few technically beautiful people make interesting portraits. Whereas—

"Lawrence Tibbett's face would not appear to be photographic. Yet its swashbuckling strength and abundant humor make an arresting picture always."

This lens expert, who is good-looking enough to be an actor himself, but who has lived only to take pictures since he was a twelve-year-old amateur, has made some of the few existing portraits of Gloria Swanson's children. One photographer was put on a ten-thousand-dollar bond to destroy the negatives he made of them, but not Mr. Ball, who has been photographing Miss Swanson for nearly ten years. Several of the stars will permit no one but Russell Ball to photograph them.

There is no complicated posing here. Only as much light as is necessary to make an exposure is used. Clothes are unimportant—except for comfort. The subject must be at ease, a state arrived at after half an hour or so of casual conversation, and the camera is clicked to record spontaneous moments.

"In men," he says, "I am always looking, photographically, for virility, decisiveness. In women, for the duchess—the dignity and sweetness that underlies all feminine charm. And Gloria Swanson is purely 'lady.'"

Continued on page 113



Talkies Rule the Waves

Film romance entertains the sailor boy while he is away on those long trips, far from his one and only sweetie who sits waiting in Brooklyn or San Francisco.

By H. A. Woodmansee

Illustrated by Lul Trugo

THERE is no more enthusiastic group of picture fans than the enlisted men and officers of the U. S. navy. Every vessel of any size, with the coming of darkness, is converted into a floating theater. To-night, last night, and to-morrow night, anywhere on the ocean's watery waste, "from Crabtown (Annapolis) to Timbuktu," men are sitting on decks with their eyes glued on screens that now bring them the world's sights and sounds. The real navy fan goes to the talkies practically every night, week after week, month after month.

Silent pictures have been entertaining the navy for a good many years, but the talkies were bound to come. At first the navy used silent versions of talkie hits, but they proved a disappointment. The men yearned for the audible films they occasionally saw while on shore leave. So in January a year ago the battleship *Texas* took along talkie apparatus on its southern cruise. Once a week, for four months, it gave exhibitions. On these gala nights sailors from other naval ships anchored off the Cuba station came aboard the *Texas* by the boat-load. It was like fair week in the old home town, with as many as two thousand eager gobs swarming the decks to witness the newest miracle of the entertainment world.

The talkie tests were a whooping success. Consequently, by summer the navy was busy outfitting itself for talkie exhibitions, with the objective of bringing sound entertainment to every ship of the destroyer class and larger, as well as to land stations, by the end of the year. Quite a sizable undertaking, with three hundred and ten stations to be taken care of.

Supplying film entertainment to approximately one hundred thousand men and officers, in three hundred and ten scattered stations, many of them afloat and out of touch with film supply for long periods, giving the men what they want, and giving it to them steadily, is obviously something of a problem. The navy does it through the central Navy Film Exchange, located in the Brooklyn navy yard, and other smaller exchanges scattered from San Pedro, California, to the Philippine Islands.

In fact, the navy film service keeps its fingers right on the pulse of the entertainment-seeking sailor by a system of reports on all pictures, which rates

them from zero to four. Lieutenant F. O. Willenbucher, in charge of the Brooklyn exchange, has a pretty definite idea of just what and who the navy wants to see and hear.

The navy's taste in both stars and pictures is broad. It is heartily in favor of he-men. Such men as George Bancroft and Victor McLaglen get a big hand from the boys on board, not only because they enact the tough guy *par excellence*, but because they themselves are former sailors. Bancroft, at the age of nineteen, organized the first company of battleship actors and put on skits and minstrel shows which were repeated again and again.

Western stars, such as Hoot Gibson, Ken Maynard, and Tom Mix, are also very popular. All good comedians rank very highly, with Harold Lloyd, Buster Keaton, and Laurel and Hardy right at the top. The funny ladies get a hand, too, with Marie Dressler and Polly Moran especially in demand.

And the girls! How the sailor, deprived altogether of feminine company the greater part of his time, worships his screen heroines! Give him Clara Bow, and Greta Garbo, and Mary Brian, and Evelyn Brent, and Kay Johnson! Unlike as these stars are, the navy wants them all. What glamour the sailor builds up around their personalities!

Fully sixty per cent of the enlisted men of the navy are from eighteen to twenty. They are at that age when the opposite sex is most fascinating, and all their flesh-and-blood girl friends are far away, back in port. But every night they can sit and watch and listen to shadow

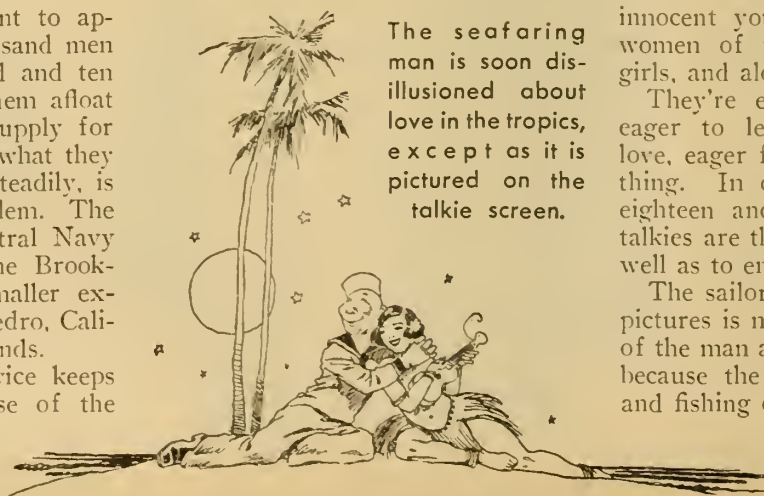
Loreleis and Venuses, to sweet innocent young things, and the women of the world, to party girls, and aloof, mysterious ones.

They're eager for adventure, eager to learn about life and love, eager for practically everything. In other words, they're eighteen and twenty. And the talkies are there to teach them as well as to entertain them.

The sailor's appetite for travel pictures is much keener than that of the man ashore. Perhaps it is because the world is his home, and fishing off the coast of Scot-

land, or elephant hunting in the wilds of Africa,

The seafaring man is soon disillusioned about love in the tropics, except as it is pictured on the talkie screen.



seems to have as much bearing on his life as the activities of the landsman's vacation. Anyway, he not only craves such pictures as "Simba" and "Africa Speaks," but others which are not of sufficient interest to stay-at-home Americans to get a general showing in this country. Among his favorites are the English "Secrets of Nature" and the German "Oddities of Nature." And, of course, such generally popular subjects as the Grantland Rice "Sportlights."

An exclusive masculine audience ashore probably would demand a fairly steady diet of Westerns, comedies, and adventure films. But variety is the spice of life to the seafaring movie fan who sits in front of a screen five to seven nights a week. Such films as "Applause," "Disraeli," "Hallelujah," "The Case of Lena Smith," and "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney" have been generally liked in the navy.

One in every ten features shown is a Western, and one in every fifty a wild-animal picture.

Time was when the films shown in the navy were old and outworn, and such miserable entertainment that the amateur operators would run the picture backward in an effort to squeeze out a little amusement. Since the war, donations of various organizations, however, have made it possible for the service man to be royally entertained. The navy now books all the important pictures as soon as they are released.

A ship going on a long cruise may carry as many as fifty complete programs, and all hands are mighty glad to see those consignments of tin cans come aboard, with their promise of entertainment for the evenings at sea. Only those who have experienced long confinement in a seagoing vessel can realize the way Hollywood's productions drive out monotony from the sailor's life and keep up his spirits.

Very nearly every evening, when supper is out of the way, the sailors off duty gather on deck to wait for darkness and the talkies. Though it may be three hours before the show, there are loud calls for the watch to rig the screen. The men want visible signs of what's coming. They bring up mess benches and ditty boxes to sit upon; while some sprawl on the deck, or seat themselves on the gun turrets, which have been trained out for that purpose. The officers have chairs.

The sun dips below the horizon, and darkness settles down over the ocean. Then on the lonely sea the voice of Hollywood is heard. A million-dollar Broadway revue sings and dances its way across the screen.

Sometimes, when a screen beauty radiates too much sex appeal, there are excited comments. Then an officer stops the show and issues a solemn warning to the men that there will be no more pictures if they are not more orderly. Laughter, applause, and reasonable talk are permitted, however.

Sometimes it starts to rain and some of the men will retreat below to play a game of "accedeucy." But the most interested spectators may stick it out, sitting in the darkness with the rain whipping in their faces. Sometimes the

Sailors are quite susceptible to feminine charms in the most romantic way, for sixty per cent of them are eighteen to twenty years old.



audience is washed with salt spray. But what's a little thing like that to a sailor?

There's a ship's band, too, which plays an overture to the picture program, but even in the silent era of the navy screen the band was silent through the picture. The reason was that the musicians were as much entitled to be entertained as the rest of the men.

Occasionally it is too stormy for deck exhibitions. Then the pictures are shown below in the gun room. Now and then night work interferes. But the navy film service counts on twenty-five new programs a month, which one must admit is a quota large enough to satisfy the most rabid fan.

There is close coöperation and good will between the navy and the film producers. Most pictures which bear on naval or military service are made under the supervision of officers, and are popular with both sea and land forces. Pictures such as "Salute," "West Point," "The Midshipman," and "Dress Parade" were received with interest in the navy. The sailor is especially fond of seeing himself on the screen, and therefore "The Fleet's In," "True to the Navy," the Beery-Hatton burlesque, "We're in the Navy Now" and others of the sort, were favorites aboard ship.

All the navy's films are passed upon by the navy film service. There is censorship, but it is of a much broader sort than that which exists in many places ashore. Usually the navy is content to accept pictures made under the Will Hays regulations. Those rejected are most often turned down for the following reasons:

- (a) They unduly criticize the government.
- (b) They throw the military service into discredit.
- (c) They are objectionable for military reasons.

Russian films filled with Soviet propaganda are barred.

The navy itself has gone into picture-making to some extent. It has made various tech-
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The navy likes the he-man type of hero, with anchors on his arms and power in his punch.



Home Life in

Gossips watch the married couples in the scientists watching a colony of strange with a hundred times more gusto than

By Helen



Joan Crawford says that petting in public shows the world that she and Doug, Jr., are making o go of marriage.

ACTORS really have a lot of tribulations. What with one thing and another, I get all groggy sometimes contemplating the troubles of these unfortunate beings, and every now and again I feel called upon to do something constructive about them—you know, sort of pat them on the heads and give them some motherly advice. This happens to be one of the occasions.

First thing you know, they'll all be calling me "Aunty Helen"—and running over to my house to have me put witch-hazel on their little bruises and comfort them with peppermint drops—or maybe gin high balls. And what reward could be sweeter?

Anyhow, the thing that is lacerating me just now is the pathetic plight of young married couples like Janet Gaynor and her husband, Lydell Peck.

In the first place, when an actor is single, people are always marrying him or her off, first to this one and then to that one. It must be rather disconcerting.

If an actor takes a girl to dinner, or an actress appears at a première with a young man, then the rumorers go about rumor-

ing that they are about to be married—any minute. Or that they are already married, secretly, and have been in that state for months. Or maybe years. As likely as not, they credit them with a set of twins or something.

You might imagine that these anxious supervisors of young actors' lives would settle back with a sigh of relief when one of their subjects-for-discussion actually does take the step and enter the wedded state. But not at all. The wedding bells have scarcely ceased ringing, the honeymoon is hardly under way—and certainly the wedding gifts are not all in—when the rumorers get right to work on the separation and divorce of the young couple.

They aren't living together. They never have lived together. Why, they never even *intended* to live together, anyhow! The marriage was a publicity stunt. Or one of them married in a fit of pique on account of an unfortunate love affair with another. They quarreled on the way down the church aisle after the ceremony. Mercy! Haven't you *heard*?

I have the greatest sympathy for poor John Gilbert who cabled from Paris on the occasion of the first published rumors of his separation from Ina Claire, "Why can't they let us alone? Why do we have to be treated like goldfish in cages?"

Now I never saw a goldfish in a cage. But if Jack felt like one, then he must have been most uncomfortable!

You see, what Jack and Ina, as well as Janet and Lydell, needed was some good advice. Then they would have known how to act like happily married couples, and there wouldn't have been all this uproar in the papers.

When Janet and Lydell had been married only a few days, they attended a première at the Chinese Theater with another couple. At intermission, when they strolled outside for a breath of air, Janet made the tremendous mistake of walking up the aisle with the other man in the party.

Heavens! The rumorers were all there. They always are at premières. They all leaned forward, gasping and peering. And, of course, rumorers. Rumoring all over the place. By midnight the papers all had the news.



Janet Gaynor sent Lydell Peck away alone to catch a big, old train and next morning she found the front yard full of reporters asking about the separation.

a Glass Cage

movie world with all the minute attention of moths, and reveal their smallest discoveries any research worker could ever muster up.

Louise Walker

Janet and her new husband were separated. Divorce proceedings were well under way. And the other man in the case was—well, whoever it was who accompanied Janet up the aisle. I forget, at the moment. But it doesn't matter.

Anyhow, reporters were on the doorstep when Janet left for the studio the next morning.

You see? If Janet had just known the rules, she would have known better than to walk up any aisle, or through any door, or, for that matter, better than to walk at all—with any other man than Lydell!

There was another terrific sensation, shortly afterward, which might have been avoided if some one had just told this young couple how to behave. Lydell was called out of the city on business, and Janet and her mother planned to go to the theater on the night of his departure. Since he was not to be gone more than twenty-four hours or so, and since the time of his departure conflicted with the rising of the curtain at the theater, Janet, in her innocence, kissed him good-by in the privacy of their own home and proceeded to the theater with her mother.

But she reckoned without the rumorers. Horrors! A bride of a month to allow her husband to get right on a great big old chugging train without her? Well, of course! They had quarreled. They were separated. Everything was the matter. And again, the reporters were on her doorstep, eager for news of the rift. Oh, dear!

So, wives must *always* accompany their husbands to trains. You can see how important it is.

Doug and Mary could tell them. They have been acting like a happily married couple for years and years and years. Working at it. Giving it thought and concentration. For all I know, they may have had the advice of experts in publicity upon the matter.

They know better than to go walking around with other people. Neither of them will even dance with any one else. And certainly no one ever heard of either of them lunching with a member of the opposite sex—outside the family.

They seldom go to parties, or the theater, or make any sort of public appearance. Mostly, so far as I am able to see, they just sit up there at Pickfair, quietly acting the

Rumorers have out-rumored themselves from the moment Ina Claire and John Gilbert said "I do" right down to how they made out at breakfast this morning.



Brides and grooms simply must be seen lunching together, so William Hawks meets Bessie Love at the studio every day.



part of a happily married couple. It may sound like a dull life to you. But, I'm telling you, they know all the rules. Recently, however, they've been going about a bit and promptly all sorts of rumors began to circulate.

Their marriage has become a legend and an institution in Hollywood and if anything should ever happen to it, the entire film colony would be devastated.

Poor Gloria Swanson never quite solved the problem of how to appear happily married. The result was that whenever she got off a train or whenever, in fact, she saw a reporter anywhere in the dim distance, she automatically muttered, "No, we are not getting a divorce. No, Hank and I are not separated. No, we do not intend to get a divorce—" Just like that, without waiting to be asked. For some reason, de-

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Don't Write—Whisper

Gossip travels faster when its labeled a secret.



They say Joe E. Brown, above, can tune down to a whisper when he's with Laura Lee, in "Maybe It's Love."



Benny Rubin, above, hears all and more when Louise Fazenda gets the loan of his ear in "Leathernecking."



Mitzi Green and Jackie Coogan, left, have little secrets in "Tom Sawyer."



Loretta Young, above, is telling Frank McHugh something that threatens to get a laugh.



Ralph Forbes and Clara Bow, left, hold the first family conference in "Her Wedding Night."

The Pulpit Called— the Screen Tempted

Five well-known actors were drawn to the church early in life, but yielded to the siren call of Hollywood. Have they lost or gained?

By William H. McKegg

ST. ANTHONY, as most people probably know, had his moments of temptation, but escaped them and became a holy man.

Quite a few young bloods in Hollywood were tempted, strayed, and became actors—Richard Dix, Ramon Novarro, Richard Arlen, Neil Hamilton, and Rex Lease.

How to account for the lapse from their first holy intentions is hard to explain. I doubt if they could tell you themselves. It all came about in a strange way. What we need wonder about is whether the success each has achieved in acting makes up for what he put aside in a more austere vocation.

Take Richard Dix, for example. Richard was imbued with heavenly thoughts at an early age. During childhood he used to preach to his mother and any one else within hearing. Believing that they needed spiritual comfort, he tried to turn their thoughts from earthly things to celestial peace.

This urge to preach obsessed Richard

Neil Hamilton saw himself a priest, the center of attraction.



Ramon Novarro ardently desired to take holy orders, but became a dancer.

When Richard Arlen renounced his desire to be a preacher, he stole milk to keep from starving.

until early manhood. Instead of putting it into effect, however, he joined a stock company and began to act. People heard him from the stage. The pulpit survives without his presence, and to-day fans hear him from the screen.

Dix is one of the leading stars of the screen. He is a merry soul. From his early Goldwyn days of ten years ago, he rose to the heights. Any one rising to such an elevation is not likely to be without a few

adventures. And Richard has encountered his.

Love came his way very early and often. He was always being smitten with some young, beautiful thing.

As he was a good-looking star, he appealed greatly to the attractive sprites. But did he gain the end of his love quest? He did not. Soon, very soon, he became disillusioned after each attack. His own true love was not among those he courted.

Financially, Richard is well fixed. Until recently he was not so secure as a star. A series of mediocre stories did not help him keep his stellar standing. And while with Paramount, his late abode, Gary Cooper and Charles Rogers soared above him in popularity. To-day as a star for RKO Richard is facing better fortune. He has one of the favored rôles of the year—that of *Yancey Cravat*, in Edna Ferber's "Cimarron."

The Pulpit Called—the Screen Tempted



Had Rex Lease become a clergyman he would have been known as "the parson with a punch."

Dix is a jolly decent chap. One of the best. Yet now, as he looks back on the past ten years, does he consider that he has accomplished more in acting than he would have in following his earlier desire to preach?

There is Ramon Novarro, too. Even now, they say, Ramon is inclined to throw up his screen career and enter a holy retreat. In boyhood, like most Latins, he ardently desired to become a priest. With all the fervor of adolescence, he flung himself into his religion. Yet Ramon became—a dancer. And see where he is to-day. Acting is a far cry from the church. One wonders why these young men were drawn to it from preaching.

Upheavals have come and gone, but Novarro seems to go on placidly enough. But according to gossip, Ramon is always worrying about something. He gains no spiritual satisfaction from acting.

As a young boy he came to Los Angeles and, with religion and acting in his youthful mind, he chose the latter. Of course he couldn't get it right away, but eventually, after starving and struggling, he got extra work. And the rest is known.

In a recent article in *PICTURE PLAY*, Ramon spoke of the futility of all material gains. Yet one would imagine his success to have brought satisfaction and contentment.

What sudden decision caused Ramon to desert his religious intentions for acting? Wealth he has, position,

success. Yet it is evident Ramon sees little in any of these.

One never hears any surprising stories about Novarro. Where other players flaunt themselves before the public, he remains in seclusion. Applause has never turned his head.

Airing their love affairs in public is another favorite pastime of many of the players. From Ramon one never hears so much as a sigh. His name has never been sentimentally connected with that of any girl. He keeps to himself.

Does this silence mean that Ramon regrets having deserted the church for the screen? Only he knows.

Richard Arlen also felt the urge to preach when a boy. As a lad he always wanted to sway others with sermons, pointing out to them the pitfalls of sin they were nearing in their ignorance. To-day Dick is a star for Paramount.

Dick's acting career has been a hard, severe one. For ten years he fought his way in Hollywood. Now he is one of the most popular players. He has nothing

to worry him that I know of. Yet seven of those ten years were full of difficulties. Where another chap gave up, Dick continued plodding on.

Don't imagine Mr. Arlen permitted himself to starve with no money on hand. He told me that on one occasion he took a job as a gardener and mowed lawns and tended the gardens of various homes. Later, while in similar circumstances, but with not so much as a gardener's job in sight, Dick took a bottle of milk he found one morning on an unguarded doorstep.

One can readily see how far he had put behind him his early

urge for the church. But since achieving fame, Dick Arlen—conscience-stricken, perhaps—has made up for that one lapse from grace by giving a helping hand to others.

Oh, yes, Mr. Arlen is well fixed. He has a nice home, a charming, clever wife in Jobyna Ralston, and a lucrative job.

But we must ask it—is Richard happy in his acting? I recollect hearing him say that it seemed to him as if there was always something more to fight for in maintaining a career. While aware of what he has attained as a player, he feels, as soon as he has mounted a new step, that there are at least a dozen more to climb.

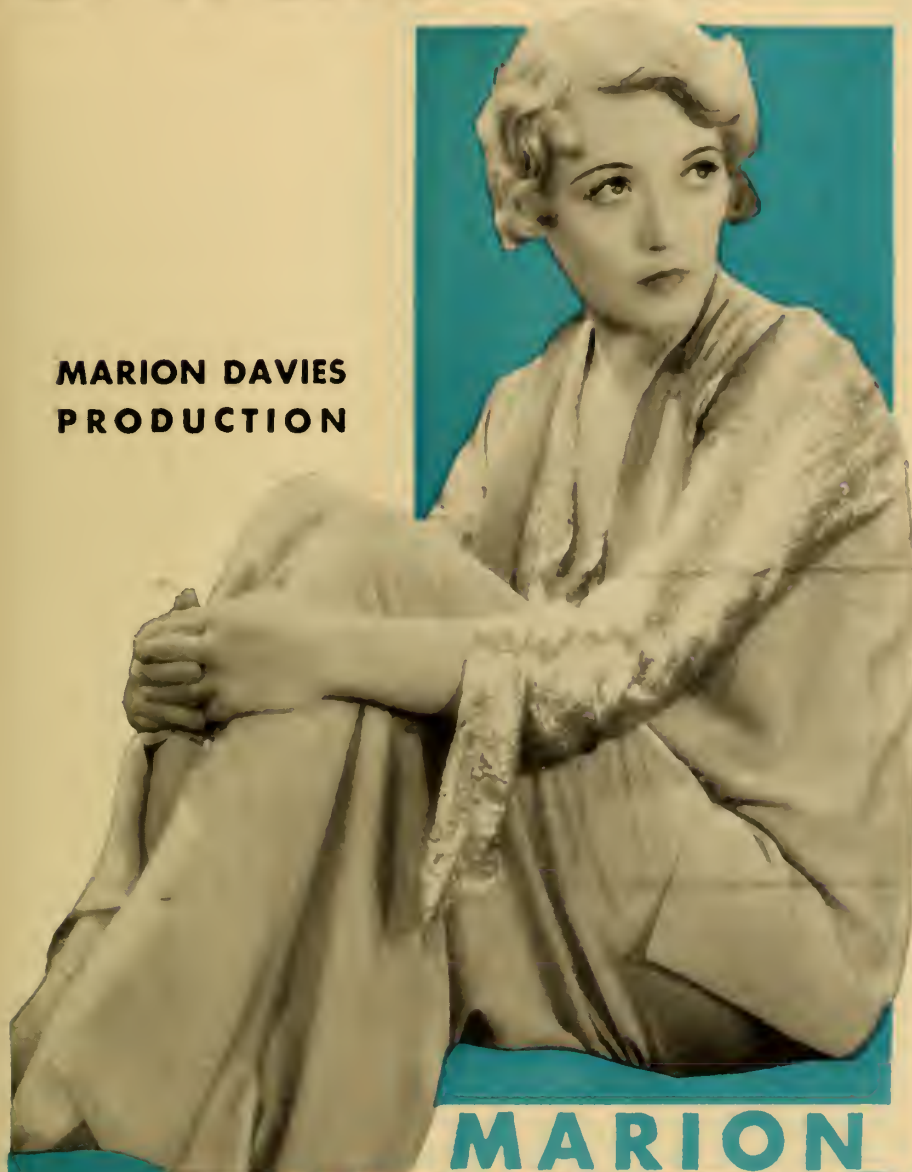
Continued on page 115



Just when Richard Dix might have joined the ministry, he cast his lot with a stock company.

IMAGINE BEING THE DAUGHTER OF A BACHELOR!

MARION DAVIES
PRODUCTION



MARION
DAVIES



DAVID BELASCO
whose famous
Broadway production
is now brought
to the talking screen

The Belasco Theatre,
New York, where
"The Bachelor Father"
first scored its
sensational triumph



She was his favorite child until he discovered she was not his child at all!



He, too, was a bachelor—but his feelings towards her were in no way paternal!

With Ralph Forbes
and C. Aubrey Smith

Based on the play by
EDWARD CHILDS CARPENTER

Directed by
ROBERT Z. LEONARD

IN THE FAMOUS BROADWAY COMEDY HIT

You won't be able to resist her any more than her bachelor father could! Here is one of the most lovable and entertaining roles ever played by America's favorite comedienne. Here is a play about a situation you have never before seen on the screen. No wonder New York applauded its wit, daring and all-around human interest!

The **BACHELOR
FATHER**

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

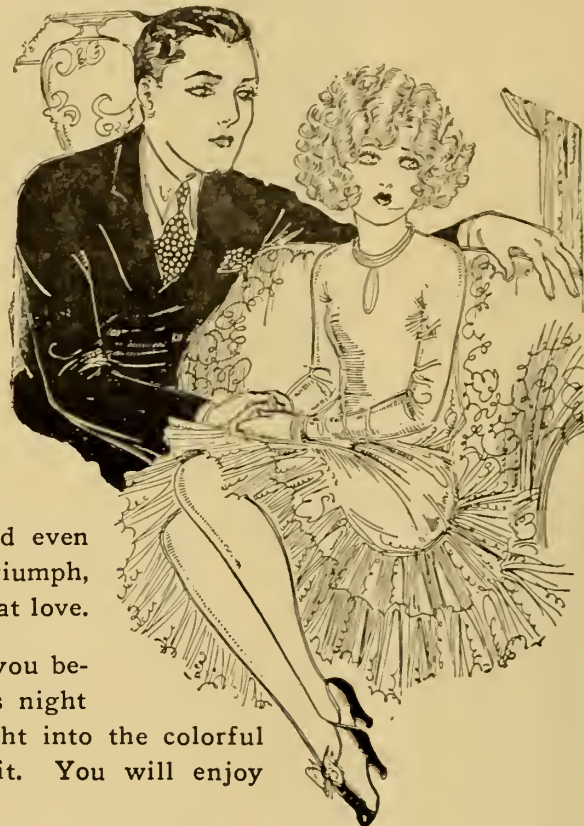
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"More Power To You, Angel Face"

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Here is a story which takes you behind the scenes of New York's night life and gives you a true insight into the colorful characters of those who live it. You will enjoy every page of



ANGEL FACE

By VIVIAN GREY

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"There's nothing to tell, except that I'm looking for a job," Annabelle replied, beginning to eat the soup.

The man leaned forward, interested.

"What kind of work?" he asked. "Typing? Stenography? I can give you the name of an excellent agency to which I sent for some one to do a little work for me a while ago."

He scribbled it on a card, and then began to talk of other things, telling her about New York, urging her to go to the zoo, and the Aquarium, and to the top of the Chrysler Building, "because if you don't go sight-seeing now, you'll never have time again; New Yorkers never do!"

He pointed out prominent people—two well-known actresses with their husbands, a judge, a diplomat, some prominent business men.

"New Yorkers don't come to places like this just for a good time," he told her. "These clubs are the center of the city's life. More business goes on here than in a third of the office buildings of the city."

Annabelle listened, wide-eyed, and ate such food as she had never seen before. Breast of guinea hen, served under glass; potatoes that she knew must be potatoes, though they bore no likeness to any she had ever seen before; a salad so pretty that she hated to spoil it, and a marvelous concoction of ice cream shaped like a little doll.

"Everybody comes to this club now," the man was saying. "The worst of the best people and the best of the worst all show up here. Next week they'll go somewhere else. Same crowd, practically the same entertainment. It's a great place to watch people."

"You haven't told me your name," he said a little later. "Not that that matters. Listen." An entertainer was singing "Chérie—just for to-night—Chérie." Her companion smiled across the table at Annabelle. "That's it—Chérie," he said. "That is name enough."

"And what shall I call you?" Annabelle asked.

"Well"—he hesitated a moment—"John. Just John."

Then, shrugging his shoulders as if to shake off a burden, he summoned the head waiter, to whom he gave lengthy instructions. The man scurried away, returning presently carrying a spray of orchids and a bottle of perfume.

Annabelle had noticed the little counter near the door, where flowers, and French dolls, and perfumes were displayed. Pinning the orchids to her shoulder, she couldn't help wondering what they had cost in this

place—where even the cheapest cigarettes were expensive!

And the perfume, "Flowers of the Night," it was called. She had seen it advertised at forty dollars the bottle. She could live for two weeks on forty dollars!

She opened the flask, scented her finger tips and the little hollow at the base of her throat. It was a heavy, exotic scent. She didn't quite like it, but she was thrilled at having it. Never before had she owned anything but the mildest violet toilet water.

She tried to express her thanks, but John waved her to silence, and brought up the subject of the drawings on the walls.

"All done by an artist who hangs around here," John explained. "It's quite the thing to have your picture on these walls."

"What makes people famous in New York?" Annabelle asked.

John laughed.

"Usually it depends on the people you're associating with," he answered. "Hang around with the right crowd and the first thing you know, you're somebody." Then, glancing over his shoulder, he added, "There's the artist now, headed this way."

He came straight over to them, sketch pad in hand.

"Mind if I do you, chief?" he asked hopefully. John shook his head. He was sitting now, as he had most of the evening, with one hand hiding his face from the eyes down.

"Have to give in sometime," the man added jovially. "May I do the young lady, then?"

Annabelle's companion glanced at her, saw that her eyes were wide with excitement and pleasure, and nodded.

She sat very still, almost holding her breath. If only some of the girls who had been disagreeable to her back home could see her now! Exhilarated by the lights and the music, she lifted one shoulder a little, tilted her head back, smiled. She felt as if she looked more than ever like Constance Bennett.

The artist, having finished his sketch, was asking her to sign it, when a tall, heavy-jowled man approached and stood glaring belligerently down at John for a moment before speaking.

As Annabelle scrawled "Chérie" across the bottom of the picture, she heard the newcomer growl. "What's the big idear coming here to-night, when you know—"

John lifted his hand preemptorily. The man scowled and walked away. John beckoned to the waiter and asked for his check a moment later.

"Time we were leaving, Chérie,"

he said. "Run along and get your coat, and I'll put you into a cab."

Annabelle was glad to go, despite her reluctance to leave the lights and music. The big man had frightened her. She insisted on turning her tips over to Lola's mother, but finally took five dollars to stop what promised to be an endless argument.

John was waiting for her near the door, hat drawn down over his eyes, coat collar turned up. He nodded to the doorman, gave him a bill, and walked over to a taxi that stood at the curb.

"What is your address?" he asked Annabelle, repeating it to the driver. Then, taking her hand, "I hope you have enjoyed this evening one half as much as I have," he said. "Probably we'll never meet again, but I shall think of you often. Good luck."

Annabelle leaned back in a corner of the cab, staring down at her flowers and perfume. Without them, she could hardly have believed that the evening's events had been real; it seemed impossible that they could have happened to her.

Well, to-morrow she'd go out looking for work again; somehow she now felt more encouraged about finding it. Soon she'd get a job, and move. She'd get away from the hideous house, and the awful old landlady who was so horrid, even when she was engaging a room.

"What's yer name?" the woman had demanded.

"Annabelle St. John," Annabelle gasped, so frightened that she could hardly speak. She pronounced her last name "Sinjun," as she always had.

"Belle Simpson," the old woman repeated, and Annabelle let it go at that, not sorry to be misunderstood. When she was rich and famous, she told herself, she wouldn't want any one to know that she had ever had to live in a place like this.

The cab stopped at a cross street, held up by a change in traffic lights. The driver turned around and spoke through the open window.

"Do you really live in that dump you gave the address of?" he inquired. "or was you just tryin' to get rid of that guy?"

Annabelle's eyes opened wide in amazement.

"I really live there," she answered curtly.

"Well, say—are you a stranger here?" the man went on companionably. "What are you doin' in a joint like that? Did you go there because it was cheap? I got a daughter about your age, and I wouldn't let her walk past that hole. Say, I'd be afraid to stay there myself—I'd be afraid of bein' bumped off."

The Movie Runaround

"Why—why——"

"Take it from me, lady, that's no place for a skirt like you," he went on, casually shifting gears and starting up again. "It's got a bad name, that neighborhood has. You better move."

"But I don't know where to go—I haven't much money——"

"Why don't you try the Y. W.? You grab your duds to-morrow and go over there. That's the place for a girl like you."

Bewildered, Annabelle thanked him, and got out of the cab more frightened than ever.

She sat up the rest of that night, after she had packed her few belongings, waiting anxiously for the first ray of dawn. When it came she caught up her suitcase and tiptoed down the stairs and out to the street, trembling with fear of meeting the huge, bewhiskered landlady. She had paid a week's rent in advance, but still she feared trouble if she were caught.

Early-morning New York was thrilling. She walked down Broadway, now strangely empty and dingy-looking. A lovely girl in evening clothes, such as Annabelle had dreamed of wearing, came out of an all-night restaurant, saying to her escort, "Those were the best wheat cakes I've eaten in ages."

Two girls, evidently telephone operators, hurried past Annabelle, discussing their jobs. She went into the all-night restaurant and ate a hearty breakfast, buoyed up by the feeling that surely she'd get work to-day, and then went out in search of a new home.

The new room was sanctuary. After taking a bath and dressing, she started out once more to look for work. She went to the agency recommended by her friend of the night before, to find the outer office filled with girls.

She waited there only a moment. The woman at the desk told one girl that she had openings only for highly trained girls, with plenty of experience. Annabelle, her heart sinking, made her way out to the elevator. Three months' work in Johnson's Hardware Emporium back home would hardly make an impression here!

Wearily she went into the street, to start once again on a round of the offices whose ads looked most promising. As usual, she found other girls ahead of her, and got no encouragement.

She started home at last, stopping on the way for dinner at a cafeteria. Although she had had nothing to eat since early breakfast, a big plate of beef stew was all she could afford.

There was a newspaper on the chair beside her. She picked it up. The evening papers weren't as good as the morning ones for want ads, but she might find something.

And then she saw a headline, "Stewart Hill Disappears." She glanced down the page. There, staring straight at her, was a picture of the man with whom she had had supper the night before.

For an instant her heart seemed to stop beating; then it began to thump so hard that she felt as if it were shaking her whole body. She turned cold all over. Ignoring her meager supper, she eagerly read the story.

Hill, she learned, was a politician who had been defrauding the government on some big building contracts, and had been summoned to appear that day to explain his activities. He had vanished the night before, after having been seen in "a popular Fifty-fourth Street night club," taking with him most of his firm's capital.

Foul play was suspected, but the Federal authorities and his former partners were convinced that he was hiding somewhere.

He had gone to the night club the evening before. He was well-known there, as he usually came in for supper. Clinching her hands, as if to defend herself against the shock that was coming, Annabelle read on.

A new girl had persuaded the regular cigarette girl, Lola Marsh, to go home and let her act as substitute, she read. This new girl went straight to Hill, shortly after he came in, talked with him, and later joined him for supper. No one knew her name, but the head waiter and the artist who had drawn her picture had heard him call her "Chérie."

The sketch of Annabelle appeared on the second page. She gave a little gasp of relief when she saw how little it really looked like her. The hair was too light, the eyes too large; the whole effect of it—the way her head was held, the orchids pinned to her shoulder—made it seem that she was a far different type.

"They'd never know me from that," she told herself. "Never. Oh, but what shall I do if they find me! Poor Aunt Ellen!"

They had driven away in a taxi, she read. The police were looking for the driver, who might be able to give them some hint of where she was now, unless, as was believed, she had gone away with Hill.

Annabelle never knew just how she got back to her room. She remembered getting on a subway and riding, feeling safe because the crowds were so huge, and then, when

she reached the end of the line, getting off and riding back downtown again.

Then, suddenly frightened by hearing a man mention the Hill case to some one else, she went stumbling through the streets, and back to the little room that had seemed so comforting so short time before.

There was another girl in the room, sitting in a rocking-chair by the window, mending a stocking.

"Hullo," she said cheerily, as Annabelle came in. "Are you Annabelle St. John? I'm Carrie Hildreth. You'll be my roommate—they put me in here to-day. Hope we get along together."

"So do I," said Annabelle in a choked voice, throwing herself on the bed. This was awful, having to keep up before some one else when she had thought she would be alone.

"What's the matter—tired?" the girl asked solicitously, crossing the room and sitting down on the bed. "Been looking for work. I bet. Pretty tough, isn't it? Oh, you've got a paper. Say, that Hill case is exciting, isn't it? What does the *Sun* say?"—rattling the pages—"oh, they've got a picture of the girl. Pretty, isn't she? Don't you wish you looked like that?"

Annabelle said she wished she did.

"Well, poor kid, she's probably trying to hide somewhere," Carrie went on. "Probably hoping she won't be caught, but she will be, of course. Now, tell me what kind of work you want. I know of a job, but you might not like it. You'd have to leave New York."

Annabelle sat up suddenly.

"What kind of job?" she demanded. "Where is it?"

"Well, it isn't much good—doesn't pay much," Carrie went on. "A girl who's a friend of my boy friend had it, but she gave it up to-day. Ever hear of Caroline Wakefield, in movies?"

"Sure. I have seen her in her last two."

"Well, this girl I know was her secretary; came here from Hollywood with her. But they kept fussing—Wakefield's a regular old Tartar, thinks she's the only actress in pictures, even if she is fifty or sixty years old. She's going back to-morrow, and this girl quit to-day. Wakefield's crazy. It was too late to phone an agency, or advertise for anybody, and she——"

Annabelle jumped up and reached for her hat.

"Where is she?" she asked.

Carrie laughed.

"Say, don't be in such a hurry. This means going to Hollywood, and

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"THE ROYAL BED" is the alias under which the stage play, "The Queen's Husband," comes to the screen, with Anthony Bushell and Mary Astor intent on living up to the new title. In case you didn't see the amusing comedy behind the footlights, you will want to know what it is about. A Balkan kingdom is the scene, but the events pictured are quite unlike the usual saccharine romances involving fictional royalties.

Here we have a queen about to embark on a trip to the United States to borrow money. The king, overruled and ignored by her when she is at home, is forced by circumstances to become every inch a sovereign and a father, too. For he discovers that his daughter, betrothed to a foreign prince, is really in love with his secretary. A revolution also crops up and is quashed by the king who, when the queen returns and is about to sweep the princess into unwelcome marriage, performs himself the ceremony that unites her to the man she loves, and sends the happy pair off to South America.

The Movie Runaround

you'd get twenty-five a week and have to dress on it. Your other bills would be paid. Say, I wouldn't take it on a bet!"

"I would," Annabelle answered, "if I can get it."

"Well, then, fix yourself up a little—not too much; one reason Wakefield fought with this girl was because she didn't want a secretary who'd look so nice the news photographers would include her in pictures. But you look pretty ratty. Take that hat of mine—red ought to be becoming to you. And you'd better borrow my coat, too; it's cold out."

Annabelle gratefully took the red hat and coat; she realized that in them she looked quite different than she had the night before, in her black suit. She'd have to try to change her appearance, now, and her whole personality. Oh, she mustn't get caught, mustn't be involved in this shameful affair!

She tried to go back over everything, to see if she had left anything behind her, any clew that could be followed. In the subway, on the way uptown, she read a later paper and found that the taxi driver had come forward to tell what he knew.

He had given the address to which he had taken her, and the landlady at the rooming house had added her bit. The girl was named Belle Simpson, she said, and had come from out of town—"That's what she claimed, but I don't believe it. She was a slick one, getting out of my house the way she did, owing me rent!"

"The old liar!" Annabelle commented to herself at that revelation.

Every one at the night club apparently had tried to describe her, but none of them really knew what she looked like. They all agreed that she was very beautiful, and seemed to know Stewart Hill very well.

Leaving the subway, Annabelle caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror of a slot machine, and reflected that nobody would think her beautiful now. She was very pale, the lids drooped over her tired eyes, and her shoulders sagged. The last girl to be suspected of being the daring confidante of an embezzler!

She had thought that talking to Caroline Wakefield would be a difficult task, but it proved to be just the opposite, for Miss Wakefield did all the talking.

She was tall and thin, her dyed hair elaborately dressed, her purple dressing gown very ornate. She sat in the midst of open trunks and suitcases, firing orders at a harassed maid, and looked Annabelle over.

"What's your name?" she demanded. "Annabelle St. John.

Sounds like a chorus girl, but you certainly don't look like one. I'll call you Anna Johns—much better! Can you cook? My cook goes home at nine, and I like a snack late at night.

"Can you answer the telephone, and give messages, and cut out my notices from the newspapers and paste them in a book? Can you give a dog a bath? Oh, and can you run a typewriter?"

Annabelle nodded in reply to all the questions.

"And see here!" the great Wakefield went on. "When newspapermen take pictures of me, when I'm getting off a train, do you know enough to keep in the background?"

"I certainly do!" Annabelle answered fervently.

"All right, I'll take you. I'll give you twenty-five a week, and don't keep striking me for a raise, because you won't get it. And don't think you're going to get into pictures when you get to Hollywood, because you won't. Can you read aloud? I like detective stories.

"All right"—she rose majestically—"I'm going to take a cabinet bath and have a massage, and you can read to me. While I'm getting ready, send a telegram to John Gilbert, congratulating him on his new picture—it opens to-night. I haven't seen it, but that won't matter. You'll find his address in the little red book on my desk."

Annabelle almost forgot her terror. She was to send a telegram to John Gilbert! She hunted for the little red book, and finally reported that she couldn't find it.

"It's right there!" Miss Wakefield shouted at her. "I know it is! Use your eyes! Well, I know it's there; put it there myself. What?"—as the maid came forward with the book in her hand.

"Oh, on the chair. Well, I knew it was right there somewhere. And you'll find a bar pin some man sent me, asking if I'd buy it. Send it back to him. Write him a nice letter, and sign my name. You'll find something around there that I've signed."

Annabelle wondered if the new job was going to be all roses, after all.

"And did you send that wire to Betty Compson?" Miss Wakefield went on, after a moment. "I didn't tell you to? I certainly *did!* I hope you aren't going to be dumb. You'll have to learn to pay attention to what I say, or we'll never get along. I hope you don't snore. I can hear a person snoring three rooms away from me."

"No, I don't," Annabelle answered.

She scurried about, trying frantically to carry out all Miss Wakefield's orders. She must hold this job, she must! It would mean getting out of New York, being safe from discovery—it was just what she wanted. And to go to Hollywood!

"Hope you have some better-looking clothes than those," Miss Wakefield was continuing. "You haven't? Well, Suzanne can make over something of mine to-night"—the overworked maid cast a disgusted glance at Annabelle.

"I can't have you looking shabby when we leave. Get out that black suit that I don't like," she went on, "and fit it down to her. That'll have to do! Now, come along and read to me." Suzanne picked up a book. "Oh, not that. The late editions of the papers are on that chair. Bring them along."

Annabelle went into the huge bathroom, with all its paraphernalia of scales, special towels and brushes, creams and powders, all heavily monogrammed in purple. Miss Wakefield was sitting in the big square cabinet, only her head protruding.

"Sit on that chair," she ordered, "and read me all about Stewart Hill's disappearance. They should have found that girl by now."

Annabelle felt giddy. But she sat down, and forced her shaking hands to separate a paper from the pile.

Once again, in a trembling voice, she read the story of Hill's disappearance. Once again she read about her own appearance at the night club, and of how suspicious Lola and her mother had been of her. The head waiter, too, had thought something was wrong.

Some one had seen Hill write on a card and give it to her—doubtless that was the address of the place to which she had fled! The police were more determined than ever to find "The mystery girl."

Hill had bought orchids for her. And perfume—"Flowers of the Night." Annabelle shuddered. Her handkerchief had some of the scent on it—would Miss Wakefield notice?

"Let's see that picture of the girl," she ordered, and Annabelle obediently held it up for her. "Looks familiar, somehow. I'll bet I've seen her somewhere recently. Well, she must be a bad lot, running around with a man like that. Don't you think so?"

"Yes," Annabelle gulped.

"But they'll get her soon!" amiably predicted the tyrant, nodding Annabelle back to her chair. "What's that perfume you have on?"

"It's called—called 'New York,'" Annabelle exclaimed desperately.

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"If ye have tears, prepare to shed them now!"

For Ann Harding is coming to town in "East Lynne."

The famous old melodrama, costumed in the period of 1875, with settings by the great Joseph Urban, has a trio of unusually interesting players in the leading rôles.

Conrad Nagel is *Carlyle*, Clive Brook is *Captain Levi-son*, the first villain he has ever portrayed, by the way, and of course Miss Harding is *Lady Isabel*, the wife who deserts her husband for a spurious love and returns years later as governess of her own children.

Unable to make known her identity, she does penance for her indiscretion by seeing the man she loves happily married to another, her children calling the new wife mother.

This is the heartbreak of "East Lynne" and it is quite safe to say that Miss Harding's beautiful voice and gracious presence will give *Lady Isabel's* sorrows new poignancy.

Photos by Autrey



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ment of mutual friendship. I know this reads like the pattern of a good many other films, including "What Price Glory?" and "The Cock-eyed World," but the new version is different, largely because it is more serious and dramatic than either of the others. It is well worth seeing for the reasons I have mentioned.

Mr. Bancroft is fine, William (Stage) Boyd is equally so in a different way, and a newcomer, Jessie Royce Landis, as the girl who starts the last feud, has one of the most agreeable voices expertly used that I have yet heard. Just listen to her changing inflections in her first scene with Mr. Bancroft in the Havana dive.

The Redemption of Genevieve.

A lighter touch, gayer dialogue, and a more knowing viewpoint have entered into "Free Love" than in most of the pictures that Hollywood calls sophisticated comedies. Though no great shakes as a story and proving nothing one way or another in spats between husband and wife, it is constantly diverting.

This is because it is admirably played by Conrad Nagel and Genevieve Tobin who, by the way, nicely erases the smudge left by her affected performance in "A Lady Surrenders." She has acquired what we call a "new" personality, blond hair having much to do with it, and her speech only seldom recalls the stage English used in her debut. She is fluent, graceful, pleasing. Quite a feat this, because the rôle is a mean one—an irresponsible, petulant wife who leaves her husband after lots of bickering and is socked in the jaw by him with the remark, "You've had this coming to you for a long time, darling." Then they make up.

Conrad Nagel is convincing as the harried husband, Zasu Pitts stands out like a beacon in one of her wistful-maid rôles, Monroe Owsley is attractive as the pseudo-villain, and Ilka Chase is always interesting.

A Crooked Broadcast.

Though William Haines carries his wisecracking and freshness just a bit too far for the comfort of at least one admirer, he manages to turn out a good picture when once he settles down to serious business in "Remote Control." But said admirer here-with takes him to task for repeating himself rather grievously in the early sequences when he is pressing his attentions upon the girl who repulses him. This time the girl is new—Mary Doran—but his attitude toward her recalls Leila Hyams, Anita Page, Alice Day, Eleanor Boardman, and others who have been victims of

waggishness carried so far that one wonders how any girl— There is no need to complete the thought.

It is a fact, though, that Billy never ceases to be likable and there is in him an inherent gentlemanliness, to use an old-fashioned word, that somehow survives his boisterousness.

He forces himself into a radio studio as announcer, builds up the station with his personality and the talent he provides, and gets mixed up with a fake clairvoyant who broadcasts instructions to his band of crooks while pretending to answer questions of listeners in. John Miljan is capital in this rôle, which he plays with just the right amount of spuriousness masked by poise and smoothness. Miss Doran is attractive as the heroine and her simple dresses seem, to one surfeited with costumes, just about the last word in smartness. Outstanding hits are contributed by Polly Moran, Charles King, Cliff Edwards, J. C. Nugent, and the stuttering Roscoe Ates. The conclusion reaches a pitch of excitement unusual in a Haines picture.

An Unenviable Career.

If you are raising your boy to be a boudoir diplomat, don't! A less satisfactory career I cannot think of after seeing the amusing play called "The Command to Love" become the dull and pretentious "Boudoir Diplomat" on the screen.

In case you are in doubt, a bedroom statesman is a young man who wins favors for his government by making love to complaisant wives of big shots in other countries. He is given this assignment by the minister whose attaché he is, a bit of drollery coming from the fact that the ambassador's wife is amusing herself with him. And in the background there is a sweet young thing who knows naught of her fiancé's philandering.

It is not on the score of impropriety that your critic frowns on "The Boudoir Diplomat." The story is legitimate material for a light, amusing piece, but it is treated with a heavy hand and a literal touch that rob it of its reason for being. Lubitsch would have reveled in it and Menjou might have prayed for it when in anguished search for a congenial rôle. But neither would have interpreted the comedy as we see it.

Nor do the players rise above the occasion. Ian Keith is miscast as the hero, his deliberation in action and speech creating no illusion of a dashing Continental. On inspecting Mary Duncan and Betty Compson one makes the discovery that European diplomats marry show girls and manage to hold their jobs.

A Likable Cuss.

"Lightnin'" is the best picture Will Rogers has made since he found his voice, though fond memories cling to "One Glorious Day" in silence. But that is another matter entirely, isn't it?

The chief excellence of the new film lies in the fact that Mr. Rogers finds himself, for the first time, with a real character to portray and not a caricature, as in "So This Is Paris" and the pendant "So This Is London."

As the tippling, likable scalawag, *Bill Jones*, he is entirely convincing, irresistible. *Bill*, you remember, is the proprietor of a hotel situated on the California-Nevada border called "Calivada," a haven for those seeking divorce. Their problems are amusingly presented. More important is the serious business of the piece, which consists of the dishonest efforts of a lawyer to get the hotel away from *Bill* and his ambitious wife, and *Bill's* frustration of the plan.

Louise Dresser is the wife and good enough she is. But it is Jason Robards who surprises with his best performance and, too, Joel McCrea is straightforward and intelligent in the reading of his lines, as the young fellow in love with *Bill's* daughter. The picture is much too long, in spite of excellent performances, but that is a fault of many films photographed from stage plays.

Strong Emotions Refined.

Although one is conscious of the deliberate pace with which "The Passion Flower" unfolds, the spectator is held by smooth direction, admirable acting, and humanness of characterization. These qualities always mark a picture directed by William de Mille. Stripped of these distinctions, the story is neither new nor important and could be passed over with a yawn. But I venture to say that no one will so dismiss the piece in its present guise. It depicts crises in the life of a rich girl who marries a chauffeur and whose wealthy cousin falls in love with the husband she at first despises. They go away, leaving the wife with her two children. When the rich woman is free to marry the erring husband he turns her down to go back to his wife.

Don't let the trite story keep you away, especially if you like Kay Francis, Charles Bickford, and Kay Johnson. Miss Francis shines as a really distinguished actress, giving a performance that surpasses anything she has done, and she makes the pseudo-villainess a charming and sympathetic person. Likewise Miss

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GEORGE O'BRIEN is becoming a pillar of the movies.

That means he is reliable rather than sensational, steady rather than variable and, by the same token, always interesting.

His films nearly always picture the great outdoors, though time was when he offered great variety of subjects. But instead of being conventional or dull, they are likely to have beauty and even glamour, as well as intelligence and humor. This is because the star is no mere puppet content to do the bidding of a director, but an actor of experience, enthusiasm, and good sense, these qualities communicating themselves to everything he does.

Enough has already been written about Mr. O'Brien's physical development to make further comment unnecessary. It is significant, though, to compare old photographs with present ones and to discover that his physical condition is the same to-day that it was five years ago.

The picture on the right is from "Fair Warning," with Louise Huntington.

thing deeper than loss of prestige. The charming, debonair, smiling Jack, one of the most beloved and admired of Hollywood's great, has gone into a shell.

"No more interviews with any one!" he snapped, recently. "Just let me alone, please!"

No public appearances. No talks over the radio. No acting as master of ceremonies at premières. Instead, he goes through his daily work, then quickly enters his car and drives to the beach. There, with Raquel or some other companion, he remains. I had occasion recently to want a paragraph quoting him on a magazine topic and was told by the studio publicity men, "There's absolutely no use asking him for it. He turns down old friends—writers—flat. He won't be bothered."

And this the genial, good-natured, brilliant man whose fan mail once was delivered in a truck! What has happened?

One of his friends gives this explanation:

"Sensitive, oh, so sensitive, Jack has been stabbed to the heart by criticism of his pictures. When his first talkie was previewed, persons in the audience laughed outright at his voice which had been terribly recorded. All the glamour that surrounded the great lover faded away

His Biggest Fight

as very unromantic sounds came from his lips in 'His Glorious Night.' To be laughed at by an audience, hurt—and hurt deep.

"Right at the peak of success when the talkies arrived, Jack felt himself bowled over and almost trampled upon. And even laughed at! It left him stunned.

"If the studio had shelved that production and had seen to it that Jack took a course in voice culture, it would have been better for his future. But the picture went out and was razed unmercifully. The fame of the great lover, built up through years of work, was shattered almost overnight. Instead of speaking in a romantic lover's voice, he seemed to be speaking from a phonograph record which had been used to pound steak.

"Of course that fault has been corrected now, but the big hurt is still in Jack's heart. Yet, with his back to the wall, he's determined to give everything he has until he wins. He isn't licked yet. He remembers that Norma Shearer was about washed up when she made 'The Last of Mrs. Cheyney,' then followed that with 'The Divorcée' and not only regained her position, but won the award of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences for the best performance of the year. Watch

Jack Gilbert! You'll see *him* do it, too. All he needs is the right story."

There have been many clouds to take the sunshine out of the path of John Gilbert. As a child he traveled from town to town with his mother, who played in small repertoire troupes. He never had a home. When not with her, he was boarded out. After her death he had to shift for himself.

He used to believe that his father's name was O'Hara, but one day after he had achieved success, John Pringle appeared in Hollywood with papers to prove that he was his parent. To Jack the man was a stranger, absent for more than twenty-five years.

John Pringle got extra work thereafter and eventually was employed as a studio gateman. He died in the California Lutheran Hospital, August 12, 1929.

Jack has a beautiful home in the hills above Hollywood, a cottage at the beach, a yacht at anchor in the harbor. There are loyal souls ready to join him in hours of recreation when he wants them. In the meantime, he keeps in seclusion and will remain there until the world once more applauds some fine picture he has made—or until he quits the screen.

His back is to the wall.

Continued from page 61

her years ago by a fan are still the pride of Bessie's household.

Gary Cooper likes birds, too. His particular little feathered friends were eagles. There were two of them and Gary had had them since they were fledglings. Hating to deprive them of their birthright when they were full-grown, Gary recently took them back to their native mountaintops, although they were tame and tractable.

Bozo is a marmoset belonging to Joan Crawford. A fan sent him to her some time ago, and Joan is greatly attached to him. Bozo roams agilely around the house and particularly enjoys teasing the patient great Dane which Joan gave Douglas for Christmas.

In the Forbes-Chatterton household, Belinda, of course, reigns supreme. Belinda is an Aberdeen terrier of great charm. But even Belinda cannot compete with the novel appeal of the newest addition to the menagerie.

The new addition is a wolf—only a cub, but still a wolf. When Ralph Forbes was on a recent hunting trip in the High Sierras, he shot a timber wolf which showed too keen an in-

Room for One More

terest in him. Afterward he found its cub under a tree.

Refusing to leave it to starve, he captured it, despite its snarling and display of a full set of sharp teeth. Carrying it in a nose bag on the five-day trip back to civilization, he fed it by dipping a cloth in milk.

Housed now in a box in the garden, it frolics like a dog and looks rather like a fawn. Its present sweet disposition is not permanent, according to a veterinarian, who says that six months will be the duration of its term as a domestic pet.

A source of widespread mourning was the death of Angel Face. He was a British bulldog whom Cecil DeMille owned for many years. Angel Face was a local character. He went to all DeMille previews with the family, during which he slept, snoring loudly. There was deep grief when old age and avoirdupois necessitated his demise.

Two unusually beautiful and valuable setters, one English and one Llewellyn, were gifts to Charles Farrell from Winfield Sheehan. Skipper and Boots, bred in the Sheehan kennels, are rare specimens of canine intelligence and sweetness.

Charles Bickford has wire-haired terrier twins identical in size and marking. They answer to "Dynamite" and "Anna Christie."

Anita Page's Lady is a huge, cream-colored Persian cat who curls up on a window seat every afternoon, waiting for Anita to come home.

Richard Arlen and Jobyna Ralston have a Dutch canal dog, Jill, who is very black and shiny and appealing. June Collyer's majestic police dog is famous for his good manners. He never barks above a whisper when he is in the house.

José Mojica's little dog, a present from Mona Maris, is called Chato, which is Spanish for "flat nose." He already does several tricks, despite his extreme youth.

Claire Luce's wire-haired terrier is a prize winner, known as Mormuir Doogle. John Miljan, who raises goldfish in a large pool at his Beverly Hills home, has one special pet who has been king of the pond for six years, and is very large and handsome, with unusual markings of red gold.

They are all remarkable and unique. You *know*—you've had pets of your own.

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Jolinson is never a wife indulging in self-pity, but an intelligent woman who faces facts cheerfully. Zasu Pitts also scores in a clear-cut characterization and Lewis Stone is effectively cast.

Hard Work.

The title "Hook, Line, and Sinker" has little to do with the plot of the picture starring Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey, and featuring Dorothy Lee. Miss Lee is an heiress who runs away from home to operate a hotel left to her. En route she encounters the two comedians who appoint themselves her advisers and the three launch their enterprise. Publicizing it as the rendezvous of the élite, they succeed in attracting rival gangs of crooks to the hostelry, each with designs on the jewels of the guests.

The whole thing is pretty dull and boring, with Mr. Woolsey cracking what he believes to be an irresistible gag every time he is introduced to any one. As he extends his hand he accompanies it with "Fidget the digits, kid, fidget the digits." What laughs there are are contributed by Jobyna Howland as Miss Lee's mother.

A critic after reviewing the work of the two stars and the featured player, remarked "If those three hams are stars, I'm the four Hawaiians Joe Cook is always imitating." That sums it up about as well as anything.

Among the Idle Rich.

Without being more than moderately interesting, "Fast and Loose" is well played by a cast of actors recruited, with few exceptions, from Broadway. They give an excellent account of themselves, though hampered by a play that was a big hit in its day, but is now a little shopworn. The piece is "The Best People," in which a rich girl prefers the nobler virtues of an automobile mechanic to the men of her own set, and her brother finds loftiness of character in a chorus girl. There is also the less-than-startling situation of a father who arranges a meeting with the chorine for the purpose of buying her off and is disarmed by her gentle virtuousness.

Trite as all this reads, it is related intelligently by players who know how. Consequently every character is interesting. It is just that their doings seem not worth while to the veteran film inspector.

Miriam Hopkins, who makes her screen début, is highly regarded on the stage and she shows why. Her comedy scenes with Charles Starrett, also new, are delightful, and Henry

Wadsworth again is a most believable juvenile. Frank Morgan and Ilka Chase labor expertly in their respective ways, but the glamorous Carol Lombard is miscast as the chorus vestal.

A Losing Gamble.

There are no two ways to express an opinion of "The Lottery Bride." It is a downright fiasco. One watches it in a state of horrid fascination, wondering what further mistakes will be unreel. For that reason it is not exactly a bore to the critic, though I'm afraid its true classification is just that.

It is an operetta from which much of the music has been extracted in a frantic effort to disguise that unwanted form of screen play, but the true intent of the piece is never camouflaged and there's enough music in the wrong places to make one squirm. The tunes are pleasant enough and the voices of Jeanette MacDonald, John Garrick, and Robert Chisholm—the latter's screen début—are superior. But the hodgepodge of operatic drama and laborious comic relief gives the singers no chance to rise above their surroundings.

It begins in Norway, moves to the north pole, and includes a marathon dance, a comedian from New York, a heroine who is drawn in a lottery for money to pay for her brother's theft, a hero who misunderstands, a dirigible crashing against an iceberg and a vision of heaven in the snowy wastes. All this is punctuated by songs that break out surprisingly, with organ strains accompanying the struggles of men lost in the ice and snow. The ice, incidentally, is yellow, like frozen Chartreuse. But it all ends happily.

Besides those already mentioned, there are Joe E. Brown, Zasu Pitts, and Carroll Nye.

An Ace Comedian.

Ed Wynn, a topnotch comedian in musical comedy, makes his talkie début in "Follow the Leader," which served him a couple of years ago on the stage as "Manhattan Mary." And right good it was too and, for that matter still is, if you like musical comedy plots and characters, even though there is only a minimum of singing in the present agglomeration. It is Mr. Wynn's antics, however, that excuse the picture—his surprised stare, his bewildered gestures, his skipping walk, his lunatic inventions.

He delivers it all in good measure, including even that greatest of all his inventions that has stood the test of laughter for almost ten years, a contrivance for eating corn on the ear in the manner of a typewriter carriage.

All you do is to fasten the ear as you would the roller of your machine and it clicks from left to right, revolving all the while, a bell ringing to remind you to shift the carriage or, rather, the corn!

Ginger Rogers and Stanley Smith are familiars in a cast drafted from musical comedy, including Ethel Merman, a blues singer of prima donna importance on Broadway.

Fifty Years From Now.

The trouble with "Just Imagine" is that not enough imagination and too much musical comedy went into it. Lack of the former quality is proved by one detail, typical of many: that of naming inhabitants of Mars *Loo-loo*, *Boo-boo*, and *Loko-boko*. While the presence of El Brendel and Marjorie White deprives the film of any claim to the fantasy it purports to be.

Though one is transported to a mechanical age fifty years hence, these players loudly proclaim that vaudeville humor is the same as it always was. Why this should be so in 1950 is just another proof why the picture disappoints. And there are others.

But there are good points too, chiefly scenic. Views of a city of skyscrapers, with airplanes taking the place of automobiles, are impressive and convincing, and the many mechanical devices are well constructed and managed. The story, too, is good enough for the purpose. It is just that the whole thing is permeated with musical comedy atmosphere and is a spectacle instead of a play.

Maureen O'Sullivan, John Garrick, and Frank Albertson have the leading rôles, though Mr. Brendel and Miss White have most to do.

Harking Back Too Far.

"The Truth About Youth" is a misleading title, for the youth is that which existed thirty years ago and there is no more truth to the fiction than is found in the average routine film. This is really one of them.

All about a girl's concealed love for her middle-aged guardian, with the latter trying to mate her with a twenty-one-year-old who has been placed in the care of three bachelor friends of his deceased father. The young man is known by the distressing nickname of "*The Imp*." David Manners, who plays him, is about as impish as the professor's favorite undergraduate. *The Imp* falls for a night-club houri, marries her, is sacked when she discovers he isn't rich, and inevitably middle-aged guardy and sweet ingénue decide that fate shall never part December and May.

Loretta Young is girlic, and charming she is; Conway Tearle makes another of his understandably infrequent appearances as guardy, and Myrna Loy proves herself to be one of the most arresting persons on the screen, as *The Firefly*. But it's all so old-fashioned.

Easily Enjoyed, Easily Forgotten.

Of course you remember Richard Dix's "Easy Come, Easy Go" a couple of years ago. You have reason, for it was an amusing film of pleasant lightness. It told of a likable ne'er-do-well who became involved in the light-fingered business of a crook, the piece turning out to be a farce that depended on mistaken identities at a health farm.

The story is all there in the new version, but the treatment is entirely different and so are the players. The star rôle is that of the crook, whereas formerly he was subordinated to Mr.

Dix as the hero. It doesn't much matter, except that the new version is pleasant, amiably amusing, and stars Leon Errol as the crook with musical comedy technique—collapsible legs, an occasional song, and so forth. Richard Arlen plays the rôle associated with Mr. Dix, Mary Brian is the heroine instead of Nancy Carroll, and there are Stuart Erwin, Anderson Lawler—better known as Gary Cooper's buddy than as an actor—and other capable people.

Virtue Minus.

Oh, tut, tut. It's painful to see good actors go wrong. It is a minor torture of the critic. When he sees the total of their exertions result in a bad picture his anguish becomes acute. Thus he records sorrowfully his disappointment in Walter Huston, Kay Francis, and Kenneth MacKenna, all of whom do their share in making "The Virtuous Sin" a clin-

ical experience instead of a joy, aided and abetted by those invisible forces, the scenario writer, director, the composers of dialogue, et cetera. All seem to have conspired in turning out a dreadful exhibit.

Its locale is supposedly Russia. Miss Francis is the wife of a lieutenant who is condemned to death. She sets about to fascinate the all-powerful general and win a pardon for her husband. But in the process of the seduction she learns to love the gruff autocrat. After misunderstandings, recriminations, bridlings, and what not, the story ends with the hope that a great love will find its just reward in God's elimination of the husband.

Thousands of words could be written in ridicule of the whole thing, but none of them would convey the embarrassment of the unhappy spectator whose duty it is to report. Let us, then, forgive and forget.

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But analyze the people in any field who have *not* succeeded.

"Consciously or unconsciously they cultivate friends for what those friends can do for them. Get one of them into a corner and start talking confidentially. See if he doesn't tell you all he's done for Tom, and how Tom had a chance to reciprocate, but threw him down instead.

"And, in order to prove that he's the original hard-luck guy, he'll relate how he and Harry went to school together—how Harry has succeeded, and could so easily give him a lift, but doesn't.

"Successful people in this business have no more to put up with than any one else has, and they have a devil of a lot of good things that other people haven't.

"If it weren't for the movies, half these people who are drawing down thousands of dollars a week couldn't earn a thousand dollars a year. And yet they complain."

The referee called time out while they brought me to. Honest confessions may be good for the soul, but they're very bad for interviewers' weak hearts.

"Some people get spiritual warmth from religion," he continued. "I get it from contact with other people. I love to have people around me and to talk and play with them.

"I have few inhibitions. When I want to do a thing, I try to do it, and that's the end of it. If I didn't do it, it would be bad for me, because I would become repressed and inhibited. I have been criticized for not being more aloof and maintaining

Tickled All Over

what people call the dignity of my position.

"But it isn't natural for me to be that way. Why, great Scott! I'm doing the thing I love most in the world and why, because I happen to have hit it lucky, should I set myself apart—make myself inaccessible, and demand that a red carpet be spread from my car to the door!"

"Pardon me," I interjected. "Perhaps we had better have this interview in installments. The lunch is very good, and I can't assimilate too many of these radical ideas in one day. Shall we continue to-morrow?"

But Mr. Tibbett was off on a favorite subject, and there was no stopping him.

"When I go out on the street, or in a crowd, and people happen to recognize me and whisper, 'That's Lawrence Tibbett,' I beam and smirk like the cat that swallowed the canary. It tickles me all over.

"I can't go up and shake hands with everybody who recognizes me, but I'd like to. At times, when you're at a night club, or at a dance, or restaurant, and people eye every mouthful you eat, or continually interrupt you asking for autographs, it does become a little annoying. But even while I'm annoyed, I know down in my heart that I love it, and that I'd be much more annoyed if they didn't notice me."

It was becoming increasingly difficult for me to digest all this revolutionary talk, what with the shock of it and frequent recourse to stimulants—smelling salts and one thing and another necessary to keep me

going during our conversation, but I managed one more question.

"A short time ago," I marveled, "yours was an outstanding success of the season in opera. I thought the summit had been reached then. Now, you've scored the success of the year in pictures. What else is there for you—what's left for you to go on to?"

It's customary in speaking of operatic stars to say, "He bestowed a slow, grave smile upon me," but Mr. Tibbett didn't—he grinned.

"All of us have some ambition—idiotic, I suppose it might be called. Your clown always wants to play tragedy, the light-opera singer yearns for grand opera, the tragedian wants comedy.

"Well, I'd like to play a straight dramatic part just to see whether I could succeed on pure histrionic ability. Any songs would have to be incidental.

"I had an offer from the Theater Guild in New York this year, so that ambition doesn't seem impossible of fulfillment."

"And after that—then what?"

"Oh, there'll be something else. There always is. I'm always satisfied with what I have, but never with what I am—or do. That's the wonderful part of success—there are always new goals beckoning to you. If you've a sense of humor, the fun of striving for and reaching them is half the pleasure of living.

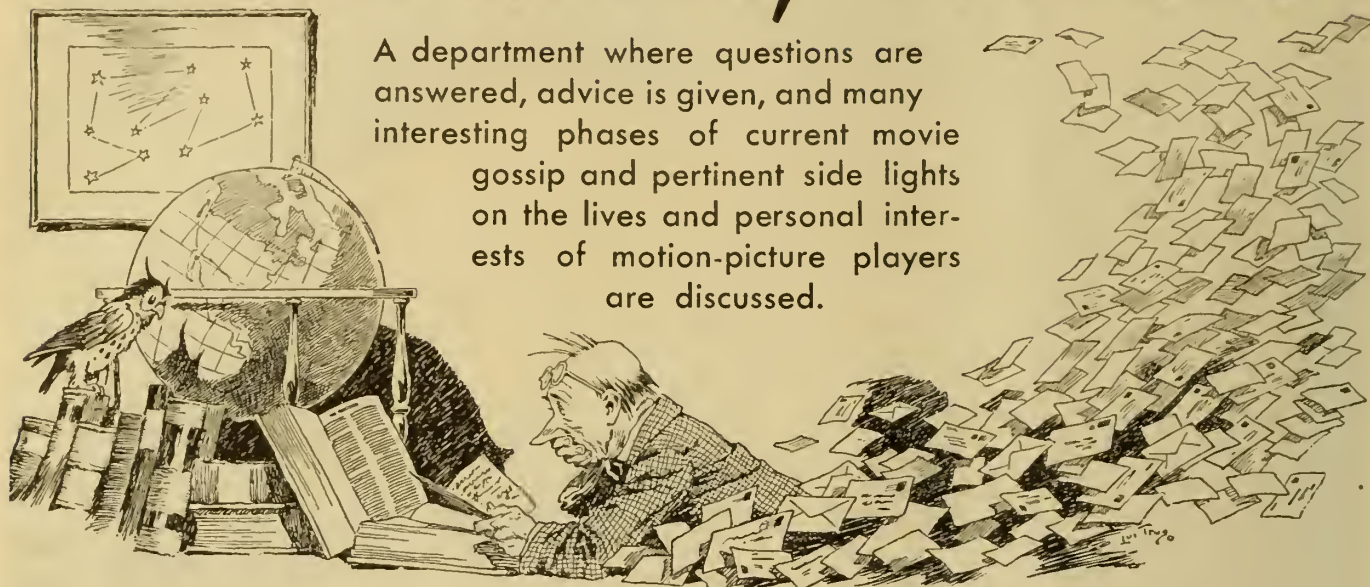
"I haven't found success to be a hollow bubble. Fulfillment—even the outer rim of it—is carpeted in star dust and cheap at any price."



Photo by Hurrell

PICTURE PLAY is not given to idle predictions, nor are we committing ourselves to one now in introducing Lester Vail. However, if one considers what his photograph tells, adds to it stage experience and leading rôles in two films, "Beau Ideal" and "Dance, Fools, Dance!" then we may reasonably look forward to Mr. Vail's future.

Information, PLEASE



A department where questions are answered, advice is given, and many interesting phases of current movie gossip and pertinent side lights on the lives and personal interests of motion-picture players are discussed.

By the Picture Oracle

JOSEFA HESTEHAGEN.—You need not worry about your English! It's better than many people speak who have been here all their lives. Ricardo Cortez is 31. His latest picture is "Her Man." Janet Gaynor is not going on the stage at present—now that she has made up with Fox. Lily Damita is 24, Lola Lane about 21, Frank Albertson 20, Dorothy Mackaill 26. Dorothy will soon be seen in "The Green Cat." Kenneth MacKenna is about 30 and is, I believe, unmarried.

BLONDY FROM MILWAUKEE.—Of course curiosity will be satisfied. My job in life is being a curiosity satisfier. Laura La Plante was born November 1, 1904; she has very blond hair. She is married to William A. Seiter, a director. Laura is not making any pictures at present. *Blythe*, in "The Dawn Patrol," is not credited in the cast. Charlie Farrell's new picture is "Squadrons," Lupe Velez's is "Resurrection," Chester Morris's "The Bat Whispers." Chester was born in New York, February 16, 1902. He is married to Suzanne Kilborn, and they have a son and a baby daughter. Loretta Young, Stanley Smith, Tom Mix, and Phyllis Haver were all born on January 6, so you have lots of good company on your birthday.

VIONRUTH.—Here you are all ready to appreciate reading what I know about Frank Lyon—and I don't know anything about him at all! The chances are he is a stage player who was cast in "The Big Pond." Fredric March is again playing opposite Claudette Colbert, in "Sex in Business." As for Freddy's being temperamental, you must have him confused with his rôle in "The Royal Family." Bebe Daniels is American of Spanish ancestry; she was born January 14, 1901.

PICTURE PLAY ADMIRER.—No, Dolores del Rio has not done any film work since "The Bad One," but that doesn't necessarily mean that she is through. She has been quite ill. John Gilbert recently played in "Way For a Sailor"; he is being coached constantly for talking, and since his contract is expensive and has several

years to run, he will probably continue on the screen. "The Trespasser" was made on the RCA photophone process; other United Artists pictures use Western Electric sound. I believe Movietone is now more widely used than Vitaphone.

TRIXIE.—Sorry, Trixie, that I didn't have your address when some one asked for it, but I have to throw letters away after they're answered, as it would take a large secretarial force and space to file them all—particularly as there is almost never reason to refer to them later. Richard Arlen married Jobyna Ralston, January 28, 1927. Yes, a letter addressed to him at Toluca Lake would reach him. Kay Francis was born in Oklahoma City on a Friday the 13th of January, but doesn't say which year. She is not married. Her 1930 films were "Behind the Make-up," "Street of Chance," "Notorious Affair," "For the Defense," "Let's Go Native," "Raffles," "Virtuous Sin," and "Unfit to Print." Bert Wheeler used to team in vaudeville with his wife, Betty Wheeler, but the team broke up when they were divorced. I don't know whether that's his real name. There are various reasons why stars change their names: sometimes their real names are ugly, sometimes they change names because of numerology, which many stars believe in, and so on. Nothing has been said about a talkie version of "Ben-Hur." Yes, Novarro's "Call of the Flesh" was originally "The Singer of Seville," but the name was changed before the picture was released. Perhaps your Canadian censors were responsible for changing the title of "The Divorcee."

BILLIE O.—Do not take you seriously! One of the things I've had to learn is never to take any one seriously. Yes, I've met Ramon Novarro, who is a very shy young man, with eyelashes any girl would envy. It may be true that Ramon and John Gilbert shared the salary of a make-up artist from Europe several years ago, but, begging your pardon, does it matter? Do write me again. I like people who don't wish to be taken seriously.

JACK SEYBOLD.—We had to stop announcing fan clubs, but I'll gladly keep a record of your Valléebond Club for Rudy.

A JEAN ARTHUR FAN.—Of course I'll try to answer your questions; I may even succeed! Jean Arthur, born Gladys Green, began life in New York City on October 17th. She was married to Julian Ancker in 1927, but the marriage was annulled. Her next film is Jack Oakie's "The Gang Buster." Robert Armstrong will next be seen in "Paid," starring Joan Crawford. Larry Kent is now cast in a Fox picture, "The Seas Beneath"; Donald Reed has not appeared on the screen since "The Texan" last spring. Dorothy Jordan was born in Clarksville, Tennessee, August 9, 1910. She is five feet two, weighs 100, and has brown hair and blue eyes. Her current film is "Min and Bill." Margaret Morris has evidently been talked out of movies.

THERESA FROM TORONTO.—Lilyan Tashman was Mrs. Al Lee before she married Edmund Lowe, and he was formerly married to Esther Miller. Ramon Novarro's brother Mario played very minor rôles in one or two pictures, but I don't know what they were. It is most unlikely that Novarro and Evelyn Laye will appear together, as they work for different companies. I'll tell the editor you would like him to publish Joan Crawford's life story.

CECILIA MCKEAN.—Lend you an ear? Dear me, where did I leave that extra ear of mine? Joseph Schildkraut is getting divorced from his wife, Elise Bartlett. As to Joseph's having a grown son—you must have him confused with his father, Rudolph Schildkraut, also an actor, who died recently. Joseph is five feet ten, weighs 146, and has black hair and eyes. Milton Sills fell dead of heart trouble while playing tennis. Edmund Lowe is blue-eyed, blond, six feet tall and weighs 170. There are no fan clubs in his honor. Any one can organize as many fan clubs as he likes. Robert Ames was the leading man in "The Trespasser." No, there are no fan clubs in his name.

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Gags

Bigger and better is the watchword of the studio prop rooms and the stars lend a helping hand.

Jauntily carrying the hugest golf bag, Maurice Chevalier, right, is prepared to adopt a caddy or two when he reaches the links. Or maybe he only wants to be sure of enough clubs.

"The better to see you, my dear," says William Austin, above, when he is asked why he wears the largest glasses in Hollywood.

Lillian Roth, below, packs a mean wallop when she goes in for baseball with the other girls.

Mitzi Green, above, never misses anything that's said or done in her vicinity, and she wants to make doubly sure of a whispered telephone conversation.

Stuart Erwin, left, and Leon Errol, are literally staggered by so much time on their hands.



More than Tol'able

"I was really fat, too, and lazy—why, I must have been the laziest boy you ever saw. I'm still lazy. I didn't like to work or study.

"I drew pictures when I was supposed to study. I did like literature, though. I quit high school to study art. I had to leave home and support myself for that, working at almost everything. I was an expert at soda-jerkering.

"And I dreamed of being an actor. People laughed at me. I used to read aloud a great deal, as if I were reading lines in a play. I managed to get my squeaky voice down."

Cromwell's voice sounded Southern enough for the story requirements in "Tol'able David," without going Carolina. "I don't even have an old Southern grandmother," he confessed. He was born in California twenty years ago.

"I thought I'd be afraid of the camera," Richard recalled, "but I wasn't. John Blystone is a swell director. He made me feel easy right away. If he'd given me the razzberry, I don't believe I could have gone through with it.

"It was just the sort of rôle I wanted. I remember liking the old film."

Barthelmess, the first screen *David*, congratulated Cromwell on his performance. It made him feel like a million. It was explained that Cromwell had objected to being called Richard, because Barthelmess's old rôle was enough, without lifting his first name, too.

When he was told that he would be *Tol'able David*—and a regular movie player—Richard immediately telephoned his mother. His big ambition was to be realized. He asked

her to hurry out to the studio and sign his contract. His mother answered that she was taking dictation and could not leave her office then.

"Never mind your job there," Richard answered. "You won't have to work now."

His mother, two sisters, and eighteen-year-old brother have moved to Los Angeles to be with him. His father died when Richard was eight, and an older sister is married.

"Boy, how they can bring me down to earth, especially my kid sister, who's just twelve. 'Aw, you're not an actor,' she'll say, giving me the razzberry."

He thinks his seventeen-year-old sister should train for the stage, but does not believe in trying to drag one's family into the studio.

He wants nothing from stardom

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mance of the Rio Grande." Mona was expected to do a brief impersonation of Antonio Moreno, the villain of the play. She went through it perfunctorily and stepped aside.

Santell just sat there staring at her. Not a word did he say. Not a sign nor a gesture. Just stared. Presently he turned to another scene and proceeded with the picture. Mona's impersonation he absolutely ignored. She, as well as the other members of the company, knew she had pulled a boner.

All the rest of the afternoon Mona was snubbed. She probably spent some of the unhappiest hours of her life wondering what the results would be. When she was offered another chance next morning, she gave to the task everything she had. Once more she was in good standing.

"One of our greatest troubles," said Mr. Santell, "is that an actress will get a preconceived idea of how a scene should be played, and it's difficult for a director to get it the way *he* thinks it should be played. I know my players can act. When they don't do it, I get some one who will."

One of the strangest procedures seen on a motion-picture set in recent months took place at the Pathé studio during the filming of "Rich People," starring Constance Bennett. Imagine Edward H. Griffith holding Miss Bennett by the hand and running around and around the set, dodging between props, avoiding the lights, and taking the right of way over everything.

Then when Constance was dead-tired, she was led before the cameras

and the scene was filmed in which Regis Toomey, as her impoverished sweetheart, packs his bags, surrenders her to the rich suitor, and says good-by. Constance registered hopelessness and physical fatigue. That race around the set after a day's work put her in condition to present the scene admirably.

Later I mentioned the incident to Mr. Griffith who told me that in a retake of the scene Miss Bennett did it better than ever. "She had the talent and genius," he continued, "but for the moment she failed to give her best."

Mr. Griffith applies the third degree in a limited way when he believes it justified. I know that in making "Unseeing Eyes" with Seena Owen, he hurled snowballs at her as she clung to a cliff in the mountains, calling to her, "Seena, you're going blind! You're going blind!"

And Miss Owen registered all she could with the make-up on her face almost frozen.

Paradoxical with these incidents I have mentioned was the case of Helen Twelvetrees. Helen had been under contract to Fox, had encountered tough breaks, had got but few opportunities, and then was dismissed when option-renewing time came around last year. The little blonde was in the depths when she started out to hunt for another job.

"Nobody wants me!" she said plaintively.

It was while she was seated with a string of girls on the waiting bench at the Pathé studio that Charles Richards, casting director, saw her—the saddest, bluest, most disconsolate-looking girl imaginable. Rich-

ards called Edmund Goulding, who was to direct "The Grand Parade," and pointed her out. Both studied her unobserved.

"Get her in here," suggested Goulding.

They wanted a girl to appear as a slavey in the first part of the picture, then take a dominating position in the last.

Helen got the rôle. She did the first impersonation well, because she was disheartened. Then came Director Goulding's task. He called Miss Twelvetrees to him and sent her spirits soaring into the clouds, then to the moon, and eventually into infinity, by telling her what a wonderful, exquisite piece of artistry she had shown in such a difficult rôle in the forepart of the picture.

"No one," said Goulding, "no one could have done better. It was deft, magnificent, inspiring. Now, in the next scenes, you're to show strength of character, and I want you to go through them as though you were a queen. I want you to be splendid, and I know you can."

Did she do it? Helen Twelvetrees did so well that she is being starred to-day, and the company has a good program outlined for her.

Two actresses stand out definitely in Hollywood as taking direction with the utmost ease. These are Greta Garbo and Clara Bow. For neither of these are there long rehearsals or retakes.

On the sound stage when the red light signals that all is ready to go, Clara stands like the queen of racing thoroughbreds facing the tape. Every thought is on the task before her.

Whipped to Tears

She knows precisely what she has to do and is eager to be off.

When making "The Saturday Night Kid," Jean Arthur was having trouble in putting over one of her scenes. Clara went to her side.

"You've got it there"—pointing to Jean's heart—"but get it up here," she added, pointing to her brain. "Think it over a minute."

"You'd better be careful," Clara was warned. "She'll steal your picture."

"No one can steal a Bow picture!" she replied confidently but not arrogantly. "What I want is a good production, one that will click at the box office. If there's anything I can do to help it along, watch me do it."

Greta Garbo, on the other hand, studies and analyzes her rôles, visualizes her scenes. When a story has been selected, she sits down with Clarence Brown, who usually directs her, and goes over the play scene by scene, analyzing the situations. So by the time shooting is ready to begin, she has the whole picture in her mind, and knows just how she is going to do everything, from the smallest bit to the most emotional parts.

"There is no temperament in her when she works," Brown says. "Making a picture is business to her, and she gives her all. You never hear of a Garbo picture being behind schedule, because there are few rehearsals and fewer retakes. To the studio workers she is amazing."

George Archainbaud, director for RKO, used a bit of psychology on an actress recently which was so effective it was amusing. He wanted the young woman to cry. He spoke of her father and she seemed disinterested, because, she said, he beat her. Her mother she never knew.

"Well, haven't you ever had a baby that you loved dearly, that tore your heartstrings—"

The director was throwing himself into the spirit of the thing. He had tears in his voice.

"Oh, bosh!" said the young woman.

Archainbaud saw that she was very, very cold and there was no chance to play upon her emotions. In time he remarked that he guessed she couldn't cry. She insisted she could. Archainbaud said he didn't believe it, but offered her one more chance. She didn't cry—her eyes were as dry as the Sahara.

"You see, you can't do it!" the director exclaimed.

"I c-c-can t-t-too," she began sniffing. Then she burst into tears. She cried because she thought she *couldn't*. That hurt her vanity. She shed enough tears for six scenes.



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KOTEX
The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

an associate of her stock years, owes her recovery of health after a long illness, and her comeback in the theater, to Ann's consideration, tendered always with a careful protection of her pride.

The efficient wheels of home management never are heard. Shop talk does not obtrude unpleasantly. "Teach your mind to keep office hours," is her personal axiom, "and your dual rôles of wife and actress will blend harmoniously without any shouting about it." Tuesday, the cook's day out, means broiled steak and fluffy biscuits—Ann's specialties and Harry's favorites. She is as competent in the kitchen, going about things in her direct and systematic way, as on the set—despite her own contention that she is phlegmatic.

"Naturally, my happiness is built on my marriage, child, and home." When she speaks of them, an expression almost of awe hovers around her matter-of-fact tone. "Sacrifice? *Please!* I loathe that word. It implies a denial of one's own wishes, and any one is happier when pleasing loved ones. Service? A craven term, a false humility. Just call it finding one's contentment in others.

"My life must be serene and natural. I cannot abide artificiality or anything hectic. This morning, down my mountainside, I came across a section of tangled, rough beauty—ferns and wild flowers. I determined to clear out only the weeds, care for it and let it develop, adding nothing unless it is necessary to fill in a vacant spot or two, in which case I shall select simple plants in conformity. In life, we should cultivate the qualities native to us, and place ourselves in a setting where we thrive, supplementing only with essentials and those in keeping."

She considers fame inconsequential, but financial ease important in providing protection for a woman, an independence behind which to fight when her ideals or convictions are at stake, and her home.

Ann's face, guiltless of make-up except a dusting of powder through which her skin, of a rosy tinge, flushes red with the least exertion, and her pale eyebrows and lashes so light that only close scrutiny reveals them at all, form a vague background from which blaze startling blue eyes. They hold you, with their electric intensity. Her long, corn-colored hair, that never has been curled or bobbed, is loosely coiled at the back, forever threatening to spill its escaping tendrils. Through a passive outward shell there runs a current of enormous mental vitality, expressed, too, in that husky, vibrant voice.

There is so much of her favorite

color, yellow, in her quietly shining personality. A negative hue for the average blonde, it borrows from her definite radiation. Yellow diamonds are her preference, instead of the blue-white perfection; a necklace of these stones is confidently awaiting next option-bonus to provide a bracelet. In her collection of amber, some pieces are carved, though the majority are quite plain. A set of chain, ring, and bracelet in antique gold is another favorite.

Do not gather the mistaken notion that the vital Ann and Harry, who have flavored the interests of the modern mind with the old-fashioned and homely ideals, live monotonous stretches of life secluded on their mountain peak. They are too distinctly of to-day to hibernate there into stagnation. They descend not only for the work of which both are such devotees, but also to take an active part in such events and pastimes of the mode as appeal to their eager minds—the theaters, civic affairs, concerts.

They saved enough to pay cash for their mountain, with cups between the hills spreading fanwise valleys on every side. More economy preceded building of the house, of a rough-and-sturdy aspect with the rock itself and the natural charms cleverly utilized. Decorators rave over their stone fireplace, hewn according to their own rambling design. Everything blends into a homy air. Whoopee, the Scotch terrier, occupied the couch covered in dull gold cloth, and was not reprimanded.

The establishment suggested the need of a butler. He was a perfect specimen, horrified if they poured themselves a drink of water. Cut-glass accompanied the most trivial service. But such dignity was too much for the Bannisters, so "Cut-glass Gus" was replaced by a more democratic Chinese house boy.

"This entrance corridor is cold." Ann, who never seems able to absorb enough sunshine herself, shivered one day. Her mind, yearning so long for a home, is constantly seeing slight imperfections; she wants every nook and corner perfect. "Costs too much to keep a fire in the grate, yet we want warmth to greet our guests. Tall vases of chrysanthemums? When did the Bannisters rob a bank? Your idea's not so hot."

"Pink." otherwise two-year-old Jane, who draws her welcome of "My very deeeear mother" into a lingering caress, inhabits a storybook nursery, with tiny, cerulean bath, and a balcony all her own.

"Making early provision for any *Juliet* tendencies she may develop,"

Ann explains, "but her *Romeo* will have to be an Alpine climber to get up here."

In Ann's own childhood the army spoiled her outrageously. She had her uniform and her pony and rode with them to maneuvers. To miss reveille was a disgrace for which she expected to be shot at sunrise, or at least to be put on k. p. duty for a month.

At sixteen considerable responsibility rested upon her young but squared shoulders. Due to her mother's ill health, she had to supervise the home.

Her nomadic girlhood—she attended thirteen schools before she was graduated, though she sailed through high school in two years—taught her a superficial adaptability, and the value of friendships and the necessity for making them quickly. Miserable over an adverse feeling, of which she becomes conscious instantly, she cultivates such friendships as appeal to her in a deliberate, though outwardly passive, manner. Her closest women friends now are Joan Crawford and Kay Hammond. She understands men's minds and interests better than women's, involved in petty issues.

"I've had good, tough jobs, large doses of responsibility, a few slaps. Experiences that bring one down to brass tacks."

A young woman executive of Paramount was kind to her when Ann was doing "home reading" for the scenario department. The girl retired and married. Unhappy domestic affairs and ill health became her lot. Some years later they met in Hollywood. That this reversal of positions might make the slightest difference never would occur to Ann. She frequently visits the simple apartment of her friend, who is often a guest at the Bannister home.

For eight years she had scarcely a day's vacation, with summer stock interluding Broadway seasons. The detailed application and humility of those days still persist; she is a thorough worker. The trepidation with which she commenced a picture career turned into an honest amazement at her quick success.

Romance came to her as simply and naturally as all of life's blessings have fallen into her quietly receptive hands. A summer of stock at Lake Orion—a three-month stretch of hard work, books, country walks and dreams. One sudden glance, which seemed to withdraw a veil. A four-day engagement.

"Companionship is the finest blessing; with that, you have all."

The happiest woman in Hollywood ought to know.

Dave to His Mother—Perhaps

Continued from page 53

while they didn't disapprove of liquor for others, they never touched the vile stuff themselves?

When Miss McKintosh went into the kitchen to heat the soup, I asked Manners, if, as a young man who had learned to live in New York and London, he didn't find the Fantastic Suburb a little—er—insular.

"Not at all," he said. "One's opinion of any place depends upon one's entrée. Bores and bores there are aplenty, but one can avoid them."

Although Manners enjoys picture work and the atmosphere of the studios, he likes better the periods between pictures when he can stay at home and write.

Oh, yes, he "writes." Some day I hope to meet an actor who doesn't. He's written for all the best magazines. He has the rejection slips to prove it.

David is tall, dark, young, handsome, and happily divorced. He possesses, in short, all the qualifications of a flapper crush. He encourages the dreams he inspires in the fans.

At first he answered all his mail himself. Now he has a secretary, and no request for a photo goes unheeded. He has spent nearly a thousand dollars on his fan mail.

"What about the quarters the fans inclose in their letters? Don't they pay for the photos?" I asked.

"What quarters?" said he.

About this time Miss McKintosh called him to his soup. I rose to leave. He walked with me to the door. I stood on the threshold waiting for him to hope that he'd see me again—sometime. Instead, he asked me if I had everything I needed for a story.

"Well, you might tell me your favorite flower," I suggested.

"Dahlia. Because of their genuineness, a quality I admire in flowers, but cannot abide in men and women."

A provocative statement, surely, and one I should like to have followed up, but his soup was growing cold, and I had a heavy dinner engagement which I realized I'd never keep, if I hung around feeding lines to a clever Thespian. So I beat it.

It is rather difficult to determine the full measure of a man in a couple of hours. Later, when this charming chap is a more familiar figure on the screen and in Hollywood, some one will get him on paper more successfully for you.

Meanwhile let the records read that I was delighted with David Manners—and with David's manners.

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*Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

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English Girl—American Style

Continued from page 34

on the player, and never particularly felicitous for the box office. Her complaints went unheeded; temperament was blamed, and the schedule was carried out, regardless of friction.

As long as her contract endured, the blonde had no redress. With cold British logic she decided to bide her time. She would wait. And eventually she would have her way. She would—and she did.

When the five years were ended, the office sent word to Miss Mackaill that she should call to discuss future arrangements. Fancy the official amazement when word was returned to them that Miss Mackaill had left for Europe two days before!

"Actresses aren't very good business women, as a rule," Dot told me. "So I left everything in the hands of my attorney. I told him what I wanted, and under what terms I wanted to sign again. Then I left for my first real vacation in six years."

This was distinctly a daring move. Other stars, as we have seen, have staged elaborate rebellions with no luck whatsoever; other stars have departed for Europe, only to wait in vain for the request to come back.

But Mackaill is a reliant soul. Cannily she had considered the box-office returns of her last few pictures. "The Office Wife" created something of a financial furor. "Bright Lights" was previewed with no little acclaim. Noting that her pictures were clicking merrily, she let them speak for her. Her attorney supplied the missing links in the negotiations. Thus the new contract was arranged.

The first time I met Dot Mackaill she was a flighty, giggling young thing, fresh and bright, acting in a Barthelmiss misadventure called "The Fighting Blade," in which we learned that Cromwell's army numbered eight men. But the girl was effervescent, gay, and full of spirit.

Then I saw her a few years later, shortly after her name had gone into the lights. She was employed in a war picture called "Convoy," and very poor, too. Lothar Mendes, dark and stocky, was directing, and Dot told me how wonderful he was. It was easier to understand her unbounded enthusiasm when I read a few days later that she had married him.

Two years later, in Hollywood, I met Mackaill again. Now a full-fledged star, she was a woman of exceptionally vital beauty, with a

smart mind and a quick wit. She was in the midst of her starring contract, and at the end of her matrimonial one.

Not long ago, when Dot returned from Europe with a cabled confirmation of her new contract, I saw her in New York. She was full of her European vacation—vivacious, enthusiastic, magnetic as only an attractive woman can be.

"You have no idea what sport it was to be on my own for three whole months," she said, with a grin.

The salary involved wasn't mentioned. Money is vulgar, and artists rarely speak of it, which is fitting and proper. But it is my understanding that the blond English girl injected just enough American push into her negotiations to bring her income to approximately \$200,000 a year, which is not bad, however astigmatically one looks at it.

"I'm to do three or four pictures a year, with breathing spaces between," she said. "And they are giving me a say in the choice of stories, which is something I've always wanted. There is a corking English play I've brought back with me."

Mackaill has a very sane idea of what constitutes a good picture, and what makes a good rôle. She is not concerned whether she portrays good women or bad, so long as they are vivid, human, and appealing.

"If the audience is pulling for the character I play, I know it's a good part. *Sadie Thompson* won sympathy without being a Sunday-school girl. Human heroines are becoming more and more the vogue. That's another thing we can thank talkies for. It seems to me they have brought a decidedly grown-up touch to the screen."

Another thing they bring is the Mackaill voice, warm and throaty, which is also effective when lifted in song. The torchy melodies in "Man Trouble" still may linger in the hearer's memory.

Add to the voice the ability to dance with grace and, if the script pleases, abandon, and you have two outstanding Mackaill virtues. In addition to these she is given to straightforward acting that deceives, because of its naturalness. Her comedy touch is disarming in its facility, sure in its deftness.

If you think that all this implies a high opinion of Dorothy Mackaill's ability, my point has been made. She is one of the limited group whose presence in a picture insures something interesting.

Over the Teacups

Continued from page 47

"I didn't meet her," Fanny explained, "but don't jump to conclusions and think that she avoided me. I know she broke appointments right and left, because she was on vacation and didn't see why she should bother with interviews when she wasn't on salary. She was really very sweet and asked one or two people to bring me over to see her. I was busy or something at the time. It was more fun just to piece out impressions of her from what I heard. Maybe I was afraid that if I met her I would like her awfully well, and that would be a pity. Every one ought to cling to one prejudice."

"And did you succeed in clinging to yours?" I said, hoping for the best, or the worst, whichever way you figure it.

"Um——" Fanny muttered non-committally. "She seems to be a contradictory person and therefore probably interesting."

"Some of the Paramount employees passed the word along to Fox that she was inclined to be high and mighty and a bit disagreeable. And then she was so affable to the representative Fox sent to the train to meet her that he was completely disarmed."

"She demanded a terrific price to sing over the radio on a commercial hour, and flatly refused to do anything to exploit her pictures until she went on salary. But on the other hand, she got out of bed in spite of chills, and fever, and laryngitis to appear at a benefit for the unemployed. She couldn't sing, of course, and some of the galleryites were unpleasant about it, but she took it well."

"The only person in New York that she really wanted to meet, and did, was a reviewer who said that she had a lot to learn from cameramen. It seems that when she made her first picture, she felt that she knew her own face better than any one else and proceeded to display it as she saw fit."

"After she read that criticism, she went to Victor Milner, Paramount's chief cameraman, and humbly asked him to advise her. He put her through a very stiff work-out; made her report at the studio every morning and try different kinds of make-up hour after hour. Maybe you noticed the improvement in her later pictures."

It didn't seem hardly worth arguing about.

"Speaking of benefits," Fanny grew enthusiastic. "Fifi d'Orsay and Nancy Carroll win the month's

award for good sportsmanship. They've appeared at innumerable benefits for the unemployed, midnight matinees and all. How that d'Orsay girl works! If any ten performers fail to show up, or haven't an act ready when they do, she sings and dances through the time allotted to them all and has the audience begging for more. She's developing into a marvelous entertainer."

"Why doesn't Mary Pickford have her play the French version of 'Kiki'?" I asked, not without malice, "and then show us the French version instead of the American?"

"I'll let you suggest that," Fanny assured me. "I believe that Mary Pickford is coming to town soon, and I'll arrange for you to meet her if you have any more bright ideas. She is much too formidable for me to trifle with."

"But you agree with me," I insisted, "that the advance stills showing her as *Kiki* look like just one more mistake, don't you?" I asked seriously.

"Oh, dear, dear," Fanny pondered, "don't get me started passing judgments on future pictures. I'd rather wait and see them and not have you reminding me that I was wrong. There's one picture, or at least one performance, that I feel absolutely sure about. That's Eleanor Boardman's in 'The Great Meadow.'"

"I feel so absolutely sure of Eleanor's good judgment, and I don't believe she would have returned to the screen except for a part and a story that was big and vital. There's something simple, and true, and elemental, about Eleanor—oh, stop me if I'm getting maudlin, but that's the way I've felt about her ever since she made 'The Crowd.'"

"And how do you feel about Norma Talmadge's return to the screen?" I asked politely, quite as if I were interviewing Fanny.

"Wouldn't you have thought that after 'Du Barry' she would quit, at least until every one had forgotten that picture? But no. She's to take a fling at sophisticated comedy. She's bought 'The Greeks Had a Word For It.'"

"Don't ask me what the Greeks had a word for, because I don't want the news to get around to the Hays office. They might do one of their bungling bits of title cleaning, like changing 'The Command to Love' to 'The Boudoir Diplomat.' Anyway, Norma is to make it. She may do it on the stage first out West. In any case, comparison with the New York



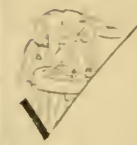
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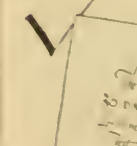


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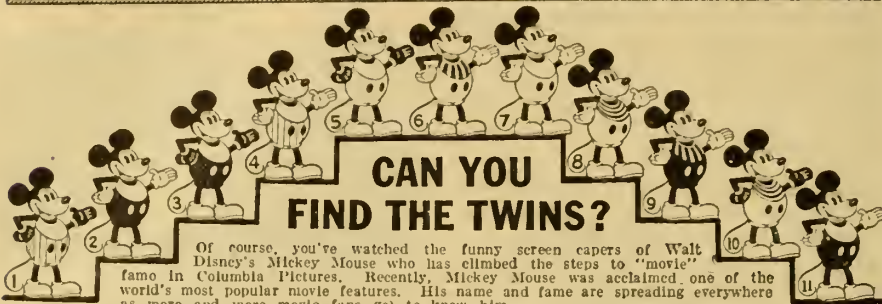
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cast will be a little trying for her, because the girls who play it are all radiantly young. Billie Dove wanted awfully to get the film rights to 'The Greeks—'

"And you think she would have been any better?" I asked, maybe a bit defiantly.

"No," Fanny retired from that promised argument in defeat. "Prettier, you'll admit, and, after all, who can say whether Billie Dove can really act or not? She's never had much of a chance."

Maybe not, but it seems to me that the best description of the type of performance given by Billie Dove and a good many other untrained actresses was written years ago by a London critic who had never seen any of them. Speaking of players of his own time, he said that most of the girls didn't act, they just behaved.

Love Goes Buy-buy

Continued from page 19

bons wanted to acquaint Lola with the things that interested him most in life, so he took her for a visit to the art gallery. Lo and behold! There, in full view, was the bronze he coveted.

Lola is one of the most soft-hearted girls in pictures—or out—and money is no object to her where any one she likes is concerned. She said nothing at the time, but the very next day she returned and priced the bronze. It was beyond her means, but she was determined that Mr. Gibbons should have it, so she arranged to buy it on time. His rapture knew no bounds.

But the rapture of their feelings for each other bloomed and faded, and they went their separate ways. Mr. Gibbons gallantly returned the expensive bronze and, since Lola had no use for it, she returned it to the gallery, explaining that she would forfeit the money she had paid on it. It was put back in stock.

And presently Mr. Gibbons and Dolores del Rio discovered fate had ordained them for each other. So Mr. Gibbons took Miss del Rio on a visit to the art gallery to show her the things that helped make life worth while for him.

Believe it or not, the first thing that caught his eye was the same bronze he had once owned and lost. Miss del Rio, determined that her loved one should want for nothing here below, returned to the gallery a little later, bought the bronze, and had it delivered to "Gibby" once more.

Which just goes to prove that in this town, although Cupid may go by-by, love goes buy-buy.

Lady Luck's Stepchild

Continued from page 74

Having no success in her efforts, she temporarily abandoned her movie ambitions, and sought the theatrical agencies, naively unaware that she was untrained for such work.

When agents found that her only qualifications were youth, beauty, and willingness, she was sent on her way. Finally one man took the time to tell her that she must be skilled in some line of stage work, preferably acrobatic dancing. He referred her to a studio where stage dancing was taught. Dorothy paid thirty dollars, which she could ill afford, for a course of training.

"I want to learn acrobatic dancing in a hurry," she informed the instructor.

He looked at her meditatively. "So you want to learn acrobatic dancing in a hurry," he mused.

Then that descendant of *Simon Legree* stood Dorothy against the wall, told her to hold her left knee stiff, and, taking the right foot in his hand, raised it straight up until her toe touched the wall above her head.

In agony as the joints and muscles seemed to give way, the beauty from Birmingham burst into tears, but her tormentor continued. After the second lesson Dorothy was unable to get out of bed, but on the next day, which was her birthday, she resolutely got up and crept out of the hotel by way of celebration.

While mastering the intricacies of acrobatic dancing—in a hurry—she saw an advertisement for girls to appear in a fashion show. Going where she believed she was to apply, she met a man who asked her rather stiffly why she had not gone to the studio in another part of the city, as that was where the girls were to be chosen.

Then noting her interesting face, as fresh and pretty as the cotton blossoms of her native Dixie, he asked her name. Writing it down, he said that he would see her at the studio.

When Dorothy arrived, the place was crowded with pretty girls. Presently the man to whom she had talked strode into the room with a retinue of clerks and secretaries. Dorothy was so impressed that she wanted to slip out of the place, but suddenly above the hum of activity he called her name. Not until he had called a second time did she squeak a reply.

"I thought," said Dorothy, "'Here is where I get thrown out right on my ear.' But he told me I was chosen, and to go home and wait until he had made the other selections."

Dorothy was appearing in George White's "Scandals," doing her acrobatic dance, when she decided to go to California and again tackle the movies. At that time she was amplifying her income by writing her back-stage experiences for a newspaper syndicate.

"I am not really a writer," she explained, when I commented on her diversified abilities. "Sometimes they used the material as I wrote it, but often it was revised."

Her first part in pictures was as the sister of Alice Terry, in "Sackcloth and Scarlet."

"When I first saw my picture on a billboard," said she, "I stood and looked at it for nearly an hour. I went to see the movie over and over. I thought that at last my future was secure. Well, one's future is never secure in this business.

"I live about like any other working girl, and have much the same problems. But it is hard for people to understand that. Even one's own family think we can go out and pick hundred-dollar bills off trees. Do you know where I can go for a week to rest and get fat?"

Having no time for the former, and no need for the latter, I couldn't make any suggestions.

Dorothy has been working steadily since leaving M.-G.-M., and freelancing gives her a sense of freedom that a contract player does not have. Yet there is no denying that the talents of this unassuming young lady are not at present, nor have they often been, utilized to the best advantage.

Certainly she has every qualification for outstanding rôles, and is docile to work with—perhaps too docile. Dorothy is not a fighter in the Hollywood sense of the word. Determined, yes, but not aggressive.

"I want to play desperate women," says she. "Women who kill people, lots of people."

Her expression was as diabolical as that of a cooing dove. Nevertheless, if you saw "The Unholy Night" you know that she can play seductive ladies of extreme criminal tendencies. Every one likes Dorothy Sebastian, and she in turn "loves everybody."

It would be extremely interesting to have Dorothy's name and character read by Monica Andrea Shenson. Doubtless we would then understand why the Birmingham beauty is little farther advanced in her screen career than when she started five years ago. Perhaps her troubles originate in her name!

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Hollywood High Lights

Continued from page 33

Florence Inspiring.

Florence Vidor must be proving a great inspiration to her husband, Jascha Heifetz. The talk in Hollywood, among the musical folk, was the warmth and the humanness of his violin playing as compared with the old days. Florence accompanied her virtuoso husband on his Western tour, as she nearly always does. The screen seems to have lost all lure for her.

The new thrills in the music of Heifetz are also attributed to the arrival of a little daughter some months ago, in whom both he and Florence find great delight.

The noted violinist made three concert appearances in Los Angeles. All movieland turned out to hear him, even though some found a highbrow violin repertoire a little steep for appreciation.

When Spouses Convene.

The "ex's" simply will get together. It can't be prevented in Hollywood.

Recently Wallace Beery and Herbert Somborn were seen in a tête-à-tête at the Brown Derby, and on another day it was reported that the Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudraye joined the family gathering.

All three have at various times been

the husband of Gloria Swanson, but those in the know assert that their huddle was chiefly concerned with business and money-making, and not past romances.

Bickford Travels Alone.

Battling Charlie Bickford has gone his own way. He is a free lance now.

From the time he first came to the movies, Charlie was under contract to Metro-Goldwyn, though he was lent out frequently to other companies.

And Charlie didn't hesitate to speak his mind about rôles and pictures, either. He lived up to the first film in which he appeared by being "dynamite." Naturally no studio is very enthusiastic about this sort of thing. Individuality of ideas and criticism by players is a thing much frowned upon.

So Charlie and M.-G.-M. reached the fork in the highway. He's staying on to fight the game in Hollywood. That's the kind of chap Bickford is. In certain rôles he's an excellent actor.

A Christening Joy Fest.

Weddings, engagements, and even

Continued on page 114

Come Out of the Kitchen

Continued from page 69

standing date for dinner at Mr. Gumbel's parents' home.

Another hobby of Mrs. Gumbel's is collecting perfumes. Her boudoir is filled with elaborate bottles of every size and shape. She also occupies some of her time with music.

Florence Vidor, now Mrs. Jascha Heifetz, is enjoying playing in real life the poised matron she portrayed to such perfection on the screen until her marriage nearly two years ago. All her time now is absorbed in managing her Park Avenue home, entertaining friends, rearing her two children—Suzanne Vidor and the little daughter born last fall—and accompanying her husband on his concert tours.

Shortly after their marriage, Mrs. Heifetz, on tour with her violinist-husband, often found herself mobbed by audiences who came to hear Heifetz play but, upon discovering her presence back stage, wanted to see a movie beauty in the flesh.

Such an occurrence is rare nowadays. Mrs. Heifetz has abandoned

all thought of the screen and is content to remain in the background, the wife of a great musician.

There's a fourth young matron who has forsaken her career with a vim—Mrs. Paul Zuckerman, of Park Avenue, formerly Ruth Taylor, of Hollywood.

Can it be possible that the erstwhile *Lorelei Lee* is taking herself rather too seriously in her new rôle of the wife of a wealthy broker? For she no longer receives humble minions of the press.

"It is unbelievable," she explains via telephone, "how in a few short months one changes from an ambitious actress, with no thought of domesticity, to an all-absorbed wife interested only in wall paper, draperies, and furniture."

Yes, we'll admit it is. However, in the interest of good reporting, we'll add that Mrs. Zuckerman, in addition to furniture, and draperies, and wall paper, is also interested right now in a future blessed event, as the saying goes.

The Boulevard Directory

Continued from page 83

Her self-possession and strength are easy to get into the camera.

"There is almost a rule," he adds, "that the ease with which a player is photographed is in ratio to his or her success. In a recent Swanson sitting we made eighty-six plates, and Miss Swanson O. K.'d seventy-nine of the proofs.

Garbo, for example, is easily photographed. As well as the virtue of punctuality, she possesses the rare quality of pliability. She follows any trend Mr. Ball may suggest. Consequently, one sitting of Garbo offers an unusual variety of moods.

Laura La Plante is, to the man behind the camera, a gentle, dovelike person. Lilyan Tashman is "crystal" and sharply defined. Estelle Taylor offers the lens an exotic, sensuous color. Richard Dix's rugged face is a good subject as long as its owner is at ease and comparatively unaware of the business in hand. Betty Compson requires practically no direction or even suggestion. Instinctively she offers the best angles and moods.

Evelyn Brent, whose sculptural features would delight any camera, is, however, most interesting for the mystery and intelligence which lie back of her eyes. Ramon Novarro's is the finest man's face Mr. Ball has ever photographed—its mingled delicacy and strength, its indication of brilliance and sensibility making it eminently pictorial.

Illustrating the increase of pliability with growing knowledge and success is Lola Lane. When Lola first came to Hollywood a little over a year ago, Mr. Ball made the first photographs following her entry into pictures. At that time he concentrated on externals, on the intensity of her expression, and the beauty of her features. Because she was new to cameras, she had erected a wall of reserve against them, and little could be elicited of her natural self. Her most recent sitting with Mr. Ball reveals her acquisition of ease.

It might be added, by way of hint to cosmetic-addicted flappers, that Mr. Ball proclaims that nothing is so difficult to photograph as a "painted pan," and nothing so dull and uninteresting as the portrait resulting therefrom. Indeed, should you be in Hollywood and decide one day to hand your face down to posterity through Mr. Ball's studio, that gentleman's first request would be that you remove all surplus decoration, even powder, from it. And what the stars do, you should be willing to do.

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Clues: Somewhere among these pictures are two, and only two, exactly alike—identical in hairdress, collars, and cuffs. They are the twin pictures of Clara Bow. If you are lucky enough to find them, by all means rush the numbers of the twins to me for submission to puzzle judges.

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Look Out, Paris! Here Comes Hollywood

Continued from page 55

And, of course, the passé wired velvet hats, heavy with plumes or handmade flowers, cost much more to produce than the little felts of today, cut to reveal smooth, young foreheads.

There are, naturally, still both expensive and inexpensive shops. But the difference between them is not what it used to be. In New York, for instance, two shops are owned by the same man. One on Fifth Avenue has a famous name. The other, near Sixth Avenue, has a name known only to its particular clientele. It is the prices asked by these shops, and not their models, that are widely different.

The movies have helped to make it possible for the girl working on a small salary to be as glamorous as the girl of means and leisure, as far as dress is concerned. Thanks to the Hollywood *couturiers* who insisted that youth be served, it no longer costs a fortune to dress smartly.

In New York many of the *débutantes* have come to shop in inexpensive stores. They know they can have four or five dresses for what one dress would cost on Fifty-sev-

enth Street, and be just as effective in every one of them.

And Hollywood has just started. She has many new tricks up her modish sleeve, now that she has found her stride.

Travis Banton says, "The chic woman of the world must realize that graciousness is the corner stone of to-day's fashions. Her daytime clothes become more subtle. Her afternoon costumes become more elaborate. Her evening gowns become more classical. Her speech, laughter, posture, and gait must be trained to meet the call of this new style. Otherwise she will appear out of character."

And Adrian predicts, "The pajama type of costume will have a vogue for every hour of the day. The modern feminine viewpoint is guiding the girl of 1931 toward natural living. Her clothes will be a happy combination of practicality and femininity."

Look out, Paris! Here comes Hollywood. In spite of the best efforts of your Lanvin, Chanel, Molyneux, Schiaparelli, and Agnes, Hollywood is already a mighty force in Vanity Fair. And this is a day of insecure and tottering thrones.

Hollywood High Lights

Continued from page 112

divorces are the motif for parties in movieland, but never has the colony celebrated a christening.

Joe E. Brown and his wife set the pace for an affair of this kind when they invited all their friends to witness the ceremony performed for their new baby, and afterward entertained them at the Embassy Club.

Nobody seemed to know just what was expected at a christening, but everybody had a grand time. Speeches were made, songs were sung, and even some comedy stunts were performed. Brown himself furnished a lot of the comedy, particularly by virtue of his burlesque vocal efforts.

to as sufficient evidence that there is no disturbance in the marital union of the two stars. Yet Hollywood will gossip just the same.

Before his departure Doug said that he would not hobnob with the Japanese emperor, the Siamese king, and various other monarchs of the Orient. This is not to be one of the Fairbanksian castle jaunts. It's a real roughing-it trip, if he can manage to give royalty the go-by.

Fifi Says It's All Off.

Since almost everybody had forgotten that Fifi Dorsay was engaged, her announcement that everything was off between her and Fred Berrens, jazz band leader and master of ceremonies, caused no shock. She told of the break upon her return from a vaudeville tour, giving as the reason that they had drifted apart because of a long separation, and the fact that their careers kept them many miles from each other.

It is generally understood that the clever Miss Dorsay developed other heart interests while she was away. Hollywood knows the romantic habits of its children.

Perennial Separation Rumor.

Douglas Fairbanks goes on another jaunt alone, and right away Hollywood is abuzz with rumors of misunderstandings between Doug and Mary, which, as per usual, are denied. Doug will be big-game hunting in the Far East about this time, and all set to bag a couple of tigers and elephant.

Then he will continue on to Europe, where Mary expects to meet him in Baden-Baden. This plan is pointed

Enter Blossom MacDonald.

Well, even if Paramount allowed Jeanette MacDonald's contract to lapse, they did right nice by her sister, Blossom MacDonald. They gave Blossom an opportunity to play a dance-hall girl in "The Fighting Caravan." Blossom is about two years older than Jeanette. She is a vaudeville comedienne.

Dies In India.

The death of Diane Ellis was a distinct shock to many of her friends in the movie colony. Miss Ellis, recently married to Stephen C. Millet, died in Madras, India, while on her honeymoon trip. Diane is remembered from her appearances in "The Leatherneck," "Is Zat So?" and "Laughter." She was just twenty-one years old, and had a rather promising start on her picture career.

Canards Rampant.

Gloria Swanson is dead!
Greta Garbo fights with directors!

Richard Dix narrowly escapes death in New York traffic accident! Three rumors that have gained wide circulation—and not a thing to them!

Gloria lives on and has just finished refurnishing her home in Beverly Hills. She will soon be seen in a new picture.

Garbo and Clarence Brown, who directed "Inspiration," had a particularly pleasant time of it. There was no rumpus over dialogue, as reported. A few scenes had to be revised during the making of the pictures, but Greta was not even concerned in this.

The Dix accident, if it could be called that, took place at Bakersfield, instead of New York. He was rushed by an oxcart, and succeeded in fending off danger by grasping one of the oxen by the nose. Telegraphic dispatches had it that he narrowly escaped death by leaping on the radiator of a taxicab which was about to run him down.

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The Pulpit Called—the Screen Tempted

Continued from page 90

This smacks of slight uneasiness. Maybe Dick should not have deserted his first good intention—but they say second thoughts are best.

Neil Hamilton expected to become a religious soul rather than the merry one he is to-day. But, like the others, Neil deserted the holy path for the Thespian one of self-expression.

Not so long ago, Neil's autobiography appeared in PICTURE PLAY. Faithful readers can judge for themselves whether Mr. Hamilton's path has been an easy one in the temporal world. Ups and downs he has had aplenty. But to-day he seems well placed. A free lance, he roams from picture to picture, commanding a good salary. He has a charming wife, a beach house at Malibu, a car, a boat, a dog, and last, but not least, a secretary. I think Neil did well to choose acting as a career.

The same goes for Rex Lease.

Rex told me long ago that as a boy he had a great urge to expound

the Bible. He wanted to become a clergyman. But he, too, was drawn from the pulpit.

Strange to relate, the first rôle that brought Rex favorable notice was a clergyman he played in a picture with Mae Busch.

Recently Rex gave Vivian Duncan a black eye. Perhaps he was driving home some sermon, or some definite fact. Vivian got plenty of publicity and married Nils Asther. Rex was fined fifty dollars and started making more pictures.

Had things turned out as Mr. Lease first desired, we might have heard of "Uppercut" Rex, the parson with a punch. Perhaps it is best that we see him on the screen.

As far as that goes, it may be best that all these chaps who once harbored holy thoughts are where they are. They say we are invisibly moved to go where we belong. So all is well.

The Movie Runaround

Continued from page 94

"Hm-m-m! I like it. Order some for me to-morrow before we leave—don't forget! And try to fix yourself up so that you'll look less like a scared rabbit. There'll be photographers at the train, and I don't want to be ashamed of you."

Annabelle sank back in her chair,

her knees trembling. Maybe she'd better not report to-morrow morning after all. She couldn't face newspapermen! And yet—if she didn't take this job, how could she get away from New York, where she'd be constantly in danger of being found?

TO BE CONTINUED.

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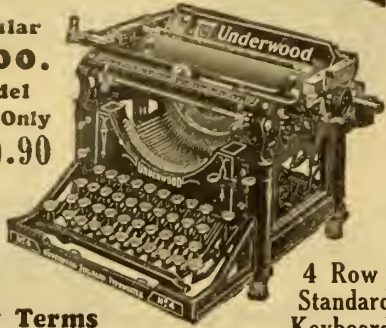
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Thorns in a Bed of Roses

Continued from page 59

theatrical years, simply by laughing at them, replied tersely. "It gets them."

Many nights are miserable for Garbo, Bow, and other victims of insomnia. Some years ago, Blanche Sweet stumbled through travail into light and peace again. Many have wandered similar valleys of shadow. Recently, Renée Adorée, Jetta Goudal, and Lila Lee have taken rest cures in sanitariums, paying the piper—inexorable nature that exacts its pounds for overtaxed bodies. Dolores del Rio, John Gilbert, Richard Arlen, and others have lately been ill.

You can say that Barbara La Marr died of tuberculosis; I say that nerves caused her breakdown. Jeanne Eagles of the flashing, ecstatic talent found surcease from sinus pain in drugs; nerves, though, complicated her malady, made the less bearable that wire-

pulling agony in the head, nerves ground to the screaming point under the heels of a dozen demons.

The saner ones, recognizing the perils, attempt to reduce acting to a routine, for therein lies a possible security. They stress private interests, relegating professional elements to a secondary and absolutely business place, thus maintaining balance; they guard their health zealously.

Between scenes, Ruth Chatterton walks outside or rests, quiets her jangled nerves by slowly sipping milk. A milk beverage serves Jeanette MacDonald as a harmless sedative.

Suffering's memento is carved on the monuments of the saints: "Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam."

Pain's epitaph might be written on the monuments of the stars: "Sic Transit Gloria Mundi."

More than Tol'able

Continued from page 104

but some more good film stories, easier life for his family, and a bank account. He has no thought of buying a trick car, or making a splurge with his earnings. I don't think he'll ever go haywire. He has a saving sense of humor.

When "Tol'able David" was an assured success, the studio phoned him one morning and told him to leave that night for New York for personal appearance with his film. He thought somebody was kidding him.

When Rollins and his pals know a fellow, you know how it is. Richard ignored the call. Late in the afternoon, Richard not having reported at the studio, another call convinced him that he was really to go to New York.

"But I haven't anything to wear," he answered. "I haven't a hat, or overcoat, or anything." He never wears a hat.

"We'll take care of that—catch the eight o'clock train," came back in decisive tones.

So Richard entrained for the Eastern front with virtually no lug-

gage except "Of Human Bondage," which he says is a swell book. Somebody from the studio took his measurements from head to feet. The train stopped for ten minutes in Kansas City. The Columbia representative there and a group of haberdashers swarmed aboard frantically to try things on Richard right up to the second that the brakemen shouted "Baoump!" (railroad for "Aboard").

Well, here we are back in New York. Big Brother's coffee is cold. Richard has smoked three of your reporter's cigarettes, Big Brother refusing the fourth for him, and it is time for Richard to do right by those Kansas City clothes, as he has a one-thirty engagement for Thanksgiving dinner.

"I think New York has the funniest expressions I ever heard," said Richard, hopping from one thing to another. "'Pinkie,' for instance, means 'little finger.'"

We had been looking at a ring given him by his first real art customers in Los Angeles. "And 'I'm glad to have met up wid ya,'" he said out of the side of his mouth.

Home Life in a Glass Cage

Continued from page 87

spite the fact that her marriage to the marquis survived over several years, the public never seemed to be con-

vinced that it was not just about to fall apart. Then, sure enough, divorce proceedings were started.

Brides and grooms may glean a little lesson from the sad experience of Jobyna Ralston and Richard Arlen, too. Those are two of the most completely and thoroughly in love young people I have ever seen. You can't imagine them in the throes of even the most trivial of lovers' tiffs. And you might think that they would not need to take as many precautions as more temperamental people.

But, gracious! Just listen to this. Some time ago Jobyna received an offer to take a part in a stage play at a very fat salary. She is, of course, an experienced actress, and thought it would be a bit of a lark to accept the offer. Besides, there was that salary, and home-loving little Joby looked upon the money as something tumbling out of the sky into her lap, for the pleasant purpose of completing the payments upon their home. She was quite ecstatic about it, and Dick, in that nice boyish way of his, was as pleased and as proud of her as he was that now memorable day when she mixed the cement with her own hands for the flags in the patio.

But the rumorers—why, hadn't you heard? Dick and Jobyna had separated, and poor Joby was obliged to earn her own living! Just another case of the wife wanting her own career—and Dick wouldn't stand for that a moment!

So, I suppose, in addition to other taboos, young wives should not assist with the family budget, either.

Conrad Nagel is another experienced individual who knows all the rules. A short time ago he made a statement and saw to it that it received wide publicity, as a precautionary measure.

"My wife," said Conrad, "is plan-

ning to go East three months from now to visit her mother. I am announcing her plans thus far ahead of time in the hope that when she leaves, the report will not be circulated that she has left me forever!"

Bessie Love and her husband, William Hawks, have also profited by the experience of others, apparently. Anyhow, Mr. Hawks appears each day, with elaborate regularity, to lunch with Bessie at the studio. Brides and grooms must *not* be seen lunching apart—no matter how inconvenient it may be at times for them to be together at that particular hour.

Young Robert Montgomery brings his wife, baby, and the two dogs to the studio at regular intervals and they stage a little family parade about the lot. "Just in case," says Bob, "any rumors may have started that we are not on good terms!"

It is said that Joan Crawford explained the rather conspicuous billing and cooing proclivities of young Doug and herself by saying, "We *have* to act affectionate in public—or else people will think we are not getting along well together!"

John Mack Brown is photographed every week or two with his wife and baby in extremely domestic poses—admittedly as a precaution. Just in case of any rumors—

So you see, marriage among the stars is a responsibility. In fact, it looks to me as if it is really quite a chore! But if they observe all the rules set down here, as well as any others they may discover for themselves—why, the chances are that the rumors will get around just the same. On second—or maybe third—thought, I suppose that there isn't any help for it at all!

Talkies Rule the Waves

Continued from page 85

nical films for the instruction of its men, and produces a navy news reel. For the past two years the navy has been well supplied with motion-picture cameras and has been training enlisted men to operate them. The amateurs have scored such news beats as the first transportation of a horse by airplane, and the first hook-up of a plane to the dirigible *Los Angeles*.

Everywhere the sailors go, from the navy yards to the China station, the talkies go, too. In many squalid, obscure ports, where modern standards are unknown, there is more comfort and entertainment aboard than ashore. It is delightful to dream of knocking coconuts off a

waving palm tree, and of a tête-à-tête with a languorous hootchy-kootchy dancer, but many ports, on close inspection, are apt to shatter the sailor's illusions.

In a good many ways it's more satisfactory to stay aboard and get the charm of obscure tropical lands from the talking screen. As for the ignorant native, he doesn't quite know what to make of those mysterious voices and noises aboard Uncle Sam's greyhounds of the sea. Just another invention of the foreign devils, to be eyed askance at first and then imitated. Before long he'll storm the bamboo hut of his local exhibitor and demand some talking films.

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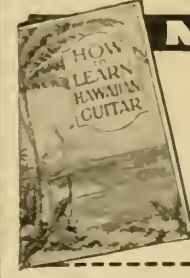
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A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

Continued from page 66

plays three characters; Joan Bennett, Lumsden Hare.

"Madam Satan"—Metro-Goldwyn. Slow-moving tale of humdrum wife who goes "wicked" to get husband from cabaret girl. The clash and victory come aboard a Zeppelin, which then wrecks in most faked scenes of recent date. Kay Johnson, Reginald Denny, Roland Young, Lillian Roth.

"Liliom"—Fox. Artificial picture, although director had good intentions. Barker in amusement park loved by employer and servant girl. He marries latter, but commits suicide, and you follow him to next world and back again. Charles Farrell, Estelle Taylor, H. B. Warner, Lee Tracy, Rose Hobart.

"Those Three French Girls"—Metro-Goldwyn. Gay as musical comedy, but only incidental songs. Whimsical Englishman helps three dressmakers toss things on mean landlord, and all go to jail. There they meet two roughneck Americans. Bright dialogue. Reginald Denny, Fifi Dorsay, Yola d'Avril, Sandra Ravel, Cliff Edwards, Edward Brophy.

"Sinners' Holiday"—Warner. Penny-arcade woman, hard, avaricious, has trouble with her wayward son, who finally kills a fellow crook. Entertaining glimpse of ugly side of life. Lucille La Verne, James Cagney, from stage, Evalyn Knapp, Joan Blondell, Grant Withers, Warren Hymer.

"Up the River"—Fox. Funny story of prison run on coed lines, with varsity show, ball games, and flirtations. Goes dramatic now and then, but mostly humorous. Warren Hymer fine; Humphrey Bogart, Claire Luce, Spencer Tracy, newcomers from stage. Odd film.

"What a Widow!"—United Artists. Disappointing on the whole, but displays new talents of Gloria Swanson. Slapstick farce in swanky settings. Rich young widow goes to Paris for good time and has it. Owen Moore, Margaret Livingston, Herbert Brazzetti, Gregory Gaye.

"Dough Boys"—Metro-Goldwyn. Diverging, but not remarkably original, comedy of the army, with Buster Keaton as the goofy misfit. Sally Eilers is hostess at a canteen, and there's also Cliff Edwards out yonder in no man's land. For ballast you have Edward Brophy.

"Spoilers, The"—Paramount. Big woody tale of those villainous Easterners doing wrong by the valiant sourdoughs of Alaska, with no new insight on life in those days. Gary Cooper, Kay Johnson, Harry Green, Slim Summerville, James Kirkwood, William (stage) Boyd.

"Monte Carlo"—Paramount. The gambling capital is rather dreary, if this catches its spirit, although there are amusing, ironic touches. A countess runs away from a prince, and finds a count posing as a hairdresser. Jeanette MacDonald, Jack Buchanan, Claude Allister, Zasu Pitts.

"Three Faces East"—Warner. Constance Bennett does not manage to be as secretive and mysterious as a World War spy should. Story a bit old-fashioned, but better than many. Erich von Stroheim's presence more effective than his voice. Other players fair.

"Let Us Be Gay"—Metro-Goldwyn. Dowdy wife lets husband drift, turns tables by becoming social bird of paradise, reduces her man to dust, and takes him back—favorite cigarette dream of losing wives. Norma Shearer a hit. Marie Dressler, Gilbert Emery, Hedda Hopper, Raymond Hackett.

"Journey's End"—Tiffany. Faithful reproduction of outstanding stage war play. Devoid of love interest and dramatic formula of screen, but strangely revealing life in a dugout. Cast includes Anthony Bushell, Charles Gerard, Billy Bevan, Colin Clive, Ian MacLaren, David Manners.

If You Must

"Renegades"—Fox. Foreign Legion story that is pretty bad, except for Warner Baxter and Tyrna Loy. Excellently staged desert fighting. Legionnaire deserts, becomes ruler of the tribe, and kidnaps the girl. Noah Beery, Gregory Gaye, George Cooper diverting.

"Santa Fe Trail, The"—Paramount. Western picture with beautiful scenery, big herds of sheep whose herder is the hero. A feud ends when Richard Arlen wins the hand of Rosita Moreno. Mitzi Green and Eugene Palette do their share.

"Big Trail, The"—Fox. Just a noisy "Covered Wagon" which, with all the Injuns and buffaloes, fails to get a big hand. When will producers realize that fans want interesting people and acting, not longer wagon trains? Marguerite Churchill, David Rollins, John Wayne, newcomer with schoolboy diction.

"Du Barry, Woman of Passion"—United Artists. Sad lapse in career of one of screen's best, Norma Talmadge, released probably on word of yes men. Story of Louis XV's girl friend who escapes guillotine to arms of Conrad Nagel. William Farnum, Hobart Bosworth, Ulrich Haupt, Alison Skipworth.

"Brothers"—Columbia. Bert Lytell brings to screen his stage success, playing his own twin brother. Rich adopted boy commits murder, and brother from seamy edge of town is blamed. Dorothy Sebastian heroine who knew all along that speakeasy musician was prize twin.

"Bat Whispers, The"—United Artists. Shivers of ten years ago calm down to slightest tremors, if not actually boring, as *The Bat* annoys old lady in leased house Chester Morris's energy uncurbed. Una Merkel, William Bakewell, Maude Eburne.

"Girl of the Golden West, The"—First National. Antique filmed as for stage, artificial scenery and all. Important as burlesque on old-time Western. Ann Harding and Harry Bannister do all fine talent can. James Rennie the bandit. Miss Harding as barmaid reforms an outlaw.

"Lady Surrenders, A"—Universal. Much talk in that hybrid accent, "stage English." Story of wife who goes to Paris to get divorce, but changes her mind. Hubby thought he could depend upon her going through with it, and marries. Rose Hobart, Genevieve Tobin, Conrad Nagel, Basil Rathbone.

Information, Please

Continued from page 102

MARY BRIAN'S DEVOTED FAN.—Your answers are going to look like a page in the telephone book. Other players in "The Show of Shows" were Marion Byron, Hobart Bosworth, William Collier, Jr., William Bakewell, Carmel Myers, Jacqueline Logan, Sally Eilers, Pauline Garon, Shirley Mason, Viola Dana, Edna Murphy, Lee Moran, Tully Marshall, Bert Roach, H. B. Warner, Lois Wilson, Georges Carpentier, William Courtney, Alexander Gray, Betty Compson, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Chester Conklin, Johnny Arthur, Ruth Clifford, Heinie Conklin, Ethelyn Claire, Albert Gran, Frances Lee, Gertrude Ohmsted, Anthony Bushell, Anders Randolph, Wheeler Oakman, Otto Matison, Philo McCullough, Kalla Pasha, Jimmy Clemons, E. J. Ratcliffe, Sid Silvers, Lola Vendlir, Harriette Lake. With the thirty-six you remembered, that makes seventy-six. Those you missed in "Paramount on Parade" were Evelyn Brent, Clive Brook, Dennis King, Fredric March, Leon Errol, Stanley Smith, Virginia Bruce, Stuart Erwin, Joan Peers, and Nino Martini. The only Mary Brian film you seem to have missed was an early one called "Back to Nature." Frances Howard married Samuel Goldwyn and stopped acting. Jack Luden, once of the Paramount school, still plays inconspicuously in pictures. Clara Bow did not play in "The Reckless Sex"; if you mean "The Adventurous Sex," Herbert Rawlinson was the hero in that.

A DOROTHY SEBASTIAN FAN.—To think of your being so bothered over Dorothy Sebastian's age. Her official biography, as authorized by herself, gives her birth date as April 26, 1905.

FRANCES MARIAN BARTER, 120 Callan Avenue, Evanston, Illinois, would like to correspond with other Richard Barthelmess fans, especially foreign fans.

I'M ME.—And considerably enough, you ask only the proper number of questions for one person. Ramon Novarro's next film will be "Song of India," but I think the leading lady has not been cast yet. See **A JEAN ARTHUR FAN.** *Madge*, in "The Little Accident," was played by Sally Blanc. Ramon Novarro's "Forbidden Hours" is the one you describe with Renée Adorée. Dorothy Cumming, Edward Connelly, Alberta Vaughn, and Roy d'Arcy also played in it. Baby Peggy is now at the in-between age where she is too old for baby parts and not old enough for anything else. I should think Spanish versions of pictures might be seen in New York in some of the Spanish-speaking districts.

DILYS OWEN.—If questions will keep this old typewriter from growing whiskers, by all means ask me lots! I have troubles enough without whiskers popping out on all the keys and getting tangled up. The beautiful Ann Harding doesn't tell her age. She's five feet two and weighs 106. I can't find any record of "White Wings"; perhaps it was released in America under a different title. Reginald Denny's leading lady in "Oh, Doctor" was Mary Astor; in "The Night Bird," Betsy Lee—who is now Mrs. Denny. The players with Buster Collier, in "Two Men and a Maid," were Alma Bennett, Eddie Gribbon, Margaret Quimby, and Georgie Stone.

BERT SHANNON.—Pearl White has been living in Paris and such places for some years now. Sally Eilers is twenty-two;

her 1930 films were "She Couldn't Say No," "Roaring Ranch," "Trigger Tricks," "Let Us Be Gay," and "Daugh Boys." Marion Byron played *Baby*, in "His Captive Woman." Helen Twelvetrees was born in Brooklyn and was on the New York stage before her film career began in 1928. She is divorced from Clark Twelvetrees. Lily Damita is 24. Her American films are "The Rescue," "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," and "The Cock-eyed World." She is now appearing opposite Gary Cooper in, of all things, a Western, "Fighting Caravans." The last time I heard of, Marguerite de la Motte, she was playing in vaudeville, and Ethel Shannon was in Christie comedies.

CLARA JONES—I wish these answers could be more satisfactory. Many of the actresses must have permanent waves, but it never occurred to me to keep a record of them. I believe Janet Gaynor had a new one on her last visit to New York. Fred Mackaye was the hero in "Girl Overboard," but that seems to be the extent of his screen career. He was born in Hackettstown, New Jersey, and played with a stock company in Carmel, California.

MERCEDES.—After a bit of trouble—for which I hope you are duly grateful—I found out what the incidental music was that Fredric March played in "Laughter." In fact, I asked him! The pieces were Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata," a symphony especially composed for the picture by Vernon Dukes, and "Rarin' to Go."

LITTLE BOBBIE.—I'll bet you've been taking a good long nap for months, or you would certainly have seen the answers to all those questions about Buddy Rogers, whom every one has asked about. He was born in Olathe, Kansas, August 13, 1904. He is six feet tall, weighs 175 and has brown eyes and black hair. And he is not married, nor does he intend to marry for some years.

KATHLEEN AERS, 4 Chapel Road, Griargate, Preston, Lancashire, England, would like to hear from other fans, if any one feels in a corresponding mood. I've never quite got John Boles's family straightened out; there was a new daughter, July 1, 1927, and an older girl, but I didn't know there was a boy of six in between. I'll be glad to refer Colin Clive's admirers to your club. Paul Ellis no longer plays in pictures; his address is Standard Casting Directory, Hollywood.

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LILACS.—So you're sure that I'll deny
I'm good-looking? Suppose I said, "Yes,
I'm very handsome"—how would I feel
if a friend should answer "Oh, yeah?
Who thinks so?" You see, I have to play
safe. There are lots of fan clubs for
Ramon Novarro, but Marguerite B.
Steins, 101 Richlawn Avenue, Buffalo,
New York, claims that hers is the official
one. As to whether it is true that "no
one can stare into the eyes of Bill Pow-
ell," I've done it! And I felt none the
worse for it, either! Bill was born in
Kansas City, Missouri, July 29, 1892. He
is six feet tall. I can't follow Clara
Bow around on the scales to see what she
weighs from day to day; I only know
her recorded weight is 115. Dorothy Janis
was born in Dallas, Texas, February 19,
1910; she is four feet eleven.

W. I.—I should certainly feel very set
up if you subscribed for PICTURE PLAY
because of me, as you suggest. Jean
Arthur is the quiet type of girl she seems
to be on the screen—rather like Mary
Brian, I think. She went to school in
New York and became a commercial
model; she applied for screen work at
the Fox Eastern studio, was given a test
and her film career began. Wasn't she
lucky? Jean is five feet four, weighs 116,
has hazel eyes and brown hair. I wouldn't
guarantee that she answers her fan mail
personally. William Powell was born

July 29, 1892, in Kansas City. His film
career began in 1923, after a few years
on the stage. As to whether his name
will be remembered thirty years hence, it
depends on your memory! Mary Pick-
ford was born in Toronto, April 8, 1893.
Douglas Fairbanks was born in Denver,
Colorado, May 23, 1883. Yes, Doug, Jr.,
is his son, and that's why they call him
Junior.

MONTANA OR TEX.—But why not make
up your mind? There are no Joan Craw-
ford clubs near West Virginia; you can
choose between the club run by Helen
Cohn, 3628 East 1st Street, Long Beach,
California, and that run by Fernande L.
Dubeau, Box 1014, Joliette, Quebec, Can-
ada. To join either one, just write to
the president and ask to join. I do not
know of any clubs for Stanley Smith.

CH. S. FROM BROADWAY.—If Lew Ayres
is married I haven't found it out yet—
and I did tell fans from the very begin-
ning that Robert Montgomery was mar-
ried.

POLLY.—Frances Dade's career on the
screen has been very brief. Besides her
role in "Grumpy," she played a short part
in "Raffles."

ALTA GALBE.—What a joy to get ques-
tions I can answer without having to ran-
sack obscure files! Nancy Carroll was
born November 19, 1906, and began her
screen career in 1927. Alice White is
23, and has been in pictures since 1926.
Greta Garbo is by far the most popular
feminine star. Loretta Young was 14
when her film career started.

ROSAMOND L'HUILLIER.—Harold Lloyd's
hand was injured in an explosion some
years ago in making a picture, and he has

two fingers missing, but it is not an arti-
ficial hand. It's his right hand.

POPPY.—And you're just as bright and
snappy as your name, to judge by your
letter. Sally Eilers married Hoot Gibson
last June, but has not left the screen.
Her newest film is "Dough Boys." As
to whether Basil Rathbone really played
the violin in "A Notorious Affair," I just
wouldn't know—and producers are not
eager to reveal when doubles are used.
Now that Dorothy Mackaill has kissed
and made up with First National, she
may again draw Jack Mulhall as leading
man. Betty Bronson has not appeared
on the screen since "The Locked Door."
It was "The Golden Princess" in which
she played with Neil Hamilton. Ask your
theater manager to book the pictures you
wish to see—all films are shown for sev-
eral years after they are made.

A. C.—Does any one ever mistake you
for an athletic club? Lew Ayres was
born in Minneapolis in 1910 and is un-
married. Stanley Smith, also single, was
born in Kansas City, Missouri, in 1907.
Harry Green in New York City. I think
he is married. They are all Americans,
and as far as I know they all use their
real names. Barry Norton is not cast at
present for any English-speaking picture.

PAREE.—It was true that Buddy Rog-
ers's brother, Bruce—also temporarily
named Frank—was to enter pictures, but
now it isn't. Buddy is very much un-
married. To obtain a picture of Joan
Crawford write her at the M.-G.-M. stu-
dio, Culver City, California. Joan was
born March 23, 1906. She is five feet
four, weighs 120, and has blue eyes and
brown hair.

Addresses of Players

den, Sue Carol, Arthur Lake, June Clyde,
Irene Dunne, Karl Dane, and Richard Dix,
at the RKO Studio, 780 Gower Street, Holly-
wood, California.

Allene Ray, 6912 Hollywood Boulevard,
Hollywood, California.

Robert Frazer, 6356 La Mirada Avenue,
Los Angeles, California.

Patsy Ruth Miller, 808 Crescent Drive,
Beverly Hills, California.

Robert Agnew, 6357 La Mirada Avenue,
Hollywood, California.

Julanne Johnston, Garden Court Apart-
ments, Hollywood, California.

Malcolm McGregor, 179 East Seventy-
eighth Street, New York City.

Jackie Coogan, 673 South Oxford Avenue,
Los Angeles, California.

Ivor Novello, 11 Aldwyeh, London, W. C. 2,
England.

Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Boul-
vard, Hollywood, California.

Anna May Wong, 241 N. Figueroa Street,
Los Angeles, California.

Forrest Stanley, 604 Creseent Drive, Bev-
erly Hills, California.

Gertrude Astor, 1421 Queen's Way, Holly-
wood, California.

Virginia Brown Faire, 1212 Gower Street,
Hollywood, California.

Theodore von Eltz, 1722 1/2 Las Palmas,
Hollywood, California.

William S. Hart, 6404 Sunset Boulevard,
Hollywood, California.

Estelle Taylor, 5254 Los Feliz Boulevard,
Los Angeles, California.

Pat O'Malley, 1832 Taft Avenue, Los An-
geles, California.

Ruth Roland, 3828 Wilshire Boulevard, Los
Angeles, California.

Barry Norton, 855 West Thirty-fourth
Street, Los Angeles, California.

George Duryea, 5959 Franklin Avenue,
Hollywood, California.

Neil Hamilton, 6118 Selma Avenue, Holly-
wood, California.

Laura La Plante, Margaret Livingston,
Lloyd Hughes, and Dorothy Revier, 1839 Taft
Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Basil Rathbone, 22 East Thirty-sixth
Street, New York City.

Mary Carr, 6113 Doreas Place, Hollywood-
land, Los Angeles, California.

Claire Windsor, The Savoy Plaza, New
York City.

Joseph Schildkraut, 24 Fifth Avenue, New
York City.

Richard Arlen, Mary Brian, Marion Shil-
ling, Marlene Dietrich, Charles Ruggles, War-
ner Oland, Ruth Chatterton, Clara Bow, Clive
Brook, Charles ("Buddy") Rogers, Gary
Cooper, William Powell, Nancy Carroll, Jean
Arthur, Jack Oakie, Kay Francis, Fredrie
March, Rosita Moreno, Richard Gallagher,
Mitzi Green, Harry Green, Phillips Holmes,
at Paramount Studio, Hollywood, California.
Greta Garbo, Leila Hyams, Bessie Love,
Edward Nugent, Ramon Novarro, Norma
Shearer, John Gilbert, William Haines, Marion
Davies, Robert Montgomery, Kay Johnson,
Mary Doran, Cliff Edwards, Lawrence Tib-
bett, Wallace Beery, Raquel Torres, Joan
Crawford, Conrad Nagel, Anita Page, Buster
Keaton, John Mack Brown, Lewis Stone,
Charles Bickford, Gilbert Roland, Joan
Marsh, at the Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver
City, California.

Ronald Colman, Douglas Fairbanks, Mary
Pickford, Norma Talmadge, Chester Morris,
Walter Huston, Al Jolson, Evelyn Laye, Joan
Bennett, Dolores Del Rio, at the United Ar-
tists Studio, 7100 Santa Monica Boulevard,
Los Angeles, California.

Richard Barthelmess, Dorothy Mackaill,
Loretta Young, Inez Courtney, Marilyn Mil-
ler, Jan Keith, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.,
at the First National Studio, Burbank, Cali-
fornia.

Lupe Velez, Mary Nolan, Lewis Ayres, John
Boles, at the Universal Studio, Universal
City, California.

William Boyd, Robert Armstrong, Fred
Scott, Ann Harding, Helen Twelvetrees,
Russell Gleason, Constance Bennett, Eddie
Quillan, at the Pathé Studio, Culver City,
California.

George O'Brien, Edmund Lowe, Earle Foxe,
Janet Gaynor, Kenneth MacKenna, Dixie Lee,
Mona Maris, Eifi Dorsay, Charles Farrell,
Victor MacLaglen, Lois Moran, Frank Al-
bertson, Farrell MacDonald, Marguerite
Churchill, David Rollins, Warner Baxter,
Sharon Lynn, Warren Hymer, Mae Clarke,
Marjorie White, Jeanette MacDonald, El
Brindel, at the Fox Studio, Western Avenue,
Hollywood, California.

Edna Murphy, John Barrymore, Irene Del-
roy, Grant Withers, James Hall, Joe E.
Brown, Winnie Lightner, Marian Nixon, at
the Warner Studio, Sunset and Bronson, Los
Angeles, California.

Hugh Trevor, Bebe Daniels, Rita La Roy,
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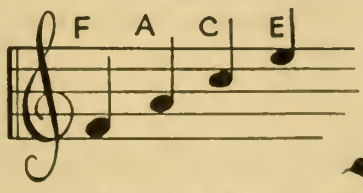
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Must Miss Pitts play servants forever?

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THE MOTION PICTURE SENSATION OF 1931

RANGO



JESSE L. LASKY

IN the twenty years of my experience as a producer of motion pictures I have never been prouder of any production than I am of "Rango." With a definite idea and story in mind, we sent Mr. Ernest Schoedsack, co-producer of "Chang," "Grass" and "The Four Feathers," into the densest jungles of Sumatra, to film this story in sound. There Mr. Schoedsack spent a year, grimly enduring great privations and danger. The picture he brought back gave me one of the most amazing experiences I have ever had in the theatre, and it is with the greatest personal pride that I, with my associates, offer it to the American public.

Jesse L. Lasky

First Vice-Pres.

Paramount Publix Corp.

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What the FANS Think



All 'Ave Haccents But Me.

ON opening December PICTURE PLAY the first thing that greeted me was a letter from a Scot—Donald Jolly. This is the second time that this young man has made me almost explode! So now he's for it!

I wasn't aware that there was a civil war in Great Britain over the American accent. Of course there may be in Scotland, but newspapers are so unreliable.



In the early days of the talkies there certainly was some criticism of the American accent, but now we have got over all that and have become more resigned to it, perhaps owing to the better class of film that is being produced at the moment.

Of course some stars still have atrocious voices, but, thank goodness, they are very few.

Nobody can find fault with Ruth Chatterton's glorious voice, which is the finest I've ever heard, both for tone and perfect diction. William Powell, too, has a fine speaking voice, and speaks as English should be spoken. Quite a lot of stars seem to be cultivating quite good speaking voices, but nearly all of them lack *tone* and *refinement*.

I also have recently visited London to sample the theater, and found that the abominable "quaiterfained" English was only used by some of our younger actors, mere children who think that it sounds awfully grand, but if Mr. Jolly had heard some of our more mature actors and actresses. I venture to think that he would have altered his opinion about "our peculiar accent."

As he is a Scot, perhaps he found it rather difficult trying to understand good English, just the same as I have never yet been able to understand a Scotsman!

Perhaps he will tell us if he thinks that our actors ought to speak Scottish in the future to be understood?

I think that the Irish brogue is beautiful. So much more music and charm in it. Quite different to the dull Welsh and Scottish accents.

Will some kind person in America please oblige me by throwing a huge apple pie at Crocella Mullen, and do please aim straight. I really think that this young lady left school much too soon.

My very best wishes to PICTURE PLAY, still the most popular and the best magazine value for the money.

JOSEPH J. DRUDGE.

20 Ash Road, Newport, Isle of Wight, England.

A Trio of Favorites.

HOW delighted I am to see how strongly PICTURE PLAY upholds my favorites—Joan Crawford, Billy Haines, and Robert Montgomery.

Joan gave the best performance of her entire career in "Our Blushing Brides." It was her beautiful performance that made "Our Blushing Brides" an outstanding picture. Even though Joan had a brilliant supporting cast, she managed to steal all the honors.

I buy every movie magazine and I have yet to find one that does not root for Robert Montgomery. PICTURE PLAY is his most ardent rooter. Bob is a wonder. There isn't a screen actor, with the exception of Wee Willy Haines, who is as versatile as Bob. He can portray any rôle to perfection. Look at his variety of characterizations.

This chap has charm and my hunch is that before the end of 1931 young Mr. Robert Montgomery, actor, husband, and father, will be a shining star under Metro-Goldwyn's banner. A rival to lovable Billy Haines who is now the most popular male star with Metro.

Haines! What a man! An actor of tremendous appeal; a comedian of high ability; a tender, sweet lover; and a real example of perfect manhood.

DOROTHY ROGERS.

2916 National Avenue, Detroit, Michigan.

If Lew Goes On.

THERE is a new actor recently arisen on the movie horizon who gives promise of attaining greater heights than any actor since Barthelmess first made the movie world sit up and take notice. I refer to Lew Ayres. Unlike many newcomers, this Lew has much more than youth and good looks to offer. His portrayals have depth and sincerity, and are charged with emotional appeal far beyond his years. With proper stories and direction, I expect to see Lew Ayres in a couple of years in the place that Richard Barthelmess now occupies.

Not that I think Dick Barthelmess through—not by a long shot. But unless I miss my guess, Barthelmess will be assuming rôles near his own age before so very long.

Continued on page 10



She Was Swept Into A Magic World



A chance resemblance to a famous motion-picture actress brought to Dawn McAllister the opportunity to leave the drab world of stenography for the fascinations of the motion-picture lot.

And soon she was head over heels in love with an actor and involved in the strangest mesh of circumstances. For Fate decreed that she must go on impersonating the famous star, and soon she was the reigning beauty in the fantastic world of studio and location.

If you want a book that carries you at breathless pace from start to finish, then here it is, tailor-made for you. It is

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By BEULAH POYNTER

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Continued from page 8

and that is when Ayres should step in. I can only wish that Universal will realize the prize that they have and will treat Ayres well.

Another newcomer deserving of much praise is Phillips Holmes. His work in "Devil's Holiday" and "Her Man" places him in the very forefront of juvenile actors. He, too, is capable of rôles of depth and sincerity, and seems destined to be a star.

THEODORE T. CAVANAUGH.

522 Devon Street,
Arlington, New Jersey.

Until Films Do Us Part.

I SHOULD like to thank L. F. W. for writing such a nice letter praising that charming young actress, Mary Brian. L. F. W. described far more aptly her charming disposition than I ever could, and I want him to accept my sincere thanks.

Mary is the only feminine favorite I have, and I don't care what she does, or what her pictures are like. I shall always love her.



Just consider. Mary has been on the Paramount lot longer than any one else, and has outlasted at her studio such stars as Bebe Daniels, Pola Negri, Richard Dix, and Adolphe Menjou, and yet she isn't a star! There ought to be a law. But now after all those years of hard work, with insignificant rôles, the experience she has gained is showing, and she is becoming a really delightful actress with an added flair for comedy. She appears in more films than anybody else in the studio.

She doesn't need a divorce every six months, or any scandal to keep her name in front of the public, and she hasn't any director-husband to help her along, either. Her good work, unselfishness, refinement, and a really cultured voice free from any affectation are the reasons for her success. I for one say, "Good luck, Miss Brian!"

CHARLES WILLIAM HUTCHIN, JR.
4 Pevensey Road,
Eastbourne, Sussex, England.

Moi Aussi!

I HAVE seen "Morocco" twice and "The Blue Angel" once, and I am still awed by the sheer beauty of Marlene Dietrich's work. She is amazingly different and very fascinating.



Miss Dietrich speaks English which is a delight to the ear and soul. There is not the trace of an accent, but just a faint, subtle suggestion of her European upbringing. She has the softest, and yet most expressive voice I've heard.

No letter of praise for this young beauty would be complete without mention of her lovely eyes and hair. I think she's gorgeous.

I am sorry Marlene has been compared to Garbo. Comparisons are always odious. And this one is particularly so—for there is no real resemblance at all. Naturally they have a few mannerisms in common—but these gestures are simply those peculiar to most European women. If Marlene resembles any one it is the never to be forgotten Jeanne Eagels. But that is all. Marlene is a soft-eyed, sweet-voiced and utterly charming young woman.

Live Marlene! WINIFRED EVANS.
233 West 83rd Street,
New York, N. Y.

Do Producers Willfully Miscast?

READING "What the Fans Think" is a sure cure for the blues. Some of the letters, while void of all humor, give me a big laugh, while others make me feel like going out and chewing up a brick. Some are ridiculously funny, to say the least. For instance, a long epistle in the December number about Greta Garbo.



Now I think Garbo is a very good actress, and I wouldn't miss any of her pictures, but why any one should go into a trance or something and write such a letter as that, is beyond my power of thought.

Neither can I imagine why any one would say that Garbo cannot act. That statement was worn out a long time ago, and its originator didn't know what he was talking about. Whoever started that about Garbo not being cute, must certainly have been *cuh-razy*, or just wanted to start a fuss. No one could ever take such a statement seriously.

A featured player makes good in a certain picture, then the parts assigned her after that are not parts that can be handled by her type at all. Such is the case of Jean Arthur. She did such fine work in "The Saturday Night Kid" and a couple others, then she was miscast in "Young Eagles" and recently in a mediocre picture for RKO. Why don't producers give players more rôles that fit their type? I know they wouldn't think of putting Charles Rogers in a sailor's shoes.

The ga-ga look and the broad smiles that he is forced to overdo in all his pictures, are ruining him in the eyes of thousands of fans. Is Mr. Rogers to blame? Absolutely not. The producers, as usual, are the ones to whom you should write your sharp criticisms. And another thing, who isn't getting tired of this Buddy—pardon Charles—business?

Oil City, Pennsylvania.

A FAN.

The Crusade Against Soul Twaddle.

A FEW months ago I ventured to offer some—ah—sound advice to Ramon Novarro, but the bad lad does not appear to have taken any notice of it, so I think I shall appeal to his fans instead. Novarro fans, I yield to nobody in my admiration for this famous Mexican, but may I be a camel in my next reincarnation if I am ever guilty of announcing in these columns, or in any other public manner, that I love



him, think he is beautiful, the most wonderful actor ever born, a successor to Caruso, a saint minus a halo, or anything like that.

Now, *mes enfants*, who is prepared to make a similar oath? Come on, let us start a new association of Novarro fans—fans who are sincerely enthusiastic in their devotion to the star, but who draw the line at becoming monomaniacs on the subject.

I don't want it to be an austere affair: you can rave about him as much as you like in the privacy of your own boudoir or den, but, *pour l'amour de Mike*, don't broadcast it elsewhere.

PICTURE PLAY is kind enough to allow us several pages on which we can voice our opinions, so let us take advantage of the fact, but *please* let them be contributions that both you and Ramon would be

proud to see in print, not something that is likely to make him grow hot under the collar.

Surely you don't want to make him the laughingstock of Hollywood? No? Well, that is where some of you are heading. Criticize or boost him as much as you like, but do it in a sensible way, and do not descend to sloppiness. If the latter is all you are capable of writing, let me request you to transfer your devotion to Rin-Tin-Tin; it won't hurt his reputation.

If you consider yourself a sensible fan and really want to help Ramon, then tell us all about it via PICTURE PLAY and join me in my crusade, viz.: better fans for Ramon and less twaddle about his soul. To the writer of the best contribution I will award a photograph of Anna Q. Nilsson taken twenty years ago!

BERT H. KING.

36 Court Street, Woodville,
Burton-on-Trent, England.

Scientific Moviegoing.

JACK MATHEWS, I would send you a personal letter if I could be sure it would reach you, because then I could express myself freely. As it is, I shall have to do my best with a word to you through "What the Fans Think."



How dare you say such things about Dorothy Jordan? She is sweet and dear, without having to try to be so. She may not be beautiful, but she has more charm than many great stars I could mention.

As an experiment, I saw "Call of the Flesh" six times, at intervals of two weeks. Thus I was afforded the opportunity of studying carefully each player's facial and vocal expressions and gestures. I can assure you that Dorothy Jordan lacks nothing when it comes to acting ability.

NORMA SALTZ.

336 Christopher Avenue,
Brooklyn, New York.

Enter Miriam Hopkins.

I HAVE read and reread the letters written by the fans. Some have angered me, some have delighted me, and some have greatly amused me. I am writing this, however, in the spirit of resentment. A newcomer to the screen, one brimming with talent and great possibilities, has been given little, if any, credit. In this case not only credit, but praise also is deserved.

This newcomer is Miriam Hopkins. "Fast and Loose" was playing at my favorite theater. Miriam Hopkins headed the cast, and I, having never heard of her, was undecided whether I should go or not. Finally I went, but merely because I had seen every other picture in town.

In the first few scenes I felt that Miss Hopkins was going to be worth watching. At the end of the picture I *knew* that she was more than worthy to be called an actress.

Hers wasn't a part that afforded much chance for acting. Like a true actress, however, she made opportunities, and at the same time imbued the part with her own wonderful personality, thus giving coloring, depth, and interest to a really impossible plot. To tell the truth, Miriam Hopkins made a characterization of an unsympathetic part.

Not only does she possess a charmingly attractive face, a beautiful figure, and the ability to act, but she has a perfect talkie voice. Her voice is a harmonization of soft sound that smoothly changes with the requirements of every mood.

Taken all in all, her voice which pleases the ear, her figure, girlish and slender, her piquant face that is topped by a shining, golden mop of wavy hair—well, I can't understand why she hasn't as yet been appreciated. Sometime soon the fans, critics, and directors will realize what a find is in their midst. GLADYS J. KAHN.

521 Queens Road,
Charlotte, North Carolina.

Let the Singers Sing.

THREE cheers for Ann Stern! She expressed my opinions exactly. I think William Haines is a very good actor, and I don't think it his fault if he hasn't done what the public has expected of him lately. It is the fault of his producers for giving him such silly pictures to play in. I have long been indignant over the fact that he has had to play in such trash as "Navy Blues." I think that he is a good comedian, but comedy can be overdone. Why not give him another good picture, like "Alias Jimmy Valentine"?

I think it is a shame that some of the players are made to sing in their pictures. I mean those who can't sing, and there are many of them. I pride myself on having a keen appreciation of music, and to hear some actor or actress try to sing, when he has no more voice than the man in the moon, positively spoils the picture for me. I go home feeling that that one fault has ruined the whole thing. Why not let those who can sing, such as Lawrence Tibbett and Ramon Novarro, do the singing? NATHALIE GUSTAFSON.
708 Grand Avenue, Superior, Wisconsin.

Honors Upon Honors.

THE talkies have bridged the distance between Hollywood and England, and our favorite stars who, in the days of the silent films, only appeared as vague shadowy beings, have become real and human, and are established in our hearts with yet greater admiration and appreciation.

The aristocrat of the screen is, in my opinion, Norma Shearer. It is impossible to surpass her for beauty, acting ability, and sheer perfection. Her varied performances are magnificent and show true artistry. There has been a lot of controversy on the subject of accent and nasal tones, but I wonder how many English actresses speaking with the polished English accent are as beautiful to listen to as Miss Shearer. None, in my opinion, and I have heard all our leading actresses of to-day.

In spite of all that our critics have said with regard to the accent question, don't worry, for England will still continue to have American films, whatever the accent, for the simple reason we cannot produce the highest standard of films. I hate to be so disloyal to our own industry, but we must hand out the bouquets to the fair knights and ladies of Hollywood for beauty and good acting.

KATHLEEN STANCED.

The Gables, Keyingham,
E. Yorks, Hull, England.

A Plea for Mercy.

COME, come, Wilma Thompson, of West Virginia, you must not be so bloodthirsty. Just imagine wanting Barry Norton shot because he is good-looking. Don't you like a handsome hero?

I am afraid some of those stanch fans of his who sing his praises so regularly in PICTURE PLAY every month will get annoyed with you, and that would never do. Even if you don't see eye to eye with Crocella Mullen over Barry, don't wish him harm. He is a nice boy really, I

have no doubt, and he cannot help his looks. The world would be a better place were there only a few more so handsome.

May I tender my thanks to Jean Hachngen? I, for one, would willingly listen to any accent to see again Emil Jannings, Nils Asther, and Victor Varconi—not forgetting Barry. Their voices would probably be a great improvement on some I have heard anyway.

And now before I close, I would like to say that there is a type of letter that appears in "What the Fans Think" that makes me really mad. The epistle of J. Sands in November PICTURE PLAY is an example.

I enjoy reading such letters as that of Miss Hachngen and am amused by those of Crocella Mullen and Betty Malone, but when I come to one by some one who just pulls this department to pieces I see red.

After all, every one has his own special favorites, and even if some of the fans do go to rather absurd limits, dozens of letters like these won't stop their ravings. I find the best thing to do is just to pass over to the next page. I think I read them all through.

SHEILA HAMMOND.

Leicester, England.

Big Names, Weak Stories.

WHY do the producers think they can satisfy the public by backing up mediocre productions with big names? Buddy Rogers is my one and only. He has looks, personality, charm, and good acting ability—why don't the producers do right by him? It's not fair to Buddy, and it's not fair to the public. Most of the stars are allowed to O. K. their stories. I'm sure if Buddy was afforded this privilege everybody would be much happier.

Of course Buddy is a box-office attraction—he can carry the weakest story, and we'll always go back for more. But this method the producers have of backing up poor material with a big name is discouraging.

Those who saw "Follow Thru" know that Buddy Rogers was supposed to be the star, but Jack Haley stole the picture with his antics. The reason? Buddy was required by the powers that be to do nothing other than sing a little, smile a lot at Nancy Carroll, and show what the well-dressed man is wearing.

We Rogers fans don't care what "America's Boy Friend" does—he can be as bad as he pleases, or keep on being oh-so-good. But for goodness' sake, give him a chance to act!

LYNN ZAVADIL.

Smithtown Branch,
Long Island, New York.

A Chance Misunderstanding.

I HAVE just returned from a vaudeville tour, and because I am a blonde, my last name Lee, do impersonations of some of the stars, and mention of Hollywood is in my billing, every one seemed to think I was Gwen Lee's kid sister. Because of this people came back stage to talk and ask questions about Hollywood and its celebrities. Those who couldn't get back waited at the stage door.

At first it was annoying, but after I got used to saying, "Yes, Joan Crawford is very clever, in fact she is my favorite, too," "Yes, Norma Shearer is great," "No, I've never met Greta Garbo," and more remarks such as these, it was interesting to meet all of them, and how loyal they all are! Some couldn't seem to forgive me for not being Gwen's sister, but that didn't keep them from telling who were their favorites and why.

Leatrice Joy was on the show a few weeks ahead of the one I was with, and every one was for her a hundred per cent.

Lucky for me that Joan is my favorite, because a word against her means war, as I found out when two Crawford fans and three Bow fans went round and round in my dressing room. PATSY LEE.

1015 Gardena Avenue,
Long Beach, California.

Talkie Talk in the Philippines.

IN answer to the comment made by Alfredo E. Litatico about my letter in "What the Fans Think," I wish to make a simple explanation.

Mr. Litatico takes the point of view that the Philippines are made of just Manila. No, that can't be. I know that the talkies have replaced the silent pictures here. I don't worry much about Manila being fed up with talking pictures, but I'm worried much about the provinces, which have but one or two theaters in each town, and whose people are not so well versed in the English language.

The natives have some idea of this speech, but when it comes to the screen, no ordinary person can understand what the players are drawing about. In the silents they could read the Spanish words and some of the English.

They will be robbed of one of their entertainments. They would rather stay at home and listen to phonograph music, or amuse themselves in some other way. Is that not a pity? They are music lovers, too, but I think they can never give any sentiment to American fox trots and blues. It is all right in Manila, but never in some of the provinces. I hope our small native film companies will produce some talkies, and, in that case, the people who are lovers of the native "Kundiman" songs will have some happiness.

LUCAS B. ARCAGA.

987 Int. 9 Singalong,
Manila, Philippine Islands.

Stop the Razzberries!

WHY do you who call yourselves movie fans constantly ridicule the stars?

Are you really fans? Don't you know that fans are people who admire and boost the stars, not criticize or disparage them.

Why write things that hurt? No one is perfect, but is there any one that enjoys being told so? Besides, what satisfaction do you get out of it? You may write and say how much you dislike such and such a person, but are they removed from the screen? Of course not; others like them, if you don't.

DORIS BARRINGER.
614 Washington Avenue,
Waterbury, Connecticut.

Kay's Thrilling Voice.

I WANT to thank PICTURE PLAY for the article in the December issue about Kay Johnson. I enjoy her immensely. Ever since I first saw her I have been trying to find out something about her.

They say she is not a beauty, but to me her thrilling voice, her charm, and her genuine ability to act are much more attractive than mere symmetry of feature. When I saw her in "Billy the Kid" I wondered why M.-G.-M. does not star her, instead of putting her in a picture merely to supply the love interest.

MADGE VALENTINE.

Lorain, Ohio.

Fellows Like Buddy, Too.

PHYLLIS HUSTON in December PICTURE PLAY has spoken for me, and if you read this, Phyllis, remember that

What the Fans Think

spunk is required to come out and say what you said. You know, we fans are so temperamental!

I have my own opinion of Buddy Rogers and let any one try to change it! Perhaps I am narrow-minded, but I'll wager that every nine out of ten fellows are for Buddy—for his boyish acting, for his American maunliness, and for being himself.

I really don't think he has excessive versatility, but he has virility and pep and that's what we fellows want.

Now don't get the idea that I would disparage any other player in order to put over my enthusiasm for Buddy. I only want Rogers fans to see him as I do. Try!

If Paul Martin of Paris reads this letter, will he please write? Some time ago I noticed his fine list of questions answered by The Oracle, and boy! he's for Buddy, tooth and nail, too.

RICHARD MACLAREN.

97 North Street, Halifax,
Nova Scotia, Canada.

Janet Gaynor a Mystery?

SOME of the letters in December PICTURE PLAY were excellent, particularly those by "E. P. S.," Roy B. McAloney, and Theodore J. Cavanaugh.

I quite disagree with Marie Leader. Janet Gaynor is a mystery to me, ever since I saw her disastrous performance in "Sunny Side Up." Her thin voice, babyish mannerisms, and entire lack of personality shrieked at me for an hour and a half. Her charm was smothered—if she has any—her beauty marred by the contortions she underwent in whining song after song, the words of which I lost, except "I'm just a dream-oah!" Or did she mean "screamer"?

I hesitate to criticize one who is, no doubt, a charming girl in private life, but she cannot act. I now come to my point.

Unless the talkie stars take a tip from their stage rivals and learn to act, casting aside their mannerisms of the silent days, they will be doomed to oblivion. They should also cultivate a pleasing voice.

Ann Harding is one of the greatest screen actresses, due to her superb acting. She also possesses beauty, charm, grace of movement, and a compelling, arresting voice. To my mind, she is the best star of the day—and Greta Garbo is not a runner-up. Ruth Chatterton and Norma Shearer fill the space between.

J. P.

British Columbia, Canada.

Boosting Alice and Marjorie.

I'M just another Alice White fan. She certainly draws the crowds in our town, and how! What's more, she entertains her audience, too! You can glance around the theater and see people you'd think didn't even know how to smile, laughing uproariously at some of Alice's cute sayings and actions, and having all the appearance of enjoying her pictures thoroughly. If you don't like her, stop seeing her pictures, but for goodness' sake, cut out all this gab about her. She's plenty cute, she's nonchalant, she has a darling figure, and she can act.

Another actress who deserves a big handshake is little Marjorie White, who scored heavily in "Happy Days," "Sunny Side Up," and "Just Imagine." She stole "Sunny Side Up" from Janet Gaynor and "The Golden Calf" from Sue Carol. She's cute without being silly, she's modern without going to the extreme, and in a flapper rôle Marjorie takes the cake.

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

Monroe, North Carolina.

Barry Norton's Existence Doubted!

HAVE you ever heard the yarn about the farmer who was taken to the zoo? When he arrived at the giraffes' inclosure, he gazed spellbound for a time and then muttered—"Thar ain't no sich animile."

This is the way I feel in regard to Barry Norton. My father never believed in the existence of George Washington, nor do I believe in either Santa Claus or Barry Norton.

I doubt his very existence. I hereby challenge Crocella Mullen to present him before me in the flesh, not a motion picture.

No man could look as he looks in photographs and continue to live. It's beyond the range of things possible. I truly believe it is some hoax that is being perpetrated at the expense of the fans. They say he acts in foreign versions; this explains it. No red-blooded American would seek a place in the amusement world, if he were endowed with such a beautiful face. As some reader suggests, he would take up forest ranging instead.

But now in all seriousness can't some rule or by-law be invoked whereby Crocella's letters be kept out of "What the Fans Think"? I understand she aspires to become a movie star herself. Isn't her case analogous to that of Bill Tilden, the tennis champion, who was barred from writing for the newspapers with the penalty of losing his amateur standing? Is Crocella Mullen a professional or an amateur, a movie fan or a movie star? Let her make her decision and abide by it. She can't be both at the same time.

The letters in recent issues by Donald Jolly, Richard E. Passmore, Yvonne Hoskins, and Buntée d'Alton were very interesting and enjoyable. These fans have something to say and know how to say it.

For the benefit of Trix MacKenzie, let me mention that the armistice was signed November 11, 1918, Colonel Lindbergh made the first nonstop flight across the Atlantic a couple of years ago, and last but by no means least, Herbert Hoover is now President of the United States. Don't get into town very often, do you, Trix? Let the dead rest—it's better so.

FRANK TULLY.

20 New Street, Danbury, Connecticut.

Vilma and Rod in Person a Wow.

I HAVE just seen Vilma Banky and Rod La Rocque in their stage play "Cherries Are Ripe" and what fun it was! The story is clever, the lines amusing, the cast well chosen, the acting excellent. But had any one of these elements been missing, I dare say I would never have been aware of it—not with Vilma and Rod moving before me in person!

La Rocque, dark and handsome as usual, seems perfectly at home on the stage. He gives a clever and dashing performance. To my way of thinking, he is much more attractive and interesting in person than he is in movies. He has a good voice and it carries perfectly.

But Miss Banky I shall never forget. She is the loveliest woman I have ever seen, and, believe me, I was near enough, to the stage to see. I have never seen more beautiful hair—it looks like spun gold. It was parted in the middle, drawn back in soft waves over the ears and caught in a loop near the neck—just as we have all seen it in the movies. There is no need to mention the exquisitely molded features. After all, nothing could show them better than a movie close-up. Then a complexion as smooth as velvet, with just enough make-up to enhance the beauty of it as well as the other features.

Perhaps I am waxing poetic, but show me any fan who can look at Vilma Banky in person and *not* get poetic. With her fairness and La Rocque's dark hair and eyes, they make a perfect couple. One reads about such ideal matches in novels, but rarely sees one in real life.

I sincerely hope that the stage will not claim these two for long. Pleasant as it is to see them, one realizes that this opportunity is rare and only a few can enjoy the privilege, while in the movies millions can enjoy them. What if Miss Banky does have an accent? So have a goodly number of other actors and actresses, yet producers use them in box-office hits.

EDNA WEAVER.

413 East Superior Street,
Kohomo, Indiana.

Dimmy, Behave!

IN December PICTURE PLAY upon running onto the letter signed "Dimmy," one asks whether or not Dimmy has graduated from the nursery, for so childish and inconsiderate is this letter—if one may call it that.

Dimmy mourns because Fanny the Fan has not been put out of her misery. Really, should this feature be taken out of PICTURE PLAY because Dimmy does not care for it? I suppose one *should* take into consideration that other PICTURE PLAY readers like it. Next to "What the Fans Think," it is the most interesting department—so true to life.

Then, too, Dimmy mourns because Lupe Velez lives. I think Dimmy had better take a handkerchief into a corner and have a good cry, because Lupe Velez, regardless of any one's opinion, will continue to live in the hearts of thousands of fans for a long time to come. One so artistic, so beautiful and scintillating as Miss Velez could not easily be forgotten by those who love her. Did you know, Dimmy, that Miss Velez is thought by many critics to be one of the half dozen really great actresses? If you read reviews of pictures by critics, who know what they're reviewing, you'll soon find this out.

You may thank talking pictures for giving you Helen Kane, Jeanette MacDonald, Ginger Rogers, Bernice Claire, and Winnie Lightner, but if you should happen to mention art with these names I should pray for you.

One thing I do agree with Dimmy about, is that Clara Bow should be given a chance to act—for she can act. No more of those "Love Among the Millionaires" for Clara. She's too sweet to be downed by such dreadful pictures as that and "True to the Navy." If given a chance, she could be very, very successful in an artistic way, as she demonstrated in "Ladies of the Mob." Take Clara away from those hard-boiled flappers and give her a chance. She'll succeed, for no one with so much vitality can be downed.

YVONNE HASKINS.

4657 Kenmore Avenue,
Chicago Illinois.

To Renée Adorée.

I AM so glad you are convalescing, and we shall all see your darling self again! Cheer up, René Adorée, *chérie!* We like you out here in Detroit very, very much. We want you to smile, because we will never forget our *Melisande*, of "The Big Parade." *Vous êtes très charmante. Nous vous adore ici!* Come and see us, won't you?

MARIE LEE KRONIES.

103 Stimson Street,
Detroit, Michigan.

Lois Moran Causes Trance.

ALWAYS I have admired Lois Moran, but now my admiration has turned into adoration. I have just come from the theater where I saw Miss Moran on the stage in "This Is New York" and I am almost in a trance. She is so exquisitely beautiful—much more so than on the screen. I had expected to be slightly disillusioned, but when she stepped gracefully onto the stage I gasped at her loveliness. And she is such a marvelous actress! Not one bit theatrical, but perfectly natural and charming—she captivated the audience.

When she comes back to the screen I hope she is given a rôle worthy of her talents. She is a *real* actress.

BETTY F. DOLAN.

196 Homestead Avenue,
Hartford, Connecticut.

Too Much of a Good Thing.

PICKING up a magazine the other day, the first comment that caught my attention was a fan communication which opened up desperately, "I nominate for oblivion Buddy Rogers in anything."

This was really interesting. Why should the unknown correspondent dislike the entirely harmless Mr. Rogers? There could be only one answer—he or she is tired of having Rogers films exhibited at local theaters, with relentless regularity, every three or four weeks. I may say I share this correspondent's feeling.

Producers obviously have little faith in the loyalty of fans. Stars who are not justifiable stars, having had no adequate training, are kept constantly before the public in a succession of pictures rushed out at brief intervals. I venture to think that Buddy, having a solid basis of character and personality, would benefit in the long run by being less exploited.

AMY RUSSELL.

1026 Crozier Street,
West Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Robert Montgomery's Secret.

I ALWAYS read "What the Fans Think" first in PICTURE PLAY. I have sixteen successive issues of the magazine and never tire of reading them over and over.

I have also just learned, after months of hard thinking, the two words that reveal the secret of Robert Montgomery's popularity—charming impudence. Thanks to the fan who discovered them! I received an autographed photograph of him, of which I am very proud, in return for a fan letter. Who was it that said the stars don't appreciate their fan mail? I have seen him in six pictures and the only fault I can find in any of them is that he doesn't appear half enough. Last, but not least, this fan slayer from the stage is the handsomest and most delightful person in films, with Stanley Smith and Lew Ayres tied in a close second.

I am sadly disappointed to read that Chester Morris may play in "The Sheik." I have waited breathlessly in hopes that Nils Asther would rise to the heights of film glory in that rôle. He's perfect for it.

VIRGINIA LYONS.

1208 East Elm Street,
Breckenridge, Texas.

Give Vilma a Break.

THERE is something that puzzles me greatly. The fans and critics have accepted Garbo and her accent with open arms, but Vilma Banky hasn't had a break. She made one part talkie, "This Is Heaven," and then her other, "A Lady

to Love." I haven't had the pleasure of seeing the latter, but I'm certain it must be very good. Vilma is *always* good.

Now please don't think I'm down on Greta. I admire her immensely, and consider her a marvelous actress. But I do realize she has quite an accent, and at times is hard to understand. Still I'd hate to see the screen lose her. The same applies to Vilma. It is seldom we have such a beautiful woman and a good actress combined, as we have in Vilma. I'm amazed that the fans didn't protest when they heard Vilma was to retire. My own opinion is that Vilma isn't anxious to retire, but that the fickle fans haven't been faithful. Well, I am! Please, Vilma, don't leave us!

I would like to remark in answer to Buntce d'Alton's opinion that Neil Hamilton can't act. I hope this person saw "The Dawn Patrol" and realized that Neil all but took the picture from Richard Barthelmess.

Juliette Brown, how I loved your letter! Thanks so much for sending it in. You see, I, too, think Joan Crawford is absolutely marvelous. Joan kindly sent me a picture, also, but I wasn't lucky enough to receive a letter. How can we expect it? But from what you say, Joan is just exactly as I've pictured her. Did you ever see such a young girl with such acting ability? I predict Joan Crawford will be at the top in less than a year.

URSULA MOORE.

Canada.

Our Answer Girl.

WHEN I read all the splendid letters in "What the Fans Think," I really wish I could sit down and answer every one of them. I can't do that, of course, or my work at college would suffer. But may I answer some of the writers here?

Marie Leader, did you know that sweet things give one a tummyache? Well, that's how Janet Gaynor reacts on me!

Richard E. Passmore, your letter was a poem, and could be inspired only by a woman like Garbo. More power to her!

Barbara Traill, you are insulted that another fan classes Kay Johnson with Jeanette MacDonald and the like? Well, so am I. Miss MacDonald is far superior to the mild Miss Johnson.

Theodore T. Cavanaugh, Marie Dressler is a splendid actress, but neither she nor any one else could steal anything from Garbo. We agree about Bebe Daniels's voice; I don't see what all the shouting's about.

Phyllis Huston, don't get me sore now. I don't care if Buddy Rogers is nearly thirty; he acts like an adolescent. He does need counterbalancing, and Chevalier does the trick.

J. W., we seem to agree. Lew Ayres is more the typical modern boy than Buddy Rogers could hope to be.

PICTURE PLAY, you are my ideal, my "Love Parade"!

PEARL A. KATZMAN.

601 West 189th Street,
New York City.

What Paramount Needs.

I HAVE two grievances against Paramount. Why they should sacrifice such excellent players as Richard Arlen and Jean Arthur to put over shallow personalities like Charles Rogers and Clara Bow is beyond my understanding. Wasn't Mr. Arlen far superior to Mr. Rogers, in "Wings"? Did not the Arthur girl run away with Clara Bow's "The Saturday Night Kid"? Paramount may say that Rogers and Bow draw more at the box office. True, no doubt. But give Arlen

and Miss Arthur a chance at stardom and see what will happen.

I understand Richard Arlen is now a star. I am not elated, because he has been given a series of Westerns in which to star. Westerns hardly ever broadened one's artistry. Are they afraid of Rogers's limitations being brought to the front by an actor of Arlen's ability? I hear Paramount is to start work on the popular novel and play, "Farewell to Arms." All will be forgiven if Richard Arlen and Jean Arthur are cast for the leading rôles, although I hear rumors of Gary Cooper and Nancy Carroll being awarded the coveted leads. Cooper and Carroll have had so many excellent parts in the past that Mr. Arlen and Miss Arthur are much more in need of artistic rôles than they are.

GEORGE A. ABBATE.

630 Mary Street,
Utica, New York.

Sally Restored to Grace.

ALLOW me to thank Norbert Lusk for saving me from eternal disgrace. His review of "Common Clay" agreed perfectly with my opinion of it. I have been in Coventry since expressing the opinion that "Common Clay" was the worst picture Fox has ever produced. Why, I had to pinch myself to see if I were awake. It seems that I was, although I was back in the days of heavy "drammer" with sobbing heroines, villainous villains, et cetera. And yet in New York the Roxy Theater played it for four weeks, when such pictures as "Journey's End" and "Song of My Heart" played only one week. Sophisticated New York—bah! Merely another luck town with its Main Street named Broadway.

You Chatterton admirers! What shall we do with Mr. Griffith, who says that Ruth is an utter failure and cannot act? Son, have you seen "Madame X," "Sarah and Son," and "Anybody's Woman"? Be frank. Don't you really think she was fine in those pictures, and a failure in "Sins of the Fathers"? I thought she was particularly fine as the sensuous woman who was the cause of Jannings's disaster.

Crocella Mullen, I admit that Barry Norton is a very good-looking youth, and he was fine as "Mother's Boy." But a career isn't made by one hit. And what has he done to prove his ability besides that one small part?

It seems that this is as good a time as any to discover what is wrong with screen musicals. In passing, let us see "Follow Thru" as an example. Here is a musical that as a smash hit on Broadway ran for over a year. And yet it flopped on the screen. In the first place, Nancy Carroll and Buddy Rogers were given too much footage. Neither is capable of musical comedy. It takes more than good looks and personality to put a number across.

In allowing all the hit tunes to remain, we find another mistake. They are *passé*, and a few new, catchy numbers would have worked wonders, as it was no novelty. Every one has been singing and dancing to those tunes for the past year or two. Then the comedy was strangely missing. Do you remember the scene in the locker room? On the stage it was a continuous laugh for perhaps fifteen minutes. On the screen it was boiled down to not more than a minute or two, and then the laughs were caused mainly by Jack Haley's traveling eyebrows. Paramount should give Haley a vote of thanks for saving an otherwise stupid picture.

Springfield, Massachusetts. SALLY.

Continued on page 106



A Booth Tarkington comedy-drama for the whole family from sonny to grandpa.

FATHERS' SON



LEWIS STONE

LEWIS STONE
 IRENE RICH
 LEON JANNEY
 JOHN HALLIDAY
 MICKEY BENNETT
 And a lot of great kiddies

From the story "Old Fathers and Young Sons", by Booth Tarkington. Directed by WILLIAM BEAUDINE

"Vitaphone" is the registered trademark of The Vitaphone Corporation.



If you're the kind of father who got more fun than the kids did out of the electric train you bought them for Christmas . . .

If you're the kind of mother who believes that boys will be boys . . .

If you're the kind of sister who has a demon kid brother . . .



If you're the kind of brother who still remembers when you were a kid . . .

Beg, borrow, or steal all the kids you can get hold of and take them to see this picture. You'll have the time of your life!



"Let's all go to the movies."



"I know what I wanna see."

"Hey, get a move on, Fatty!"

"Where you all a-goin' so fast?"

"We're all gonna see *Father's Son!*"

A FIRST NATIONAL & VITAPHONE PICTURE

Volume XXXIV

Number 2

Picture Play

APRIL, 1931

Ruth Chatterton

THERE'S gold—and plenty of it—in Ruth Chatterton's limpid voice and still more in that catch in her throat to choke back the sobs. All these gifts are worth exactly \$12,000 a week, or \$2,000 a day, for presumably *la* Chatterton is silent on Sundays. This is decreed by the gods of the movies, whose instrument, the Brothers Warner, offered the star that salary to forsake Paramount at the expiration of her contract some months hence. And in the flowing robes she wears in "Unfaithful"—is the title significant?—Mrs. Forbes ponders on her future.





Photo by Hurrell

Fifi Dorsay's dispute over a commission came to a dramatic head in the middle of a stage appearance.

HOLLYWOOD is a heck of a place for the underdog. It's also the very devil of a locale for anybody who is just starting out in pictures. In fact, if you want the real truth about it, Hollywood is a mean old slave market! And woe betide those who do not quickly take flight to independence across its Mason and Dixon's line, wherever that is!

Take the case of Jack Oakie. Here's a nice light-hearted young man who has a secret sorrow. He'd like to call his soul his own, commercially speaking, but he doesn't know how to do so. Jack is all plastered up with contracts. Three people besides himself are divvying up the spoils of his career. And 'tain't fair, that's all, even though Jack bears no ill will to those who helped him out.

Then there's Lupe Velez. She had to "pay through the nose," so to speak, a year or so ago when she wanted to gain her financial freedom. It cost her \$20,000 to be released from a contract she didn't like. And who could blame her for not liking it, since she had to give up a fourth of all she earned to an agent?

SLAVES

By
Edwin Schallert

Then there was Sue Carol. She went to the mat with Douglas MacLean and won, but only through a fluke. She might have been a bond lady yet, had it not been that Doug forgot to send a certain telegram to her at the proper moment, or at least couldn't prove that he did. Obtaining her liberty, Sue contended, was worth \$150,000 to her, and MacLean might have been richer by that amount—and she poorer—had he not lost.

All this has to do with a merry little game played in Hollywood, which, for want of a better name, may be called trading in talent.

Yep, the stars are under a lash! They are sold on the auction block! And it's a dickens of a life any way you look at it!

Some companies are even reported to have grown rich, at times, lending out their actors at fancy wages. And what share of this do the poor stars get? Usually not a cent.

Barter and gain goes on at a furious rate in human flesh and blood in the studios. "We're slaves, all of us," wail the luminaries in their distressed moments.

It was worse, perhaps, two or three years ago than it is to-day. Some order has come out of the chaos that prevailed when the talkie fever set in. Then new lusts flamed, and new rackets.

Actors were beset on all sides by so-called agents, especially. The stage recruit generally had an agent in New York. Then on the train coming west he took up with another. Still a third might wander onto the scene upon his arrival in California.

When he got his first job, he found that he was paying all three of them 10 per cent each, virtually one-third of his salary.

If he became very much discouraged before the first job materialized, he might even sign up for 25 per cent and a bonus with the last of the agents. Hence he would be all but working for nothing himself, and the crowd of go-betweens, who didn't do much going, either, would be capturing the winnings.

I don't actually know of any first-line actor who got stuck in this racket. But I have heard that quite a few



Photo by Duncan

Monte Blue has never placed his career in the hands of others, preferring to manage himself.

of HOLLYWOOD

Often players are sent down the river to other studios, and the producer may pocket the lion's share of the extra earnings. Again a player may have employed one or two, even three, agents who get a liberal cut from every check. With all the complications, it's a smart player who knows his own boss.

of the vaudevillians, song-and-dance men, cabaret performers, and character players did. Basil Rathbone and Charles Bickford, among the more prominent players, are reputed to have been cornered for two commission charges, and a few others barely escaped a similar catastrophe, because one of their representatives happened to be good-hearted.

This particular thing happened in the instance of Spencer Tracy. I have heard that he became involved with two different percentage collectors. One of the two was superethical in such matters, and let Tracy off easy.

Jack Oakie's is probably the most complicated case in all movie history. A crowd of Philadelphia lawyers couldn't unravel all of it.

Here's about the way it goes:

When Jack first started out he worked for Universal. The future looked faint and nebulous, and Jack felt he needed somebody to manage him. He prevailed upon Wesley Ruggles, the director of the picture in which he was working, to take up the sponsorship of his career, and a division of the profits was arranged. Indeed, as one hears it, Ruggles employed him and paid him a salary.

It was impossible for Ruggles himself to negotiate a contract for Oakie effectively, so he put the destiny of the star in the hands of an agent at the usual 10-per-cent commission. Oakie was sold down—or rather up—the river to Paramount. The reputed price was \$500 a week. The agent's commission was deducted. Oakie was still paid his regular stipend, reported to be \$200 to \$250, and Ruggles received his proportion under the original agreement.

By and by Jack commenced to grow famous. He was famous on a miserly \$200 or so. He couldn't go back on his bargain with Ruggles, and didn't want to, because he had a very fond feeling for the director because of what he did for him

Sue Carol's liberty, won through a fluke, proved to be worth \$150,000.

Photo by Dunean



Photo by Freulich

Lupe Velez bought her freedom from a contract for \$20,000.

in the beginning. Yet he was dissatisfied. He wanted a raise from somebody, but Paramount wasn't interested in dealing through a third party.

Then Oakie struck—actually walked out—and hired another agent at another 10-per-cent cut. Jack was boiling by this time, and another commission mattered little.

For a while things looked very doubtful. It was thought that Jack might have to go out into the cold, cold world at anything he could get, and whack



Photo by Thomas

Ann Harding gets a big share of her extra earnings.

up his salary three ways, instead of two, at comparatively little increase.

Ultimately a supplementary deal was negotiated with Paramount, according to which Jack received about \$500 more a week. And though he had to pay a commission of \$50 on this, he did receive the bulk of it.

Jack told me that he holds no rancor toward anybody in the whole matter, but he does hope things will be straightened out sometime, so he will know for whom he is working, without question or quibble. He also gayly refers to agents as flesh peddlers. "I say it humorously, of course," he declared, "but that's what they are, anyway."

Lupe Velez's troubles which the courts finally had to pass on, were incurred when she was breaking into pictures, too, but in a different way. Lupe probably sinned through innocence of the ways of the business world, but, being of the feminine sex, she had to pay, and pay, and pay.

Lupe's agent was Frank Woodyard, who guaranteed her \$6,000 a year first of all, and then 75 per cent of whatever she earned above that.

He took a gamble, of course. Lupe mightn't have made anything.

It turned out to be a good gamble, though. Soon after she arrived in Hollywood, Lupe was receiving \$500 a week, and her agent was getting \$125, leaving Lupe \$375.

This went on for a while, and then Lupe objected, with the result that

she was almost forbidden to appear on the screen at all. Worse still, in a way, United Artists was offering her a contract at \$1,000 a week, of which she would have to give up \$250.

A legal fight was started, and Lupe tried to prove she was a minor when the agreement with Woodyard was made. Confusing birth records were cited, and it looked like a deadlock, so Lupe finally ended up by settling for twenty grand. And that was plenty!

Lupe is said to have blasted agents verbally for a year. Her griefs were augmented when she had to pay some one 10 per cent for negotiating her United Artists contract, and she was later sued for a 5-per-cent commission by her press agent. Maybe there is a reason, therefore, why Miss Velez is peppery at times. It will be remembered that her famous squabble with Jetta Goudal occurred just about then. One thing leads to another.

One thing did lead to another in Fay Wray's conflict with a 25-per-center who claimed to be responsible for her success in films. In court one day Erich von Stroheim, who testified for Fay, all but had a fight with an opposing attorney, because he felt that he had been insulted by the latter's method of questioning.

Of course, this was somewhat beside the point in the suit. Miss Wray fought it out with Edna Schley, the agent, and won. She was luckier than Lupe, because she brought in the minority angle to rather good effect, and stressed the fact that she was immature

and inexperienced when the contract had been signed. She also made the assertion—not an unfamiliar one when actors get into these fixes—that Miss Schley had really had very little to do with her success.

As the court decided the whole affair in her favor, Fay was fully justified in her contentions. There are, of course, instances where players have been ungrateful, and passed up the people who helped them in their early struggles.

Often, too, when they enter into agreements with agents players forget to figure what may happen a few years afterward. They do not foresee that increases in their salaries will make the original moderate percentage rather onerous to bear. A \$5,000 a week salary means a commission of \$500 a week at the regular 10-per-cent rate. When the ante is raised to 25 per cent, that is something else again.

Olive Borden, for one, was able to get an adjustment of a high commission that she paid at one time. She signed with an agent at 25 per cent, but after her Fox contract had lasted for a while, she found the going at that rate heavy. She managed to have it reduced to 15 per cent. That helped some, for a young girl in the movies has to have money for clothes, cars, and manicures.

Sue Carol's, of course, was a very odd case, for it seemed to be a wholly unpremeditated affair on both sides. Douglas MacLean, who had her under contract, was not really an agent.

Betty Compson is expert in obtaining her salary rights, in or out of court. He had met Miss Carol socially, and felt that she might have a future in pictures.

Jack Oakie is worried because he doesn't know just who his boss is.



Photo by Bachrach

Tests were so favorable that he signed her up for five years, little imagining at the time, perhaps, that the contract would soon be worth much more money than he was paying. MacLean began lending his player, and the revenue was astonishing. She had turned into a sort of gold mine. His contract started off at \$150 a week, and ran up to about \$500, but Sue was clicking it off at the rate of \$1,000 or so, before any one could realize it.

Perhaps if MacLean had been more inclined to stay close on the trail in true agent fashion, he might have been growing wealthy, because of her talents, even yet. But, a couple of years ago, Sue claimed nonreceipt of an important telegram that would continue to bind her, and has been free as the wind ever since.

She was acutely aware of her value, even before the court's decision liberated her. She tried to buy her way out of her serfdom, if you want to call it that. It should be mentioned that MacLean asserted that he spent \$15,000 to \$20,000 in furthering Miss Carol's career.

Minor arguments with agents don't mean much. There are plenty of them. Betty Compson is an expert in obtaining her rights, even to the matter of \$1,000 or so. Betty saved \$1,100 on one battle by settling out of court for \$400, though shortly before that she lost a suit for a \$1,500 commission on the sale of films.

Gary Cooper also believes that money saved is money earned. A 5-per-cent commission, he once felt, was enough to argue over, if he didn't believe it was right.

Amusing things happen once in a while in connection with the summary settling of these disputes. Not long ago, Pola Negri had all her jewels taken away from her while on a friendly visit to Berlin, because an agent had a claim against her. Pola stormed, and finally got the jewels back.

Fifi Dorsay had a disconcerting experience, when a process server for an agent chose her appearance in a Brooklyn theater as the occasion to hand her a paper telling her to be in court on such-and-such a day.

Fifi was in the middle of her act on the stage. She thought the paper was handed to her as some sort of gag. Did she hit the ceiling when she saw what it really was? Well, I wonder.

To what extreme lengths a contract holder will go to keep a star to an agreement, either actual or implied, was strikingly illustrated in the prolonged suit of Charles Duell against Lillian Gish. This dragged through the New York and Los Angeles courts for three years.

Duell asked \$5,000,000 for alleged breach of contract. Lillian won, but if she had lost she probably would have spent all her remaining days in the poorhouse. Duell, you may remember, was the producer of Miss Gish's "The White Sister" and "Romola." The suit was one of the most bitterly contested and sensational in all film history, though a losing one for Duell, virtually from the beginning.

Because she was a minor, Fay Wray wriggled out of a 25-per-cent cut with an agent.



Jahn Bales was in the past a victim of the farming-out system.



Photo by Freulich

Mary Pickford won a five-year legal fight with an agent.

One of the few other suits that ever compared with it for duration was that of Cora M. Wilkenning, an agent, against Mary Pickford, brought over the negotiating of Mary's Famous Players contract in 1916. This lasted for five or six years. As I remember it, Mary won most, if not all, of the points.

Such an action has, I believe, recently been started against the Duncan Sisters, covering about four or five years of their stage and screen appearances, and involving \$250,000. Generally speaking, the players seem to be the victors in most of these legal conflicts.

Perhaps their method of approach to the courts is more appealing than that of the agents. Anyway, contracts are the bunk, according to the Hollywood viewpoint, most of the time.

Monte Blue, for instance, has been fighting his way alone ever since he entered the movies, taking the bitter with the sweet. Monte was off the screen for nearly a year, but during all that time no one attempted to sell his services to the studios. Finally when Columbia wanted him for "The Flood," they telephoned his home, and after a brief discussion he came right over.

The companies themselves rather like this way of doing business, for it enables them to deal with the actor directly. It isn't, on the other hand, such a good thing for the

Continued on page 100





Illustrated by Strothmann

By Malcolm
H. Oettinger

TALES from

Though you are told that Hollywood is a nine o'clock town, enough happens before curfew time to bring forth anecdotes galore. And a favorite author here offers some that appeal to his well-known sense of ironic humor.

WHenever any one sets out to be honest about Hollywood, he soon finds himself weaving a crazy quilt so brightly hued as to seem fantastic. These apocryphal notes, however, are based on anecdotes that have been carefully traced to their sources and verified. So much for veracity.

So many colored myths, so many fabrications, elaborate and grotesque, so much mimeographed matter emanates regularly from Hollywood that it is nothing less than a kind act to record notes from Wonderland sticking to the truth, however naked.

Stardom has done nothing to tame one young actress famed for her magnetism, celebrated for her charms, notorious for her ability to front-page her various misadventures. She has been consistently careless ever since those early days when she was "discovered" and apprenticed to the camera.

When the company was on location in Virginia for a month making a picture in which she was the pride and joy of an old Southern family, she would disappear with a likely-looking backwoodsman, or a friendly freight hand, or a strong man from a passing circus. Her favors were distributed with a prodigal hand; her friends were legion.

The company tolerated her little excursions and her idiosyncrasies, because she was rapidly showing the stuff that stars are made of, according to the immutable lights of the box office.

After her third picture had swept the country, the

demands of the exhibitors became so insistent and clamorous that it was decided to star the strenuous young scapegrace.

A wire called her from the Coast to the main office in New York. A contract, new and generous, awaited her.

"We're going to star you," said the head of the company, smiling behind the impressive mahogany desk with the glass top. "We're going to star you even though you have been a bad girl. You've broken lots of rules, caused untold expense, but we're willing to forget all that if you'll behave in the future.

"Remember that as a star you must always maintain your dignity. You are a person of standing, and you must live up to it. You must keep the respect of the public and of your fellow workers, as well.

"So I warn you, as a star, you'll have to cut out tramps, deck hands, scene-shifters, and acrobats. As a star you'll have to show real class. Take my advice, kid, and stick to actors and directors."

One producer has inspired so many legends that he may be said to symbolize all Hollywood producers.

We need not consider his early days in the tailoring trade, those days that caused him to interrupt a British statesman who was expounding to him the possibilities of the cinema for world peace, long enough to finger his cutaway and say, "Pfu! What a rotten buttonhole!"

We may pass over the occasion of his quizzing a new employee, learning that he was a Harvard man, and



the CINEMESE

then demanding magnificently, "Well, say me a big woid!"

Indeed we may omit mention of his suggestion that one of his theaters economize by cutting the symphony orchestra in half and having the remaining musicians play twice as loud.

Just before starting plans for a new picture this producer called his staff of supervisors, technicians, authors, directors, and comptrollers into conference. A conference is a room full of cigar smoke and golf scores and men whose office doors are lettered with their names, or the names they have selected.

The last film had been a prodigious success. There was no doubt about that. Now something more stupendous must be made to top it, the producer explained, lavishly illustrating his ambitions with extravagant gestures. The forthcoming feature must be titanic, colossal, gigantic—well, what did the boys suggest?

After many minutes of cigar-chewing and brow-furrowing, which is something of an art in Hollywood, a bright young man said, "I have an idea, chief. Give me your reaction to this: we'll announce this coming picture as an epic!"

The chief withered him with a glance of fine disdain. "Nope," he decided with an air of finality. "It's gotta be much bigger'n that. Our last was an epic."

One handsome blade of the screen was true to his art in a crisis. Celebrated cinematically for his daring, his romance, his courage, his photographs were on dressing tables in boarding schools from coast to coast, his profile classic in its regularity, Grecian in its purity.

A highly successful series of pictures caused his contract to be renewed at an agreeable increase. He was sitting on top of the world with a bottle in each hand.

At one of the Mayfair dances he was attentive to a slim blonde whose husband was a director, and before that a bouncer in a water-front saloon.

As the evening wore on the flirtation came to the attention of the husband, who was properly indignant. He followed the actor out of the ballroom during an intermission. Idle curiosity impelled a small group to see what would happen.

They could hear the director's voice raised in anger, for all the world as though he were directing a big scene. They heard protestations from the actor; then a loud smack and the thud of a falling body. Had the screen hero knocked out the director?

Rushing into the washroom they came upon a tableau. The director was standing over his victim who lay on the tile floor, his right arm awkwardly shielding his handsome head.

"Don't hit me in the face," he was pleading. "Please don't hit me in the face. My new picture starts tomorrow."

Practical joking has been elevated to an art in the film colony, as it is sometimes called. From the lowliest assistant to the grandest producer-star, the gag is glorified. In Hollywood, April 1st comes every day in the year. Playboys are not only tolerated; they are encouraged.

One bouncing actor, who has achieved something not unlike international celebrity, prides himself upon the gallery of surprises that awaits the unsuspecting guest in his home.

A large inviting lounge chair proves to be grapevined with electrical wires that shock the sitter in no uncertain manner; a water tumbler leaks unexpectedly, sprinkling

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Socked—But SMILING

A star no longer, but just a featured member of the cast, Adolphe Menjou explains why he considers that he's in a better spot now than ever before.

YOU hear, concurrently, "Poor Adolphe Menjou. Pretty tough to be just a member of the cast after being a star."

I recently lunched with the poor guy in M.-G.-M.'s commissary, to which he refers as the "beanery." For a poor guy who has taken what is considered a professional sock, Menjou was rather too cheerful. It was two years since we had met. The first time was when he was still a Paramount star. Then he was nervous, worried, tense. Yet on this later day he looked ten years younger and evidenced excellent spirits. Something was awfully wrong.

"How come?" I inquired.

Mr. Menjou laid down knife and fork as one preparing to concentrate on matters more important than food.

"My God!" exclaimed he, feelingly. "Am I supposed to regret the passing of stardom! Why, a little more of it and I'd have been in my grave. I didn't want to be a star—don't approve the system. It was more or less forced on me and damn near wrecked my health, nerves, and disposition. I consider that I'm in a better spot now than I've ever been before."

"How about actor's pride—precedence on billing and things like that?"

"How about it? It's a lot of rot—food for vanity and little else. If you deliver a good piece of work, who is going to notice or care about the size of your name in the ads? And if your work is bad, your name in gilded lettering three feet high isn't going to help you one bit. Advertising may have developed into a fine art, but it's still the quality of the product that sells it."

Menjou is decisive—the answer to a reporter's prayer. He doesn't quibble, never becomes vague, cautious, politic. He talks rapidly, his mind functions at lightning speed and follows a train of thought directly to conclusion. Logical, candid, and thoughtful, he prefaces no remark with the usual "of course this is not for publication," behind which most actors hide when they inadvertently let go. His frankness is intentional and he credits the reporter with sense enough not to abuse it.

I offered congratulations on his very slick performances in "Morocco" and "New Moon."

"Thanks," said he. "'Morocco' is a good picture, isn't it? And yet it could have been better, I think. I wasn't entirely satisfied with the man I played—he wasn't clear enough. For my own entertainment as well as profes-

By Laura Ellsworth Fitch

sional satisfaction, I like every major character in a play to be sharply defined. Not typed, you understand, but clearly characterized."

This Menjou knows his movies. He has an admirable sense of picture values. Not just an actor's sense, but a comprehension of every element in the cause, aim, and effect of picture-making. His perspective has been evolved by combining personal intent with audience reaction, an accomplishment much rarer than you would think.

"I like good pictures," he said, agreeing with me that if producers went into a huddle and made nothing but intelligent movies for six months, at the end of that time the public would no longer accept tripe. "One of the difficulties producers have created for themselves is the rule that every picture, to be successful, must please *all* people. And that, if it continues, will be the eventual death of the movies.

"There is an audience for every type of picture, but there is not one type of picture for all audiences. When you try to devise such a monstrosity by injecting a few ingredients from every type of story, the result is bound to be a rotten picture.

"An author—a good one, I mean—writes solely for his particular audience, the audience created by his first work, which reached kindred souls who understood and sympathized with his ideas. The movies, of course, cannot be judged by purely artistic standards, being a mongrel medium that is three quarters

economics. But there are enough artistic elements in them to make artistic improvement possible—and make it pay, too.

"If you're going to make a good picture, you must do it uncompromisingly for its specific audience. Proceeding from that base, a blood-and-thunder 'meller' intended for adolescents can be just as intelligently conceived and well executed as purely adult fare."

Menjou, who practices his preachments, has attracted as definite an audience as any star. His appeal is wholly to the sophisticate, the intelligent metropolitan.

"When I was with Paramount they were disturbed because my pictures, although they did big business in the cities, did not draw in 'the sticks.' Well, good Lord, I had no intention of playing to the sticks. I was selecting plays by Lonsdale, Savoir, Schnitzler as vehicles. A certain brand of comedy is my forte. Had I tried to

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Photo by Hurrell

Stardom sent Adolphe Menjou to the hospital—just another reason why he's better off to-day without the worry of carrying a picture.

Marian Marsh

CHOSEN to play *Trilby* to John Barrymore's *Svengali*, is it any wonder that Hollywood looks curiously at Marian Marsh, asking if this splendid opportunity is the forerunner of a brilliant career? Once known in films as Marilyn Morgan, she attracted no attention; but after three years' study of dramatics, singing and dancing, she emerges with a new name to capture one of the big chances of the year. When one is eighteen, with a foot poised on the ladder of fame, the world is just a rosy cloud. Let's hope that Marian will mount higher and higher into the empyrean.



By
Samuel Richard Mook

THE

In squads, battalions, and regiments came among the elect of Hollywood. A few have fighting to win favor, and many have igno
—the first of a series—cites



Sound the clarion, shrill the life.
To all the sensual world proclaim
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name!
—WALTER SCOTT.

WELL, maybe so. The movies had their crowded hour—maybe it was a crowded year or two—but they didn't seem to care much for it. Neither did the public.

With the coming of the talkies there was the now well-known influx of stage talent which completely submerged the stars and featured players whose names formerly graced the billboards. A native film player was harder to find in a cast—almost—than the proverbial needle in the haystack.

When the smoke of battle cleared away and it was possible to sift the wheat from the chaff, the performances turned in by, and the impressions made by, the stage players make interesting reading.

Age, size, weight, height, and coloring made no difference. All that they needed was one performance on the stage and they were bound to be better than any talent the movies themselves had developed. One performance on a New York stage and presto! When they reached Hollywood they had become a Broadway star.

Among the recruits, a few have clicked in a big way. Ruth Chatterton has scored the biggest individual success. Aboutwashed up on the legitimate stage, she was living more or less idly in Los Angeles, in order to

be with her husband, Ralph Forbes, when Emil Jannings insisted that she be signed for "Sins of the Fathers." It was a silent film, but her work was outstanding.

When the talkies arrived directly afterward, she was among the first signed up. Her films include "The Doctor's Secret," "The Dummy," "Madam X," "Charming Sinners," "The Laughing Lady," "Sarah and Son," "Paramount on Parade," "A Lady of Scandal," "Anybody's Woman," and "The Right to Love."

Maurice Chevalier probably comes second on the list of stage hits. His first picture, "Innocents of Paris," was very badly received by the press, but the Chevalier personality was received by the public with acclaim and gusto. Succeeding pictures, "The Love Parade," "Paramount on Parade," "The Big Pond," and "Playboy of Paris" have established him more solidly.

At the moment there is more fan interest in Robert Montgomery than any other actor—star or otherwise. His films have been one long string of successes. "So

CROWDED HOUR

stage players hoping to take their place achieved a spot in the sun, others are still miniously returned to Broadway. This article their triumphs, struggles, and failures.

"This Is College," "Three Live Ghosts," "Untamed," "Their Own Desire," "Free and Easy," "Sins of the Children," "The Divorcee," "The Big House," "Love in the Rough"—not an artistic triumph—"Our Blushing Brides," "War Nurse," "Inspiration," and "The Easiest Way." He has a fan following second to nobody's.

Ann Harding started with "Paris Bound," a sophisticated comedy which failed to impress the public to any extent. It was followed by "Her Private Affair"—hopeless drivel—and she was lent to First National for "Girl of the Golden West." Although

Fredric March is a close runner-up to Robert Montgomery for honors among the male contingent from the stage. Starting with "The Dummy," he followed it with "Paris Bound," "The Wild Party," "The Studio Murder Mystery," "Jealousy," "The Marriage Playground," "Sarah and Son," "Ladies Love Brutes," "True to the Navy," "Manslaughter," "Laughter," "The Royal Family," and "Sex in Business."

There was a bad let-down in his career after "The Marriage Playground," but starting with "Manslaughter" fan interest revived, and rumor is that he will shortly be starred.

Kay Francis comes next and looks set for a long time to come. She established herself as a vamp of the first magnitude with her screen debut in "Dangerous Curves."

Succeeding appearances have been in "Illusion," "A Notorious Affair," "Behind the Make-up," "Gentlemen of the Press," "Raffles"—in which she blossomed forth as a straight leading lady—"The Marriage Playground," "Let's Go Native," "Paramount on Parade," "Street of Chance," "The Passion Flower," "For the Defense," "Ladies' Man," "The Virtuous Sin," "Unfit to Print," and "Buy Your Woman."

Chester Morris probably scored the most sensational success of them all when the talkies first came in. His performance in "Alibi" was an outstanding triumph for him and for a time he was the most sought man in pictures.

He played in "Fast Life," "The Case of Sergeant Grischa,"



she herself received very good notices, the picture was roundly panned, and her screen career seemed doomed.

But Samuel Goldwyn saw her, and liked her, and borrowed her for "Condemned," opposite Ronald Colman. She took a new lease on life and clinched her position with the sensationally successful "Holiday." Her next will be a modernized version of "East Lynne" for Fox, to be followed by "Rebound" at her own studio—Pathé.

"Playing Around," "She Couldn't Say No," "The Redeeming Sin," "Womantrap," "The Big House," and "The Divorcee."

His career, too, suffered a let-down just before "The Big House," and his following deserted him to an extent. His latest, after a long absence from the screen, is "The Bat Whispers." A few more like it and it will be "Chester breathes his last."

The surprising part of these successes is that, with the exception of Chatterton, not one of them was a star or even a featured player on the stage.

Al Jolson is the boy who is credited with injecting the breath of life into the talkies with "The Jazz Singer." Opinion now is that any one with a name could have put the picture across on account of its being a novelty and the first talking-singing picture.

Be that as it may, it put Warner Brothers back on the map financially. Jolson followed it with the equally successful "Singing Fool" and the less successful "Mammy" and "Big Boy."

Nothing lasts, however, and even Mr. Jolson's vogue seems to be passing, for his last picture was withdrawn after a week at the New York Winter Garden—the same theater where his earlier pictures and Mr. Jolson, in person, used to pack them in night after night, month after month.

He signed with United Artists, who hoped that better vehicles would provide new screen life for Al. However, the fact that they have already paid him \$500,000 in salary without ever having turned a crank on one of his pictures may dampen their enthusiasm.

His first picture for them was to have been "Sons o' Guns," but this has been indefinitely postponed. He is set to do a youthful comedy on the

stage on a 50-50 basis, with a guarantee of \$5,000 a week as against the \$31,250 he is said to have been receiving each and every Saturday from United Artists.

A runner-up to these, who is battling 1,000 or close to it, is Claudette Colbert. She knocked the critics and fans for a loop in "The Lady Lies," and followed it with "The Big Pond," "Manslaughter," and "Sex in Business." Should have a tremendous following if they can get her to make enough pictures.

Marilyn Miller scored a smash hit in "Sally," and returned a year later to make "Sunny" now current. If the public like her well enough to swallow another musical, she probably will continue to make them at the rate of one a year.

Will Rogers is another who has landed much more solidly in talkies than he ever did in the silent films. "They Had to See Paris" was a box-office riot, followed by the slightly less successful "So This Is London." Now, in "Lightnin'" he eclipses both previous efforts. His current vehicle is "A Connecticut Yankee" to be followed by an untitled story dealing with the fortunes of a country doctor.

Helen Twelvetrees was signed by Fox at the very outset of the talkies, when



she was playing the feminine lead in "Elmer Gantry" on the stage. Her first picture

was "The Ghost Talks," followed by "Blue Skies" and a bit in "Words and Music."

Released by Fox, she was just about to return to New York when Pathé signed her. She jumped into immediate favor with her first picture for them, "The Grand Parade," and has increased her popularity with each succeeding one—"Swing High," "Her Man," and "The Cat Creeps."

Unreleased pictures are "Beyond Victory," "The Painted Desert," and "Millie." She should be one of the really big box-office bets within the next year or two.

Walter Huston is greatly in demand at the moment among the producers. First picture was "The Lady Lies," followed by "Gentlemen of the Press," "The Virginian," "The Bad Man," "Abraham Lincoln," "The Virtuous Sin," and "The Criminal Code." His next picture is "The Honor of the Family," for First National. Huston is reported asking a cool \$50,000 per picture for future films.

Barbara Stanwyck—in private life Mrs. Frank Fay—came out to California to be with her husband. Failing to excite much interest with her first film, "The Locked Door," she made a smash hit in the next one, "Ladies of Leisure." Subsequent pictures, "Mexicali Rose," "Illicit," and "Anybody's Girl" indicate a great future.

Ilka Chase has succeeded in spite

of studio executives, rather than because of them. They have lent her all over the place for any kind of "bit" another studio wanted to place her in. Not-

wwithstanding this, she has created a definite following from her work in "Paris Bound," "Imagine My Embarrassment," "Once a Sinner," "The Florodora Girl," "Born Reckless," "Fast and Loose," and "Free Love."

A dressy comédienne and, in the vernacular, as pun-gent offscreen as she is on, if she ever gets a lead in a decent picture it's going to be too bad for some of our present stars.

Joe E. Brown came into pictures shortly before the talkies, but never aroused much interest until the screen found its voice. He came to the front in Warner's first all-color picture, "On With the Show," followed by "The Show of Shows." He was featured in subsequent films, "Hold Everything," "Top Speed," "Going Wild," "Sit Tight," "Maybe It's Love," and was lent to United Artists for "The Lottery Bride." It is rumored that his contract will not be renewed, partly on account of

salary, and partly on account of musicals being on the wane. Regardless of that, he has been highly successful to date.

In the same category is Winnie Lightner, the plump singing-in-the-bathtub comédienne of "Gold Diggers of Broadway," "Life of the Party," "She Couldn't Say No," "Hold Everything," "The Show of Shows," and "Sit Tight." She is going strong at the moment.

George Arliss won the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences' award for his work in "Disraeli," yet the picture has lost \$30,000 to date. He also made "The Green Goddess" and "Old English" and is due to do "The Ruling Passion." Figure it out for yourself.

Some of the most consistent successes of the talkies have been those of character actresses who, in proportion to their fan appeal, have scored more heavily than almost any one else.

Beryl Mercer is undoubtedly one of the reasons we should be grateful for talking pictures for bringing her from the stage. She has been in "We Americans," "Three Live Ghosts," "Seven Days' Leave," "In Gay Madrid," "Common Clay," "The Matrimonial Bed," "Dumb-bells in Ermine," "All Quiet on the Western Front," "Outward Bound," "Inspiration," "East Lynne," and "Bad Women."

Helen Ware is another character woman who has made good in a big way. Starring on the stage when most of us were in swaddling clothes, she made a big comeback in the talkies and has worked continuously in "The Virginian," "Halfway to Heaven," "One Night at

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THEY ROCKED

By
Madeline Glass



Charles Ray's genius for portraying yokels dazzled his own eyes.

THE life of a screen player is like a long, perilous sea voyage in a small boat. A few of those who start out from the shore arrive safely in the port of success. Many founder, sink, or turn back before they reach their goal.

The list of those whose boats have foundered and who have swum back to shore and given up the voyage, is too long to compile here. Although many of these efforts to win success were worthy and sincere, investigation of each case would show that the contestant was wanting in some respect—in ability, determination, or the willingness to endure discouragements and hardships.

A player with the dramatic ability of Jeanne Eagels will not give up, no matter how rough becomes the sailing. Such an artist is driven on by a fierce inner urge that must find expression, even though stimulants must be resorted to, and the body driven to death by the abuse to which it is subjected.

Jeanne Eagels went on to the bitter finish, regardless of the storms that tossed her craft. When foundering threatened, she tossed overboard all excess cargo—useless friends and admirers—and waited for the storm to subside. Turn back she would not.

Utterly different in every respect from the fierce Eagels is the lovely flower from Hollywood's own hot-house, Olive Borden.

When I first knew Olive, she was a highly decorative telephone operator who could put up as many wrong numbers to the square foot of multiple as any of us. It is not known whether Olive was ambitious for fame at that time, but it is an unquestioned fact that her mother was. Not for herself, of course, but for her only child.

Olive was half orphaned in infancy. There is no doubt but that her mother worked, and planned, and saved throughout the years of her rearing to give the child every advantage that their limited means could provide.

When she had grown to beautiful maturity, her hands delicately soft and lovely from having been spared all toil, her mother regarded her as a promising investment. Of course she loved the girl, not only because Olive was her daughter, but because Olive is a lovable person.

Having invested many years of work and all her hopes in her tractable offspring, Mrs. Borden set about to make the investment pay dividends. This may seem to have been a cold-blooded procedure, but it at least had the virtue of being honest and practical.

Olive's charm and beauty would have won her an adoring husband long ago, but Mrs. Borden had other plans, and suitors were emphatically discouraged. Strange but authentic stories are told of Mrs. Borden's warlike attitude toward the swains who aspired to Olive's heart and hand.

"I worked and sacrificed to

Pola Negri brought home a prince instead of a contract, and now she has neither.



THE BOAT

In the race for cinema fame, the contestants often founder in a temperamental sea, or, finding the task too exacting, desert their career and swim back to a calm retreat. Sometimes they come back with renewed ambition and reach the goal.

give you every opportunity," said she, in substance. "Now you cannot marry, or give up your career, until the rest of my life is provided for."

So sturdy little Olive took the rap and started out to win financial independence for the two of them. The tranquil beginning of her voyage and the fierce gales that later all but sunk her craft are too well known to need repeating. The point of her story is that she returned to shore and, with her indomitable mother behind her, made a fresh start.

Olive's return to the screen found her playing leads, instead of starring; and now she is touring in a stage play, "The Devil Is a Lady." Her voice is charming, she has acquired poise and polish, and her best histrionic years are before her.

In the case of Miss Borden, her voyage to success was ruined by endeavoring to make the trip in months instead of years.

There are many other reasons why promising careers go askew.

Take the case of Norman Kerry, born Norman Hussey Kaiser, scion of a wealthy silk manufacturer. If ever an actor dissipated his talents and trampled his opportunities under foot this man did.

Kerry had genuine histrionic ability and the handsome physique west of his native Rochester. When the fearfully precise Erich von Stroheim wanted an actor to portray the fascinating *Count von Hohenegg*, in "Merry-Go-Round," he sent for Kerry, who was then visiting in Budapest.

I shall always regard that performance as the most romantic military characterization ever filmed, and I never hear the hauntingly beautiful "Caprice Viennois" but there flashes to mind a picture of the dashing lieutenant paying

Gloria Swanson was the most talked of woman in the country when she became *la marquise*.



After haughtily returning to port, Olive Borden is starting out again with proper ballast.



court to the naïve and wistful organ grinder. The rôle elevated Kerry to stardom, but frivolous society and an unquenchable thirst soon lost it for him. For several years after being let out by Universal, he played unimportant leading rôles, and of late months had done nothing at all until engaged for a secondary rôle in "Dis-honored."

Instead of making an effort to cultivate his voice and reinstate himself in his profession, he seemed content to fritter away the time in an endless round of pleasures. That the elastic military tread that once distinguished him has gradually altered is distressing to one who expected him to become a leading star.

Recently Von Stroheim conferred with the official heads at Universal about refilming "Merry-Go-Round," with Kerry in his original rôle. It looked for a brief while as if the great chance to redeem himself had come. Kerry is no older than many of our most successful male stars; this rôle would have brought his foundering boat safely into port.

However, the deal fell through, and

in the end Universal bought Von's colorful romance as a vehicle for their singing star, John Boles. I don't know how the blithe Kerry feels about it, but the thought of Boles singing this unsingable rôle is too, too much for me.

Needless to say, unless a miracle happens, the career of Norman Kerry is at an end.

We hear a great deal about the stars' efforts to be humble. Unfortunately, they don't always practice what they preach. An overgrown ego has weighed down many a film craft. Even the estimable and highly intelligent Swanson all but wrecked her career by permitting her conceit to run rampant.

A few years ago, when at the height of her career, Miss Swanson swept into Hollywood with her new marquis husband on her arm. She was at the moment the screen's most talked of woman.

Headlines in three-inch type announced that a Hollywood star had married into the nobility. Her popularity was ace-high with the movie public, and hoi polloi was as noisily enthusiastic as if the marriage had been a personal affair.

"Gloria Swanson is crossing the continent to attend the première of 'Madame Sans-Gêne,'" shouted the billboards. Yeah, and thousands of frantic, wild-eyed fans were there to see Gloria and her marquis enter and leave. It was almost necessary to call out the militia to help control the crowd. That night marked Gloria's great moment; she hasn't since known one to compare with it.

"Madame Sans-Gêne" was a rather ordinary picture, though no production ever had so much free advertising. Swanson's marriage, her serious illness, her return to America with the marquis, the première of her foreign-made picture, all combined to keep the presses hot and the fans in a state of flutter for weeks.

And when the première was over and the casualties attended to, the queen of the movies set out to show her marquis the sights. He saw plenty!

It later developed that his title was not as important in France as it sounded, but Hollywooders accorded him the honors due the only title that had married into their midst.

If to the discriminating his nimbus of secondhand glory was unbecoming, the opinion was lost in the general acclaim. No prize Pomeranian was ever displayed with more pride by its mistress than was the marquis.

But being only human, he grew tired of the runaround. While at luncheon with Gloria in a popular restaurant a friend of hers approached the table for a few elegant words. The marquis remained seated.

When the lady had passed on, Gloria turned on her noble spouse.

"Why didn't you stand?" she demanded.

"I'm tired of bobbing up and down!" said he in a none too noble tone.

Paramount offered Swanson a staggering salary to remain with the organization. She scornfully refused it. Gloria apparently felt that she was worth several million on the hoof. Throwing caution to the winds, she set out for New York to produce her own pictures.

And, being a member of royalty, she who had once worked in horseplay comedies lived in royal style. Remember those private hotel elevators and all that sort of thing?

Well, you know the result of her undertaking. Her fortune disappeared and for several years little came in to replace it. Her fall was almost as spectacular, though not nearly so thrilling, as her rise. When the marquis saw her craft sinking, he left her to bail it out by herself, while he hailed a passing liner and sailed comfortably to shore.

Gloria Swanson has put up a game fight to regain her lost prestige and rectify her mistakes. There is every indication that she will again touch the heights of fame. Metro-Goldwyn is negotiating with her, and if she signs with that company, it is rumored that she will get the coveted "Merry Widow" rôle. I believe that Gloria has more to give the screen than any actress on the M.-G.-M. lot at the present time.

And there was the great Pola, star among stars. Miss Negri married a prince, thereby topping the Swanson triumph by several notches. Pola and her ex-husband were what Robert Ingersoll might have called "crowned mediocrity and uncrowned genius."

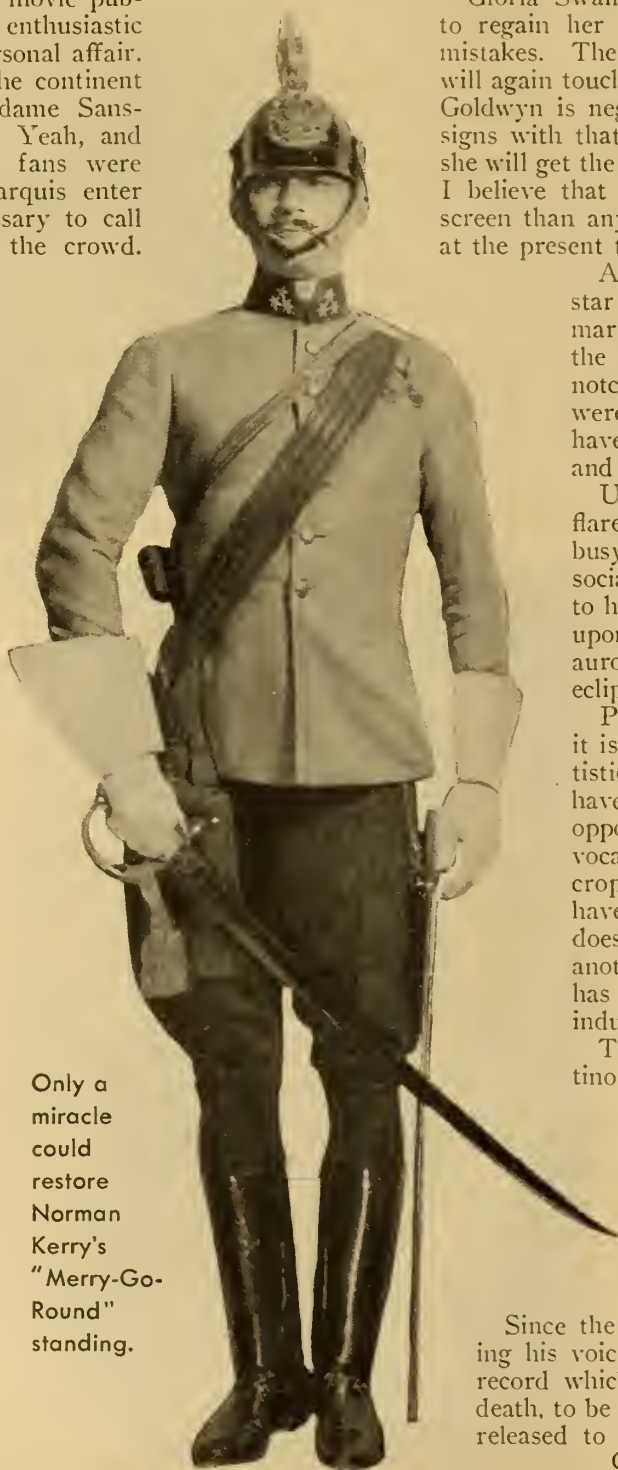
Unhappily, Pola's genius never flared thereafter. Negri was too busy being a great beauty and a social belle to give proper thought to her career. The star who burst upon us with the grandeur of the aurora borealis left in almost total eclipse.

Pola's voice is fascinating, and it is a thousand pities that her artistic demise in America should have occurred before she had an opportunity to demonstrate her vocal individuality before the microphone. Perhaps that would have been her salvation. Why doesn't some producer give her another chance? Now that she has lost her prince, can't some one induce Negri to return?

The career of the beloved Valentino was foundering in seas of uninspired stories and sensational publicity at the time of his internationally mourned death. One wonders what course his craft would have followed had he lived. And what a sensation his talkie début would have been!

Since the world was deprived of hearing his voice, I understand a phonograph record which he made shortly before his death, to be given only to friends, has been released to the public, which is a paltry

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Only a miracle could restore Norman Kerry's "Merry-Go-Round" standing.



June MacCloy

SOME say her voice is contralto, others contend that it is baritone, and one group describes it as body-and-soul warbling. Be that as it may, June MacCloy's is a voice you can't forget. Ask any one who's heard it in "Reaching For the Moon."

She was born in Sturgis, Michigan, went to the University of Michigan and by easy stages matriculated into the "Scandals," whence she progressed to a night club and discovery by the movies.

Her next films? Of course you want to know "Night Life" and "Manhattan Musketeers."





Joan Blondell

THE latest edition to the wisecracking sisterhood of the screen, Joan Blondell, adds a new note to the worldly observations that fliply fall from their lips. You will hear it—the note—in "The Devil Was Sick."

THROUGH Seven TALENTS

Elissa Landi, a newcomer, is found to be one of the most striking personalities in Hollywood, with a strange beauty enhanced by her many-sided outlook on life. Novelist, dancer, linguist, actress—all lead to a deeper understanding of life—and love.

By Romney Scott

TITIAN hair, green eyes slanting upward at the outer corners, and a pale face set into vividness by a beauty that is not beautiful, but a certain strangeness, being, after all, what real beauty is. With this strange appearance goes a slender, sinuous body.

Possessing this strangeness, Elissa Landi suggests anything from a medieval sorceress to Rossetti's Blessed Damozel "leaning out from the golden bar of heaven." Many other comparisons come to mind, but let these two suffice for the present. Only bear in thought that Landi's personality is extreme.

I can't recall any other player on the screen, or anywhere else, who has such a diversity of true expression. In a projection room at the Fox studio, where she is under contract, I saw a test of her. If Elissa is not a sensation, I swear to make no more prophetic utterances.

The girl can act like nobody's business. She has depth. Every emotion in the calendar flashes before your eyes. And there is no "instinctive acting" in her work.

"Instinct," she says, "is often false. If a person had never felt a certain emotion, his instinct would be of little value until he had experienced the sensation that emotion caused. To arouse memory is the greatest achievement in acting."

But, one asks, how get in contact with those memories? And thus we come to the crux of the Landi saga.

Disclaiming originality in the statement, she says the human mind is like unto a vast house, with many rooms of talents. "Each person is naturally the owner of his own mind," Elissa reasonably pointed out to me across a lunch table *à deux*.

"Once a certain room is entered, he sees what's inside it. Not only that, but a never-ending passage of



Brought to New York from London for "A Farewell to Arms," Miss Landi was better than the play and the movies grabbed her.

memories lies in each room. And the memories are discovered only when the owner enters and stirs some talent, some subject for learning.

"I mean any talent you possess opens its own particular room in your mind, arousing memories of other things connected with that talent."

And now you will hear which particular rooms in her mind *la Landi* has entered, and how their contents assist her, so that you, too, may benefit therefrom.

She says she was born in Venice, Italy, but is not Italian. She was brought up in England, yet she is not particularly English. Her slanting green eyes suggest the Slav. I'd take her for Polish. I may, of course, be wrong.

As a child of five, she ran away from home and told the surprised principal of a school that she wanted to learn to write. This urge came from the fact that Elissa spent much of her time inventing stories, and relating them to her brother two years her senior, and, at that time, her only public.

"Our nurse used to read many of the Norse sagas to us." Miss Landi explained, her green eyes glinting, her auburn hair standing almost on end, causing her to resemble a Valkyria herself. "I had to learn to write stories of my own. It seemed I had so much to tell people."

The infant authoress Landi soon learned to write, and Heaven knows what wild tales sprang from her awakening mind. It did not go to waste, for to-day Elissa is a writer, as well as other pleasant things. Two of her books, "Neilson" and "The Helmers," have been published in England. She is now working on her third novel.

Dancing was the next urge in *la* Landi to find expression. She spent several years studying the Russian ballet. This was also good, for her movements are full of grace and harmony.

As a linguist she rates well, speaking French, German, and Italian, as well as English. She is a competent musician—a pianist of no small merit. Also she sings.

"It was really to continue my writing that I went on the stage," Elissa related, with no sign of regret. "I wanted to learn play writing and thought the easiest way would be to get right in the midst of acting."

She began in an English repertory company in Oxford.

Without doubt, Elissa showed her worth. After playing various minor rôles, she was eventually given a lead in "Storm," a London production. Later she played in "The Constant Nymph."

Then came pictures. For two years she played in silent films in England and France. In the early part of last year she appeared with Adolphe Menjou in a French talkie made in Paris.

A representative of Al Woods, the New York producer, met Miss Landi in London and invited her to play in the New York production of "A Farewell to Arms." The play was no sensation—but Elissa Landi was.

At least, several film companies sought her signature to a contract. Fox won out, and Landi arrived in Hollywood last October. Her first American talkie is with Charles Farrell, in "Body and Soul."

Whatever changes occur in Hollywood picture-making, they will not affect Elissa. Having entered seven rooms of her mind, she has a keen understanding of people and events.

"I think every action in life is regarded in terms of whatever talent is uppermost in one," Elissa mentioned, glancing around the restaurant like *la belle dame sans*



Miss Landi has published two novels and is working on a third.

merci. "A musician would regard this entire room in terms of music—the clatter of the plates, the chitter-chatter of voices, the rattle of knives and forks, the clink of glasses. All these sounds would evolve a melody or some impressionistic piece of music in his mind."

"And how do *you* see this place?" asked I, essaying to look as profound as she.

"Right now," replied Landi without a pause, "I keep seeing things in terms of scenarios. You know, close-up of girl sitting down at table. She takes a drink. Looks at menu, et cetera."

"A dancer would notice everything in terms of dancing. In her mind she'd form a ballet of a person entering the restaurant and eating lunch. Every movement, each gesture, would be seen in the form of an interpretive dance."

"And what would a writer do?" said I, knowing whereof I spoke.

"A writer," replied Elissa, knowing better than I, "would look for characteristics. He'd search for motives, or anything hinting at situations. He'd ask himself the eternal 'Why?' That person over there who has just sat down is drawing his hand across his forehead. It may be only a careless gesture, but to the writer it would mean the effect of some cause."

"I recall meeting a man who made shoes and boots. He told me the first thing he noticed about any one

he met was his footwear. He said he could sum up the individual merely by looking at his shoes.

"So a writer should be able to judge another person by regarding his characteristics. He can tell almost instantly whether that person is posing or being natural."

"How? Also, why?"

"Because," went on *la* Landi with steady mien, "a writer constantly creates. He has opened the storehouse of memories in that particular room in his mind dedicated especially to weaving and relating events. It gives him a certain intuition—almost a second sight."

"That is why I say every one should foster as many talents as possible. You cannot expect to be a genius in each one, though you may be gifted in several. The chief thing is to arouse the dormant talents—to explore as many rooms in our mind as we possibly can. It is surprising what a lot of things we learn incidentally when we study only one subject."

"I have a belief that all the many rooms in our mind lead to one immense hall. In other words, all the talents that we develop are, after all, only effects leading back to one cause. But this cause is too far away, too vague, for the average individual to find at the outset. The farther you delve, the more branches you meet, and the deeper you seem to go."

I have already remarked that the strange thing about Elissa Landi is her many-sided, contrasting personality. There is no pose about her. She does not allude to her "art." She regards her own talents as effects. She prefers to seek causes, rather than to bask in the glamour of results.

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LINGUIST, novelist, continental and vividly arresting—she's Elissa Landi, who comes from the stage to take her place in Hollywood. Red hair, green eyes, and an inner fire add to her striking individuality and—but learn to know her better in the story, opposite.



WHATEVER you do, don't call her Marleen. It's Mar-lain-ah, accent on the second syllable, and why add that the last name is Dietrich? She's in Berlin now, pondering on her ease in capturing the American public, but she'll be back soon.



Photo by Otto Dyar

WHAT'S all the hullabaloo about the waste of Richard Arlen on Western films? They're financially successful, else they wouldn't be made, and Dick's performance is always *ne plus ultra*. You don't hear *him* complaining. Time enough for dress-coat drama later.



Photo by Nickolas Murray

THROUGH storms and upheavals Richard Barthelmess sails serenely on, neither happier nor more dissatisfied with life than ordinary mortals, and at least buoyed up by the knowledge that he is a success in the work he has chosen for himself.



Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull

JOAN CRAWFORD chose to be no meteor in the cinematic sky—here to-day, gone to-morrow. Instead, by dint of hard work she has achieved the greater brilliance of a star fixed in the heavens, bright, twinkling, looked up to by worshipers below.



Photo by Ray Jones

WHEN Joan Bennett was a little girl and her elder sisters took her candy away from her, she met the catastrophe with quiet resignation. That same gentleness and reserve persist to this day, showing on the screen as it does in real life.



Photo by Apeda

[F Catherine Dale Owen acted like a barkeeper's daughter she would be more popular," writes an indignant fan. But we say no, a lady bred in old Kentucky couldn't so far forget herself. Aw, let her remain willowy, aristocratic in "Private Secretary."



Photo by William Mortensen

LOIS MORAN is the only pilgrim from Hollywood to make the grade on the Broadway stage this year, though several have tried and failed. Meet once more this remarkable girl, admired by all, in the article on the opposite page.

BROADWAY BABY

On vacation from the studio, Lois Moran calmly steps into a stage hit and sees her name go up in electrics on the "Great White Way," while other stars attempt in vain to make the grade. Is it luck that sets Lois apart, or what?

AT the moment, Lois Moran is enjoying a peculiar distinction.

Miss Moran, of Hollywood, is returning the visit of the New York stage folk. She wasn't alone at first—several screen players dropped in to leave their cards, but blasé Broadway has been at home only to Miss Moran thus far.

Lois is ensconced as star of a stage hit that looks as if it might run on for months and months, and thus she may claim the distinction of being the only movie player to come from Hollywood and make good on Broadway this year.

About a year ago when the stage folk were trekking to Hollywood, many complained of the movie colony's cold shoulder. Now the tables are turned. A number of ex-movie stars are trying the stage. Some, including Lya de Putti and Basil Rathbone, have come to town for brief runs of three or four weeks.

Others, including Vilma Banky and Rod La Rocque, are touring the hinterland, still trying out their piece which is not yet deemed in finished form for Broadway. But Lois alone has made the grade.

I asked her how she had done it.

Let a word of explanation be added here that Lois's case is somewhat different from the others. She is not without a movie contract. On the contrary, she must report back to Hollywood some time this spring for pictures.

Fox didn't have a good story handy, and Lois wasn't satisfied with her last few stories, so, while she was on vacation, she decided to do a play. And that's how it came about. But the main question is, how had she succeeded where so many others had failed? One afternoon in her apartment on Park Avenue we talked the matter over.

"I had had a little stage experience several years ago," Lois explained. "Right after making 'Stella Dallas,' I played in 'The Wisdom Tooth' on the road. And ever since then

Lois Moran talks like a scholar and looks like a child, but the camera has never caught her true personality.

Photo by Autrey

By Mabel Duke

I've wanted to come to Broadway in a play, and this vacation from the studio seemed a good opportunity.

"But of one thing I wanted to be aware. When a new star comes to

Broadway in a blaze of glory, folks sit back and say 'Show me!' It's the performance and not the name that counts.

"Arthur Hopkins, the producer, and I tried a new method. We decided to bring the play into New York quietly with nobody in the cast featured, so it would stand or fall by its own merits as good entertainment, rather than by an actress's name and publicity. Then after the critics had seen it, and the public had indicated whether they might patronize it, that would be time enough to see about the billing."

While other stars were billing their plays, "Susie Star, in 'What Have You?'" Lois's play was billed simply as "Arthur Hopkins presents 'This Is New York.'" Three weeks later, after she had proved her ability, Lois's name went up in lights. A very wise procedure—for a movie star's name means nothing to New York playgoers unless she can act.

"Stage and screen audiences are vastly different," Lois went on. "Screen fans go to see a favorite player. Stage audiences want a good play, and no matter how talented the star is, if the play is poor it is bound to fail. Why, even some of the best stage actresses have fiascos occasionally. On the stage it is certainly true that 'the play's the thing!'"

In conversation, Lois talks like a streak of lightning. Her words tumble over one another in her enthusiasm. She is exceptionally intelligent; she talks like a scholar and looks like a child in her simple, girl-ish clothes.

In fact, Lois's personality is a paradox. She is as different on the screen and off as it is possible for a person to be. She has a brilliant mind, but her screen rôles are ga-ga.

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OVER the

Fanny the Fan swears off prophecies, but can't resist jumping to conclusions as she discusses recent events in filmdom.

Fanny's hat was slightly askew, but it didn't seem just the right moment to mention it. Anyway, since seeing "The Royal Family of Broadway" one realizes that you never can tell about hats. Maybe they are supposed to perch rakishly at a near-falling-off angle. Maybe the last word in chic is to look as if you just came from a fancy-dress ball a little the worse for wear.

"I always thought Joan Crawford was an intelligent girl," Fanny remarked breezily, "but now I know that she suffers from the most exaggerated case of modesty, or else she isn't quite bright. Imagine her going over to the Capitol Theater to make a personal appearance and sitting in the audience!"

"Maybe she wanted to see the picture," I suggested, quite reasonably, it seemed to me.

"Maybe she did, but she should have realized that the moment the lights went up the whole audience would descend on her. To make the situation just as serious as possible, Joan sat in a box, and when several hundred people started rushing toward her, it looked as if the whole balcony were going to give way.

"It isn't as if Joan were hard to recognize off the screen. She is unmistakable. Except for the fact that she looks unhealthy and seems to cultivate a morbid, sinister appearance, she looks exactly as she does on the screen.

"Oh, well, with the aid of young Douglas and a squad of ushers, she finally got out, even if somewhat the worse for wear.

"They say they will be glad to get back to Hollywood, even if it has been fun to see a lot of shows here. You see, out in Hollywood people know them pretty well and know they are crazy about each other and don't keep badgering them all the time. Here there is always a flock of reporters on their trail determined to stir up some sort of trouble.

"If Douglas goes out alone to get a hair cut, the reporters want to know if they are separated; if Joan lunches with Douglas and some of his old friends, and leaves alone to go to a fitting, then the scandalmongers are sure there has been a row. But the best tempest was stirred up by their not going to the opening of 'Reaching For the Moon.' That was

taken as evidence of ill feeling between the Fairbanks Seniors and Juniors. 'And all it really meant,' Joan told me distractedly, 'was that we had already seen "Reaching For the Moon" three times!'"

"I should say that a daughter-in-law's devotion could go no further than that. Once is a little more than most people can bear," I spoke up promptly.



Photo by Chidnoff

Estelle Brody, British film star, will do a play in New York before going to Hollywood.

NEW YORK is a crazy town when there are enough picture players visiting here," Fanny announced with a sigh, as she dropped into the chair opposite me and promptly appropriated my sandwich.

"I wonder what becomes of all the people who cause near-riots at personal appearances when there are no stars around. I think they must go into training the rest of the time by riding in crowded subways and learning to use their elbows."

Helen Twelvetrees is much more vivid on the screen than off.

Photo by Bachrach



TEACUPS

By the Bystander

"Did it really seem as bad as that?" Fanny asked interestedly. "I've wondered. Of course, I saw it on the opening night, when there were a lot of interesting-looking people in the audience to look at when the picture got tiresome, so I didn't really mind it. And there were some grand arguments in the lobby afterward.

"Some thought that the novelty of seeing Bebe with blond hair was all that saved the picture. Some thought that Fairbanks in modern clothes was all right, if he would only keep the clothes on and not go running around in bathing trunks. Others thought that the Fairbanks exuberance was all that saved the picture. Oh, well, at least every one agrees that it just gets by."

"Who was at the opening?" I asked, hoping to stem the tide of comments. After all, it isn't the sort of picture that invites analysis. It would be a mildly pleasant refuge from a rainstorm at best.

"It was a grand audience. Estelle Taylor was there in full splendor, looking just as fans want movie celebrities to look. Estelle's coloring is so vivid, and she's always so animated that crowds adore her. I hear she's going on another vaudeville tour while she waits to see if 'Cimarron' revives her picture career.

"Carmel Myers was there, as was Nancy Carroll and Claudette Colbert, and Estelle Brody and Sylvia Sydney and just loads of other people.

"Carmel came East, intending to go on a vaudeville tour, but she had played just one half-week when she was called to the Coast to work in the Barrymore picture. And was she thrilled at the prospect of acting with Barrymore!

"Nancy Carroll has gone off to Havana for a brief vacation. Edmund Goulding, her director, took one look at 'Up Pops the Devil,' the play Paramount had bought for her, and groaned. So now he's writing one. You may remember that he gave her the best part of her career when he wrote 'The Devil's Holiday,' so you can imagine how light-hearted Nancy was when she went away, leaving everything in his hands.

"Sally Eilers has been visiting here for a few days," Fanny went on breezily.

When "Cimarron" is shown Irene Dunne will have a host of friends out front.



Photo by Bachrach



Photo by Fryer

Loretta Young is the cameraman's delight.

"Did you know that Ziegfeld is supposed to have said that she is one of the most beautiful girls in the world?"

"No. And I still don't think so," I offered, but Fanny was in much too bland and pleasant a mood to be drawn into an argument.

"She hurried back to start work on 'Sky-lines' for Fox. That's the way it always happens. A free-lance player can sit around Hollywood for weeks without inspiring any one to give her a job, but just let her come to New York to have some fun and all the casting agents start clamoring for her.

"I think Sally is one of the most attractive girls I've ever met," Fanny went on, "but I wouldn't call her beautiful."



Photo by Kahle

Whether Fox likes it or not, Maureen O'Sullivan insists on a visit to Ireland.

And of course that gave rise to one of those endless and futile arguments about what beauty is, anyway. If you're talking about perfect modeling and sheer perfection of feature, I'll defend Loretta Young against all entries any time. But if you look on beauty as something including poise, and artistry, and magnetism, we'll just have to let Fanny have the last word with Claudette Colbert. I defy any one to talk her down when she starts raving about Claudette.

"By the way," Fanny asked, "did you know that Claudette is Joan Crawford's favorite star? She's almost as maudlin about her as I am. So is Estelle Brody. And, incidentally, Miss Brody looks quite a bit like her."

"Whoever may she be?"

"Dear, dear," Fanny remonstrated, "and I've tried so hard to educate you. Don't ever let an Englishman hear you say that you don't know who Estelle Brody is. She is a musical-comedy favorite in London, and she's been a star in British films for five years. Only one of them was shown over here, and it was not so good. It wasn't her fault, I'm sure. It was made during the hybrid period when no one knew whether pictures would be heard or just seen, and, as the dialogue was put in after the picture was practically finished, the result was a little chaotic.

"She isn't to make any films here until after she has done

a stage play. Seems to feel that stage players have more prestige in our studios. I wonder if that's true. After all, would Evelyn Laye have been starred in a film if she hadn't been the toast of Broadway first?"

I looked at Fanny aghast. All last winter she was so enthusiastic over Evelyn Laye that every one else suffered by comparison. In fact, I distinctly recall that she recommended running excursion trains from Hollywood to bring all film actresses to see her performance in "Bitter Sweet."

"What's happened, anyway?" I asked.

"Nothing much," Fanny assured me. "But please stop me if I ever get enthusiastic again over a picture before it's made. Evelyn Laye was so exquisite on the stage that she was unearthly. But in her picture she is just a very graceful, but nevertheless stogy and faded blonde. I don't blame her for running off to London and not being here for the opening.

"And then to make matters worse, Lilyan Tashman played a rowdy cabaret singer in the picture, and her characterization suffered, coming as it did on the heels of Marlene Dietrich's enormous success in similar parts. I certainly never thought I'd live to see the day when Lilyan's characterizations wouldn't seem low enough.

"And speaking of surprises, I've taken to haunting the President Theater where they show foreign-language films, and I've seen some acting. The German 'Anna Christie' was glorious. Garbo played the title rôle just as she did in the American ver-

sion, but the old man who played her father gave a performance that every actor should study.

"In 'The Trial of Mary Dugan,' German version, Norma Shearer's rôle is played by a girl named Nora Gregor and she makes Shearer look like the junior class in dramatics. She's marvelous. I don't understand a word of German, so the only German films I enjoy are the ones I have read as plays in English, but if Miss Gregor can't speak any other language.

I'll start studying German right away."



Joan Crawford seems to cultivate a strangely morbid appearance.

That's what I call real devotion!

"Oh, I forgot to tell you what happened to Chevalier," Fanny chuckled. "He is a disillusioned man. After having droves of women hanging about the stage door just to get a look at him, he naturally thought he was quite a guy. And then he came over on the steamer last week with Primo Carnera, the prize fighter. Chevalier couldn't stand up under the competition.

"Carnera was a better dancer, he was better looking, and he was better at deck games. The women on board ship brushed past Chevalier, unnoticed, in an effort to get a good look at Carnera."

"Yes, and I suppose Mary Pickford can go around town unnoticed, because all the celebrity hunters are looking for Tallulah Bankhead," I said skeptically.

"Hardly. After all, picture fans haven't heard much about the glamorous Tallulah yet. The people who clamor for a glimpse of her are chiefly those who remember her here on the stage eight years ago.

"The night she arrived from London she went to the opening of a stage play, and I'm still wondering if any one saw the play. She looked lovely—oh, no, she didn't. That doesn't describe her at all," Fanny contradicted herself impatiently.

"There's a hard, relentless quality about her that outlaws any soft words in describing her. If you can imagine vitriol being fascinating, you get a fair idea of what Miss Bankhead is like.

"Mary Pickford still needs a bodyguard whenever she goes out. She's staying at the Sherry-Netherland and darting out on shopping trips now and then, but she can't idle along looking at things as she pleases, for inevitably some one recognizes her and she has to make a bolt for her hotel.

"She's been seeing a lot of plays, hoping to find one that she'd like to do in pictures, but this has been such a bad year in the theater that only comparatively few plays have been produced. And most of them haven't been suitable for her. That is, if any one knows what is suitable for her.

"She took 'Kiki' up to Yonkers and ran it unannounced in a theater there. Of course, the expedition was shrouded in secrecy, so I didn't get to see the picture. But I found some natives of Yonkers who did see it, and they said that 'America's Sweetheart' was about as suited to play *Kiki* as dear old Mary Carr would be to play *Mother Goddam*."

"Now about Tallulah," I remarked, hoping to bring her back to a subject that is more engrossing to me, at least, "what sort of part is she to play in pictures?"

Estelle Taylor added a note of splendor to a recent opening.



Photo by Monroe

Evelyn Laye's stage glamour was not caught by the screen.



"Oh, super-sophisticated stuff." Fanny passed it off lightly, in spite of censors, Hays, and points west.

"She ought to come naturally by a taste for comedy," I suggested, "since her father is a senator and Hellin is her uncle."

"Oh, but she's not easily influenced," Fanny assured me. "Just imagine! She's been living in England for eight years and hasn't acquired even a trace of Oxford accent, whereas some actresses get one from just looking at a photograph of the Prince of Wales.

"It is sort of thrilling, isn't it, to have the type of picture star change so completely? Only a few years ago all the leading women were sweet and girlish, and even Pola masked a heart of gold under her wicked exterior. Now look at them! The most popular girls on the screen are decidedly decadent in appearance. Greta Garbo, and Joan Crawford, and Marlene

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THE PINE TREE



Photo by Richee

Gary can laugh at himself, which settles that conceit question.

ATTAINING a certain fame, the average movie actor reaps what he calls the fruits of success. Partaking of these fruits forms the many diversions that make Hollywood such a fascinating town, and causes its celluloid celebrities to be so—shall we say odd?

With all the fruits of Hollywood to pick, Gary Cooper ignores them and goes his own way. "Give me liberty," he cries, and without waiting for any one to give it to him, takes it himself.

In his dressing room I noticed two photos over his desk. One was his mother's, the other Lupe Velez's. Between them hung a framed poem, "If." You recall the opening lines, "If you can keep your head when all about you are losing theirs."

I asked Gary why he liked the Kipling rhyme. No doubt he knew; but he only grinned and, with lips still closed, emitted a chesty grunt. Later he said, "It comes nearest to saying what I try to follow."

In a town of head losers, Gary stands out as being one of the three or four rare exceptions. Thus it seems he has been able to live up to the rules of "If" quite successfully.

"It makes you wonder," Gary said to me not long ago, "if you don't invariably get your first wish after all."

Tall, reticent, able to keep his head in a dizzy town, Gary Cooper reminds the interviewer of a bit of Montana scenery. In fact, Gary is still close to earth in his views of Hollywood society and personal liberty.

He meant he has believed himself eager to realize various desires, only to pass them up when he could obtain them, and return to his first choice—liberty.

Though of English parentage, and born in Iowa, Gary Cooper is essentially of Montana, the State in which he was reared—the Rocky Mountain side, with its fertile valleys; also, one may add, in part of its undulating prairies. Such settings went toward stirring the artist in the young Cooper.

I have never known Gary to allude to any scenic beauty without drawing with a finger nail or pencil a diagram on a handy flat surface. He looks at scenes with the eyes of a painter. Starting at the horizon, he describes each object and effect up to the foreground. Or else he starts from the front and works back to the far distance.

As soon as a production is finished, Gary rushes off for a week or two in some lonely spot. So long as it is beautiful, that's all he cares. Occasionally a pal goes with him, and together they lead what is known as the rough-and-ready life.

Recently Gary took a brief trip over the Mexican border, to the small sea town of Ensenada. I have never been there, but seeing Gary's brief sketch made on his return on the arm of his chair, I gleaned a clear vision of the place.

These wanderlust trips to foreign towns explain the so-called silent personality of Mr. Cooper. He was brought up close to the earth, and simple pleasures appeal to him most. On the way home, he and his friends stopped at a Mexican cottage and ate lobsters caught that morning.

"We ate them out of the shell, without any thought of table manners," Explorer Cooper said. "It was the best lobster I've ever tasted." His slow smile appeared with fond recollection of the alfresco lobster orgy.

What is called Hollywood society among the gifted amuses him.

"When you get away from society, you find natural enjoyment. Of course I enjoy myself while lunching at the Embassy Club, or at other places here, but getting into the open gives me that free feeling."

I recall one young lady's letter in "What the Fans Think," stating that Gary Cooper puts on his silent pose "because he is too stupid to say anything."

Silent to a certain extent Mr. Cooper may be; but I've never found his reticence boring. They say empty barrels make the greatest noise. And usually reticent people often possess a depth of understanding and wisdom. (I've often been told I'm too reticent myself!)

"There are many times," Gary has remarked to me, "when talk is superfluous. Long ago I discovered that talking for the sake of talk often places a person in a false position."

SIGHS

By
Everett
Blagden

Instead of giving out
love confessions,
Gary Cooper goes
his own way, caring
not a rap what
others think.

As a boy, Gary roamed over the Montana countryside, up hill, down dale, and across plain.

"When I was a youngster," he says, "I felt I belonged to the earth; that it was part of me." That's not a dumb remark. When he does make some comment, it is never inane.

For instance, take Montana. In case you've lost your Spanish, it means mountain. The Indians, in case you've lost your geography, called it the "Treasure State." The climate is all it should be. Its agriculture is abundant. As for its live stock and minerals—well, go there and prove my words.

Montana is a silent piece of earth. Yet, children, is it not full of hidden treasures? I don't say Gary is full of buried wealth. I merely try to point out that silent people often possess more than the talkative individual.

Before this turns into a defense of Gary Cooper's silence, let me add that, staring at him, you think of a pine tree. Laugh that off, but it is not far wrong.

The day before leaving for school in England, the Cooper lad rode away to be alone for a while. On an elevation, he flung himself down under a tall pine tree. He clung to the earth, digging his fingers into the soil.

The Indians had told him that each pine tree has a spirit of its own. If you got close to the earth you learned all of nature's secrets. Needless to add, you could gain your every desire.

"I don't know what I really wanted at that age," Gary confessed. "I know I didn't want to go away. So I wished I'd return very soon."

As if by magic, Gary did return very shortly. School in England hardly made up for freedom in Montana. The Indians say the trees and mountains always keep calling you to come back to them. They called student Gary back over six thousand miles.

Being at the age when desire for self-expression drives a youth half crazy, Gary, deserting his beloved Montana paradise, set out for Hollywood.

"I could do nothing in particular," he says, referring to this migratory episode. "Naturally Hollywood attracted me. I wanted to act, because the glamour seemed, at that time, so important. You know the visions I had. I saw myself earning a large salary. Thousands rolling in. Visits to Europe. A villa on the Riviera."

A grin of amused scorn is given these past day-dreams. You see Mr. Cooper is not above ridiculing himself. Conceit has been hurled at him by some, yet he is quite free of it.

Instead of pretending indifference, Gary admits that the adulation of the fans makes him feel grand.

"I'm embarrassed when a crowd gathers round me.

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Photo by Elchee

Synopsis of Previous Installment

ANNABELLE ST. JOHN comes to New York intent upon success, but soon finds herself jobless and broke. Lonely, she follows a group into a night club, out of girlish curiosity, and is enchanted with her first taste of gay night life. She dines with Stewart Hill, a contractor who disappears that night with his company's funds, and Annabelle is sought for questioning. Having had films in mind anyway, Annabelle grabs the chance to leave New York and go to Hollywood as secretary to Caroline Wakefield, a movie star of the old school.

PART II.

WHEN Annabelle came out of her faint, she found Suzanne splashing cold water in her face. Caroline Wakefield was pacing the floor, the sheet in which she was wrapped trailing behind her like an empress's robes.

Worthy of an empress, too, was her wrath.

"How dare you trick me into employing you when you're likely to keel over in a faint at any minute?" she shouted. "You didn't consider me at all, of course! Oh, no! It wouldn't embarrass me at all to have you flop over at my feet when I asked you to take the dog walking, or telephone the studio for me!"

Majestically she waved one arm at Suzanne. "Don't drown the girl!" she exclaimed. "What I want to know is, are you in the habit of doing this, or are you hungry or sick? Sick, probably! Tricked me into engaging you at twenty-five dollars a week, when you're sick!"

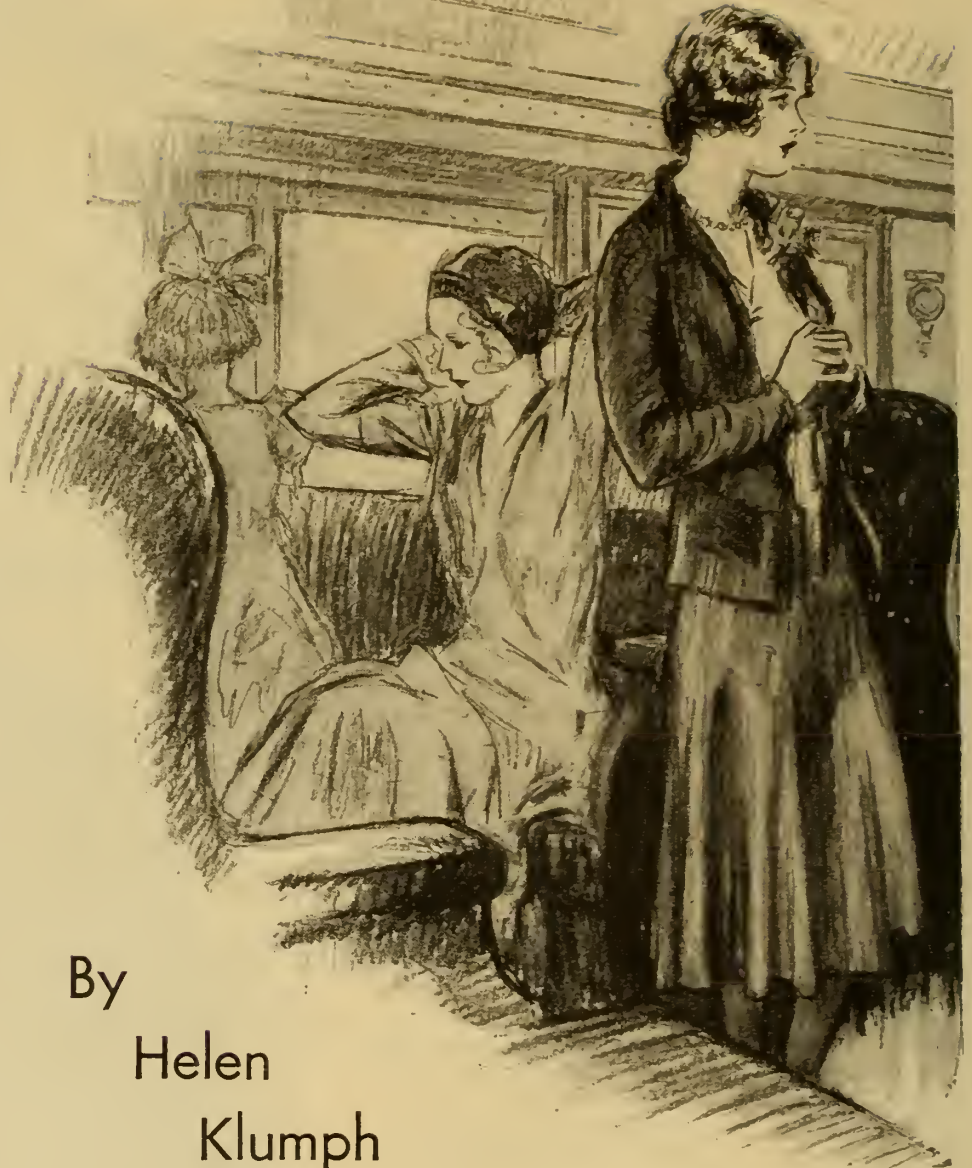
Brandishing the other arm in the air, she stopped suddenly, with it still uplifted, and stared at her reflection in a long mirror.

"Don't interrupt me," she said in a conversational tone. "This is a very good scene. Suzanne, remember this gesture. You have been false to me!" she went on sonorously to Annabelle. "Suzanne"—quietly—"isn't my voice extraordin'ry on these low notes?"

Apparently she had quite forgotten what had provoked her. Nodding her satisfaction at her reflection, she continued, more intent on her appearance and her voice than on mere words. "Tricked me! Oh, am I always to be tricked? Is there no one in this world who really loves me?"

Annabelle sat up, bewildered. Miss Wakefield, catching sight of her just then, broke into hearty laughter.

"You poor child, you look so funny," she exclaimed. "Sitting there with water running off your face. Now, tell me, what's the matter? Are you worried about something?" Apparently her dramatic exhibition had



By

Helen

Klumph

The Movie

Wanting to get away from New York to avoid appearance, Annabelle St. John finds the train

put her in good humor, for she knelt down beside Annabelle and spoke quite solicitously. "Are you hungry?"

Annabelle nodded, thinking it was safer to pretend to be hungry than to say she was worried, and have this strange woman pry her secret out of her. The newspapers that she had been reading aloud when she fainted lay all about her, and at sight of them she began trembling with fear. Wildly she told herself that it would be a relief to be caught, and dragged off to a police station to tell what little she knew about Hill.



Illustrated by R. Van Buren

Runaround

notoriety in connection with a contractor's dis-
to Hollywood slow until she meets *the man*.

"Hungry!" Caroline Wakefield was exclaiming to Suzanne, as if it were the maid's fault. "Phone downstairs for dinner for her. Tell them to bring soup, and a thick steak, and baked potatoes—oh, and celery. I've heard that celery is very good for the nerves. Or is it carrots? Tell them to bring both celery and carrots."

Annabelle went over to the mirror and began to fix her dripping hair, feeling as if she had followed *Alice* into Wonderland. Would Miss Wakefield always be so queer?

"We'll see a lot of each other," he announced calmly. Annabelle felt little shivers running down her spine.

"If I'd known you weren't well, I'd have offered you much less money," her employer was grumbling from the other room. "You probably won't be able to earn what it costs me to keep you, if you're sick all the time."

Annabelle wondered why Miss Wakefield didn't dismiss her at once, if that was the way she felt about it. But her dinner arrived just then. She stole a surreptitious glance at the check. The soup was seventy-five cents, the steak three dollars, the salad and ice cream came to two dollars more. And at that very moment Miss Wakefield was roundly berating Suzanne be-

cause she had put three stamps on a letter, "when it certainly shouldn't have taken more than two!"

"I suppose you'll need some clothes," she went on to Annabelle, almost in the next breath. "Well, here's some money"—taking a roll of bills from her handbag—"four—five hundred dollars. Get something decent, but not too noticeable. I'll just have

to trust to your taste, and hope you won't show up in a bright-red traveling suit.

"And for goodness' sake, buy some decent luggage! I'm so æsthetic I simply can't bear to have shabby luggage anywhere around me! Well, that's all for this evening, Miss Johns. Be here at ten to-morrow morning! Oh, and mail these letters for me, will you, and don't forget. Probably you will, but if you do, don't tell me!"

Annabelle ran down the corridor to the elevator. Five

Continued on page 92



John Boles

PITCHING with the best of them is as easy for John Boles as singing with the few on the screen who can sing. And there's no one to say he doesn't sing while he plays baseball—and many to say that he sings better than anybody else of all times. His natural gift for both came to light in Texas, where he was born, and he has cultivated his talents ever since. Recently you saw him in "One Heavenly Night" and "Resurrection"; soon he will be in "Seed."

BLOND and Fancy-free

Thelma Todd is coming into her own with good parts in feature pictures after having romped through comedies so long that she has lost her schoolmarm dignity except when she challenges stage competition—or says that the cinema is her only master.

IT'S "blonde" time in Hollywood. Sounds like a theme song, doesn't it? And it is a theme song—one of those haunting, penetrating things that you can't get away from, even if you would.

The town is fairly overrun with blondes: genuine, synthetic, strawberry, disappointed, ash, golden, and a number of hybrid varieties that defy classification.

Vintage blondes from the stage, famed for perfect profiles, diction, and behavior; bleached, frowzy little hoofers from vaudeville, lured hither in hopes of tapping their way into the so-called musicals, that form of entertainment so aptly described as Hollywood's hoof-and-mouth disease; statuesque "Follies" beauties who came out to make "Whoopee" with Eddie Cantor and remained to make history for some of our California oil millionaires; weirdly gilded erstwhile brunettes, still experimenting, and still looking like amateur two-toned paint jobs.

Casting a bewildered eye over the shimmering sea of blondes, it's refreshing to discover one familiar golden head that didn't need touching up to be in the swim. It belongs to Thelma Todd, whose recent rise to good parts in important pictures is one of the more beneficent surprises yielded by the talkie grab bag.

Strange as it may seem, Thelma's progress was once impeded by the fact that, although beautiful, she is not dumb. The appellation "bluestocking," which means, in dictionary parlance, a learned and literary woman, attached itself to her for the simple reason that she was well educated, and had put her knowledge to practical use by teaching school for a term in her home town, Lawrence, Massachusetts.

In pre-talkie times Hollywood's learned and literary ladies were few and far between, and were seldom encountered, except in the austere surroundings of scenario departments and research bureaus.

An intellectual blond actress was such a rarity as to seem almost freakish. All that was required of an aspirant to membership in the fair-haired sisterhood in those days was a shapely figure, faultless features, and

By Elsi Que

the ability to wear the minimum of clothes with pleasing effect.

Needless to say, Thelma possessed the requirements to a marked degree, or she might still have been guiding sixth-graders through the three R's. But, in competition with countless others equally endowed, she found herself relegated to the just-another-blonde category. Her mental attainments were not only submerged, but came mighty near being a total loss and no insurance.

There was no lively demand, when she first went to Hollywood five years ago, for girls with a college background. In fact, the less cerebral the blonde, the more likely was she to succeed. It is a tribute to Thelma's adaptability that she managed to get by for quite a while without revealing to any damaging extent the quaint handicap that she had not only been to school, but had actually *taught* school!

When the truth leaked out about the cutie from Massachusetts, Hollywood lifted incredulous eyebrows. It simply could never associate such a grotesque and incredible profession as teaching school with a girl so obviously designed by nature for bigger and better things.

Directors shied suspiciously at the idea of a girl with a pedagogic past wanting to play sprightly comedy or sophisticated drama. She was decorative, they admitted, and there were always little niches in silent pictures for decorative bits of femininity. But real rôles, fat parts that offered an opportunity for her particular talents, were discouragingly infrequent in Thelma's experience up to the time the screen became audible.

A friend of the Todd family, a film exhibitor in Lawrence, was responsible for coaxing the little schoolmarm out of the halls of learning into the glamorous world of pictures. Thelma herself had no special interest in films: her heart was set on adding the Todd name to the roster of distinguished educators in a section of the country noted for erudition.

In the sea of synthetic blondes, it is a pleasure to recognize Thelma Todd's calar tanes as real.





Thelma Todd's reared-near-Boston accent flavors several recent films.

She had received a liberal education in the arts, as well as her teacher's training. She was politely accomplished at the piano, had studied dancing since childhood, and possessed a cultivated singing and speaking voice.

Perhaps the canny exhibitor friend had a prophetic vision of the present—then five years in the future—when a good voice and pleasing accent would be invaluable, even to a blonde.

Anyway, thanks to his efforts, Thelma's photograph was sent to the Paramount studio in New York. The result was a summons from Jesse Lasky for a screen test and interview.

One can imagine the thrill of that first trip to New York for the little New Englander who had so lately graduated with honors from the teachers' college at Lowell.

It was a highly satisfactory interview, and Thelma was promptly enrolled in another, but quite different, institution of learning, the Paramount school for film players.

"I was considered the most hopeless of all," Thelma said, "and it wasn't altogether because of

my inability to register more than two expressions, either. It was because of my size!"

Perhaps I looked incredulous, for the Todd figure, although moderately tall, is of that lissome, rounded slenderness that makes strong women weep from sheer envy.

"I then weighed one hundred and forty-nine pounds, and it was mostly solid muscle," she hastened to explain, with one of those twinkling smiles which even traffic cops find irresistible. "Now," she added, glancing wistfully at a passing tray of French pastries, "the scales say one hundred and seventeen."

"And how—" I began breathlessly, ready to jot down the ingredients of a Spartan diet.

"A little will power and Richard Dix are responsible for my metamorphosis," she went on. "You see, in my early histrionic days I met Richard. He informed me in a bantering manner that if I ever wanted to be *his* leading lady, I'd have first to reduce and, secondly, be myself and not a schoolmarm. I took Richard's advice, and some months later I *was* his leading lady."

Small rôles in Paramount films, a term under the First National banner, and a contract to play in Hal Roach comedies, summed up Thelma's film experience before talkies burst upon an unprepared Hollywood.

"Something refused to let me fear, amid all the fear that was gripping my fellow players at that time," said Thelma, with that born-and-reared-near-Boston accent which had suddenly become an asset instead of a liability.

"I seemed to walk alone, unterrified by 'dat ole devil' mike, even as the time approached for my voice test.

"Not that I didn't have plenty of reason to worry, if I had let myself—but I just didn't!

"Finally the hour drew near, the minutes were flying fast, and at last the crisis was at hand. I said my little speech.

Then came the play-back—to be or not to be! That was a nerve-racking moment. But—"

"Mike made you what you are today," I hummed.

Continued on page 109



One of the old order of players, Thelma's brains were a handicap until talkies upset a blond haven.



Rita La Roy

THOUGH comparatively new to the screen, Rita La Roy is the last of the old-time vamps whose character is immediately established on her first appearance in a scene. Toll, striking, curved, she is ever a danger signal to the hapless heroine whose path she crosses.

Born in Alberta, Canada, at an early age she was forced to shift for herself when, at thirteen, she ran away, dressed in boy's clothes, and hitch-hiked to Spokane, where she became a waitress in a boarding house. Later she worked in a Bohemian resort, with singing and dancing taken for granted as part of her manual labor. But you saw her in "Sin Takes a Holiday," so you know how far she has progressed.



HOLLYWOOD

THE flaming lady of Hollywood! Jean Harlow takes that title. She burns an ashen white amid the colony's brunettes, blondes, and red-heads.

Ever since Jean competed with sizzling, bombing airplanes in "Hell's Angels," Mother Hollywood has warned its benedicts to wear asbestos chest protectors when in the presence of the new incandescent charmer.

Recently she has been escorted to the theater and other places by filmdom's most perfect and discriminating beau, Paul Bern, the writer. Which in itself is significant, because Paul has ever been the cotillion leader of Hollywood's most glamorous dazzlers of the past—Mabel Normand, Barbara La Marr, Jetta Goudal, and Nita Naldi—and of another and later era, Joan Crawford, before she became Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Mary Duncan.

Hollywood just simply must have its flamboyant lady of the hour or moment. This has been true since Barbara La Marr first cast her orchidaceous spell over the men of the celluloid frontier some ten years ago. There just has to be some gorgeous menace about to keep filmdom's gentlemen palpitating and its ladies in the

normal state of apprehension. Let's hope for old times' sake, and for the future, that Jean will live up to her sirocco looks.

She is a star-burst of the moment!

Is a subtle change coming over June Collyer? Time was when her dresses were a floating mist of trailing chiffon. And now look at her!



Remember Jackie Searl, the interfering, tattling brother of Tom Sawyer? A contract with Paramount makes "Finn and Hattie" his next picture.

Nostalgic Symptoms.

Homesickness is a brand-new affliction in the colony. It's really never been known to break out to any proportions before. The closest thing to it, heretofore, has been jungle fever which players oftentimes contracted on location trips to the South Sea Islands, necessitating their return occasionally to determine just what caused the dinged thing.

But anyway Maureen O'Sullivan, the charming little Irish lass, and Marlene Dietrich, the German importation, have been suffering, respectively, from bad cases of nostalgia and *heimweh*.

Maureen is once more on the old sod of Saint Bury, with mother, father, sisters, brothers, and the banshees, after fourteen months in the fantastic world of Hollywood, where she made five pictures, worked very hard and sighed much for a precious green spot across the sea.

And in the meantime, there remains behind in the village a quartet of sad young swains who oft think tenderly of a pair of wistful eyes which they tried their best to make smile. The gentlemen under discussion are William Janney, William Bakewell, Frank Albertson, and Russell Gleason.

Fraülein Dietrich also longed much for home, husband, and lovely little daughter, aged four, before she went to Berlin for the Christmas holidays. Inasmuch as she will most likely be starred on her return to Hollywood, her contract will doubtless be so arranged that she may spend part of each year in her native land.

Contretemps Español.

Lupe Velez is in Dutch with the Spanish public. All because she didn't appear at the première of the Spanish version of her picture, "East Is West," at a Los Angeles theater. She was invited as a guest of honor, but at the last minute sent a telegram explaining that she could not attend owing to illness.

Evidently her wire did not make much of an impression with the audience when it was read from the stage, because groans emanated from various portions of the theater which were unmistakable evidence that many persons were offended.

It seemed that the bad impression created by Lupe's nonappearance was intensified because Ramon Novarro had very graciously attended a showing there of one of his films a few weeks previously. He, of course, received a rousing ovation.

It was also whispered that Lupe was away at Agua Caliente for a sudden holiday. But she reassured us that she actually had a sore throat and stiff neck on the occasion mentioned.

Anti-Garbo Outburst.

Tonal outbursts are not infrequent in theaters any more. In fact, they are becoming quite frank and vociferous. At the close of a showing of Greta Garbo's late opus called "Inspiration," the noted Swedish star, or at least her picture, was given the "razzberry" by a



HIGH LIGHTS

rather bored member of the audience. To a slight degree, we also shared the bored member's ennuï, only, naturally, we were more restrained in expressing our emotional reactions.

Ah, Spring! Ah, Spring!

Young love blooms and blossoms everywhere in Hollywood. Maybe it's the call of spring. We found Frances Dee visiting Jack Oakie in his dressing room, though their attitude toward each other was only platonically friendly.

However, one never can tell. Kay Francis and Kenneth MacKenna, for instance, were presumably only platonically interested in each other, and then one fine, sunny day they astounded everybody by announcing their forthcoming wedding.

One really warm romance that we have discovered is that of David Manners and Evalyn Knapp. They are the young lovers in the new George Arliss picture, "The Ruling Passion." They lunched together every day for two weeks during rehearsals, and obviously were so interested in their rôles that they had to prolong discussions way into the dinner and even late supper hours. Also when playing their scenes, albeit in the august presence of George Arliss, they didn't appear to us to be simulating heartfelt emotions exclusively in the interests of art.

Bill's Golden Girl.

Will the next Mrs. William Powell be the beautiful blonde, Carol Lombard?

Studio folk are asking this question since Miss Lombard played opposite Powell in "Ladies' Man" and "Gentlemen of the Streets."

They both appear to be torridly fascinated by each other and what, we ask you, could you expect, with the debonair William and the alluring Carol as the principals?

The first Mrs. Powell was a decided brunette. So Carol, with her shimmering golden bob, will be quite a contrast.

But another question arises. If William should become espoused, what, oh what, is to become of that dashing duo of bachelors, Ronald (Colman) and Bill? However, they did manage to survive the loss of Richard Barthelmess, who with them at one time represented an inseparable trio.

Battle Law's Minion.

Fighting with a policeman! We caught Harold Lloyd in the act. It happened on New Year's Day at the football game in Pasadena.

Harold had parked his car on the roadway and a traffic officer had objected and tried to force

Louise Fazenda combines feminine vanity and the sturdy necessity of a ranch hand's costume in "Gun Smoke." But where did she get that hat?

Gossipy ramblings among the merry mad folks of the studios, with their loves and ambitions, their engagements and celebrations.

By Edwin and Elza Schallert

but very firmly, shouted, "That machine is there and what's more it *will stay there.*"

He then walked testily away, his face blooming with rage, murmuring to his friends in a pronounced undertone as he went along his way to the grand stand.

This was a remarkable display of anger by one who is so unusually good-natured as Harold on all occasions. Yet, after all, every one at some time has doubtless felt as Harold did. The miracle was that he wasn't arrested!

Sister Turns Film Mamma.

She wanted a career of her own but fate intervened, for the camera played tricks with her attractiveness. Therefore Jean Morgan is now chaperoning the career of her sister, Marian Marsh. Miss Marsh is a radiant new star with First National who is to play the rôle of *Trilby* opposite John Barrymore's *Sveengali*.

Her sister entered the movies first, then Marian took a try at some bits and parts, but didn't succeed in getting anywhere, chiefly because she was so inexperienced.

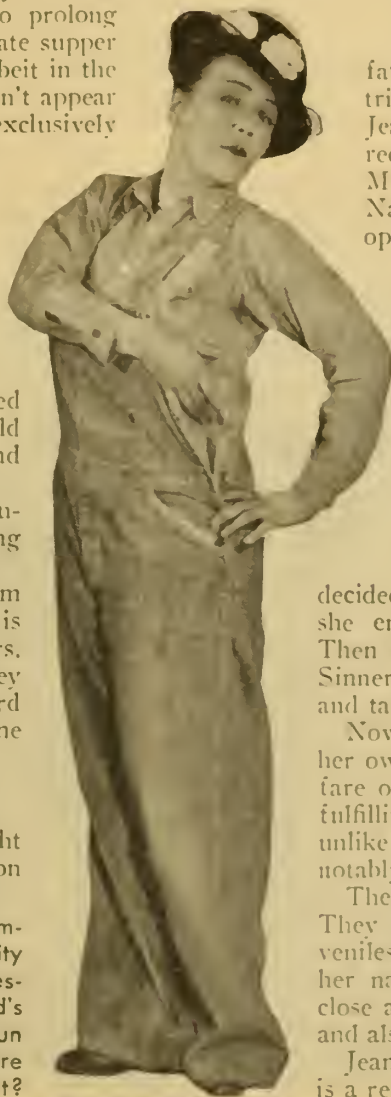
Douglas Fairbanks is among those who first noted her possibilities. He even determined them during the time when she played a small part in "Whoopee."

Jean was encouraged by the Fairbanks's appraisal of her sister, so she decided she would take her in hand. Smartly she engineered the First National contract. Then Marian played on the stage in "Young Sinners," and everybody raved about her looks and talent.

Now Jean has cheerfully decided to give up her own activities and concentrate on the welfare of her sister. She feels that thus she is fulfilling her own secret ambition and is not unlike certain screen mothers in this respect, notably Mary Astor's.

The girls come from the Island of Trinidad. They have a brother who is also playing juveniles for First National. Marian changed her name from Marilyn, because it bore too close a resemblance to that of Marilyn Miller, and also to that of the dancer, Marion Morgan.

Jean Morgan's interest in her sister's career is a refreshing note in the film medley.



Tropic Moon Troublesome.

Home-breaking and expeditions. What is their peculiar relationship? Twice now it has happened that players on far journeys have been sued for alienation of affections.

The latest case is Dorothy Janis, who went to Borneo with the company making "White Captive." On her return she was sued by Mrs. Sada Evelyn Lund, who charged that her husband had been vamped by the diminutive Dorothy, Mr. Lund being a motion-picture technician. The wife asked \$25,000 heart balm.

The case is not unlike that of Duncan Renaldo and Edwina Booth who some time ago were on tour with "Trader Horn" in Africa. They, too, came home to face a suit to be filed by Renaldo's wife, who is even more ambitious in her demands for soothing sirup for her feelings.

Incidentally, both Miss Booth and Renaldo have left Metro-Goldwyn. Their contracts were allowed to lapse shortly before the première of the jungle picture. Hereafter, it will probably be safer if the girls stay at home than to venture under the luring tropic skies.

Lingo à la Oakie.

"Hello, slob!" It was Jack Oakie speaking. The addressee was Robert Ritchie, the fiancé of Jeanette MacDonald.

We were amazed that the very personable future husband of the lovely star was being thus accosted by one of the screen's funny boys. Such is the way of Jack, though, with his friends. Any old name in a pinch. He calls them "Punko," "Bean," "Egg"—apparently whatever first comes to mind, and the nicknames he chooses always stick.

We learned from Jack that he had a deuce of a time trying to attract the attention of Ritchie and Miss MacDonald while driving along the Boulevard one day. After tooting his horn several times, he finally shouted at the top of his voice, "Hello, slob!" much to the consternation of all passers-by.

Knowing Jack as he does, Ritchie took the appellation very good-naturedly, but it is on record that Miss MacDonald blew up momentarily. However, she too smiled when she saw it was Jack calling.

Brother Against Brother.

Have stars' relatives any rights? The point is interestingly brought up in a suit filed against Victor McLaglen by his brother Leopold, which is somewhat unique in film annals. There have been other cases where relatives have quarreled privately over the matter of pursuing a career, notably Syd and Charlie Chaplin, but McLaglen's is one of the first to get into a legal tangle.

Leopold McLaglen accuses Victor of making

slandrous remarks about him, in connection with his attempt to enter pictures. He also says that Victor put detectives on his trail. He attributes the following remarks to the star:

"I would like to see him (Leopold) out of the United States. If I met him I would ignore him like a stranger. There is room for only one McLaglen in the United States, and that is myself."

Leopold also says that Victor called him unreliable and asks \$120,000 damages.

Victor's reply to the whole matter is that he hasn't seen or heard from his brother in nine years and wasn't aware of the fact that he even was in Los Angeles, until he heard of the filing of the suit. Aside from that, he is silent and circumspect, stating that he does not wish to harm his brother. Incidentally, Clifford, another brother, expects to try his luck in Hollywood. The colony is keenly watching the outcome of the unusual case.

Norma's Handsome Heroes.

Something to look forward to—the return of Norma Shearer. She is to be seen in a film version of another Ursula Parrott novel. Gladdening news that, in view of the success of "The Divorcée." "Strangers May Kiss" is the title of the new opus.

Norma was tremendously pleased, she told us, over acquiring two such clever men in one picture as Robert Montgomery and Neil Hamilton. Bob was such a dashing hit in "The Divorcée," and Neil is highly regarded, of course, for his sympathetic personality, and clever acting.

Norma and Bob have a little joke between them about their previous adventure together. They have always called "The Divorcée" the "Stork Mystery Drama," because both of them expected arrivals in their respective families at the time it was made. "Strangers May Kiss" they are calling "Their First Step."

A Lady of Calmness.

A medal for popularity goes to Barbara Stanwyck. She is one of those girls who seems to have the faculty of winning the hearts of her studio confrères. One may judge that it is the simplicity and unaffectedness of her demeanor. Barbara is one of the few girls we have seen in Hollywood who, through her poise, can escape looking lonesome in a crowd.

Not so many people know her yet among the social folk of the colony, and she is quiet and retiring, too. At a party one night we noted the charming calm with which she sat apart from the throng for a few minutes. She seems to have a rare placidity in contrast to Hollywood's ever-hectic effervescence.

Barbara is deadly in love with her volatile husband, Frank Fay, the clever impromptu humorist, who in the film colony

Marie Dressler acquires a portable dressing room. She didn't demand it—it was given her by Marion Davies. Polly Moran beams for the occasion and so does Charles Reisner, director.



comes in for a great deal of kidding, because he invariably picks up the wrong hat and overcoat.

Barbara allows him plenty of leeway for his eccentricities and justifiably so, for Frank really has marvelous gifts as a wit, especially on the stage. Curiously enough, Fay is a rather different personality when you meet him in a drawing-room—far more serious—but then the evening we saw him he was being ragged by his friends about some bets he had made on a horse race. And that's enough to worry any man.

Dangerous to Men.

Miss Sandow of the movies! This will do very nicely as an alias for Rita La Roy, the lovely vamp of RKO pictures. No joking, either. This girl is the original strong woman. We learned of one case where she used her hefty right on an extra in a scene and the poor chap, who weighed a mere 225 pounds, fell down and went boom-boom.

Miss La Roy came by her strength very logically, because she had a great deal of athletic training in her youth. Also she has been an aviatrix and a dabbler in several other strenuous activities.

Many Stars Regleaming.

Comebacks have approached very bright proportions. Look at this nice list of the stars who have resumed careers:

Thomas Meighan, Laura La Plante, Mae Murray, Clara Kimball Young, Monte Blue, Greta Nissen, Bryant Washburn.

Here are some of the pictures in which these favorites will appear, so you may watch for them.

Monte in "The Flood"; Meighan in "Young Sinners"; Laura La Plante in "Lonely Wives" and "The Devil Was Sick"; Mae in "Bachelor Apartment"; Clara and Bryant in "Kept Husbands"; Greta in "Women of All Nations," in which she will represent Scandinavia.

Monte Claims Sonority.

We found Monte Blue a spokesman of the good cheer of returning when we met him one day at Columbia studio. Monte said that, despite the many comforts of home life and the fondness he has for such diversions as golf, there was nothing like the old studio call in the morning.

Monte declared that he had also proved that he could speak in a well-modulated voice. "Reports that got about had me talking in a high treble, but I suffered like certain others, perhaps, from the early microphoning defects," he said. "When they made a test here at Columbia studio, they were so well satisfied that they decided to star me in a picture. I had only been called over for a lead."

Barbers' Life Easier.

Hair nets for men are the latest thing in Hollywood fashions. How else would you describe, anyway, a skullcap of thin mesh material?

We noticed Ramon Novarro wearing one while he was re-

hearsing for "Daybreak," and upon inquiry learned that it was to keep his hair properly protected for the shooting of a scene. It was a niftily contrived affair and considered a real time and patience-saver.

For the first time in more than a year Dorothy Jordan does not play opposite the star in this feature. His new leading woman is Helen Chandler. Dorothy was lent to Fox for "Young Sinners" during the interim.

Ramon plays a dashing cavalier in "Daybreak," who oddly enough, falls in love with a school-teacher, and though we never took her to be schoolmarmish, Miss Chandler is good enough an actress to qualify for any rôle.

"Silver Threads Among—"

Soon, it is anticipated, Billie Dove will be starred again. A story is being sought for her, which will doubtless be produced under Howard Hughes's supervision.

Billie has been home several months now from Paris, and looks a little altered, although more ravishingly beautiful than ever. Her hair, which is prematurely changing its shade, is whitening considerably. Billie has not resorted to any artifice to hide the graying. We admire her taste, because the effect is most individual and sets her absolutely apart from all women in a most distinguished manner.

May McAvoy is the only other actress whose hair has become silvery-threaded years before it was due, and May, too, has shown the taste to allow her hair to remain untouched by dyes, thereby enhancing her attractiveness.

The Trials of Clara.

Poor, poor Clara Bow! She even has to pay for her own engagement rings. And life is hard, too, what with ex-secretaries who tell all your past. Clara has had to give up picture work temporarily owing to the vicissitudes of sensational publicity, court trials, and what not.

Worst of all, one of her films, "City Streets," now features a brand-new actress, Sylvia Sydney, who is being boomed for big things by Paramount.

Clara can derive some compensation, however, from the fact that she was the big drawing card at the trial of Daisy DeVoe, at which she had to testify. Crowds swamped the courtroom in an effort to catch a glimpse of her, and everybody agreed she looked more beautiful in person on the witness stand than she ever did on the screen. She was a sartorial revelation, absolutely breathtaking in cream-colored Chonga ensemble lavishly furred with red fox. To complete the detail, her eyebrows were penciled in red to catch the high lights of her titian hair and the fur around her throat.

Clara avoided the courtroom as much as possible during the trial, but Rex Bell, actor, appeared as a sort of personal representative for her. Proving, once again, that some man will always rise to the flaming Clara's defense.

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"The Seas Beneath" unites Larry Kent and George O'Brien, who once were in the navy together.



ALABAMA' COWBOY

Since Western heroes are now human beings instead of knights of the sagebrush, thanks to speech and hoofbeats, John Mack Brown is galloping to the fore in the big outdoors

fame. He explains here why he feels that he is sitting on top of the world.

By Caroline Bell



John Mack Brown's best play was meeting George Fawcett, who coached him for films.

IS this the masculine season? The renaissance of the Western and the prevalence of films stressing the male note, some being entirely Eveless pictures, indicate a new virility in plots.

In line with revitalizing story and locale, there is a spirited, though restricted, competition for the cowboy championship, with one rather lackluster actor, at least, galloping into the arena of cheers.

The screen hero has undergone considerable transformation from the days of dashing romance. He is getting to be that film rarity, a human being, shorn of the heroic gestures and sweeping nobility that dominated the old thriller, and steadied somewhat from the make-believe peccadillos of those moonlit evenings when he thought he was a sheik.

He dons chaps and flannel shirt with swagger, but he

has, even in action, an ease of movement which the old-time Western star would have scorned. He seems to be thinking while riding pell-mell into the fracas.

He stands, if you'll pardon me for getting personal, in the square-toed boots of John Mack Brown.

Johnny would have been as ineffectual in the Bill Hart melos as their hokum would be ludicrous in his entertaining but plausible films. Action was the primary requirement in the days when movies moved, undeterred by the human factor. The talkies introduced the charm of the intimate drama, inviting you into people's homes to share their hearthside conversation.

Now that improvements in sound methods permit out-of-doors recording, the camera is swinging again onto its panoramic tripod.

The spacious backgrounds and the vicarious thrills imparted to the armchair adventurer by pictured danger, are revived in the Western, refashioned to the seasonal style.

Characterization, rather than situation, comes first, according to the new screen demands. The menace now, and rightfully, is some trait of human nature, rather than one person typifying villainous forces. "In Old Arizona," "The Virginian," and other outdoor dramas blazed the new trail into the golden sunset where men are people and women get them into and out of trouble.

Our actors are symbols expressing complex ideals; the screen gives a vicarious satisfaction for the lack of some quality in real life, of the need of which we may be unaware at times.

What, then, does Johnny Mack symbolize? I rather think that his very naturalness forms a comfortable retreat into which one can periodically escape the excitements and heart throbs engendered by the more scintillant personalities.

Gary Cooper, Richard Arlen, and Johnny Mack head the screen outfit in a gallop for the Western leadership. While Gary, in feature and in personality, seems more of a youthful Bill Hart, the humor and geniality of the other two are important factors in humanizing the cowboy.

So popular has Johnny Mack become that Fox was willing to postpone "The Big Trail" until his services could be obtained, but Metro-Goldwyn had other plans for its Western ranger from old Alabama. "Billy the Kid," marks his upward stride from featured billing to what is practically stellar honor.

Embarked upon that picture, he expanded in a glow of pleasure. He considered *Billy* almost in the light of a pal, so absorbed was he in his characterization of one of the old West's desperadoes. He was not insensible to the honor of introducing M.-G.-M.'s wide film, *Realife*, and took the barrage of wisecracks, "Aha, so Johnny Mack's gone grandeur!" with a wide smile.

"I'd much rather play actual characters than fictional heroes," he remarked at luncheon. "They have a tingle to them, of people who really lived. *Billy's* exploits fairly sizzle with thrill. I'm sitting on top of the world, and plenty comfortable, right now.

"Four years ago I tackled pictures on George Fawcett's advice, and with his coaching. I never can pay him enough tribute for all his help and loyal friendship." There's something a bit old-fashioned, and rather charming, about Johnny Mack when he is sincerely touched.

"I was assistant coach at Alabama U. My four eligible years were up. I had no future. I wouldn't have gone into professional football. When I got over my clumsiness somewhat, I jogged along nicely in the movies, playing many leads, but nothing distinguished until 'Coquette' sort of got the grand stand interested."

If you will listen, he will rave indefinitely of Mary Pickford's many courtesies to himself and his family.

"You go along at an even pace, feeling yourself in a rut, but not knowing what to do about it; and then suddenly you get a break, a picture which enjoys special success, or an exceptionally colorful rôle.

"No-o, I'm not worrying, not really wondering even, what my next high point will be. I believe in specialization. Each of the topnotchers found out what he or she could do best. No one can do a lot of things well.

"I don't see how some folks can insist that proof of an actor's ability is his versatility. The painter follows one line, and the author, usually; yet people expect an actor to be a contortionist, a Booth, a Beau Brummell, and a *Tom Sawyer*.

"I'm not concerned over rôles, though I was tired of the drawing-room drama. I love the action and outdoor work of Westerns, and would like to do a college film occasionally to keep in training. Otherwise, I leave things to the studio; they've been making pictures longer than I have."

This acceptance of what is given him to play is rare among actors who, nine times out of ten, yearn for rôles unlike those which have brought them success.

He harbors no theatrical ambitions, nor do any suppressed dreams trouble his calm. Acting means a pleasant way of earning an exceptional lot of money.

His attitude is neither negligent nor indifferent, merely one of industrious acceptance. His air is that of one who acquits himself well of his responsibilities as a matter of course.

"Yes, I think a lot, but objectively, not subjectively. Of myself, only as how I would play this or that type." He squirmed under a persistent questioning intended more to ruffle his even surface than to elicit information. "I don't analyze my feelings, or anything really personal. Never had the time to find out how you go about that psycho stuff." A sheepish grin ended his sigh of relief that *that* was done.

A stock query, which usually starts a detailed declamation, "What is the most important result of your success,



Photo by Herrell

John Mack Brown had fun playing the hardest-bailed young hombra that ever straddled a pany.

and how has it changed you?" met only a blank stare, followed by a lively-a-heart plea.

"Well, I don't quarrel with my wife. I've the sweetest baby in the world. I'm comfortably fixed financially, I've got interesting work, life's just about perfect. Me? Well, let's call a conference—get through quicker, so we can talk and enjoy ourselves."

A gentleman, his wink conveyed, will do everything possible to give a lady whatever it is she is after. Calling to his confrères at near-by tables, he repeated my question and, with solemnly pantomimed courtesy, presented each wisecracking reply.

"You see? It has done a lot to me—all those things. Believe it or not—they *may* be true, for all I know."

He never runs true to Thespian form by dramatizing himself, except in fun.

An easy-going, noncombative person of even temperament, his placidity is seldom stirred beyond a calm enthusiasm or a lazy humor.

He gets angry rarely; when he does, it is a quiet but very effective anger. He simply says what he thinks, restricted by no inhibitions; and, though perhaps not given to analytical sprees, at such times he can think plenty.

To-morrow doesn't concern him unduly, now that he is past yesterday's first few months of worry. When the screen went eloquent, and his vowels threatened to speak his valedictory, he began speech lessons, whereupon he got "*Coquette*" and "*Montana Moon*" and "*Billy the Kid*." He points out such experiences as reason for never getting upset over anything in pictures, either next week's promises or fears.

Things seem merely to happen for this young man of twenty-four. It's because, I think, he is so darn sweet that even life, known to be a tricky dame, couldn't treat him unkindly.

Johnny Mack has transplanted Alabama in Hollywood, probably without conscious effort, putting himself in the same set of interests, aside from employment, that he had before he exchanged pigskin for pictures. The home life of the Browns is serenely simple, a cycle seldom varying, composed of working days and loafing or moviegoing evenings, a small party occasionally, and fishing and camping excursions.

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Johnny Mack and his wife are serenely small-town in hectic Hollywood.



Greta Nissen

NORSE princess of airy grace and provocative insouciance, we welcome you, Greta Nissen, back to the screen you never should have deserted! "Fazil," your last film, was not the memory you should have left with us—you who gave us "The Wanderer" and "Lady of the Harem." But your part in any picture is a thing to treasure, your pantomime a flowing marvel, your allure that of snow and fire. Give, oh give it all to us in "Women of All Nations"!

CAST and FORECAST

In this line-up of names in pictures soon to be released you are sure to find a favorite player in a film above the ordinary, for these productions are selected because they promise unusual entertainment.

Unfaithful (Paramount)

Ruth Chatterton.
Paul Cavanagh.
Paul Lukas.
Juliette Compton.
Donald Cook.

New York Lady (Paramount)

Tallulah Bankhead.
Clive Brook.
Charles Ruggles.
Melvin Douglas.
Katherine Leslie.

Dishonored (Paramount)

Marlene Dietrich.
Victor McLaglen.
Barry Norton.
Lew Cody.
Warner Oland.

The Front Page (United Artists)

Louis Wolheim.
Edward Everett Horton.
Mary Brian.
Walter Catlett.
Matt Moore.
Mae Clarke.

Indiscretion (United Artists)

Gloria Swanson.
Ben Lyon.
Barbara Kent.
Arthur Lake.
Monroe Owsley.

Merely Mary Ann (Fox)

Janet Gaynor.
Charles Farrell.
J. M. Kerrigan.
Cecilia Loftus.

East Lynne (Fox)

Ann Harding.
Conrad Nagel.
Clive Brook.
Beryl Mercer.
O. P. Heggie.

Charlie Chan Carries On (Fox)

Marguerite Churchill.
John Garrick.

Warren Hymer.
Marjorie White.

Three Girls Lost (Fox)

Loretta Young.
John Wayne.
Joyce Compton.
Joan Marsh.

Young Sinners (Fox)

Thomas Meighan.
Dorothy Jordan.
Hardie Albright.
William Holden.

More Than a Kiss (Fox)

Edmund Lowe.
Jeanette MacDonald.
Roland Young.
Una Merkel.

The Devil Was Sick (Warner)

Frank Fay.
Laura La Plante.
Joan Blondell.
Arthur Edmund Carewe.
Louise Brooks.
Yola d'Avril.

The Ruling Passion (Warner)

George Arliss.
David Manners.
Evalyn Knapp.
Bramwell Fletcher.
Noah Beery.
James Cagney.
Tully Marshall.

Svengali (Warner)

John Barrymore.
Marian Marsh.
Tom Douglas.
Carmel Myers.

Big Business Girl (First National)

Loretta Young.
Frank Albertson.
Ricardo Cortez.
Nancy Dover.

Party Husband (First National)

Dorothy Mackaill.
James Rennie.
Dorothy Peterson.
Helen Ware.

Gentleman's Fate (M.-G.-M.)

John Gilbert.
Leila Hyams.
Anita Page.
Marie Prevost.
John Miljan.

Strangers May Kiss (M.-G.-M.)

Norma Shearer.
Neil Hamilton.
Robert Montgomery.
Irene Rich.
Marjorie Rambeau.
Hedda Hopper.

Daybreak (M.-G.-M.)

Ramon Novarro.
Helen Chandler.
William Bakewell.
Jean Hersholt.
Glenn Tryon.

It's a Wise Child (M.-G.-M.)

Marion Davies.
Kent Douglass.
Lester Vail.
Sidney Blackmer.
Polly Moran.

The Easiest Way (M.-G.-M.)

Constance Bennett.
Robert Montgomery.
Marjorie Rambeau.
Adolphe Menjou.
Anita Page.

The Secret Six (M.-G.-M.)

Wallace Beery.
Jean Harlow.
John Mack Brown.
Clarke Gable.

The Southerner (M.-G.-M.)

Lawrence Tibbett.
Esther Ralston.
Roland Young.
Hedda Hopper.
Cliff Edwards.
Stepin Fetchit.

Parlor, Bedroom, and Bath (M.-G.-M.)

Buster Keaton.
Sally Eilers.
Reginald Denny.
Dorothy Christie.



"The Right to Love."



"The Criminal Code."

"The Right to Love."

RUTH CHATTERTON gives an amazing performance in a picture that is thoughtful, unusual, and is acted superlatively, even though you and I have seen more interesting characters and situations. But so pronounced is Miss Chatterton's skill in differentiating mother and daughter in her playing of both rôles, and the double exposure which enables the two characters to be seen at the same time is so brilliantly managed, that one is inclined to gasp at the technical stunt rather than experience heart throbs for the emotional crises endured by the two women. But it is acting of the highest order and Miss Chatterton's triumph is not lessened when we give it applause instead of tears.

The gist of the story, which covers thirty years, is a sorrowful mother's desire that her daughter enjoy life and love instead of being cheated of both, as she was in her youth. Against the mother's wishes the girl is spirited away to China as a missionary, where she encounters a suitor who longs to take her out of what promises to be endless sacrifice and service. At the moment when the daughter must decide, the mother, on her deathbed in Colorado, projects some sort of telepathic message that presumably causes the young, pretty girl to accept the man she has loved all along. If you believe it, it's true. Anyhow it is made to seem mysterious and spiritual.

With the best recording yet heard on the screen, as well as the finest example of double exposure—and that includes films from the beginning—this is a picture worth seeing.

Paul Lukas shines in the brief, though sympathetic, rôle of the suitor, David Manners is a passable youth in love with Miss Chatterton early in the proceedings, and minor rôles are well played.

"The Criminal Code."

Grim and terrifying, an echo of "The Big House," one of the most gripping pictures of the month is "The Criminal Code," superbly acted by Walter Huston and Phillips Holmes, who is rapidly becoming that *rara avis* among juveniles—one who is manly, intelligent, and can act. Here you see him at his best as a convict who refuses to "squeal" on a friend who incites a prison

The SCREEN

Honest opinions of the latest picture theater audiences are considered

By Norbert

outbreak. To make the situation more poignant, this occurs on the eve of Mr. Holmes's parole and, in consequence of his silence, he is consigned to a dungeon where he suffers tortures at the hands of an inhuman guard. In all this Mr. Huston is the principal figure as the district attorney who becomes a warden. He is forceful, sympathetic and always true to the thought of the character—a splendid actor, one of the best it is our privilege to enjoy.

There is love interest, too, a credible romance between Mr. Holmes and the daughter of the warden, played by a newcomer, Constance Cummings. So skillfully is this arranged that it doesn't seem like an episode dragged in for the sake of love interest, but the natural development of a meeting between two mentally congenial persons. And that, my pupils, is rare. Mary Doran, who is quite a favorite of mine, is excellent in a minor rôle. But all the subordinate parts in this picture are so well played that one never feels that any actor is in the background. In short, a picture to see if you are not depressed and put on edge by the tragedy of life behind prison bars.

"New Moon."

With Lawrence Tibbett and Grace Moore still topping all other singers on the screen, it is no wonder that their picture "New Moon" is worth seeing—and hearing. It has the handicaps of film operetta, though they are minimized. Outbursts of song in response to visible cues are less apparent than usual. Nor does one hear Mr. Tibbett's repeated offer to "sing a little thing he has written," as was the case in "Rogue Song."

AFTER THE FIRST SHOWING OF NEW FILMS



"New Moon."



"Reaching For the Moon."

in REVIEW

tures, in which the reactions of
as carefully as the critic's own.

Lusk

Yet over all there lingers a haze of silliness that the stars aren't able to dissipate by their glorious song. Paradoxically, it is the singing that reminds one of the silliness. As, for example, when Mr. Tibbett leads an entire garrison of choral horsemen to attack a hostile tribe, leaving the fort unprotected, only to return twenty-four hours later still singing at the top of his voice. It is singing worth listening to, of course, especially in the beautiful duet with Miss Moore, "Lover, Come Back to Me," and this time there is no such an assault on the microphone as was heard in "Rogue Song."

Mr. Tibbett is a lieutenant commanding a company of Russian soldiers, Miss Moore a princess betrothed to the governor of the province where the musical soldiers are being sent. They meet on shipboard and it's love at first sight. The governor maneuvers to get rid of the lieutenant by sending him to savage territory and—but it all comes out beautifully in the end.

Miss Moore is gracious, charming, poised—a distinctive, if not dramatic, personality; and Adolphe Menjou is capital as the governor. It is Roland Young, however, in the subordinate rôle of the heroine's uncle who captures acting honors with his casual comedy.

"Reaching For the Moon."

Expensive, unimportant, moderately diverting. This describes "Reaching For the Moon," in which a great deal is made of the fact that Douglas Fairbanks wears modern clothes. If what Mr. Fairbanks wears is headline news to you, then the picture will acquire values that elude me. But if you view it for what it is worth you will agree that you have seen more entertaining films and a more believable hero.

Mr. Fairbanks is a lively stock-broker absorbed in business to the exclusion of all else, including love—and alcohol. The latter fact is driven home when he drinks his first cocktail, loses his shyness in the presence of the girl who interests him, vaults up

the walls of a ship's cabin and goes on a merry chase that takes him to every deck and calls out all the stewards. This is a typical Fairbanks episode performed with his accustomed agility, though he is scarcely convincing as a bashful lover with lips unsullied by alcohol.

However, the picture on the whole is lively, the dialogue is smart, and there is a knowing air about the entire exhibit that tends to disguise the feeble, unoriginal story. Bebe Daniels is clever and charming, though she loses her attractive duskiness for a blond wig; Edward Everett Horton is Mr. Fairbanks's confidential valet in his accustomed manner, and Claude Allister's theatric Englishman fits well into the artificial scene. While one is idly speculating on the combined ages of the veteran principals, he is magnetized by a youthful newcomer named June MacCloy, whose baritone voice does more to put over Irving Berlin's "High Up and Low Down" than the combined efforts of all the others.

"Little Caesar."

Better judges than I consider this the superior of all films dealing with snarling gangmen, their quarrels and rackets, their fleeing wisecracks at plain-clothes men, and their inglorious end by a bullet.

There is reason for the high praise accorded this latest insight into the underworld. For one thing, it is free of sentimentality and the least tendency to romanticize outlaws or make them "go swell." The result is brutal, gripping, and disturbing, with acting as fine as you will see anywhere on the part of Edward G. Robinson in the title rôle. But it isn't a character that will endear him to those who laud Buddy Rogers as the peer of all actors. *Little Caesar* is too terrifying for that.

He comes from nowhere and has nothing but his lust for power to raise him to a commanding position among gunmen. Of plot, as it usually occurs in pictures of this kind, there is none. It is a character study instead, with threats, treachery, and murder to give it movement.

COME CALM REFLECTIONS TO GUIDE YOU



"Kiss Me Again."



"The Man Who Came Back."



"Reducing."



"Little Caesar."

Little Caesar goes out to kill his best friend because he wants to go straight on account of a girl.

And there you have the substance of the picture, except that *Little Caesar* meets a violent end, leaving the memory of moments of brilliant acting, of bitter, twisted humor. Besides Mr. Robinson, whose picture it is every moment, there are Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Thomas Jackson, William Collier, Jr., Sidney Blackmer, and a lone girl, Glenda Farrell. All do exceedingly well.

"Man to Man."

This is in the class of little gems. Which is to say that it is a modest picture that deals with decent small-town people. Devoid of heroics, sentimentality, and hokum, it interests us in human beings instead—rather a fine thing to do occasionally, because the viewpoint of the best of us becomes influenced by the preponderance of falsity on the screen. Here is a group of plain people whose problems are real, whose reactions to them are true. Down to the smallest detail there isn't an alien touch. A nice picture, if you ask me. Here's what it's about.

A young fellow of twenty, just about to be elected class president of his college, is confronted by the knowledge that his student pals know his father is a convict whose eighteen-year sentence is about to end. He leaves school and returns to the village. His hostility to his father is understandable, his father's eagerness to see him is genuinely touching. But the youth is reserved, proud and unknowing. Aren't we all—at twenty? A job in a bank presided over by a friend of the family ends when both father and son are accused of a shortage, but the girl who loves the young fellow discovers the thief and all ends properly. But there is much more than this in the human values exposed in the picture.

Again Phillips Holmes scores as the son and two players from the stage, Grant Mitchell and Dwight Frye, make screen debuts as the father and the villain, respectively, while George Marion and Russell Simpson lend their veteran talents, and Lucile Powers is a perfect heroine.

"Beau Ideal."

The *Geste* boys are back! Or rather the surviving member of the trio that made "Beau Geste" the most popular picture of its time returns to carry on the story.

Complicated, plotful, and highly colored, it is beautifully pictured by Herbert Brenon, who also directed the earlier opus. It is well worth seeing, especially by those who hold in sentimental esteem the first "Geste" and wish a reminder of it. Exactly the same atmosphere is found in the new picture—marvelous views of the desert, a frightening sandstorm, mutinies, assaults by tribesmen, and a highly romantic ideal of friendship.

This involves *John Geste* and his American friend, *Otis Madison* who, in love with *Isobel Brandon*, discovers that she cares for *John*, serving a ten-year sentence in the Foreign Legion's penal colony. So *Otis* sets out to find *John* and restore him to the girl. His first step is to join the Legion and be swept into adventures galore. He is successful in rescuing *John* and last scene of all finds the two on their way to England.

There isn't a slow or uninteresting scene in the entire film and it is capitally acted. Of first interest is Lester Vail, a newcomer, whose debut is accomplished with ease. He is earnest, sincere, and eloquent. Unless I am mistaken, he has exactly the qualities that will make him popular with the majority, his voice being unusually sympathetic. But good performances are the rule rather than the exception here, with a cast boasting Ralph Forbes, Don Alvarado, Otto Matiesen, Loretta Young, Irene Rich, and Leni Stengel.

"Fighting Caravans."

A likable picture, this, albeit occasionally dull, what with its bearded, unkempt pioneers, its simple emotions and its lack of suspense. But of "The Covered Wagon" school it is a good example, with nothing overdone and no attempt to exceed all other films of its kind with more Indians and live stock than ever whooped and lumbered across the screen before. It is restrained even in its beautiful shots of sky and prairie and snowswept woodland, with the wagons crawling along, their covers billowing like sails.

They belong to the caravan that bore supplies to the early settlers of California before the days of the Union Pacific Railroad, when the drivers of the wagons depended on scouts to point the way. The hero of the simple tale is a scout, *Clint Belmont*, the heroine *Felice*, a French girl who must press on with her wagon after the sudden death of her father. The girl pretends marriage with the scout in order, she thinks, to save him from jail. When she learns the truth and when, also, he tries to force himself upon her as a husband, she repulses him. Perils of the wilderness, as well as the course of true love, cause her to change her mind and the long journey ends in Sacramento and marriage.

Gary Cooper is admirable as the scout, though it is not his most interesting performance. But he gives the rôle his usual naturalness, divests it entirely of theatrics and thereby makes *Clint* a more significant figure than if he acted him up to the hilt. Lily Damita, in gingham for the first time and for the first time audible, is perfect. Her voice is smooth and low, her accent slight but piquant, her use of it intelligent, all making for a performance that is not only charming, but earnest and many-sided.

Ernest Torrence, Tully Marshall, Fred Kohler, May Boley, and Eugene Pallette play routine parts well, and Charles Winninger, of the stage, is especially good as the sheriff.

"The Royal Bed."

The moral of this picture is "uneasy lies the head that rest in a royal bed," but it is a delight for the spectator to witness the trials and tribulations of royalty.

The whole thing is a travesty on crowned heads, with Nance O'Neil contributing a priceless burlesque of Queen Marie of Roumania. Things never lag while she is on the screen and Gilbert Emery's impersonation of one of the king's doormen very nearly stops traffic. There isn't much plot to the story, but interest never lags. The dialogue is bright and Lowell Sherman, as star and director, sees to it that he doesn't lack for clever lines. Despite the latitude he gives himself, his performance, while at all times adequate and pleasing, is just a trifle too, too perfect.

Mary Astor as the princess ordered to make a state marriage, is beautiful and pleasing, but she hasn't opportunity to do much acting with all the competition around her.

Anthony Bushell performs what he has to do exactly as he should, yet manages to remain colorless. His part and Hugh Trevor's might have been exchanged to the advantage of the picture.

It is doubtful if the film will be popular, as satire is not relished by the majority, but for those who like wit, it is an hour and a half well spent.

"One Heavenly Night."

The first appearance on the screen of Evelyn Laye, famed prima donna of British operetta, is disappointing. "One Heavenly Night" belies its title, yet it must be made clear that it is pleasing, tasteful, and charming. But it lacks dynamics; it is placid. And as the collaboration of two winners of the Pulitzer Prize it is pure kindergarten such as any tame member of a scenario department could have written. Nor is music by the composer of "The Broadway Melody" anything but a pretty tinkle. Screen operetta requires more than this to justify a richly beautiful production that is flawless down to the least detail. In short, the fable of a cigarette girl who poses as a disreputable singer and wins the love of a baron is sweetly unreal.

Miss Laye is exquisite, spirituelle and arresting on the stage, but she loses these qualities and becomes a rather colorless figure whose complete individuality eludes the camera. Clever actress that she is, her performance is admirable in its light and shade, a sense of humor colors everything she does and her voice is agreeable, but she isn't the Evelyn Laye of "Bitter Sweet."

John Boles will please those who admire his singing and acting and who reproach me for nonmembership in the legion, and Lilyan Tashman, besides being her attractive self, makes a clever feint at singing a risqué song in the cabaret manner. Leon Errol's clowning is spontaneous, resourceful, and not at all conventional. He and Hugh Cameron contribute a fine sequence among the art treasures

Continued on page 96



"Beau Ideal."



"Paid."



"Once a Sinner."



"One Heavenly Night."



A CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE TO CURRENT RELEASES

Underwood & Underwood

What Every Fan Should See

"Royal Family of Broadway, The"—Paramount. Engagingly mad, these *Cavendishes* of the stage, and a lot of fun, since you don't have to live with them. Satire on stage stars at home. Not a slow moment. Fredric March excellent. Ina Claire, too. Henrietta Crosman, Mary Brian.

"Devil to Pay, The"—United Artists. English drawing-room comedy as it should be—intelligent, amusing, no excitement. Rich youth returns to London after farm life, and gets entangled. Loretta Young, Myrna Loy out for Ronald Colman. Florence Britton, Fredrick Kerr.

"Blue Angel, The"—Paramount. Emil Jannings in German film with Marlene Dietrich, and both are magnificent, even if you don't get some of the speech. Schoolmaster follows cabaret girl to his ruin. Poignant, pitiful character masterfully done.

"Lightnin'"—Fox. Best Will Rogers talkie so far, with real character—the tipping, likable proprietor of hotel on border. Louise Dresser good as the wife. Jason Robards and Joel McCrea very good. Problems of divorce hunters amusing.

"Min and Bill"—Metro-Goldwyn. Marie Dressler goes through on high in vastly entertaining and melodramatic manner. Wallace Beery as *Min's* paramour is racy. Dorothy Jordan gives her best thus far as girl adopted by *Min*, Marjorie Rambeau superbly acting the girl's mother.

"Derelict"—Paramount. One of the outstanding films due to superlative acting of George Bancroft, who tops his best in years. Rivalry of merchant-marine officers over position and women. William (Stage) Boyd good; Jessie Royce Landis has fine voice.

"Scarlet Pages"—First National. You must hear Elsie Ferguson's voice! Her performance lifts a courtroom drama to the worth while. Night-club girl puts her father on the spot. Marian Nixon in her best performance. John Halliday admirable; Grant Withers, Helen Ferguson do well.

"Tom Sawyer"—Paramount. Mark Twain's immortal character in little masterpiece of screen. No movie sentimentality or irritating traits of kid actors. Jackie Coogan good as ever; Mitzie Green gentle and demure. Jackie Searl, Junior Durkin, Dick Winslow.

"Morocco"—Paramount. Marlene Dietrich takes her place among the stars as an individual. Adolphe Menjou returns, though tamed by talkie morals, and Gary Cooper going strong, as member of Foreign Legion. Two cynics find that only simple, fundamental love for each other counts.

"Feet First"—Paramount. Harold Lloyd, the hardy perennial, as funny and thrilling as ever. Straight humor, without taint of "sophistication"; no tears behind the smile. Shoe clerk in love tries to win girl by posing as rich playboy, but finds trouble and danger ahead. Barbara Kent, Robert McWade, Alec Francis, Lillian Leighton.

"Tol'able David"—Columbia. Amazing first performance by Richard Cromwell, as mountain boy whose dream of greatness is to drive the mail hack. Three bad men of the hills and a sweet little girl friend are involved. Noah Beery, Joan Peers, Henry B. Walthall.

"Doorway to Hell, The"—Warner. Good crook melodrama that has many new touches. Story of young czar of liquor gang, Lew Ayres, double-crossed in love and racket. Arresting and capably acted. Robert Elliott, James Cagney, Dorothy Mathews. Poised, mature acting by Ayres.

"Whoopee"—United Artists. Technicolor does well by Eddie Cantor and Ziegfeld beauties. Stage success excellently done on grand scale. Story parodies medicine taking for imaginary ills and talk of operations. Large cast from stage includes Ethel Shutta, Eleanor Hunt, Paul Gregory, Albert Hackett.

For Second Choice

"Free Love"—Universal. Gayer, more knowing than most films labeled sophisticated comedy. Diverting, but proves nothing about spats of husband and wife, though admirably played by Conrad Nagel and Genevieve Tobin. Zasu Pitts wistful maid; Monroe Owsley, Ilka Chase.

"Remote Control"—Metro-Goldwyn. William Haines repeats his fresh pick-up line and how! Mary Moran, the girl, upsets tradition by smartly simple dress. Haines goes in for radio work, and gets things tangled up. John Miljan, Polly Moran, Cliff Edwards.

"Follow the Leader"—Paramount. Ed Wynn's antics make the picture, and you'll want to buy dad one of those machines for eating corn on the cob.

Ginger Rogers, Stanley Smith, Ethel Merman. Musical-comedy plot, but not much singing.

"Just Imagine"—Fox. If they had only imagined a little more and done less song-and-hoofing! Tin Pan Alley goes prophetic and shows life fifty years hence. Maureen O'Sullivan, John Garrick, Frank Albertson, El Brendel, Marjorie White.

"Viennese Nights"—Warner. Technicolor. Operetta tastefully done, charming but unreal. Would have been nine-day wonder a while ago. Tale of lovers separated by ambitious papa. Alexander Gray's voice one of best. Vivienne Segal, Walter Pidgeon, Jean Hersholt.

"Fast and Loose"—Paramount. Moderately interesting but shopworn material. Rich girl prefers mechanic to men of her own set, just like the girls in your home town do—not; but that's why we like films. Miriam Hopkins, Charles Starrett, Henry Wadsworth, Ilka Chase, Carol Lombard.

"Passion Flower, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Rich girl marries a chauffeur, and her cousin falls in love with him, although she first despised him. Trite story made entertaining by Kay Francis, Charles Bickford, Kay Johnson; Zasu Pitts and Lewis Stone effectively cast.

"Easy Come, Easy Go"—Paramount. Same story as Richard Dix's old comedy, but new treatment, new cast. Plesasant, amusing enough. Leon Errol the crook with musical-comedy technique. Richard Arlen, Mary Brian, Stuart Erwin, Anderson Lawler.

"Laughter"—Paramount. The screen is going too whimsical for words, if this is a sign of the times. A group of the quaintest folk in the world make high jinks. Nancy Carroll and Fredric March brilliant. Glen Anders, Diane Ellis, Frank Morgan.

"Kismet"—Warner. Another warmed-over silent, a bit flat, for the cooks slipped up somewhere. The Orient without its old flavor. Otis Skinner as beggar in Arabian night story, with pretty girl, caliph, and all. Loretta Young, David Manners, Sidney Blackmer, Mary Duncan.

"War Nurse"—Metro-Goldwyn. Sufferings of volunteer nurses behind the trenches, physical and moral. Good work, but short of greatness. Love interest concerns two soldiers, two nurses.

Continued on page 118

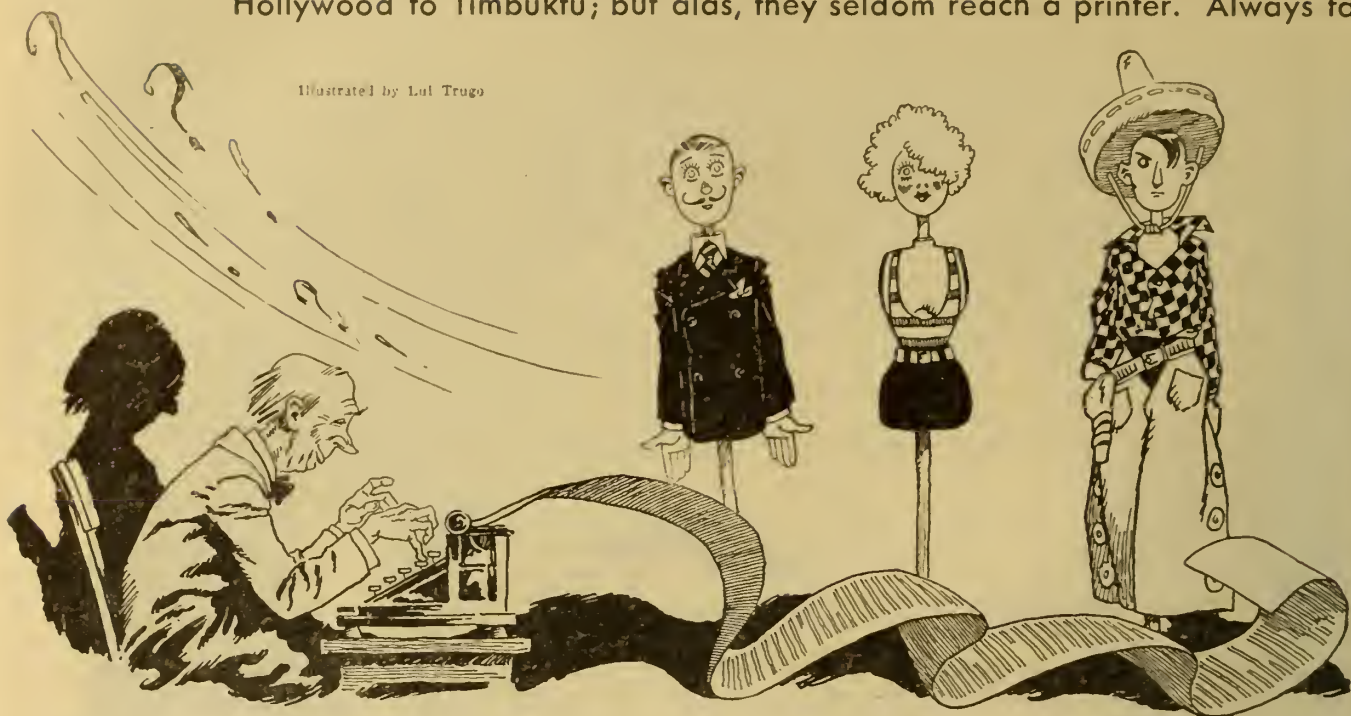


Robert Armstrong

SEARCH your memory of the past four years or so and you will find no picture in which Robert Armstrong has failed to score. Best of all his performances is Joe Garson, in "Paid," for which he earns this honorable citation.

If all the "news" sheets sent out annually by a studio publicity office were Hollywood to Timbuktu; but alas, they seldom reach a printer. Always fair

Illustrated by Lul Trugo



EVERY studio has a publicity office whose personnel is endowed with such keen sight that it can discover philosophy in flappers, wit in sweet little emoters, and sage clinical advice in hard-working stars.

Publicity must go on. That is the law of the office. The star must do something or say something that will attract attention. If a player has nothing to say, she must pretend that she has something very special to say. If she won't do that—well, publicity must go on, anyway.

Fancy being a star and getting yourself interviewed, possibly without saying a word. Unless one has a reputation for being strong, silent, and mysterious, like Garbo, a player would never know what he had been saying, collecting, or studying until he had read the papers—if all the publicity were printed.

Greta could express opinions at the studio about everything from the charms of Swedish bread to the art of *die* Dietrich, and the publicity office would send bulletins to the press reminding the editors that Garbo remains silent in the folds of her tweed overcoat.

And the sweet young thing who merely giggles a couple of times gets a bulletin interview on the soul appeal of Ibsen, or the advantages of rope-jumping over roller-massaging as a reducer. So it goes—in the publicity office.

But are these bulletins printed? Ask PICTURE PLAY's janitor. Ask the janitor of any self-respecting magazine or newspaper office.

Though the poor janitors suffer, the stars are saved, and the fans are spared considerable anguish, for who really cares about the inner meaning of Scandinavian drama, especially if the interpretation is done by the assistant to the assistant publicity director once removed?

But just to give the boys of the publicity offices a bit of encouragement in their literary efforts, I have salvaged a handful of their treasures, which I'll show you, if you'll be good little boys and girls.

Those doubting Thomases among you who cherish the notion that everything nice you read about stars was written by publicity agents, please pay careful attention,

STRANGE

By James

and figure out what would happen if the magazines opened up their presses and said to the gang, "There you are, boys. Do your stuff." The publicity boys have important work to do, it is true, but the writing of favorable fan stuff is not their forte.

Now the boys, through the press bulletins rescued from the wastebasket, will tell you a few important facts of life, such as how to walk, stand, and sit, how to get rid of colds, and how to lose twenty pounds in pleasant, healthful work, presumably as revealed to them by the stars.

Since this is the first time we have had the boys with us in person, they join me in hoping you will enjoy the remedies, et cetera, especially old Doc Beery's simple home cure for colds. Boys, it's a great pleas-yuh to have you with us to-night.

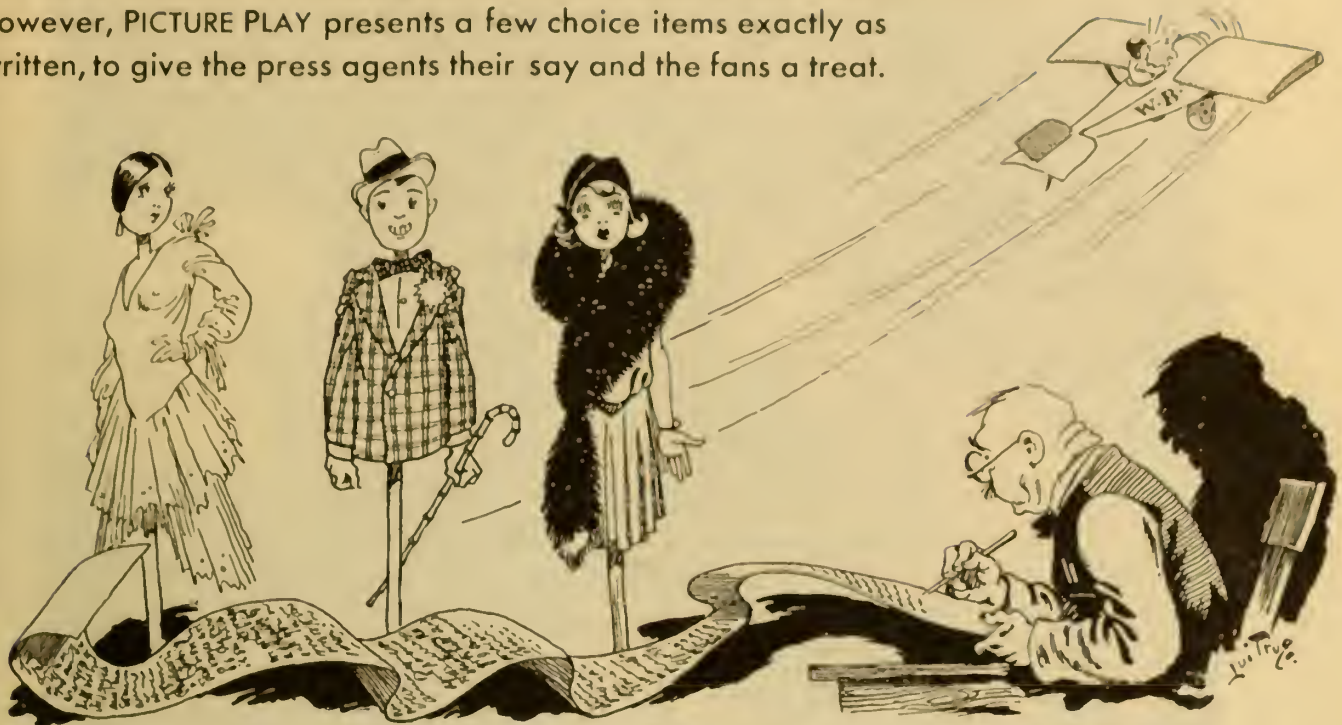
Believe it or not, the press agent says Norma Talmadge says:

They have bullfights in Spain. I saw a bullfight in Spain. They have beds and doctors ready, they go into chapels to pray, and then they go out and throw the bull. It's all terrifying and terrible. No, I didn't see Sidney Franklin, the Brooklyn bullfighter. He was gored while I was there, I read in the papers.

The water-front boys will now stop feeling sorry for themselves:

As a child Marjorie Rambeau was an invalid. When she first began to act in a San Francisco stock company she took physical-culture courses to become strong enough to continue the stage grind. "Acting," she says, "takes as much strength and stamina as stevedoring, for the information of those who think it's a bed of roses."

laid end to end, the mimeographed trail would stretch from however, PICTURE PLAY presents a few choice items exactly as written, to give the press agents their say and the fans a treat.



INTERVIEWLETS

Roy Fuller

And girls, take an old man's advice. Don't dawdle over your supper more than a couple of hours, and think nothing of afterward walking much longer than fifteen minutes.

Elissa Landi, who will make her debut opposite Charles Farrell, in "Body and Soul," offers this advice to the business girl who wants to protect her health:

"During the luncheon hour it is far better to spend three quarters of an hour in eating and one quarter of an hour in walking than to eat and talk for the entire sixty minutes. Having to dash back to work endangers both the digestion and nerves, and has bad effects on the complexion and general appearance."

"Me—ah, I wuz only kiddin'," *Butch* would doubtless say to this:

Wallace Beery, aviator and actor, says he's discovered a new cure for colds. "You just go up about 12,000 feet in your plane," says the hero of "The Big House," "and the rarified atmosphere gets the cold out of you in an hour and a half."

"The happiest woman in Hollywood" is quoted by her press agent on keeping fit:

How one feels depends to a large extent on how one walks, stands, and sits, says Ann Harding. A grand cure for nervousness consists in throwing the chest back, holding the stomach in, and keeping the hips back. Do this and see how different you feel than when your backbone is drooping and your feet lagging.

"The Old Master" voices his opinion on legs and the company you keep:

"Legs to-day are mere appendages to the female torso, and slapstick is a dead issue," says Mack Sennett. "We have just

finished 'Racket Cheers,' based on the humorous side of racketeering. To me it sets a new standard in short comedies. My characters portray persons you actually know in real life."

William Boyd discovers an astounding physiological fact:

Believe me, eight hours of manual labor will cure the most stubborn case of swollen waistline. I ate like a harvest hand while I was building my beach cottage—I had to, in view of the appetite I developed. And I slept plenty, for every night found me tired enough to enjoy eight hours on the bare floor, if necessary. But I was up at dawn, and always had a brisk swim before I began work and another when I had finished at night. By the time the house was finished I was twenty pounds lighter, with muscles hard as steel. If I ever get too heavy again, I am considering joining the carpenters' union and hiring out as a buidler a month or two.

Don't ask me what this gem proves:

Frankie Eastman went on a vacation trip to Los Angeles where he was given a screen test by Fox. He was signed, but the contract expired three months later without Frankie having been used in a picture. Such are the ways of Hollywood. The sensitive youth lost his patience and was about to return to the stage, when a friend's plea caused him to cancel his railroad ticket and remain overnight to see Mack Sennett. Now Eastman is so sold on California that he says, "I'd rather sweep streets in Hollywood than be a star on Broadway."

Well, well, well. Give the boys a hand!

The Norma Talmadge interviewlet sounds for all the world like the breezy English half of a before-breakfast Spanish lesson. This sort of chatter covered three pages. If the p. a.'s suddenly realized their golden age and found all their bulletins published as is, Norma, for one, would take a month off and write threatening letters to the editors. I'm sure.

Continued on page 10



Dorothy Janis

THE long absence of Dorothy Janis from the screen is at last explained! She's been in Borneo, if you please, filming "The White Captive," in which she is the only Hollywood actress. Her role is that of a white girl reared among the jungle people and believing herself one of them until, as we suspect, romance enters. Dorothy became so enamored of primitive people that she wanted to buy this baby.

Aren't We All?

A fan who admires all the stars discovers that what he reads about them is repeated over and over again, until each has a specialty that never varies. He begs both the players and those who write about them to relieve the ennui he feels in never learning anything new about the people who interest him most. And just as a reminder he says—

By Drummond Tell

I'M tired of reading about—

Clara Bow's insomnia.

Jetta Goudal's command of all the arts and sciences; her exoticism and the mystery of her origin.

The ability of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., to sketch and write verse.

Joan Crawford's way with hooked rugs.

Howard Hughes's millions.

Russell Gleason's budgeting; the family's hospitality and their jokes among themselves.

The tiles that Richard Arlen and Jobyna Ralston laid with their very own hands; their perfect love.

Ernest Torrence's rose garden.

Wallace Beery's airplaning.

H. B. Warner's art treasures.

Any star's collection of rare old pewter.

Mary Pickford's bob, and those curls laid away in a rosewood box.

Garbo's tweed coat and her habit of walking alone in the rain.

Laura La Plante's calm disposition.

The culture and aristocratic bearing of the Bennetts.

Marion Davies's houses and hordes of guests.

June Collyer's social background.

The players' serious reading of biography, history, and philosophy.

The rarity of photos of Gloria Swanson's children.

The chumminess of the Irene Riches.

Lois Moran's brains.

Louise Fazenda's serious heart behind her clowning.

The modernized domestic harmony of the Tashman-Lowe household.

Lilyan Tashman's sophistication and her authoritative word on any number of subjects.

That newspaper published by Buddy Rogers's father in Olathe, Kansas.

Buddy's fraternity life at college, and his ideas about women.

Hollywood's opera "season."

Gary Cooper's dude ranch.

Old Flemish tapestries, fourteenth-century maps, and rare old volumes in Hollywood homes.

Wise investments of players, through shrewd guidance of wives, mothers, or boy friends.

Bebe Daniels being civil to her grandmother.

That royal visitor to Pickfair, and the titled guests there.

The football prowess of John Mack Brown.

The preference of virtually every player to stay home and read a good book instead of going places.

Anything at all about Carmelita Geraghty.

Dorothy Sebastian's bad breaks.

Charlie Chaplin's silence.

Ann Harding's approval of California.

Ramon Novarro's inexperience with sweethearts; his yearning to leave the screen and go into monklike retirement.

Anita Page's family chaperonage.

Ronald Colman's bachelor household.

Helen Twelvetrees's resemblance to Lillian Gish.

Richard Barthelmess's gentlemanliness; his superiority.

Nils Asther's noble bearing.

Barry Norton's nostrils.

Billie Dove's beauty.

Maurice Chevalier's fetching grin.

The deep-rooted aristocracy of the family of every player born south of the Mason-Dixon line.

The poise of Alice Joyce.

The "It" girl.

Producers holding story conferences.

Producers searching the nation for the right type and then casting a girl already under contract after "a chance meeting in the studio commissary."

Beverly Hills estates.

Conrad Nagel's perfect voice.

John Gilbert and Ina Claire.

Robert Armstrong's wife.

Clive Brook's annoyance with the public for annoying him.

Charles Farrell's supposed heartbreak when Janet Gaynor married.

Zasu Pitts's mothering heart.

Eddie Quillan's large family.

Neil Hamilton's legerdemain.

Aileen Pringle's repartee and those dominos.

Dolores del Rio's social eminence in Mexico City.

Ivan Lebedeff's hand kissing.

John Boles's voice.

The Barrymores' baby.

Victor McLaglen's distinguished relatives in the church and the British navy.

William Haines's ol' Virginny background; his inseparable pal, Polly Moran.

Any star's generosity to his or her mother.

Dorothy Mackaill's English birth.

George O'Brien's muscular perfection.

Ruth Roland's wealth derived from real estate.

The discovery of normal intelligence behind Mary Brian's sweetness.

Norma Shearer's patrician upbringing in Montreal.

Betty Bronson as *Peter Pan*; the causes of her dwindling career.

Any star's education in a convent or by private tutors.

Alice White's getting wise to herself and quieting down.

Joan Crawford's "past" as the hey-hey girl of Hollywood.

The practical jokes played on each other by the stars.

Continued on page 115

ZASU—My Cloak!

The saying that a person may do his present work too well to be promoted applies to Zasu Pitts, the limp but perennial maid who is really a versatile actress in need of a dramatic rôle. She continues to hold milady's cloak for a trifling \$2,000 a week.

ZASU PITTS, the fall gal of the talkies. Do you remember Von Stroheim's "Greed" and the tragic girl therein who became demented? That was Zasu.

Zasu, the ridiculous, plaintive comic in funny clothes. You don't know a tall, graceful girl who dresses smartly and somehow looks Continental. That, also, is Zasu.

Her status, in point of working time and importance to stories, is little more than a "bit player." Yet her weekly salary recently rose from \$1,250 to near the \$2,000 mark, and she sometimes gets better notices than the stars she supports.

Her photographs appear, sans press agent, in swank magazines like *Vanity Fair*. Visiting intelligentsia ask to meet her. Impresarios of the theater make her offers to go on the stage in New York. Critics compare her emotional ability to that of Duse. I said critics, not press agents.

Yet Zasu is the fall gal, the funny female, usually a maid, who stands in the background and pads out the arid intervals in the story by getting laughs.

Why? Don't ask silly questions. Because it would be logical to cast her in drama, and how would a lot of people around here hold their jobs if logic were introduced in the film capital?

It's difficult to write an adequate story about Zasu. There is too much to say, and practically nothing to quote. She thinks it is the height of absurdity that magazines want interviews with her. And means it; for, after having had a grand time, the reporter finds in all about three statements that have anything to do with the interview. The rest is necessarily conjecture, and that is too broad a field; there are so many things to say about her. All this is in explanation of the confused continuity which follows.

When told that her public had need of a story about her, she burst into raucous laughter. Finally cornered, after weeks of evading the issue, she fidgeted nervously.

"My God, what shall I say? One false step and the game is up. Why can't you write a nice story about Greta Garbo instead? I'll tell you all about how she drops in to talk to Ann and Sonny, and how she likes our house because it's so homy, and what a grand person she is. Or write about Hedda Hopper—now there's one of the great players."



Photo by Duncan

Zasu is smart, graceful, and too entertaining to pin down for an interview.

By
Margaret Reid

Because Zasu can talk fast when she wants to talk herself out of something, the interview ended right there. Some one of firmer purpose than I must stem the flow of Zasu's crazy humor long enough to make her speak for publication. Me, I find just talking with her too much fun to pin her down to statements.

The first time I met her was at a cocktail party at the home of Leonard Sillman, tap dancer and host extraordinary. Given in honor of a famous novelist from New York, the soirée was being very elegant, except for the honored guest's petulant reiterations, "Where is Zasu Pitts? They said she's to be here, too. Where is she?"

When the door opened and Zasu blew in, she paused aghast at the number of people. Smartly tailored, silver-foxed and chic, she looked like Park Avenue, yet she colored like a school-girl when she was made the center of attention.

Unsuccessfully trying to hide in a corner, she finally diverted the spotlight from herself by shouting suddenly into the ear of the attractive girl who had arrived with her. The girl started, then turned and asked in a dull voice, "What did you say, Zasu?"

"She's stone deaf, poor thing," Zasu explained to the company at large. "When you talk to her, let her put her hand on your shoulder, and she'll get the vibrations."

Well, anyhow, that particular party ended with all the aspects of low comedy. A few were in on the gag—and nearing apoplexy. The rest were hoarse from shouting and trying to put the afflicted one at ease. Zasu looked on with a demure, compassionate smile, from time to time relating astonishing anecdotes of the history of her friend's malady.

The girl, an extra in pictures named Dorothy MacGowan whose hearing is excellent, is one of Zasu's closest friends, an accomplished teammate for such blithe insanities as the above.

Zasu adores to play. Her humor springs from a profound sense of the ridiculous. The spectacle of undue dignity upset gladdens her soul.

When she wants to, Zasu can look beautiful—even exciting. Her eyes are her best feature. They are dark-blue, luminous, black-lashed. The repose of her manner is belied by her face which looks as if her nerves were continually stretched taut.

[Continued on page 116]



Photo by Elmer Fryer

In more than one way Zasu Pitts is an anomaly. Though little more than a player of bits, her salary approaches \$2,000 a week and often she receives higher praise from the critics than the stars she supports. Though the talkies have established her as a comédienne, she is one of the most distinguished tragic artists on the screen, as those who remember "Greed" and "The Wedding March" will testify. The many sides of this extraordinary character are brought out in her story on the opposite page. Read it!

His Fatal Fascination

It belongs to William Powell, who will show you in "Ladies' Man" the fate of a gigolo.



Kay Francis and Carol Lombard, at top of page, hover over William Powell in rivalry that at first is friendly, but later becomes acute.

Mr. Powell, left, repents his life as the obliging friend of rich women and dares ask Miss Francis, who knows the truth, to marry him.

Miss Lombard, right, lets Mr. Powell know that she loves him in spite of his relations with her mother.



A Medieval Frolic

Will Rogers brings back to the screen one of its great comedies, "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court."

The magic of radio captures the vibrations of past centuries and transports a village philosopher to England in the Middle Ages.

Brandon Hurst, right, as *Merlin*, the king's magician, William Farnum, as *King Arthur*, and Will Rogers, as *Hank*, who is known at court as *Sir Boss*.

The man in armor, below, is Mr. Rogers, with Frank Albertson.



Myrna Loy, below, as *Queen Morgan Le Fay*, the king's hateful sister, denies the entreaties of Maureen O'Sullivan, as *Alisande*, to spare the life of *Clarence*, a page boy who has dared to love the daughter of a king.

It is finally *Sir Boss* who comes to their rescue and unites the lovers after blowing up the queen's castle in a comically modern manner.





Coquette

Warner Baxter and Dorothy Mackaill offer the surprising outcome of a flirtation in "Their Mad Moment."

The romance brings together a worldly American girl and a French peasant of the Basque country, whose simplicity and sincerity provide pastime for *Emily* until she is shocked to learn that *Esteban* takes for granted that she is serious and will marry him. See the film and learn what happens to a girl and a man who don't understand each other.



The Lady Elissa

"Body and Soul" is the picture that introduces Elissa Landi to the fans, with popular Charles Farrell making sure that her debut will be doubly successful.

Miss Landi, whose first interview appears on page 33, is too poised to be nervous over her bow to the American public, but she realizes that she is about to face an audience with the power to add a glamorous chapter to her distinguished career—or send her back to the stage.





Short- hand

Another stenographer triumphs in "Honor Among Lovers," shedding an undesirable husband as smoothly as she acquires a rich one.

C'est la vie!

The return to the screen of Claudette Colbert after a long voyage to foreign climes is as welcome as the first appearance of Fredric March after his striking performance in "The Royal Family of Broadway."

They renew the association that was happily begun in "Manslaughter," and no doubt will be seen in many other films.



High Life

And who is better able to make it credible and attractive than Ruth Chatterton, in "Unfaithful"?

Miss Chatterton returns to the mood of "Charming Sinners" and "The Laughing Lady," to remind us anew of the wide range of her talents.

She is seen, right, with Paul Cavanaugh, to whom she is married in the film and who causes her to establish a bad reputation for herself. This scene shows her return from a party with an exaggerated account of her indiscreet conduct there.

She is seen, below, with Donald Cook, her brother, from whom she sadly parts after her marriage.





Robert Montgomery's love-making is infinitely varied, as his admirers have discovered. Here he is protective, and in his gentle, though firm, embrace, Constance Bennett finds consolation and security. But circumstances stronger than the lovers in "The Easiest Way" tear them apart.

Photo by Hurrell

Personality Racketeers Break In



In a refined sort of way many wily individuals crash into the studios by hammering campaigns designed to sell themselves, and some of the tactics of the mild order of gangster are used to overcome anything that stands in the way of progress.

By H. A. Woodmansee

Illustrated by L. L. Trapp

IN this swashbuckling age there are racketeers wherever dollars hang heavy on the trees. A host of them pluck the golden plums from the movie boughs, and of these the most interesting is the personality racketeer.

A personality racketeer is a wily individual who traffics not in bootleg liquor, Wall Street stocks, or artichokes, but in his or her living, breathing self. His object is to push himself ahead, by hook or crook, in a highly competitive studio world.

He doesn't resort to physical violence. He fights rivals not with bombs and machine guns but with equally deadly weapons—words and actions. He smuggles not boatloads of booze across rivers, but himself and his pals onto studio pay rolls. He hijacks not property, but valuable credit for the achievements of others.

In a refined sort of way he "strong-arms" in, exacts tribute, pays heavily for protection in the form of advertising, fortifies himself in studio politics, and terrorizes competitors and traitors with a figurative equivalent of being taken for a ride. And, like racketeers of other sorts, he's often a good fellow to his friends and all who do not get in his way.

The personality grifter may be either an unknown trying to get a foothold, or a big shot resisting efforts being made to shove him off his perch. He may be an actor, a writer, a director—in fact, anybody. There's fun for all in this game. Even a child actor can play it. It's a racket that has always been popular in Hollywood, and is doubly so in these troublesome talkie times.

The ruses of the personality racketeer range from the legitimate to the unscrupulous, from the ingenious to the ridiculous. There's an infinite variety to them.

Let him have the remotest connection with the production of a film hit, and he'll bring his high-pressure salesmanship to bear to convince Hollywood that he is solely responsible for the success of the picture. Often he succeeds, for so many individuals are involved in the manufacture of a film that even an insider may not be sure of who is responsible for its success. If he has assistants working under him, he'll grab credit for their efforts; if not, he'll try to create the impression that his superior is a man of straw whose reputation has been falsely gained from his assistant's ability.

If the racketeer happens to be an actor, he adroitly steals scenes by various tricks. He slugs below the belt; he tries to shove fellow players so thoroughly into the background that the public will hardly notice they are in the picture. There used to be more of this in the

days when stars could grab close-ups at will; but even in this talkie era, when the picture comes before the actors' whims, there is often dirty work at the crossroads when stage and screen luminaries get together in a film. The racketeer's aim is always to grab all the credit in sight, no matter to whom it belongs.

But suppose the picture is a flop. Then watch the personality grifter get out from under. He is ready to prove that he is a mile away when the crime was committed. If he is an actor or a director, he says, "What could I do with such a lousy story?" The scenario writer, in turn, passes the buck. The blame is finally pinned on some bewildered umpchay who is properly punished.

The racketeer is seldom a lone wolf in his operations. He belongs to a gang and makes connections of various sorts. If he gets a job in a studio he schemes to bring in his friends. Once inside the portals, they form a political alliance and try to take control of the studio. Sometimes they find their ambitions opposed by a like-minded group, in which case there is some gang warfare that would delight a Chicago connoisseur.

Like racketeers who actually operate outside the law, the movie trickster fully understands the importance of protection. He stands in well with influential persons wherever possible. He will cultivate them socially, do them favors, and even marry them. Many young actors and actresses have forced themselves into the good graces of persons who could help them, only to ditch their benefactors when their aid proved no longer necessary.

The personality pusher knows there are few better forms of protection in his peculiar game than advertising. Here one sees some of the most entertaining aspects of his racket. One of his dodges is to buy huge quantities of advertising space in local trade sheets, practically subsidizing them. This means that they act as his undercover agents. While pretending to purvey news, they grab credit for him on every pretext and boost him to the skies. Some readers are too movie-wise to be deceived, but the self-advertiser reads the blurbs with great satisfaction and believes every word of them.

He hires publicity men who nobly abet him in selling himself to the world. They sit up nights thinking of new things for him to say, new stunts for him to do, that will convince folks that he is as unusual as the southern California climate. Nowhere does one find more ingenious and fraudulent personal racketeering than in the archives of press agency. [Continued on page 117]



The Screen Stars' Shop, of which Mrs. Helen Woods, left, is manager and Florence Turner saleswoman de luxe, is ignored by fans who spend hours waiting for celebrities to come out of a restaurant.

BUY A STAR'S GOWN

That's the inducement held out by Florence Turner, herself a star long ago, who is now hostess at a shop in Hollywood that deals entirely in clothing donated by players. Mr. McKegg reminisces most entertainingly of Miss Turner at the height of her fame and as she is to-day.

By William H. McKegg

ON Vine Street is the Brown Derby, Hollywood's celebrated restaurant. Fans from the four corners of the country stand patiently outside, album and pen in hand, begging autographs. More enterprising ones hold cameras and rush up to Phillips Holmes, or Fifi Dorsay, to snap them in smiling complaisance, only to swerve from them at the approach of Maureen O'Sullivan, or Sue Carol and Nick Stuart.

On Caluenga Avenue, one block away, is the Screen Stars' Shop. No fans wait at the entrance. No celebrities pop in and out—except one well-dressed woman, with snapping dark-brown eyes. And if you told a fan of to-day that this lady was Florence Turner, he would be none the wiser.

One whose childhood dates back twenty years may recall Florence Turner, the Vitagraph girl, the first star of the screen. To-day Miss Turner is hostess at the Screen Stars' Shop. As stated already, no fans clutter the doorstep begging her autograph, yet, by reading on, you will see that she has done more with her life than many of the new celebrities who trip lightly into the Brown Derby to bewail their sorrows to an interviewer.

Should the personal pronoun "I" appear a little too frequently, please pardon the transgression. Somehow I cannot write of Florence Turner without including myself, albeit modestly.

It was the summer of 1915. Home from school, I was to spend part of the holiday in Ireland. At night the ship drew away from Liverpool into the mists of the River Mersey. No lights showed on board, for war-time rules forbade them. Only the necessary lights gleamed on shore.

As a ship departs, people always lean against the rail, watching the land recede as if they'd never see it again.

At my side a handsome young woman called down to some one. "Don't worry," she said. "Take care getting back." The figure on the pier was swallowed up in the night.

I recognized the lovely lady at my side as Florence Turner. Not being one of the modern fans, I did not dare address her, though she smiled nicely at me and said a schoolboy should not be crossing the sea at such a dangerous time.

By now we were out in the Irish Sea. Orders had been given that passengers had best sleep in their clothes, with a life preserver on. The sea was infested with German submarines and floating mines. When a ship is torpedoed, one has no time to hunt for one's B. V. D.'s and trousers. Best to have them on.

"I don't see myself sleeping with all that on me," Miss Turner remarked in the dining room to a companion. "No danger is ever so bad as it seems. We'll face it if it comes."

That is true. Rolling into my bunk, fully dressed, I soon found the life preserver uncomfortable. Then gradually I discarded my clothes. Let the submarines appear. Comfort is ever better than caution. The fact that Miss Turner was on board, the first star I had seen, dispelled all thought of danger. And, indeed, nothing eventful occurred. When I woke next morning at six o'clock we were in Dublin, in time for the revolution.

Ireland had just seen the preliminary flare of her first revolution during Easter week. Shop windows were boarded up. Walls were spattered with bullets, windows shattered, places burned down. The whole city had that terrible furtive tension of something about to erupt.

In spite of such dangers, Florence Turner landed to make personal appearances for the Red Cross. It was not her fight. She was an American and her country was not then in the War. Yet unselfishly she gave her services, going through all sorts of hardships and inconveniences. Most people would never have considered crossing a mine-infested sea, let alone entering revolutionary Ireland.

After breakfast, the star who might have remained in safety, gayly mounted a car and, with a wave of her hand, was driven to a hotel with windows intact.

London of 1916. Early in the year air raids were nightly occurrences. It was best to remain indoors. Preferably in cellars. But strangely enough, one acquires a contempt for danger. And the motion-picture theater had to be attended. The summer term at school was to begin in a couple of weeks and no opportunity to see pictures would then be possible.

Warnings had been given out that it would be best for people to stay home that night. Raids were expected to be numerous. Braving such warning, I and a chum made our way through the darkened streets to a theater where Florence Turner was to make a personal appearance for the Red Cross.

I don't recall what the film was. The electricity was turned off several times. The slightest honk of a motor horn caused the audience to jump and the operator to fall down on his job. Suddenly, when least expected, a shrill siren blasted the silence. An air raid. Some persons stood up and moved from right to left, getting nowhere, but sobbing "Oh, oh, oh!" which didn't help at all.

At the height of the confusion, Miss Turner arrived and stepped onto the darkened stage, with a timid manager beside her holding a lighted candle.

I don't know what she said. I don't suppose it was



Mory Pickford, who organized the shop for the benefit of the Motion-picture Relief Fund, hands over to Miss Turner on evening gown that she has worn only once.

anything startling in a historic sense; but her smiling, calm presence, her face illuminated by candlelight, quieted a panic-stricken audience. Far-off explosions and crashes were heard, then a distant shriek, and footsteps of some ill-fated person seeking shelter.

All the audience stared up at Florence Turner, hypnotized by her courageous personality. She said, "Don't be frightened. It's all right. It will soon pass."

Later a bugle sounded. The raid was over—for that night at least. People left the theater with a starry look on their faces given them by Florence Turner.

Instead of comforting others, cheering them up, working for the Red Cross, Miss Turner might have been the most miserable of people. The War had ruined her film company. She had lost virtually all she had.

"I wasn't the only one," she said to me when I spoke to her about the calamity. "At the outbreak of the War I was in Scotland, making 'The Shepherd Lassie of Argyle.' Every one thought the conflict would end in three or four months.



Photo by Bruno

Though many years have passed since Florence Turner was a big star, she has lost none of her graciousness and charm.

"Back at Walton-on-Thames, I could get no men. As the months passed all able-bodied workers were joining up. My cameraman was called. People forgot pictures for the moment. It was not until 1916, when the War was at its height, that people sought the theaters for brief comfort. By that time my company had dissolved."

All this Miss Turner relates as if speaking about a spell of bad weather. Since she came to Hollywood, seven years ago, I have never heard her complain once. And she has not been without cause.

Brought up in the theater, Miss Turner went on the stage as a young girl. In 1907 she applied for work in pictures at the old Vitagraph studio in Flatbush, Brooklyn.

It was the era of John Bunny and Flora Finch. Kate Price was the buxom Irish comédienne, Julia Swayne Gordon the woman with a "past," Earle Williams the handsome hero, Leah Baird the vamp, Maurice Costello, all curls and dimples, the first male star of the screen.

Miss Turner was the first to offer by way of innovation a two-reel picture, without subtitles. Charles Ray stated once that he made the first titleless film in "The Old Swimming Hole." Such is not the case. Miss Turner made "Jealousy," in which she alone appeared. Surely a rôle to warm

the heart of any actress. The picture got splendid notice at the time, because of its novelty.

The late Wallace Reid played with Miss Turner, in "The Deerslayer." His father also appeared in the same film. In "A Dixie Mother," Norma Talmadge, then a girl of fourteen, played her first bit. Miss Turner, with white wig and Southern patriotism, was the mother.

"In those days, we players did all sorts of things," Miss Turner said. "One day I was a girl. Probably the morning after I made up as an old woman. Besides acting, we'd help erect the sets, sew costumes, and write scenarios. Altogether, we were very useful people."

So useful was Miss Turner with these many talents that she had a nervous breakdown. Vitagraph sent her out to California to recover her health. She and her mother, who has never been separated from her, stayed West for almost a year. When Miss Turner finally returned to New York she found progress had continued during her absence and in her place were such newcomers as Norma Talmadge, Anita Stewart, Clara Kimball Young, and Lillian Walker.

That was in the early part of 1913. It was then that Miss Turner decided to go to England and form her own company. This she did, and a different story might have been written about her, had the War not occurred. However, the pictures she did make brought her a great deal of popularity in Great Britain. "Far From the Madding Crowd," "The Welsh Singer," "Doorsteps," and "The Shepherd Lassie of Argyle" established her as a favorite before her company crashed.

In the latter part of 1917, Miss Turner returned to America. But so fickle is public adoration that she was already forgotten by those in the industry she helped to make one of the greatest in the world. She returned to England, but came to Hollywood in 1924.

The Screen Stars' Shop was organized by Mary Pickford. Extras not overflashed with money can buy discarded clothes of the stars at moderate prices. All profit accruing from the sales goes to the Motion-picture Relief Fund.

Mrs. Helen Woods is the manager of the shop. She is a smart
Continued on page 113



Miss Turner, known as the Vitagraph girl, was actually the first film star at a time when players' names were kept secret.



John Gilbert's contract gives him the most elaborate houselet.

What the Make-up Bungalows Tell

The studio cottages are barometers of a star's popularity as surely as box-office reports, and the *maisonnettes* tell much more: peep into them and you will learn something of your favorite by the frills and the colors you see there.

By Myrtle Gebhart

THE purpose of dressing rooms used to be strictly utilitarian. But that was before the movie ordered grand clothes and grew its long bob.

The one room shared by all the women was succeeded by private nooks, which now are replaced by small houses of a compact perfection. A social aura endows these studio abodes of the film aristocrats with a certain distinction. Visiting celebrities are made to feel at home in their informal *éclat*, friends drop in for tea, and interviewers are entertained at luncheon.

Dressing-room luxury is as eloquent a barometer of current popularity and studio supremacy as box-office reports. These are habitable homes, charmingly furnished. Featured actors rate elaborately appointed two-room suites, until they merit the stellar *maisonnettes* of four, five, or even six rooms. While the achievement of beauty is the primary thought in decoration, for its psychological influence upon high-keved temperaments, the practical side is not overlooked. Mirrors reaching to the ceiling, with side and overhead spotlights, ample cedar-lined closets with compartments for shoes, hats, and accessories, and shelves hidden by gay flounces, expedite the changing of costume.

Each new star is given a miniature residence of suitable dignity. If a contract player complains of discrimination, the slight can be assuaged only by a still more ostentatious bungalow—or perhaps sterling-silver doorknobs!

Seasonal fads in decoration upset stellar temperament, until the houselets are all done over in keeping with the current craze.

An extreme idea prevails, either of costly magnitude or its antithesis, a seeming simplicity artfully contrived. Few are just comfortably inconspicuous.

In several of the humble houselets, dressing tables are hung with valances of challis, panico cloth, and silk voile or organdie, and drapes are of English prints, mercerized silks, and dotted swiss. Quaint effects are achieved in couch covers and pillows of gingham and calico, a scheme found along Fox lane. The more fastidious of these have dressing tables that appear to be old-fashioned coquettish maidens sitting with their taffeta skirts spread out around them. Unbleached muslin and denim are used in the men's lairs.

If a borrowed player rates a suite, or even a bungalow, he must be tendered that courtesy. Both his comfort and his own studio's prestige must be considered. The usual practice is to better his surroundings, not so much, one suspects, in magnanimity, as a gesture of vanity to remind him that the second company does things a shade more grandly than his regular employers.

The actors make much less fuss about dressing-room rank when "visiting" than do their executives. When Fox lent Edmund Lowe to United Artists, they insisted upon a suite. The only one available was that just vacated



Canary yellow and black dominate Joan Crawford's dressing rooms.

by Lily Damita. Both the piquant Parisienne and Lilyan Tashman had also occupied that bower of orchid and pale green. But the inappropriateness of big tanned Ed in the laces and silks can be imagined easily. Norma Talmadge's bungalow has been occupied by several visiting players, including Fannie Brice and Aileen Pringle.

Janet Gaynor discarded taffeta and voile in favor of chintz and ruffled curtains, and naturally Charles Farrell feels more at ease in the plainer luncheon nook.



Once Marion Davies's importance was established beyond all argument by her having the only bungalow boudoir on the M.-G.-M. lot. Now there are three such structures. Because of its walled patio, Spanish gardens, and balconies, Marion's home is used as set exteriors. DeMille's, primarily an office, contains his collection of antiques, carved furniture, and old chests.

John Gilbert's contract actually stipulates that no one on the lot shall have a more elaborate dressing room than his. And what a dwelling it is! Beneath its red tile roof are objects more beautiful than in his own home. The grilled windows and balconies against white stucco walls give it a foreign aspect. The tiled patio-terrace is furnished in wicker.

His business office is severely simple, but a second entrance takes one through a carved Spanish door into a living room with dark-gray stone walls, thick rugs, and beamed ceiling. The chairs and benches are medieval Spanish. His massive desk is a copy of a museum piece. Andirons wrought in a sunflower design, sundial lamps pendant on chains, tapestries, panels, paintings, statuary, mirrors, and carvings lend the room a storybook atmosphere. A kitchen and pantry are elaborately equipped.

Upstairs there are a modernistic sitting room in silver, black and red, steam and massage rooms, tiled bath and dressing room paneled with mirrors, one of which conceals a staircase to the garage below.

From a sanded garden with cactus plants one steps into the adobe hut which serves Will Rogers as conference quarters with office, reception room, kitchen, and bath.

Mary Pickford's make-up bungalow is furnished and serviced as no other cottage ever has been. While working she sometimes does not go home to "Pickfair" for several days. Lillian Gish and other stars have borrowed it during her absence. Chippendale dining-room chairs, English antiques, and old silver and pewter on the lowboy, create a Colonial atmosphere. A collection of porcelains intrigues the visitor. At times a dozen luncheon guests are served by the bungalow staff of chef, butler, and maid. Flowers and chirping canaries add to the gaiety.

On the walls of her shell-pink-and-blue dressing room are photographs inscribed to her by Mussolini, D'Annunzio, Marconi, Edison, and others. The bath is of green tiles.

Doug's office is in black and gold and suggests the Chinese. Servants are continually tidying up after his cyclonic passages through. A steam-cabinet bath and mas-

sage room adjoin. In his barber's chair one often sees Samuel Goldwyn and United Artists executives. His playground extends some distance, with a running track and a gymnasium.

Flagstones sunk in closely cropped clover lead into Norma Talmadge's Belgian house of cream stucco walls and green-shingle roof. Its four rooms, alcoves, and wardrobes are in jade green, with yellow curtains, flowered chintz covers, and amber brocade draperies. The phonograph is in a French cabinet. A crackled china cat sits before the fireplace. Lamps of frosted glass in wrought-iron fixtures cast a pale glow. When Norma is using it, the place is in fluffly disarray, the sophisticated magazines being in evidence.

Marilyn Miller inherited Corinne Griffith's tan stucco cottage. Turquoise walls add to the cool effect of creamy carpets. The modernistic touch, in black and silver, is not too obvious. Marilyn has changed only the drapes, preferring a seafoam satin. And the two tiny white kittens that used to curl up in a bassinet, while their mother yawned on a cushion of rose and gold, are gone.

Colleen Moore's *casa* of five rooms and many wardrobe closets is empty. Set in a miniature forest of palms, its patio is walled and roofed. Colleen used to entertain at tea in the tiled courtyard, beside the fountain.

Louis Quinze chairs and settee, and blue-and-gold hangings, give the living room of Bebe Daniels's house at RKO the glamour of an age long past. From the pastel dining room, with its cretonne curtains, one glimpses a yellow-and-green kitchen. Her tiny study contains an antique desk, hand-carved chair, and divan. The silver-black-and-green dressing room has changeable gold-and-lavender taffeta drapes. A French cabinet is inlaid with mother-of-pearl and has hand-painted pastoral scenes on its door panels.

If one overlooks—but who could?—a lady sitting on a devil's lap, Chaplin's retreat is a somber place. Well-worn leather davenport and chairs provide comfort. In the winter eucalyptus logs send up a cheery aroma from the hearth, the mantel bricks of which frame an oil painting by Granville Redmond. A Henry Clive painting, in rather indiscreet mood, hangs saucily against one wall. The grandfather's clock and radio are of dark wood. His dressing table is plain and a full-length mirror is set off by twenty-five lights.

Orange-colored linen curtains and colorful Spanish hangings on walls of mission yellow, form a bright background for the Monterey furniture in the stucco bungalow of Dolores del Rio. The carpets are beige. Ornamental lamps have hand-painted parchment shades.

Rudolph Valentino had one of the first stellar villas. His vast collection of swords added a vigorous note to the foreign atmosphere of beautifully carved furniture. It is used now, shorn of its artistic trappings, as the fan-mail office.

Paramount's most elaborate suite is Clara Bow's, on the first



The Garbo features are made ready for the camera in a royal-blue-and-crimson suite.

floor of the three-story building housing the dressing rooms. It has four rooms, and originally was Pola Negri's. It was done over according to Miss Bow's specifications. Against walls covered

Norma Talmadge has a bungalow on wheels that is the last word in miniature house-keeping.



Photo by English

Indian souvenirs and portraits give color to Gary Cooper's studio quarters.

with gold leaf, the ebony phonograph and library table and chairs stand out in bold relief. She rests on a black-and-gold lounge. Small ornamental street lamps in gold add a picturesque touch.

The table and six chairs in the dining room are red lacquer and black. Woodwork and rugs are black; golden drapes supplying a theatrical brilliance. Curtains of the same hue form an arch over her black dressing table and fall to the floor. A brocaded cloth top is under glass. A semiseparate clothes room is hidden by drapes. Set in a black frame and base is a long mirror.

Ruth Chatterton's suite, with Nile-green furniture against cream walls, is restful. Her dressing table is plain, obviously utilitarian.

Typical of her calm and sweetness is Mary Brian's pastel suite. Over the gray carpeting are lavender rugs. A blue-green lounge and corner love seat further convey the idea of daintiness, the cedar chest adding a practical suggestion. Green bottles and bowls hold her lotions and powders. Her room is invariably very neat.

When you walk into Charles Rogers's, you think you have stumbled into a music store. An organ and piano are permanent fixtures, and the place is always cluttered up with trombone, saxophone, cornet, guitar, drums, and an accordian. The dark-red furniture is effective against a cream background. An oddity is a framed letter three feet long, from a fan. A large photograph of Mary Pickford reminds the caller that it was she who gave Buddy his first real opportunity.

Richard Arlen's massive Mexican and Spanish furniture is studded with nails, reflecting a virile and strong personality. Indian mementos give to Gary Cooper's small and plain room its only color. Blankets are strewn about. A war bonnet and his stuffed eagle look formidable. A picture of his mother on the desk is the one reassuring and soft touch.

If you seek rest in George Bancroft's apartment, you are out of luck. Choose between a battered lumpy sofa and a hard rubbing table on which he is mauled and pounded by his trainer:

As a contrast to that barrenness, step into old Florence and find John Barrymore surrounded by stained woods, somber tones relieved by rich crimsons, tarnished old-gold picture frames and bits of mellowed tapestry, a Florentine window, a Venetian mirror decorated with glass leaves. A suit of armor hangs in one corner; a quaint example of crewel work is framed; some of Barrymore's drawings are around, one being a map of the Bermudas, depicting flora and fauna, and reefs and shoals, in the style of ancient mariners.

Al Jolson, on the other hand, is just plain home folks, content with a chair and make-up shelf and mirror. His two-room bungalow is quite unpretentious. Leather club chairs, a library table, and books suggest Chester Morris's equable temperament. Smoking paraphernalia and books scattered around Richard Barthelmess's brown rooms, suggest comfort.

Olive-green carpets and curtains blend with the colored Monterey furniture of Richard Dix's apartments. An electric phonograph contrasts with the old Spanish desk. A tiled steam room adjoins his dressing room, which is equipped as a gymnasium. Freeman Gosden and Charles Correll—"Amos 'n' Andy"—had a suite that might have been transferred from a man's club—red-leather mission furniture, couches, deep lounge chairs, desks, and typewriters.

The taste of each Fox player housed in a suite is considered in detail. A gracious gesture, that. To test his powers of absorbing shock, I suppose, Charlie Farrell was shown into the one prepared for Lenore Ulric, a deliciously Frenchy place, ultrafeminine, and told to make himself at home.

"I guess it's—nice," Charlie managed lamely.

To say that he was relieved upon being escorted into his own is a mild expression. A beamed ceiling, chestnut tables, leather chairs, and dull-red damask hangings make him comfortable in an adaptation of the Elizabethan style. It might be the study of a conservative Briton. The pillow covers are of rayon brocade, with blue predominating. Hunting prints and sea pictures adorn the walls.

Big, gangling Victor McLaglen had to manage awkwardly in the brocaded rooms just evacuated by Lenore Ulric, until his own, done conservatively in a rich dark blue, could be completed. The California-Spanish spirit rules Warner Baxter's rooms. An image of St. Vincent, patron of the sick and the needy, from its wall pedestal looks down upon severe leather chairs, such as the Indians made under the supervision of the padres, tables brought around the Horn, and hand-loom draperies that resemble old serapes hanging from wrought-iron rods.

The rigor and simplicity of New England speak dignity in J. Harold Murray's little section of transplanted Cape Cod. Linoleum represents a plank floor, on which are a Governor Winthrop desk and three Windsor chairs. The pattern of the wall paper was taken from an old band box.

[Continued on page 117]

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CONTENTMENT

Other girls may have their dates,
Find in common boys their fates,
Take their pleasures where they find it—
Let 'em do it; I don't mind it,
For to-night at half-past seven
I'll be on my way to heaven.

Spoon in parks or park in cars,
Neck beneath the golden stars,
Take your fun while it is going;
To-morrow—well, you're never knowing;
But to-night at half-past seven
I'll be on my way to heaven.

Joke me 'cause I've got no beau—
Have I not? Well, you don't know.
I don't want your third-rate codgers.
I'm in love with Buddy Rogers!
And to-night at half-past seven
I'll be just "Halfway to Heaven."

BUNTEE D'ALTON.

DAINTY MARIE

I sing not praises of the frail
And star-eyed maidens who reveal
Their lauded talents through a veil
Of cinematic sex appeal.

Nor do I strike the lyric note
For them of more mature allure,
Those graceful creatures who emote
In problem dramas none too pure.

I sing of one whose robust art
Is neither subtle nor complex,
But tones the joy valves of the heart—
Marie's her first name, Dressler next.

L. B. BIRDSALL.

SPRING HAS COME!

When I long for birds and bees,
Spring is here!
When my soul is thrilled by trees,
Spring is here!

When I wear my thinnest clothes
While I'm running at the nose;
When I write for star's photos—
Spring is here!

BARBARA BARRY.

A. W. O. L.

Poor Rodolfo Ravioli!
Talkies found him sadly wanting;
Found his tones to be quite nasal,
And his "a's" were Indiana.
Now, for nature's misdemeanors,
Rodolfo's selling vacuum cleaners!

BARBARA BARRY.

CHATTERTON

I fell in love with a film face,
With a lovely, regal grace,
From swaying hip to slender throat.
I fell in love with the golden note
Of every word she sang or spoke.
I fell in love with her tears and smiles,
With her coy, enchanting wiles.
I fell in love with sad, forlorn
Madame X and *Sarah Storm!*

JOAN.

HOUSEHOLD HELPS

Making beds and washing dishes
On memories of Gilbert's kisses,
Sweeping, dusting, mending dresses,
Envyng Nancy's ruddy tresses,
Getting lunch, preparing dinner—
Wish I could, like Joan, get thinner.
Tired at last, but glad to go
Off to see a picture show.

DOROTHY GARBUTT.

ALL THINGS ALIGHT

Oh, I love all things alight,
The stars, pale candles of the night,
Cool twinkling dew upon the grass,
The reflection of gay sunbeams in a glass.

April rain upon the leaves:
Tapestry the moon weaves
Across the velvet evening skies.
But dearest of all, Ramon Novarro's eyes.

DOROTHY GRAHAM.

NAME AND RENAME

Bh and Buddy,
The two Rogers bros.,
Are getting what
A film epic does.

Charles, then Buddy,
Now Charles again,
To erase Buddy
There'll be a campaign.

Bh, renamed Frank,
Is now called Bruce.
Can't numerology
Fix up a truce?

LEE SMITH.

TO GINGER ROGERS

When lucky Jack Pepper would choose him a wife,
Said he, "Since variety's the spice o' this life,
I'll choose me a cinema 'n' gingery one
Which may seem like allspice when all's said and done."

CYNTHIA COUZA.

The Movie Runaround

hundred dollars! She could buy some of the clothes at which she'd gazed so longingly when she was window shopping. Hats, gloves, shoes, and hand bags that really went with each other! Lingerie! Sheer hose!

Carrie Hildreth was in bed reading when Annabelle got home.

"Well, you got the job, all right, didn't you?" she asked. "That's fine. Listen, if you ever meet Ronald Colman in Hollywood, get him to autograph a picture for me, will you?"

Annabelle laughed happily.

"I don't suppose I'll ever see him, except at a distance," she said, beginning to undress. "But I sent a telegram to Jack Gilbert to-night. And tell me where I can buy a lot of clothes in a hurry to-morrow morning—quick!"

Annabelle hardly slept that night. Carrie had given her expert advice. If she bought two really good suits, she could get at least one hat at one of those cheap places in Thirty-ninth Street, because a good suit made whatever you wore with it look expensive. She could buy her stockings at one of those wholesale places, and one of the big stores was having a sale of hand bags, and another was marking down shoes.

Up early, Annabelle rushed into her favorite store almost as soon as the clerks did. All she was sure of was that she mustn't buy a suit or dress that was black satin, because she'd worn black satin that fateful night—was it really only night before last?—when she had met Hill.

She was so nervous that it was difficult not to take the first things that were shown her. What if some one connected with the district attorney's office should come along and see her buying clothes and recognize her?

The girl who sold her her suits offered to send for the other things that she wanted, and presently a procession of saleswomen arrived at the little fitting room, bearing underwear, hats, gloves, hand bags, stockings.

When at last she ventured forth to get a suitcase in which to stow her belongings, Annabelle felt sure that no one who had seen her at the night club could have recognized her. She had on a blue suit, a blue hat that came well over her eyes, and her face was a tribute to a salesgirl who had always yearned to try out several pet theories of making up.

Annabelle arrived at Caroline Wakefield's hotel at quarter after ten, breathless, exhilarated.

"Late!" exclaimed Miss Wakefield tragically, looking up from her breakfast tray. "Half an hour late. Good heavens, what have you done to your face? Brown shadow with your blue

eyes and that rouge is much too dark. You look like a clown!"

She covered her face with her hands. "Suzanne, take her away, and do her face properly! Give her that old make-up box of mine and show her how to use it!"

Annabelle returned to the bedroom, to find Miss Wakefield still upset by her tardiness.

"I told you to be here at nine thirty," she said icily, "and you come wandering gayly in at quarter after ten! Don't make excuses!"—Annabelle had tried to speak—"and don't forget that I insist on punctuality. I'm always punctual myself, and I expect the same consideration from others—*what* is it, Suzanne?"

"That man downstairs with the fur coats, he says that he has been waiting for an hour now," announced Suzanne, a malicious glint in her eye. "He says he was to come at nine, and he is here, and you are not ready to—"

Annabelle tried not to smile. Evidently Miss Wakefield wasn't always so punctual. How would she take this?

Later she was to learn that nothing ever disconcerted Caroline Wakefield. Now she rose slowly, lighting a cigarette.

"He can't expect a great artist like me to try on fur coats at nine in the morning," she said. "I was ready when he came, but I simply could not bear the thought of trying on coats. Have him come up. And you, Miss Johns, get to work! *Do* something!"

Left alone, Annabelle tried to find something to do. There were heaps of letters scattered all about. She stacked them neatly together, only to be told that they were to have been thrown away.

A publicity man from the local offices of the company for which Miss Wakefield was to make her next picture appeared. Annabelle was delegated to look after him, which pleased neither of them.

"Well, here are the tickets—tell her I got the compartment she wanted," he grumbled. "I'll be at the train to see her off—and what a happy moment that will be! Oh, give her these orchids—and don't tell her I've gone till I have five minutes' start!"

Miss Wakefield did not like the orchids. They were purple—her nerves could not stand purple. Annabelle must run out and get some yellow ones.

"But I—I haven't enough money," stammered Annabelle, apologetically. "I've only two dollars."

Caroline Wakefield glared at her. "I gave you six hundred dollars

last night—and you have only two left!" she exclaimed. "You must think I'm made of money! Well, get some out of my bag!"

As Annabelle went to the other room to get it, trying not to cry at Miss Wakefield's injustice, Suzanne drew her aside.

"Come to me at times like that," she whispered. "She is so unfair, that woman! I could give you the money, and she would pay it back to me for expenses. Don't feel bad—she is terrible, and then she is nice."

Annabelle sighed with relief when they finally reached the railway station. She had felt certain that they would never catch the train, what with all the last-minute errands Miss Wakefield remembered. The publicity man was waiting for them, with two bored cameramen, who perfunctorily took a few pictures, and then rushed away to snap a newly arrived politician at another gate.

Terrified, Annabelle had stood far out of range, with Suzanne, and had bent over to pet the dog when the cameramen went to work. Miss Wakefield mentioned her action, as they settled themselves in the compartment.

"I like your modesty, my dear," she said approvingly. "You have good enough sense to realize that it's celebrities who are really important. Now help Suzanne unpack, please."

Annabelle went to work happily. When the train began to move, she wanted to shout with joy. Of course, she wouldn't really be safe even when she got to California, but at least she wouldn't be as likely to be discovered as she would be in New York.

On the train she'd stay right here in this compartment during the day, and at night she'd be in her berth. These reflections were interrupted by Miss Wakefield, who was sitting in a corner smoking.

"Dennis Lindsay went through the train gate when I was being photographed," she remarked. "I suppose you've never heard of him"—to Annabelle. "Well, he's one of the best cameramen in the business, and only an insider knows the true importance of cameramen. They can make you or ruin you. Now, you just go through the train and see if you can find him for me."

Annabelle sat back on the floor, feeling as if a cold hand had touched her heart. Every one on the train would see her—some one would be sure to recognize her—

"But—I don't know what he looks like," she protested. "I've never seen him. I—"

Miss Wakefield's mouth became a curve of exasperation.



Photo by Chidnoff

Virginia Sale

TIME was when Virginia Sale was best known as the sister of Chic, the famous humorist, but that time has passed. Now she is recognized as an exceptional comedienne whenever she is seen on the screen, and that is often. Sometimes one glimpses her in the merest bit, but it stands out as a gem of broad comedy, and when she attempts a serious role she is not out of her element, either. You will next see "Jinny" in "Many a Slip" and "The Great Meadow."

Every one who meets her is surprised at the difference between her real and her screen self. There is no slightest reminder of the eccentrics she plays in the charming, poised young woman Virginia Sale really is.



The Movie Runaround

"Will you never learn that you mustn't make excuses when I tell you to do something?" she demanded. "He's tall, and has sandy hair and blue eyes, and a very square chin. And when he's interested in anything, his left eyelid droops a little.

"There—that's an excellent description! I should have been a detective, or a fiction writer—I have a really uncanny gift for describing people. Now, run along and find Dennis. Tell him that I want to see him."

Annabelle went slowly into the corridor, her hands clinched. She couldn't do this, she couldn't! She wondered if she could stay out there a while and then go back and say she couldn't find this Lindsay man.

A porter passed her, carrying a sheaf of telegrams, and calling melodiously, "Mistah Bakah! Mistah Jordan! Mrs. Huntah!"

Suddenly inspired, Annabelle rushed after him.

"Would you do something for me?" she asked breathlessly. "Would you call Mr. Lindsay's name with those others? Mr. Dennis Lindsay. I want to see him—I'll wait here." She slipped one of her dollar bills into his hand.

"Well——" The porter's grin was a tribute to her prettiness, and to the incipient flirtation that he evidently suspected. "Well, miss, I'll do most anything for a lady."

"And for a dollar," reflected Annabelle, as he strolled away.

In about ten minutes he was back—ten minutes of tumult for Annabelle, who didn't know at what moment Caroline Wakefield might choose to come into the corridor herself. The porter returned, was followed by a tall, sandy-haired young man, whose left eyelid drooped slightly when he saw Annabelle.

"You—you wanted to see me?" he asked, studying her with sophisticated eyes.

"Yes." Annabelle gave him one desperate glance and hurried on. "It's Miss Wakefield, Caroline Wakefield, who wants you. She sent me to find you."

Dennis Lindsay frowned.

"That old war horse!" he commented. "Thought I ducked through the gate without her seeing me. Well, tell her I fell off when the train started. Tell her I've got measles and they've quarantined me. Tell her——"

Annabelle's hands flew out in a helpless, despairing gesture.

"She—she'll just send me after you again," she said miserably.

Lindsay laughed and patted her on the shoulder.

"All right, if it's that bad I'll

come," he said. "But you'll have to stick around to cheer me up. Going to Hollywood to get into the movies?"

"Oh, no!" Annabelle exclaimed vehemently. "I'm just Miss Wakefield's secretary. I'm not going to have anything to do with pictures."

"Fine! We'll see a lot of each other," he announced calmly. "I didn't know there was a woman in the world who didn't want to break in as another Garbo."

Annabelle took a step toward the compartment, but he blocked the way. He merely stood there staring down at her, his left eyelid drooping slightly, a faint smile on his lips. Annabelle felt little shivers running down her spine, and her heart began to beat faster. Suddenly she was happier than she had ever been before in her life.

"We'll see a lot of each other," Dennis Lindsay repeated slowly. "All right—let's return to the old dragon."

When they reached her compartment, Caroline Wakefield was lolling in a corner of the seat, against a pile of orchid and rose cushions. She was wearing mauve lounging pajamas, heavily embroidered with silver threads. Incense was burning in a tiny vase on the window sill, and Suzanne was shaking cocktails.

"Dennis, dear boy!" drawled Caroline in a cloyingly sweet voice, extending one hand as if she expected him to kiss it. "How too divine to find you on this train. It will make this ghastly journey bearable to have you along."

"I'm stopping off in Chicago for a week," answered Lindsay curtly.

"Oh, don't desert me!" Caroline implored. "Come, sit down here beside me and have a cocktail. I do want to talk to you. Miss Johns, you may run along to your own section now. I'll send for you when I want you."

Annabelle promptly stepped into the corridor, but Lindsay was beside her before she could go farther.

"Come back and have a drink to celebrate getting away from New York," he urged, taking her by the arm. Annabelle looked up at him fearfully. Did he know who she really was? But he was grinning down at her in such friendly fashion that her fear vanished.

"Yes, don't be in such a hurry," said Caroline. Her voice held its cooing note, but her eyes had narrowed angrily.

"Miss Johns is my new secretary, Dennis. You must let her run along after one drink. She's eager to get at her new duties."

Annabelle dutifully took and held

a cocktail glass, while Caroline Wakefield and Lindsay drank theirs at one fell swoop.

"That gin is certainly terrible," commented Lindsay, with a shudder.

"I have some wonderful Scotch," Caroline Wakefield exclaimed. "How stupid of me not to think of it at once. It was given me by—well, I can't tell you who he is"—archly—"but he's way, way up in one of the embassies, and he——"

"I suppose he wants to marry you," said Lindsay in a matter-of-fact voice. "Hey, don't run away!"—to Annabelle, who was edging toward the door.

"You mustn't keep her from her work, Dennis," said Caroline primly.

"That's right," he agreed, "and I mustn't neglect mine any longer, either. Well, good-by—see you in Hollywood!"

"But we haven't talked things over yet!" wailed Caroline. "And here's that Scotch." Her keen eyes studied Annabelle, and then the tall, sandy-haired young man, standing so close to the pretty girl.

"Miss Johns, do let your work go for to-day," she exclaimed. "Be a nice girl and stay here with Dennis and me, and learn all about Hollywood from us."

"You'll be crazy about Hollywood," Dennis told Annabelle, sitting down beside her. "Like to dance?"

"I'll be too busy with Miss Wakefield's mail to do much dancing," she replied, without meeting his eyes. She had realized instantly that if he were too nice to her, she'd find herself out of a job before they reached Chicago.

"I get such heaps of mail," Caroline exclaimed. "Not just ordinary fan mail, you know, Dennis, but marvelous letters from the most interesting people. Oh, of course, those little Clara Bows and Joan Crawfords may get a few more letters than I do, but they don't mean half so much. My fans are the kind who stick to their idols for years and years——"

"Sure. I bet you're getting letters from old dodos who were writing to you forty years ago," remarked Dennis blandly.

Caroline drew herself up haughtily, then decided to take it as a joke.

"Oh, a hundred years ago," she laughed. "I'm like Bernhardt. But really, dear boy, isn't it interesting the way that real actresses, like Beryl Mercer, and Marie Dressler, and I—I'm much younger than they, of course!—are the only ones who have been a sensation in the talkies? There's not a single young actress

who has really been taken to the public's heart!"

"Well, there's Mitzi Green," remarked Dennis carelessly. "But of course she's doddering on toward her eleventh birthday. Then there's Garbo——"

"Oh, dear Greta's in a class by herself!" exclaimed Caroline, leaning forward to have him light a cigarette for her, and smiling up into his eyes as he did so.

"I do think it's amazing that she's been able to switch into talkies as she has, with that deep voice of hers—really a man's voice, isn't it? Such a shock to hear it coming from her! And of course it will be almost impossible to find suitable rôles for her, with that accent! Another year will just about finish her. Too bad!"

Annabelle was amazed. How could any woman make such a fool of herself, reveal her jealousy of some one else so flagrantly? But she was more amazed as the talk went on, for, as Dennis mentioned one actress after another, Miss Wakefield pursued the same tactics. She was just too sweet, too appreciative of the talents of each one, and then proceeded to flay her mercilessly.

Dear Beryl Mercer—she had had a certain success, hadn't she? What a pity that she played every rôle in the same way! And Marie Dressler—dear Marie! Of course, she simply couldn't resist overplaying every rôle she had, and one did get rather tired of that dreadful horseplay!

Marguerite Churchill, Kay Francis, Norma Shearer, Ann Harding, Ruth Chatterton—one by one they were dismissed with scathing comments.

"Who you working for now?" inquired Dennis, evidently tired of the procedure.

"Why, I'm with your company for my next picture," Caroline told him. "Hadn't you heard? They've bought 'Midsummer Moon.' That's the only reason I consented to come to them. I simply adore that play. I'm willing to make sacrifices, to take less than my usual salary—much less—in order to play the part of the young mother.

"If only they'll have sense enough

to get a child for the part, instead of letting some one like Mary Brian play it! Really, a mother should look at least a few years older than her daughter!"

"Don't worry, you will!" answered Dennis heartily.

Caroline hastily changed the subject.

"I'm so much happier since I'm free-lancing," she announced. "If you're tied to one company, you get into such a rut. The same sort of rôle all the time. I'm delighted not to be under contract to any one."

"Yeah," drawled Dennis, stifling a yawn. "Of course, you don't work so much—you made just one picture last year, didn't you? But that doesn't matter."

"Oh, that reminds me, I wanted to ask you—what did you think of my make-up in that picture?" asked Caroline. "I was afraid it was too dark."

"Didn't see it," answered Dennis. "I've never seen you in anything but the one I was on."

"Oh, yes, 'Hearts Adrift,'" exclaimed Caroline. "Will I ever forget that one! What a lovely time we had, just like one big family."

"Yep, fighting every step of the way," agreed Dennis. "I never laughed so hard in my life as I did at you and that French girl trying to steal scenes from each other."

"The little cat!" murmured Caroline. "And you're going to work on 'Midsummer Moon' with me, aren't you? Now Dennis dear, do!"

"'Fraid not," answered Dennis.

"Oh now, please, for my sake! I can't be happy if you don't. Think of that gorgeous location trip out to the desert—the moonlight, the long, long walks in the evening!"

Dennis turned abruptly to Annabelle.

"Will you go along?" he demanded.

"Why—I'm just Miss Wakefield's secretary, you know," she said. "I suppose I'll be home working."

His disappointment was so obvious that Caroline Wakefield threw herself into the breach.

"Certainly she'll go," she declared. "I couldn't get along without her."

"Well, I'll ask Jun to put me on 'Midsummer Moon,'" said Dennis, his eyes still on Annabelle. "See you later."

As the door closed behind him Caroline leaned back with a sigh.

"I do hope that boy isn't going to fall too hopelessly in love with me," she murmured. "He's a dear, but I never could consider him seriously. Oh, we're pulling into Albany! Miss Johns, hurry out and get the papers!"

Annabelle ran through the station, her mind taken up with Dennis Lindsay. How plainly he'd shown that he liked her! Or was she being as silly, to think he liked her, as Caroline Wakefield was in assuming that he cared for her?

She caught up the papers from a stand, and turned back toward the train. Then she stopped suddenly. Across the first page of a paper ran a huge headline: "MYSTERY GIRL FOUND!"

Her hands trembling so that she almost dropped the newspaper, she glanced at the story. The girl who had been with Hill that last night had been traced, it was reported, and would be brought in for questioning within twenty-four hours.

Annabelle glanced around wildly. She needn't go back to the train. She could just hurry out of the station into the street, and run on and on, away from justice.

And yet—perhaps the police were wrong. Maybe the district attorney's office was on the wrong track. They did make mistakes. If she ran away, now, she'd never see Dennis Lindsay again! Wouldn't it be better to take a chance on being tracked down, and go back to the train? She couldn't let him go out of her life now—she couldn't!

"All aboard!"

She hesitated only an instant. Then she broke into a run, and scrambled onto the train just as it began to move.

TO BE CONTINUED.

COMPENSATION

As an extra, I thought what a thrill it would be

To be kissed by the screen's greatest lover.

Just to make one love scene

In which I should be queen

Would undoubtedly put me in clover.

Well, it all came about, as such miracles do,

A small bit with this world champion petter.

But he's not such a sheik.

My, his kisses were weak—

There's a prop boy who does it much better!

BARBARA BARRY.

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in the baron's castle, and Mr. Errol's attempts to stamp and mail a letter are sure to provoke chuckles everywhere.

"Paid."

If you need be told, *la Crawford*—otherwise Miss Jo-an—emerges as a full-fledged dramatic artist, and a downright good one. But of course you've heard. Furthermore, the picture is an excellent crook melodrama with the savor of novelty, even though it is an ancient stage play. But it has been brightly brought up to date and is immeasurably aided by such excellent players as Robert Armstrong, John Miljan, Marie Prevost, Tyrrell Davis, William Bakewell, Purnell Pratt, and a young gentleman from the stage who calls himself Kent Douglass in a playful disguise of the name known to Broadway, Douglass Montgomery. Mr. Douglass, who thinks himself not much to look at, they tell me, is an excellent actor possessed of speech that is as natural as it is intelligent and distinct. But I promised myself this month not to say anything about speech, because the mock English accent and the sandpaper ingénues persist in spite of me.

However, this is Miss Crawford's picture and she is admirable, although for the life of me I can't see why she chooses to look so ghastly and unreal—a perfect embodiment of *Camille* in the last stages, if you want to know the truth.

She is a shopgirl who is railroaded to prison by her rich employer for a theft she did not commit. Swearing to be avenged, she emerges from the bars with a full knowledge of how to evade the law in carrying on crooked operations. Eventually she meets her former employer's son, marries him and enters into her triumph. From then on it is one interesting episode after another, until everything straightens out and you've believed it while it lasted.

In the assemblage of expert players Mr. Armstrong stands out in a portrayal that is not better than many he has given, but it becomes finer because of the production and the actors that surround him. This is his hour unmistakably.

"Illicit."

An argument in favor of marriage versus bliss without a wedding ring proves nothing in this picture except that an attractive heroine can wear handsome gowns, live with the man she fancies, and save the film from the censors by falling tearfully into his arms at the end and asking to be taken to the Ives mansion, presumably the symbol of married respectability.

But one cannot gainsay the sincerity and earnestness of the picture, nor is one indifferent to the entertainment offered by Barbara Stanwyck, as the girl who doesn't want marriage to rob her affair of romance. She is charming, warmly feminine and altogether appealing, except that her voice at times is more shrill than beguiling. But this is a popular picture beyond all doubt, because of its appeal to women who will fancy themselves in the chiffons of the heroine and find in her refusal of marriage an echo of their own daydreams. It has exactly the appeal of "The Divorcee," which some think was one of the ten best pictures last year.

Natalie Moorhead and Ricardo Cortez menace the ultimate understanding of Miss Stanwyck and James Rennie, and Charles Butterworth and Joan Blondell add comedy to that indescribable atmosphere which surrounds ladies of leisure.

"Reducing."

Though there isn't enough of beauty parlors and too much about saving a girl from her first false step, Marie Dressler and Polly Moran appear to advantage in their new picture, as do Anita Page, William Collier, Jr., Lucien Littlefield, Sally Eilers, and William Bakewell. But their combined efforts make for a much more serious picture than you would expect from the boisterous comédiennes when they get together. However, there are many laughs at that.

They begin when *Polly Rochay*, owner of a successful reducing establishment, brings her sister, *Marie Truffle*, from *Terre Haute* with her husband and three children. Tiffs, endearments, quarrels, and reconciliations keep the sisters busy until the daughter of the house of *Truffle* attracts the attention of the profligate young millionaire who is the special property of the *Rochay* offspring. Everything ends when *Ma Truffle* forces him to marry *Miss Rochay* and *Miss Truffle* returns to her hometown sweetie. After all, there's no one on the screen like Dressler and Moran and they're always worth while.

"No Limit."

Clara Bow is not always convincing, but she manages to be entertaining enough in "No Limit" and looks prettier and slimmer than in any of a year's pictures. She is an usherette who accepts the loan of a magnificent apartment only to discover that it is a gambling establishment. She also learns that the poker chips she thinks are worth fifty cents represent fifty

dollars or so. And it is quite a shock. But she survives it only to sustain a greater one when confronted by the knowledge that the man she marries is a crook who aided in robbing a film star of her jewels during a personal appearance at the theater where the usherette held forth before she moved to Park Avenue. You see it is quite a melodramatic marmalade.

Richly produced—the apartment itself is very interesting—the film is well acted by Stuart Erwin, Harry Green, Thelma Todd, and Dixie Lee and, to a lesser extent, by Norman Foster as the crook. But it doesn't ring true and gives the impression that it was concocted to dispel the reports of Miss Bow's experience with poker in real life.

"The Bachelor Father."

This stage comedy started out to be one of the best pictures Marion Davies has made in a long, long time, but two thirds of the way through the film, they evidently decided things were going too smoothly and they needed excitement. So they began taking liberties with the script and there is a bad let-down from that point on.

The story concerns the efforts of a lonely old bachelor to gather his brood of illegitimate offspring around him after they are all grown. In the end, he learns that his favorite of the three is not really his.

Miss Davies looks lovely and gives a most engaging performance of *Tony*, except in those moments when she descends to slapstick comedy which is entirely out of place in this picture.

C. Aubrey Smith, who created the part of the father on the stage, brings a faithful and amusing replica of his portrayal to the screen.

Ralph Forbes is quite correct and quite British as the young lover, and Guinn Williams is pleasing enough as the American aviator.

"Resurrection."

The last silent version of Tolstoy's gloomy tragedy, which we admired five years ago with Dolores del Rio and Rod La Rocque as peasant and prince, reappears with Lupe Velez and John Boles speaking and, of course, singing. The scenario is virtually the same and the direction is, as before, admirable for it was accomplished by the same veteran, Edwin Carewe. But the whole is not as effective, partly because speech slows down the action, partly, perhaps, because the story is so familiar by reason of its various representations—stage, screen, and even opera

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Evalyn Knapp

HOLLYWOOD'S new "nice" girl. That's how the colony describes Evalyn Knapp, who is reminiscent of Lois Wilson in her quietness and gentleness, not to mention gentility. A newcomer from the stage, she has been seen in "Sinners' Holiday," "River's End," and "Mothers Cry." But a better opportunity has come to her in "The Ruling Passion," the new George Arliss film in which she plays opposite David Manners. Mr. Arliss, at top of page, explains to the young people how he wishes them to play a sentimental scene. His instructions are needed, perhaps, for the picture, but not in real life. For Miss Knapp and Mr. Manners are in the throes of a delicious heart attack.



Continued from page 27

Susie's," "Slightly Scarlet," "She's My Weakness," "Abraham Lincoln," "Tol'able David," and "The Command Performance."

Blanche Friderici is not so well known by the fans as by the producers. She is sure cure for the blues with her portrayals of vinegary ladies of uncertain age in "Fighting Caravans," "Woman Hungry," "Last of the Duanes," "Courage," "Jailbreak," "Faithful," "Office Wife," "Kismet," "Billy the Kid," "The Cat Creeps," "Bad Women," and "Anybody's Girl."

And there is Marjorie Rambeau, whose success is more recent than any of the others. About finished as a stage star, she was signed by Pathé and made a hit in "Her Man." Though her rôle was small it stood out. So conspicuously, in fact, that Metro-Goldwyn offered her a contract at the not-to-be-sneezed-at-figure of \$1,500 weekly. Promptly she justified seeming extravagance by delivering a superb performance in "Min and Bill." Assigned thereafter to "The Easiest Way," she bids fair to register largely in every cast she joins. Not bad for an ex-stage star with an uncertain future.

One of the surprising hits is that of Cliff Edwards. Signed because of his ability as a singer and his reputation as a recording artist, with the passing of musicals he has developed into a comedian. "So This Is College," "Marianne," "Hollywood Revue," "Montana Moon," "Way Out West," "Those Three French Girls," "Good News," "Remote Control," and "Dance, Fools, Dance" show his work.

Natalie Moorhead is another of the sophisticates who has landed on both feet. Not so well known as *la* Tashman—but as well dressed—she fills a certain niche, and looks set for a long time to come.

"The Unholy Night," "The Furies," "Spring Is Here," "The Benson Murder Case," "City of Silent Men," "The Runaway Bride," "Ladies Must Play," "Office Wife," "Ex-mistress," "Hook, Line, and Sinkers," "Illicit," "Captain Thunder," "A Husband's Privileges," and "Dance, Fools, Dance" speak for her.

Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey are also enjoying quite a vogue at the moment. "Rio Rita," "Dixiana," "The Cuckoos," "Half Shot at Sunrise," "Hook, Line, and Sinkers," and "Assorted Nuts" have served as mediums for their humor.

Endurance of popularity depends more largely than usual upon whether suitable stories can be found for them.

Jobyna Howland is the statuesque

blonde who played the mother in "Honey"—and how! One of the stage's most consistent laugh getters, she is equally amusing in the movies. She has worked constantly since her entrance into pictures, and is sure of work as long as she wants to stay. Her pictures are "Hook, Line, and Sinkers," "The Cuckoos," "Dixiana," "The Virtuous Sin," and "A Lady's Morals."

Charlie Ruggles has few rivals among the comedians for popularity at the moment, although his success seems to depend principally upon his aptitude for portraying a souse. "Roadhouse Nights," "Gentlemen of the Press," "Young Man of Manhattan," "Queen High," "Her Wedding Night," "Charlie's Aunt," and a couple of shorts—all set!

Harry Green is still another comedian who has known few idle days what with "Close Harmony," "The Man I Love," "The Kibitzer," "Why Bring That Up?" "Honey," "Be Yourself," "Paramount on Parade," "Light of Western Stars," "True to the Navy," "The Spoilers," "Sea Legs," "No Limit," and "June Moon." There is little variation to his portrayals, but it seems to be what the public wants.

Regis Toomey has been successful, without being spectacularly so. He scored a hit in his first picture, "Alibi," second only to Chester Morris's.

Signed by Paramount, he has appeared in "Illusion," "Rich People," "Crazy That Way," "Shadow of the Law," "Good Intentions," "Wheel of Life," "Street of Chance," "Light of Western Stars," "Man from Wyoming," "Framed," "Steel Highway," "Unfit to Print," and "The Haddocks Abroad." Able portrayer of young brothers and the like. Still under contract to Paramount.

Richard Gallagher first clicked as half of a team with Jack Oakie in "Close Harmony" and "Fast Company." His subsequent appearances were in "Pointed Heels," "Let's Go Native," "Honey," "Paramount on Parade," "Love Among the Millionaires," "The Social Lion," and "Her Wedding Night." Richard is still under contract to Paramount.

Mitzi Green is the ten-year-old who is the first child ever placed under contract by Paramount. She played in "Honey," "The Marriage Playground," "Paramount on Parade," "Love Among the Millionaires," "The Santa Fe Trail," and "Tom Sawyer," and is now making personal appearances, but still under contract. She scored heavily in all her parts.

John Boles was grabbed off the

stage in silent-picture days by Gloria Swanson for the lead in "The Love of Sunya," following which he lapsed into semiobscurity. Came the talkies and he got the lead in "The Desert Song," because of his voice.

The picture was the first musical and threw him into the limelight with a vengeance. He followed it up with the phenomenally successful "Rio Rita," and the Evelyn Laye picture, "One Heavenly Night." Efforts are being made by Universal to build him up as a dramatic actor in "Resurrection," in which he costars with Lupe Velez.

Charles Bickford is the temperamental chap from Boston who doesn't hesitate to say "No!" to producers, directors, or supervisors. He was recently released by M.-G.-M., who couldn't be bothered with him any longer. His initial appearance was as the coal miner in "Dynamite," followed by "South Sea Rose," with Lenore Ulric, "Anna Christie," with Garbo, "The Sea Bat," "River's End," "Hell's Heroes," and "The Passion Flower." Bickford is probably good for many years of virile parts, but will be a producer's choice, because of his competent acting, rather than the fans' as a romantic moment.

Kay Johnson also made her début in "Dynamite," scoring heavily, and followed it with "The Ship from Shanghai," "This Mad World," "Madam Satan," "Billy the Kid," "The Spy," "The Passion Flower," and "The Single Sin."

She has a good, steady following, but will never be a sensational drawing card. Dropped by M.-G.-M. as difficult to handle, she is free-lancing now and should do well.

Eddie Cantor, who never startled the universe with his silent pictures, made a tremendous hit in "Whoopee." But there again the question of musicals crops up. As I write this he is appearing at the Palace Theater (vaudeville) in New York at a salary of \$7,500 a week, playing to a record house.

His next picture is not scheduled to go into production until March, and it is possible by that time he and Mr. Goldwyn will have decided to pocket the profits from "Whoopee" and not tempt fortune further by venturing another film.

And one other outstanding success of the early talkies was Joan Bennett, signed while appearing on the stage with her father, Richard Bennett, in "Jarnegan."

Her first appearance was in "Bulldog Drummond." Successive pictures have been "Three Live Ghosts," "Disraeli," "The Mississippi Gam-

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Photos by Hurrell

Leila Hyams

SHE solves the problem of enjoying the winter sports she likes so well by making the short trip from Hollywood to Lake Arrowhead, especially when she has a new outfit as smartly attractive as this. Her next film, by the way, is John Gilbert's "Gentleman's Fate."

actor. Most players lack the business acumen that Blue possesses and, furthermore, they are likely to underrate themselves when talking commercially. An agent can often get a player a little better salary than he would land for himself.

What's more, a number of the agents in Hollywood are very square shooters. One of them, Freddie Fralick, to cite an example, has had the same list of clients for a number of years. He retains them through fair weather and storms. Often they are bringing him no revenue. Anna Q. Nilsson, it might be mentioned, is one of his regulars.

Ruth Collier, another capable agent, makes a policy of never departing

Slaves of Hollywood

from a strict set of rules in dealing with her clients, the basis of which is the 10-per-cent fee. If it ever comes to an argument she generally prefers to relinquish the client, rather than to have any unsatisfactory outcome. Miss Collier is, incidentally, attractive enough to be taken for a star herself, and on one occasion another agent wanted to negotiate a contract for her.

The companies themselves distribute their talent around to other studios, but they, too, are adopting different policies. In many instances the player shares in the winnings. This avoids such frictions as happened with John Boles, Jean Hersholt, and others in days gone by when they were lent out at high fig-

ures, and didn't feel they got a proper share of the profits.

Under the new set-up one or two organizations are giving virtually all the excess to their players. Ann Harding and Constance Bennett are among those who seem to benefit most liberally by this arrangement. Both receive more, oftentimes, for pictures made away from the studio than those filmed at home.

Some players who are signed up for only forty weeks out of the year are allowed to gather in a little extra change during the vacation period. Dorothy Mackaill and Loretta Young did well by themselves last year. Each filled in with about three pictures. Joe E. Brown was smart, too. He ambled into a stage engagement.

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—that the tragic love of poor *Katusha Maslova* has become too much of what once was a good thing.

You remember that she was a peasant who loved, so to speak, not wisely but too well, which means that *Prince Dimitri* rode away and forgot. Turned out of the house by his relative, *Katusha* drifts for seven years until she faces *Dimitri* again, she charged with murder, he a member of the jury. As the sordid story of the crime is recounted, he knows that he is to blame for sending *Katusha* to the streets. He resigns from his regiment, ends his worldly affairs, and resolves to share her sentence in Siberia. But, rejoicing in the reunion, *Katusha* refuses to marry him and presses on alone. Somehow all this is not as poignant as of yore.

This is Miss Velez's best performance—sincere, unaffected, with none of the coquettish hoyden—and Mr. Boles, having pleased in operetta, will please in tragedy, for his singing is the same. Nance O'Neil is austere eloquent as the autocratic aunt.

"Kiss Me Again."

Pleasant, inoffensive, but far, far from stimulating is this trifle, founded on the famous operetta known years ago as "Mlle. Modiste." It is the tale of a shopgirl in love with a dashing soldier whom she gives up at the insistence of his aristocratic father, only to be reunited with her true love when she becomes a great prima donna. By the way, do you believe in fairy tales? If so, here you have one of a vintage, with music and Technicolor.

Yet every one does as well as he can and the music that once drove dull care away by its sweet tunefulness is all there, although a bit out-

The Screen in Review

moded. It is just that operetta on the screen is unreal, artificial, nor do pretty airs either excuse the plot or invest it with glamour.

Bernice Claire sings pleasantly the songs of the operatic shopgirl and acts her as an American, and Walter Pidgeon, June Collyer, Edward Everett Horton, and Claude Gillingwater are familiars the sum total of whose efforts approximate one of the better musical stock companies. In bidding farewell forever to "Kiss Me Again"—which served Corinne Griffith in silence—one wishes that a censor of pronunciation had been as evident as the use of French names and words.

"The Man Who Came Back."

Oh, dear! The life of a reviewer is spent between two fires. Here are Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell, perhaps the nicest young folk extant. Problem: How to salve one's critical conscience and still do justice to adored favorites of the fans? Well, at the outset, I'll say that their picture was held over a second week at the Roxy, New York's largest theater, to accommodate the crowds. But I thought it the misguided effort of two nice young people to be wicked, depraved. As my favorite reviewer said, "The young players endow it with all the bitter realism of a Mother Goose story."

Judge for yourselves. Mr. Farrell, a playboy disinherited by his father, meets up with Miss Gaynor at a rowdy party and promises to marry her, but forgets it in the excitement of being shanghaied. They meet in an opium joint in China, where Mr. Farrell, with a gin bottle, is appealing for some one to come forth and share it, and Miss Gaynor emerges from parted curtains and demands a drink

with Garbo's best *Anna Christie* thirst.

It is all too utterly utter of the dear children, and it isn't at all convincing to their elders who fancy they know a thing or two. Miss Gaynor reclaims Mr. Farrell from strong drink and Mr. Farrell reclaims Miss Gaynor from the frightful opium habit, but I know they were just playing all the time. It ends happily, of course, with parental forgiveness for drink and drugs. Leslie Fenton, in a rôle all too small, is a high light; and Kenneth MacKenna, recently married to Kay Francis, and Ulrich Haupt bring authority to puppet rôles.

"Once a Sinner."

A lady with a "past" is the heroine of this chop suey. Unfortunately, neither her indiscretion nor its outcome is unlike countless other versions of the same story, though this is credited to a Broadway playwright of distinguished achievements. The result is just too bad to be excusable. Nor do the efforts of nice people like Dorothy Mackaill, Joel McCrea, John Halliday, and Ilka Chase disguise the tedium of their joint assignment, though Mr. Halliday is more fortunate than his fellows in playing a rich man whose former sweetheart marries and goes straight.

Instead of flinging her "past" at her he tries to help her husband. But the husband, who would not listen when his wife tried to enlighten him now becomes suspicious and she leaves him to go to Europe, though where she found the money is not my business to fathom. Naturally, the tangle unravels happily, with the husband deciding he can't do without his wife. This conclusion is arrived at slowly.



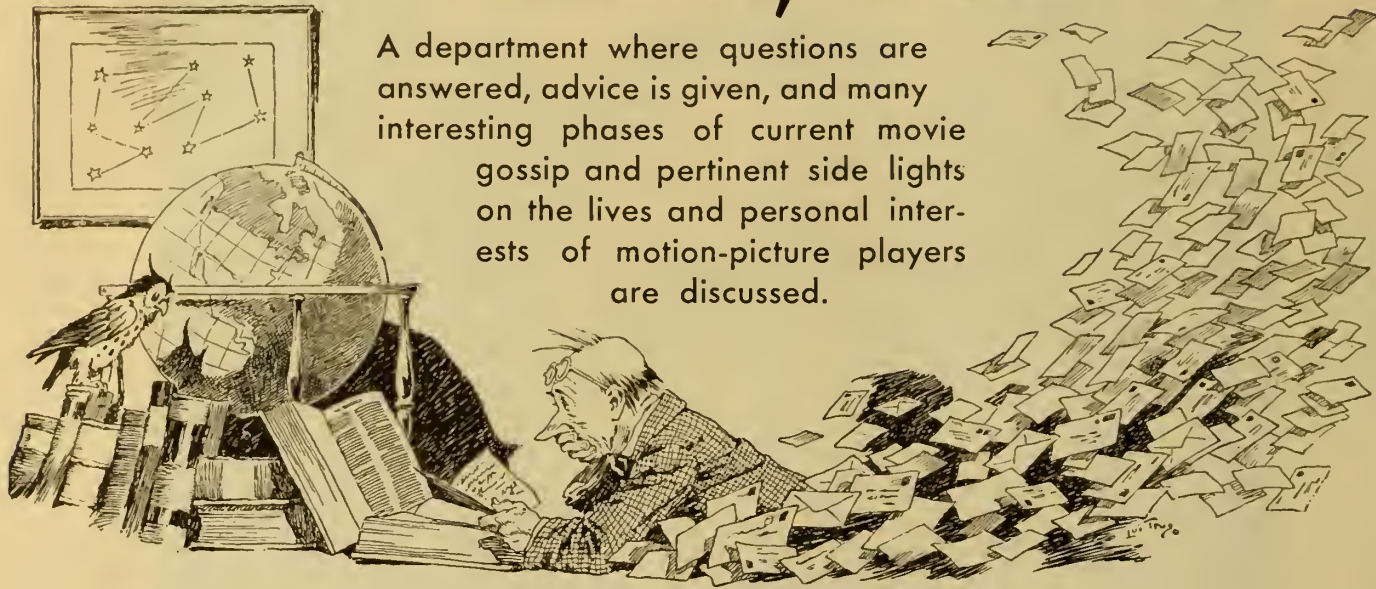
Genevieve Tobin

"FREE LOVE" did much to establish Genevieve Tobin on the screen and reflect the artistry of her stage appearances, to say nothing of erasing her unfavorable début in "A Lady Surrenders." Now she is all set to capture laurels full blown in "Fires of Youth," which you should remember as "Man, Woman and Sin" when John Gilbert and the late Jeanne Eagels played the rôles now assumed by Lew Ayres and Miss Tobin, he o reporter and she the society editor of a newspaper.



Information, PLEASE

A department where questions are answered, advice is given, and many interesting phases of current movie gossip and pertinent side lights on the lives and personal interests of motion-picture players are discussed.



By the Picture Oracle

THORA INGERTA HANSEN.—Well, it seems Carmelita Geraghty was a very smart girl. When she attended school in New York, she specialized in languages; and that is why, in these days of talking pictures, she speaks Spanish so well. Carmelita doesn't tell her age. Buck Jones was born in 1899. Grace Moore is in her late twenties. I regret that I know nothing of Judith Vosselli, except that she is from the stage. Metro-Goldwyn, in whose pictures she has appeared, was unable to give me any biographical facts about her.

STICK-IN-THE-MUD.—How long has that been going on? You say you're just another "wound-up" girl. I suppose that means you do your work just like clock-work. Ramon Novarro was born February 6, 1899; I think his mail is all taken care of at the studio. His new film is called "Song of India," but it will undoubtedly be called something else by the time it's released. As to why you don't hear more about him in *PICTURE PLAY*—there doesn't seem to be much left to tell. Is there anything you don't know about him already? David Rollins was born September 2, 1909. Write him at the Fox studio; address given below. And the only reason you didn't see answers to your previous questions is that you expected them too soon.

BILL BOYD FOREVER.—But not even Bill Boyd can last that long. His first wife was Diana Miller; Elinor Faire was his second, and Dorothy Sebastian, whom he married last December 20th, is his third. Yes, Bill has blue eyes. "The Yankee Clipper" was released in March, 1927; "The Night Flyer," March, 1928, and "Skyscraper," April, 1928. At this writing I don't know the release date for "Beyond Victory" or "The Painted Desert."

CONSTANCE BENNETT'S FOURTEEN-YEAR-OLD FAN.—And are you a fan! You fan hard enough to make Constance feel she's at the south pole. Constance was christened by that name, but doesn't say in what year. She has no fan club that I know of. She has a bungalow at Malibu

Beach, California, which should serve nicely as a home address. I don't think she lives with Joan. Joan's baby was named Adrienne, after her maternal grandmother. Constance was quite prominent in silent pictures about five years ago and gave up the screen when she married Phil Plant. Her first picture was "Into the Net" in 1924. Mary Pickford was born April 8, 1893, and no kidding.

STRONG FOR THAT BLOND.—Well, that blond you're so strong for in "Maybe It's Love" is Bill Banker. Unfortunately, I don't know anything about him except his name. Sorry!

WILLIAM BUCK.—I can't answer questions about the religion of stars; otherwise I'm eager to oblige. Billie Dove was born May 14, 1903. Her film which you describe was "The Night Watch." Billie is five feet five, weighs 115; her hair is dark brown and her eyes are hazel. Jeanette MacDonald, born June 18, 1907, has since grown to be five feet five and to weigh 125. She has red-gold hair and greenish-blue eyes. Natalie Kingston was born on May 19th. She has golden-brown hair, brown eyes, is five feet six and weighs 126. Thelma Todd is the same height and weighs 130. She's blonde, with blue-gray eyes, and keeps mum about her age.

BABS.—My sleuthing instinct tells me that you like your favorites to be young! Stanley Smith was born January 6, 1907; his newest film is "Follow the Leader." He's on the stage now in "You Said It." Anita Page was born August 4, 1910, Philippe de Lacy July 25, 1917. Charles Morton is 24 and Lew Ayres 20. Gregory Gaye played the Russian in "What a Widow." Don José Mojica works very hard these days—but in Spanish versions. Ivan Lebedeff doesn't give his age, but he's old enough to have been in the Russian diplomatic service before the War. You've got lots of company with your July birthday: John Gilbert, Lily Damita, on the 10th; Richard Dix, Lupe Velez, the 18th; Aileen Pringle, the 23rd; Alice White, Lila Lee, the 25th; Olive Borden

the 26th; Larry Gray, the 27th; Catherine Dale Owen, Joe Brown, the 28th; Clara Bow and Bill Powell, the 29th. And lots of others less well known.

JAMES RICHSTONE.—You fans who like blues singers are out of luck now that the film companies are tired of musicals. Helen Kane has brown eyes. Lillian Roth's contract with Paramount was not renewed; she has been appearing in vaudeville. And questions about religion are barred.

DON NICOLAS DELLEPIANE AVELLANEDA, Viamonte 1465. Buenos Aires, Republic of Argentina, South America, requests letters from other English-speaking fans.

CURIOUS ME.—You're greedy as well as curious. If I took the space to print five complete casts for you, it would crowd off other fans. I'll print one, and then if you're a good girl, perhaps another next month, and so on. The players in "Show Girl in Hollywood" were Dixie Dugan, Alice White; Jimmy Doyle, Jack Mulhall; Donna Harris, Blanche Sweet; Sam Otis, Ford Sterling; his secretary, Virginia Sale; Frank Buelow, John Miljan; Kramer, Lee Shumway; Bing, Herman Bing. Jack Mulhall and Lila Lee played the leads in "Dark Streets." You share a birthday—December 24th—with Ruth Chatterton, but I'll bet you get cheated on presents at Christmas time. The college film you describe might be any one of them—they're all alike. If you have any idea who the leading players were I could tell you perhaps what the picture is. I think Clara Bow's secretary answers her fan mail; I can't imagine Clara settling down to write letters.

BEVERLY FERRY, 8536 Bennett Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, would like to correspond with other girls or boys. You don't get your wish, Beverly. Janet Gaynor is not out of pictures for good. She has renewed with Fox and is again teamed with Charlie Farrell in "The Man Who Came Back" and "Merely Mary Ann." Bebe Daniels was born January 14, 1901; she is five feet three inches tall.

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LAURA Returns

TOO, too long, Laura La Plante has been absent from the screen. More than a year in fact. And her shining ability as a comedienne has been missed. But she remained away rather than play unsuitable parts such as came her way in "Show Boat" and "Captain of the Guard." Now she's back, gay and blithe as ever, in "Lonely Wives" and "The Devil Was Sick."



Miss DeVoe, Clara's former secretary, on trial for embezzlement, "told all"—or as much as the court would allow her to tell about Clara. But probably the most startling thing was the fact that Clara had once paid \$10,000 for her own engagement ring, and also bought considerable jewelry for her men friends. Miss DeVoe said that these purchases included a \$4,000 watch for Doctor Earl Pierson, of Texas, a \$900 sapphire ring for Lothar Mendes, once husband of Dorothy Mackaill, and a \$2,000 sparkler for Harry Richman.

Claudia Goes Marching On.

Funny things that companies do. Here is Claudia Dell, with excellent reports on her work coming in, and Warners allow her contract to lapse right in the midst of a season when all studios are frantically trying to develop new talent.

It didn't take long for Miss Dell to secure another job, though. She was signed for "Bachelor Apartments" by RKO, and may be placed under contract by this organization.

Several other Warner players are out in the cold, cold free-lancing

Hollywood High Lights

world, according to latest reports. They include Marian Nixon, James Hall, Irene Delroy, and Grant Withers. Miss Delroy has returned to New York. Leon Janney, the youngster of "Courage," is also through with his contract.

Reunion of Arlisses.

There is no question but that George Arliss likes Mrs. Arliss to be his leading woman. She appeared with him in "Disraeli," and has been cast for "The Ruling Passion." In both cases, of course, the rôles were admirably suited to her. The Arlisses are a very devoted couple.

More Babies Expected.

Add to names we have already given as among those the stork is favoring with his gifts, the following: Vivian Duncan, who, it is anticipated, will become a mother in April, and Kay Hammond, who is looking forward to her *accouchement* earlier.

Jeanette to Sing On.

Jeanette MacDonald is not to depart the screen. Her contract with Paramount lapsed, but she is now

with Fox. This company has had success with their musical films, like "Sunny Side Up" and "Just Imagine," so it is more interested in singers than most of the other organizations. Miss MacDonald still registers as one of the screen's best soprano voices.

Battle Over Husband

Edwina Booth, the "Trader Horn" girl, and Mrs. Duncan Renaldo, are probably soon to carry into court their argument over Duncan, if they haven't done so already. This is a heart-balm matter, involving \$50,000 asked by Mrs. Renaldo of the golden-haired luminary of the African story. The wife accused the actress of stealing away the affections of her husband under the tropical moon. Edwina, through a suit she lately filed, denied everything.

Mary Is Boy-bobbed.

Mary Pickford's bob will be even more bobbish than it has been heretofore, when she appears in "Kiki." We glimpsed her on the set during rehearsals, and her hair was dressed

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An admiring fan-magazine writer would have done it like this:

"A mischievous light danced in *la Talmadge's* eyes, two pools of cupped lightning, and spread to the corners of the cupid's bow that was her mouth three times a day, when I asked her about bullfights in Spain.

"Yes," said she, fingering languidly a rare old Spanish fan she had brought home from Seville with her. It was the gift, 'tis said, of the Marquis de la Bolonio. 'Yes,' she repeated, 'it's an old Spanish custom.'

"Ah," I chortled. 'Did you see one?'

"Here Norma fell to translating the inscription on a vanity case, which doubtless was the gift that some brawny toreador bestowed upon her just as he was about to wangle into the arena to jiggle the gaysome shawl in the face of the pawing bovine. 'Yes, I saw a bullfight in Spain,' flashed *la Talmadge*."

The editors of the movie news columns probably trimmed the three pages to read, "Norma Talmadge arrived from Spain to-day."

One can imagine the publicity boys at Ann Harding's studio sitting around silently cultivating thought. Miss Harding comes in. "Oh, hello," says one. "How about a nice little yarn?—haven't sent one out on you to-day."

Strange Interviewlets

"Oh, but I must hurry back home. I have a pot of beans on my outdoor oven—the one you built and played up last fall—it really works."

"But, Ann—for gosh sake, don't take this racket too seriously. That was to get pitchers for the editors, you know."

"But I really have some beans to look after," she insists. "And I must keep 'Pink' in the sun all day, just as you've been telling the fans I do."

"Ah, come on and be a honey."
"Sorry. I can't think of a thing to say to-day. See you again!"

Ann leaves, and the boys, lighting cigarettes, don't look a bit put out. One of the ranking men says, "Oscar, will you see that something goes out on Miss Harding to-day?"

"Yessir," Oscar replies, and saunters over to Cecil, who is comfortably seated, his feet in a pulled-out drawer. Cecil used to be a newspaperman himself.

"I say, old man, the chief wants something out on Ann Harding to-day."

"O. K." Cecil yawns, collects his feet, and ambles over to Tillie.

"Say, cutie, Ann Harding out."
Cutie doublemints a real snappy "O. K.!" stops wondering if her boy friend is really dumb enough to think she meant it last night when she told him she'd never darken his Ford door again, and pulls open a file.

The next card out says "Carriage." Cutie then rewrites the contribution to the science of treating nervous disorders, as quoted above, and puts it back in the file. Next year a team like Laurel and Hardy may be photographed actually demonstrating proper carriage.

Wallace Beery surely knows what he is talking about when he tells you to cure your cold by going up 12,000 feet in a plane. It isn't at all like Wally to spoof us. Let me recommend that you give it some thought. You know colds—one shouldn't quibble over the remedy when so much is at stake, leading to other things as colds do. After all, his method is quite simple.

When you start sneezing, you just hop into the li'l' ol' family plane parked out there in the front yard—*isn't* it darling?—and buzz around in the clouds for a while. If you sneeze only once or twice, and not very hard, perhaps only a wee snuffle, really, I think 6,000 or 8,000 feet is quite high enough.

Before risking a thing, though, give yourself a hasty examination. When you admire the plane, if you say "Isn't id darlink?" you'd better take no chances. Go up the full 12,000. Even 13,000 may not hurt you.

And it seems to me that a nose dive

from about 10,000 feet would be grand for colds in the head. Have you tried it, Wally?

And hay fever! It won't be long till all up-and-coming health boards will have their daily hay-fever cloud outings in city-owned Zeppelins.

Oh—excuse me while I sneeze but first, won't you agree with me that the fans who think press agents write the nice things about stars have never read any publicity copy?

The Crowded Hour

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bler," "Puttin' on the Ritz," "Crazy That Way," "Moby Dick," "Maybe It's Love," "Scotland Yard," "Many a Slip"—which may be released as "Babies Won't Tell"—and "Doctors' Wives."

Recently she signed a new contract with United Artists calling for two pictures a year, and giving her the privilege of making films elsewhere between times.

Shortly after "Bulldog Drummond," it was announced she would be starred in "Smilin' Thru," but the picture has never materialized, and one hears no more talk of starring her. My opinion is that her name means a lot at the head of a supporting cast, but that she is not strong enough to carry a picture by herself.

Dorothy Lee is the petite kid who plays opposite Bert Wheeler. Pretty, and having plenty of personality, she is being cleverly exploited, and has just been handed a new contract by RKO. Her films are the same as Wheeler's and Woolsey's.

Stuart Erwin had a brief career on the West Coast stage and was signed for films almost at the outset of talkies. "The Sophomore," "The Trespasser," "Sweetie," "This Thing Called Love," "Young Eagles," "Men Without Women," "Dangerous Nan McGrew," "Love Among the Millionaires," "Playboy of Paris," "Only Saps Work," "Along Came Youth," and "No Limit" lead to talk of starring him and Richard Gallagher as a team. He looks set for a long time to come.

There are a few others who have scored marked successes since the talkies hit us—notably, Constance Bennett, Lew Ayres, and Phillips Holmes—but none of them came from the stage. All were products of the cinema itself.

And there you have a history of the outstanding personalities developed by the talkies. Next month I will cover more of the army who invaded Hollywood—those who are still struggling for a place in the sun.

TO BE CONTINUED.



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you are sure of soft sanitary protection



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it gives comfort and a feeling
of perfect safety for hours.

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Kotex, because of its hygienic superiority, is specified by hospitals where the most rigorous sanitary care is taken. They even use its filler (Cellucotton — not cotton—absorbent wadding) for surgical cases . . . which is the highest possible tribute to its safety.

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Brings new ideals of sanitary comfort! Woven to fit by an entirely new patented process. Firm yet light; will not curl; perfect-fitting.

(U. S. Patent No. 1770741)

KOTEX

the drinker's shirt front to the incalculable delight of the beholder; a radio loud-speaker hooked up to permit "broadcasting" from another room booms forth messages to the embarrassment and consternation of those being hoaxed; an armchair with what are technically known as break-away arms unhorses the victim without injuring him seriously.

These pranks and kindred practical jokes keep the rafters ringing with wholesome merriment late into the night.

But the single touch of genius revealed in the diablerie of this jovial star lies in the *chambre de nécessité*, where, once the unsuspecting dupe is comfortably seated, a hidden music box tinkles out "The Star Spangled Banner."

Sex rears its ugly head no oftener in Hollywood than anywhere else, but it manages to be a trifle more sardonic in its manifestations underneath the spotlight moon.

At an elaborate party in Beverly Hills, the dazzling array of women, combined with the dazing properties of the 1931 champagne to unbalance a guest, a New York actor of wit.

He began obnoxiously pawing while dancing with the various lovely ladies.

Tales from the Cinemese

The host, a retired prize fighter, heard of his misbehavior, watched him, and caught him clumsily attempting to kiss the hostess.

Requesting the erring Easterner to follow, the host led the way through a long hall, up a flight of broad stairs, to his bedroom. Locking the door, he turned to the Broadway actor.

"You're out of order," he said. "We don't do things your way out here. Our women are ladies, our men gents. I'm going to leave you here until the guests go. Then I'll attend to you properly."

With heavy stride he left the room, locking the door after him. The guest was in a cold sweat when thirty minutes later the key turned in the lock, and the burly figure of the former fighter confronted him.

"Quite a joke," he said weakly, "locking me in."

"Joke, hell," said his host grimly. "No guy has ever insulted my wife and gotten away with it. But I've decided to give you a chance.

"I'm leaving that door unlocked, with the lights off for ten seconds. If you're still in the room when I turn the lights on, you're going to take the beating of your life."

As the lights went out the actor made a frenzied dive for the door, fumbling for the knob. He twisted

it wildly and plunged headlong into the hall, where, in a blaze of light, stood the other guests shrieking with laughter.

The free-lance writer said harsh things about the matinée idol in a widely circulated article—so harsh that the actor swore vengeance.

Although both writer and actor lived in Hollywood, their paths did not cross for months.

One night the star was dining in a Boulevard restaurant when the writer strolled in. Cheered by his friends, the actor ran across the room and made an impotent pass at his detractor, only to be flattened precipitately by a hard left hook.

No further damage was done, owing to the remonstrances of the proprietor, and nothing more was said about the incident, save that every paper in the country gave it a box on the first page.

The star planned an elaborate revenge, however. By nothing short of a supreme coincidence his company signed the writer, who had never acted, to appear in his next picture.

In the making of the film the star's outraged feelings were salved when, in the course of the action, the writer was felled, for the camera's argus eye, by the matinée idol's left hook.

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Another Buddy Rogers?

THIS morning I received a charming and sophisticated letter, scribbled on a page from a copy book, from a person who signed himself "Charles Buddy Rogers."

He evidently is a loyal Brian fan and my criticism of that star seared his soul, so the loyal youth stood up to defend his Mary.

The letter began:

SSS Funny Face

" " "

" " "

After the hearty laughter that this youthful display of modern humor had died down I proceeded to read. Said the youth:

"I have come to fight for her. True she has earned the title of modesty and she ought to be proud of it."

Continues our bonny laddie:

"I have a photo of Mary Brian in a bathing suit, but I have no time to look for it and send it to critics like you."

Perhaps Mary, when she gave it to him, blushed guiltily and between gasps and backward glances said, "Hide it, oh! hide it at the bottom of the trunk—somebody might see it."

Says this clever youth who seems to be well informed as to contracts, et cetera:

"When Anita Page's contract expires it won't be renewed. When she's gone she will be forgotten. Mary will never be forgotten by her public."

Imagine his anger when he wrote this:

"You are jealous because Mary can act and Anita cannot! Mary was a star before Anita was heard of."

What the Fans Think

That's a strong statement. There was ballet before the world knew Pavlova, opera before we heard Caruso, actors sang in the talkies before we heard Lawrence Tibbett. If Mary was a star before Anita was heard of, Anita ought to be proud that she has progressed far more rapidly and she is as popular to-day as Mary, if not more so. I know she is more beautiful, but apart from that, she has more personality.

He ends by saying:

"When Mary read it, she just cried, 'Why can't the fans stop criticizing my work? I do my best, and all I get is this!'"

Now Mary, that's not all. I am sure you also got a fat pay envelope, but maybe I'm mistaken. Of course I can imagine Mary shedding tears into the studio tear basin.

Well, little laddie, I wish you had given me your address. Perhaps in view of your devotion Mary will give you another photo of herself in a bathing suit. If she does, please send it to me. You see, I never said anything about Mary Brian's figure. I've no doubt she has quite a pretty one.

By the way, you should really write to Buddy Rogers and apologize for using his name. Is there a law in the States that forbids this?

FRESIA SMITH.

Casilla 8034, Correo 21,

Santiago de Chile, South America.

Setting the Fans Right.

I READ with amazement a letter by Mr. Passmore in January PICTURE PLAY.

The Garbo fans, when defending their favorite, are given to wild statements and blindly ignore the fact that every one is not a Garboite. Ruth Chatterton is the cleverest actress of the day, and all her pictures enjoy great popularity. Ann Harding was incredibly good as the governor's pathetic wife in Ronald Colman's "Condemned."

That picture was stolen from Ronnie, but he need not feel downcast, for very soon Ann will be the sensation of the talkies. Her voice alone is marvelous, and she dispenses with those overacting mannerisms so rampant among the players. She scores over Chatterton and Garbo in looks and charm, and rivals Norma Shearer in sophistication. So much for my opinion.

Surely Mr. Passmore has forgotten one actress who, as "America's Sweetheart," will go down in screen history as an immortal. Clever, charming, beautiful, adorable Mary Pickford, the idol of every picturegoer, representing the flower of Canadian girlhood.

Mary will be recalled when every other star has long passed from memory. For Garbo fans can hardly accuse Greta of being charming or beautiful, and to imagine an adorable Greta is ludicrous!

A clever woman who poses as a recluse, grows long eyelashes and wears flat-heeled shoes, gains notoriety, but not affection or admiration. If Ruth Chatterton, Ann Harding, and Norma Shearer do not go down in the history of the screen as clever actresses, is it likely that Greta Garbo will? Except as an eccentric!

MARY ANN.

Kelowna, British Columbia, Canada.

Through Seven Talents

Continued from page 34

At a party not long ago, the hostess desired to entertain her. Since Miss Landi does not drink, she was jokingly asked if she'd like a banana.

"That's just what I should like," she cried. Forthwith a banana was offered her. It was funny to see her reclining in a chair like the tragic muse and eating the banana out of its peel. "It reminds me of London," she said, losing herself in a cloud of memories.

We talked of many things over coffee. It turned out that the lady Elissa knew every one in London I'd hoped she'd know. For instance, G. B. Stern—my favorite author, besides Edna Ferber—Noel Coward, Beverly Nichols, and Van Druten, the author of "Young Woodley."

Landi fell back to London reminiscence, and spoke of the coterie of gifted souls comprising her circle of friends.

"They are all wonderful people," she declared, enraptured, and meant it. "G. B. Stern, or 'Peter,' as she is known to her friends, is a great person. All the young men seek her out. She has a depth of understanding that few possess."

"*Je le crois bien,*" I muttered, trying to recall some European wisdom. But for the life of me I could only think of *Persephone*, mentioned in G. B.'s book, "Debonair."

Leaving London's gifted, we returned to Hollywood and acting. Consider once again, before it is too late, the many rooms of the mind *la Landi* has entered. The rooms of writing, dancing, languages, singing, music, acting, and—love.

Ah, yes. Elissa is married. Married to one J. C. Lawrence, an English barrister. He was in New York with her, but had to return to England when Landi came to Hollywood.

With seven talents at her finger tips and—according to her philosophy—all the many branches leading off from each one, you may depend on it Elissa Landi is all there, ready to deliver any talent at a moment's notice.

But I like the Elissa of gay humor. No ordinary girl this one.

Vision, if you can, *la Landi* standing against a black background. Her slanting green eyes, glittering emeralds. Her titian hair, orange flames, flaring up from her pale face, with its scarlet lips, her sinuous, slender body swathed in red, her favorite color.

Try and visualize her, I say, but you can't. You simply pass out.



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Marian Nixon

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Over the Teacups

Continued from page 47

Dietrich, and Barbara Stanwyck, and Tallulah's a threat for the future."

"Why hasn't some one told Fox," I asked, "so that they could join the parade. Or are they just stubborn about trying to cling to ideals of the past with their Janet Gaynor and Maureen O'Sullivan?"

"Well, at least you'll have to admit they have something to cling to. Janet is far more than just a sweet and appealing romantic figure. She's a fine actress within certain limits, and she isn't cloying, like the old-style ingénues. She is genuinely sweet and ingratiating. And as for Maureen O'Sullivan, she's such a dear child that she makes me sigh over my misspent life. Evidently she has a mind of her own, though."

"Now don't tell me she's been taking a determined stand about the parts she will play," I objected. "I couldn't bear it. I'd rather not know."

"No. She lets Fox guide her professional career, but she insists on being allowed to go home to Ireland for a visit. Don't think they're hard-hearted in trying to persuade her not to go. There's some mix-up about the immigration laws and a chance that after she leaves the country she will have a hard time coming back."

"After all, though, you can't blame her for wanting to visit her home town. Most foreigners come over here and get lost in the shuffle, or make one picture, but Maureen has made five in one year and all of them big ones. That's getting the breaks!"

"And speaking of lucky breaks," I exclaimed, "what's all this about Sylvia Sidney?"

"Amazing!"

When Fanny is driven practically speechless by a situation, you can be sure that it's startling.

"Here she's been on the New York stage for the past few seasons giving highly competent performances, and no one ever made much fuss over her. She signed a short contract with Fox when talkers first came in, and waited so long for a part that she got tired and walked out."

"And then suddenly, overnight as it were, Paramount engages her to play the girl in 'An American Tragedy,' they decide she should be starred in 'Confessions of a Coed,' and not satisfied with that, they pulled Clara Bow out of a picture and substituted Miss Sidney."

"Only two weeks ago Virginia Sale and I were lunching here when Sylvia Sidney came in with a friend of mine, and she certainly had no

idea then that she was to be skyrocketed into such prominence.

"She and Virginia were interested in meeting, because Virginia had been working in the film version of 'Many a Slip' for Universal, and that was Miss Sidney's big success on the stage last season."

"Which class does Sylvia Sidney belong to, the old-fashioned good girls or the modern, depraved ones?" I inquired, hoping for the best; or, if you insist on accuracy, the worst.

"Both," Fanny assured me. "But don't lead me into any wild prophecies about her success. I've sworn off, I tell you."

As if to dispel any temptation in that direction she hastily changed the subject.

"Helen Twelvetrees is in town," she announced, "and I've never seen any one so utterly unlike the impression she gives on the screen. Somebody or other gave a luncheon for her, the usual gathering to introduce a new star to the New York reviewers, magazine editors, and free-lunch grabbers."

"There she was, and she seemed sweet and gracious enough, but afterward none of the guests could think of a single adjective to describe her accurately, except "nondescript" and "colorless." And you know how vivid she is on the screen."

"This is the time of year when Hollywood studios shut down, so there'll be a lot of players headed for New York soon. Kay Johnson is making a leisurely trip through the Panama Canal. Richard Dix is here. There's a rumor that either Joan or Constance Bennett, or both, will come on to see their sister Barbara open in a play."

"It must be rather nice to know that you have friends sprinkled among the sharpshooters in a first-right audience," Fanny went on reflectively. "Take Irene Dunne, for instance. She may be just a name and a prettily photographed face to you and me, but when 'Cimarron' is shown there will be a horde of people out front who do know her."

"It seems she was quite an idol in all the companies where she played. She used to do leads in road companies of popular musical comedies, and all the chorus girls and stage hands were so devoted to her that they always thought her better than the New York star she supplanted."

But let's not hold it against her that she was once in musical comedy. I don't believe she will sing in "Cimarron."

Blond and Fancy-free

Continued from page 54

"If anything!" she supplemented modestly. "I've yet to be entirely pleased with my performances. You see, I have to build up my little niche in straight work all over again, having been submerged in comedies for more than a year.

"I'm catalogued as a heavy—that is my woe! Always I must be the other woman, and I'm a bit tired of always losing my man, or breaking up happy homes, or causing sweet things to end it all, as in 'Aloha,' with Raquel Torres.

"By the way, Raquel gives a splendid performance in that picture! I believe she will amaze her fans."

That led to talk of the fierce competition that film players have had to meet from stage-trained talent.

"The battle is on!" smiled this lovely young representative of the old order. "The more intelligent and capable film players welcome it! The day is past when the public demands no more than a pretty face and an attractive 'pink and white' to entertain them.

"It's a case of the survival of the fittest, in both groups—of beauty versus brains. Brains one must have these days, and if one's physiognomy is not hard to look at, so much the better.

"Ruth Chatterton is an example of a clever and brainy woman, and of the high standard of ability and intelligence, we have to compete with these days. The charm of extreme youth is no longer hers, and she never could be called beautiful from an artistic standpoint. But what a woman! To me, somehow, she *is* beautiful. As for her mental capacity—who dares question it?"

One thing had been troubling me all along, and that was the necessity of prying into her heart affairs, if any. What is meat to more experienced interviewers is still arsenic to me, although my confrères assure me that in time I'll overcome this weakness.

"Are you still heart-whole and fancy-free?" I blurted out, thinking perhaps that was a more delicate approach than to demand the low-down on her love life in the businesslike manner of some of my sister scribes.

"What an original way of putting it!" kidded Thelma. "Well, since we've got around to the subject, yes! Nobody could be fancy-freer or wholer-hearted. I'm old-fashioned in some ways, and one of them is in thinking that a home and a profession don't work so well together. It can be done, of course, but one or

the other is bound to suffer. I don't believe myself capable of dividing my love. For the present, my work is my master."

I breathed a sigh of relief. "Now for one or two other little matters. What about clothes? What do you think of the new spring modes?"

"Stunning! The best ever! Women never looked more alluring than today."

"Some women," I mentally qualified, wondering if the luscious vision opposite could look anything but alluring, even in sackcloth and ashes.

"As for jewelry, I'm not fond of costume jewelry at all. I will not wear anything that is not the real stuff, so to speak."

"Favorite sports?" I proceeded, checking off another item.

"Swimming and horseback riding," she obliged. "Both good for the mind and body."

"And now your home life! Do you live in a rose-bowered bungalow or a Spanish villa in Beverly Hills?"

"Neither," smiled the victim. "I live in an apartment with my mother, who is a companion, pal, and one of the bestest mammas that ever lived. The only thing I can't forgive her for is that she still insists I'm a baby."

"Memo. Fond of her mother," I jotted down.

Thelma drives her own car, and answers her fan mail herself, or did until letters began to come in by the bushel. Lately she has had to call in help. The public to whom Thelma Todd was just another blonde a year ago seems to have become acutely aware of her since the release of "Follow Thru," "The Hot Heiress," "Her Man," and "Aloha." She had just finished with Clara Bow, in "No Limit."

Besides working in this list of good pictures, she has filled in with five comedies. "Since last May, when I started free-lancing, I've had little or no rest," she explained. "And I've been fortunate, too, for many bigger and better sisters have been idle."

Well, maybe Lady Luck has had a little to do with it, but the fickle dame is not, as a rule, so consistently kind. It looks, rather, as though Thelma is reaping her reward now for five years of cheerful tramping in minor parts and comedies.

Every picture, good, bad, or indifferent, that she has played in has taught her something. The habit of a trained mind to absorb and store

Continued on page 111



This is Mrs. White

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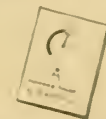
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75c 75c



Socket—But Smiling

Continued from page 22

compromise in an effort to reach all audiences, I'd have flopped in the cities and been a poor substitute for what the sticks wanted, too."

For a player who knows what he wants to do and intends to do it, one might assume that stardom would insure more latitude.

"Not necessarily, if you make sure that you can choose your own rôles, as I have done. I'd rather be just identified with a good picture than star in a mediocre one. And the strain of being responsible, as a star, for a picture is too strenuous.

"When I was starred by Paramount, the whole responsibility of my pictures devolved upon me. I broke in six new directors, almost as many new players. I had to fight tooth and nail for the stories I wanted, and then fight some more to do them in the way they should be done. When they gave me a director whose first picture this would be, it meant that I had to sit in on story, directing, and cutting. This meant working hours that any laborer would balk at, besides the nervous tension of constant battle because I wanted the pictures to be good.

"Stardom! It put me in the hospital with ulcers of the stomach!"

This is actually true. He was reduced to acute ill health by the combined nervous and physical strain. Had he been willing to bow to executive dictates and not so insistent that his pictures be as good as they were, he probably would still be a star and with an ulcerless past. But that is not the Menjou method.

When his contract with Paramount expired and renewal was discussed, he decided that the demands of stardom were worth an awful lot of money. Only for a tremendous sum would he continue. Paramount blanched at the amount he mentioned. And Menjou, not waiting to bargain, heaved a sigh of relief and sailed for Europe with his wife.

When he returned, rested and refreshed, it was with the firm intention of never again being entangled

in this star business. Offers were made—exhibitors still looked upon him as a stellar name—but what Menjou was looking for was good rôles.

"I turned down seven parts in rapid succession—among them 'The Command To Love,' which Universal converted into 'The Boudoir Diplomat,' one of the worst pictures of the year. It takes considerable thought and energy to ruin as good a play as 'Command To Love,' but I saw what would be done to it and dodged. Then, after the seventh refusal, I came to my senses.

"I am no artistic martyr—can't stand them. I had to start making some money. Once you have made a good deal of money, you create a machine. You acquire more and more financial responsibilities as you go along. And you can't stop, once the machine has gathered momentum. If you did, it would fly to pieces."

So, after a few foreign versions, in the five languages which he commands, he signed with Metro-Goldwyn. It was under this contract that he was lent to Paramount for "Morocco," which augurs well.

Being prey to an abundant energy and also to a genuine feeling for the artistic potentiality of what he terms his "business," he cannot, even now, relax his convictions to accepted standards.

"With talkies, the story becomes more important than ever—and the *treatment* of it most important of all. There can be no hedging or faking any more. A deft, sure hand is absolutely essential now, even with the best story in the world."

Menjou, free of stardom, has attained a nice balance in existence. Work, discriminately placed, for several months of the year. For the remaining months, New York and Europe. For, besides work, he has a bit of living to knock off, which he accomplishes with as much efficiency as he does the former. It may even be his flair for the latter which makes his execution of the former so admirable. If you get the point.

Broadway Baby

Continued from page 43

The trouble, I think, is that she has never quite placed her type to her own satisfaction. She began as a demure little girl in "Stella Dallas," and later cut her hair and became a sophisticated flapper. Neither is the real Lois. She is, in truth,

sophisticated, but it is a charming poise and culture rather than the hard flippancy and pose of the flapper.

It is probable that Lois will not reach her greatest success for several years, until her youthful ap-

pearance will have developed into a mature beauty more fitting to her intellectual poise and personality.

Although Mrs. Moran has been with her daughter throughout her career, Lois reflects not at all the dependency which often results from a managerial mother. It has been said of many theatrical mothers and daughters, but it is really true that Lois and her mother are like sisters in appearance and attitude.

Lois is as self-reliant as if she had struggled alone and unaided to the position she has reached. However, Mrs. Moran has been of immeasurable assistance to her daughter in her career. In fact, it was she who chose the theater as her daughter's profession.

"I knew Lois would have to work," she told me while Lois ordered luncheon for the three of us. Mrs. Moran is an able business woman and one of the most charming persons I have ever had the pleasure of meeting. She is a delightful conversationalist.

"While I was never theatrically inclined and knew little about the stage," she continued, "it seemed to me that this profession offered the greatest opportunities and the richest rewards of any occupation for a girl, unless she has an outstanding talent in another line.

"Lois had no other specific talent that I had observed, but she was emotionally sensitive, fairly pretty, and free from self-consciousness. And with those three qualities, any girl can learn to be a successful actress."

"And how did you begin developing Lois's inclination for the stage?"

"When she was very little," Mrs. Moran went on, "I used to take her to all the operas, and dance recitals, and plays that came to Pittsburgh—that was our home. Often I was working and unable to go with her, so I would buy one ticket, take her to the theater, and then call for her when the performance was over.

"I'll never forget one night when she attended a recital of Pavlowa. For some reason I miscalculated the time. The concert ended at ten o'clock, and I didn't expect it to be over until an hour later.

"When I came to the theater at eleven, it was completely dark, and

there was little Lois on the steps, all alone and choking back the tears. I was conscience-stricken and felt like a criminal! But that unfortunate accident did not dampen her ardor for the theater. She never wanted to miss a play or recital."

Mrs. Moran was a widow at the age of twenty-one, when Lois was a baby. She married a second time and again was left a widow. Lois then was nine. Unhappy in Pittsburgh, the two packed up and went to Paris where they remained for several years, with Lois dancing in the opera ballet. It was there Samuel Goldwyn met Lois and brought her back to America to go into pictures, with "Stella Dallas" as her auspicious debut.

Lois is a hard worker and labors over a rôle, but is inevitably disappointed with the result on the screen. She is subject to fits of depression, when she thinks all her work is worthless, but comes out of each mood with a determination to work harder than ever.

Mrs. Moran, on the other hand, has never once sat through a performance of her daughter's on stage or screen. She becomes nervous or bored and walks out. Nor does she stand behind the camera and watch her daughter act. To her a broker's office and a strip of ticker tape is infinitely more interesting than a theater or studio.

"And I guess that's a fair token against my ever becoming upstage—when my own mother can't sit through my pictures!" Lois laughed.

Her play closed, following a good run, after I started writing this.

Despite her overwhelming interest in acting, Lois has other and varied interests. She is now studying singing, not because of sound pictures, but because she enjoys studying something, and she has recently discovered that she has a very nice voice. She also writes a little, and last year had a short story accepted by a popular fiction magazine.

As for her ambition, she wants to work unceasingly until she becomes one of the three or four leading actresses of the screen and stage, and then she wants to marry, retire, and have ten children in sets of twins!

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Blond and Fancy-free

Continued from page 109

away useful information is one which even haphazard Hollywood can't eradicate.

It is no longer necessary to keep the bluestocking manner entirely in abeyance, and it comes in handy for certain screen portrayals: but Thelma

has too keen a sense of humor to trot it out except on occasions.

"I've learned to be myself, and not a schoolmarm," she says, with a throaty laugh. Which is a lucky break for everybody except, perhaps, Lawrence's sixth-graders.

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They Rocked the Boat

Continued from page 30

trick to play on this fine actor, particularly as the record turned out badly.

Originally only six impressions were made, one of which belongs to a friend of mine. Deeply respecting and admiring Valentino, who had been kind and helpful to her, she plays the record only for a privileged few. After exacting a promise that I would listen sympathetically—which I would have done anyway—she played it for me.

Even the most sympathetic listener cannot but realize that the recording is poor. Valentino intended to destroy the first effort and try again, but death intervened. That is why I say it is wrong to commercialize this souvenir of our Rudy. He would not wish it.

Getting back to the subject of hec-

tic star voyages, one might offer the case of Charles Ray as an example of one who was wrecked by pomposity. The sheen of Ray's genius dazzled his eyes, bringing on delusions of grandeur.

Yet, ironically enough, he amassed a fortune and gained tremendous popularity by portraying simple country boys. "The Girl I Loved" remains a milestone of the silent era.

Right now many of our most promising young players are jeopardizing their careers by making rash and foolish mistakes—Mary Nolan, James Murray, and Charles Morton—to name but a few. However, both art and character may develop out of these very errors, since we learn by our mistakes. At any rate, let's hope they don't have to swim to shore!

The Pine Tree Sighs

Continued from page 49

voicing whatever praises or complaints they have in mind," he says. "But, after all, it is really my screen shadow they admire, not me."

I happened to be on location at Ventura, a three-hour ride north of Hollywood, where "The Spoilers" was being filmed. People from the town came down to the shore to watch the company work. With complete indifference to his appearance, Gary looked as rough as any Alaskan miner. Nor did he put on that obvious indifferent air so characteristic of many when a crowd regards a favorite.

Rita Carewe and Leroy Mason, her husband, were staying on location. Lupe Velez was also a guest—Lupe, that madcap atom of Mexican fire. I have seen Lupe jumping all over the place like a young puppy, while Gary, silent and grave, regarded her with amusement, as if he were watching some startling creature that had just sprung up from the earth.

For some time it has been hotly debated as to whether Lupe is the ideal soul mate for the silent Montanian. Rumor has it that they are not married, again, that they are. Lupe says they are not.

People want to know why Lupe, *la fuega mejicana*, appeals to Garee, the Montana pine tree.

Have I not said that Mr. Cooper belongs to the earth? That he is almost a piece of Montana sod himself? Lupe is an elemental creature. I recall the days when Gary was also

attracted by Clara Bow. Clara is another elemental creature.

Instead of giving out love confessions, the rugged Westerner goes his own way, caring not a rap what others think he should or shouldn't do. I can't recollect any occasion when Gary ever considered what public opinion demanded. His liberty grants him this.

Of course, Gary's advent to Hollywood is screen history. His first rôle, a small one in "The Winning of Barbara Worth," shot him to the front ranks.

The average actor generally puts on that amazed pose when referring to any success. "I expected to get somewhere," Gary admits, without grinning, smiling, or attempting boyish earnestness. "I hoped to reach stardom."

He has reached it. His pictures have not all been riots, but all have been good box-office attractions, and Gary has never turned out a poor performance.

Many insist that he is not a real actor. I remember that a young Spanish player, commenting on Mr. Cooper's artistic efforts, gave a dull, plodding walk across the room, saying, "Pasa la vida como este"—"He goes through life like this."

All must admit that, whether a real actor or not, Gary Cooper is always convincing. Is not being convincing real acting? In "Morocco" he gives his finest performance, thus far.

So you see, you may rail against

Mr. Cooper's silence. It seems to serve him well, nevertheless. He will eventually return to his beloved earth. He likes the sea, for the sea and the land are closely akin.

I asked him why, after achieving the position he holds, he chose liberty of action, and indifference to Hollywood's dictates, rather than accept them.

"I hardly know," he replied. "I only know that nothing in people can stir me so profoundly as sunsets, mountains, valleys. Facing them you realize that nothing else could give more beauty."

I have good reason to believe that the Cooper silence is no pose, that his love of nature is genuine. If Gary's statements ever prove false, I shall station myself outside his dressing-room door and, standing on a barrel, shall bring down my little hatchet on his head. He will then see Montana sunsets and stars to his heart's content without having to go there.

But as you all know, this drastic action will never need be carried out.

Buy a Star's Gown

Continued from page 86

business woman, and has done much to organize the store. Miss Turner is hostess. Any disheartened extra must surely feel brighter after speaking to her. She disregards her own misfortunes and sympathizes with those of others. She has always done so and probably always will.

Many of the present-day celebrities, youngsters who have done little for their fellow creatures, run into the Brown Derby to bemoan their bad breaks to interviewers. Life is cruel to them, they wail. They are not understood, their talent not recognized.

Immature fans run after them, pleading for autographs, begging pictures.

Florence Turner, the first star of the screen, works one block away. Tourist fans in Hollywood don't know her. Many of the young players have not even heard of her. Yet I think back to that night when we crossed the Irish Sea. How cheery she made the other passengers feel. Again in the theater, while bombs dropped from hostile aircraft onto the darkened city, where, from the stage, her smiling face illuminated by the light of a candle. Florence Turner comforted a panic-stricken audience. "Don't be frightened. It is all right. It will soon pass."

It seems to me that the autograph albums and kodaks are on the wrong street.

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If your answer is correct, you will be eligible for this new prize distribution and may win the highest prize—a brand new 90 h. p. Waco airplane (and complete flying instruction) or \$2850.00 cash with \$850.00 extra for promptness, making the total \$3,700.00 all cash. Many other prizes paid at same time. Duplicate prizes awarded in case of ties. Cash reward for all taking active part. No prize less than \$10.00. No more puzzles for you to solve. No obligation. Perhaps YOU may be the winner of the highest prize! Send no money, but hurry! M. J. MATHER, Advertising Manager, Room 174, 54 West Illinois Street, Chicago, Ill.

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Alabam' Cowboy

Continued from page 61

They spend much time at the Fawcetts', and they go often to Pickfair. They aren't keen about the bridge and babble of the customary social affair.

Their romance was a charmingly natural one, like unto hundreds of others, except that Cornelia Foster was prettier than the average coed.

Accompanying the Alabama U. football team to California for its New Year's Day wrestle with Stanford, Connie was present when Mr. Fawcett and George met, an event destined to change the lives of the two youngsters considerably.

His history, up to the time he got up steam and struck out for the distant goal of every gridiron onto which he strode, was most ordinary: birth in the little town of Dothan, Alabama, public-school education, the usual flurry over the problem of affording college. As commonplace, all of it, as his name itself. At Alabama U., however, studies slid into second place, and quickly he became the star halfback of the team. He still talks football, but not of his own participation.

The Browns are quite obviously small-town, and are satisfied to remain calm, natural, gentle, unharassed by the excitement of Hollywood.

Several months were given to production of "Billy the Kid," and Johnny Mack could talk of little else. Sequences were shot in historic spots. General Lew Wallace was military governor of New Mexico during the outlaw's activities. Their meeting, when he offered *The Kid* a pardon in return for amicable surrender, was reenacted in dramatic detail. In the wilder sections of Zion National Park herds of cattle were filmed. They went into the Grand Canyon, and Kit Carson's Cave, located in the foothills of New Mexico, served as another locale.

The usual fun which actors on rough locations manage to maintain

added moonlight parties, country dances, and tomfoolery to the day's burden, equally as great in the desert heat as under the sudden snowstorms encountered during the spring in the mountain fastnesses.

The killing of *The Kid* closed the final chapter of the West's hectic period. So famous was the twenty-one-year-old Brooklyn-born desperado who terrorized the country's great back yard, that sixty accounts of his life were written, one by Sheriff Pat Garrett, his Nemesis, who finally ended the outlaw's career. Billy had killed about twenty men. The picture version was suggested by the biography written by Walter Noble Burns.

"Sure, I'm crazy about *The Kid*," Johnny Mack beamed. "His lovable personality charmed even his enemies until he was ready to shoot them. His good humor made him a popular idol."

"Many legends have grown up about him, which allowed us a certain liberty in giving him a veneer of whitewash. To excuse his many murders we made his purpose that of making the West a better place for decent folks, cleaning out the more vicious elements. He was a cattle rustler and a ruthless fighter, but loyal to his friends."

As soon as *The Kid* had been captured by the rangers of mike and celluloid, Johnny Mack went to work in "The Great Meadow," with Harry Carey impersonating Daniel Boone. This story of the early settlers in Kentucky affords his ambling accent full opportunity to drawl along at leisure. He plays the leader of one of the first parties to cross the Alleghenies, in the decade of 1775-1785.

For Johnny's next yarn, Zane Grey's "The Shepherd of Guadalupe," set in the sheep area of the West, will provide a background not often screened, through which a World War veteran rides in search of health and fortune.

Hollywood High Lights

Continued from page 104

close to her head in the boyish style. Mary was also gallivanting about in a dress suit in a dancing number.

It seems that "Kiki" is proving a fortunate choice for her, as it is moving along without hitch, unlike the recent "Forever Yours."

Early Dog Days.

Speaking of court proceedings, we

smiled when we read that in Natchez, Mississippi, Tom Mix had been accused of once stealing a horse named Bologny. This was supposed to have taken place before he came into the movies, and was brought up in a trial for breach of contract with the 101 Ranch Show.

Maybe it wasn't a horse dear old Tom was interested in, but a sausage.

Anyway, all we have to say is "honey"!

Trio Slightly Disturbed.

Dorothy Lee has reason to be a glad girl in earnest. She always personifies brightness on the screen, not to say pertness, but now she can be helpful and optimistic about her own future. She has a contract with RKO that brings her \$1,250 a week, and also, if the right kind of story comes along, she will be starred on her own. Meanwhile, she continues a member of that carefree trio that also includes Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey. Bert, by the way, is momentarily separated from his boon companion Woolsey, because he is appearing in "Too Many Cooks," which Douglas MacLean is producing.

Incidentally, can it possibly be true what we are hearing, namely, that Messrs. Woolsey and Wheeler are becoming high hat?

Erin's Songbird Present.

Maybe it means that John McCormack will continue his screen career. At any rate, it is significant that he is living the greater portion of the year in California. He has bought a home for a reputed price of a half million dollars, and is calling it "San Patrizio Parque," Spanish for St. Patrick's Park. McCormack disclaims any intention of again becoming a movie star and there are no contracts in sight, but still proximity to the studios might be alluring influence.

McCormack's film "Song o' My Heart" has been very successful in foreign countries, but then you know how it is with musical films in America. They are as much in vogue as a one-hoss shay at the present moment.

Happy Though Broke.

Again a grandfather! Also broke! That is the fate of a former matinee idol. None other than Francis X. Bushman. His daughter, Virginia, wife of Jack Conway, the director, has a second son. Also Francis X. has admitted his penury, while playing on the stage in a Chicago stock company.

Most amazing of all, he stated he had earned between \$6,000,000 and \$9,000,000 during his career as a movie idol. He admitted, too, that he had lived like a maharajah with his entourage and his castle on the Ganges, so to say. Neither does he regret present misfortunes. He has had a great life of it, he declares.

A Matrimonial Whisper.

Friends of Ernst Lubitsch, the director, and Ona Munson, are hearing that the two may be married some time soon. Miss Munson is known to have set about getting a divorce from her husband, Eddie Buzzell, in Mexico.

During the celebrated Lubitsch-Kraly fist fight, at the Embassy Club, Lubitsch's dancing partner was Miss Munson. The famed director was also known to be attentive to her on other occasions.

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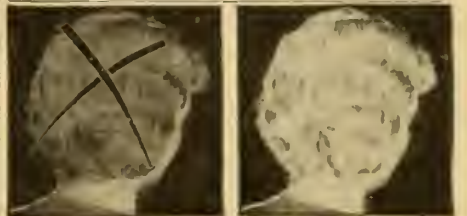
Aren't We All?

Continued from page 73

- Bessie Love's comeback.
- Pauline Frederick's success as *Madame X*.
- Margaret Livingston's red hair.
- Nancy Carroll's ditto; her Irishness; her marriage to a newspaper man earning a *good* salary.
- Myrna Loy's exotic personality.
- Raquel Torres's publicity photographs.
- The elevators in Harold Lloyd's mansion.
- Sue Carol as Evelyn Lederer, a society girl of Chicago.
- The books stars mean to write when they retire.
- Their "town" cars; their ditto houses.
- Olive Borden's erstwhile ritzy; her complete metamorphosis.
- Kay Francis as the best-dressed woman anywhere.
- Buster Keaton, "the frozen-faced" comedian.

- Phyllis Haver's sacrifice of a career for a wealthy marriage.
- Richard Dix's susceptibility to the opposite sex.
- Awards of the Academy of Motion-picture Arts and Sciences.
- Pola Negri's loss of popularity because of unsuitable stories.
- Adolphe Menjou's suave Continental sophistication.
- The value being associated with Edward Everett Horton on the stage.
- Patsy Ruth Miller's congeniality with literary lights.
- Innocent visits to Agua Caliente.
- Mary Nolan's change of name.
- Mary Miles Minter's interrupted career.
- Estelle Taylor's weak rôles.
- Vilma Banky's gutturals.
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Zasu—My Cloak!

Continued from page 74

She worries herself into headaches about people. Almost anybody's troubles will keep Zasu awake at night. She wishes she were rich enough to look after every one she knows. In place of this, she does things for them that require even more thought—innumerable little things that indicate common sense, rather than a grand gesture.

Attempts to fête her are nearly always frustrated.

"You get," she claims, "a better meal in some little joint in Sonora town. I'd rather go there."

Her group of friends is varied. Neatly penciled eyebrows about town are often raised at Zasu's pals.

"I seem to have a fatal fascination for tramps. And I love them. Real people—honest, kindly, merry people—what better friends than those can you find? Of course, some celebrities are good fun, too, but you never can be sure you won't run into politics, and playing politics just isn't my idea of social relationship."

She has been Mrs. Tom Gallery for ten years. Their little daughter, Ann, nearly eight, is demure and ingratiating. For four years there has also been Sonny, the adopted child of Barbara La Marr. Sonny is eight, too, and a really delightful little boy. Zasu adores them, and is a mother with as much judgment as I have ever seen.

"I'm so anxious for them to have everything; not extravagance, of course, but all the little joys children are entitled to. Children are marvelous people, so honest and sweet, and they deserve the very best.

"I do want my children to like me when they grow up, but I don't want them to be 'dutiful.' I loathe hypocrisy, and this business of a child's duty to its parents is just that. The only basis for human relationship is genuine affection. I shall be happy if Ann and Sonny love me just as much when they reach the thinking age, but I shall never make them feel that they ought to."

Zasu married her first beau before she was twenty, and established a home of her own. Yet this adherence to old-fashioned custom has not narrowed her vision.

Although she struck fame very shortly after her first appearance as the slave in Mary Pickford's "Little Princess," her career has been uneven. Producers don't seem to have known quite what to do with her talent—a talent so great as to approach genius.

Von Stroheim, by casting her as

the shadowy, half-insane heroine of "Greed," showed that he realized her possibilities in silents. Perhaps he will be the one to present her adequately in talkies.

It so happened that her first audible rôle was a comedy one. Zasu, who does nothing by halves, was very funny. One of the few film veterans to realize that, with the new medium, speech must be consistent with the pantomime, she used a nasal, plaintive drawl to point her comedy.

It worked. Too well, in fact, for ever since she has been labeled "comédienne," because she has a funny voice. It has occurred to no one that her funny voice is evidence of good acting.

The first dramatic opportunity she has had since the advent of talkies was as Lew Ayres's mother in "All Quiet on the Western Front." I have talked to people who saw the original version at the studio, and they say that Zasu's interpretation of the timid, worried little mother was a masterpiece of artistry.

But the picture was previewed in a neighborhood theater whose feature was "Honey," with Nancy Carroll. It happens that Zasu's drollery was an important part of this comedy. She got her usual high quota of laughs. The preview followed immediately. Quite naturally, the less discerning members of the audience greeted her appearance in "All Quiet" as comedy relief. Although they sobered later in the face of the touching reality of her performance, that first laugh marked Zasu's removal from the picture. Psychologically, the laugh was an inevitable hangover from "Honey." Nevertheless, when "All Quiet" was released, Beryl Mercer played the mother. And Zasu returned to her succession of maids.

"I'm pretty tired of holding lady's cloak. If I must be a servant, why can't they take a big chance and let me do a cook or two? And I just love to do telephone operators—I've had only a couple of those."

Zasu will weep on no one's shoulder. Her dilemma is her own, to be deplored in private, but not allowed to darken the atmosphere in public.

The fact remains that here is one of the greatest artists at our disposal, and nothing is being done about it. Ability like hers occurs but rarely, and who are we to stand inertly by and see it wasted? Since producers will listen only to mass remarks, could I interest you in a campaign to make the most of Zasu Pitts?

What the Make-up Bungalows Tell

Continued from page 90

"My ideas as to furnishings have changed during the last three years," Janet Gaynor said, upon her return to the Fox fold. "No silk gewgaws, now. I would like an early-American suite."

She got it. The couch's peach taffeta cover and the orchid voile curtains have been replaced by ruffled curtains, chintzes, odd wall paper and bright slipcovers over maple furniture.

Lois Moran receives in a blue bower, threaded with silver. Over her cosmetics shelf flutters a green valance trimmed with black lace. Mary Duncan's seasonal homelet has pongee curtains cross-stitched in bright hues.

Billie's Dovecote, a nest of Nile-green satins and chiffons, with wicker furniture, awaits her successor.

What Joan Crawford's simple dressing room lacks in decorativeness, her living room supplies. Canary yellow is exclamatory against black. There's a small piano—and a gallery of Doug, Jr.'s, photos in many poses. Greta Garbo's suite is of cream, royal-blue, and crimson tones. Velvet covers the day bed. Grace Moore's is done in rose and orchid, an effect of silky simplicity being achieved. And, my dears, the door-knobs are trimmed in sterling silver!

Norma Shearer's two-room suite, done in apple-green and orchid, the furniture and woodwork green, is dainty but comparatively simple. Against blue walls with a faint trac-

ing of gold is placed Bessie Love's furniture of blue and rose tones. The tan-and-golden-brown background of Kay Johnson's suite is brightened by touches of scarlet in cushions, lamps, and dressing-table accessories.

Leila Hyams dresses in a blue suite, amidst modernistic silver furniture. Julia Faye's dressing room is lined entirely with mirrors; in her apple-green, silver, and rose reception room there is a small green piano. The rugs are mauve and magenta.

Betty Compson's modernistic room is a magic place, with panels sliding in and out of her make-up table, and mysterious drawers that appear to be going one way and really are going the opposite direction.

The most attractive at Universal is Mary Nolan's jade-and-gold room, with its pygmy piano, brocaded couch and an Oriental screen on which a white peacock trails his feathers against a green background. The central note of Lupe Velez's is a big polar-bear rug.

One might imagine Norma Shearer's portable dressing room the exquisitely upholstered interior of an old landau, except for its practical mirrors that hide cupboards, its small ice chest and ironing board. Mary Pickford, Marion Davies, Greta Garbo, Norma Talmadge, and other stars also rate these perambulating boudoirs, small reflections of the pomp with which the making up of stellar faces must be invested nowadays.

Personality Racketeers Break In

Continued from page 83

The racketeer finds, too, that there's nothing like four-flushing to put himself over in Hollywood. He talks big and keeps up a magnificent front. He drives around in a large car when he can't afford a used Ford. If he's jobless and broke, he coaxes credit out of landladies and restaurant proprietors by talk of a big check or contract just around the corner. Then he leaves them holding the bag.

If he's a comedian, he lifts funny lines and passes them off as his own. If he's a scenario writer, he scrambles three or four copyrighted play-and-novel plots and submits the concoction as an original.

It's a great game, with hundreds of variations that keep it from getting boring. It's one racket where the ladies get an equal break with the men. Some of the feminine players go in for the more sinister tricks,

while others specialize in such harmless dodges as impressing directors with their superior intelligence by carrying highbrow books to the set or location, but never reading them.

The personality racket is the logical development of the tooth-and-claw competition for Hollywood's fabulous prizes of wealth and fame. It sucks into its maelstrom many persons who would rather stay clear of it. Everybody in the movies knows about it, and many are disgusted with it. But they also know that it's dangerous business to turn State's evidence against a racketeer, even though he be of the parlor variety. There are a few squealers, but usually the victim talks to the public as if there were no such thing as a racket. He got that black eye, he will declare, from bumping into a door.

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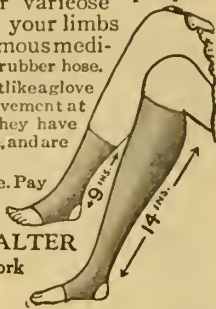
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A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

Continued from page 68

June Walker, of stage, makes excellent debut; Anita Page, Robert Montgomery, Robert Ames also good. Zasu Pitts, Marie Prevost.

"Billy the Kid"—Metro-Goldwyn. King Vidor directs a Western, and his touch lifts this film, although it is conventional screen stuff, not story of the famous outlaw. John Mack Brown, Wallace Beery, Warner Richmond, Kay Johnson. On "Realife" film—good for Westerns. Five mountains instead of three.

"Madam Satan"—Metro-Goldwyn. Slow-moving tale of humdrum wife who goes "wicked" to get husband from cabaret girl. The clash and victory come aboard a Zeppelin, which then wrecks in most faked scenes of recent date. Kay Johnson, Reginald Denny, Roland Young, Lillian Roth.

"Those Three French Girls"—Metro-Goldwyn. Gay as musical comedy, but only incidental songs. Whimsical Englishman helps three dressmakers toss things on mean landlord, and all go to jail. There they meet two roughneck Americans. Bright dialogue. Reginald Denny, Fifi Dorsay, Yola d'Avril, Sandra Ravel, Cliff Edwards, Edward Brophy.

"Sinners' Holiday"—Warner. Penny-arcade woman, hard, avaricious, has trouble with her wayward son, who finally kills a fellow crook. Entertaining glimpse of ugly side of life. Lucille La Verne, James Cagney, from stage, Evalyn Knapp, Joan Blondell, Grant Withers, Warren Hymer.

"Up the River"—Fox. Funny story of prison run on coed lines, with varsity show, ball games, and flirtations. Goes dramatic now and then, but mostly humorous. Warren Hymer fine; Humphrey Bogart, Claire Luce, Spencer Tracy, newcomers from stage. Odd film.

"What a Widow!"—United Artists. Disappointing on the whole, but displays new talents of Gloria Swanson. Slapstick farce in swanky settings. Rich young widow goes to Paris for good time and has it. Owen Moore, Margaret Livingston, Herbert Brazzetti, Gregory Gaye.

If You Must

"Truth About Youth, The"—First National. Oh, yeah? All about a girl's hidden love for middle-aged guardian and his efforts to mate her to "The Imp"—David Manners, who is anything but, and, anyway, falls for a night-club cutie. Loretta Young, Conway Tearle, Myrna Loy.

"Way for a Sailor"—Metro-Goldwyn. Indifferent film of sailor with girl in every port. John Gilbert still minus the glamour of the old days, through the mike's capriciousness. Wallace Beery, Jim Tully playing at acting, Leila Hyams.

"Boudoir Diplomat, The"—Universal. Amusing play called "The Command to Love" becomes dull and pretentious, and why the more suggestive title? Ian Keith miscast as hero. Mary Duncan, Betty Compson.

"Virtuous Sin, The"—Paramount. The cinematic sin, rather. Wife makes play for Russian general, to save condemned husband's life, and gets fond

of gruff old soldier. All will be hotsytotsy when hubby is shot. Walter Huston, Kay Francis, Kenneth MacKenna.

"Hook, Line, and Sinker"—RKO. Girl inherits hotel, and on way to claim it two chaps appoint themselves her guardians. Rather dull and boring, sprinkled with wisecracks. Bert Wheeler, Robert Woolsey, Dorothy Lee.

"Lottery Bride, The"—United Artists. The booby prize of the month to the picture. Operetta that went through some sort of accident. Fascinating in sense that those village try-out theatricals are. Jeanette MacDonald, John Garrick, Robert Chisholm, and comic relief.

"Sin Takes a Holiday"—Pathé. But only in this film, presumably, for *Tillie, the Toiler*, becomes the lawful bride of the boss, and tumbles into millions, giving nothing in return. You know, just like those oodles of stenogs you have known. Constance Bennett plays the little gel. Kenneth MacKenna, Basil Rathbone.

"Renegades"—Fox. Foreign Legion story that is pretty bad, except for Warner Baxter and Myrna Loy. Excellently staged desert fighting. Legionnaire deserts, becomes ruler of the tribe, and kidnaps the girl. Noah Beery, Gregory Gaye, George Cooper diverting.

"Santa Fe Trail, The"—Paramount. Western picture with beautiful scenery, big herds of sheep whose herder is the hero. A feud ends when Richard Arlen wins the hand of Rosita Moreno. Mitzi Green and Eugene Pallette do their share.

"Big Trail, The"—Fox. Just a noisy "Covered Wagon" which, with all the Injuns and buffaloes, fails to get a big hand. When will producers realize that fans want interesting people and acting, not longer wagon trains? Marguerite Churchill, David Rollins, John Wayne, newcomer with schoolboy diction.

"Du Barry, Woman of Passion"—United Artists. Sad lapse in career of one of screen's best, Norma Talmadge, released probably on word of yes men. Story of *Louis XI's* girl friend who escapes guillotine to arms of Conrad Nagel, William Farnum, Hobart Bosworth, Ulrich Haupt, Alison Skipworth.

"Brothers"—Columbia. Bert Lytell brings to screen his stage success, playing his own twin brother. Rich adopted boy commits murder, and brother from seamy edge of town is blamed. Dorothy Sebastian heroine who knew all along that speakeasy musician was prize twin.

"Bat Whispers, The"—United Artists. Shivers of ten years ago calm down to slightest tremors, if not actually boring, as *The Bat* annoys old lady in leased house. Chester Morris's energy uncurbed. Una Merkel, William Bakewell, Maude Eburne.

"Lady Surrenders, A"—Universal. Much talk in that hybrid accent, "stage English." Story of wife who goes to Paris to get divorce, but changes her mind. Hubby thought he could depend upon her going through with it, and marries. Rose Hobart, Genevieve Tobin, Conrad Nagel, Basil Rathbone.

Information, Please

Continued from page 102

WOODLES.—So I'm only a mystery man to you! But I mean so much more than that to my mother. Maurice Chevalier is married to Yvonne Vallee, a French-woman, who was formerly on the stage. Maurice is very popular, but he hasn't outstripped America's boy friend, Buddy.

THE ABOVE is Dorothy Winkler, Belvois Cottage, Old Pound Road, Half-way Tree, Jamaica, British West Indies, and she would like to hear from other fans.

TOMMY.—No, I'm not laughing that you like to think of Sally Eilers as your sister. I'm sure she wouldn't mind being a sister to you! Sally was born in New York, December 11, 1908. She has brown hair and eyes, is five feet two and a half inches tall and weighs 110. She married Hoot Gibson last June 28th. Her pictures are "Slightly Used," "The Campus Vamp," "Dry Martini," "The Good-by Kiss," "Trial Marriage," "Broadway Babies," "Sailor's Holiday," "She Couldn't Say No," "Long, Long Trail," "Roaring Ranch," "Trigger Tricks," "Let Us Be Gay," "Dough Boys"; and her next is another Buster Keaton film, "Parlor, Bedroom, and Bath." She also played in several Mack Sennett short comedies. I'm sorry I have no home address for her and can only suggest M.-G.-M. studio at Culver City, or Universal. I'm afraid your preference for Sally above all other players is not shared by many fans; we get few inquiries about her.

ROMPETROLLET.—Your English is just dandy, and so are the little drawings with which you illustrate your letter. Dick Arlen married Jobyna Ralston on January 28, 1927. Jobyna is about 25, but doesn't give her exact age. Yes, Polly Moran appeared in "Those Three French Girls." Reginald Denny was born November 20, 1891. He has been in pictures since 1919. Lola Lane was born in Indianola, Iowa, twenty-one years ago. Gus Edwards saw her perform at a benefit concert in Des Moines and engaged her for his vaudeville act. She also played in "The Greenwich Village Follies" in New York; and it was while she was appearing in "War Song" on Broadway that a Fox executive saw her and engaged her for the heroine in "Speakeasy." Her contract followed. Interviewers try to print the truth about stars as they see them.

MISS NOSEY PASKER.—If you were just a little nosier, you would have found out that it takes from three to four months for your answers to appear on the news stands. I like your question, "Do stars always answer your request even if you don't send money?" They don't always answer even if you do! John Mack Brown was born September 4, 1904. John Holland lives in Hollywood, but I don't know his home address. Mitzi Green is 10 years old, is fifty-three inches tall and has brown hair and gray eyes.

MISS BETTY F. DOLAN, 196 Homestead Avenue, Hartford, Connecticut, would like to have Lois Moran fans write to her. Yes, Miss Betty, there is a Robert Montgomery club. Write to Jesse Jackson, Jr., 485 Wabash Avenue, Atlanta, Georgia; Apartment 10. And the Novarro Club nearest you is in charge of Nicoletta di Pietro, 341 West Otterman Street, Greensburg, Pennsylvania.

MRS. ANITA F. POTTER, 726 West 64th Street, Chicago, Illinois, has kindly offered to supply photographs of Barbara La Marr to any one who requests them.

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W. C. DILBERG, Publicity Director, Room 89, 502 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill

Mrs. Potter was a personal friend of Barbara's and has all Barbara's personal photographs, which she will be glad to have reproduced "to keep Miss La Marr in the memory of her public."

COCKNEY HARRY.—What a question—does Garbo dominate every scene she plays in! She does for me, although Marie Dressler almost nosed her out in "Anna Christie."

CURIOS.—Don't worry about our neglecting Janet Gaynor. The editor will publish a picture of her as soon as some good new ones come in. Didn't you see the nice ones in our March number? Janet was born in Philadelphia, October 6, 1906. Her family moved to California, where she attended Polytechnic High School in San Francisco. She started her movie career as an extra. Janet is only five feet tall and weighs 100 pounds. She has brown eyes and auburn hair. Her favorite sports are golf and tennis. She was married to Lydell Peck, a lawyer, November 11, 1929.

MIRIAM BREWER.—See MRS. ANITA F. POTTER. Greta Garbo came to America six years ago. Her most important films were "The Torrent," "The Temptress," "Flesh and the Devil," "Love," "A Woman of Affairs," "Anna Christie," and "Romance." Barbara La Marr's films were "Three Musketeers," "Prisoner of Zenda," "Trifling Women," "Quincy Adams Sawyer," "The Hero," "Poor Men's Wives," "Souls for Sale," "The Eternal City," "Strangers of the Night," "Sandra," "The White Moth," "Heart of a Siren," "The White Monkey," and "The Girl From Montmartre."

YVONNE LANGLOIS, 41 Rue Boisseau, Quebec City, Quebec, Canada, would like very much to hear from other fans, either English or French. I'm sorry, Miss Langlois, I do not know the personal description of Madame Maurice Chevalier, as she is not in movies.

A VAGABOND LOVER.—So you're all for Rudy Vallée? Well, I'm half for him, too—half for him and half for myself, which seems fair enough. Rudy was born in Westbrook, Maine, in 1903, but doesn't give the month. He is six feet tall, blond and blue-eyed. I doubt if he will play in other pictures, as his first one was not successful. Write him in care of the National Broadcasting Company, Fifth Avenue, and 56th Street, New York City.

IDA.—Yes, your list is rather long, and I don't know all the answers. Those you ask about who give their birth dates are Warner Oland, October 3, 1880; Fredric March, August 31, 1898; Jeanette MacDonald, June 16, 1907; Lillian Roth, December 13, 1911; Mitzi Green, October 22, 1920; Raquel Torres, November 11, 1908; Bernice Claire, March 22, 1909; Lupe Velez, July 18, 1909; Karl Dane, October 18, 1886; Leila Hyams, May 1, 1905. Marlene Dietrich is 24. Mary Doran doesn't say on which September 3rd she was born.

HAZEL ELLIOTT, 80 Glenwood Road, Harringay, London, N. 15, England, would like a few "pen pals."

MOVIE MAD.—I sometimes get pretty mad at the movies myself. The stuttering hotel man in "Love in the Rough" was played by Roscoe Ates. Conchita Montenegro played the heroine in the Spanish version of "Call of the Flesh." Suzy Vernon played in the French version. Howard and Lloyd Hughes are not brothers.

EVELYN PRISCHETT.—Both Betty Dolan and Julia Haight write to tell you that it

was Theodor von Eltz who played the count in "The Divorcée," whose name was not mentioned in the cast. And I wish to thank both Miss Dolan and Miss Haight for their information.

JUST ANOTHER FAN.—Noel Francis's first films were "Rough Romance" and "Fox Movietone Follies of 1930."

STANLEY E. BROOK.—It does seem too bad that even Clive Brook's own cousin should find it impossible to get a letter to him. I don't know his home address, but he probably lives in Beverly Hills. If so a letter with only that address would reach him. Or you might try him at the Masquers' Club in Hollywood, to which most stars belong.

JOAN.—Kay Francis is five feet five, but doesn't give her age. Gwen Lee, born November 12, 1905, has since grown to be five feet seven. Anita Page gives her height as five feet four. Joan Crawford was born March 23, 1906. Constance Bennett is about 26, but doesn't say exactly. Besides the films you mention, Kay Francis has played in "For the Defense," "The Virtuous Sin," and "Unfit to Print," her next release.

BIDDY.—Go on, ask me heaps of questions; heap big Oracle is used to that. Louise Fazenda was born June 17, 1895. Lois Moran's latest films are "Not Damaged" and "The Dancers." She is now playing on the stage in New York in "This Is New York." Yes, Reginald Denny's career got a new boost through the talkies. His new films are "Madam Satan," "Those Three French Girls," "A Lady's Morals," and his next one, with Buster Keaton, is "Parlor, Bedroom, and Bath." Bryant Washburn has played in only one picture in the past year, "Swing High." Probably just Hollywood, California, would reach him. Belle Bennett plays only occasionally; you might try her at Warner studio, where her latest film, "Recaptured Love," was made. I have no way of knowing the addresses of people no longer in pictures. But players now in vaudeville, like Baclanova and, recently, Leatrice Joy, can usually be reached through the RKO office, Palace Theater, Broadway, New York. Tom Tyler was born August 3, 1903. His last pictures, released a year ago, were "The Lone Horseman," and "The Canyon of Missing Men." Gavin Gordon is still with Metro-Goldwyn, and "The Great Meadow" is his new film. I believe Dorothy Revier is free-lancing. "The Squaler," "The Bad Man," and "The Way of All Men" are her new pictures.

MILTON DAMITA.—I see you have the name that Lily made famous. Martha Sleeper was born in Lake Bluff, Illinois, June 24, 1910. She has blond hair and grayish eyes; she doesn't give her height and weight. Martha is not married. I don't know of any fan club in her honor. Her rôle in "Madam Satan" was that of the *Fish Girl*. Extras' names are not listed in the cast, but some of the other very small rôles were played by Vera Marsh, Doris McMahon, Aileen Ransom, Jack King, Ynez Seabury. I didn't see that picture and can't tell who was "the girl with all the hands," but perhaps it was the *Spider Girl*, played by Katherine Irving. *Trixie* was played by Lillian Roth. The dancing piece you ask about was called "The Cat Walk."

JEROME SMALL.—As to when Mary Pickford's new film, "Kiki" will be shown, I wouldn't know until the company itself decides. Neither Francis X. Bushman nor Francis, Jr., is very active on the screen. During 1930, Francis X. appeared in "Call of the Circus," "The Dude

Wrangler," and "Once a Gentleman." Francis, Jr.'s 1930 films were "They Learned About Women," "The Girl Said No," "Sins of the Children," and "Way Out West." He's now in vaudeville.

BESS.—You'll have to sit tight on that curiosity for a little while longer. The truth hasn't yet leaked out as to the birth-place and birth date of William (Stage) Boyd. Paramount informs me only that he has brown hair, blue eyes, and is five feet ten and a half. He is separated from his wife, Clara Joel. Your list of his films is complete.

Addresses of Players

Richard Arlen, Mary Brian, Marion Shilling, Marlene Dietrich, Charles Ruggles, Warner Oland, Ruth Chatterton, Clara Bow, Clive Brook, Charles ("Buddy") Rogers, Gary Cooper, William Powell, Nancy Carroll, Jean Arthur, Jack Oakie, Kay Francis, Fredric March, Rosita Moreno, Richard Gallagher, Mitzi Green, Harry Green, Phillips Holmes, at Paramount Studio, Hollywood, California.

Greta Garbo, Leila Hyams, Bessie Love, Edward Nugent, Ramon Novarro, Norma Shearer, John Gilbert, William Haines, Marion Davies, Robert Montgomery, Kay Johnson, Mary Doran, Cliff Edwards, Lawrence Tibbett, Wallace Beery, Raquel Torres, Joan Crawford, Conrad Nagel, Anita Page, Buster Keaton, John Mack Brown, Lewis Stone, Charles Bickford, Gilbert Roland, Joan Marsh, at the Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California.

Ronald Colman, Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge, Chester Morris, Walter Huston, Al Jolson, Evelyn Laye, Joan Bennett, Dolores Del Rio, at the United Artists Studio, 7100 Santa Monica Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Richard Barthelmess, Dorothy Mackaill, Loretta Young, Inez Courtney, Marilyn Miller, Ian Keith, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., at the First National Studio, Burbank, California.

Lupe Velez, Mary Nolan, Lewis Ayres, John Boles, at the Universal Studio, Universal City, California.

William Boyd, Robert Armstrong, Fred Scott, Ann Harding, Helen Twelvetrees, Russell Gleason, Constance Bennett, Eddie Quillan, at the Pathé Studio, Culver City, California.

George O'Brien, Edmund Lowe, Earle Foxe, Janet Gaynor, Kenneth MacKenna, Dixie Lee, Mona Maris, Fifi Dorsay, Charles Farrell, Victor MacLaglen, Lois Moran, Frank Albertson, Farrell MacDonald, Marguerite Churchill, David Rollins, Warner Baxter, Sharon Lynn, Warren Hymer, Mae Clarke, Marjorie White, Jeanette MacDonald, El Brindel, at the Fox Studio, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Edna Murphy, John Barrymore, Irene Delroy, Grant Withers, James Hall, Joe E. Brown, Winnie Lightner, Marian Nixon, at the Warner Studio, Sunset and Bronson, Los Angeles, California.

Hugh Trevor, Bebe Daniels, Rita La Roy, Ivan Lebedeff, Dorothy Lee, Bert Wheeler, Robert Woolsey, Betty Compson, Olive Borden, Sue Carol, Arthur Lake, June Clyde, Irene Dunne, Karl Dane, and Richard Dix, at the RKO Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Allene Ray, 6912 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Robert Frazer, 6356 La Mirada Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Patsy Ruth Miller, 808 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, California.

Robert Agnew, 6357 La Mirada Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Julanne Johnston, Garden Court Apartments, Hollywood, California.

Malcolm McGregor, 179 East Seventy-eighth Street, New York City.

Jackie Coogan, 673 South Oxford Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

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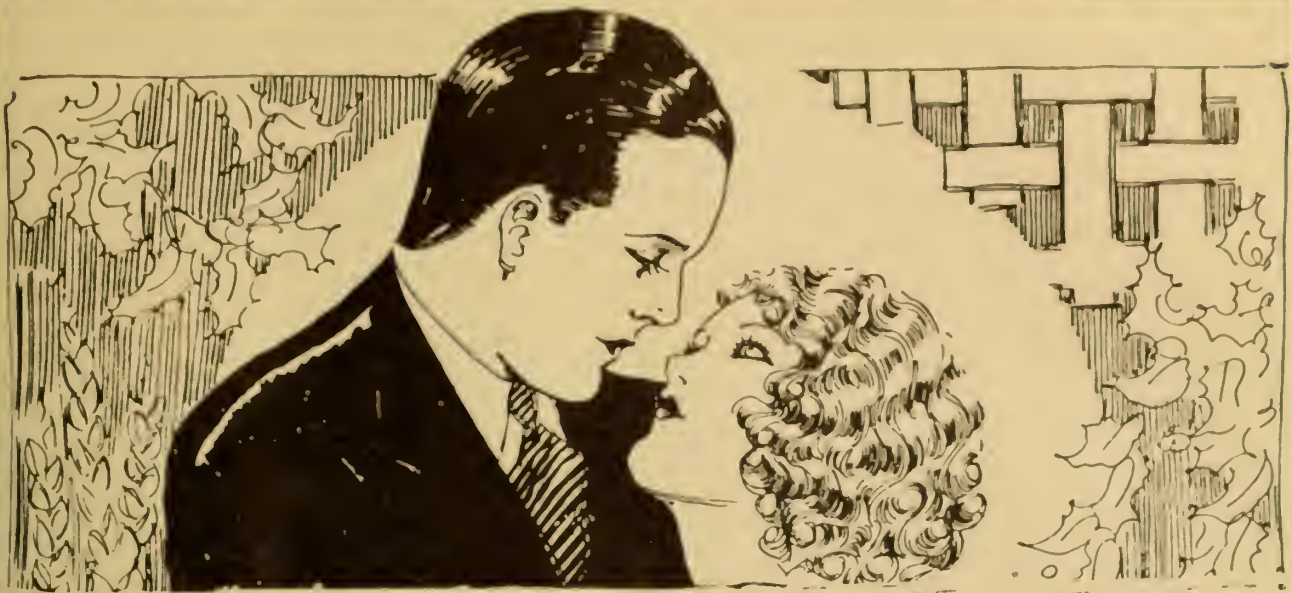
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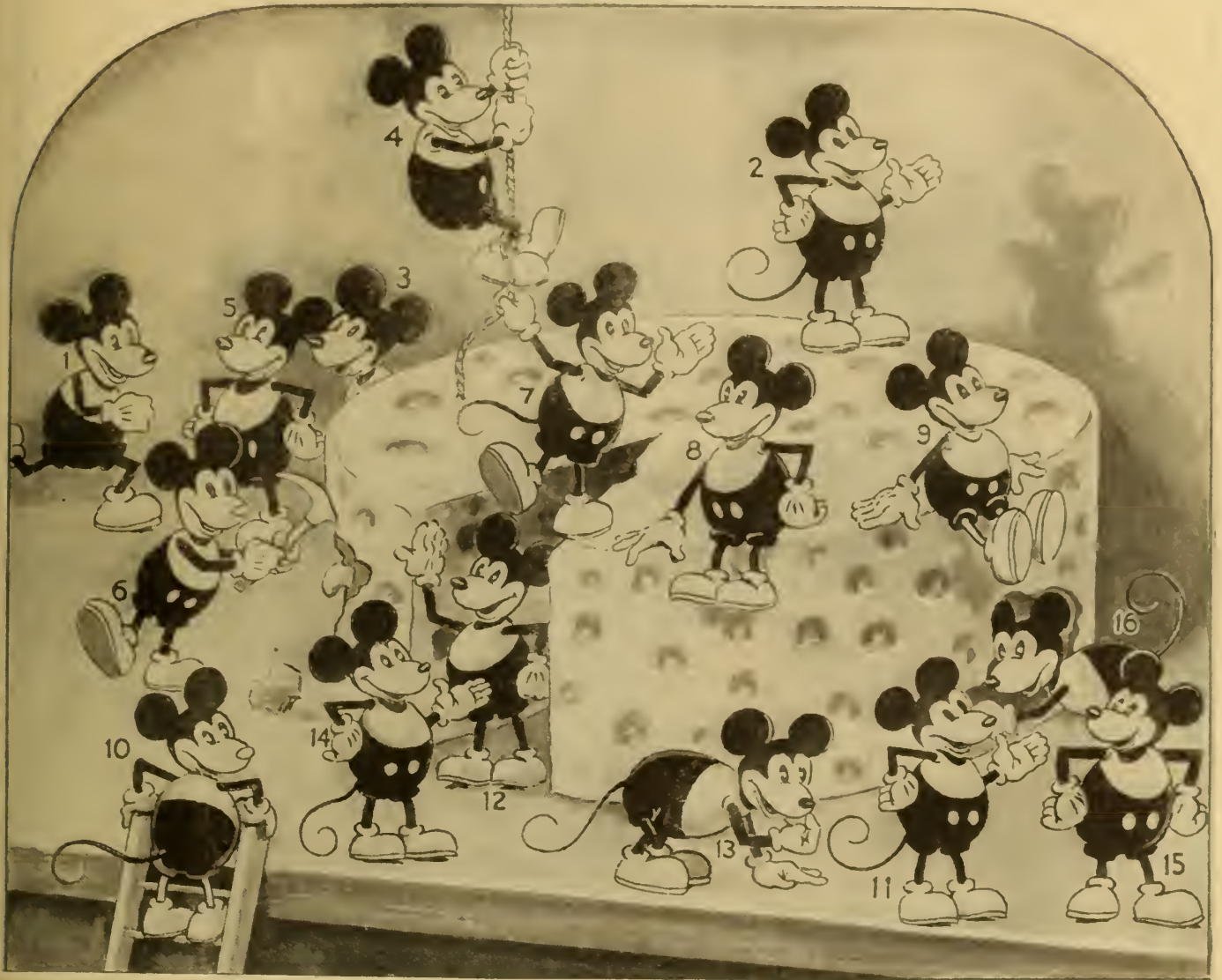
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Paramount  Pictures

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A Day in June

To capture the perfect pleasure of the month of roses you should have the new Picture Play close at hand. As close, in fact, as the roses themselves

HOLLYWOOD'S HIDEAWAY

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We Shall Not Tell You Where It Is, Nor What The Stars Do There, For The Authar Prefers To Keep His Information Secret Till He Tells All Next Month

THE BACHELOR PAYS AND PAYS

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The Unmarried Man In Hollywood Has Problems Graver Than You Might Imagine, And Miss Glass Will Tell You Just What It Costs Him To Be Reasonably Nice To His Girl Friends

SHOCKING OPINIONS

By Helen Louise Walker

Just What Does The World Think Of Hallywood? How Daes The Casual Movie-goer Consider The Stars? You Will Be Astounded At The Answers In June Picture Play

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What the FANS Think



Lo, the Poor Reviewer!

GOOD gracious, Annabelle! What controversialists we fans are! This month I divided the letters into two classes: deliberately offensive, and just as deliberately defensive.

As for me, I can take 'em or leave 'em. By this I mean that the production itself is of more value than the cast. I have seen our greatest stars in some simply terrible films. Then again, I have seen some practically, or entirely, unknown players weather a picture with some extremely fine work, sometimes because of a good story, and other times regardless. I do not feel, as some fans



do, that a new presence on the screen is a deliberate insult on the part of the producers. After all, the play's the thing!

Film stars wax and wane; they age just as ordinary mortals do. Sometimes they even pass away, like Lon Chaney, Rudolph Valentino, and Milton Sills—great actors all. A new generation of players appears, and also a new generation of fans to judge them. There will always be good, bad, and mediocre productions, however.

I believe that the talkies have raised our standards of acting. The talkies demand good acting and cultivated voices; and unquestionably stage training and stage technique have influenced our tastes.

Players have found it necessary to take elocution lessons, to learn voice control and proper breathing. Some have revealed exquisite singing voices, as Bebe Daniels and Gloria Swanson. Most of our old favorites have passed the test triumphantly and, moreover, many new names have been added—Ruth Chatterton, Ann Harding, Jeanette MacDonald, Helen Twelvetrees, Maurice Chevalier, Chester Morris, Robert Montgomery—the list goes on!

To me, Jeanette MacDonald stands foremost among the newcomers, and I grasp this opportunity to disagree with Fanny the Fan concerning the ability of Ernst Lubitsch in selecting his players. Surely, Lubitsch's repeated approval is the highest recommendation which a player can attain. Give me more of those Lubitsch-MacDonald masterpieces—those subtly comic, fantastic fairy tales about sly and charming people.

"Monte Carlo" was the most completely satisfying entertainment I have seen this past year, and Miss MacDonald's fascination, beauty, talent, and vivacity are only a few of the reasons why Lubitsch picked her and why the fans love her. Some one should send Fanny a big box of candy to sweeten her disposition.

Fanny is also inaccurate in saying that Jenny Lind was a "legendary siren." To the contrary, Jenny was a placid, plain Swedish lady with strong religious feelings. Grace Moore's characterization is true to life, if not alluring.

In closing, let me send my sympathy to Norbert Lusk. Gosh, what an unpleasant, dreary life he must lead. Imagine an ordinary mortal being forced to earn his living reviewing motion pictures and never seeing one worthy of praise! What a life—and what a man!

LENNEL WALLER.

80 East Plumstead Avenue,
Lansdowne, Pennsylvania.

Dorothy Has the Goods.

I HAVE been vexed enough to write in defense of my favorite, Dorothy Jordan. Now for words and words of protest against Mr. Mathews's criticism of her. It does seem odd, don't you think, that the perfect Mr. Novarro should have Miss Jordan for his leading lady in three films if she were such a bad actress?



Secondly, if she is so distasteful to Mr. Mathews, why did he persist in sitting through a picture just to hear Mr. Novarro sing? I guess that's suffering for an ideal, n'est-ce pas? Again, if Miss Jordan is so affected and inane, why is Metro grooming her for stardom? Surely the moguls would not make such a mistake. They are too costly. And they say box-office appeal helps toward stardom. Dot has loads.

As for "Call of the Flesh," I think Miss Jordan was ideally cast. Convent postulants are generally very sweet and unaffected. Again witness Dot's performance in "Min and Bill." It was a perfect characterization.

Miss Jordan, while not beautiful, is pretty and sweet, and she also has a fine voice. There are few really beautiful stars. I'll let it rest at that.

I like Dorothy Jordan and I'll eat spinach every day for six months if Dot isn't one of the most popular of the younger starlets this season.

Here's a mint julep to "Dixie Dot."

EDNA MAE SMITH.

Buffalo, New York.

Think What You'd Think.

HOW can people be so cruel—just plain cruel? I have been reading "What the Fans Think," and I never read as many unreasonable criticisms in my life. How do you fans sit down and smugly write that Clara Bow is conceited, Dorothy Jordan is not even charming or good-looking, that if Catherine Dale Owen would forget her looks she wouldn't spoil so many pictures, et cetera?



Will you ever stop to think, fans, that each one of these stars is a different type, each trying her best to give all she can to please the public under more difficulties than you can possibly imagine, unless you have actually been on a set yourself?

I am one of the thousands of extras, and I never appreciated films half so much as I do now, after working on a set and seeing for myself how hard it is to get just one small scene.

All I ask is that you fans try to be a little kinder. Try to have a little more praise for the stars, and they will feel so much better and have an added desire to work harder than ever.

Imagine reading about yourself in some of these letters! FRANCIS HORSMAN.

5636 La Mirada, Hollywood, California.

Scrapbook Test Fair?

I HAVE to laugh when I read about the little incidents that cause the fans to give their idols the cold shoulder. In a recent Picture Play I read a letter from a girl who had sent a scrapbook to Joan Crawford to be autographed and returned.



For some unknown reason, the book is now a thing of the past.

This girl also sent a scrapbook to Clara Bow. Miss Bow very graciously autographed the book and returned it with a letter.

The result? Naught but words and teeth-gnashing for Joan; bouquets, gushing, and gooning for Clara. Is this fair? I'm asking this question of the girl who sent the books, and of all the fans who feel as she does. I can easily see that she was disappointed at not hearing anything about the book, and I agree that it probably should have been returned. But if the first book had been returned, instead of the second, without doubt the agreeable adjectives would have been associated with Miss Crawford and the disagreeable ones transferred to Miss Bow.

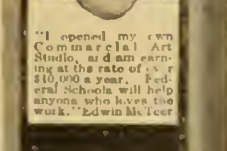
It seems to me that the admiration held for a star—or any one else, for that matter—cannot be very sincere if it can be completely wiped away by a single little action that was probably not the fault of the one blamed.

I am only a kid myself—and I must admit that I would get a thrill out of receiving an autograph on any scrapbook that I might send to a star. But I am also sure that, if I am disappointed, that star will still shine just as brightly as before in my eyes. ESTELLE LARSEN.

607 Conklin Avenue, Valley City, North Dakota.



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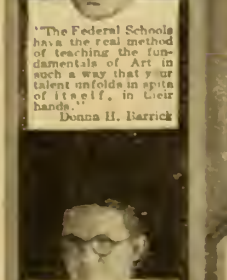
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A Garbo Precinct Reports.

EVER since Marlene Dietrich was heralded by Paramount as Greta Garbo's most dangerous rival for first place on the screen, I have waited anxiously to see "Morocco." Now that I have seen Miss Dietrich in action, let me say in justice to her that she is lovely—except in profile—and that she is a good actress. But as far as I'm concerned, she doesn't hold a candle to Greta Garbo.



Furthermore, because Paramount deliberately introduced Miss Dietrich to the public as a "rival to Garbo's throne," I shall never see another of Dietrich's pictures—no matter who is in the supporting cast, or how much advertising the picture is given.

The latest wrinkle in the publicity campaign for Miss Dietrich is to tack upon her the rôle of mother. It remains to be seen how this will work out. A true mother, it seems to me, who longs for her child as much as Miss Dietrich supposedly longs for her little Maria, would not leave her to go gallivanting across the ocean for the sake of a fat contract.

That is how one Garbo fan feels toward the "second Garbo."

MARGARET RUSSELL.
Abington, Massachusetts.

Fay, Take a Bow.

RARELY do I see mention in "What the Fans Think" of one of the screen's loveliest young actresses, a girl who invariably pleases with an intelligent, understanding performance. Not once in the few years she has been on the screen has she disappointed her fans with an indifferent performance.



Even when the pictures are bad—and some of them are pretty terrible—she always strives to do her best. This can't be said for every star. Unfortunately, she has been miscast of late. Let us hope then that 1931 will be a banner year for Paramount's loveliest actress, and one of the screen's real beauties—Fay Wray.

I would like to present two huge bouquets, one to Nancy Carroll, for her glorious performance in "Laughter," and the other to the sensational Richard Cromwell, whose marvelous performance in "Tol'able David" puts Barthelme in the shade.

TERRY COTTER.
375 East 199th Street,
New York City.

Give Local Sheiks a Break.

THREE cheers for Tully, male or female, blond or brunet, Frank or Francis, as the case may be. I would like to muss up a few of those profiles myself. Buddy Rogers takes the fur-lined soap dish for Marcelled hair and droopy eyelids. I wonder which way he would run if confronted with a fly, or any other little creature of the insect world. I can just tell the dear boy doesn't like them.



And as for these movie crushes. Well, I could use really out-and-out language about them, but I shall refrain and echo the words of Tully: "There ought to be a law against this." What's the matter with you love-sick little babies? Can't

you get some one you know to fall in love with you and use them for your overflow of emotion? Admiration of a star's acting ability or screen personality is natural, but when it turns into these "soul crushes," there's a screw loose somewhere.

I would also take the time to grip about Barry Norton, and his exquisite nostrils, as well as Phillips Holmes of the blondined hair, but when it comes right down to it, who cares, anyway? They're not worth the trouble, and it is their business.

But anyway, I stand with S. Carrol in regard to these peroxide blonds. I can get along without the sunlight playing through the spun-gold locks of the leading man.

And so come on, everybody, let's get off the dime and give admiration where it is due. Pick your own favorites, and if you like pink sauce on your pudding, see if I care. But do avoid the mush—if you have the will power.

M. E. P.
Hollywood, California.

The Man They Love.

THE letter of L. M. R. shows a great deal of common sense. However, I can readily understand the attitude of Betty Malone, though it is a foolish one. I, too, admire Ramon Novarro, but in a different way.



It is the man in Mr. Novarro that I love. His mature, serious outlook on life, his splendid physique, his wonderful ability as a musician, the still greater gift of a charming voice, and the fine man that he really is, are the things that make the Novarro fans talk about his soul and literally worship him.

Ramon Novarro is the type of man who inspires one to do the better things in life. His own life, as written in fan magazines, is the kind mothers would wish their sons to follow.

Please, Ramon, make no more films like "In Gay Madrid." "The Pagan" was beautiful; "Devil-May-Care" was dashing, and the operatic scene in "Call of the Flesh" was thrilling. I hope "Ben-Hur" is remade with sound. It is well worth it.

R. A. F.
Maryland.

Chest Relief.

IT seems to me that certain fans are so weary of looking for faults in Greta Garbo that they are resorting to making up some of their own.

Those determined fogies who won't give up their cherished but cobwebby ideals for the glorious voices of Lawrence Tibbett and Grace Moore must be the same ones who wouldn't give up silents for talkies.

And I wonder why we don't hear "down with Technicolor!" if changes are so distasteful to our erudite fans.

What other star would have voluntarily come down to leading lady after Bebe Daniels's years of stardom?

What is this thing called luck, when players like Dorothy Jordan, Evelyn Knapp, and Anita Page can get on, while Baclanova and Lillian Gish are allowed to dwindle into oblivion?

It may sound irreverent, but Kay Francis is to have a competitor and rival in Louise Brooks.

Ramon Novarro's peculiar ability to inspire certain folks to periodic outbursts, during which they fling dignity and restraints to the winds, is nearly as mysterious as Buddy Rogers's unflagging popularity.

What do we care if Stanley Smith cultivates influential people? What do we care what Stanley Smith does, anyway?

DAN ROHRIG.
Escondido, California.

That Giggly-wiggly Stuff.

IT is surprising to me that Anita Page has not yet been a victim of panning in "What the Fans Think." There is nothing magnetic about her personality, and she has done nothing that merits admiration.

It is obvious that she cannot act. She just simpers across the screen with a self-conscious strut, rolling her eyes and puckering her lips.

If Anita were beautiful I could credit her popularity to that, but she is not. But why does she have to accentuate her defects by such a ghastly make-up? Her eyes are always fairly dripping with mascara, and she makes herself ridiculous by feigning a bored, indifferent expression.

I think it's about time she stopped the giggly-wiggly stuff, and gave us something in the line of acting.

BETTY F. DOLAN.
196 Homestead Avenue,
Hartford, Connecticut.

Why Are They That Way?

JACK MATHEWS, have you, by any chance, seen "Min and Bill," the superb characterizations by Marie Dressler and Wallace Beery? A little girl named Dorothy Jordan has an important part, too, and darned good she is in it. She proves that she can act by acting, and she doesn't have to "try to look sweet." You might possibly change your mind about her, though you seem rather set.

As for Novarro, I agree with you. He is the most charming person on the screen—or off, for that matter. I have seen him several times. He served as an usher at a Christmas benefit at the Carthay Circle Theater here and he made a charming one.

Dorothy Jordan was also there and, as at all the other times I have seen her, she was perfectly charming.

I'll admit that I'm glad Novarro is changing his leading lady. Dorothy is too good for that. She is a coming star. But I do hope that his next is as sweet as Dorothy and as perfectly suited to him.

To "Je Vous Souviens": Many thanks for such a fine and understanding letter about that charming boy who is Ramon Novarro. May he bring us beauty for many years to come.

And to "Dimmy": I'm a Bow fan. In fact, I'm nearly every one's fan, and I have this to say for Clara. She's a darling, one of our most talented stars, and as for getting into print—well, it is a pity that some one wouldn't give her a little sympathy and encouragement, instead of so many scoldings.

Would some Chatterton fan please tell me why they are what they are? Chatterton is a great actress—but not by any means our greatest, and that's about all I can say for her. I can't find her charming or likable.

ANN HENRYS.
Los Angeles, California.

Crocella Knows About Noses.

I HAVE received a suggestion from one of my admirers, which I hereby submit to Crocella Mullen for her consideration. It is that I send my photograph to Miss Mullen, so she can bring to bear the strong light of her analytical powers on my proboscis. After making a close study of all its little shadings and nuances,

Miss Mullen could then send the result of her research to "What the Fans Think."

As a suitable heading under which Miss Mullen's essay might appear, two have come to mind, "The Outline of a Snuzzle," or "The Rose That Grows on Tully's Nose." Taking the fullest advantage of my offer, Miss Mullen would, I feel sure, demonstrate to all and sundry just how much she knows about noses.

May I quote here from an informal debate which recently took place between Anita Loos, novelist, and George S. Chappell, architect, and author of a best seller? Sez Mr. Chappell, "Too many women have a tendency toward living in a daze—and these happen to be precisely the sort who develop into movie fans. The saccharine bosh of the screen approximates their desires and preserves a kind of chronic adolescence long after living might have knocked it out of them."

Well put, George, well put.

In case any one is interested, my home town is called "The Hot City." Our slogan is "Danbury crowns them all." This may explain in a measure, why I take such keen delight in "crowning" your idols, Buddy, Barry, et al. As a charming old lady of my acquaintance once remarked, "The devil is in the b's that makes the hats."

FRANK TULLY.

20 New Street,
Danbury, Connecticut.

Sprig of Laurel Misplaced!

IS there any star of stage or screen who can step into Ruth Chatterton's place and give us "Madam X," "Sarah and Son," "Anybody's Woman," or "The Right to Love," with three distinct characterizations carried out flawlessly, beautifully?

And since writers and critics alike award Miss Chatterton such attributes as "First lady of screen," et cetera, it seems astounding, and to say unjust, that the first prize of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences should have passed her by, especially after reading such comment as the following from the San Francisco Examiner:

"It is difficult to see how first place may be taken from Ruth Chatterton, who has contributed a series of superfine portrayals in her pictures. Not one of them has missed fire.

"So to Miss Chatterton goes our sprig of laurel as the outstanding feminine cinematic star of the year."

"The Divorcee," as played by Miss Shearer, was indeed a fine picture, but even her devotees must acknowledge that there was no great artistry displayed in this film, nor was any required.

Then think of "Madam X" as played by Ruth Chatterton, the gradual disintegration of the woman and that ending. Then see her before you as she descends the steps of the mission to join her lover, at the end of "The Right to Love."

MRS. G. DAVID.

San Francisco, California.

Mildred Speaking—

WHY do Nancy Carroll and Joan Crawford insist upon singing? Isn't it enough to be a capable actress, although only Miss Carroll is that. There is plenty of misery in the world without looking at Joan Crawford's despairing eyes. Evidently that is artistic finesse? Why did they put Robert Ames in that charming picture "Holiday"? He isn't the type the charming Johnny should have been.

Does Ann Harding imagine that terrible hairdresser of hers is becoming? She not only needs a hairdresser but a dress-

maker. Her off-screen clothes are dowdy and flitting, and would embarrass a fitted collar-wearer.

Why does Raymond Hackett turn into a race contentant every time he says a word?

Does Betty Compson imagine she can get away with those rascle eyelashes? Why do they cast Charles Bickford in romantic roles?

Why don't they let Conrad Nagel always be as charming as he was in "A Lady Surrenders"?

I am glad to hear that Dolores Costello is returning to the screen. She can't act and her voice is terrible, but I'll pay my admission just to look at her.

I'm a little tired of Evelyn Brent's sullenness, June Collyer's gaga dimples and smile, Joan Crawford being very impressed with herself; pictures of Bebe and Ben, and Doug and Joan; "Lupe Loff Gary," stories dealing with Lilyan Tashman's social success, Stanley Smith's two expressions, Charles Bickford's explosive he-mannishness, Janet Gaynor explaining about her fight with Fox.

Things I hope for:

Lowell Sherman's stardom, a picture to live up to publicity notices, a corking come-back for John Gilbert, producers to realize that spectacular films of the great outdoors are boring to the general public, a theater that would never show news reels, to see Patsy Ruth Miller and Dorothy Sebastian in some good rôles.

MILDRED K. HARTE.

Be Naughty but Pure?

YOUNG folks are often amused when they see themselves pictured as they are supposed to be—untamed and lawless. Girls and boys who never think of drinking, girls who disdain smoking, and, yes, boys, too—young folks who can manage lots of good times without petting and mauling go to the movies and see a bunch of wisecracking, gin-drinking roustabouts who are supposed to represent the younger generation.

They see suggestive bedroom farces with girls running around minus most of their clothing and boys supposed to be pop-eyed with curiosity; they see ideals made sport of; religion and marriage treated contemptuously. What does it all lead to? Why, maybe the weaker-minded might be tempted to see what all this flaming youth is like, but the clean-minded young folks finally decide to stay away from the movies, until the older generation can provide entertainment that is as unsophisticated as the majority of the population really is.

Why is it considered smart by the producers to sneer at decency and treat licentiousness as if the latter only were human? It is just as human to want to strive for high ideals as it is to fall, so why do they not concentrate a while on the best in man?

We love good clean pictures and they could do so much good in the world. As for box-office appeal, see what "Seventh Heaven" did and others of its kind. Never has such sweet poetical innocence hovered over a love nest. "Abraham Lincoln," by the way, is one of the finest of the late pictures.

D. BILSON.

Morton Place,
Los Angeles, California.

From the Garbo Camp.

WHY all the fuss over Marlene Dietrich? Paramount is exploiting her as if she were the eighth wonder of the world. She's just a mediocre actress with an excellent press agent. Her work in

"Morocco" was nothing to get excited about.

It hadn't been for the presence of Gary Cooper and the brave Adolphe Menjou, the film would have been a total loss. It's really silly to compare Miss Dietrich with the little Swedish spunk Miss Dietrich and the silent care for the American climate or the inhabitants of this country, but as she naively admitted, she is fond of the good old American dollar. It her future pictures are like the first one, I don't think she'll have to stay in the U. S. A. very long.

Greta Garbo is a beautiful woman, an accomplished actress, and has a magnetic personality. She is, and will continue to be, the first and foremost actress on the screen, and it is a hopeless task to try to give her competition.

Fans, have you noticed how quickly that slick siren, Natalie Moorhead, is forging ahead to stardom? When she glides across the screen in one of the exotic creations she wears so well, she certainly is a pleasing eye-ful. She has put Lilyan Tashman in the background when it comes to wearing chic clothes in a sophisticated manner, and when Miss Moorhead gets down to the business of making strong, silent men fall, she makes the charming Mrs. Lowe's portrayals of vamps look as harmless as little *Elsie Dinsmore*. When Natalie Moorhead vamps them, they stay vamped!

LILLIAN THEINER.

1459 West 72nd Street,
Chicago, Illinois.

Dietrich a Forced Sensation?

AS an admirer and fan of Gary Cooper, I wish to voice my disapproval of the way Paramount listed the names of the cast of "Morocco."

Gary Cooper and Adolphe Menjou have, through their large followings, poured thousands of dollars into the treasury of Paramount. To put their names in small type beneath that of an unknown foreign actress, no matter how capable she may be, or how desirous the producers may be to push her, is rank ingratitude, and utter disregard of the tastes and opinions of the fans.

Even the crowds who attended the show were accredited to Miss Dietrich. Still she was unheard of when "The Spoilers" and "The Virginian" filled the same house and were held over for a second week. A couple of years ago the capable and finished performances of Menjou filled the movie houses.

Greta Garbo, Vilma Banky, Ronald Colman, Victor McLaglen, and Pola Negri had to work their way to the top. Why not Miss Dietrich?

She is good to the eye and her work is fine, so there should be no fear in the minds of those interested in her career that she will be successful on her own merits.

MRS. DANIEL O'BRIEN.

843 East 213th Street,
New York City.

Which Comes First, News or Events?

WELL, Uncle Dimmy, here's a Clara Bow fan who's prepared to fire a few return shots in your direction. Here's hoping that the jar of your collapsing arguments doesn't knock the filling out of your back teeth. In other words, it would seem that you're a sort of fair-weather friend who jumps on a guy when he's down, and stabs him in the back after somebody else has knocked him out.

To be more explicit, it seems to me that somebody or other has certainly got it in for the devastating queen of dra-

matic possibilities. A few flights into the imagination on the part of this group of persons, a brief game of "pass it on," and newspapers from coast to coast splash red-hot headlines across their front pages, and burst forth with a new Bow scandal, each with revisions by the editor. By the time the latest edition is presented at Clara's front door, the original escapade has been relegated out of sight and replaced by a garbled account of something or other that never took place except in some one's overworked imagination.

What's the matter with Clara Bow? A following of influential enemies, and an ability for getting into innocent scrapes which are leaped upon, distorted, and publicized by said enemies, who ought to retire their imaginations on a pension.

As for loyal Bow fans—and there are plenty of us—let's rally round the standard, assault the foe, and bring back the bacon. "WINNIE."

21 Morgan Street,
Holyoke, Massachusetts.

How Would You Report It?

IN the midst of shocking details of Clara Bow's escapades as reported by the newspapers, I cannot refrain from voicing my opinion regarding the world's darling.

One hears people say, after reading the accounts of Clara's trial in the papers and the revelations of Daisy De Voe, "Why, I never knew Clara Bow was like that," and once in a while, "Shocking." One is tempted to slap the people saying these things.

Clara has one of the most vivid and arresting personalities on the screen today. She has given me and thousands of others some of the happiest hours we have ever spent. She is one of the biggest box-office attractions on the screen.

Now her future is being jeopardized simply because of the writings of numerous overzealous reporters who are merely after a sensational story and care nothing for an individual's personal rights and privileges. I know many people will believe Daisy De Voe's stories simply because they read them.

If they could only realize that Daisy's stories are told merely for spite and effect and, furthermore, what if Clara spent her money recklessly? What if she had numerous boy friends? What if she drank occasionally? Who earned the money Clara is accused of spending recklessly? Clara herself, and its her privilege to spend it as she chooses.

Bow fans, let's not let a little unfortunate publicity change our opinion of Clara. Let's show Clara and the world we are true fans. YVONNE HASKINS.

1029 Leland Avenue,
Chicago, Illinois.

An Old Letter Answered.

THERE have been quite a lot of shells opened recently, people coming out to write their first fan letter, so we think we will come up for air, too, not exactly with a fan letter, but one to reassure Irene Burton on her doubts as to how the American accent is received generally in England.

We are rather late, but we hope we may be forgiven for that, as it is only recently that we found Picture Play. We find it so interesting that we have endeavored to obtain back numbers, so here we are with Miss Burton's letter of June, 1930.

We can assure you that the American films and American artists are received with open arms over here. The accent,

far from being objectionable, is very fascinating and pleasant to listen to, and this is voicing the opinion generally in England. Please do not let the odd few upset you.

You know there are narrow-minded snobs wherever you go, and we have traveled pretty far. Of course, there are the odd few in America, also, as one fan objected to Ruth Chatterton because of her English accent, and Clive Brook was too "Mayfair." But as we say, no matter where one goes, or how far, he is bound to meet with criticism, and we may mention that an English person need not go farther than Glasgow, from where one fan scoffs at Pickford and Fairbanks for doing "Taming of the Shrew," to be picked up for being English.

We lived in Glasgow for four years, and heard a remark once to the effect that "she certainly is very clever; of course, she's English, but what of it, if she's good?" So you see, the odd few up there look upon themselves as something very superior to English.

We would like to mention Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell before closing. The only "slamming" these young people have had, has been in their own country. Over here they are simply adored, and we think they are charm, simplicity, and romance personified.

They both have an accent, but it only adds to their charm. We, of course, love Clive Brook and Ronald Colman, but our first favorite is Gary Cooper. (This is developing into a fan letter after all.) Where Mr. Cooper's films are, so are we. We think his acting in "The Virginian" one of the most finished, and the most natural portrayals we have ever seen.

While watching Mr. Cooper one is just carried away to where he is, until we forget we are watching a film. Surely the biggest compliment an actor can have. If this kind of thing gives any pleasure, we hope Mr. Cooper will see this, and know how much his work is appreciated by
THREE SISTERS.

Upton Park,
London, England.

If They'd Only "Say When."

AFTER reading Picture Play's recent article on Alice White, I feel I have to come forward, white with rage, over the gross injustice meted the child by a fickle, don't-know-what-they-want public.

Although not a White fan, never was and perhaps now never will be able to be, I seethe with indignation over her sad plight. Alice White is just as good an actress—perhaps better—than twenty-five others that I have to pay my quarters to see. She is pretty, young, ambitious, sincere, and that is more than can be said about a lot of other players.

If Alice White had not been sacrificed to the greed of her producers, but had been allowed to stay natural, she would have been an even greater actress. When will producers know when to "say when" on certain types of pictures? Just because a little girl makes a hit in a leg show, they insist upon making leg shows forever more. That's what killed Clara Bow.

Now, you Alice White fans, where's your loyalty? Are you going to stand by and see a perfectly good, hard-working, heartbroken, little girl be shoved out of the film world after she has given every ounce of her spirit to belong? Are you going to stand for a lot of highly publicized but no better foreigners shove our own little girl off the screen?

Where's all these hands for Alice? Where's all your loyalty, producers, and

fans? Give Alice another break and I'll bet, if she is allowed a little say as to pictures and parts, she'll give you all you want—and more.

IRENE FRECHETTE BATZ.
1625 Hertel Avenue,
Buffalo, New York.

The Million-bouquet He-man.

HOW can any one say that my favorite, Richard Barthelmess, is conceited? He is without doubt the greatest actor in Hollywood, and certainly is neither bored from acting nor conceited. He deserves a million bouquets for his work. He is a great person and Hollywood's one real gentleman.

Robert Montgomery is another who should be complimented for his work, instead of criticized. And nobody can say a word against Norma Shearer, as it was recently proved that she is a great actress. If any one doubts this, then why was Miss Shearer awarded the trophy for the best work of all the actresses?

Stop picking on Alice White! I am no White fan, and never have been, but it is only fair that she should be given a chance. Why jump at conclusions? Alice is all right. She has had a hard battle to prove that, and I think she deserves a few bouquets. If you want a flapper to criticize, what's the matter with the "Brooklyn Bonfire"?

Again I say, leave Dick alone. He is a wonderful actor and always has been. He always will be my favorite of Hollywood's he-men. KATHRYN M. GLASS

113 Alger Avenue,
Detroit, Michigan.

Retort Discourteous.

WELL, Frank Tully, it is a lucky thing for you that you don't live around this part of the country. I can be quite hasty at times when it comes to a temper, and I stick up for the people I like.

Silly, indeed! You don't know sincerity when you see it. Crocella Mullen and I are praising a young man who deserves every bit of adulation he may receive. Why don't you say exactly what displeases your highness? If we like Barry Norton's eyes or smile, what of it?

Give us a picture of yourself if you want us to transfer our admiration. There never was, nor ever will be, a man to equal Barry in appearance, to say nothing of his character. He is capable of performing all manner of unusual things. Accomplishments should be lauded.

Come on, Crocella, tell us about the baptism.

And, Frank, what do you think of Ramon Novarro? I suppose he is too charming, eh?

THE ETERNAL IDOLIZER.
98 N. Edgewood Avenue,
La Grange, Illinois.

But Please Don't Snap It.

WHEN Fanny the Fan speaks of gum chewing I take it for granted that she does not mean to be taken seriously. I suppose she means that gum chewing is characteristic of a certain type of person, one who hasn't mentality, or personality, or educational background. Would any one in her right mind apply those phrases to that pretty darling, Jeanette MacDonald? Jeanette's lovely voice and talented acting have been a joy to me. She has lightened my heart and raised my spirits. Of course Jeanette will stay in pictures, because the fans want her.

KATE SEYMOUR.
1165 West Clinton Avenue,
Irvington, New Jersey.

Please, One Unhappy Ending!

WHAT a boost the movies got when two eminent churchmen said that they were one of the best educational mediums that we had to-day, and that censorship was needed for the stage.

Every time I think of censorship, I have a desire to gnaw chairs. I saw "Divorcee" after the Ohio Board of Censors had finished with it, and I can truthfully say that I still wonder what it is about. I would get an inkling of the plot, but every time some one would start to say something, there would be a blank silence, followed by laughter of the audience.

I wish that we might have the sort of censorship that Chicago enjoys which, after all, is the proper one. That is, exclude the children. Censorship begins at home with me, and I give it long thought before I allow my children to see a picture. Unfortunately all parents do not feel that way, and some children are allowed to attend shows by themselves.

The worst thing we "Middle-Western morons" have to endure is the supposition that we must be shielded from unhappy endings. I know from reading the book that *Anna Karenina* did not fall into *Trotsky's* arms, but committed suicide, and that the infamous *Billy the Kid* was killed, but are we allowed to see such an ending in a film? Oh, no. We are given the idea that *maybe* Billy got away. I wish we could rise up ten thousand strong and insist on one unhappy ending.

Mrs. JOHN M. FINN.

1473 South Belmont Avenue,
Indianapolis, Indiana.

The One and Only.

THE first time I saw Ruth Chatterton, I said that there would never be another like her, but each time I have seen her, she has been better than the time before. I have just seen "The Right to Love." They can have Greta Garbo or Dietrich—who is exceptionally good—but Ruth Chatterton is so much more finished, so much more capable, you simply feel all she says and does.

She can put so many little delicate shadings into her expressions and words, that to me she is entirely without a rival on the screen. Particularly is she good in scenes where she is raging or commanding. She suits heavy dramatic work, where she literally commands people, as she did in "Anybody's Woman," when she ordered the chauffeur out of the house.

I want to make a suggestion. Please cast her for more society rôles. The women of the screen who are good as people of culture are few. Ruth Chatterton and Constance Bennett appear as though they are really used to things. Give us Ruth in smart, sophisticated rôles, where she dominates the picture. As for me, they need not even name the pictures, just put "Ruth Chatterton" in lights and merely hint that she will be at a certain theater, and I will rush right down.

A CRITICAL FAN.

Atlanta, Georgia.

Producers' Thought for Day.

I WONDER why so many fine people try to pass themselves off as hard boiled? There isn't one but who is really striving for the finer things of life—the high ideals, the clean decency of humanity—and yet those very things are outwardly scoffed at, as if the scoffer was ashamed of his finer feelings or feared ridicule. And yet the really great pictures are the ones which portray that very fineness!

We call a person human when he has many faults. Well, it is just as human to try to conquer faults as to acquire them, and one has much more genuine happiness in doing so. All this is preliminary to saying that I'd like a little less sophistication and hard-boiled talking in the movies.

E. COOPER.

Alhambra, California.

Outstrolling the Stroller.

AFTER reading "The Stroller's" observations on the players, I was tempted to add a few of a mere fan. Being courageous enough to face the wrath of the admirers of these stars, here goes.

Ruth Chatterton, dear Stroller, has a right to condescend. Some day when you are her age you will do the same.

Conrad Nagel has anything but an agreeable voice. His elocution is as cute as his toupee.

Those who say Mary Brian can act never saw Jeanne Eagels, or so it seems to me.

Jack Oakie is a wisecracking show-off.

Dorothy Jordan might be a honey, but she says "woise" for "worse" in "Love in the Rough."

Betty Compson is forgiven for her eyelashes, because her voice is the most natural in pictures. But if Betty should ever say "necess'ry," I will go to Hollywood and get her.

William Haines has plenty to be blue about.

George O'Brien doesn't wear enough clothes.

Alice White doesn't deserve the bad breaks she's getting.

Phillips Holmes and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., cause many a real Englishman to laugh over that strange lingo they speak.

Maurice Chevalier is detested by most Frenchmen. He walked off the stage in a French theater last year when some one laughed at the wrong time. The man who laughed was an ex-soldier who had been gassed in the War.

Jacqueline Logan is one of the sweetest girls in the movies, but she wears the same clothes in all her pictures.

Ramon Novarro, one of my favorites, is too good to be true.

Fredric March is a good actor and a cultured man, but his cunning mannerisms offset these.

Norma Shearer's clothes are just what an actress of her caliber would imagine to be good taste.

GERTRUDE WARRING.

Brooklyn, New York.

Don't Hide the Babies.

THEY are afraid of disillusionment," says Nancy Carroll, "if we let the public see our babies."

There will be no disillusionment in the public's eye if they ever see Nancy Carroll's baby. I saw her one day with Nancy, and what a daughter! She hasn't Nancy's beautiful red hair, but she has her sweetness and beauty. Come on, Nancy, and let the public see her, for she is a beauty, and would take first prize in any beauty contest.

JEAN PALMER.

360 West 119th Street,
New York City, New York.

What, If Not Mystic?

THIS is for the benefit of pro-Novarro fans and for anti-Novarro fans, if I may call them that. Especially Mrs. N. Shaver. Why, dear madam, didn't you

come right out in your letter and say that Madeline Glass deliberately lied in her article on the mystic power of Ramon Novarro? You dressed up your tale in a lot of words, but what you meant was that Miss Glass told several untrue, rather than "aburd," stories about Ramon.

Lay off Ramon. I don't know whether his power is mystic or not, but whatever name you wish to give to it, his influence on his fans is wonderful. First of all, why did you wait six months before telling us that Miss Glass fibbed? It's rather far-fetched to believe that you had just read the article. You know, Betty Malone's letter on the same article appeared the very next issue.

So you think no one would have the nerve to enter a gate and rest on a person's lawn! Is zat so? Well, I've rested on more than a person's lawn—nothing less than the rocking-chair on the front porch ever suits me after a long hike. And I've never been put off, either.

And get this—if I lived as near to Ramon as you do, I'd have seen him plenty of times, even if I had to take my lunch and mattress and live on his high brick wall! He'd have to come out some time, you know.

To L. M. R., who was so hard on Betty Malone, I have this to say! I don't think it's the "glitter of stardom" that Betty's in love with. Whatever her feeling is—call it love if you wish—it is for Ramon the man. Ramon the actor comes second. Am I right, Betty?

What would you say, L. M. R., if I told you that six days after I left the hospital after an appendicitis operation, I went in town to see "The Pagan"? I couldn't stand up straight, let alone walk, but I got there. I could have waited until the picture came nearer home, but, you see, the same feeling that prompted Betty to get sick prompted me to do something which I would never have done had it been any one else.

Fans, do you remember the letter that was printed in Picture Play shortly after the talkies became established, written by one Robert Orem in reply to Joan Perula? This lady, it seems, had been lavishing praise on John Gilbert and could not see anything worth raving about in Ramon Novarro.

I quote from Mr. Orem's letter: "I pleasantly anticipate the reception of Messrs. Gilbert and Novarro over the new sound devices. Then Ramon will live and John will disillusion you."

Oh, Robert, you're a man after my own heart. Well, you Gilbert fans aren't so enthusiastic, are you? Wonder what Mr. Gilbert would say if he could come down Roxbury way and see this: "Way for a Sailor," with Wallace Beery and Leila Hyams." I had to use a magnifying glass to find Jack's name. Honest I did.

"CHERRY VALLEY."

Boston, Massachusetts.

Wh-why Bring That Up?

TO "The Router," of London: Hello, there! That was a nice letter. Funny, isn't it? How a nation feels so virtuous when it compares itself with another one. None of us escape it. But you know, we, over here, don't speak English, we speak American!

Remember the Englishman who, when told by an American professor to fill in a blank, retorted: "It isn't a blank, it's a form; and you don't fill it in—you fill it out!" Our talkies, I fear, will always be American. More power to 'em!

3246 Keswick Road, "AMERICAN."
Baltimore, Maryland.

Why waste time on old fashioned methods

... when you can learn to play at home without a teacher?



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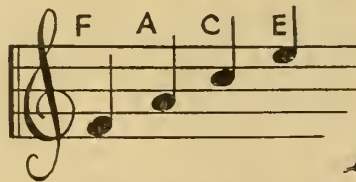
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Photo by Elmer Fryer

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR., looms in the cinema heavens as a full-fledged star, a sign of his growth in talent, in years, and popularity. The new picture which he will always remember is called "Chances." He and his brother find themselves in love with the same girl, a part played by Rose Habart, who brings understanding out of chaos to the two men.

What's WRONG with



They never pay compliments. It's "Boy! Look at these box shoulders!" Rita La Roy complains.

HOLLYWOOD men have been taking a terrific beating. Their screen sweethearts have been telling me all the faults of the male stars. And, brother, it all goes to prove that even a handsome heart-breaker is no hero to the girls who have to love him.

Kissable faces and life-guard figures are *not* enough, say those who are in a position to judge the qualities of our masculine idols. Hollywood's men stars are supremely conceited, sublimely egotistical, not a bit romantic, and even downright boring a lot of the time!

Let me assure you right at the start that this is no sour-grapes tale. I have talked to the half dozen most popular women at each of the studios, and I'm swamped with inside information on the personality boys. The catch lies here: most of the girl stars are afraid to do a "Strange Interlude" right out in print, because they have to work with the Hollywood men. But a few bold spirits have consented to be quoted.

Hark to what Rita La Roy, the vamp, has learned about the screen lovers.

The film lovers do not stir Rita La Roy when they play the beau offscreen. "Self-centered bores," she calls them. Mary Duncan says they are charming fellows who are not treated right by the actresses. The fans must be the jury.

"Hollywood actors," says Rita, "are such boring company that after a half hour with them I am ready to go home.

"Their ideas are limited to four topics: golf, liquor, autos, and the reputations of absent women. Oh, yes, and themselves. They never admire your clothes or pay compliments, as all men should, no matter what a girl looks like. Instead, they say, 'Boy! Look at this new wide lapel, these box shoulders,' my this, my that!

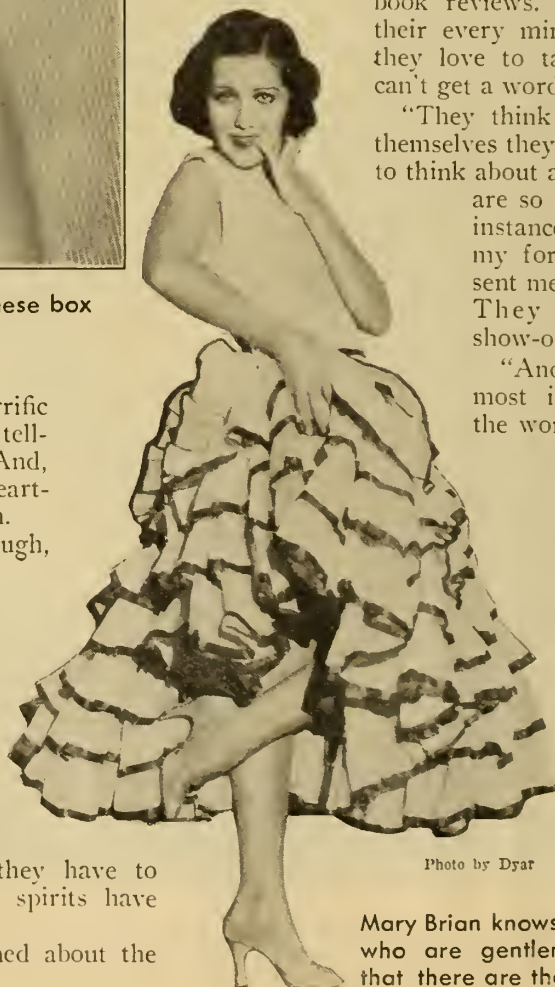
"They hand out a terrific line. They brag about what a hit they are on the point of making and say, 'Just stick to me, little girl, and I'll get you a swell part.' Next day they don't even speak to the little fools.

"They have a superficial veneer. I have never met an actor who was honestly interested in good books. They merely read the book reviews. They play act their every minute. And how they love to talk! A woman can't get a word in edgewise.

"They think so much about themselves they never have time to think about a girl. And they are so unoriginal. For instance, once, to ask my forgiveness, a man sent me six dozen roses. They are wholesale show-offs.

"And they are the most impolite men in the world. They never think of holding your chair at the table or opening a door. Even in casting offices it is noticeable. When a girl came in the men used to offer her a seat; now she can just stand and let the men sit.

Photo by Dyar



Mary Brian knows dozens of actors who are gentlemen, but admits that there are those other fellows.

HOLLYWOOD MEN?

By Ben Maddox

"Hollywood actors are terribly spoiled, because there are ten girls here for every good-looking man. I myself won't go out with a man who drinks. When your escort suddenly keels over at a fashionable restaurant or dinner party—well, it's an embarrassment I won't stand for. I'll admit it's hard on the actor, because if he doesn't drink, the producer who hires him feels that the actor is insinuating that he is wiser than his boss.

"I don't have dates with actors," Rita assured me. "I vamp them all day and then I'm through. I've never had a real friend—acquaintances, yes, but not real friends—among the actors I've met in Hollywood. Assistant directors, for instance, are much better company. The men stars take themselves too seriously. They have lost all sense of proportion and think the world would stop without them!"

Now to give you a typical ingénue's thoughts on Hollywood men, I shall tell you what Joyce Compton, prominent in the younger set, has to say.

"The men stars hesitate to marry for fear their fan following will decline. They are twice as worried about their careers as actresses are. The men stop and ponder every move, thinking that everything they say or do is of vast importance. The last thing they want to do is to settle down with one girl.

"Consequently, they are extraordinarily woman-shy. For a girl it's a case of 'Can't get the one I want; those I get I don't want.' The married men and the unattractive ones bother the life out of you. And the handsome brutes just stay home every night with mamma and papa, and start running every time you look at them!"

That's the pickle these young girls find themselves in. Mona Maris is a good representative of the traveled, cultured, mature-minded actress.

"Hollywood actors," thinks Mona, who has memories of brilliant society in Berlin, London, and Paris, "are narrow-minded and mentally

Hollywood men try to mix love and sports; therefore, their love-making is pretty sad, says Mona Maris.

Photo by Autrey



Bebe Daniels finds actors more interesting and polite than any other class of men.

small-townish. They are not romantic. They think they can mix love with sports, and, therefore, their love-making is pretty sad. They don't think enough of women to concentrate on making an art of love.

"They make marriage proposals as a routine proposition. They are afraid to be adventurous, and they cannot understand a woman who wants a platonic friendship, either. They try to figure some meaning into your good-fellowship. And when you give a Hollywood man your private phone number, he immediately assumes that you are going out only with him in the future.

"They are too conspicuous—in their actions, dress, talk, and homes. Everything is for show. They are more attractive physically than European men, but less so mentally. Worst of all, they want to make too much whoopee. So I prefer staying home to going out with most of the men I have met who act for a living."

Sounds as if our screen lovers were pretty spoiled, doesn't it?

But a few of the stars I consulted had good words to say. Joan Crawford, for instance, says, "An actor is no different from any other man. They all get up in the morning and shave and wish they could go to the beach, instead of to work."



The actors are afraid to settle down to one girl, Joyce Compton finds.

Bebe Daniels and Ruth Roland, who are also happily married to actors, pooch-pooch the general criticism of Hollywood men. These two women find them more interesting and polite than any other class of men. And Irene Rich, who knows many business men, states emphatically that the actors are not dumb in financial affairs.

"Just look at the wonderful contracts most of them maneuver," she points out. "I know a lot of fine business men who would like to be clever enough to get such salaries."

There are all kinds of men in Hollywood, Mary Brian and June Colyer, our favorite subdebs, venture to say out loud. If you want a bad actor, they insist that you won't have to look far; but if you want a gentleman, they know dozens.

Yet Hollywood men took a rather bad beating until I ran into Mary Duncan, who met my queries with, "Tell me what's wrong with 'em!"

I did, and Mary roared. "Vices?" she finally uttered after her mirthquake. "I'd call 'em virtues!" So I asked her to park herself and explain.

"In the first place, all this about the actors' selfishness," she began. "Who could love or admire a man who wasn't selfish? A man who is not conceited is not attractive. An actor has to concentrate upon himself to attain any degree of success.

"The trouble with the actresses is that when they meet a handsome, selfish actor they are running up against one of their own kind. Women are praised so much that they can't stand to hear a man complimented. Actresses are terribly conceited themselves. Remember, the most attractive man is always the one most admired by other women. And a man has to put his best foot forward to make himself attractive.

"As for Hollywood male stars being tight with their money, why,

just look how grandly they live and you'll see the fallacy of that. They may not spend as much as New York playboys, for there is no place to put out big money on entertainment here.

"Hand out a line? What man doesn't when he can? Really, actors are charmingly naïve! The poor dears get so few compliments that they'll believe anything nice you say about them.

"They won't dress up, and have no manners? Double check that off their list of crimes. When they work all day, naturally they don't feel like dolling up in their evening clothes for an all-night party. But between pictures, won't the girls admit that they—the men—look darn nice? An actor's manners incline toward informality, but I've certainly never found politeness lacking.

"The men are gossips? A man always sticks up for even the most notorious girls. A man will talk about their beauty or try to find something nice to say, instead of immediately telling you the low-down, as nine out of ten women do. The men couldn't possibly gossip as much as the women.

"Boring? Business men and students—oh, all non-actors are ever so much more so. An actor has a general polish, a knowledge of everything which the man who concentrates on one particular thing can never have.

"When it comes to being romantic, the poor men stars have a tough time—all due to the actresses! The

men want to be romantic. But the women are downright selfish, in a mean way. The girls capitalize on a man's affections. Hollywood
Continued on page 117



Photo by Hurrell

The trouble is women are praised so much they can't stand to hear a man complimented, Mary Duncan believes.

They're just like other men, Joan Crawford has learned; they all prefer the beach to work.



MISCHIEF



JORGE DELANO, the caricaturist, lets his pencil play pranks with stars whose mirrors tell a different story. See if you can identify them.

Richard Arlen.
Fay Wray.
Buddy Rogers.
Jack Oakie
Gary Cooper.



Photo by Lippmann

Marian lunches with her brother Edward after some giggles about dry toast.

YO-HO-HO and a By William H. McKegg CREAM PUFF

Marian Marsh and her family brought some of the spirit of the Spanish Main with them from Trinidad which they are applying to the conquest of screen fame. *Trilby* is the prize recently captured by *la* Marsh.

WHEN the new neighbors moved in opposite me, I took particular notice of the two girls. The older one was a stunner, and the younger was just as much an eyeful. There were two boys—but who takes notice of boys?

Of course I met Jeanne, George, Violet, and Edward Krauth.

I have known the breath-taking charmer of this story by her real name, Violet. I have kept an eye on her while she did extra work under the name of Marilyn Morgan. More recently I came to know her as Marian Marsh.

With Marian Marsh we deal, and rightly, too. For at eighteen Marian is leading lady in John Barrymore's "Svengali" the talkie version of "Trilby." Since John is the star, *Trilby* becomes a secondary character. Even so, this rôle will introduce Marian Marsh in no uncertain way.

For the past three years Marian, her mother, her sister, and two brothers have been almost my next-door neighbors. And if I am not in a position to talk about my neighbors, then why not, may I ask?

It came about like this: Marian's sister Jeanne was one of the members of the historic Paramount school. Awarded a contract, she came to Hollywood. The rest of the family, too.

I recall Marian as a bright young thing, very, very intelligent, without any cute mannerisms. At sixteen she had the brain power of many a Hollywood charmer of twenty-six.

She has told me many adventurous tales. The four children were born on the island of Trinidad. On this island in the British West Indies, the boys and girls became inoculated with that dashing yo-ho-ho spirit of the Spanish Main, of pirates and adventure.

Once while innocently playing under a tree with a

kitten, Marian was startled by a long snake falling out of the branches overhead right before her eyes. The snake dashed, crawled—or whatever snakes do—into an outhouse. The kitten, believing it to be enlarged spaghetti, ran after it.

Marian howled for her kitten. It must surely be killed, she thought. But the kitten, like the children, had a dashing yo-ho-ho spirit, and came from the shed dragging the dead reptile, like a limp garden hose, in its mouth.

Eventually the family went to New York. Like all good girls destined for the movies, Marian spent some time in a convent, in Massachusetts.

"That was one of the many beautiful remembrances of my early childhood," says the eighteen-year-old to-day. "Going away from time to time, I seemed shut away from the world. When I returned home for the holidays, it was like returning from another sphere."

The convent story is amusing in many cases; but in this instance it is a fact.

As she will tell you, she has had little time yet to delve into other things besides acting. She was still attending Hollywood high school when she began extra work.

Sometimes I'd come across Marian at the market.

"I like to choose fruit and cakes for the family," she'd tell me while George would be staggering under a load of potatoes, and Edward weakening under the weight of the Sunday roast.

Marian told me of a wonderful place to buy cakes. "The cream puffs are heavenly," she declared in rapture. These insipid, unsatisfying confections were as ambrosia to her. One day we arrived at the baker's only to find pies and rolls at our disposal. I bought my French loaf with glee, while *la* Marsh, bereft of her cream puffs, looked as tragic as Bernhardt.

About two years ago, Pathé thought up a brilliant idea and formed what they called their junior stock company. The young members were Lew Ayres, Stanley Smith, Russell Gleason, Jimmy Aldine, Jeanette Loff, and Marian.

These artistic young souls worked occasionally for six months; then the class was dismissed. Only Russell Gleason was retained. Lew Ayres got a part with Garbo, in "The Kiss," then sailed to glory at the Universal studio. Jeanette Loff skipped over to Carl Laemmle's camp, too. Paramount invited Stanley Smith to step into their ranks. Marian searched for work. Poor Jimmy Aldine seemed to get lost in the commotion.

In spite of good breaks and bad, the call for self-expression was felt in the household from Trinidad. Jeanne was working pretty constantly. Marian had, so far, done nothing to warrant special notice.

George, restless at his first job, in a bank, decided to desert finance for art. Edward, the youngest of the family, had a penchant for scattering the house with by no means poor paintings.

"He'll probably be an artist," Marian would prophesy, though not with too much encourage-

When the great Barrymore saw Miss Marsh, *Trilby* was hers.





Come on out, John Barrymore, we know you, for there's Marian Marsh as *Trilby*.

ment. She was wrong. Like Richard Cromwell, Edward deserted high school and painting for acting.

But since this is Marian's story, we reluctantly drop the family and concentrate on the individual.

About two years ago, when Pathé's junior stock company was in full bloom, I included Marian in a story mentioning the newcomers.

"What a thrill," she declared, "to see myself in print!"

She was so thrilled, in fact, that I rashly said, "Well, my dear, since you feel that way about it, I'll write a story just about you." Marian dashed to give me a cream puff, but withheld the offer as I added, "When you get your first lead I'll come out to your studio and interview you alone."

"Many a jesting word spoken in

La Marsh was found to be calm and collected, and talking about others.



earnest," Marian scoffed when I landed out at First National to keep my rash promise of yesterday. "I've done my part of the bargain. I'm playing a lead, and here's the studio."

Don't imagine that by knowing a player you are sure of respect being shown you. Far from it. I had to run all over the studio to find my subject. I eventually discovered her in the portrait gallery, having new pictures taken.

Marian was languidly pulling on her stockings, so I frowned and asked what sort of *Trilby* pictures had been taken.

"Sit down; sit down," she said, not too enthusiastically. "I'll be ready as soon as I put on my shoes."

A lot of people tell her she looks like Constance Bennett. I'd rather say Constance resembles Marian. La Marsh has very blond hair, though was it not darker during her Pathé days? Her eyes are light green. Or are they blue? Maybe they're hazel. But there's quite a space between her eyes. And they say this space denotes dramatic power.

I had expected the young *Trilby* to be full of excitement. La Marsh was calm and collected. In fact, I recall that she was more excited when she got a small part in Eddie Cantor's "Whoopee." In that picture, Albert Hackett, Raymond's brother, played the part of Marian's brother.

"He's very enthusiastic over some play he's written," Marian said at the time. "He tells me an agent is taking it to New York. He feels sure it will be produced."

"Up Pops the Devil" was Albert's chef-d'œuvre. Produced it was, and it proved quite a success on Broadway. Albert played a leading part. At the present time Raymond is portraying the leading rôle in Albert's brain child at the Belasco Theater, in Los Angeles. And right at this moment, while I'm writing her story, La Marsh is attending to-night's performance.

The stage appeals to Marian. A few months ago she played in "Young Sinners."

"I like the part," she told me at the time. "It is a girl entirely different from what I really am. If that's not a test of histrionic ability, what is?"

More notice was taken of Marian after her stage début. One day her manager told her to go to the First National studio for a test. Brother Edward was sent there also by his agent. Sister and brother made a test together. The next thing Marian knew, she was being whisked off to John Barrymore's domicile to be presented to The Great One himself.

Barrymore had not then quite recovered from his recent illness. Nevertheless, he was well enough to see that La Marsh was the very one to play *Trilby* opposite his *Sten-gali*. [Continued on page 114]



SYLVIA SIDNEY

Photo (c) by G. Stallard Kessler

FIRST you will see Sylvia Sidney, opposite Gary Cooper, in "City Streets," surely as happy an introduction to the fans as any stranger from the stage could wish. Then she will assume one of the most important roles of the year, as well as the most difficult, as the unhappy *Roberta Alden*, heroine of "An American Tragedy," the picture often promised and long delayed, with Phillips Holmes playing *Clyde Griffiths*, the part for which every one has nominated his favorite actor.



Blanche Sweet, in New York preparing for vaudeville, is recognized wherever she goes.



The wisecrack of the month is that Ruth Chatterton's success has gone to her husband's head.

NEW YORK is a fans' town. In spite of the fact that only Paramount continues producing in the East, there are always film celebrities visiting the metropolis in holiday mood. Here they can stay up late without fear of the camera revealing lines and wrinkles next morning. Here they can go about unrecognized—sometimes.

Not when there is a shindig on like the annual luncheon of the National Board of Review, however. The nice old ladies who belong to this organization forgot home, husbands, and Roberts's "Rules of Order" when they saw Maurice Chevalier in person. The program was barely under way and Secretary of Labor William N. Doaks was talking when Chevalier, glancing at his watch, slid out quietly.

Before he had taken two steps, an old lady at a near-by table decided that she, too, had to leave right away. A moment later there was a flutter all over the banquet hall as wraps and gloves were hastily gathered by departing guests. Only a fire alarm could have emptied the place more completely. Those who were late in starting made no pretense of slipping out inconspicuously. Chairs were pushed back and women ran to join the group around a much embarrassed Chevalier.

Lobby Manners.

Maybe some of these women were among the hysterical five thousand who were waiting to gain entrance to the Paramount Theater when Chevalier was announced to appear in person. When the doors were opened, and the crowd surged in, pocketbooks, handkerchiefs, neckties, and gloves were strewn all over the floor. Warner Brothers are still one up on Paramount, however—they had to send in a riot call the night "Little Caesar" opened, so unruly were the waiting crowds.

They Say in

A sparkling new department of gossip about film celebrities and what people say of them. You will find that Miss

By Karen

Follow the Crowds.

The Algonquin, Sardi's, and the Ritz have always been a haven for fans who wanted intimate glimpses of film celebrities. Now it is the recently opened Hotel St. Moritz overlooking Central Park that attracts them. Many notables live there, but G. K. Chesterton is brushed aside by people clamoring for a glimpse of Chevalier. Teresina, a new sensation on the dance-concert stage, cannot vie with Betty Bronson and Blanche Sweet for crowd appeal. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Joan Crawford stayed there during their recent visit here and all but got a round of applause every time they went through the lobby, to the horror, incidentally, of the doormen who have served kings.

Luncheon time finds stage and screen celebrities up in the sun-drenched restaurant on the thirty-first floor of the St. Moritz. Late afternoon brings another delegation to revive memories of that gay Vienna they hope to revisit some day as they have tea at

Rumpelmayer's on the first floor. And if you cannot get around there until evening,



Charles Farrell's marriage to Virginia Valli eliminates him from the eligibles.



Photo (C) by G. Matthard Kessler

Tallulah Bankhead's independence and pungent speech are responsible for innumerable anecdotes.



Betty Bronson is likely to return to the screen as the heroine of "Street Scene."

NEW YORK—

ties in the metropolis, their professional and social activities Hollis sees all and knows all that interests the fan.

Hollis

you may still catch a glimpse of a few of the quieter film stars dining in the grill. I won't promise that, though. Most of New York dines at hideaways where you ring a bell and ask for Tony.

More Dix Fans.

Richard Dix ought to come to New York more often. He owes it to many people he has never even met. He has the reputation of being a genial sort who gets around a lot. After he has been here, people who haven't friends to introduce them at the better speakeasies ring doorbells along Fifty-second Street and say, "Don't you remember me? I was here the other night with Richard Dix."

A Matter of Opinion.

When Charlie Farrell arrived in New York en route to Italy for a vacation, many people were shocked to see that his hair has grown quite gray in patches. "If I have to dye my hair in order to continue being an actor," he announced with considerable feeling, "I'll quit." With almost

Maurice Chevalier's personal appearances still panic his audiences.



equal intensity his—we won't call them friends—spoke up, "Oh, are you an actor?"

Let the Punishment Fit the Crime.

Hollywood will not have to worry over improvising a royal welcome for Madame Chanel, queen of dress designers, whom Samuel Goldwyn is bringing over to clothe United Artists stars. Wherever she goes she will be assailed by waves of her own gardenia perfume. Four out of five stars use it.

Miss Pickford Drops In.

When Mary Pickford came to New York recently with the announced intention of looking over Broadway plays in search of a screen vehicle to follow "Kiki," all the theater managers sat up briskly and practiced saying big figures, a form of exercise which does not come naturally to many of them this season.

They figured she would buy one of the biggest hits. They have never quite recovered from her buying "Coquette," you know, and it wouldn't surprise them if she decided to smother her radiance in a gangster story, always provided the public had shown a deep interest in it.

Scanning the hits, they found "Grand Hotel," but that already belongs to Garbo. Then there is "Once in a Lifetime," but that throws a penetrating light on some of the more erratic aspects of Hollywood, and whatever else Miss Pickford may be, she is never cruel.

There is "The Vinegar Tree" which requires a flighty heroine of at least forty, and oh yes, there is "Oh, Promise Me." The latter is a rather amusing blackmail comedy, but to call any of the characters swine would be flattering them. No, that just wouldn't do for Miss Pickford.



Though Ina Claire's marriage is an acknowledged failure, her screen career is more assured than ever.

Nevertheless, hope dies hard in the hearts of theater managers, as you know if you have seen some of the plays they put on this season. The managers stood in front of their theaters scanning the streets for sight of a royal entourage of Rolls-Royces preceded by the two motor loads of plain-clothes men who were said to be guarding Miss Pickford's every move.

Meanwhile, a bright-eyed young woman was prowling around the bargain counters of department stores having the time of her life. Often she was over in the placid stillness of Beekman Terrace on the East River chatting with her old friend, Lillian Gish. When she got around to it, she invited Laurette Taylor to tea and confided to her that above all else she wanted to screen "Peg o' My Heart," an ideal rôle for Miss Pickford if there ever was one.

The chances of her getting it are very good. Just her entrance in that play, blundering into a pompous, stilted English vault of dead emotions with a be-draggled pup in her arms, would be worth battling any crowd to see.

Going to the Dogs.

And now that we have mentioned dogs, the temptation to enter a plea is too strong to resist. Please, Miss Pickford, give the part to the wire-haired terrier Ronald Colman supported in "The Devil to Pay."

I know he is much too aristocratic a dog for *Peg* to have, but audiences will overlook that. That dog is irresistible. If you had only stayed in New York long enough to go to the Westminster Kennel Show, you would have found out how utterly devastating he is.

There were more than two thousand other dogs in the show. There were three in his class that beat him in the judging. But the crowds flocked around the bench of Park Barbarian and had to be pried away by force when Madison Square Garden was closed for the night. Park Barbarian has thousands of fans, Miss Pickford, and you always like to have popular actors in your casts. Let him have the part.

Mysterious Mr. Colman.

You may be wondering where Ronald Colman was while his dog was the center of all this enraptured attention. Lots of people wondered

about him, and all day long the phone at Samuel Goldwyn's office rang repeatedly. People were told, truthfully as it happens, "No, we haven't the faintest idea where Mr. Colman is." I have my suspicions. There was a bearded gentleman of benign manner right there by the dog all the time.

Diplomacy.

Incidentally, there has been some agitation in British court circles urging knighthood for Ronald Colman and Chaplin. It has long been the custom to knight the most distinguished actor-managers of the London stage, but the nomination of these two favorites raises a knotty question. They have certainly been no help to home-grown art or commerce. Instead, their American-made pictures have crowded native products out of the best theaters and shown them up as feeble affairs, at best.

Maybe It's True.

Stories about Tallulah Bankhead fly thick and fast about Manhattan's dinner tables. Every one has a friend who has a friend who knows somebody who was there when it happened. She got tired of having people crashing into her set, sticking their

Lois Moran has said good-bye to the stage and is back with Fox.



Charlie Chaplin turned down invitations from Park Avenue to show his film at Sing Sing.



heads around scenery walls trying to get a look at her. Finally, the story goes, she got so exasperated at one doggedly determined little man who was always hanging around that she ordered him removed from the set. It was Adolph Zukor, president of Paramount.

The Bankhead Manner.

This one I can vouch for. In the lullaboo surrounding Miss Bankhead's arrival in this country and her introduction to the press, one young representative of Paramount was detailed to stand by and stage-manage meetings. At the close of a particularly harassing day, he departed from Miss Bankhead saying that he was certainly sick and tired of her face.

Approaching the studio next morning, he was all braced to hear that he was fired or that he was to steer clear of her at least. You can imagine his bull-in-the-china-shop feelings when she came forward and asked him graciously if he was any more resigned to her appearance, or if she would have to stand with her back to him when they talked.



Leatrice Joy again shines on Broadway as a vaudeville headliner.

Elissa Landi offers further proof of her success even though her first picture isn't yet released.



Nancy Carrall discovered her double by accident and got her an engagement.

More Honors for MacDonald.

Jeanette MacDonald just cannot get over the idea that she is really a New Yorker. At the completion of each picture, she rushes to a train and comes East. If she comes with any idea of regaining a modest balance by getting away from a small town where she is a big shot, this trip may be marked down as a failure. She had hardly arrived when she was invited to appear as soloist with the Cleveland Philharmonic, an honor that the greatest stars of the Metropolitan Opera covet. Stage fright or a knowledge of her own shortcomings forced her to decline.

Gag of the Month.

The most quoted remark of the month in film circles is attributed to Walter Winchell, New York newspaper columnist. "Ruth Chatterton's success," he said, "has gone to Ralph Forbes's head."

Where Are They Now?

Hollywood first nights are a study of the current "Who's Who" in pictures, but New York openings answer the question of what has become of old favorites. The Chaplin opening brought them all out. A quintet of blond beauties, May Allison, Phyllis Haver, Ruth Taylor, Betty Francisco, and Justine Johnstone are married to wealthy New Yorkers.

Of them all, only May has hankerings to return to the screen. Ruth Taylor is very much occupied with a young son whom she takes to Central Park afternoons. Justine Johnstone, Marion Davies's teammate in the old chorus days, looks as dazzling as she did when she was a Realart star. When friends ask her what on earth she does with all the time on her hands, she says that shopping and parties keep her busy. The first might well be true, as she is one of the most tastefully gowned women to be seen at smart gatherings in New York. Maybe it is a dirty trick to tell you what she is really up to, when she has shown such reluctance in discussing it, but she is really doing advanced research work in biochemistry at Columbia University, and doing very well, thank you. Some of her professors know nothing of her career, but they think she is an awfully pretty girl to be so ambitious and brainy.

[Continued on page 98]



AGAIN Richard Dix has come into his own in "Cimarron," with a performance that fulfills the hopes of his admirers and rewards their patience. And he is the last one to deny that patience has been needed to see him through a stretch of program pictures until the brilliant role of Yancey Cravat should come his way. All praise to him for being ready for it—for combining with the utmost skill all the contradictions of the character without going to the extreme of making him a pure hero, a vain swaggerer, or, worse still, an actor carried away by his own acting. Instead, he gives us a human whose faults only endear him the more.



FOR THE GOOD



OUT of obscurity Irene Dunne steps gracefully and graciously into the bright light cast by the brilliance of her performance in "Cimarran," one of the best this month. Put on her mettle by the incredulity of those who questioned the choice of a newcomer for the difficult role, she confounded her critics by scoring a triumph. Sensative, intelligent, and gently appealing to the eye, she realizes Edna Ferba's description of Sabra Cravat even more completely when she reveals the iran in the character of the Southern girl. Considering that Miss Dunne gained her experience in raad companies of musical shows, she becomes all at once the current "miracle girl" of the movies.

OF THE SCREEN

YOU CAN'T GET

Stars, directors, writers and even extras yearn at times to forsake Hollywood and forget their disappointments and heartbreaks in foreign travel. They do not know that it is impossible to escape the movies, no matter how far they may roam. It remains for a brilliant writer to prove this in a record of her trip around the world.

THEME songs have come and gone, but there's one disturbing little ditty that is likely to go on forever in Hollywood. It's the favorite anthem of the picture colony, and the only reason that it has never been set to music is that there isn't an instrument in the world that could do justice to the pathos of it. Not even Rudy Vallée's megaphone.

It's the words that get you. The refrain is,

"I wanna get away from it all—
I wanna forget!"

Everybody in Hollywood knows how it goes. Stars wail it, cute things sob it into their sables, spraying \$3,000-a-week tears all over the platinum fixings of the family limousine—"Oh, I wanna *get away from it all*—I wanna forget!"

Million-dollar profiles, safely sealed to long-term contracts, rustle the yucca petals with their moans, "Oh, leave me alone, I wanna *forget!*"

Directors, writers, extras, cameramen, prop boys and performing seals, on the set, at parties, on location, in restaurants, out on the beach—forty-four out of every forty-five want to get away from it all and forget. It's almost too pitiful for words.

Last year I took a trip to Hollywood, all set to be impressed.

"Nice little place you have here!" was what I expected to say.

But in two shakes of an orange blossom, there I was lining up with the other mopsies and joining in the chorus with gestures and a load of genuine feeling—"I wanna forget!"

Well, they laughed at me when I said I *would* get away from it all.

"You can't!" they cried. "You can't get away from the movies!"

"Oh, yes I can," I came right back at them, "there is a happy land—" Right away I decided to go ahead and show Hollywood how simple it could be to get away from it all, if only one put one's mind on it. There's nothing like being constructive when you get down to important issues. So, realizing the futility of trying to forget anything at home, I booked a one-way passage from San Francisco to the South Seas. I would show them.

"Desert island," I cried, getting out my luggage, "I hear you calling me."

I was careful to take nothing with me that would remind me of the movies. All the treasures that I had amassed in my six years of film reviewing I left behind in New York—the back wheel from Clara Bow's first bicycle, a blank page from Alice White's diary, the early Garbo knitting needles, a handkerchief said to be genuine Gilbertian with Swedish hemstitching, a withered posy from a Samuel Goldwyn banquet.

Ah, souvenirs that bless and burn!



Away From It ALL

By Katharine Zimmermann

Westward Ho! The Golden Gates vanished in the haze. Good-by Hollywood! The away-from-it-all outlook was getting rosier by the minute. Even the passengers on the boat were different.

Three men were propping up the rail on the upper deck—creatures of steel and sinew, with eyes like gimlets and mouths like bear traps. My spirits rose. Here, I reflected, was something already far removed from Hollywood. The genuine article at last—pearl fishers, perhaps, traders of copra, whalers, or wallaby tamers.

"First trip?" boomed the first wallaby tamer.

I admitted it apologetically.

"Same here!" thundered the second whaler.

"Say, sister," roared the third copra trader, looking at me all gimlet-eyed, "didn't we see you out at Fox Movietone City last month?"

"Sir?" I parried, taken aback.

"We're in the movie game ourselves," announced the first pearl fisher. "Cameramen. Going down to Paapeete on location. Have you heard about the new merger that—"

I sat on a hatch and gloated over the silent beauty of the night. The moon was a silver bubble in the velvet sky. A gentle breeze played over the shimmering tropic seas. Forgetting, in the circumstances, was really child's play.

The voice of the steward crashed into my meditations.

"Movies—movies—movies on the top deck in half an hour!"

Tahiti: Sapphire waters lapping coral reefs. Pale-blue mountains toppling into golden clouds. Clusters of bamboo huts. Laughing natives all intertwined with flower wreaths. Perfume of jasmine and frangipane.

Away I sped along the coral water front, flying a kite of red hibiscus. Schooners and cattle tramps bobbed idly up and down over the glittering water. One didn't have to look any farther than Tahiti to get away from it all. What a joke on Hollywood! It was sweet oblivion.

"Aloha Oe!" I crowed triumphantly, planning to get busy with a postal-card campaign.

"Hallo, yourself!"

A snappy yacht was sandwiched between the cattle boats, almost obscured. The plank was down and the young master stepped ashore.

"You!" I exclaimed.

Fred Murnau, director of "Sunrise," "The Four Devils," and "City Girl," saluted smartly. A mist gathered before my eyes, but there was still a chance. I braced myself.

"Herr Murnau," I cried urgently, "did you come down here to forget? Are you, too, trying to get away from it all?"

The director laughed. "Not this time. I'm working on a color film for Pathé. Bob Flaherty's down here, too. You must come over sometime—"

New Zealand: Sheep nibbling in vast solitudes. Stretches of bush. Hilltops enameled with yellow broom. Snow mountains, hot springs, and wallabies. Strong, silent empire builders.

Illustration by Rawls





"There!" he said, breaking into his first real smile. "See! New movie house. Finish soon."

Fiji: I squatted on the cocoa matting in the chief's thatched hut and swigged bravely from the kava bowl. All was at peace in the little clearing where the native village was, save for the screech of parrots and the distant *boom-boom* of the wooden drum. From the dense tropical vegetation, the perfume of ginger and vanilla vines floated into the hut.

The feast of raw fish, taro, and sun-baked centipedes was over. The fire dancers had given up exercising their bare feet on the red-hot stones. The mighty men from M'Bau had taken their spears, intent on teasing fishes. The chief grunted jovially. The chief's wife shook her beads. The family clapped hands and flashed their teeth, and the soapy fluid in the kava bowl grew beautifully less. We continued to converse freely.

Suddenly the peaceful village was alive with sound. With demoniacal shrieks, a host of natives swarmed out of their kennel-like huts and pelted into the open compound. Frenzied dancing and handclapping. Blood-curdling yowls. Coconut shells crashing together.

The dozing drum major twitched into action over his wooden instrument and the gentle *boom-boom* became the second battle of the Somme. Chicago slaughter houses couldn't hold a candle to that racket.

Like a bunch of eels, the chief and his family slithered through the two-foot doorway of the hut and bounced among the revelers. I recalled, with some misgivings, the cannibal traditions of the tribe. Weakness for white man fricassee had led to the undoing of the old chief's papa.

"Well," I thought discreetly. "I'd better be getting along." On all fours I eased the body through the narrow opening, prepared to break the record of the Flying Finn.

The Fijians were prancing wildly around a bullock cart drawn up in the compound. A mammoth billboard, painted in rosy overtones, appeared to be the only cargo. It was held proudly aloft by a towering native lightly clad in mother-of-pearl earrings, tortoise-shell bracelets and a shock of hair modeled on Sid Grauman's prebob days. He functioned apparently both as interpreter and counsel for public relations. Turning to the billboard, I read:

TO-NIGHT IN SUVA!!!

"The Two-gun Man."

I gazed bleakly into the hawklike, hectically tinted features of big Bill Hart.

Vava'au, near Samoa: The niece of the Tongan queen was informally clad in beads and bracelets. Her dusky hair hung to her ankles. Her black teeth flashed like pieces of jet. She reclined against a cluster of bananas, spitting fragments of betel nut with nice precision into the blue lagoon.

"Princess," I began, sunning myself happily, "do you know, it's months now since I started to get away from it all, and I don't mind telling you that this is the first place in the whole Pacific where I've been able to forget. You don't know what you are to your auntie. Now there's a real queen, if you like."

"He-he-he!" chortled the princess, handing over a banana and a string of colored shells. "Hause! Skye! Engleesh! Vummans! He-he-he! Yes! No!" She sprang lightly to her feet.

"Mahns! Mahns!" she shrieked, and with the bound of a gazelle she disappeared into the royal hut. In a

"Now this," I said "is different. Here's what I call a swell place to forget. I think I'll stick around."

The young Maori nodded indifferently. He was lavishly tattooed and seemed in a hurry to go places. I pattered down Mount Eden at his heels and raced along the streets of Auckland. He drew up in the middle of the town. For the first time a gleam of genuine pride kindled the dark eyes of the Maori lad, scion of a line of noble warriors. He raised one tattooed arm and pointed out a big unfinished building right across the way.

tree she was back again, squatting on the ground, screening something in the hollow of her hand. The Tongan crown jewels, I suspected, pleasurably intrigued.

"Aw, e'mawn," I coaxed, "show vummins jitty sings, you minx."

Coyly she revealed a yellow fragment of newspaper. "Vummins," laughed the princess, pointing to herself and then, "Mahns—mai mahus." She embraced the paper fondly and then smacked it down on the ant-infested ground between us.

"Naice mahns!" twittered the princess, "naice mahns!"

I looked. Could I believe my eyes? With a low moan I rose and slumbled off into the tropic underbrush. One last look at the little Tongan princess, coiled around a fading photograph of Ramon Novarro and crooning "The Pagan Love Song" softly to herself.

Honolulu: Lei. Fei. Liquid sunshine. Rainbows. Moonbows. Ukuleles twanging through the coconut groves. The town festooned with flowers. A cheering crowd surging forward around the docks. "Welcome! Welcome! WELCOME!"

"Well, well," I mused, hanging over a gunwale as we drifted into port, "that's darn white of them. And I never wrote them I was coming."

"There they go! There they go!"

"Who? Who?"

"For heaven's sake! Don't you know? Mary and Doug, of course, just off the boat from Yokohama. Look! Doug's waving his hat! Hooray! There's Mary, getting into the car. Isn't she adorable? Hooray! Hooray! What a day for Honolulu! What a day! What a—"

Japan: Nirvana! Nirvana! Oh, land of shrines and temples and pagodas. Oh, magic lanterns of cobblestone bazaars. Oh, infernal clatter of those little wooden clogs. Oh, gay confusion of kimonos, and parasols, and fluttering fans. Oh, bamboo salads. Oh, luscious swigs of sake. Oh, sacred cryptomeria trees. Oh, little waterfalls and Lilliputian gardens. Oh, Geisha gals, lay down those samisens.

"Ho, there, by brave Samurai!" I called.

He bowed. I bowed. We bowed for half an hour. "Plis to intrust very honorable body to most unworthy ricksha."

"Lead on!" I said, climbing aboard. "Anywhere! Everywhere!"

He led on, straight as the wing of the celestial kingfisher that nests in the gardens of the Shogun, straight into the back yard of the Nikkatsu motion-picture studio in Kyoto.

"Plis to honor by inspect dis our Holly'ood. Plis to graciously meet directah, managah, actah. Japanese pippel haf beeg mosshen pichah industree, second beeg to Ahmereecan noteworthy pichahs. Plis to enchant Japanese mosshen pichah companee with exquisite words by respecting lady critic."

British Malaya: Primeval jungle—monkeys mass meeting in the heart of banyan trees—the heat—the rain, the rain—the heat—tigers prowling along reddish alligator swamps—rhinoceroses—long snakes squirming through mosquito nettings—brave little junks and sampans—shark got a white girl yesterday in Singapore.

"Salaam Aleikum, Mem Sahib! I tell fortune in sand. One American dollar."

"And so it is written in the sand that there is something Mem Sahib wishes to forget. If she is not happy,



it is because she does not follow where the finger of Allah beckons. Ah, lady, I could tell you how to be happy, how to forget the past and become famous like the 'Road to Mandalay.'"

"Yes, yes. Go on!"

"One more American dollar, plis."

"Here! Take two."

"Allah wills that Mem Sahib journey far off to Hollywood. There she forget trouble and become happy and also famous."

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He's Got 'em "SCAIRT"

That's what Lew Ayres has done to his bosses at the studio. Gentle-looking and even shy on the surface, he speaks his mind against playing rôles he doesn't like. "You can do what you like with my contract," he says—and means it.

WHEN I innocently remarked to the Universal publicity staff that Lew Ayres, in "The Doorway to Hell," reminded me very much of a certain other actor, a triple yelp of protest went up.

"We don't want Lew compared with any one," said the head of the department, from his swivel chair. "He isn't like any one else."

The others present seconded his motion, and I lost by a vote of three to one.

"Lew himself would scotch any such idea," went on the director of publicity. "He's individual and versatile, and he is given rôles that emphasize these qualities. No two of his rôles are alike. He plays reporters, gunmen, soldiers, college boys—I'm not trying to sell you ideas, but *there's* a good angle for a story: the wide variety of rôles he plays."

He offered other suggestions: his assistants pointed out a number of angles. I had several of my own, but my original idea, whatever it was, was lost in the shuffle.

On the desk before me stood bronze busts of Papa Laemmle designed as book ends, bearing the inscription, "It can be done." A comforting motto, I'll admit, although Mr. Laemmle probably never tried interviewing spoiled young stars. While I studied the motto, the publicity people studied me and endeavored to show me the error of my ways.

Afterward I learned the reason for all this flurry. Lew has his studio "scairt." This gentle-looking lad is the most determined and forthright actor who ever appeared on the Universal lot. He knows what he can do and wants to do, in the way of acting, and will accept few makeshifts.

After finishing "All Quiet on the Western Front," the studio began casting him in the anæmic type of rôle which raised Charles Rogers to fame and fortune. Lew despises such conventional material, and doesn't care a tinker's dam about instant success. What he wants is interesting rôles in intelligent pictures, and it is up to the studio to get them for him or else—

Lew was unhappy all the time he worked in "Common Clay" and resolved to play no more such infantile heroes. Consequently, when he was cast for the lead in "The Little Accident," his refusal was so emphatic that it jarred the foundations of the house of Laemmle.

"You can do what you like with my contract," he told them. "I'll

By Madeline Glass

go back to playing in an orchestra before I will do such a part."

When the studio people recovered from the shock, they called

in Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., to pinch hit.

Lew made "The Doorway to Hell" for Warners and was happy. When he returned to Universal, however, he was given a conventional part in support of Lupe Velez, in "East Is West." Once more he was discontented. Then cast to appear in "Many a Slip," again his refusal was sufficiently emphatic to disturb the peacefully sleeping Laemmle ancestors.

"Do what you like with my contract," sang Mr. Ayres, while his bosses ground their teeth.

Once more they tried to get Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., but he was not available. So they compromised with their *enfant terrible*. If he would appear in "Many a Slip," they would let him make "Man, Woman, and Sin," which once served John Gilbert, and on which Lew had set his heart. Lew consented to play the rôle.

Mr. Ayres, it seems, is their great white hope, the bread-and-butter boy of the studio. Expansive plans are afoot for the lad whose

films are breaking box-office records in theaters where even the great Al Jolson flopped.

His publicity is being handled with the

greatest care. Comparisons are taboo. Look at Dietrich and other unhappy examples, they point out. *Icksnay, icksnay!* No comparisons, but any other dignified publicity is welcome, thank you!

Since no topic could be agreed upon, it was decided to reverse the usual procedure and let me meet Mr. Ayres, in the hope that something would evolve from the talk.

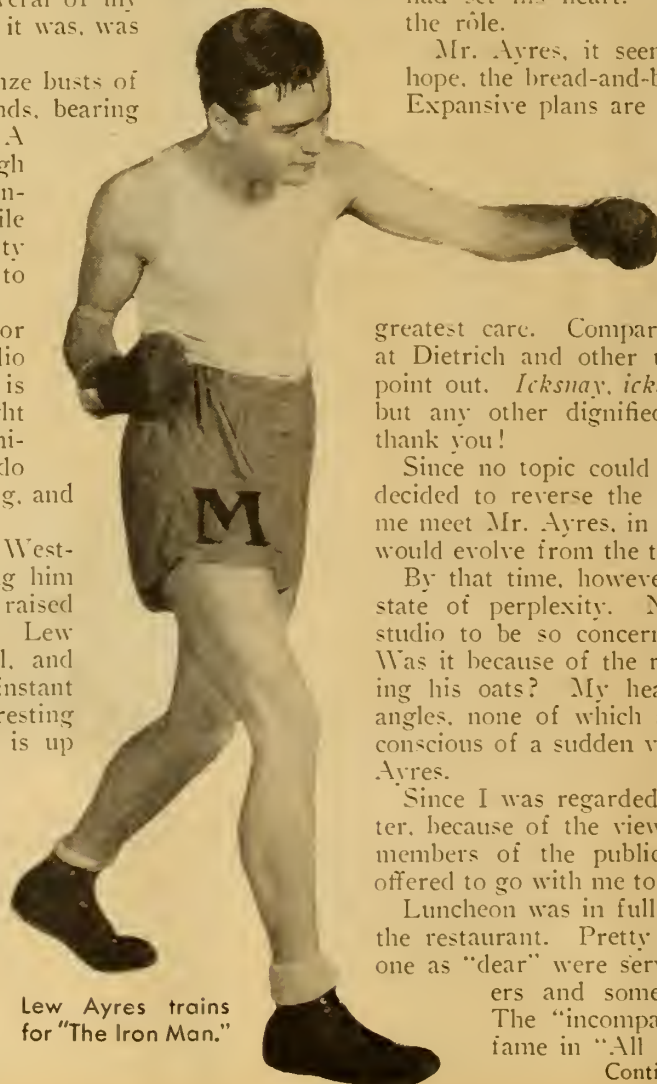
By that time, however, I had reached a fine state of perplexity. Never have I known a studio to be so concerned about an interview. Was it because of the rumors that Lew is feeling his oats? My head whirled with "safe" angles, none of which appealed to me. I was conscious of a sudden vague antipathy to young Ayres.

Since I was regarded as a suspicious character, because of the views I had expressed, two members of the publicity department politely offered to go with me to lunch with the new star.

Luncheon was in full swing when we entered the restaurant. Pretty waitresses who address one as "dear" were serving high-powered players and some not so high-powered.

The "incomparable" lad who rose to fame in "All Quiet" was immediately

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Lew Ayres trains for "The Iron Man."



"HE'S not to be compared," says Madeline Glass of Lew Ayres in the interview, opposite, and goes on to prove that the young favorite is not only unlike other actors in personal appeal, but he has a mind of his own—and how!



Photo by Freulich

SO striking an impression was made by Rose Hobart, in "A Lady Surrenders" and "Liliom," that she was persuaded once more to forsake Broadway for Hollywood, this time for a string of films beginning with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.'s, "Chances."



GIVE Frank Albertson a few wisecracks and he'll add some better ones. Give him a dramatic scene and he'll play it humanly, touchingly. That's why he's second to none of the younger set in Hollywood, as likable as they make 'em.



Photo by Hurrell

THIS is Sally Eilers, whose beauty has been indorsed by Ziegfeld, her talent by Metro-Goldwyn, her wifely virtues by Hoot Gibson, and her popularity by the fans. Surely with all this varied support Sally will go far.



Photo by Eugene Robert Richee

AH, Clara! Target for the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, your heart bowed in hurt and humiliation, you have still the loyalty of the fans and Picture Play, who rally to the news that your next film will be "Kick In."



Photo by Hurrell

EVERY one who admires intelligent acting rejoiced in the return of Eleanor Boardman, but feared that she might again retire to the hearthside after scoring in "The Great Meadow." But once an artist, always an artist, so her next will be "The Flood."



Photo by Hurrell

ROBERT MONTGOMERY'S fans insist that Picture Play was first to recognize him as the favorite he now is; for which we make a modest bow, remembering, with some pride, that we've never gone wrong in our judgment of what fans want.



WONDER of wonders! Lily Damita is the only foreign player to survive the transition from silence to audibility. Now her accent is an advantage instead of a handicap, and she shifts from pictures in English to films in French. She is seen on this page as the heroine of "La Bonne Vie," which is another way of saying "The Easiest Way," and on the opposite page you will find Lily's story.



A TOILING LILY

La Damita affects no polite boredom of life, but works, studies, and plays with zest, and has a grand time everywhere. All of which makes her the most alive player in Hollywood.

ENNUI is Hollywood's favorite gesture. Partly—to be charitable—the result of the semitropical climate, but mostly just the thing no cinemalite can be without, it is to be found in sated and unsated alike. You are weary of it all, or you are *gauche*. Enthusiasm is simply bourgeois, and around the studios you had better be dead than middle class.

On the other hand—a lone hand, you might say—is Lily Damita. Lily, a misnamed lady if ever there was one, is not only enthusiastic—she is zealous of life, of work, of fun. She is, I think, the most completely alive person to be encountered on Hollywood Boulevard.

Not even California's somnolent sun can lull her energy. Nor can the perpetual trials of film canning diminish her ardor. Her life, like others' lives, is no thornless rose bed. But Lily doesn't stand tortured on the thorns, gazing at her bleeding feet. She laughs, from sheer zest, up to the sun—which finishes a simile already become much too glossy.

"A friend of mine," she says, "once told me, 'Live always as if you were to die to-morrow morning.' I've never forgotten it. If I have a rule for life, that is it."

Even at such moments, in the midst of such thoughts, Lily laughs. And it's no personality laugh, either; she just can't help it. Things are such rare fun. She relishes everything to the utmost.

In the studio restaurant, every one was taking covert glances at Lily in a sports hat of hunter's green pulled smartly at an angle on her head, a tailored tan suede jacket over her tan sports dress. And, of course, the face. This face that launched a thousand tremors in the bosom of the German royal family is small, piquant. The brown eyes are alive with intelligence and usually wicked with laughter. The nose is rather more than a nose, being almost as expressive as the mobile mouth, which is vividly rouged.

"Allo, Veeé," she called delightfully to Victor McLaglen. No further attempt will be made to reproduce the Damita accent. It can't be done.

By Margaret Reid

Lily is far more radiant in person than on the screen.



"Do you know him?" she asked. "Ah, he is marvelous. This is the first time I have seen him since I returned."

The return was from Europe, whence she was recalled by Samuel Goldwyn to be lent to Paramount for "Fighting Caravans."

"I rushed back on the fastest boat and trains, and immediately we left for location up in the mountains. Straight from the Ritz in Paris to a camp of tents—lumberjack's food, no baths, and bitter cold in the snow. It was amusing."

Damita, as you see, takes her fun where she finds it—and finds it almost everywhere. You can find no one at the studio who has ever heard her complain. A man in the "Fighting Caravans" outfit said that Damita could not understand why every one ran to the company doctor for every little scratch and bump received in the rough work at the mountain location.

"Look," she said, showing him her shin and ankle, black with bruises. "The other day I slipped on a rock during a shot. If I had stopped to think about it, it would have hurt me. But I didn't think. My body is servant to my mind. That is the only way for people with work to do."

She is frankly proud of her will power. To it she attributes her success.

"But what about native talent?" one inevitably asks.

"I have none," Lily insists. "I am quite without natural talent. What I have learned to do has been only the result of hard, hard work."

Be that as it may, the fact remains that *la Damita* has survived talkies, which is no mean feat for an importation.

"When talking pictures came, and I saw really fine players like Emil Jannings being sent back, I was frightened. I thought, what chance had I?"

After "The Cock-eyed World," Samuel Goldwyn decided that an interval of Broadway would be the best possible vocal training for Lily. How would she like to play opposite Jack Donahue, in "Sons o' Guns," a musical comedy? Quickly, lest she have time to become panic-stricken, Lily agreed.

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Photo by Cosmo News

Nancy Carrall's cherubic beauty on the screen vanishes when photographed at random.

WHEN George Eastman or one of the other shutter-and-lens lads said, "The camera never lies," the motion-picture industry was still embryonic. The world was young. Honesty was the best policy, and a young man had to work hard to succeed:

Times have changed, or has some one already told you?

In Hollywood the camera has been taught to sit up, roll over, play dead, and lie like a trooper. White lies, falsehoods, or real old-fashioned black ones—the cameraman is the doctor.

This broad statement is borne out by the fact that some stars will permit only their own specialists to work behind the camera, specialists who know their best angles, hide their weak ones, play up their profiles, spot the lights so that some features will stand out and others will be shadowed.

If it were not true, what would account for the wide range of salaries paid photographers? Why should Charles Rosher, who for years sublimated Mary Pickford's curls for a thousand a week, instead of the usual two or three hundred?

Why did Billy Bitzer stand on D. W. Griffith's pay roll month in, month out, work or no? The answer is simple. The clever cameraman can make the Bell Howell a magic box performing cinematic miracles.

This same sly manipulation of the camera, incidentally, has been fooling the beauty experts for years. Compared with choosing pictorial peaches, flagpole sitting, and third-rail standing are safe pastimes. Yet it continues to rate high among our many nonproductive industries. Now and then, unfortunately, some one decides to brave the wrath of the goddesses and award apples, Pariswise, to the better-looking belles of California.

The list hasn't changed materially in months. And the pickers are being consistently roped in by the guile of the conscienceless rogues who say, "Watch the birdie."

To-day, for example, the orthodox list of beauties might read, Corinne Griffith, Norma Shearer, Billie Dove, Nancy Carrall, Joan Bennett, Marion Davies—

The FIBBING

The wizardry of the lens in the hands of a master the other hand, the screen flattens some personalities. real looks and her shadow self. Read the remarkable

By Malcolm

When snapped offhand, where is Lupe Velez's fiery individuality?



this from the experts who believe everything they see on the screen.

From the padded security of a loge seat, these are beauties without compare. With the wizardry of the camera backing their every pose and posture, they are little short of superb.

But when some one undertakes to catalogue the beauties of filmdom, he should take care to see his subjects on and off, before casting any votes. There is a vast difference between screen and street. There are two reasons for this disparity. Not only are some buttercups made orchids by the wiles and artifices of the camera; others are not done justice by it.

For my taste these are beauties who stand the test of close inspection in broad daylight: Greta Garbo, Dolores del Rio, Dorothy Mackaill, Estelle Taylor, Loretta Young, and Claudette Colbert.

Thus far no camera has caught the loveliness of Claudette Colbert, that vibrant charm and magnetism that won her laurels in such

Ina Claire is a different person entirely away from the camera.

Would you recognize Marion Davies if you saw her at the Aquarium?



CAMERA

cameraman makes orchids of buttercup girls, and on Thus there is usually a big difference in the player's conclusions of an interviewer who has met them all.

H. Oettinger

bad plays as "Dynamo" and "They Had to See Naples"—and that aided so materially in the success of "The Barker."

Del Rio and Garbo have been fairly well treated by the artists working in celluloid. Both are unusual types. Neither may be technically beautiful, since their faces are not perfectly proportioned. But as far as I am concerned, Corinne Griffith and Billie Dove are one-expression beauties who fade insipidly before the smoldering Del Rio and the inflammable Garbo.

Griffith and Dove have regular features, possibly classical in contour, although I am not an old classicist. Griffith and Dove, and, to extend the list, Dolores Costello, June Collyer, and Catherine Dale Owen, are all beautiful in the conventional sense of the term. They have camera-proof faces. But they lack animation, imagination, and

Corinne Griffith is undeniably beautiful, but without an expert cameraman she pales.

Even Estelle Taylor's a pulent beauty requires careful camera work to register it fully.



Constance Bennett is one of the few blondes to whom the camera does justice.



Dolores del Rio stands the test of broad daylight, though she is not beautiful if you demand strict regularity of feature.

what may be tagged "soul," for want of a better word. They are poster girls waiting, believe it or not, for a magazine cover.

Nancy Carroll and Marion Davies are smiled upon graciously by the camera and favored. These are two girls who give every evidence on the screen, of being ravishing beauties. Marion Davies, in her "Florodora" costumes, was delectable de-

lightful, bewitching, if you like. Nancy Carroll looked roguishly adorable in all her operas, however *bouffe*. Close-ups frighten her not a whit. Hers is a camera face.

How surprised you would be if you came upon these twain at the Warwick, or passing Grant's Tomb, at the Lido, or in front of the minnows at the Aquarium. In the first place you probably wouldn't recognize them.

Marion is a sweet-looking girl with a cute mouth and frank eyes. Nancy Carroll has a round, cherubic face, with big eyes, and bright-red hair, and arms full of freckles. They are not beauties.

One might add the same applies to the vivid Joan Crawford. Offstage she has personal charm and allure, but the camera eliminates the freckles chasing across the bridge of her pert nose. The camera brings out her eyes as they cannot be brought out naturally. The camera fibs in her favor.

Norma Shearer and Joan Bennett seem to lose some of their glamour away from the screen. They are lovely-looking, of course. But again, personal taste guiding, I would match them with the amazing freshness of Loretta Young and the vivid, bold old-world beauty of Estelle Taylor. Save in "Don Juan." Estelle has never been pictured by the camera as she really is—striking, imperial, seductive. Here is a Lilith of the screen, the Borgia in person, the most dramatic beauty Hollywood has to offer.

Although it may not be altogether pertinent, let me add a few who are beautiful, despite the fact that the irregularity of their features may bar them from beauty

Continued on page 107

The CROWDED

By Samuel Richard Mook

PART II.

The frenzied days of '49 were lived again in quest of fame and the gold promised by found favor with the fans in a big way were this article—the second of a series—honor-struggling for a place in the



LAST month I tabulated the comparatively few players from the stage who have successfully crashed the movies. This month I shall list that vast army of players who are still struggling for a place in the sun of popular favor of public and producers.

Lawrence Tibbett seemed assured of a secure place in the hearts of fans, until the collapse of musicals. His first, "The Rogue Song," was a solid hit. He had contracted for operatic engagements and concert tours before signing his movie contract and could not return for a second picture until almost a year later.

He made "New Moon" and "The Southerner," and his future appearances on the screen depend entirely upon the reception accorded these two.

Grace Moore came to the screen at the end of the musical vogue in a film variously released as "Jenny Lind" and "A Lady's Morals." The picture was finished, shelved, taken out, dusted off, numerous retakes were made, some cast changes effected, and finally released.

Its reception has not been too enthusiastic in this country, although she has also made French and Italian versions of it. Her second venture was with Lawrence Tibbett, in "New Moon." While her company—for publication—is still undecided as to whether there will be more pictures with Miss Moore, I consider future films with her extremely unlikely.

Raymond Haekett scored one of the outstanding successes of the early talkies. "The Trial of Mary Dugan" established him as a juvenile of great ability, and when he followed it with a striking and similar portrayal in

"Madame X," his future in films seemed assured. But, as he explains it, the producers ran out of courtroom dramas and his career slumped.

Miscast in his next picture—and a poor picture, too, which was released only in a few cities—"The Girl in the Show" was not much help. "Footlights and Fools," Colleen Moore's last effort, did not help much more. Neither did a small part in "Not So Dumb," nor a slightly better one in the unsuccessful "Numbered Men."

"Let Us Be Gay," "Our Blushing Brides," "On Your Back," "The Sea Wolf," and "The Cat Creeps" complete the list of his appearances. Recently he was on the stage in a West Coast production of "Up Pops the Devil." But it seems unlikely that Raymond will ever be the great success now that he started out to be.

Sidney Blackmer, whom Charles Wagner tried for years to promote as a star on the stage, was brought out by First National. He made two pictures, "Strictly Modern" and "The Love Racket"—both with Dorothy Mackaill—and one with Billie Dove, "Sweethearts and Wives," followed by "The Bad Man," "Woman Hungry," and "Kismet." He may return to the studio, but it is doubtful if he will ever be anything more than a leading man.

HOUR

by stage players who trooped to Hollywood success on the talking screen. The few who cited for their achievement last month. In able mention is accorded those who are sun of popular approval.

James Rennie falls into the same category. He made "The Bad Man," "Girl of the Golden West," "Illicit," and had a supporting rôle in the Barthelmess picture, "The Lash." He signed a new five-year contract, but is very stiff on the screen and is not generally regarded as promising material.

Mary Duncan was signed by Fox at the inception of the talkies and given a huge publicity campaign to launch her. But she somehow didn't click. Made "Through

Different Eyes," "City Girl," "Four Devils," and "The River" for them and was released.

Returned to New York and then came back to Hollywood for another try. Appeared in "The Boudoir Diplomat" for Universal and on the strength of her work in that picture was signed by M.-G.-M. for one of the two feminine leads in "Among the Married." A little too florid for successful picture work, but may establish herself if she tones down her delivery. Not generally regarded as starring material.

Paul Page was signed by Fox about the same time as Mary Duncan. Played the leads in "Speakeasy," "The Girl from Havana" and "Protection" and was then cast in supporting parts in "Born Reckless" and "Men Without Women." Free-lancing, but not doing much. Capable actor who has just been lost in the shuffle.

Catherine Dale Owen was touted by M.-G.-M. as the most beautiful blonde on the stage. She arrived in Hollywood for "His Glorious Night," with John Gilbert, and followed it with "The Rogue Song," "Strictly Unconventional," "Born Reckless," "Such Men Are Dangerous," and "To-day." She has had every opportunity, but has failed to land. She is now free-lancing, with little interest being shown in her.

Stanley Smith started in pictures at the same time as Fredric March, both being signed from the stage show, "The Royal Family." Stanley was contracted by Pathé and put in a small part in "The Sophomore," after which he was lent to Paramount for "Sweetie."

They afterward bought his contract and he made "Honey," "Good News," "Soup to Nuts," "Love Among the Millionaires," "Queen High," and "Manhattan Mary."

Nice boy, good-looking, but his chief asset is his singing voice, and he is stiff in his acting. He has returned to the stage in a musical "You Said It."

At the moment Dorothy Jordan has one of the most promising futures of the stage contingent. Called from the chorus, she was thrust into the lead of "Devil-May-Care," opposite Novarro, and made two others with the same star, "In Gay Madrid" and "Call of the Flesh." In the latter she showed promise for the first time. Then came "Love in the Rough," and now in "Min and Bill" she gives a real and touching performance.

Lola Lane came from the stage, was heavily featured in "Speakeasy," "Fox Movietone Follies," "The Girl from Havana,"

and then released by Fox. Next she played the vamp in "Good News," and was signed by

James Cruze, who announced starring plans for her, and has since done "The Big Fight," "The Costello Case," and "What a Break!" A clever actress who, unfortunately, does not photograph as sympathetically as she might.

Marguerite Churchill is one of the few girls from the



stage who really has something to offer pictures. Her first was a short with Clarke & McCullough, followed by "The Valiant," "Pleasure Crazed," "She Steps Out," "They Had to See Paris," "Born Reckless," "Good Intentions," and "The Big Trail."

She was kept in the latter picture for almost a year and at a time when she should have been seen in many more films to establish herself. It is doubtful now if she will ever be more than a leading lady.

Dixie Lee's debut in a Clarke & McCullough comedy was followed by "Imagine My Embarrassment," "Fox Movietone Follies," "Happy Days," a bit in "Seven Faces," leads in "The Big Party," and "Cheer Up and Smile," and a part in "No Limit," with Clara Bow. She should have landed big with proper handling and may yet, if she gets a chance. She is her own worst enemy, because she refuses to play studio politics.

Humphrey Bogart played the juvenile lead in the stage version of "Cradle Snatchers." His debut in pictures was in a small part in "Lilium" and the second lead in "Up the River." He is now seen in "Body and Soul." Though he gives good performances, his box-office appeal is doubtful.

John Garrick, English juvenile, signed from the local comic-opera stage, made his debut in "Married in Hollywood," was the juvenile in "Song o' My Heart," and leads in "The Sky Hawk" and "The Lottery Bride"; also in "Just Imagine," "Are You There?" and "Charlie Chan Carries On."

was borrowed by Mary Pickford for the lead in "Forever Yours," and kept under salary by her for six months.

Miss Pickford afterward shelved the picture before finishing it, whereupon he made "The Virtuous Sin," and then moved his make-up box to Pathé for "Sin Takes a Holiday," with Constance Bennett, and "The Man Who Came Back." Gives consistently good performances, but hasn't inspired any fan reaction. Probably he will continue as a capable leading man.

Warren Hymer was an excellent juvenile character heavy in "Speakeasy," "Girl from Havana," "Men Without Women," "Born Reckless," "Up the River," and "Charlie Chan Carries On." Scored heavily in the last. Later pictures are "Men on Call" and "Seas Beneath." He should be in demand as long as he wants to stay.

Mae Clarke. Debut in "Big Time," with excellent notices of her work in "Nix on Dames," "The Dancers," and "The Fall Guy." Good actress, but too tall for a popular leading lady. Future doubtful. Rumored engaged to John McCormick, Colleen Moore's ex-husband.

Marjorie White. Clever acrobatic soubrette. "Sun-



Good-looking chap without a marked personality who will probably continue doing juvenile leads.

Kenneth MacKenna made a few silent films in the East before the advent of the talkies, without creating any upheaval, and continued his stage work at the same time. With the talkies he was signed by Fox and has worked almost continuously in "Temple Tower," "Crazy That Way," "Pleasure Crazed," "Three Sisters," "South Sea Rose," "Man Trouble," and "Men Without Women";

ny Side Up," "Happy Days," "Her Golden Calf," "Just Imagine," and "Week-end Wives." Chances are

good for developing into a straight comédienne, now that singing pictures are passé.

El Brendel. "Cock-eyed World," "Svenson's Wild Party," "Her Golden Calf," "Happy Days," "Big Trail," "Just Imagine," and "Mr. Lemon of Orange." Steady following of those who like his Swedish comedy and dialect. No dialect comedian has lasted long, but El may be the exception.

Fifi Dorsay. The French "It" girl—born in Canada. "They Had to See Paris," "Hot for Paris," "Women Everywhere," "On the Level," "Those Three French Girls." Exactly the same in every picture and her vogue is about over. Recently she has been making personal appearances without causing any riots.

Mona Maris was another signed with much acclaim and hallelaloo, for "Romance of the Rio Grande" and "The Arizona Kid." Very attractive and talented girl who somehow has just missed. Now doing Spanish versions.

Laura Lee. Singing comédienne of the Marjorie White type. Signed by First National and highly touted by them for her work in "Top Speed," "Going Wild," and "Maybe It's Love," but somehow they forgot to take up her option.

David Manners. Juvenile signed by First National. "Sweet Mamma," "Truth About Youth," "Journey's End," "Dracula," "Kismet," and "The Ruling Passion." Doesn't seem to have a great deal for pictures, but First National is hanging on to him.

Parade," "The Lottery Bride," "Paramount on Parade," "Monte Carlo," "All Women Are Bad," and "Oh, For a Man."

Her contract with Paramount was not renewed, partly because with the passing of musicals it was believed there was no need for her high-priced services. Fox signed her at a reputed salary of \$3,500 or \$4,000 a week. Well, she may be worth it, but I doubt very much that



enthusiasm prior to talkies. "A Most Immoral Lady," "Her Private Affair," "Sweet Kitty Bellairs," "Bride of the Regiment," "The Hot Heiress," "Viennese Nights," and "Kiss Me Again." First National has great hopes for him, but so far he hasn't done anything to justify them.

Monroe Owsley. Juvenile who scored a hit as the brother in "Holiday." Other films, "Beyond Victory," "The Grand Parade," "Anybody's Girl," and "Half Gods." Signed by Paramount for "Honor Among Lovers," with Claudette Colbert and Fredric March, and is playing in Gloria Swanson's "Indiscretion." He has individuality and a good chance of remaining.

Fred Scott. Singing juvenile. Public bow in "The Grand Parade," followed by "Swing High" and "Beyond Victory." Nice chap with a pleasing voice who has absolutely nothing for the screen. To be released by Pathé.

Jeanette MacDonald, who should have been paired with Catherine Dale Owen as a sister team, started in "The Vagabond King," following it with "The Love

Walter Pidgeon. Another who came to the screen in the silent days, but never aroused much

the end of six months will find her still on their lot. Frank Fay. One of Broadway's favorites and—which is unimportant—also mine. "Bright Lights," "Show of Shows"—master of ceremonies—"Under a Texas Moon," and "The Matrimonial Bed." Now playing in "The Devil Is Sick." If his wit got across as well on the screen as it does off, he'd rank second to none.

Dorothy Peterson. Only two films so far, "Mother's Cry" and "Fires of Youth." Her work in the first pleased First National so much that she has been signed on a long-term contract.

Lucile Powers. Hers is one of the sob stories of Hollywood. Signed by M.-G.-M. and heralded as another big find. First appearance was on the committee to welcome Leo, the lion on the M.-G.-M. trade-mark, at the station when he was brought back from his world tour.

Afterward cast in "Billy the Kid" and replaced by Kay Johnson, before she knew what had happened. Released at the end of six months. She is charming in "Man to Man" and her future depends almost entirely on the reception of her work in this picture.

Edward Woods. Protégé of Pauline Frederick. Juvenile character actor signed by First National for a part in "Mother's Cry." He can't seem to find other work and is about ready to return to New York.

Douglass Montgomery was signed by M.-G.-M., who promptly changed his name to Kent Douglass. He was regarded as a promising actor on the stage, but his initial

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Natalie Moorhead has had an uphill climb because of comparison with Lilyan Tashman and Kay Francis.

WHEN Marlene Dietrich made her American debut in "Morocco," she was hailed by public and press as a second Greta Garbo. The preview audience, after witnessing the first showing of her picture, gathered in the lobby, as preview audiences do, to discuss the newcomer pro and con. Seldom have I seen a crowd in such unanimous accord. From all sides came the single word, "Garbo."

Paramount, to whom Miss Dietrich is under contract, was subsequently taken to task for attempting to exploit another Garbo. It is reported that Metro-Goldwyn went on record in some sort of unofficial protest.

An order was issued to the Paramount publicity staff forbidding them to mention the names of Dietrich and Garbo in the same paragraph. A few of the less astute film commentators saw a civil war brewing in the picture colony.

There is little doubt that a remarkable physical resemblance exists between the players in question. Garbo's insouciance that approaches insolence in acting is exactly duplicated on the screen by Dietrich. Both radiate the same brand of sex. All of which is, however, definitely a handicap—something to be overcome if Dietrich is to gain any lasting fame in pictures.

For the inexorable law of fan popularity is, "there are no seconds." The public has consistently refused to accept substitutes for its screen favorites. Imitators are never tolerated and pretender after pretender has failed dismally in attempting to scale the heights with borrowed tricks.

Glance over a list of the big stars of the day. Each has individuality, personality, uniqueness—call it what you will. The fact remains no two stars can simultaneously occupy the same niche in the cinema hall of fame.

Certainly Paramount is an old enough head in the game to recognize this law of individuality. It seems beyond the realm of possibility that studio officials are purposely grooming Marlene Dietrich as a contender to Greta Garbo. Rather must they deplore the handicap she has to overcome.

There Are NO

The fans have always turned thumbs down on imitators of popular stars, and even a chance resemblance to a favorite is a handicap that must be overcome. Individuality that does not invite comparison is back of all players who succeed. This interesting article throws new light on a well-known subject.

In the history of the strange business of making motion pictures, few have survived the label of secondhand goods. Charlie Chaplin has had a score of imitators who donned the derby, small mustache, and large shoes in hopes of being called genius. Yet there is to-day only the one Charlie Chaplin.

With a single exception, the others are now forgotten. Harold Lloyd started as a Chaplin mimic, only quickly to drop the impersonation and create a trade-mark of his own—the horn-rimmed spectacles of a hundred unique comedies.

Douglas Fairbanks introduced the extremely athletic hero and immediately had a dozen contestants for premier honors in the type. None survived, though George Walsh achieved a measure of popularity which lasted a short while. Richard Talmadge failed to duplicate even the Walsh success.

When Rudolph Valentino died, a tremendous hue and cry accompanied the search for his successor. Such an individual was never found, though Hollywood literally was overrun with romantic Latins touted as second Valentinos. The original's place in public esteem has



Charlie Chaplin's imitators have faded away, leaving him supreme.

Fred Kohler has suffered through his fitness for roles played by George Bancroft.



SECONDS

By Jack Grant

yet to be usurped, a condition that finds a parallel in the case of Wallace Reid, among others.

Monte Blue and Rod La Rocque have always been considered to resemble one another. Their careers on the screen present an amazing series of ups and downs. Yet at no time were they both on top. The vogue for Blue meant a partial eclipse for La Rocque, and when Rod swung back into the ascendancy Monte's stock took a tumble.

Charles Gerard was the most popular actor of suave men of the world when Adolphe Menjou flashed into fame in "A Woman of Paris." Gerard faded almost immediately from view. He is seen occasionally these days in some small supporting rôle.

George Bancroft is said to have refused to play in the same pictures with Fred Kohler. Once he was not so particular. They both won recognition about the same time, but Bancroft got the breaks and rocketed to stardom. As a result of the law prohibiting two of a kind in screen preference, Kohler has suffered accordingly. In my opinion, Kohler is the better, if less lucky, actor. Bancroft got the breaks.

Alice White displayed quite a bit of originality in her first appearances. She was cute enough to catch the attention of exhibitors and, due to their demands, she was made a star. Then routine casting caused Alice to make a bid as a contender for Clara Bow's crown. Both were playing the same type of rôles, a condition which causes no loss of popu-

lan Keith's Barrymore profile stood in the way of the success his talent deserved.



Will Marlene Dietrich survive the accusations of Garbo's fans?



Alice White never overcame the stigma of being a contender for Clara Bow's throne.

larity if the portrayals differ basically. There can be a dozen wild whoopee maidens or wise-cracking comedians, but no two of them may be exactly alike. Alice made the mistake, whether intentionally or not, of mimicking Clara to the best of a somewhat limited ability. It was quick curtains for her.

Sally Starr's chances seem nipped in the bud, though her only sin is a photographic resemblance to the Bow.

A remarkable actor, Paul Muni made as auspicious a début as could be desired in "The Valiant." His praises were sung by critics from one end of the country to the other. As a second vehicle, Fox bought the whimsical little story, "A Friend of Napoleon." Whimsy is, to some minds, a not very salable commodity.

Consequently, learning of Muni's powers as a make-up artist, the story was transformed into a protean feat, renamed "Seven Faces," and released as a trick feature in which Muni played seven diversified characters.

Such an accomplishment suggested the abilities of Lon Chaney and many reviewers called Muni a second Chaney. That was enough for the public. Interest in "Seven Faces" languished, and Muni was not considered "box office" when his contract came up for renewal.

Fans have been called fickle, but they will accept no other fat man in the shoes of Roscoe Arbuckle. Walter Hiers was but one of many who made the attempt.

Nor has there ever been a true successor to Theda Bara, first of the vivid vamps. The list of those who followed her is as long as their reign was short.

Lilyan Tashman founded the school for modern feminine menaces, and Kay Francis established a branch in higher learning. When Natalie Moorhead came along she found herself classified with Lilyan, because they played similar rôles, or with Kay, because they both wore exceedingly short bobs. With dual handicaps, Natalie has had a long

up-hill climb. Had she not possessed a charming individuality, the ascent would have been hopeless.

Billie Dove was getting along very well, until some one tied a tag on her reading "The American Beauty." Every one immediately thought of Katherine MacDonald, the first American Beauty. Apparently her producers were of the same mind, for Billie drew a long series of assignments in which she had nothing to do but look attractive.

It is a tremendous tribute to her beauty that she survived as long as she did, considering the pictures in which she was cast. If she ever frees herself from that tag, I believe Billie Dove will surprise a lot of people.

In a film called "The Four Devils," appeared Janet Gaynor, Nancy Drexel, Charles Farrell, and Charles Morton. Comment upon the resemblance of the two girls spelled exit for Nancy Drexel. Morton similarly suffered from his likeness to Farrell, though it was not as pronounced.

Later, however, when he was cast opposite Janet Gaynor in a romantic lead, his popularity waned. Fans wanted no substitute in the beloved Gaynor-Farrell team. Apparently this rule still holds good, for another protest was lodged when Maureen O'Sullivan played opposite Farrell during Janet's recent absence from the Fox lot. The studio was accused of trying to make another Gaynor of the little Irish girl.

Film companies may produce as many pictures in imitation of popular box-office successes as the market will stand. When the public finally realizes it is seeing the



It was fatal for Paul Muni's success on the screen when some one dubbed him "the second Lon Chaney."



Paul Vincenti was touted as another Valentino, but where is he to-day?

same plot again and again under slightly modified titles, it rebels by staying away from the theaters.

The producers realize they have reached the end of a certain cycle—a term which dignifies outright imitations—and are compelled to find new variations in plots. But while public resentment is comparatively slow in protesting against story repetition, it moves with lightning celerity in dealing with pretenders to the thrones of its crowned favorites.

Ian Keith was once quite conscious of his Barrymore profile. He even affected ill-fitting collars which heightened the illusion.

Fredric March's portrayal in "The Royal Family of Broadway" led to many unwelcome notices. "Is March a second Barrymore?" they inquired, and Fred burned. His performance was obvious burlesque and now some chumps had taken him seriously.

March does not want to be called a second Barrymore. Nor does Una Merkel delight in the "second Gish" label. Classification as another Gish has caused the retirement of too many promising actresses, Mary Philbin among them.

In fact, refer to any player's resemblance to any other actor, and you will have a fight on your hands. They all know their only chance to attain screen success lies in establishing and maintaining individuality.

There is plenty of room at the top in acting as in other professions. But not for two of a kind. There simply are no seconds.



Sally Starr's chances seemed nipped in the bud, though her only sin is a photographic resemblance to Clara Bow.



JEANETTE MacDONALD

THE best soprano on the screen. So say Jeanette MacDonald's fans. And if there are some hardy souls to dispute them, they point triumphantly to their favorite and remind their hecklers that of all the invading songstresses she alone remains.





In the first no-man film, "The Mad Parade," are, left to right, the Keating Twins, June Clyde, Marceline Day, Fritzi Ridgeway, Louise Fazenda, Irene Rich, Lilyan Tashman, and Evelyn Brent.

The VALIANTS Carry On

Their girlish illusions about screen work having vanished long ago, a group of old-timers keep going on sheer nerve, and speak lightly of all the material rewards they used to dream of, such as stardom, money, home swimming pools, and tricky "town cars."

By Dorothy Wooldridge

YOU know," said Louise Fazenda as we sat in a quiet spot on location, "the more you know of motion pictures, the more savage they seem. The girl without a fighting spirit has no more business in Hollywood than a one-armed bookkeeper in an iron-molders' free-for-all fight.

"Look at this gang—Evelyn Brent, Lilyan Tashman, Irene Rich, Fritzi Ridgeway, June Clyde, Marceline Day, and the Keating twins, Helen and Elizabeth—veterans, old-timers who made the grade. Courage! They reek with it. Remember Robert W. Service's 'The Law of the Yukon'? It applies equally as well here.

"This is the law of the Yukon, and ever she makes it plain: Send not your foolish and feeble; send me your strong and your sane—

Strong for the red rage of battle, sane for I harry them sore;
Send me men girl for the combat, men who are grit to the core;
Swift as the panther in triumph, fierce as the bear in defeat,
Sired of a bulldog parent, steeled in the furnace heat.
Send me the best of your breeding, lend me your chosen ones;
Them will I take to my bosom, them will I call my sons;
Them will I gild with my treasure, them will I glut with my meat;
But the others—the misfits, the failures—I trample under my feet.

"Nine of us here out of thousands! Everything we have we fought for, and we have no illusions about the picture game. We know it to the core. But"—again she quoted Service.

"It grips you like some kind of sinning;
It twists you from foe to a friend;
It seems it's been since the beginning;
It seems it will be to the end."



Did Evelyn Brent's young movie dreams include visions of this?

We were at the side of no man's land where "Journey's End" was filmed. The same locale was being used for making "The Mad Parade," a picture in which not a man appears. The young women were playing the rôles of canteen workers who at times had to go into the mud-soaked trenches and experience the horrors of war.

"I have seen more exhibition of pure nerve in this picture than I've seen in all my career in Hollywood," Louise continued. "I've wondered if they selected us because they believed they couldn't scare us. If they did, they're all wrong. None has quit or weakened, though there were times when the home fireside would have looked like the Rock of Ages to us."

The players, I could see, all were in hectic condition. This was the day for big scenes. Before long ground charges would be exploding, the sky green with powder smoke, rats scampering about in the trenches, a pall hanging in the air and every nerve at tension. Louise left me to go into the fray.

The din started. The sky went dark. The battle was on. "All ready, Miss Brent!" called Director Beaudine. "Over no man's land! Run as low as possible."

"Run!" retorted Evelyn, almost in hysterics. "Run, hell! I'll crawl! Let's go!"

And away she went, on hands and knees part of the time, crawling flat the rest of the way—two hundred yards in all.

"Ploom!" sounded an exploding ground charge and Lilyan Tashman, standing too close, was blown into a dugout.

"You big bum!" she shouted as she went down, "I'll get you for that!" but the sound of her voice was lost in the shower of descending dirt.

Irene Rich, driving a truck, stalled it in the mud and dug it out with a shovel. Farther on she turned the truck over and it caught fire from the escaping gasoline. Fritzi Ridgeway was "killed" by a hand grenade.

All this, mind you, with these widely known actresses playing the rôles! Their costumes mud-bedraggled, their bodies sore and bruised—but never a whimper. There was no place for one who was timid.

Was this the work each had envisioned when she aspired to Hollywood?

I wondered.

I had seen Mary Pickford sink into a synthetic swamp, Dolores Costello drenched with tons of water while aboard a yacht, May McAvoy hit in the eye with a turnip, Marion Davies ducked in a pond covered with ice, Gloria Swanson dropped into a canal, Lillian Gish half-smothered in a storm of sand, and, somehow, it seemed these things were sufficient to take away all illusions about picture work affording a life of ease and comfort.

"I have no illusions, now," Lilyan Tashman said, the next time I saw her. "Hollywood is no place for failures. No girl who isn't ready to fight, and who isn't supplied with the nerve of a good trouser, should come here. She has to fight—has to take it on the chin occasionally—but she must keep on fighting. It's no place for the timid."

"And you do without intimate friends," added Louise. "Maek Sennett said to me a long, long time ago, 'The lone wolf travels farthest, because he travels alone.' I learned this very young. I have no intimates. I am not a star but—look at those who are! What next? They have gone as far as they can go."

"Becoming a star means getting a lot of money, a swimming pool, and a dolled-up limousine," commented Lilyan. "What a reward!"



Catherine Dale Owen used to think Hollywood was just one big happy family, but she has learned otherwise.

Screen girls drawing picture salaries, they were, Evelyn Brent a star, but all keen for action—all unawed and unafraid.

"Success in Hollywood is an illusion," declared Louise. "It's almost fatal to go rapidly to the top. There are so many flashes in the pan. Your career so quickly ends and then where are you? The trouble with Hollywood people is they *think* Hollywood. What folly! I don't think Hollywood."

A keen-witted, talented lot, they were, filled with the zest of life, but thoroughly disillusioned about the picture city being a town of ease and rest after one has made good.

I have found that this same feeling exists among most all the players, directors, and writers. Josef von Sternberg, director of "The Blue Angel," "Morocco," and "Dishonored," said to me, "An aura of sentiment and romance flows over Hollywood. Quite ordinary people are enshrined and ennobled by a mawkish public which fails to look beyond the present accomplishment and see back of it years of work, worry, and fighting toward a goal."

"People have to work no harder, no less arduously, in Hollywood than any other place for what they get. There is, however, this great difference. A career in Hollywood is a flash, a momentary thing. That's why its rewards are greater. In ordinary affairs a career can last a lifetime."

"Hollywood is not to blame for this. Humanity itself is to blame. It is the universal human desire for new faces, new things, new entertainments, new music, new

Continued on page 111

HOLLYWOOD



Jackie Cooper, recruited from *Our Gang*, moves over to Paramount to play *Skippy* and celebrates his discovery of Mitzi Green in a great big soda for two.

WHAT chance will a girl in her teens have now to impress a movie producer, unless: 1. She has tossed off a couple of novels? 2. She has gifts as a sculptor, playwright, and musician? 3. Possesses a flair for snappy and sophisticated conversation? 4. Is—in a word—just a whirlwind of intellectuality?

Carman Barnes, eighteen-year-old Paramount discovery, sets a standard that must be wretchedly depressing to any young seeker of celluloid honors. For she has a veritable galaxy of smart attributes, including those above enumerated.

And what a free informal soul this young maid of movieland is, incidentally! Our first glimpse of Carman was on a breezy day in the broad open spaces of the studio, clad in a futuristic-looking bath robe, and gayly diverting an audience of three wise old scenario writers with her piquant repartee. Carman was waiting photographic test time, and if the breezes blew lightly on her loose-fitting outer garment, she should worry. Persiflage and the laughter took complete precedence over the day's chilliness or the wind's revealing whimsies with a lady's boudoir habiliments.

An insouciant, charming, and distinctly clever young woman from the Southland is this precocious author of "School Girl" and "Beau Lover," who is to appear in her own story, "Débutante." Amazing as it may seem, she sometimes photographs not unlike Garbo.

Transformed into Butterfly.

Colleen Moore is emerging from the flapper chrysalis. The first indication is a coiffure change. What's more, when we saw Colleen recently at a party, we thought we

detected the oncoming of a vampish demeanor. Again, too, we surmise that Colleen is in love with some one.

There is a perceptible alteration, at any rate, in the presence and personality of the little girl who used to love to kick her heels around in comedies.

We learn that one swain who has been seen in Colleen's company is a New York broker, but we cannot be sure that he is the conquering hero. He returned to the East not long ago.

Colleen's hairdress now resembles that worn by Billie Dove—a pompadourish bob, contrasting with the Dutch hair cut that Colleen favored for so long.

An Imaginary Voyage.

Hereafter Fifi Dorsay will have to choose her press agents more carefully. Or else she'll have to guarantee that they won't tell any cock-and-bull stories that tend to work up a studio into a frenzy.

A few weeks ago a weird tale went out to the press about Fifi, relating how she had boarded a liner at San Pedro, missed the "all ashore call" and was carried out to sea for what looked like a two-week journey. All this happened at a time when Fifi was scheduled for a part in a picture.

The whole thing was a hoax perpetrated by an industrious publicity purveyor, but when he also arranged for telegrams to be sent to the studio telling of Fifi's supposed plight, the joke was carried a step too far. The studio jumped on the star's manager, and the manager, in turn, made an effort to stop the ship, or have it overtaken by speed boats, and even the United States navy was appealed to for help.

HIGH LIGHTS

News and gossip of the cinema colony not to be found elsewhere.

By Edwin and Elza Schallert

Right in the midst of all the hubbub Fifi herself airily breezed onto the Fox lot, totally unaware of all the commotion she had been causing. Inquiry elicited information that she had been vacationing at Lake Arrowhead. The blame was fixed on her representative, and he was dispatched back East where he had come from.

A Newfoundland Fisherman.

What's to be done with a fish-eating dog at a studio? Here's a new problem facing film executives who are bothered enough already.

Varick Frizzell, a venturesome young producer who made a Labrador epic called "White Thunder," is the owner of a large Newfoundland pup, which has peculiar dietary inclinations. Frizzell was working on his feature at the Paramount studio, and his dog was making himself at home around the lot.

All went well until one day the dog espied goldfish in an ornamental pond in a flowered and grassy setting. The Newfoundland apparently felt a surge of primitive appetite, and after a few moments' meditation, he plunged into the water and came out with a struggling fish.

The caretakers of the studio, seeing the impending tragedy, charged him with brooms, but the Newfoundland took off to the labyrinthian section where the stages are, and ended the career of Mr. Goldfish.

Now there's a sign up beside the pond:

"Attention, dogs—no fishing!"

French Name Mystifying.

"Ah, Papillon!"

You who know your French may imagine with what surprise we heard these words uttered with an almost feverish intensity of feeling, while we were standing in front of a theater at a premiere. Knowing our French we immediately started looking around for butterflies, as, of course, that is what *papillon* signifies in the Gallic language.

Recovering our balance, we noticed that it was just the Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudraye greeting one of his French gentleman friends. They rushed up to each other and all but embraced, and the air was soon filled with French syllables. "Papillon," we dis-

covered, was the name of the marquis's *bon ami*.

As on virtually all other occasions recently, the former husband of Gloria Swanson was escorting Constance Bennett.

A Rival for Jackie.

Young Robert Coogan will assuredly go far as an actor. Even at this stage of his career he has the ideal egocentric temperament.

Robert is making his debut in "Skippy," and he was asked by an onlooker on the set what he thought of his capabilities. "Oh, acting's easy," he declared. "There are lots of things that are harder."

"Your brother, Jackie, is a good actor, isn't he?" the inquirer continued.

"Oh, yes; he's all right," Robert replied, "but he's not as good as I am."

Robert looks rather like Jackie when his older brother appeared in "The Kid," and the studio is apparently seeking to stress the resemblance, because he is clad in the same outfit that Jackie wore then, which has been lovingly preserved by the Coogan parents.

Equestrian Companionship.

Marguerite Churchill and Elissa Landi have struck up a friendship. They go horseback riding together. The dazzling new find of the Fox company would be just the sort of girl to appeal to Marguerite, and, besides, since coming to California Elissa has been very lonely. Her husband, an attorney, remained in England.

Elissa is one girl who can qualify with the intellectual attainments that seem to be so much in demand in this ultra age of the films. Like Carman Barnes, she also has a book or two to her credit. Her literary output was published in England.

We should note that Miss Churchill is passing out of her former subdued and restrained ways. Every day we hear more about what a favorite she is becoming, and she is obtaining more prominent rôles.

The lack of appeal in "The Big Trail" tended to set her back in her career for a time, but that drab period is now apparently over. She is taking significant

Just a quiet evening at home with the married: Ben Lyon and Bebe Daniels take up literature.

leads in "Charlie Chan Carries On" and "Skyline."

Next thing we





In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to love and Jack Oakie is discovered in the throes of writing a poem—perhaps to Mary Brian.

expect to hear announced about her is an engagement to a film executive, that is, if Russell Gleason doesn't marry her first.

Frank Albertson to Marry.

Another young man of the movies is about to turn benedict. Frank Albertson, juvenile comedian, is in love with a high-school girl, Virginia Shelly. They may even be married, we hear, before this is published.

Frank is a very serious and businesslike chap, and he has worked industriously at picture-making. Virtually every time the studio wanted some light youthful relief in a production, they cast him. His record for a single year was about a dozen films.

Frank went to Hollywood high school, and his fiancée is graduating from the same institution.

Gilded with Wealth.

Money-mad stars! That's the way Ruth Chatterton, William Powell, Constance Bennett, and Kay Francis are described in some quarters in Hollywood.

But can you blame them if they are dazzled by gold that is literally flung at their feet?

A contract that Constance Bennett recently

made for ten weeks with Warner Brothers upset all precedents. It averages her \$30,000 a week. She is supposed to make two pictures at approximately \$150,000, and these are being done during a vacation period.

Ruth Chatterton leaves Paramount in the fall, also going to Warner's at a reported increase from \$3,500 to \$7,500 a week. William Powell rates a similar jump in compensation, it is reported, while Kay Francis is also said to have doubled her salary.

Premières Menacing.

Premières are going bolshevik. At least, it's getting to be worth a celebrity's life to go to one of them, especially in downtown Los Angeles.

The crowd at the opening of Charlie Chaplin's "City Lights" at the new Los Angeles Theater became so unruly that several riot calls were sent in to the police station. Several stars all but had their chinchillas and sequins torn off them, and Cecil DeMille, who always makes it a custom to carry a store of gold pieces in his pocket, was reported relieved of some of them, besides being thoroughly manhandled.

The sensation of this première was Doctor Albert Einstein's arrival at the theater with Chaplin. Einstein was all but mobbed by the throng on the outside of the playhouse, and then received an ovation from the stars and other first nighters when he appeared in the foyer. Einstein paid a tribute to Charlie's comedy by laughing uproariously during the showing of "City Lights." But was completely flabbergasted when some souvenir collector tried to nip off one of the curly locks of his leonine hair, during his exit from the theater.

Dance Contest Extraordinary.

A fight and a dance contest! The Mayfair Club at a recent party adhered to tradition and also broke away from it.

The pugilistic combat, if it was that, involved a studio executive and a scenario writer. The dance contest, which was a departure, featured Bert Wheeler and Jobyna Howland. They won the prize, because of the comedy of their dancing.

Dolores Mae Barrymore ends her first cruise on her father's yacht and can't understand what all the shouting's about on the dock.



In the midst of the dance Miss Howland started to take off Wheeler's clothes. She removed tie and collar first, then coat and vest, and finally unbuttoned his shirt and was in the act of pulling that off, too, when into the fray stalked the heroic figure of Mack Sennett, who saved Wheeler from complete exposure to the giddy and applauding throng. After this, Leon Errol, of the collapsible legs, did a burlesque dance with Claudia Dell, and then once again Sennett stepped forward, this time to be Errol's partner. It was a jolly evening at the Mayfair.

Page Mr. Numa.

More and more, Joan Crawford is becoming a virtuoso of baby talk. Really it is an experience to hear her go up and down the scale when she is viewing anything especially cute or thrilling, and telling her "Do-do" about it, meaning, of course, Doug Fairbanks, Jr.

We sat right in front of her at the showing of "Trader Horn," and it was a veritable series of cadenzas *à la pizzicato* that she effervesced as she viewed the lion cubs. She exclaimed with almost childish enthusiasm. "Oh, Do-do, I want a lion!"

The White Candle Flame.

Is Mary Nolan's career ended? We hope not. Such promising talent!

Mary's contract with Universal was dissolved not long ago, and reports that she might be seen with John Gilbert in "Cheribebi" came to naught.

It is months since this alluring girl has played in a picture. She seems frail and declining in health, and it is said that producers are a little fearful about her being able to stand the strain of work in a picture.

Nevertheless, we cannot believe that anybody so gifted will not soon resume her bright and happy way on the screen. Miss Nolan's talents justify the joyous continuation of the success she registered a year or so ago.

Their Grief Mutual.

Their love should be cemented now. Gary Cooper and Lupe Velez know what it is to share in suffering. They were both sued on the same day for income tax. The amount of the claim against Gary was \$590 and Lupe \$952. Trust Lupe to be hit the harder in any matter pertaining to money! And did she have something to say about it? Yes, ma'am! In both Spanish and Hollywood lingo.

Fraternal Fealty.

Brother Leo may be at outs with Brother Victor—but what matter? Star McLaglen may console himself with the presence and friendliness of Arthur and Clifford.

Victor McLaglen has plenty of brothers to draw on. Out of eight there are three in this country now. Clifford formerly an actor with Ufa in Germany, has recently come over.

We saw Victor, Arthur, and Clifford at a premiere together and their resemblance to one another is marked indeed. Leo was not in attendance, as he is the one who is suing Victor for interfering with his career.

Reputedly the Fox star has done a great deal to aid his family and, with the one exception, they are said to be devoted to him.

Esther's Husband Makes Up.

Even if Esther Ralston must cease playing, while she awaits the stork's arrival, her husband, George Webb, may continue the family tradition. He donned make-up for a test recently at the Paramount studio.

Webb at one time was a screen villain. Later he became an actors' agent and finally concentrated on the management of his wife's affairs. He has been considering a return to his original preference as a screen Thespian.

Rediscovering Georgia Hale.

We have always thought that Georgia Hale possessed a promising but unfulfilled talent. Her film career, following "The Gold Rush," suffered an early blighting, mostly on account of bad pictures.

Charlie Chaplin who, with Josef von Sternberg, was responsible for advancing her along the road to fame

Ruth Chatterton is the life of some one's party in "Unfaithful," but it would spoil the story to tell what happens after her high jinks.



a few years ago, has always believed in her, and we surmise that if he decides to direct a talking picture, it will feature Miss Hale. They were together at a preview of "City Lights," and Charlie avowed to us that Georgia has a beautiful speaking and also singing voice, which will create a sensation when heard.

Formerly dark-haired, Georgia now boasts a gold-ashen shade.

Mary's Smart Escort.

Mary Brian is stepping out in sophistication. At least, we assume that some token must be taken of the fact that Gene Markey, ultra playboy of movieland, was recently her escort.

Markey is one of the prominent bachelor beaux of Hollywood. Generally he accompanies Gloria Swanson or is attached to the Marion Davies's pleasure entourage. He also writes for Miss Davies.

Irish Lad Goes Home.

Tommy Clifford has gone back to Erin for good. He packs with him a heart full of weird experiences, no doubt—the outcome of his sojourn in strange filmland. Snatched up to public attention momentarily in "Song o' My Heart" and dropped because there seems comparatively little use of keeping small boys under long-term contract. He appeared in only one other picture besides that starring John McCormack. This was "The Part Time Wife." In it he gives an excellent performance.

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Miss Moore plans to use her new film technique in opera.

ONE expects prima donnas to be wrapped in velvet, and double chins, and ponderous dignity. Grace Moore's divergence from tradition is due, perhaps, to the name of her home town, Jellico, Tennessee. It sounds kind of jolly, don't you think?

Whatever the cause, despite that aura which surrounds a Metropolitan Opera star, she is as regular as any girl who ever sang or spoke, or merely mugged, for the M.-G.-M. lion.

From her voluminous baggage she unpacked the latest Parisian creations, but no airs. Pictures were a new and engrossing experience, promising interesting work, and recompense, and fun—perhaps new fame. She was in Hollywood for what she could get out of it and to enjoy it.

Such was her attitude from the first cheery greeting. She took anything they gave her in the way of discomforts, never squawked at retakes or late hours, and kept her laughter ready.

While wearing the bouffant *Jenny Lind* costumes, she could not sit in a chair, but had to be hoisted aboard high stools placed for her convenience near the sets. There, looking like a big powder-puff doll, she would perch, calling down remarks and consuming

Opera without

Grace Moore enlivens the studio with laughter, not with the traditional temperament of an operatic star, and prefers tangerines to perfumed cigarettes—altogether a "regular" is this singer who looks like a tennis player.

such vast numbers of tangerines that their peelings threatened to form a pyramid beside her throne.

Between scenes the waits were delicately enlivened by snatches of *Marguerite's* spinning song, interrupted at intervals by the diva's biting into her favorite fruit, and by her frank and often naïve comments on the efficiency of making pictures. She asked innumerable questions—where they got this, and what made that work?

On musi-movie sets the orchestra is at least fifty feet distant from the singer, and under another mike. This bothered her.

"I can't tune up by long distance," she would kid the conductor. "Can't you bring your harmonica boys closer, prof? Well, waft me a line."

This feminine aria has all the charm and friendliness of a ballad accelerated to the keener tempo of jazz. Beneath the veneer of a cosmopolite, a small-town naturalness is her outstanding trait. Her fight for a place in the sun has been managed adroitly. It has been a subtle mental battle.

"Endurance," she mentioned as an aid. "Mental stamina. Physical constitution, of course, but I've always been disgustingly healthy. I am gloriously happy, and happiness is necessary to sing or act well. Once I asked Calvé how, at sixty-two, she bloomed so perennially, looking younger every time I saw her. 'Because,' she replied, 'I am always in love.' I myself—I am in love with life!"

She loves her little jokes. While swimming one day she decided to stage a drowning act, to get the reactions of the beach lollers. To a discriminating observer she might have looked too strong and capable for helplessness, and her yells might have seemed a trifle too vigorous.

Her excitable French chauffeur, however, saw only that she seemed to be in considerable danger as she thrashed a hullabaloo among the waves. He dived in, fully clad in his uniform.

The rescue, though dramatic, was scarcely graceful, for the Moore diva is no featherweight. Stumbling, he struck a rock and sprained an ankle.

But she's a good sport and believes in tit-for-tat. For several days Hollywood was treated to the spectacle of a grand-opera star driving her car around town, while her chauffeur sat at her side, all one delighted grin. She drove *him* until his foot was well!

"Who are you?" she asks, right off the bat. "What magazine? They make appointments for me—thrust little slips of paper at me." She pantomimed studio efficiency.

"I never bother to remember names until I meet the faces that go with them. Faces tell things—watch out! You didn't come to my party. Why not? Really, I'm not a terribly impossible person, when one knows me."

One feels that Grace Moore likes the big open spaces.

Her pale-pink and jade dressing room, with its divan, peewee piano, and knickknacks



AIRS

By
Myrtle Gebhart

in pastel colors, strikes the sophisticated modern note in keeping with her mind so vital a mirror of to-day.

"I spent my girlhood practically in riding clothes," she replied to my comment that she might pass for a tennis champion, rather than a pampered opera star. "I remember how, in Paris, I would stamp in for my singing lesson, to the horror of my æsthetic Italian teacher. 'You swing-walk in here, you American cow woman!' he expostulated."

Sweeping up and down the small dressing room, she caricatured his astonishment and exasperation, and his portrait of a prima donna. "To sing you must be *spirituelle*. How can I make a singer of you when you come in here in breeches, and smelling of horses? *Sapristi!*" But he *did* make one of me, in spite of my neighing."

Being an advocate of speed, when a salesman claimed that a certain car could do ninety without straining a valve, she exclaimed, "Sold!" without further demonstration.

"Frankly, I disliked the thought of working in films," she admitted. "It was merely this"—making the do-re-mi gesture. "I had never been West. California was a revelation."

She trilled a bar. "My only regret is that I have had so little time to cultivate the many charming people I have met. They are so alert, with a graceful social informality. So—*simpatica*. Grand word, that, isn't it? You

Falling in line Miss Moore tried a practical joke that did not turn out well.



Photo by Hurrell

Miss Moore regrets that she has not had time to cultivate more of the charming people in Hollywood.

can always use it in a gap. I felt at home among them immediately."

The vastness of her mansion, with its gardens swelling into grazing land, appeals to the sweeping action of her own spirit. She must have space, one feels, and virility and drama around her, else she would feel cramped, but all of it is overlaid with a comradely humor that mitigates its grandiose aspect. The three-storied living room boasts an immense fireplace and two tiers of balconies.

"Room for a *Romco* on each floor," she explains. "I park them and call them according to mood!"

"No one in my family ever had sung or followed any career."

Most obligingly she launched into an account of what her happy estate demanded of her. "We were big-fish-in-little-puddles people. A below-the-liner yourself? Well, then, you know what that means in the South. Respectability until it hurts. A conventional routine, as smooth and spotless as new white kid gloves. Background and breeding, of inestimable value, but

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The Movie Runaround

By
Helen
Klumph

PART III.

Whirled into the Hollywood maelstrom as secretary to a temperamental star, Annabelle St. John does the unthinkable in trying to run away from the cameras, but fate thwarts her attempt in a dramatic manner.

Synopsis of Preceding Installments.

ANNABELLE ST. JOHN comes to New York intent upon success, but soon finds herself jobless and broke. Lonely, she follows a group into a night club, out of girlish curiosity, and is enchanted with her first taste of gay night life. She dines with Stewart Hill, a contractor who disappears that night with his company's funds, and Annabelle is sought for questioning. She grabs the chance to go to Hollywood as secretary to Caroline Wakefield, a movie star of the old school.

Annabelle's eccentric employer gives her money with which to buy smart clothes and unwittingly takes her to task for being nervous after reading that the police are searching for "the mystery girl" in the Hill case. Aboard the train west, Annabelle and Miss Wakefield meet Dennis Lindsay, a cameraman, and though the elderly star tries to keep Annabelle in the background, romance lulls the girl's fear of detection.

AS the train pulled out of Albany, Annabelle cowered in a corner of the stateroom, fully expecting that at any moment a large policeman would stalk in and arrest her as "the mystery girl" involved in the disappearance of Stewart Hill.

"Are you sick again?" angrily demanded Caroline Wakefield. "I certainly never thought I'd have a chronic invalid on my hands when I engaged you! If you don't get better I'll ship you back from Chicago. My nerves won't stand illness! I'm so sensitive. I—oh, hullo, darling!"

At the sudden change from querulousness to a cooing tone, Annabelle jerked her head up, and smiled weakly as Dennis Lindsay strolled in.

"Hullo," he said curtly, and sat down beside Annabelle, tossing a sheaf of newspapers down beside him. "Seen this stuff about Hill?" he asked easily. Annabelle

turned even whiter, and he stared at her until Caroline impatiently asked, "Well, what about Hill?"

"Oh, nothing much," he answered, his eyes still fixed on Annabelle. "They thought they'd got the girl; some dame in glad rags and a hundred dollars' worth of orchids went to the district attorney's office and said she wanted to confess. The newspapermen leaped to it, of course, and she was photographed and all that. Then it turned out that she's a dancer in a new night club; Ritzenhoff's doing her publicity, and wanted to grab some space. She finally admitted that she didn't even know Hill."

Annabelle tried to speak nonchalantly.

"Do you think that—that they'll ever find the real girl?" she asked.

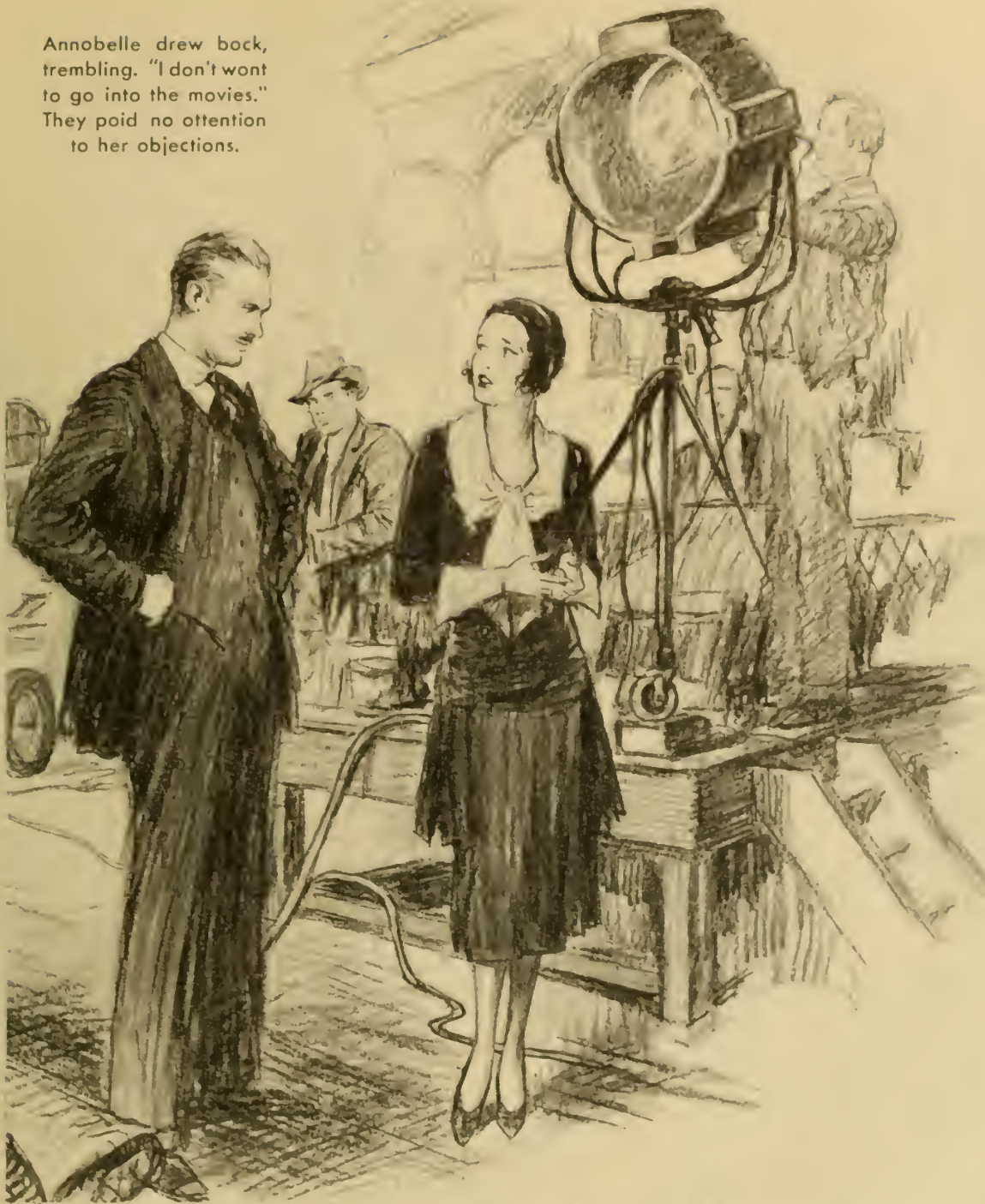
Lindsay scrutinized her thoughtfully.

"No," he said at last. "No, they'll never find her. She's got nothing to worry about. In a few months this whole thing will be dead as yesterday's newspaper."



P. VAN BUREN

Annabelle drew back, trembling. "I don't want to go into the movies." They paid no attention to her objections.



Illustrated by R. Van Buren

Annabelle smiled suddenly in relief, and smiling, too, she moved a little closer to her.

"Dennis, have you seen the script of my new picture?" Caroline Wakefield demanded importantly. "Let's go over it together now; I'm so anxious to get your ideas on it. Come over here beside me and——"

Dennis settled back in his corner as if he meant to stay there.

"I'm still on vacation," he answered. "Till we hit Los Angeles I can still sit around and look at pretty girls without figuring out how they'll photograph. And without bothering with scripts.

Caroline gasped, and Annabelle blushed. Her heart began to leap. Then he thought she was pretty—he did like her!

Dennis returned her smile.

"How about having dinner with me the first night you're in Hollywood?" he asked. "I'll show you the town."

Out of the corner of her eye Annabelle saw that Caroline was frowning.

"Oh, I'll be too busy," he answered. "Miss Wakefield's mail has been piling up while she was away, you see."

A derisive smile twisted Dennis's lips.

"Sure a lot of requests for free photographs!" he exclaimed. "Don't take that stuff seriously."

Caroline drew herself up quite haughtily.

"I get letters from the most wonderful people," she began.

Dennis cut her short by retorting, "Yes, you've told me about them several times, practically every time we've met, in fact, but I still can't see how you or any one else could think fan mail amounted to anything these days."

Caroline managed to smile, and began to talk of something else, and Annabelle marveled anew at the power a cameraman could have.

Dennis was given no peace during the rest of the journey. Caroline was always on his trail, flattering, cajoling, begging for suggestions and praise. He never had a chance to be alone with Annabelle, but he managed to let her know, even in front of her redoubtable employer, how he felt about her. She would have been perfectly happy, if the Eastern papers hadn't kept the Stewart Hill case fresh in her thoughts every time she saw them.

She wrote her aunt that she was going west as companion to a wealthy woman, and wondered, even as she wrote the letter, whether it would be intercepted, and stare back at her from the front page of a paper some day soon. Miss Wakefield's interest in the case did not abate, and Dennis fanned the flames by remarking that some scenario writer was sure to grab it and fix it up as a picture.

"I'd like to play the girl!" exclaimed Miss Wakefield in her deepest tones, clasping her hands. "Think of the scenes showing her in hiding, tortured, desperate——"

Annabelle, huddled on the opposite seat, realized suddenly that Dennis was watching her with keen eyes. She laughed jerkily.

"Yes, she must be awfully frightened," she agreed. "Probably she's right there in New York——"

"Nonsense!" Caroline interrupted. "She's as far away as she can get."

"Sure," Dennis added. "Probably in England or France by now."

For all her fears, Annabelle faced the future hopefully when they finally reached Los Angeles. She would begin a new life in Hollywood—and she'd see Dennis often.

Miss Wakefield lived on Whitley Heights, on Primrose Avenue, a narrow, winding road, from which the land dropped sharply down a hill. During the drive home Annabelle gazed eagerly out of the window. Sunset Boulevard, dull and commercial though it was, was glorified in her eyes; Hollywood Boulevard was the beginning of enchanted country, and she was almost sorry when they swung out of it into Vine Street and then up into the hills.

"What's that strange-looking place?" she asked, as they passed a cluster of buildings unlike anything she had ever seen before.

"Oh, that's Crotona," Caroline answered disdainfully. "It used to be the theosophical headquarters here, but now it's more like a hotel, or a sort of barracks. People live all around in those cloisters; Gardner James used to live in the chapel, I've been told, and a lot of scenario readers and extras and utterly inconsequential people hang out there.

"You'll find a lot of more interesting places around here; the house Valentino lived in, before he was successful, and the one where dear Barbara La Marr died. Of course, a lot of people have moved to Beverly Hills and built showy, vulgar palaces, the sort of thing the nouveau riche like."

Annabelle smiled; she had learned that Miss Wakefield was always scornful of what she couldn't have.

"I'd love to see them," she said enthusiastically.

"You'll probably be much too busy to do any sight-seeing," Caroline answered. Since they had left Dennis Lindsay at the Santa Fe station she was much more curt with her secretary.

Her house was really charming; not at all what Annabelle had expected. It was not large, but was beautifully furnished in a dignified, restrained manner. From the windows at the back there was a view of Hollywood, far below.

Annabelle hoped that her room would have that view, but it was on the front of the house, and looked down over a tiny square of lawn and a jacaranda tree. She suspected that it had been meant for a maid's use; the furniture was severely plain, and the bed was none too soft. But she unpacked gayly. She was actually in Hollywood! And Dennis Lindsay liked her!

Miss Wakefield departed for the studio early the next morning, leaving just a few orders for her new secretary. Before noon Annabelle was to learn to imitate

her signature, so that she could autograph pictures and sign unimportant letters. She was to read the two clothes baskets full of mail that stood beside the desk in the small library, and answer as many letters as she could.

She was to keep a record of all phone calls, order some flowers and two new check books, and take the dogs for a walk. And she was to wire the hotel where Miss Wakefield had stayed in New York, to ask if an enamel vanity case, a traveling clock, and three handkerchiefs had been left there.

As the door closed behind Miss Wakefield her maid slipped into the library.

"Don't worry," she urged. "Miss Wakefield, she forgets what she has said to do. I will order the flowers and telephone the bank, and you walk the dogs and read a little mail, that is all."

Annabelle thanked her and went diligently to work, soon becoming adept in reading a letter at a glance and classifying it. She was glad to be so busy. The Los Angeles papers paid no attention to the Hill case, she found, and she could only hope that few people on the Coast read any others.

She ate her meager luncheon from her desk and went back to work. "Sincerely, Caroline Wakefield," she wrote, over and over and over, on large pictures if the requests had been accompanied by a quarter, on small ones if they hadn't.

Miss Wakefield went out to dinner, after rushing through the house for two hours, demanding everything from cocktails to a body massage, and raving about the stupidity of every one at the studio. She was going to the opening of a new picture that evening, and Annabelle planned to go back to work. But Dennis Lindsay telephoned just as she settled down at her desk, and insisted on taking her out to see Hollywood.

Feeling like a guilty child, she stood in the crowd with him and watched the famous and near-famous arrive at the Chinese Theater.

"They all have to buy tickets to these shindigs, whether they want to or not," Dennis told her. "If they don't go to So-and-so's opening, So-and-so won't come to theirs, and it won't be 'brilliant,' if the big guns don't come. And an opening has to be brilliant. Lord, what hokum!"

They got back into his little car, and he proceeded to keep his promise to show her the town, or at least that part of it that could be seen from long, winding hill roads over which the roadster fairly flew.

Without the restraining presence of the tyrannical Caroline their acquaintance grew rapidly. Only once was Annabelle uneasy; that was when he mentioned the Hill case, casually, judging by his tone, but Annabelle caught his glance as he turned to her, and grew cold with fright.

"Why did you mention that?" she asked. "It isn't really important, is it?"

"Nope," he answered cheerfully. "I just thought you might know about it, having lived in New York."

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HERE'S A GIRL WHO DOESN'T WANT TO GET INTO THE MOVIES.

YOUNG, pretty, Annabelle St. John not only turns down opportunities to face the camera—she fights against them. And her logical reason for shunning a career is only one of the unique features of "The Movie Runaround." There are many more, for the author, Helen Klumph, knows Hollywood, the studios and the stars as well as most persons know Main Street and their own particular circle of friends in their city or town. These unusual qualifications result in a novelette of more than usual accuracy, sympathy, and humor. But of course you're reading it, so you know.

Next month will find Annabelle in difficulties more serious than she has ever known, for even with the advice and protection of Dennis Lindsay she cannot confide in him the chilling fear she feels on hearing that Stewart Hill is in Hollywood!

Follow Annabelle in her adventures from month to month!



Virginia Cherrill

WHITHER now, Virginia? Introduced to the fans as Charlie Chaplin's heroine in "City Lights," you have now the problem of making a career of your own. You were helped by "Girls Demand Excitement," but what of future roles? You have beauty, charm, magnetism, and a Fox contract. It all depends on you. Here's hoping.



WYNNE GIBSON

YOU saw her in Jack Oakie's "The Gang Buster." You liked her and then you began to write letters to Picture Play about Wynne Gibson. Collectively your letters have reached into the hundreds, recalling the instant response of the fans when they first glimpsed Robert Montgomery. Miss Gibson is also from the stage and she, too, has that pleasant something greater than obvious beauty which arrests the eye and appeals to the mind. It is what causes newcomers from the stage to remain on the screen. And this Miss Gibson is doing, appearing in "June Moon," "Man of the World," "City Streets," "Kick In," and "Up Pops the Devil."



CAST and FORECAST

In this line-up of names in pictures soon to be released you are sure to find a favorite player in a film above the ordinary, for these productions are selected because they promise unusual entertainment.

City Streets

(Paramount)

Gary Cooper.
Sylvia Sydney.
Paul Lukas.
Wynne Gibson.
William (Stage) Boyd.

Skippy

(Paramount)

Jackie Cooper.
Mitzi Green.
Jackie Searl.
Robert Coogan.
Enid Bennett.

Kick In

(Paramount)

Clara Bow.
Norman Foster.
Juliette Compton.
Wynne Gibson.
Regis Toomey.

The Tarnished Lady

(Paramount)

Tallulah Bankhead.
Clive Brook.
Charles Ruggles.
Phoebe Foster.
Osgood Perkins.

Dishonored

(Paramount)

Marlene Dietrich.
Victor McLaglen.
Barry Norton.
Lew Cody.
Warner Oland.

Torch Song

(M.-G.-M.)

Joan Crawford.
Neil Hamilton.
John Mack Brown.
Marjorie Rambeau.

Never the Twain Shall Meet

(M.-G.-M.)

Conchita Montenegro.
Leslie Howard.
Karen Morley.
Clyde Cook.

The Secret Six

(M.-G.-M.)

Wallace Beery.
Jean Harlow.
John Mack Brown.
Clarke Gable.

The Squaw Man

(M.-G.-M.)

Warner Baxter.
Lupe Velez.
Roland Young.
Eleanor Boardman.
Charles Bickford.
Paul Cavanagh.

It's a Wise Child

(M.-G.-M.)

Marion Davies.
Kent Douglass.
Lester Vail.
Sidney Blackmer.
Polly Moran.

The Millionaire

(Warner)

George Arliss.
David Manners.
Evalyn Knapp.
Bramwell Fletcher.
Noah Beery.
James Cagney.
Tully Marshall.

Svengali

(Warner)

John Barrymore.
Marian Marsh.
Tom Douglas.
Carmel Myers.

God's Gift to Women

(Warner)

Frank Fay.
Laura La Plante.
Arthur Edmund Carewe.
Louise Brooks.
Joan Blondell.
Yola d'Avril.
Margaret Livingston.

The Maltese Falcon

(Warner)

Bebe Daniels.
Ricardo Cortez.
Una Merkel.
Thelma Todd.
Dwight Frye.

Merely Mary Ann

(Fox)

Janet Gaynor.
Charles Farrell.
J. M. Kerrigan.
Cecilia Loftus.

Charlie Chan Carries On

(Fox)

Marguerite Churchill.
John Garrick.
Warren Hymer.
Marjorie White.

Young Sinners

(Fox)

Thomas Meighan.
Dorothy Jordan.
Hardie Albright.
William Holden.

More Than a Kiss

(Fox)

Edmund Lowe.
Jeanette MacDonald.
Roland Young.
Una Merkel.

The Front Page

(United Artists)

Adolphe Menjou.
Edward Everett Horton.
Mary Brian.
Walter Catlett.
Matt Moore.
Mae Clarke.

Indiscreet

(United Artists)

Gloria Swanson.
Ben Lyon.
Barbara Kent.
Arthur Lake.
Monroe Owsley.

Big Business Girl

(First National)

Loretta Young.
Frank Albertson.
Ricardo Cortez.
Nancy Dover.

Party Husband

(First National)

Dorothy Mackaill.
James Rennie.
Dorothy Peterson.
Helen Ware.

The Iron Man

(Universal)

Lew Ayres.
Jean Harlow.
Robert Armstrong.
John Miljan.



"Cimarron."

"Cimarron."

AT last a real picture, one with breadth and sweep, tenderness and passion and a true reflection of American life. "Cimarron" is as native as the soil. From every standpoint it is notable. It provides great stimulus to those of us who are tired of teacup drama, snarling gangsters, and ladies of leisure. It is vital, human, and enormously exciting, with such acting on the part of every one that you are left wanting more despite the length of the film. The story covers a lapse of forty years, which means that it is episodic. But this is not as grave a defect as might be the case had not those in charge of bringing the novel to the screen taken unusual precautions to avoid it. The result, in adaptation, dialogue, direction, and photography is extraordinary.

Beginning at the opening of Oklahoma in 1889, with *Yancey* and *Sabra Cravat* among the early settlers of the territory, it ends in 1929 with the election of *Sabra* to Congress and her reunion with her vagrant husband who dies in her arms.

To tell what happens between would be to sketch the book and a score of interesting characters, obviously an impossible thing to do and unnecessary, too, either for those who are familiar with the novel or those who become acquainted with the screen version.

Enough, then, to say that there is no disappointment here. The exciting struggle of the land rush, the amazing, though primitive, civilization in the "boom" town of Osage, the first offshoots of culture and the rise to wealth and power of the principals in the panorama—these aspects of the picture are superbly real. And so it is with the portrayal of character. The struggle of *Sabra*, the tenderly reared young wife, to reconcile herself to the crudities of the settlement and its flaunting people; her struggle to understand her wayward, nomadic husband who, with all his tenderness and chivalry, is unable to resist the call of far places and leaves her to edit his newspaper and rear their children until he returns, flushed with the adventure of the Spanish-American War, to bask in a hero's adulation. This progress of character through conflict and adversity makes fascinating characters of the men and women in "Cimarron."

Yancey is so easily Richard Dix's best performance that everything else he has done seems preparation for



"Trader Horn."

The SCREEN

A critical estimate of the latest pictures brings to light notable achievements and reveals old favorites and newcomers in performances that cause the rafters to ring with applause.

this triumph. The complex character of the idealistic, rhetorical spellbinder is the most difficult he has ever undertaken, and could easily have become a thing of bombast and heroics in hands less adept than Mr. Dix's. But the actor's humor and charm, his good nature and manliness, succeed in making the character understandable and sympathetic, a friend whose virtues and faults one has known always.

It is Irene Dunne, however, who is the big surprise of the picture. In what is virtually her screen debut, an actress identified with musical comedy emerges gifted with all it takes to make *Sabra* real. Both voice and presence are extremely sympathetic, with a refinement immediately felt and a gentle, though resolute, womanliness that remind one of that strength of character underlying the soft graciousness of women of the old South.

But by no means do the hero and heroine run away with the honors—not with Estelle Taylor in the most fitting rôle she has had in years, *Dixie Lee*, a lady of easy virtue who treads the primrose path in the grand manner of the early '90s. Miss Taylor is everything that her admirers wish for, but which too often her rôles do not permit. And that doesn't mean only a display of her glamorous, seductive beauty, but a measure of her rapidly increasing skill as an actress. *Dixie Lee* does her a good turn in both respects.

And there is Edna May Oliver, ringleader in causing the spectator to regret the brevity of her rôle and those of other luminaries—Nance O'Neil, William Collier, Jr., Roscoe Ates, George E. Stone, Robert McWade, and many others. Incidentally, score another outstanding merit—the costumes. They are marvels of accuracy, the only dresses of the period that I have ever seen perfectly reproduced on the screen, and I haven't forgotten

AFTER THE FIRST SHOWING OF NEW FILMS



"City Lights."



"Inspiration."

in REVIEW

By Norbert Lusk

"The Florodora Girl," either. Why, in this picture the ladies have busts and hips and are proud of them, even as they were in the days of the bicycle.

"Trader Horn."

The best of all animal pictures and by far the superior of all pictures filmed in Africa or purporting to have that locale. It's interesting, unusual, and legitimately exciting. It shouldn't be missed, especially by those who want to get away from the Hollywood product. They will see one of the genuine performances of the year from a man they have never heard of and probably will never see again—Mutia Omoolu, a native, who plays the loyal gun bearer to *Trader Horn*. He also contributes the most thrilling moment in the picture, when he spears a charging lion, and his death is the most poignant. But for that matter our old friend Harry Carey, as the trader, is capital.

To him falls the lot of answering the ingenuous questions of his protégé, *Peru*, and thus acting as a guide who speaks the language of the spectator. This he does splendidly. Never didactic, always colloquial, he is entertaining and informative. Then, as the picture progresses, he becomes a brave and lovable old scout whose occasional tenderness always veers away from the sentimental.

The film begins as a travelogue, but don't let that cause you to think it is merely a scenic. It is gripping in the variety of animals, backgrounds, and natives encountered. And when *Horn* and *Peru* rescue a white girl kidnaped by tribesmen and worshiped as their goddess, a semblance of plot adds further interest. It is their flight from the infuriated savages that causes the big thrills until all danger is past and *Nina*, the ex-goddess, and *Peru*, in the throes of juvenile love accord-

ing to civilized cinema, leave the white man's country while *Trader Horn* remains in the wilds he knows best.

With human interest given its due, "Trader Horn" must, however, be classified as an animal film. As such it has no equal. Herds of giraffes and kangaroos are seen where only few have been photographed before; crocodiles swarm instead of appearing in twos or threes, and every animal of the country is caught offguard. A fight between leopards and hyenas, the

slaughter of a gazelle by a lion and a battle for its carcass by a group of beasts; the killing of a rhinoceros—these are startling glimpses of wild life *au naturel*, and they are made terrifying by sounds not of the earth as we know it. All this is a tribute to the director, W. S. van Dyke, and that unsung hero, the cameraman, Clyde de Vinna, whose sense of beauty in capturing the strangeness and remoteness of the African interior is as great as his bravery in recording the realism of its animal life.

Duncan Renaldo is attractive as the accented hero and old fans will be gratified by the brief, though effective, performance of Olive Fuller Golden, who is Mrs. Harry Carey. The surprise of the cast is Edwina Booth, as *Nina*. Her rôle is difficult because it is frenzied and incredible. For a newcomer she does extraordinarily well, though she forces an indulgent smile at her ease in emerging pearly white after weeks of hardship in the jungles.

"City Lights."

Whether you're a highbrow intent on discovering hidden meanings in Charlie Chaplin's clowning, or an average fan eager for a good laugh, you will find "City Lights" to your liking, for it is strictly along the lines made famous by the eminent comedian. His insistence on silence doesn't detract from the picture, for there's a musical accompaniment and incidental sounds take the place of speech. The characters never worry for want of words to convey their broad comedy.

It begins when Mr. Chaplin, as his familiar *Tramp*, is discovered in the lap of a statue at a public unveiling, a sequence that offers an irresistible parody on talking pictures. Unintelligible sounds issue from the lips of platform speakers as they saw the air in the familiar routine of such occasions. This is inspired fooling and

COME CALM REFLECTIONS TO GUIDE YOU



"Millie."



"Finn and Hattie."



"Scandal Sheet."



"Girls Demand Excitement."

is one of the best moments in the picture, and there are others as, for example, when Mr. Chaplin swallows a whistle and is seized with hiccups. This is when sound is most eloquent. There is also a prize fight which is said by better judges to be the funniest ever filmed. These episodes are high lights in a simple story that is sometimes indelicate, always sentimental, and ends on a wistful note when the *Tramp* gazes adoringly at the *Flower Girl* whose sight has been restored by his gift and is now in charge of a shop instead of being a vender with a Marcel.

There are those who discern in Mr. Chaplin's pictures the woe of the world, the pulsing heart of all humanity. They see in his vagabond a kinship to all mankind, an analogy that eludes me. That being the case I shall neither attempt to search for the esoteric, nor dwell on what seem to me to be flaws in the present opus. Enough to say that Mr. Chaplin is ably supported by Virginia Cherrill, a newcomer of decided prettiness, Harry Myers, the veteran comedian who is always admirable, and Hank Mann, whose name is sufficient recommendation to old-timers. They unite in making the picture fast and funny.

"Inspiration."

Handicapped by the material provided for her, Greta Garbo still shines with such brightness that it is only when the picture is well under way that one realizes the weight and dreariness of her burden. For not even the greatest artist maintains effulgence in the murk of a poor picture. That is why laurels for Garbo should be dewed with tears of regret. She makes her heroine sensitive, intelligent, alluring, with a shimmer of laughter like sunshine after an April shower. So superior indeed is *Yvonne* to the trite circumstances of her story that you feel the player, aware of the disparity, is spurred to greater effort.

What no one has noticed is that the story is a rewrite of "Sapho," with no credit given Alphonse Daudet. Perhaps some one remembers that moralistic study of experienced passion and its effect upon the immature object of the courtesan's love, the bitterness of her discovery of its futility, and her logical termination of the liaison. It is a merciless exposé of forbidden love, its exaltation, its degradation, with a brilliant background of Parisian artistic life in the '70s.

There is nothing of this in the picture, though. It is just another item in the endless procession of women with a "past," with everything depending on whether that "past" comes to light or not, in her intatuation for an undergraduate. Thus we have the usual tiffs and reconciliations as more and more "past" looms up, until finally *Yvonne* leaves a good-by note and slips out into the snow while her young man is sleeping. The shallowness of this evasion is pitiable if you know the original.

Almost as disturbing is the disclosure of Robert Montgomery's first poor performance. Completely overshadowed by Garbo, he gives up the game early and recites his lines with the pleasant unawareness of a freshman rehearsing the class play, at no time seeming to care for *Yvonne*, let alone being racked by love. A fault shared by the entire company is their failure to suggest anything but well-fed American actors in a dressy society play, though the film is supposed peopled by French painters, poets, sculptors, and their models, mistresses, and friends. Among those giving competent, standardized performances are Lewis Stone, Marjorie Rambeau, Judith Vosselli, Beryl Mercer, John Miljan, Richard Tucker and a significant newcomer named Karen Morley, whose gentle voice and tragic face linger with me as long as any moment in the picture.

"Millie."

Young, attractive, sympathetically feminine, just why couldn't *Millie* hold a man? This is the question I asked while applauding the extraordinary performance of Helen Twelvetrees as the girl who had such a tough time of it. Then I read a catch line that implored me to pity *Millie* because she was "a good girl that loved the wrong men." Well, she had her pick of many in this new version of "Madame X," but every one of them gave her a raw deal. There was first her husband, then a newspaper reporter, and others too numerous to name. But the meanest of the lot was the

middle-aged admirer who enticed her sixteen-year-old daughter to a lonely hut in the woods and who was shot to death by *Millie* at the crucial moment. On trial for murder, *Millie* refuses to name the other woman or give a motive for her crime until the moment of anguish is held to the breaking point and the daughter bursts in from nowhere, sobbing the truth.

This is characteristic of the picture. Effective at times, you feel that it is plotted rather than motivated; that the heroine's wrongs are those of some one's imagination and not the result of circumstances; that the crises are timed for effect. The entire exhibit is, however, brightly directed and well acted, and Miss Twelvetees is a real star with no one to say her nay.

Hers is a most interesting performance ranging over many years, first with the freshness of seventeen and ending as a dissipated, bedraggled woman. Between these extremes her gradual disintegration is witnessed. Never does the actress overdo a detail of *Millie's* moods and appearance, never does she stoop to an obvious play for sympathy. Miss Twelvetees's acting is mature, and mental, and distinguished—quite a feat to achieve in this tawdry epic of loose women.

For that is what the picture is, even though pains are taken to excuse *Millie's* adventures with men on the score of her disillusionment with marriage. But in spite of moralizing the film resolves itself into another excuse for immorality by making it entertaining, amusing, and even attractive. Lilyan Tashman and Joan Blondell see to this as two girls wise in the ways of the half world whose wisdom causes them always to come out on top. They play their rôles with pungent understanding. Excellent also are Robert Ames, James Hall, and John Halliday, while Anita Louise, who as Anita Louise Fremault you will remember as a child actress a little while ago, is exquisite. It is disturbing to see so youthful an actress learning early the technique of a seduction of more than usual horror, but I suppose it has to be if she is to acquire experience in the essence of screen acting.

"Rango."

"Chang," the highly successful picture of a few seasons ago, has a successor in the new film which was photographed and directed by the same man, Ernest B. Schoedsack, whose work in the jungles of Sumatra lasted over a year. This is easily believable, for while the earlier film dealt with elephants, this brings to the screen the intimacies of monkeys, apes, and orang-utans in great numbers. And somehow, though one may be wrong, simians seem more difficult to manage than pachyderms. But this is only a layman's opinion. Be this as it may, the new film is highly entertaining.

As was the case with Mr. Schoedsack's earlier work, this has the unusual angle of making animals behave like humans. Thus the simian tribe are the heroes and the villain is the tiger, while the patient, faithful friend is the water buffalo. The only humans are a native father and son, who are quietly pleasing in their efforts to sustain life against the depredations of the tiger. It is the orang-utans, however, who dominate the picture, *Rango* being the nickname of the lively young "hero." While the antics of the simians are somewhat monotonous at times, there is considerable laughter, too, and their terrors and frenzied flights convey certain suspense, though the principal thrill comes from a battle to the death between the water buffalo and a tiger.

The film is interestingly embellished with a prologue in which a white man tells a boy of his adventures in Sumatra, and his voice is heard from time to time explaining the devious ways of the jungle as the scenes unroll. Altogether a worth-while picture for those who find in animals a needed escape from humans.

"Dracula."

Far from a merry tale, this, with its principal figure a corpse that emerges from a coffin from time to time and becomes a vampire that feasts on the blood of human victims. This is *Count Dracula* who, the fable tells us, has carried on thus for hundreds of years. His end comes when a scientist drives a stake into his heart. If you believe it, it's so. But for my part it's just a spectacular fantasy cleverly directed and brilliantly mounted, interesting because

Continued on page 96



"Stolen Heaven."



"The Gang Buster."



"Dracula."



"Seas Beneath."



A CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE TO CURRENT RELEASES

Underwood & Underwood

What Every Fan Should See

"The Right to Love."—Paramount.

Ruth Chatterton as mother and daughter, both excellent, thank you, in heart throbs in China and Colorado. Acting of highest order, intensified by double exposure, exceptional recording. Girl missionary torn between love and duty. Paul Lukas, David Manners.

"The Criminal Code."—Columbia.

Echo of "The Big House," superbly acted by Walter Huston and Phillips Holmes, latter as convict who won't squeal on friend who incites prison riot; Huston, the warden, with daughter, Constance Cummings. Mary Doran fine.

"Paid."—Metro-Goldwyn.

Joan Crawford goes drammer, and is good as shoppirl railroaded to prison for crime she did not commit. Marries son of boss to get revenge. Robert Armstrong, John Miljan, Marie Prevost, Tyrrell Davis, William Bakewell, Purnell Pratt.

"Reducing."—Metro-Goldwyn.

Too little horseplay in beauty parlor and too much fuss over saving girl from her instincts, in funny, funny film with Marie Dressler and Polly Moran. No team like this one. Anita Page, William Collier, Jr., Lucien Littlefield, Sally Eilers, William Bakewell.

"Little Caesar."—First National.

Finished story of snarling gangsters and their fights for underworld power. Too, too brutal for Buddy Rogers's legions. Edward G. Robinson gunman king. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Thomas Jackson, William Collier, Jr., Glenda Farrell.

"The Royal Family of Broadway."—Paramount.

Engagingly mad, these *Cavendishes* of the stage, and a lot of fun, since you don't have to live with them. Satire on stage stars at home. Not a slow moment. Fredric March excellent. Ina Claire, too. Henrietta Crossman, Mary Brian.

"The Devil to Pay."—United Artists.

English drawing-room comedy as it should be—intelligent, amusing, no excitement. Rich youth returns to London after farm life, and gets entangled. Loretta Young, Myrna Loy out for Ronald Colman. Florence Britton, Frederick Kerr.

"The Blue Angel."—Paramount.

Emil Jannings in German film with Marlene Dietrich, and both are magnificent, even if you don't get some of the speech. Schoolmaster follows cabaret girl to his ruin. Poignant, pitiful character masterly done.

"Lightnin'."—Fox.

Best Will Rogers talkie so far, with real character—the tipling, likable proprietor of hotel on border. Louise Dresser good as the wife. Jason Robards and Joel McCrea very good. Problems of divorce hunters amusing.

"Min and Bill."—Metro-Goldwyn.

Marie Dressler goes through on high in vastly entertaining and melodramatic manner. Wallace Beery as *Min's* paramour is racy. Dorothy Jordan gives her best thus far as girl adopted by *Min*, Marjorie Rambeau superbly acting the girl's mother.

"Tom Sawyer."—Paramount.

Mark Twain's immortal character in little masterpiece of screen. No movie sentimentality or irritating traits of kid actors. Jackie Coogan good as ever; Mitzie Green gentle and demure. Jackie Searl, Junior Durkin, Dick Winslow.

"Morocco."—Paramount.

Marlene Dietrich takes her place among the stars as an individual. Adolphe Menjou returns, though tamed by talkie morals, and Gary Cooper going strong, as member of Foreign Legion. Two cynics find that only simple, fundamental love for each other counts.

"Feet First."—Paramount.

Harold Lloyd, the hardy perennial, as funny and thrilling as ever. Straight humor, without taint of "sophistication"; no tears behind the smile. Shoe clerk in love tries to win girl by posing as rich playboy, but finds trouble and danger ahead. Barbara Kent, Robert McWade, Alec Francis, Lillian Leighon.

"Tol'able David."—Columbia.

Amazing first performance by Richard Cromwell, as mountain boy whose dream of greatness is to drive the mail hack. Three bad men of the hills and a sweet little girl friend are involved. Noah Beery, Joan Peers, Henry B. Walthall.

"The Doorway to Hell."—Warner.

Good crook melodrama that has many new touches. Story of young czar of liquor gang, Lew Ayres, double-crossed in love and racket. Arresting and capably acted. Robert Elliott, James Cagney, Dorothy Mathews. Poised, mature acting by Ayres.



For Second Choice

"Man to Man."—First National.

Story of small-town folk is a little gem. Not an alien touch. Boy in line for college honors knows that his pals have learned his father is a convict. Leaves school, more troubles. Phillips Holmes, Grant Mitchell, Dwight Frye.

"Beau Ideal."—RKO.

Same atmosphere as "Beau Geste." Foreign Legion story of two men and a girl they both love. Début of Lester Vail favorable; sincere, eloquent. Not a slow scene. Ralph Forbes, Don Alvarado, Otto Matiesen, Loretta Young, Irene Rich, Leni Stengel.

"Fighting Caravans."—Paramount.

Restrained story of pioneers, with no attempt, thanks be, to make a stockyards epic, or the biggest and dustiest wagon train. Scout attempts to mislead girl driver, but ends at altar. Gary Cooper, Lily Damita, Ernest Torrence, Tully Marshall.

"Illicit."—Warner.

One of those loose gal films made pure for censors by heroine intimating after all that marriage is O. K. by her. Daydream food for romantic, but inhibited, housewives. Barbara Stanwyck, Natalie Moorhead, Ricardo Cortez, James Rennie, Charles Butterworth, Joan Blondell.

"New Moon."—Metro-Goldwyn.

Lawrence Tibbett and Grace Moore in film operetta, in which army officer loves a princess, and is sent to Russia's naughtiest troops by rival, the governor. Roland Young captures acting honors with comedy. Adolphe Menjou his old self.

"Reaching for the Moon."—United Artists.

Why does Douglas Fairbanks don modern clothes only to strip them off? Here we see a stockbroker who loves neither

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Marion Shilling

A PENNY for your thoughts, a shilling for one look at Maid Marion, and a guinea for a ticket to see her next film. This is the natural progress of enthusiasm when one catches his first glimpse of Marion Shilling. The most recent was in "Beyond Victory," but do not think that she has soared above future appearances because of the title. Just glance at casts of important pictures, her next being "Big Brother" with Richard Dix, and you will be sure to find her.





Mr. Sherman will consider writing his memoirs when he reaches his dotage.

No QUESTIONS Asked

By
Edward Nagle

Lowell Sherman will not stand for quizzing on his climb to fame, or his reactions to life, love, and films. However, the interviewer turned reporter and came away with an excellent—even intimate—picture of his subject.

THE press agent put his left hand on my shoulder and took my right hand firmly in his. "Don't ask Lowell Sherman any foolish questions," he said in a trembling voice. "Don't, for instance, ask him his age, how he became famous, or his opinions of life, love, marriage, movies, and Hollywood. Questions of this sort irritate Mr. Sherman."

I promised to simulate intelligence and was led onto the set where Sherman was directing and acting in "Bachelor Apartment." Upon introduction he said, "I loathe interviews. Besides, I'm behind schedule and frightfully busy, as you see. However, if you'd care to wait I'll try to give you ten minutes later on. Sit down."

He did not designate the seat. I looked over the array of camp chairs impressively inscribed, and chose the script girl's, which seemed the humblest.

Mr. Sherman was taking his directorial duties seriously. His suit was losing its press, his collar was unbuttoned, and his forehead wet with plebeian dew. But his orders were given in a civilized tone.

There wasn't a bruised nerve nor an injured ego in the vicinity. Even hypersensitive Mae Murray had a calm, contented look. The spectacularly lovely Claudia Dell, also in the cast, drifted over to where I was sitting.

"He's marvelous," she said of Sherman. "I've learned more about acting in one week from him than I could in a year from any other director."

The afternoon waxed and waned, and I continued to hold down the script girl's seat. My patience was rewarded now and then by a bright, reassuring smile from Mr. Sherman. At five o'clock he came over and asked whether I preferred to go to the projection room to watch the day's rushes, or to his office to read his fan mail. "Fan mail is excellent copy," he assured me.

So I went up to his office and his secretary gave me the day's letters to read. Letters from schoolgirls praising his art; letters from matrons and dowagers praising his eyes; letters prompted by loneliness, admiration, disapproval, greed, need, boredom, and insanity.

"No, we do not answer them," the secretary told me, "but we never refuse a request for a photo. Mr. Sherman regards fan photos as the most valuable publicity. Charge? I've opened thousands of letters from fans in the last four years and only four contained quarters."

After a time the secretary went home, leaving me alone. I began to think Sherman had forgotten me, but he came in finally, explaining that he was already late for dinner.

Having learned about journalists from playwrights, he proceeded to shake up some cocktails.

"I never indulge in reminiscence," he said when asked about his beginnings in the theater. "No man between thirty and sixty should. My dead past has cremated its dead. I have no scrapbooks, no mementos whatever of my misspent youth. Some day, when I reach my dotage, I'll write my memoirs. Until then the world will have to look me up in the files of the tabloids."

If you must know, he was born in San Francisco about four decades ago, to John Sherman, theatrical producer, and Julia Louise Gray, actress. His maternal grandmother had been a leading lady for Edwin Booth's father. Grease paint flowed in his veins, so what could be more natural than that he journey to Broadway at an early age? He made his debut in a sketch and has never wanted for employment since.

"Don't ask me about those dim, distant days," Sherman repeated.

Since then he has become one of the leading figures in the American theater. No one else has managed to be so suavely sinister, so scintillatingly sinful behind the footlights as Sherman.

Knowing this, D. W. Griffith, when casting "Way Down East," chose him to play the villain. His performance in that picture is one of the classics of the screen.

"I had the distinction of being the parent of Lillian Gish's first illegitimate screen child. The fans took their movies seriously in those days, and for quite a while wouldn't forgive me for having ruined their Lil. But they never mention it any more. The movie audience has grown up with the movies. I expected 'He Knew Women' to be a financial flop, because of its adult plot and dialogue. Instead it cleaned up, especially in the provinces. Isn't that heartening?"

"I'm keen about this directing job. Nothing becomes so monotonous as acting on the stage, especially if you are successful. I was surfeited with it. Until I came to RKO to play in 'He Knew Women,' working in the movies seemed even duller. Nothing in it but money, I thought.

"While making that picture I became intrigued with the possibilities of the talkies. I wanted to try directing. William Le Baron gave me the opportunity and—well, I haven't exactly failed. It's a soul-filling job having all the stimulus of creative work."

I asked him if he thought the stage would last until he returned to it.

"People who get all hot and hectic about the decline of the stage are daft," he said.

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Before coming to Hollywood, Lowell Sherman was one of the actors most gossiped about on Broadway, but the dual responsibility of directing and acting in films has tamed him somewhat. For a revealing close-up see opposite page.

"DOCTORS' WIVES"



Joan Bennett, above, piqued by the neglect of her husband, a great surgeon, decides to encourage the attentions of his best friend, played by Victor Vercani.



Warner Baxter, above, as the doctor, diagnoses the "heart trouble" of Helene Millard with disturbing results to his wife.





SCAPEGRACE

William Powell, in "Gentleman of the Streets," though no better as a man than he should be, comes through with a superlative performance.



Mr. Powell and Carol Lombord in various moments that tell the story of a blackmailer's love for an innocent girl and his decision to accept punishment bravely for his sins.



THEY DO!

"Strangers May Kiss," says Norma Shearer's new picture, and the argument is all in favor of it.

Miss Shearer has the support of two popular leading men, Neil Hamilton and Robert Montgomery, with Irene Rich and Marjorie Rambeau in attractive roles.



"DAYBREAK"

The mere title of Ramon Novarro's latest picture is welcome news to his fans.

Helen Chandler, instead of Dorothy Jordan, is his heroine, her role being that of a poor little music teacher who falls in love with the Austrian Lieutenant Willy Kasda, a devil of a fellow who decides that an officer can't afford a wife.



MARRIAGE

In "Men Call It Love" the trials and to be smart rather than simple are

In this merry comedy of married life, Norman Foster and Leila Hyams are happily wedded, as you can see at the top of the page, and would have ever remained so, probably, had not two "serpents" entered their Eden in the persons of Adolphe Menjou and Mary Duncan. The latter is seen, left, with Miss Hyams in the locker room at the country club where much of the action takes place.



A LA MODE

tribulations of various couples who prefer set forth by sophisticated players.

Mary Duncan and Leila Hyams have one of those "civilized" conversations, above, in which both conceal their thoughts and emotions, Miss Duncan giving Miss Hyams sage advice on how to hold a husband, the wife being fully aware that the other woman is trying to entice her husband away from her. Mr. Menjou, on the other hand, resorts to more direct tactics. He bluntly asks Miss Hyams why her husband is running around with a chorus girl if he really loves her.





TALLULAH

Miss Bankhead, the Alabama girl who went to London and remained for eight years, to become the most popular actress in the British capital, here shows you glimpses of her first film, "New York Lady."

Tallulah Bankhead plays a girl of good family and little money who promises to marry Clive Brook for the aid he can give her mother, though she loves a poor author. The marriage takes place and the rest is an intimate picturization of her conflict between love and duty. Phaebe Foster, Alexander Kirkland, Osgood Perkins, and Elizabeth Patterson, all well known on the stage, are supporting players.

The Understanding

HEART

A short story that is all the more remarkable because it is true.

It has a "punch" that will amaze you. Don't skip a word of it.

By Romney
Scott

THE New York offices of the Metro-Goldwyn publicity department hummed with activity.

The little schoolgirl just entering the door glanced timidly about her. If the surroundings were not exactly hallowed, they were at least awe-inspiring. Hadn't this same room known the presence of Marion Davies, Norma Shearer, William Haines, Buster Keaton, Robert Montgomery, John Gilbert, and others? She clutched a large book close to her breast and her breath came a little faster.

After all, she was nobody. And probably nobody would pay the slightest attention to her. It had been rather presumptuous of her to think any one would. Yet, you can't go on idolizing a star, thinking of her by day and dreaming of her by night, without making an effort to meet her.

You can't go through life obsessed with thoughts of some one, so that every waking moment is given over to imagining things, without *trying* to make some of your fancies come true.

You can't neglect studies and have parents and teachers on your neck all the time, nor have your friends calling you a "nut," without making some effort to justify your love.

Susie, as you may have guessed, was a devoted fan. If her favorite had a poor picture or a bad notice, Susie suffered with her and wrote indignant letters to "What the Fans Think."

Where other girls have half a dozen favorites, Susie's devotion was centered on one. She went to the movies frequently, but the picture seemed flat, stale, and unprofitable unless graced with the presence of the incomparable Miss Vere de Vere. Of *her* films there were all too few. And all that one read about her was so vague and unreliable.

But Susie knew that in her was embodied greatness in all its aspects. Great had been her sorrows and equally great her loves. But, for the most part, she led a lonely life. Lonely in the same way that Susie's was lonely.

A young man approached Susie. "Is there something I can do for you?"

She glanced at him and her courage ebbed. "I—I——"

The young man had a twinkle in his eyes but somehow he seemed sympathetic, too, so with a desperate effort Susie blurted out, "I—I want to meet Miss Vere de Vere. I *must* meet her. She's coming to town today, isn't she? Oh, I know this sounds dreadfully foolish but it isn't, really. It's more than just a silly school-girl's infatuation. I've felt this way about her for years. She's an ideal—something beautiful and lovely—and lonely—that I've looked up to and dreamed about.

"Look"—indicating the book she carried—"I spent

months making the cover for this book, because I didn't think that anything I could buy was beautiful enough."

The cover of the book was exquisite *petit point*.

The book itself contained clippings of Miss Vere de Vere since the time the public had first heard of her. Announcements of her first rôle, of her love affairs, of her sorrows. Announcements of forthcoming pictures, of what she had worn on the infrequent occasions when she had appeared in public—clippings gathered from every source. If the data gathered had been accurate, Susie would have known more intimate details regarding Miss Vere de Vere than a lifelong friend.

The young man was serious now. "I know Miss Vere de Vere would like to meet you, but she's not coming to the office at all. She doesn't arrive till nearly noon and she's sailing for Europe at twelve thirty. I wish I could help you, but I'm afraid there's nothing I can do."

Two big tears welled up in Susie's eyes and coursed down her cheeks. They were followed by others.

"Oh, see here," said the young man, "don't cry. I know how you feel, but we'll just have to make the best of it. Maybe when she comes back from Europe she'll stop over for a day or two and we can fix things up. You'll have more to put in your book to show her by then, too. When you read in the papers that she's returning, come to see me and I'll try to fix things for you."

The two intervening months seemed an eternity to Susie. The days dragged their weary lengths and the nights seemed interminable. But at last one day she read that Miss Vere de Vere was en route home and her steamer would dock the next day.

School out. Susie hurried down to the M.-G.-M. offices again. Finally she stood before the smiling young man. "You—you—I'm afraid you won't remember me—and your promise. You promised——"

"Indeed I do remember you. Now, I'll tell you what. There won't be the slightest chance of your meeting Miss Vere de Vere, either here or at the hotel. She'll be surrounded by people all the time. But you go down to the customs office and get a pass to get onto the pier to-morrow. Tell them you want to meet your cousin who can't speak English. And when you get there, look for me and I'll see that you meet her."

Susie spent the night reading for the thousandth time her scrapbook. She knew most of the contents by heart, but she must be well posted. She *might* get a chance to speak to the great lady.

The next morning Susie donned her best and with a glance of disdain at her schoolbooks, set out for the

Continued on page 113



Illustrated by
Lui Trugo

SUN-BAKED

AT the mention of bohemianism in the Los Angeles sector, a series of gaudy images flash through the mind—million-dollar movie darlings holding midnight carnival in Beverly Hills mansions, gayly tossing empty bottles down on the roofs of their sleeping neighbors; migratory salesmen and hungry extra girls petting and getting into drunken fights. And so on.

Yet most of this so-called bohemian life is just a clock puncher's Saturday-night attempt to forget the boredom of the daily grind. The true gypsy spirit is lacking where the ruling passion is to get a bigger car, better home and higher social position than the other fellow, and the job in hand is just a gilt-edged meal ticket.

Nevertheless, there is a genuine bohemia in the orange-and-lemon capital, though its existence and its activities pass almost unnoticed.

Los Angeles has no Latin Quarter, no Greenwich Village, no Telegraph Hill. The sight-seer will look in vain for picturesque haunts of threadbare artists, or writers with a dream in the eye and a pint in the stomach. Nor will he find the tourist deadfalls that masquerade as such resorts.

The colony has no village square, no general meeting places, no homogeneity, either social or intellectual. It is, in brief, not a colony, but an ever-shifting pattern of small cliques sprawled out over a huge territory and scarcely aware of each other's existence.

It has a voice, but its thin little peep is lost in the Niagaralike roar of boosters, gossips, and visiting critics. It asserts itself from time to time in print. Poetic gypsies sojourn in the colony and issue books of verse, usually at their own expense.

A newspaperman occasionally takes his life in his hands and makes a Left-bank attack on the community. Small arty magazines are launched.

Nestled in nooks or sprawling over hills of those unfettered souls who, if in apartments and go pallid and arty. But

Every so often some unknown scrapes together a few dollars, borrows a motion-picture camera and a handful of actors, and makes an experimental film, remembering that such efforts skyrocketed Josef von Sternberg and Paul Fejos to the Valhalla of Beverly Hills.

This sunny bohemia knows strange bedfellows. There are characters with picaresque careers who have come from the ends of the earth. One finds, for instance, the Chinese poet, the transplanted Greenwich Village artist, the Russian exile, the Oregon radical newspaper editor who has done time in jail, a lesser *Jarnegan*.

There are earnest youngsters who have left their home towns to seek careers in or out of the movies—clerks and stenographers pursuing romantic adventure under the cloak of bohemianism, eccentrics, and poseurs.

All who do not fit in elsewhere are welcomed into the fold. Few of them, however, remain long. There is an endless going and coming in the bohemian colony of Los Angeles. The various little groups are created, wiped out, or scattered overnight.

Although the colony is not centralized, there are spots especially favored for residence. The side streets of Hollywood, and the sun-scorched hills claim many.

Others locate in the hilly portions of old Los Angeles which have been passed by in the growth of the modern city, and remain much as they were in the '80s and '90s.

Here are streets sleeping in the sunlight. Fantastic wooden castles of the clapboard mansion era are set back under palms of half a century's growth. Gables, por-



BOHEMIA

By H. A.
Woodmansee

surrounding the film metropolis are groups
Greenwich Village, take to basement
not in California. This article tells why.

ticoes, bay windows, and wings pop out at the oddest places. Foreign eyes look out through windows of colored glass.

From an open window comes a strumming of guitars and Mexican voices lifted in song. One is suddenly conscious of all sun-splashed Spanish-America stretching limitlessly to the south. It is easy to understand why poor strugglers of bohemian temperament flock to this section.

The Los Angeles villager lives not in a garret, with elevated trains rumbling by beneath his window, but in lodgings in almost pastoral surroundings.

Though poor as the proverbial church rodent, he may have the luxury of a home of his own, a garden, and even a screen of discouraged banana palms whose fruit never ripens.

Moreover, he may roost like a feudal baron on some treeless hilltop in the low-rent districts north of the business center of downtown Los Angeles.

Usually he has his own car, be it ever so humble; and often it is topless, fenderless, paintless, and without benefit of garage. He makes abundant use of it, but he has to keep a close eye on it, for some of his penurious neighbors have a habit of helping themselves to anything that strikes their fancy.

Many a villager has awakened one morning to find that his thirty-five-dollar flivver is missing from its customary parking place on the front lawn, having been appropriated by one of his restless neighbors.

The secluded hilltop home is the center of the social life of the impoverished bohemian, who finds the prices of night clubs and other resorts far too steep. The house, perching high above the heads of prying neighbors, is ideal for boisterous merry-making at all hours. There is abundant space and opportunity for converting the grape crop into beverage form.

No matter how isolated his domicile, the hilltop bohemian has no dearth of callers; and when he announces a party, it seems as if all the decrepit cars in southern California were panting up the barren slope to his bungalow or shack.

One can usually tell a block away what the sunkist bohemian is and what he believes. He advertises it through dress, talk, and actions. The young artist goes around looking like a character in the "Passion Play." The recluse goes around in rags, and lives in a tent, or in a shack perched in the branches of a tree.

There is an aspiring novelist who tries to emulate a great man by aping his personal habits. Reading that Victor Hugo was an omnivorous eater, he gorged himself for weeks. Another believes in doing exactly as he feels. When he is in the mood, he runs around the house naked, while his more conventional-minded wife yanks down the window shades and pleads with him to think of the police.

Many believe that a man may set up cosmic vibrations beneficial to himself by wearing loud colors. In no other community of white America is the plumage of the male more brilliant.

In spite of the bizarre nature of some of the notions and caperings of the would-be gypsies, they are less extreme in some ways than many villagers elsewhere. The matter-of-factness of their neighbors inescapably thrusts itself in upon them.

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At least Marion Davies chose a business in keeping with her luxurious life. She owns an orchid farm that yields gorgeous blooms for Hollywood premièrès.

Cecil DeMille's many side lines include a pheasant ranch.

Feathering

Stars, directors, and merely players obey that odd businesses in which they invest their money, they are

By Laura

ONE evening I saw a limousine turn into the driveway at a beautiful home in Hollywood, and a well-known star stepped out, slamming the door behind her.

Half a block away I noticed a shabbily dressed man, not yet middle-aged, walking slowly by, casting covert glances in the direction of the star's home. I thought I recognized him. At the driveway he paused, and I saw him linger a second or two, then pull his coat collar more closely about his throat and move on.

He once was that star's husband.

"Oh," she said when I mentioned the incident to her. "I see him pass occasionally. He's no good. I've helped him out with some money a couple of times. He's dead broke. Never saved a nickel in his life. Gets a little work as an extra now and then, but he's through. Nobody wants him."

I know another man who, a few years ago, was well up near the top in pictures, but, growing old, he began slowly to slide from view. He sleeps occasionally now, he tells me, in a flop house. Sometimes he joins the bread line or panhandles among his old friends for dimes.

Haunting the studio casting offices there are possibly a hundred who do not get six square meals a week, yet who, a few years ago, scattered dollars as the wind scatters chaff. Liquor, women, and age took their toll. Now they're down—and out.

I may be mistaken, but I believe these "horrible examples" have induced frugality to a marked degree in the film capital. Scores of successful players are establishing businesses on the side—feathering their nests for the rainy day.

Some have done it playfully, because they have more money than they can use, others because they want something to divert attention on idle days. A third group is entering the commercial field in a spirit of adventure, while a fourth says "get the money while the getting's good, and salt it in brine that will last forever."

Almost every one knows that "Uncle Carl" Laemmle, head of Universal, has a chicken farm with flocks of hens which work for him every day. He sells the eggs, too—not Uncle Carl himself, but the foreman does. Uncle Carl probably can't count as far in eggs as he can in dollars.

Then Cecil DeMille, whose bank account is big enough to choke the Culebra cut, has a pheasant ranch in the San Fernando



Their Nests

urge to provide for a rainy day. Many are the hopeful of big returns. And more often than not, successful.

Ellsworth Fitch

Besides 250 egg-laying Chinese golden pheasants which constitute the commercial stock, he has specimens of silver pheasant, the Hared Manchurian, the Japanese, English blackneck, the Reeves, and Lady Amhurst pheasants, all preening about the pens.

Besides, he has African crowned cranes with gold topknots, dainty Demoiselle cranes, big blue Australian Goura pigeons, blue and sacred white peafowls, Abyssinian guinea fowl and about fifty white doves which he used in "The King of Kings."

All the newly hatched pheasants looking into the face of some ordinary brood hen when they break from their shells, doubtless wonder, "For the huvva all that's beautiful, are you my mamma?"

The movement in so many States to restock supplies of game with pheasants induced Mr. DeMille to establish his farm. His pens provide parlor, bedroom, and bath, with running water, to the bird tenants. He expects to make money in his venture *after a while*.

In the meantime, his 450-acre mountain ranch, "Paradise," probably will produce sufficient apples, alfalfa, and grapes to pay the overhead on the pheasantry. If it doesn't, Mr. DeMille may be able to scrape around somehow and get sufficient money to assure his winter's coal supply. His home is paid for, so there will be no rent coming due.

Uncle Carl and Cecil are the two outstanding men of wealth

valley where this year he expects to raise 2,000 birds. Only some of these will be for sale.



Bessie Love has experienced too many hard knocks to be lured into investing money in any but a strictly practical venture. So she is proud of her dairy farm.



Charles Bickford lends a helping hand at his filling station. It is only one of his flourishing ventures, which include a hog farm, four garages, a parking lot, and three whaling vessels.

Feathering Their Nests



Gary Cooper's dude ranch is almost as well-known as the Woolworth Building and is successful enough for him to plan another.

whose farming activities are mere side lines. But there are others who have incidental businesses. One of the most persistent plungers is Charles Bickford. It seems that every time he turns around he sees some business which strikes his fancy, and by night he owns it.

To date his holdings consist of a hog farm in Massachusetts; four garages in Los Angeles; a filling station; a parking lot; an automobile accessory shop; a whaling fleet of three vessels; an assembling station for animals and birds to be used in the movies.

I know where there is a bullfrog farm I'll show him some day, if I can get a cut on the commission.

Charles Mack, head man of the "Two Black Crows," has an interest in a trunk factory in Cleveland, Ohio, a paint-remover patent, and a real-estate project at Newhall, California. He is also a partner in the Futuristic Home Corporation, of Long Island. The company builds modernistic homes throughout the East.

John Robertson and his wife, Josephine Lovett, are developing an orange, lemon, and grapefruit ranch near La Jolla, California. Ethel Wales already has a producing citrus ranch in the San Gabriel valley. She spends much time there, as it is her home.

Bessie Love has a dairy farm and cotton plantation near Bakersfield, California. Marion Davies has one of the most profitable orchid farms west of the Rocky Mountains.

Gary Cooper heads a company operating a dude ranch near Helena, Montana, and, with his father, Charles Cooper, a former associate justice of the Montana Supreme Court, is establishing a still more extensive ranch in Arizona.

"We've found a paradise for fishermen and hunters," Gary says enthusiastically. "High on a mesa where it's perpetually cool and where wild game is abundant. Just overnight from Hollywood. And, oh, boy, what trout streams! We hope to get it in operation this year."

Lon Chaney owned an extensive interest in a gas water-heater company. His son is in charge of the plant. Noah Beery is executive head of a trout club which operates in the Sierra Nevada Mountains.

James Gleason owns a half interest in the South Gate Athletic Club, between Los Angeles and Long Beach. The club's objective is to keep its members physically fit and put on boxing bouts. Jimmie Gleason is also going in for raising and training polo ponies.

Like most men who remain more or less cooped up in town, the yearning for ranches appears to be the height of desire for the picture makers. Take the case of Fred Kohler. Fred had no thought of augmenting his earnings from the screen when he bought a ranch in the San Fernando valley.

He planted fruit trees and a vegetable garden, and bought live stock, simply because he enjoyed the rôle of farmer. Soon, however, there was a surplus of vegetables, milk, fruit, and other products which George, the hired man, sold in the Hollywood markets. From this it was but a step to engaging ranch hands and going after the money. Kohler is now breeding thoroughbred cattle.

Clarence Badger, director, had a similar experience. He bought a ranch in Owens Valley for use as a week-end retreat. But when he saw how his neighbors were making money on turkeys, he went in for turkeys, too. Now he's a regular turkey Colossus.

Then there's William Janney's chicken farm near Arcadia, California, about fifteen miles from Hollywood. Right after William started work in "Coquette," with Mary Pickford, he began putting his spare money in the bank. When the nurse who had cared for him as a baby came out from New York, they decided to go into business together. They bought two acres of ground in a celebrated poultry district and stocked it with 2,000 hens. A handsome profit was returned last year.

"We're not doing so well right now," William says. "So many hotels, restaurants, and bakeries use eggs from China, the business has been hit somewhat. Cold-storage eggs bought ahead to beat the tariff made our market sag."

And this from a movie actor! Where are those yearnings for soulful art? The idea of an actor with a box of eggs under his arm, instead of "Peer Gynt"!

Young Janney expects to retain the ranch and enlarge it so that when the end in pictures is reached, he will have a paying business in hand.

Director William Beaudine bought an auto laundry and engaged a man to operate it. He says the return is greater than the return on his stocks and bonds, in proportion to the amount invested.

Raymond McKee has made a small fortune from his "Zulu Hut," a roadside restaurant just outside the city. His patrons eat without knives, forks, or spoons. Small sticks are the only table utensils. [Continued on page 116]

ALONG CAME YOUTH

The old-time stars, with years and temperament, who demanded and got more bowing and scraping than royalty, toppled from their pedestals with the coming of realistic talkies and manageable young players.

By Everett Blagden

A RED glow is seen in the sky. The Valhalla of the stars is about to go up in smoke and flames. Whether the stars are awaiting their doom as grandly and majestically as would the gods of the Norse sagas is a matter for thought.

There was quite an upheaval with the coming of the talkies, and things will never be the same again. Some believe that those stars absent from the screen will soon be reinstated. This is merely an optimistic rumor. The old régime is dead; the new order occupies the cinema halls.

"The talkies are to blame!" the stars screech as one by one they drop from the heights. "I can talk as well as the best of them, if they'd let me."

This last statement is sadly true. Many of the stars have talked themselves out of jobs. But as for the talkies being to blame for the present low-tide mark in stardom—well, read on.

The coming of talkies only hurried the downfall of the stars. Had there been no talkies, the stars would have vanished anyway.

The truth is, the star system has been on the wane since 1927. The talkies scattered stellar lights hither and yon, just as the late war knocked royalty off its throne, a little while before its natural date of collapse.

Many nations—in fact, most—are getting along quite nicely without kings. And new talkies reap applause without the stars of old. A people's homage to a king, a



Mary Brian lives as sanely as any girl on Main Street.



Lew Ayres is an actor only at the studio.

public's adulation of a star, are fickle things. Each is likely to drop at the slightest turn.

It's an old, but true, saying that history repeats itself. Motion pictures reflect the actions of humanity. Therefore pictures and players can hardly escape the ups and downs suffered by the rest of the world.

The coming of inventions killed the romance and glamour of medieval times, causing gallant knights to stop riding on quests for their "ladyes fayre."

Kings were one by one dethroned for reasons similar to those that are sending stars into exile. In bygone days it was awe-inspiring to see a big muscular king riding with his men, banners flying, sunlight glittering on helmets, breastplates, and spears.

Before newspapers and trains—and movies—people outside the capital never saw royalty. To the majority a king was a mythical creature—a demigod. The coming of even the bicycle knocked a king's divinity west of

the royal water tower.

People soon realized that kings were merely ordinary men. So, too, did they realize this about the stars.

From 1920 to 1927 stardom was at its height. One beheld these dream people in a vision. They were not worldly creatures, but phantoms made of dream dust.



No trailing gowns or long cigarette holders for Marguerite Churchill.

In those seven years stardom was smirched by the various human traits discovered among its ranks. Stars fought for more money. The money yell for an extra five hundred dollars sounded the doom of stardom.

Greed caused the gods of Valhalla to fall. It has been no less gentle to the stars of screenland. Scandals were blared abroad by the sensational press. Right or wrong, all the stars suffered for the faults of a few. "True confessions" purporting to reveal all the weaknesses of human flesh, hastened the collapse of the Valhalla of the stars.

Fans began to suspect their idols of having feet of clay. They were sure of it when the talkies burst over the cinematic world.

This change destroyed the dream creatures of the old films. The fans can "live" less with audible actors.

One young creature told me she liked silent pictures best, for she used to put words of her own fancy into the mouths of the players. To-day one must be wide awake. No falling into daydreams while watching the languid Garbo. Greta's deep contralto keeps one awake—one has to open one's ears to catch what she says.

Thus far talkies have harmed the stars—just as mechanical inventions shattered the glamour of olden days. Most of the stars who are no longer on the screen cannot blame the talkies for their absence.

It is said that Corinne Griffith's voice was not good for talkies and unsuited to the parts she played. It should be recalled that Miss Griffith's silent pictures were very, very mediocre affairs. It may be unkind to say so, but during the five years of her stardom she made only one good picture—"Classified."

Her contract with First National had still a long while to go. Roles had to be given her, for she was receiving a big salary. Her contract expired some time ago and was not renewed. So *la* Griffith cannot blame the talkies.

Colleen Moore is another whose films were on the wane before talkies arrived. A clever actress of her own particular type, Colleen won a large following. But she was eventually superseded by Clara Bow, Nancy Carroll, and several others.

Her two talkies showed Miss Moore to be as entertaining as she was in her silent days. But the fact remains that her reign as a star was practically over when the talkies came in. Her last silent pictures were by no means knock-outs.

Billie Dove will return to the screen, and ought to, for few are as beautiful as she. But Billie's last film for First National was not a star's picture. Miss Dove's silent pictures were very saccharine, and it is scarcely believable that she would have remained a star much longer. Like the others, she is equipped to play in talkies, but hardly as the chief figure in the show.

Stardom went downhill with the exit of Pola Negri. When not at her chateau, *Madame la princesse* resides in her Paris apartment, in the Rue Pressbourg. There she graciously receives representatives of the press on certain occasions—her Russian secretary, Olga Schulgin, guiding and prompting the caller.

Such glamour and bowing and scraping belonged to the dear, dead, silent era of the movies. That is how the screen overshadowed the stage in popularity for a time.

Imagine Frank Albertson trying to create an aura of glamour about himself.



John Gilbert was not harmed quite so much by his voice—as every one seems to think—as he was by the absence of the "dream-aura" fans cast round him and themselves in days gone by.

Janet Gaynor rose to stardom just before talkies sprang into being. It was well known that Janet's stardom was hampered by this realism. Her screen type was of the ethereal school. It belonged definitely to the silent days—the days of dream people and visions.

Continued on page 114

ANOTHER GREAT RÔLE—ANOTHER BLAZING TRIUMPH FOR THE WINNER OF THE 1930 BEST PERFORMANCE AWARD

NORMA

SHEARER

in
STRANGERS

**MAY
KISS**



This is the statue awarded to Norma Shearer by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, for her performance in "The Divorcee," the best given by any actress during 1930.



SHE faced life fearlessly—accepted love where she found it—because she believed a woman could "kiss and forget" even as a man does. But heartbreak and cruel disillusionment lay between her and ultimate happiness with the one man in all the world whom she did love... If you enjoyed Norma Shearer in "The Divorcee"—don't miss her in this dramatic picture based on Ursula Parrott's sensational novel.



Robert Montgomery who helped Norma Shearer make her great success in "The Divorcee" is again seen with her.

with **ROBERT MONTGOMERY**
NEIL HAMILTON **MARJORIE RAMBEAU**
and **IRENE RICH**

Directed by
GEORGE FITZMAURICE



Ursula Parrott, author of "The Divorcee" has written another absorbing story. Don't miss it!

To him it was just another episode—to her, a dream she could never forget.

METRO-GO



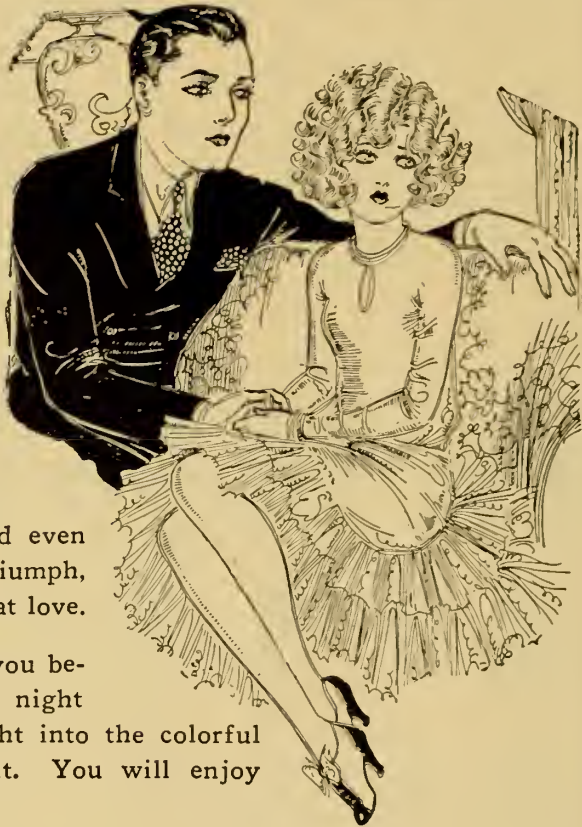
WYN-MAYER

"More Stars Than There Are in Heaven"

"More Power To You, Angel Face"

That was the message that the folks back in the hills of West Virginia sent to Jo, the beautiful girl dancer who was taking Broadway by storm. Very justly they were proud of Jo's sensational success, but there were sorrow and bitter tragedy as well beneath the gay surface of Jo's existence. And even while she danced her way to triumph, she was under the spell of a great love.

Here is a story which takes you behind the scenes of New York's night life and gives you a true insight into the colorful characters of those who live it. You will enjoy every page of



ANGEL FACE

By VIVIAN GREY

This is one of a list of magnificently written love stories published by CHELSEA HOUSE, one of the oldest and best-established concerns in America. It has never before appeared between book covers, and it belongs to-day upon your library shelf. Ask your dealer for "ANGEL FACE," or for the full list of CHELSEA HOUSE love stories, write to

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Price, 75 Cents

The POETS' Corner

THE PARTING OF WAYS

Just yesterday I hung upon the wall
Her picture in a dozen charming poses,
There on the bureau set the best of all,
And framed her lovely face with burning roses.

I read her book on Hollywoodian fun,
Her precious photo in my watch I carried,
And now with all the decoration done,
The papers say my favorite star has married!
MAURICE V. BOCHICCHIO.

TO GRETA

You are so tall, so very fair, it seems
You are not mortal, but of goddess kin,
Having a strange divinity within
That brings men romance and the breath of dreams.
The mystery your eyes are mistress of
Is blent of wisdom and of nameless pain;
And when you smile, that Helen lives again
For whom a million died, and dared not love.

Your move, and every gesture is an ode
To utter loveliness in womankind;
You walk alone, yet somehow seem to find
A swift content to share your silent road.
Your face is white and luminous; just so
The magic breath of moonlight over snow.
MARY S. HAWLING.

AMONG MY SOUVENIRS

There's not much left of me;
I'm bruised as I can be—
I got this way, you see,
Collecting souvenirs.

The stub of a cigar,
One fender off a car—
'Twas from my favorite star
I yanked these souvenirs.

This bit of hair so red,
I snatched from out his head—
My dear, the things he said
Are not for publication!

My face is mashed and flat,
But what's a thing like that?
Here's Buddy Rogers' hat
Among my souvenirs!
BARBARA BARRY.

OIL AND WATER

Laconic, handsome, shrewd, but sweet,
Clever, powerful, no deceit.
Please, Garbo, play with Clara Bow,
And teach her what she ought to know!
CYNTHIA COUZA.

HEARTBREAK

Tragedy has stalked among us;
Lovely youth been desecrated.
How, by all the gods above us,
Could such crime be perpetrated?

Not a flood, nor yet a famine,
Fills our souls with such regret;
Heads are bowed and hearts are heavy—
Buddy smoked a cigarette!
BARBARA BARRY.

APPRECIATION

A change from fluffy types and frilly,
Relieving, though, is Beatrice Lillie.
And of Kay Francis, all we'll say
Is she's right there and all Oh, Kay!
CYNTHIA COUZA.

AH!

Still—
Like a deep, reflective forest pool,
Classic—
As a Grecian temple,
Wild—
As the snowy crags of Sweden,
Beautiful—
As the genius you possess;
A complete soul—Greta Garbo!
RICHARD LESTER.

RECOMMENDATIONS

Testimonials to Elissa Landi,
Whose name in jingles is just dandy:—
Says *la Glyn*, the big "It" authority,
Her personality is in majority.
The stars, the moon, and the tides
Are in her eyes, an artist confides.
An author reads sadness, gladness,
Some madness, and a bit of badness.
Landi is a symphony in emotion,
A composer puts his devotion.
Well, maybe so; but this old fan
Will see her *act*, then rave—or pan.
LEE SMITH.

LOVE'S LABORS LOST

The boy friend raved of Garbo's charms
Till I, just to surprise him,
Recalled to mind the many tricks
That seemed to tantalize him.

I gazed at him through half-closed eyes,
And spoke with accent thick.
He stared, wide-eyed, then muttered:
"What's the matter—are ya sick?"
BARBARA BARRY.

Continued from page 64

Annabelle got home just five minutes before Miss Wakefield did, and was busily autographing pictures when that lady swept in, magnificent in one of the creations she had bought in New York, and furious because the woman who described the gowns of the celebrities at the picture opening hadn't done justice to hers.

"Just think—she cut mine short to tell what Anita Page was wearing!" she exclaimed. "Of course, Anita's a dear little thing, but after all, with my reputation on the stage and everything, I'm much better known!"

Annabelle smiled, recalling that in her home town everybody knew who Anita Page was and went to see her films, while Caroline Wakefield couldn't draw a soul to the theater, unless some young, pretty girl was in the picture.

"I see that you have the proper spirit about your work," Caroline went on. "Have you been at it all evening?"

Annabelle wanted to lie but couldn't.

"I went out for a while with Dennis Lindsay," she said, timidly, expecting to be scolded.

"Oh, you did?" exclaimed Caroline, with a frown. But then, surprisingly, she smiled. "Isn't that pathetic, his wanting to be with you, since he couldn't be with me?" she continued. "I don't see what I can do about him; he'll just have to realize how hopeless his passion is. You might have let him wait to see me just for a minute, though. I don't want to be cruel to him—not till this picture's done."

Annabelle turned her head, unable to control the smile that was evoked by her remembrance of Dennis's remarks. He had gone to some pains to tell her just what he thought of her employer.

She worked happily for the next few weeks, almost forgetting her fears. Lindsay had less time, now that he was working, but made occasional opportunities to take her out. Miss Wakefield was more temperamental than ever. She was fighting at the studio with the star of the picture, a foe worthy of her steel.

But she had moments of being extravagantly generous. Annabelle began to acquire things—half bottles of expensive perfume, a lovely vanity case, some frocks which Miss Wakefield's maid cleverly remodeled for her.

She began to know her way about Hollywood, and to feel that she belonged there. Sometimes she wondered if this girl she had become, whose name was Anna Johns, whose face had grown really pretty, whose clothes were smart, was the Anna-

belle St. John who had wandered about New York, wretched, poor, frightened because starvation stared her in the face.

She had sat in one of Miss Wakefield's cars, outside the studio, waiting for her, but she had never gone inside. Waiting there, she would look at the really beautiful girls who came out at the end of the day, wondering how they got along, hoping that she would never be thrown on her own as they were.

Many of them were pathetically shabby, but they drove away in their rattletrap cars, laughing, gay, or wisecracked with each other as they waited for busses. What kept them going?—Annabelle asked herself. What glowing hope of success could possibly be strong enough to compensate them for the discomforts they must endure?

One day Miss Wakefield telephoned for some make-up which had been delivered to her at home, and which the maid had forgotten to take to the studio. Annabelle must bring it immediately.

Thrilled, Annabelle powdered her face, touched her eyelashes and brows with mascara, and departed. At last she was to see what a studio really looked like!

Miss Wakefield was on the set, she was told. After some difficulty she was allowed to go in, and she tiptoed past a huge set, shivering with delight when she caught a glimpse of Richard Arlen, who had been lent to the company, yearning for a look at other famous folk.

A man was talking with Miss Wakefield when Annabelle finally found her. Some lights were being adjusted, and there was no need for silence.

"Well, they've had so many stories about you that there's nothing new I can put over," he was saying. Then, glancing at Annabelle, "Say, who's this?"

"My secretary," answered Caroline, not bothering to introduce her.

"Secretary nothing!" he exclaimed, staring at Annabelle. "She's your new protégée! That's always a good yarn; people fall for it every time. You discovered her in a store or somewhere, and saw at once that she ought to go into pictures. Say, turn that way," grasping Annabelle by the shoulder and turning her around. "Looks enough like Norma Shearer to be her sister! We'll get 'em to stick her into this picture and I'll send stuff to all the papers——"

Annabelle drew back, trembling, her face white with fear.

"Oh, I couldn't, I couldn't!" she cried, all her horror returning. "I—I'm just Miss Wakefield's secretary.

I really don't want to go into the movies!"

They paid no attention to her objections. Caroline Wakefield was looking at her thoughtfully as the publicity man talked on and on.

"You're so kind-hearted, see?" he was saying. "You want to help others, now that you're rich and famous. You remember how you fought and struggled on alone, for years and years——"

Miss Wakefield glared at him.

"I made a hit at once!" she exclaimed. "I always had plenty of money. I just went on the stage because society bored me!"

"Sure, sure," he agreed hastily, with a warning glance at Dennis Lindsay, who had sauntered over when he saw Annabelle, and was openly enjoying the scene. "But this makes a better story. You want to help this girl, so you give her a chance in your picture. We'll give her a bit to do, just enough so that people can really see that she's there, photograph her with you, and——"

"I won't do it!" cried Annabelle, on the verge of tears.

"You'll do exactly as I say," Caroline exclaimed, needing just this opposition to urge her into accepting the scheme. She stamped her foot imperiously. "Go to my dressing room and have Suzanne make you up and then come straight back here. We've got to take that last scene over, and there are some girls in it, sitting at a corner table having tea; you can be one of them."

"And the girl who loses her chance to play the bit you get will be delighted!" commented Dennis sarcastically, and then, to Annabelle, "So you're going into pictures after all."

Annabelle caught his arm, as if for support.

"I am not!" she cried vehemently. "I won't do it."

"Good for you!" he said softly. But Annabelle was already running across the studio toward the nearest door.

She hurried out to the car.

"Drive home as fast as you can!" she ordered the chauffeur, to his disgust. He had taken the job because it took him to the studio, and had been posing beside the limousine, hoping some one would see him and feel that he was just the man for a good rôle.

At home, Annabelle threw her clothes into her suitcases and scribbled a note to Miss Wakefield.

"I can't let any one manage my life," she wrote. That seemed better than saying she was leaving because she didn't want to go into the movies. Miss Wakefield would surely be sus-

Continued on page 94



Barbara Stanwyck

EXTREME naturalness and appealing womanliness—these are the qualities that have skyrocketed Barbara Stanwyck to great popularity in a short time. They were most evident in those two hits, "Ladies of Leisure" and "Illicit," and you will find all her charm in her forthcoming "Night Nurse."



The Movie Runaround

picious of any one who said that. "The week's salary that you owe me will help to pay for the clothes you bought me in New York, and I'll finish paying for them as soon as I can. Thank you for your many kindnesses."

Then she took her bags and slipped out of the house not at all sure how she was going to earn a living, fearful that Miss Wakefield might try to find her, but relieved at being able to escape for the present at least.

She went to Crotona. Miss Wakefield never glanced out of the car as she passed it, and it was the only place Annabelle knew of where she could live cheaply for a little while. Soon she would get work, and go somewhere else.

She had saved her salary, although there had been many inroads on it. Miss Wakefield was always discovering, when they were out together, that she hadn't money for tips or a telegram or stamps, and never said anything about returning what she borrowed. But Annabelle had fifty-four dollars. To her that seemed a lot of money.

At Crotona she got a room, a little bare cell of a room with walls so thin that a medley of voices and radios filtered into it. But outside the tiny high window were sky and trees, and when she looked out she forgot how cramped the quarters were.

Early the next morning she went out in search of work. Not in Hollywood, but in Los Angeles, where surely there would be many places where stenographers were wanted, places that had nothing to do with the motion-picture world, which so thrilled and frightened her.

There were plenty of such places, she found, but nowhere was there an opening for her. Too many girls had come out to California in search of careers on the screen, only to find that there was no room in the studios for them. Too many others had come, with members of their families who had to live in a warm climate, or because they themselves liked it, girls who had a little money and wanted to earn more.

Day after day Annabelle trudged from one store or office to another, or haunted the employment agencies. It was even worse than New York. No matter how hard she tried to save, no matter how little she ate, her money vanished at an alarming rate. She allowed herself only one luxury—the New York newspapers. She was almost afraid to open each one. Sometimes she almost wished that she would be found—at least this ghastly suspense would be over then!

She began to wonder, as she had

wondered in New York, what people did when they didn't have a cent, or anything to eat. Surely they didn't just sit in the street and starve.

She had only two dollars left when she started out, early one morning, to find herself leaving just beside a girl whom she had noticed before. The girl smiled.

"Working?" she asked. "It's swell to have a call after these hard times, isn't it?"

"No, I'm not working," Annabelle answered. "Wish I were."

The girl's brown eyes opened wide in surprise.

"Then why aren't you sticking around here, so's if somebody phones for you you'll know it?" she asked.

"Oh, you meant was I working in pictures, didn't you?" Annabelle answered. "I'm not in movies. I'm a stenographer."

"Well then, listen," and the girl clutched her arm. "We got a call, my girl friend and I, this morning, but she's too sick to go out. Why don't you take her place? They don't know her at this studio, and she'll be glad to have you do it; doesn't want to get a rep for not showing up. You'd get the money—it'll all be O. K."

Annabelle hesitated at the magic word "money." But she shook her head.

"I can't," she said. "I—my family would make me come home if they saw me in a picture."

The girl laughed derisively.

"Don't you worry," she exclaimed. "They'll never see you; you'll be lost in the crowd."

Annabelle paused; did she dare go? She needed money so desperately—and if she really wouldn't be seen in the film—

"All right, I'll go," she said quickly, afraid that if she thought it over longer she would change her mind.

Only last night she had read that a relative of Stewart Hill's was demanding that renewed search be made for him, and her own description had been printed again. Well, she'd just have to take a chance.

It was rather fun, getting her make-up on, and going out to the set. She hadn't realized how thrilling it would be to have the lights on, and the camera beginning to grind, knowing that she would be photographed in that scene, even though there were so many others in it that she wasn't noticed. She was almost sorry when the day's work was over; there was something so exhilarating about it. She couldn't see how any one could feel that that was work!

They had to go back for a retake, a few days later. Annabelle felt rather timid about it, yet it was like

playing with fire. There was a rumor that Hill had been seen buying a ticket to the Coast, the papers said.

"If they find me, probably they'll say I am a movie star!" she reflected ironically, as she put on her make-up in a room full of other girls.

She took her place beside May, who was trying to edge forward to the front of the crowd. It was a dance-hall scene that was being shot, and May hoped to be noticed, as did the three hundred other extras.

There was some delay. New business had been introduced by the director, an irascible man who yelled and stamped about, while the casting director brought forward six girls for his inspection.

"They won't do, I tell you," the director bellowed. "They've been in pictures since I started—"

"Impossible—one of 'em is only sixteen," the casting director cut in. "It's just a bit, chief—"

"But in my pictures even bits are important!" the director howled. "People get tired of seeing the same girls over and over again. Besides, this part calls for a girl who's sweet and shy, and these dames are as hard-boiled as Marie Dressler, in 'Min and Bill.' Look at that blonde—she doesn't know what 'shy' means; thinks it's being shy of cash, probably!"

"Why, I could pick a dozen girls from this mob—" He paused, cast his eyes over the crowd of extras. "That one—and that one—come up here, you!" The two girls started forward as if jerked by invisible wires. "No, stay where you are!" he bawled, and they sank back into their chairs. "You"—to Annabelle—"come here!"

Annabelle clung to the table.

"No, I can't!" she gasped.

"Come along!" he yelled, taking a step forward. "See"—to the casting director—"she's sweet, shy, meek. That's what I want. You go along and get your costume," he told her. "And change that make-up; it's too heavy. You're the type I want—I'll develop this bit and give you a real chance. I'll show whether I know types or not!"

He gave her a little push, and Annabelle stumbled forward. The casting director hurried over to her.

"Here, this way," he said. "I'll take you to the wardrobe woman. We'll have to hurry—can't hold up the picture. This is a lucky chance for you, kid; you'll be right up front. He's mad enough to let you hog the scene."

Annabelle could not speak. She was in for it now! Oh, well, if some one in the East did recognize her, at



Photo by Elmer Fryer

LORETTA YOUNG

BLITHELY going from one film to another, Loretta Young continues to build a reputation for clever, appealing, and natural performances. No matter what the estimate of a picture is, she is always a charming, refreshing heroine whose youth somehow conveys a girlish dignity and poise that sets Loretta apart. See her in "Big Business Girl" and you'll know what we mean.

The Screen in Review

of the pains expended on it rather than for any terror it evokes. Groans, squealing rats and strange cries from bats as big as eagles add eeriness to the goings on of *Dracula*, one of whose victims goes mad and dines off flies and spiders for their blood. There is also a girl who is abducted by *Dracula* for a lasting meal. Her rescue from his clutches constitutes the pseudo-love interest of the piece and whatever suspense the spectator can muster up.

Now all this is cleverly managed, but the result is one to pique curiosity as to *Dracula's* next move rather than to awaken any interest or sympathy for his victims, or the efforts of those who strive to put an end to his unwholesome appetite. However, of all the mystery melodramas this probably is the best because it is more outlandish than the others.

Bela Lugosi, of the stage, plays the title rôle. He doesn't suggest a corpse, but an actor who thoroughly enjoys having a baby spotlight on his eyes to show how much he can do with them. Helen Chandler, the heroine, indicates that she hasn't much blood to spare, but she chirrupps bravely in spite of it, and David Manners is her rescuing sweetheart.

"The Gang Buster."

If you have reached the point where you can see the ridiculous in gangster films, then you have a nice treat coming to you in Jack Oakie's travesty on the underworld. It is highly amusing, its only fault being that after you've laughed for quite a while you are suddenly asked to take things seriously and share the terror and suspense of the hero and heroine. If you can switch your viewpoint at a moment's notice, then you'll enjoy this film all the more.

Mr. Oakie is a sap insurance salesman who falls in love with the daughter of a prospect, and when the girl is kidnaped by underworld enemies of her father, Mr. Oakie undertakes her rescue. He blunders into all manner of sinister situations, but pulls through unscathed due to his combination of stupidity and freshness. For example, when he strides into the den of the kidnaper and tells the villain that he'll get himself arrested for abducting the girl. A lively picture, with plenty of gags and constant movement.

Mr. Oakie is, of course, ideally cast, and William (Stage) Boyd is great as the heavy as he always is. Jean Arthur's intelligence again is evident in her playing of the girl, and a newcomer, Wynne Gibson, is appealing and clever as Mr. Boyd's discarded sweetheart. She is some one

to look for in her next picture, "Gentlemen of the Streets."

"Scandal Sheet."

George Bancroft contributes another excellent melodrama as his farewell to Paramount. And Clive Brook, Kay Francis, Gilbert Emery, Lucien Littlefield, and Regis Toomey cooperate whole-heartedly to give the big boy a swell send-off.

It is a newspaper story, more accurately written and produced than usual, with Mr. Bancroft the merciless editor of a sensational rag who scruples at nothing to publish the news. Thus we see him calmly ruining a worthy family for the sake of a paragraph. Meanwhile the editor's domestic life is reaching a crisis of which he knows nothing. When he discovers that his wife is unfaithful and his own reporters have photographed her in compromising circumstances, the question is how will hard-boiled *Mark Flint* treat the news? The picture answers this question satisfactorily enough, but it is the superlative acting of the players as the film unreels that leaves the spectator with something to think about rather than the end of *Flint*.

Mr. Bancroft is capital in all the moods and phases of the unsympathetic character. Hesitating at nothing in the line of duty, he likewise refuses to allow the character to play for sly sympathy. His love for his wife stands as his sole bid for compassion. This restraint is admirable.

Miss Francis is perfect as the wife, always intelligent and always superior to the usual reactions of a wife in love with another man. She makes the character mental. So also does Mr. Brook make the man who is nominally the villain. It is one of the best examples of his reticence. The same can be said, in different terms, of all the others.

"Bright Lights."

Here is a curiosity, a reminder of the dear, dead days that we thought beyond recall. For this is a backstage melodrama in Technicolor, with an elaborately costumed chorus in intricate maneuvers that cause one to speculate on the vintage of the picture. Every one works hard to put it over and they succeed up to a certain point, but the most charitable judge cannot give a favorable verdict to a pretentious, flimsy picture.

It seems that *Louanne*, a revue queen, is about to marry a millionaire though she loves, without admitting it, *Wally Dean*, her partner who has helped her along her uncertain career. When she is interviewed by reporters in her dressing room certain high lights of her professional past are

visualized while she tells an amusingly false story. One of her incarnations shows her performing in a South African dive and repulsing Noah Beery. Naturally, being Mr. Beery, he turns up on the night of her Broadway triumph and renews his attentions. There's a shooting, a back-stage trial and the fiancé's discovery that *Louanne* loves *Wally Dean*. There you have it all.

Dorothy Mackaill is *Louanne*, wearing most of her costume on her head, and Frank Fay is *Wally*. Eddie Nugent, Daphne Pollard, Tom Dugan, Inez Courtney, and Phillip Strange are others, with a glimpse of James Murray to remind one what a fine actor has been lost to the screen.

"Stolen Heaven."

Nancy Carroll and Phillips Holmes, leaders of the *ne plus ultras*, are in no artistic or box-office heaven in their latest partnership. This is not casually published, for something like tears holds back the presses. But truth must be told and it needn't be held against Miss Carroll and Mr. Holmes. One has only to recall past performances to hold them blameless. But their present alliance misses fire. Beginning with a dramatic situation, the story peters out and at the end one has an unpleasant feeling that either the actors or the director made up speeches at the last moment. Indecision and confusion result and the pronounced talent of the stars is obscured in the cloud darkening the Florida moon where the final scenes take place. In the beginning, however, all goes well.

Miss Carroll, a streetwalker, befriends Mr. Holmes and takes him to her room, there to discover that he is a criminal wanted by the police. She saves him from the law and with his \$20,000 plunder they go to Florida for a fling, agreeing to kill themselves when funds are exhausted. Now if you know your romance you are prepared to learn that love works a miracle. There's another miracle, too. The pair speak the lingo of the streets at the beginning, with "gonna" and "gotta" "whatcha," but no sooner are Tuxedo and spangles donned than they talk like stars of tea-table drama. The cultural influence of clothes has never been so advertised.

In Florida they get into a jam with an adventurer who stakes \$20,000 on winning Miss Carroll, the police appear to arrest them and the pseudo-villain saves them. But the hero and heroine decide to play safe with censorship and take their punishment. Louis Calhern, of the stage, is the other man.

Continued on page 115



Margaret LIVINGSTON

GAYEST of the gay, kind-hearted, generous, thoughtful of others—this is Margaret Livingston as she is to Hollywood. But the screen knows her as a fetching trouble-maker, the menace to many a wife. She's at her best in "The Lady Refuses."

You Can't Get Away From It All

Bali, Dutch Archipelago: Magic little island. Beautiful, beautiful Balinese. My dears, don't you even wear any thingummies? You'd never pass the censors in that get-up! Terraced rice fields, hanging from the clouds. Forests of Hindu temples, spectacularly carved. Temples to Ganesh. Temples to Vishnu. Temples to—

I blinked at the rich carvings on the temple wall. There was something familiar about that centerpiece, surrounded by fantastic elephants and sacred bats.

"Why, that looks like a motorcycle cop," I cried. The Dutch government official grinned.

"Just what it is," he said. "That cop came out of a Keystone comedy, but he's quite a god in these parts. The movies have just come to Bali and they've given the native sculptors all sorts of sacred inspirations. In fact, the Hollywood influence is showing on all the newest Bali temples."

Agra: *Your Correspondent*: "At last—the Taj Mahal! My pilgrimage is over. I shall stay here forever and forget."

Guide: "\$\$***\$#\$\$\$??*%??\$"

Bearer: "If you pliz, he say, of interest in history of same fine edifice, Taj Mahal, beg to state as follows: t'ree, foah years ago Engleesh cinema pipple come make piksha here. Stay many wiks. T'ree, foah t'ousand Hindu actahs. Guide, he act. Bearer, he act. Likewise mos' pipple in Agra he act in same wonderful piksha. Is call 'Shiraz.' Piksha make Agra mos' famous. Sank you."

Bombay: Bigger and better riot week. Ghandi's boys saying it with bricks. Just wait till we get hold of

Ghandi. Another shower of bricks. And another. Those boys can't aim for little apples. There's some one over there on the Apollo Bunder, dancing up and down. Could that be Ghandi in disguise? Followers of Ghandi *forget everything*, they say. Soon find that out—hold everything.

Cautiously I sneaked up on the Apollo Bunder. My quarry turned. With the litheness of a panther he sprang across the street and dived into a waiting car. I gave a hollow laugh.

It wasn't Ghandi. It was Herbert Brenon, braving the perils of Bombay streets in search of local color for a film.

Cairo: Fabulous splendor of a desert sunset.

The young dragoman stood with folded arms, like some magnificent statue. His robes of rich white silk trailed in the shifting sands. His face was inscrutable as the Sphinx. But his eyes smoldered. They were almond-shaped, like Tut-Ankh-Amen's, only more mesmerically so. Oh, Hassan, Hassan, don't let's bother with the Big Pyramid.

"You're so strong," I murmured, descending from my camel in a passionate parabola.

His beautiful profile was silhouetted against the flaming evening sky. For a while he was silent, his nostrils quivering as he inhaled an amber-scented cigarette. Oh, Hassan, Hassan, call me your desert flower—just once!

He spoke.

"The moon of heaven is rising once again. One question burns upon my throbbing heart. Lady, give me leave to speak!"

"Yes, yes," I breathed.

"Lady, there was a time when I was like all other dragomans, un-

kempt, ill clad. Then, lo, the seed of wisdom entered into me the night I saw 'The Sheik' in Cairo. With all my bakshieesh have I bought this lovely raiment. And now I wait the call from the great lords of Hollywood before life's liquor in its cup be dry. Oh, lady, tell me, do I look like Rudolph Valentino?"

Alexandria: Hotbed of temptations. Blinding bazaars. Mosques and street magicians. Gambling hells. Street brawls. Delirious dance halls and kohl-eyed dancing girls. Merchants of glory. Even a sailor can forget.

And just then, along came Richard "Shopworn Angel" Wallace, arm in arm with A. E. Williams, Paramount's camera playboy.

Capri: Mountains of rock, stabbing at the sky. Perilous paths. Six, seven hundred reckless feet down to that gentian water. Tiberius must have been an acrobat—or else he roped himself together with spaghetti. Wild flowers, growing out of reach.

Halfway down I paused. The rocky path was almost vertical. My hands were bleeding and my stockings torn to ribbons. But it was worth it, I knew—*away from it all* at last, dangling between sky and sea.

A piercing scream shivered across the drowsing panorama. Another and another. *Dio mio!* Nervously I peered over a jagged crest of rock.

A hundred feet below I saw them. Cameras grinding madly. Yes-men yessing in three languages. And Brigitte Helm, star of "Metropolis," yelling her lungs out into an artfully suspended microphone.

You simply *can't* get away from it all!

They Say in New York—

The blondes haven't cornered the marriage market. Jane Winton, too, is part of the ex-"Follies" ex-film contingent who have married and are content to view films as a noncombatant.

Motion-picture School of Journalism.

"Scandal Sheet," starring George Bancroft, was the first of a promised cycle of newspaper plays. Howard Hughes is making "Front Page," the most hard-boiled and vicious of them all, but fearful of hurting the feelings of editors, he has cast the suave and elegant Menjou in the leading rôle.

Audiences may not care so long as a good actor has the rôle, but it means a lot to the newspaper editor around whom the part was written. Instead of slinking moodily out of his quarters at the Ritz, he now sports a gardenia and a dapper air. After all, even if the picture shows him up cruelly in other ways, it is something to have Menjou chosen as just your type.

Warner Brothers are more intent on making the managing editor of their newspaper production, "Five Star Final," the accepted type, for they have chosen Edward G. Rob-

inson, of gangster rôle fame, for the part.

The Show Must Go On.

As part of the general hullabaloo surrounding the opening of "Cimarron" in Washington, Wesley Ruggles, Richard Dix, and Estelle Taylor were invited to the White House. From all accounts, Wesley Ruggles bore up bravely, even though Peggy Joyce was not included in the invitation. But Richard Dix was suffering tortures from toothache and a swollen jaw, and Estelle Taylor had to tear



MARGUERITE CHURCHILL

LIKE many another charming girl who wearies of the tedium of "nice" rôles, Marguerite Churchill is beginning to change just a little. In the picture, right, she gives us a sample of her ability to reveal an unsuspected lure as well as the figure of a sinuous vamp. But it is doubtful if she will play such parts on the screen, for her cool charm and cultured voice are assets too valuable to adulterate with vampishness.

The Crowded Hour

appearance before a camera in "Paid" indicates that he lacks screen personality, though he possesses an excellent voice. His future at option time is dubious.

Lester Vail was signed by M.-G.-M. and promptly lent to RKO for "Beau Ideal." Reported they tried to buy his contract. He was recalled to his own studio for the leads in "Dance, Fools, Dance" and in Marion Davies's "It's a Wise Child." He may click if he learns to tone down his delivery.

Roscoe Ates, the stuttering squeaky-voiced comedian, started in "The Big House," and followed with "Billy the Kid," "Check and Double Check," "Cimarron," and "Reducing." Probably will enjoy a vogue among producers for a time.

Genevieve Tobin was known for years and years in New York as just another leading lady. All of a sudden Universal signed her and she is hailed—on the Universal lot—as "a second Chatterton." Her first picture was "A Lady Surrenders," her second was "Free Love," to be followed by "Seed."

She may click, but it won't be as a second Chatterton, and neither will it be because of any favors shown her by the technical staff. Reported getting \$2,500 a week. Good old U.

Anthony Bushell, known as much for being the husband of Zelma O'Neal as for his acting, made five films—"Journey's End," "Disraeli," "Three Faces East," "Lovin' the Ladies," and "The Royal Bed." Free-lancing, but doesn't seem to have a big future in pictures.

Una Merkel came to Hollywood to play the feminine lead in "Abraham Lincoln." She was ballyhooped all over the place as a sensation—before the picture was released. On the strength of the publicity given her unseen work in that picture, she played in "Eyes of the World," and later in "The Bat Whispers." Her acting in the latter picture was adequate, but not startling. Now in "The Command Performance," without sending the studio into ecstasies.

Nance O'Neil is an old-time star now doing character rôles in pictures and playing every one of them right up to the hilt. "The Florodora Girl," "His Glorious Night," "The Rogue Song," "Call of the Flesh," "Lady of Scandal," "Ladies of Leisure," "Cimarron," "The Queen's Husband," "Resurrection," and "Their Mad Moment." Under contract to RKO.

Olive Tell had a promising future on the stage a few years ago, but her work in pictures seems stogy and artificial in the extreme. A long line of pictures has not taught her that scenery is to be looked at and not

chewed. "The Very Idea," "Trial of Mary Dugan," "The Right of Way," "Under Western Skies," "Lawful Larceny," "Anybody's Girl," and "Ladies' Man." Good-looking and knows how to wear clothes.

Joan Peers was another sensation who petered out. Her work in "Applause" was on par with that of the star, Helen Morgan. Miss Peers was immediately signed and brought west by Paramount. Surprisingly enough—for a sensation—she was cast in a minor part in the second Moran and Mack film, and then released.

Signed by Columbia for the feminine lead in "Tol'able David," she asked for her release from that organization upon the completion of the picture, although her contract still had four months to go. She is said to be difficult to handle and extremely lackadaisical where her work is concerned. Now working in "Parlor, Bedroom, and Bath."

Juliette Compton made a very picturesque "Follies" girl—one of the most picturesque, in fact. Got a late start in pictures, but has a good chance of landing. "Woman to Woman," "Ladies of Leisure," "Anybody's Woman," "Morocco," and "New Morals." Was also in the cast of the ill-fated "Forever Yours."

Purnell Pratt was a featured leading man in many a Broadway show. Came to the films as a character actor, and has worked almost continuously. "Alibi," "The Trespasser," "Lawful Larceny," "The Silver Horde," "The Southerner," "Paid," and "Dance, Fools, Dance."

Gavin Gordon made one or two silent pictures, usually playing the menace. The camera was none too kind, and he returned to the stage. Brought back to films for the lead in "Romance," but failed to excite the fans. Released by M.-G.-M., played one of the leads in "The Silver Horde," and gave such a good performance he was recalled by M.-G.-M. for "The Great Meadow." Free-lancing.

Irene Dunne was signed for the musical-comedy stage for the feminine lead in "Leathernecking." Played it and then insisted upon a test for the rôle opposite Richard Dix, in "Cimarron," and convinced the studio that she was the girl to play it. Her self-confidence was justified and her performance is a thing of beauty and artistry, but it is too soon to determine her future.

Helen Millard is doing nicely, thank you. "The Thirteenth Chair," "The Pay Off," "Their Own Desire," "He Loved the Ladies," "Lawful Larceny," "The Divorcee," "Let Us Be Gay," "To-night and You," and "Doctors' Wives." Pleasant voice

and seems to have no trouble finding work.

Ralf Harolde. Juvenile character heavy hopefully exploited by his press agent as a coming Valentino, it being pointed out that both started in as heavies and both are dark. "Dixiana," "Framed," "Check and Double Check," "Hook, Line, and Sinker." Fills a certain demand, but the Valentino stuff is out.

Rita La Roy was signed by RKO who had hopes of developing her into the sophisticated type that seems to be so much in demand. She was in "Lilies of the Field," "The Delightful Rogue," "The Midnight Mystery," "The Conspiracy," "Sin Takes a Holiday," and was given the lead in "Gold Diggers of Hollywood," in which she plays her first lead and also makes her first appearance as "a good girl." A little tall for popular favor, but knows how to wear clothes. Her acting ability won't cause any one any worry.

Edna May Oliver is one of those gals like Blanche Friderici who knows how to read sour lines in a way to make you laugh. "The Saturday Night Kid," "Soup to Nuts," "Half-shot at Sunrise," "Cimarron," and "Assorted Nuts." Coming right along and can stay as long as she likes.

Norman Foster, besides his ability as an actor, has the glamorous Claudette Colbert for a wife. They made their initial appearance before a camera together in "Young Man of Manhattan." He followed with "Gentlemen of the Press," "No Limit," "It Pays to Advertise," and "Among the Married." Still under contract to Paramount and going along.

Henry Wadsworth is a juvenile who received splendid notices for his work as the sailor in "Applause," opposite Joan Peers. Signed by Paramount and brought West, he appeared in "Slightly Scarlet." Returned to New York and scored again as the wastrel brother in "Fast and Loose." A fine juvenile whose lack of height is against him.

Bramwell Fletcher, placed under contract by Samuel Goldwyn, has made but three pictures, "Raffles," "So This Is London," and "Men of the Sky." Should do well if he can get enough work to keep him busy between the Goldwyn productions.

John Halliday. "Father's Son," "Captain Applejack," "Recaptured Love," "Scarlet Pages," and "All Women Are Bad." Capable leading man developing draw among producers to play opposite older stars. Just when he was becoming established he had a breakdown and has gone abroad for six months to re-



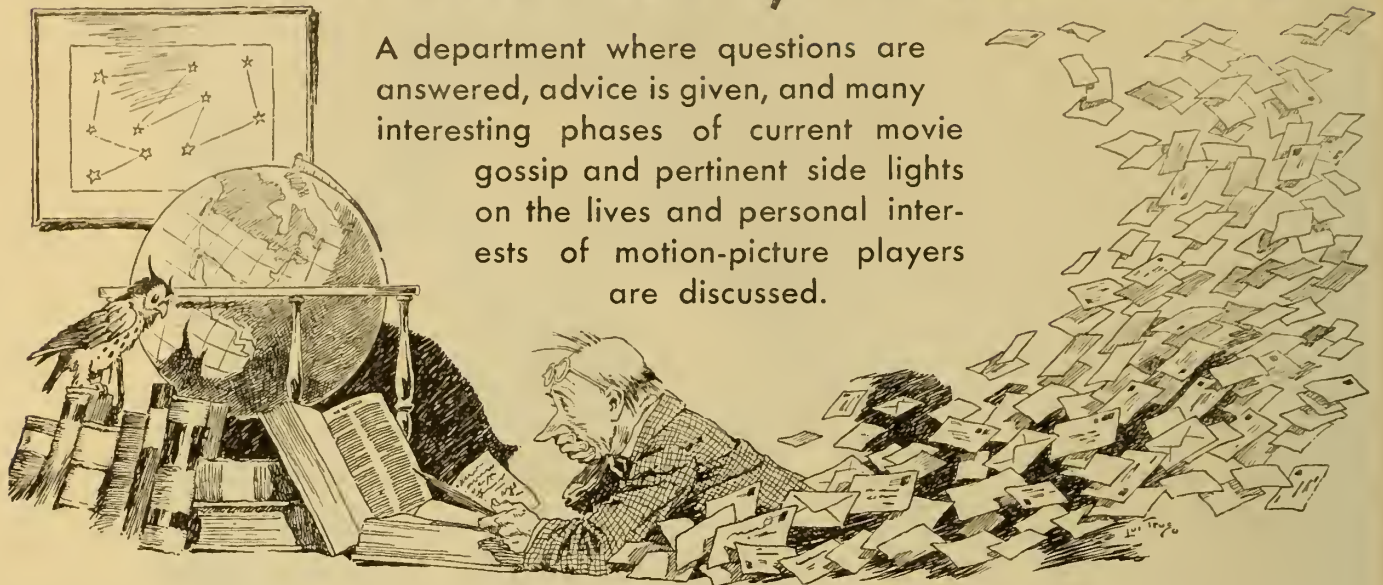
Photo by Otto Dyar

LOUISE BROOKS

"BROOKSY'S" back! So the tidings spread over Hollywood when Louise Brooks returned after a long absence abroad, where she made several pictures in Germany. Her cynical wit, chic clothes, and worldly bearing struck a new note in the colony and soon the fans got wind of her comeback in "It Pays to Advertise." Though the part was small, it led to a better one, "God's Gift to Women," so Brooksy is with us to stay.



Information, PLEASE



A department where questions are answered, advice is given, and many interesting phases of current movie gossip and pertinent side lights on the lives and personal interests of motion-picture players are discussed.

By the Picture Oracle

MISS VIOLET STOKES AND MISS VIOLET WHITE.—Just a couple of shy violets! I'm answering your two letters together to suggest that you and other Oracle readers with the urge to write letters should try correspondence with some of the writers in "What the Fans Think." In other words, the old Oracle is threatening to become a correspondence bureau with no space left to answer questions. And that, boys and girls, just can't go on!

VIOLET WHITE.—Gilda Gray's gilding is becoming a little thin these days; she seems to be leading quite a private life. She was born October 24, 1897, and is divorced from Gaillard Boag. Alice White has no contract at present. She was born July 25, 1907.

A BETTY COMPTON FAN.—See above. Alice Terry is living abroad with her husband, Rex Ingram, and has made no pictures since "Three Passions" two years ago. Alice was born in 1896. Vera Reynolds was born November 25, 1907. She plays only in occasional pictures—none since "Borrowed Wives," released last October. Anna Q. Nilsson doesn't give her age. She has been off the screen for two years due to illness. Mae Murray is about to try a come-back in RKO's "Bachelor Apartment. Mae is thirty-eight years old. Joyce Compton is twenty-four; her next film is "Three Girls Lost." Marie Prevost is thirty-two; she is now working in "It's a Wise Child." Norma Talmadge gives her age as thirty-four. She expects to play on the stage in Los Angeles in "The Greeks Had a Word For It"; after the stage run, she will make a film of the play. Margaret Livingston is twenty-eight, Betty Compton thirty-four. Their next pictures have not been announced.

L. M. R. H.—Just a bowl of alphabet soup, with all those initials! Lew Ayres was born on December 28, 1908. He has a half brother and a half sister. Lew's next film is "Fires of Youth." Phillips Holmes is twenty-three, Frank Albertson two years younger. I am told that Frank is married, but I don't know to whom.

Lillian Roth is now in vaudeville; her film contract was not renewed. Lillian is twenty.

R. C. A. M.—"The Lady Lies" was a stage play, by John Meehan.

RUTH.—Three cheers for you, Ruth! It's a big day for me when some one realizes that it takes several months to see an answer in print. Ruth Chatterton uses her real name; no, she has no children. Robert Ames was the leading man in "Holiday." Elsie and Helen Ferguson are not related. So far as I have ever heard, Helene Chadwick used her real name on the screen. I've no idea how one could reach her as she rarely plays in pictures. The William Wellman you mention is her ex-husband. Winnie Lightner was born September 17, 1901, and is about five feet four.

MOLLY, ALIAS MOUSE.—Why alias mouse? Because you don't stir on Christmas Eve, or because you go creeping around? Robert Montgomery was born in Beacon, New York, May 21, 1904. He is six feet tall and weighs 160. His wife's name was Elizabeth Allen; their daughter was born last October, and has been named Martha-Bryan. It's tough luck that he can't get any of his short stories published, but it's quite possible, you know, that his stories are not very good. To join his fan club, write to Jesse Jackson, Jr., 485 Wabash Avenue, Apartment 10, Atlanta, Georgia.

MARY BAYE.—It's just a pain in my pride when some one asks a question and I don't know the answer. But there is no way of my finding out about the various players in foreign films that are released in this country. "Sous Les Toits de Paris" was made in France by Tobis Productions, the address of which I do not know. Perhaps some foreign reader would tell me and also write me something about Albert Prejean. I have never heard of this actor except in connection with this film. It is true that Fredric March is of German descent; his real name is Bickel. It is also true that Emil Jannings

was born in Brooklyn, New York, but he was taken back to Germany, his parents' country, as a baby, and has only recently learned to speak any English at all.

PEGGY COED.—I am just as resentful as you are that Dick Arlen has been relegated to Westerns, but anything a film company does can be blamed on the great god box office. Evidently Dick makes more money for them in Westerns than in other pictures. And I hate to confess it, but Gary Cooper is more popular than Dick as an actor. Dick and Jobyna have no children.

LOWELL SHERMAN FAN.—Well, of all the hard tasks—asking me to check up on the truth of one of Walter Winchell's statements is just about as hard as they come. He finds out things—true or untrue—before the people they concern know it themselves. If RKO is "plotting a flicker" with Lowell and Pauline Garon opposite each other, they haven't revealed the plot. They played together in "Satan in Sables"; Helene Costello, then unknown, may have played a bit unlisted in the cast. Dolores is several years older than Helene. Leslie Fenton is not married. Evelyn Booth was once on the stage, I think; so far as I know she is still alive. Directors have much to say in choosing their casts, though of course they are often assigned to direct a certain star's film.

DENGLE PHILLIPS.—Your home state of Georgia is not what it used to be as a birthplace of screen stars. Ben Lyon from Atlanta is the only current star from Georgia. But if you're a movie fan from way back, you'll remember Louise Huff from Columbus, Walter Hiers from Cordele, Fritzi Brunette from Savannah, and May Allison who wasn't a city girl.

M. S.—You're breaking my heart, asking how you can get into movies, because two out of three men, women, and children in the country would like to do just that! The best way now is to become successful first on the stage. Buddy Rogers was born August 13, 1904. His next film has not been decided on.

Continued on page 120

GLORIA SWANSON

THE storm and stress of an eventful career take nothing of Gloria Swanson's determination and enterprise from her. No matter what obstacle stands in the way, she surmounts it. No matter what reverses come to her, she survives without loss of brilliance or inherent talent. She is truly a remarkable woman who would have succeeded in any profession by sheer mental force, for she knows not the word "fail."



HERE she is seen in glimpses from her new picture, "Indiscreet," in which she seeks to protect her young sister from the attentions of a rauder with whom she herself has been intimate. But in disillusioning and saving her sister she jeopardizes her own romance. Barbara Kent is the sister, Manroe Owsley the profligate, and Ben Lyon is the hero.

Opera without Airs

hedging young wings that long to fly, that need to fly.

"To sing myself into success has been my dominant desire since childhood. I loved the Tennessee hills, adored tomboying with my two brothers, and riding, but one can absorb Jellico *very* thoroughly in sixteen years."

Expressive eyebrows were lifted. "At that age, I decamped from Ward-Belmont College. It *would* have 'finished' me—pressed me as flat as a pancake. A rebellion fomented into a sudden decision to walk out, which I did in, if you will notice, my customary mincing—er—stride."

We shared a smile which bordered on a very inelegant grin. Her movements are spontaneous and very direct. If quarters are crowded, there is no fussing with moving chairs to get to the telephone; she merely heaves her firm but pliant self over the impediment in the manner of one taking a fence by a side hurdle.

Her natural grace is unhampered by the slightest gesture of dignity or of affectation. It is a joy merely to watch her do things so impulsively, so decisively.

"I started baching with another girl in Greenwich Village, on Tenth Street, before the section became artistically fashionable. I was eighteen then, an arrogant eighteen. My family frowned."

Those family conferences were reenacted in her frigid countenance. "I lived on borrowed money, and what a grand feeling it was when eventually I scratched off the last debt. I had done *something*, at least, that achievement meaning that I had made good to myself.

"I made the usual rounds of the agents. One producer almost gave me a chance in musical comedy—until he asked me to raise my skirt. 'I sing with my voice,' I told him haughtily, 'not with my legs!'—and pranced out.

"Exactly three years later, in 1923, the producer attended my 'Music Box' début and remarked after the show, 'The day you flounced out of my office, I knew you would amount to something.' Well, the knowledge was mutual."

Nine years intervened between her Greenwich Village economies and her motion-picture début, only five of them spent in actual rehearsal or performance, the others in "wishing I were" and studying.

"Singing in a cabaret brought me seventy-five a week, until the manager mistook Wall Street for Coney Island, slid down the stock market and gave us a no-funds remark instead of cash. We girls cooked, washed our clothes, and gave joy-

ously informal parties in our one room.

"The opera was my distant goal; I read its romance continually. Not until a year had passed did I attend, hearing my first opera at nineteen. Gallery opera? Who? *Me?*"—in the best "Big House" *Butch* manner.

"Maybe I hadn't a musical soul—have it your own way—but I went in style. I was afraid that some of the glamour that enshrouded opera in my imagination might be shattered, and I wanted it perfect, choosing my star and my opera, the best—Farrar, in 'Carmen.'

"Besides, I must get as close to the stage as possible. Ten dollars—orchestra—but it was worth it. Every illusion intact, a glorious experience. How very small and humble I felt!

"My pet hobby is analysis." Recurrently she would let her mind amble along in reminiscence. Her quick, concise speech mirrors a parade of thoughts as assertive as twinkling lights.

"I figured that I must select everything in relation to my main purpose. Realizing that we are the product of influences, I cultivated those most profitable. I always have been intensely interested in my own development and the study of reactions. So I groped outward, upward, toward those who could give me something. Not necessarily people in every way superior—for I maintain a healthy respect for myself and my own heritage—but persons who had some quality of character or intellect that I wanted.

"Doubtless my natural pride and the splendid educational advantages given me by my family helped me to take disappointments with true Southern spunk; but the feeling that I *am* doing something thrills me."

Three years of one-night stands led her back to New York and Irving Berlin's "Music Box Revue." There, and in "Hitchy Koo," she made a name in the lighter forte, but jeopardized her real career.

"I got into a frightful state of mental lethargy, the futility of being at a standstill. Otto Kahn, patron of the arts, arranged a Metropolitan audition with Gatti-Cassaza. 'Jazz has ruined your voice,' he said. 'Be content with this smaller success.' I couldn't."

She carries on dual conversations, with you and over the phone, without breaking the continuity of either, all the while pantomiming the punishment in store for the caller, if he doesn't ring off soon.

"What did I say about endurance? Have I it or haven't I?" adding, *sotto voce*, "This boy is such a darling. I can't be abrupt with nice people.

"The nostalgia finally threatened to get me," she resumed, "so I walked out, sailing suddenly at midnight. I had to start again for the goal from which I had drifted. A year and a half abroad set me right. Doctor Marafioti, who lived in an apartment on the floor above mine, brought his family to Europe that he might continue my lessons. What that man's faith has meant! As fast as I progress, by maintaining confidence in me, he shifts my vision still farther ahead.

"Mary Garden, who had become a close friend, was sweet. I rented her apartment in Paris and studied, read, rode, and traveled in southern France and Italy. I began to appreciate contemplation. While I had read a voluminous amount, my thoughts had been mental impulses. I learned then to absorb depths and to color the knowledge I had accumulated with personal considerations and conclusions.

"I made my début at the Opéra Comique. In the audience when I sang 'Louise' were Garden, Farrar, Calvé, a dozen prominent figures from the operatic world. They crowded into my dressing room to congratulate me. That was my proudest and happiest moment. Then in 1928, the glory of the Metropolitan warbling *Mimi's* pathos."

"Juliette" followed, and "Faust," and "Manon." Her active ideas persisted despite some essential curtailment, for never was she pressed into conforming entirely with operatic standards.

"I had to make sacrifices. Even I, volcano that I am, hadn't enough energy for my work and my customary golf and riding. The discipline of that training has been beneficial during these six months of pictures with only one day's vacation. I apply the same spirit to a new system.

"Realizing the intimacy of the camera, I started from scratch, in a sense, wiping out operatic mannerisms, anxious to learn, though the acting technique I had acquired crept in, warming everything. I shall endeavor to carry back to opera some of this new detail of emotion, to make my singing less stilted and panoramic."

Following her pleasant record of the Swedish nightingale's life, "A Lady's Morals," she costarred with Lawrence Tibbett, in "New Moon."

"If I go over, I shall be very happy; if not, I shall be truly sorry, for I have tried my best. The preview of my first picture was an ordeal of stage fright. I was all nervous chills and cried when they liked me."

Rumors of clashes of temperament amused Tibbett and herself hugely.

"Aha! Enemy!" Striking the pose of a ruffled diva, she would flay him with scornful eye.

"Madame's temperature, one observes," he would retaliate with sweeping bow and icy stare, "is hitting its high C this bright morning."

Then they would *both* eat tangerines.

"We did not have a single disagreement. I also heard that I had a double for my songs!" she chuckled. "Things people of consequence say hurt me dreadfully, those whose judgment I respect. But vague talk never disturbs me; I have cultivated assiduously a personal detachment from gossip.

"I would like to divide my year between films and opera, leaving me two months for a vacation in Europe. What's the use of accumulating houses, a habit I have, unless I can enjoy each occasionally? I stagnate without a sojourn in Paris and at Cannes, where I renew old friendships, lose myself gazing endlessly in the blue Mediterranean, read and loaf.

"I must sing, too, in Paris. They line up outside to welcome me, and when I leave they bid me an affectionate au revoir, reminding me, 'You go to America in the winter, but the spring brings you back to us.' I couldn't live without their love."

But she canceled her autumn vacation at Cannes to remain in Hollywood and make a French version of "A Lady's Morals," thereby proclaiming her absorption in the movies.

"Some one hearing of my proposed schedule asked, 'What? No provision for romance?' I told him," she laughed gaily, "that romance is recurrent, and everywhere, that I don't apportion love by seasons. Wasn't I a trifle wicked? He didn't seem shocked quite enough—a disappointment, that."

Her cherished dream is to present a screen "Louise," when the talkie-musical returns to favor. "Styles in opera stars have changed. Garden and Farrar sounded a new note; we younger ones further stress individuality; we are slim, we are actors and personalities as well as singers.

"We go after the human interest, rather than the volume of tone, of figure, or of gesture. We shall humanize opera in the lay mind. Then, perhaps, 'Louise' filmed as a story, retaining just those songs essential to carry the motif."

She will do it some day. And Paris will love it, and Timbuktu and New York—and Jellico.



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That's why Jean Harlow insists on
Kleenex to remove cold cream

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"They are still using unhygienic methods of removing cleansing cream and make-up . . . methods which leave almost as many impurities in the skin as before.

"Too bad everyone doesn't understand about Kleenex!" Miss Harlow continues.

"These wonderful tissues are so sanitary in themselves, and so absorbent to remove dangerous dirt!"

Towels unabsorbent

"So absorbent to remove dangerous dirt!" The dirt that lurks deep in pores. The dirt in which acne thrives. The dirt which harsh cloths, unabsorbent towels, often slide right over.

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Tommy's aunt, Miss Elizabeth Carroll, who chaperoned him in America, is returning home with him.

Tommy made an attempt to free-lance prior to his departure, but luck did not reward him. He is approaching the awkward age, for one thing, but even that might not prove a hindrance, since he has a real gift for acting. However, opportunities just didn't show up.

Starlets to Twinkle.

One studio, the Paramount, contrary to the rule, does seem to feel that small boys and girls are an asset to their acting personnel.

Mitzi Green is a great pet on that lot, and the company has also signed Jackie Coogan, Jackie Searl, and Jackie Cooper. Which makes a very happy young family.

One or the other of the youngsters is to be seen in "Huckleberry Finn," and also "Let's Play King"—juvenile stories.

Lights Out! Speak!

"A voice in the dark" is not the name of a new mystery thriller. It is descriptive of the latest suggested mode of testing out speech of new recruits in studios.

According to the plan, the young aspirants for fame are led onto a heavily curtained stage minus any lights, and requested to speak by an expert on voices, while various officials of the studio listen in. With the audience unable to see who is speaking, they then say their pieces. The object of this, so it is whispered, is to prevent executives who might be susceptible to beauty fancying they hear harmonious tones when they don't.

If one believed all the reports, more than one high official has gone tone deaf looking at a dazzling blonde, or mayhap a pair of slim ankles. But after all, it's much better that they go deaf than blind.

A Kissless Correspondent?

Marshall Neilan, erstwhile playboy of the movies, has bobbed up in the news again after a long absence. And as usual it is in his rôle of gay harlequin. His name was mentioned in connection with a divorce action, and he was accused of kissing the attractive divorcee while riding in a taxi.

Poor Mickey didn't fare so well romantically. The divorcee was asked whether she reciprocated his kisses and declared that she didn't remember. She also mentioned that when she told her husband she was in the company of Neilan he consoled her by saying, "That's nothing. You ought to see some of the people I go out with."

Hollywood High Lights

We don't see Mickey often enough these days. And we admit it with a tear in our eye and a catch in our throat. For he is a true merry spirit.

Gossipy Talk Fades.

Maybe now the lives of Janet Gaynor and Lydell Peck will proceed in peace. The gossips of Hollywood were forever linking the names of Charlie and Janet, though it must be said that the custom had abated of late. Janet and Charlie occasionally lent color to the report by being seen together at public functions like premières, although this, too, had become a rare occurrence.

Anyway the gossips *would* talk on as long as Charlie was unmarried. Now the substance had been taken out of that sort of conversation, because his and Virginia Valli's wedding is the climax of a romance of long duration.

Janet was at Palm Springs recuperating from her appendicitis operation when the news of the wedding was received. She promptly sent Charlie a charming message of congratulation.

Clara Good Little Sport.

The only comment worth recording about the Clara Bow-Daisy De Voe squabble at this advanced date is the remark credited to some wit who said that the theme song for the trial of Clara's secretary should have been "Bow-De-Voe-De-Oh."

Clara was harder hit by this trouble than any other, and spent several weeks in seclusion following the verdict against Miss De Voe. The fondness that she entertained for her secretary was apparently much deeper than any one thought.

Clara was herself responsible for retiring temporarily from picture work. Tearfully, one evening at her home she pleaded with the executives to give her time for a rest, expressing the fear that if she didn't obtain it, she might be forced to suspend work in the midst of "City Streets," in which she was replaced by Sylvia Sidney. Clara's next film is "Kick In," which, all things considered, isn't an inappropriate title.

What effect her so-called indiscretions will have on her career will perhaps be best determined when her contract comes up for consideration by Paramount in October. Present roseate reports say her popularity hasn't been damaged a bit.

Too Much Career.

The amazing thing is that the marriage of John Gilbert and Ina Claire lasted as long as it did. By all predictions it should have ended within six or eight weeks after they

were married, instead of lasting for nearly two years. The past year, of course, has been stormy, and therefore perhaps cannot be counted as exactly tedious.

The domestic cyclones in this instance had more to do with temperament and careers than anything else, and the funny thing is the tortunes of Mrs. Jack Gilbert—so she was bright-lighted in her early films—now appear to be in the ascendancy, while those of Jack are contingent on what happens in his next picture or two.

Ina virtually sizzled into town, and expressed a variety of pithy and peppery views on how Hollywood gossip makes the success of almost any marriage between celebrities impossible. Jack, as is his custom now, remained the sphinx. He hasn't emitted a word or permitted an interview in months. Jack's contention is that he won't talk until he has something to talk about.

The Feuds Go On.

Buster Keaton versus Kathleen Key! Something new, this, even in battling Hollywood!

It may be remarked that the season of 1930-31 will go down as the grandest fighting year since the good old days. Buster's and Kathleen's is the first instance during this season of a woman matching her pugilistic prowess publicly with a man. And it evidently took even Buster somewhat by surprise.

Proving his sense of humor did not desert him, Buster put a sign on his dressing room for a few days: "Closed for Repairs." A little later he followed this with another: "Open Under New Management."

Norma Visits West.

Norma Talmadge gave up her plans to appear in a stage play. She suffered an attack of pleurisy in the East, and dreaded the business of touring in a stage production as a consequence. She returned to California just shortly after the Key-Keaton fracas, but almost immediately began laying plans for her departure for Europe.

Norma visited the Embassy one day during her stay, and hearing of her presence a large crowd assembled outside the club. Norma remained until after the other guests had departed, but even that did not discourage the onlookers. They evidently knew of her presence, and waited, proving that there are no stars like the older ones to induce lavish tributes of public attention.

A Personality Passes.

A hard-boiled exterior: a heart of gold. Louis Wolheim's friends

knew him as the possessor of these two things. And the heart of gold always won.

As much of a figure in the colony as a slim leading man, and perhaps almost as well known on the screen as most leading men, Wolheim was one of the few players who succeeded in making a grotesque type into a true personality. And it was his intelligence that enabled him to.

Wolheim died very suddenly, and the speed of his passing was a genuine tragedy for his wife, Mrs. Ethel Dane Wolheim, whom he always affectionately called Sammy. He had been scheduled to play the city editor in "The Front Page," the rôle in which, curiously enough, Adolphe Menjou will now be seen. Wolheim wanted heart and soul to play in that picture, but destiny prevented.

There was a quiet funeral ceremony for the actor, with John Gilbert, Buster Keaton, and Claude King among the pall-bearers.

Wolheim loved to talk volubly and dramatically about acting, pictures and the way that things should be done. Thus he earned his name of hard boiled. Those who knew him intimately realized what a splendid

and kindly individual he was, and how deeply devoted to his wife and his friends.

Potentates Feel Spell.

The divorce epidemic is so infectious that the highest Hollywood executive of the Will H. Hays office was recently a victim. His name is Fred W. Beetson, and he has acted as a sort of mentor of the colony in relaying instructions from the czar of filmdom, and also has instituted policies himself.

About the time this was happening Hays was honeymooning with his new bride in the gay and giddy West.

Goes Right on Reducing.

Marie Dressler has had her first real vacation in months. We found her sequestered at Arrowhead Hot Springs, a health resort, recuperating after making "Min and Bill" and "Reducing." And Marie was reducing in earnest, taking baths in steam caves, and massages, and rubs. She told us that she has to guard her health in earnest nowadays, for film work is the biggest drain that she has felt on her constitution in many long years of professional activity.

The Fibbing Camera

Continued from page 45

lists. Once seen, they are acknowledged as beauties, technicalities forgotten. In this sure-fire section are Gloria Swanson, Lily Damita, Dorothy Sebastian, Carol Lombard, Constance Bennett, Myrna Loy, and Kay Francis, Hedda Hopper, Aileen Pringle, and Evelyn Brent belong in a very special class labeled "sophisticated."

Three exquisite blondes whose features were never successfully captured in celluloid are Greta Nissen, Phyllis Haver, and Claire Windsor. Eye-compelling blondes who merit consideration are Jeanette Loff and Thelma Todd, who will some day graduate into drama, one guesses.

To show how tricky beauty standards are, consider that eminent beauty authority, Florenz Ziegfeld. In an interview the shape-show impresario nominated Sally Eilers—or should one say Mrs. Gibson?—as the outstanding beauty of Hollywood.

It seems to this unbiased historian that Flo was looking at the world through rose-colored glasses at the time he picked Sally, for, although I have never seen her in person, I cannot wax enthusiastic over her animated portraits that were part of "Reducing."

But then there are people who

think Jeanette MacDonald beautiful. And I anticipate letters from Old Subscriber, Constant Reader, and Indignant, Peoria, asking why Mary Brian has been left out of this discussion, or Olive Borden, or Anita Page, or Sue Carol. I dare say there are devoted worshipers at the red-hot shrines of Clara Bow, Alice White, and Lupe Velez. They have no place in this list of optical knock-outs.

The fact that the camera fails miserably, at times, in reproducing beauty is evident all over Hollywood and Los Angeles. The city is fairly glutted with beauty. It is a drug on the market. Girls who failed to register with the camera linger on, rather than return home to face the jeers of their friends.

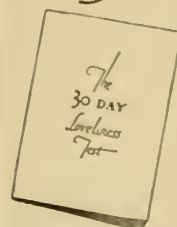
Hat-check girls, auburn-haired cashiers, manicurists, and stenographers make you stop, look, and gasp. Extra girls reveal breath-taking beauty. The Studio Club is rife with luscious blondes, vivacious brunettes, titians—beauties whom the camera misses for some capricious reason.

And some regarded as beauties on the screen owe it to the same prevaricating apparatus.

Don't let them tell you pictures don't lie. Compared to the camera, Ananias was an amateur.



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A Toiling Lily

Continued from page 43

There were seven weeks of rehearsal. Lily, who had never done a tap in her life, learned a fast, off-beat routine which was counter to Donahue's taps. And Donahue was one of the best of tap dancers. Lily had never sung, except experimentally in "The Cock-eyed World." In seven weeks she developed a voice that had range as well as charm. From early morning until after midnight, each day was crammed with lessons, practice, rehearsal.

"On the opening night, every one was terrified for fear I'd go to pieces. I was more scared than any of them, but I'd have died before letting them see it. I went through the show without an eyelash quivering—and when I got to my dressing room I fell flat on the floor, and my maid had to throw ice water on me. Oh, it was so very amusing," she laughed.

In spite of the reviews which called enthusiastic attention to musical comedy's new jewel, Lily did not rest for a moment. Eight hours, every day, were devoted to studying English, dancing, singing, diction. Even on matinee days her lessons were crowded in.

"I looked so funny," she said. "Like this"—indicating a match—"but I didn't mind the work. And Jack Donahue was wonderful to me. He helped me in hundreds of little ways and was so sweet. He was such a grand person. It is terrible, terrible, that he had to die." There were tears in her eyes for this ingratiating hooper whose career abruptly ended last year.

She has been working since she was ten years old. Her ambition was the ballet. Her first professional appearance was as *Cupid*, with insecure wings, and she saw herself as the new Pavlova. The progression of her career and her life cannot be told briefly. It is too vivid and eventful for casual paragraphs.

"There has been a terrific amount of work," Lily says. "But every minute of living has been good. I've

loved it. I still do. I think I always shall. There are so many things in the world. The trick is never to stand still for a moment—always to be moving forward."

Even Hollywood doesn't bore her. To avoid missing New York, Paris, and Vienna, she occupies her leisure with golf, tennis, riding, swimming, at all of which she is expert. Her appearance gives evidence of abounding health and electric vitality.

Suitably, she is partial to the modern in all things. Her knowledge of painting is sound. She herself paints a bit, but will show the results only to intimates. She adores the music of DeFalla, Stravinsky, Gershwin. Debussy is too sweet for her. She owns every record Louis Armstrong has made. André Maurois is nearly her favorite author.

If you ask her about the possibility of marriage and children, she says, "But of course," in as surprised a tone as if you had asked if she ate every day. She will never marry an actor, but speaks favorably of sportsmen.

There was furor in German royal circles while the second son of the ex-crown prince was "that way" about her. She showed inherent good taste in her dealings with the press at that time, and in the manner in which she made plain the impossibility of such a match.

She is currently seen about town with Jacques D'Arcy, a well-known set designer and artist. Her circle of friends includes such exponents of modern intelligence and sophistication as Covarrubias, George Gershwin, Condé Nast, and Ralph Barton.

That is about all now, unless I finally give in to the temptation of that name. You know, something about "pleased Damita." Well, take it or leave it. As a matter of fact, I was pleased to meet her. So would you be, if you are sufficiently discriminating to prefer champagne to gin, caviar to sardines, or Gershwin to Berlin.

No Questions Asked

Continued from page 74

"The theater will never perish. Playwrights will keep it alive, if not the actors and producers. First-rate dramatists will never submit to conditions imposed by a movie producer. Imagine a Eugene O'Neill selling an original to a movie company!"

So Broadway has lost one of its

leading drolls, and Beverly Hills has gained another respectable citizen.

Before coming to Hollywood, Sherman was one of the best-liked and most gossiped-about actors in New York. Any number of women were madly in love with him, and Lowell loved them all wisely, but not too well. His wit had the flavor of *Mer-*

cutie's. His bon mots were always quotable, seldom printable. When he came out here he was met by a gushing sob sister who wanted to know what sort of girls he preferred. "Virgins," he replied.

Four years beneath the Hollywood sun have wrought great changes in him, and while you'd never mistake him, even now, for Conrad Nagel, there's no doubt that he's considerably tamer than ever before.

He divorced Pauline Garon, because one heavy is enough in any scenario, and married an ingénue, as men of the world have a way of doing upon settling down. But Helene Costello is no ordinary ingénue. She has an incomparable sense of humor.

"Married to me, she needs it," Lowell said.

"How is she?" I asked.

"'Doodlebug'? Oh, she's grand—perennially grand. No, she's not planning to return to the screen yet. I have wonderful plans for her future. She's a busy girl. She does things. She writes a little, you know."

"Not really!" I murmured, quite impressed.

Mr. Sherman was undressing for his bath. "Contentment," he said, "is good for the soul, but it's ruinous to the waist line. Look at mine!"

He surveyed my gaunt frame. "You writing chaps never have trouble with overweight, do you?" He sighed deeply, with envy. I suppose, and hopped into the tub.

"Mr. Sherman," I whined, "I haven't got a story. Your admirers have circulated the report that you're an immensely witty person, and it's up to me to prove it. Come now, can't you manage a single epigram?"

He leaned back, closed his eyes and concentrated. "No," he said, after a time, "I'm afraid I can't. I'm seldom witty so late in the day. Write anything you wish, short of libel."

"That would be unethical," I explained.

"Well, come around to-morrow. I may not be so busy then, and if I think up any good gags meanwhile I'll write them down for you."

But I didn't go back. I had spent six hours on the lot already and while interviewing Mr. Sherman is an amusing task, still I have no intention of taking it up as a life work.

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The Crowded Hour

Continued from page 100

cuperate. May return to pictures later.

Edward G. Robinson scored heavily in crook rôles in "Outside the Law," "The Widow from Chicago," and "Little Caesar," and replaced Jean Hersholt in "East Is West," after which he returned to New York to appear in a stage production. Under contract to First National and will undoubtedly return to pictures when the studio needs him.

James Cagney. An outstanding character juvenile. "Doorway to Hell," "The Steel Highway," and "Sinners' Holiday." Under contract to Warner Brothers, and good, too.

Leon Errol, of the uncertain legs, tried pictures during the silent days, but the results were none too happy. With the talkies well established, he returned as one of the masters of ceremony in "Paramount on Parade" and followed it with "Only Saps Work." Still under contract to Paramount, his most recent picture was "Finn and Hattie."

Helen Chandler. Appealing ingénue who would probably click if she ever learned to talk without trembling her voice over every word she utters. "Salute," "The Sky Hawk," and "Rough Romance." Released by Fox and signed by Warner Brothers for "Outward Bound." Option exercised and she was lent to Universal

for "Dracula" and to Metro-Goldwyn for Novarro's "Daybreak."

Joan Blondell. Big plans for her are under way at Warner's studio. Played the part of Dorothy Mackaill's sister in "Office Wife." Also worked in "The Steel Highway," "Illicit," "Sinners' Holiday," "Ex-mistress," and "Millie." Snappy comedienne of the Alberta Vaughn type.

Evalyn Knapp. Reputed to have the most gorgeous figure of any girl ever in the "Follies." That gives her a contract, and "River's End," "Fifty Million Frenchmen," "Sinners' Holiday," and "Mother's Cry," and "The Ruling Passion," make her an actress. Warner's have big hopes for her.

Roland Young enjoyed a tremendous vogue in New York at one time and starred in several plays. Playing secondary parts in pictures in a way that must cause the leads no little worry. "Last of Mrs. Cheyney," "Sherlock Holmes," "The Bishop Murder Case," "The Green Ghost," "Madam Satan," "New Moon," and "The Southerner." In New York at the moment, but will undoubtedly be back in pictures.

Paul Cavanagh. "Strictly Unconventional," "The Storm," "Grumpy," "The Devil to Pay," "The Virtuous Sin," and "Unfaithful." Character heavy who is building up a demand among producers for his services.



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William ("Stage") Boyd had some trouble getting started, but seems to be going right along now. "The Benson Murder Case," "The Storm," "The Spoilers," "Derelict," "On the Spot," "The Westerner," and "The Gang Buster."

Claude Allister is the monocled gent who plays Englishmen in such a way as seemingly to have displaced—or replaced—all other contenders for this type of part. "The Trial of Mary Dugan," "Bulldog Drummond," "Three Live Ghosts," "In the Next Room," "Charming Sinners," "Such Men Are Dangerous," "Slightly Scarlet," "Murder Will Out," "Czar of Broadway," "Monte Carlo," "The Florodora Girl," "Captain Applejack," "Reaching for the Moon," and "The Gang Buster," with Jack Oakie. It's barely possible that Mr. Allister may have made enough out of these pictures to enable him to remain in Hollywood a month or so longer.

And this winds up the list of those who are still trying to make the grade. Some of these are people who never should have been signed for pictures, chorus girls and men, bit players, and others who had made no definite impression on the New York theatrical trade, but whom some scout for a movie concern happened to lamp—and like.

But back of the names and performances of others lie tales of untold heartbreak, people who meant something in New York and who came hopefully to the California gold coast only to find that their names meant nothing, or that the camera was not too kind to them. They deserve respect for their efforts and perhaps a tear or two for the tumbled dream castles that lie in ruins around them.

Next month's analysis is the most interesting of all: the Broadway big shots who failed utterly in pictures.

TO BE CONTINUED.

They Say in New York—

Continued from page 98

herself away from the bedside of Jack Dempsey, who was in the hospital.

The Dempsey retirement was caused by nothing more serious than a tiny infected spot on his hand that had to be removed, but Estelle hurried around town picking up gifts to amuse him. One day she arrived at the hospital carrying candy apples on sticks. As she whirled through the crowded streets in a Rolls-Royce, she ate one contentedly, to the horror of her companion and the delight of passers-by.

Chaplin's Choice.

While social leaders were making something of a spectacle of themselves clamoring for Charlie Chaplin to attend their parties, Charlie slipped quietly up to Sing Sing the night before his departure to England, and showed "City Lights" to the prisoners. They were deeply touched, and Chaplin, always sensitive to others' misfortunes, was hardly able to pull himself together and speak to them at the close of the picture. Prisoners in solitary confinement and in the death house are not allowed to see pictures, but a radio carries the speeches to them. They don't tell that to visitors any more, though. Too many of them have broken down at the thought of saying anything of importance to a condemned man.

The stock joke of the prisoners is that they couldn't walk out on a film if they wanted to, but at the close of the Chaplin picture the verdict was that they wouldn't have walked out if they could.

Fashion Note.

Until Madame Chanel arrives to influence what every one will wear, Estelle Taylor leads the fields as fashion arbiter. At the New York opening of "Cimarron" she wore a white gown, turquoise-blue slippers and matching gloves that came almost to her shoulders. Since then the town is full of them.

The Customer May Not Always Be Right.

Undaunted by the public apathy toward musical films, Warner Brothers are preparing to make more of them. They have put under contract Teddy Walters, who played with Eddie Cantor in vaudeville. To these critical eyes she looks like just one more Alice White, but when she visited New York newspaper offices, everybody from editors to copy boys swarmed over to the motion-picture editors' desks to ask who she was.

Sharing Honors.

Thomas Meighan has long been the idol of Sing Sing, because ever since he made scenes for a picture there years ago, he has taken a deep interest in the Mutual Welfare League and has visited the prison often. Now Chaplin has joined the pitifully thin ranks of their best friends.

They always look forward to Meighan's pictures. Soon they will have a chance to see him on the screen again. Just the other day he

passed through New York on his way to Hollywood after a winter at Palm Beach. He was bronzed and handsome as ever.

Learn to Type: Earn Big Money.

Don't go to Hollywood with a load of original manuscript to sell to the studios. Take a hint from "Inspiration," the Garbo picture accredited to Gene Markey. Copy an old novel or opera and sell it as an original.

Judging from his example, you won't even have to make drastic changes in the dialogue. "Inspiration" is our old friend "Sapho," brain child of Alphonse Daudet. Metro-Goldwyn profess ignorance of that fact, but almost any of their young actresses could have pointed it out to them. The girls always go *en masse* when Mary Garden sings the role in Los Angeles.

Continued on page 116

The Valiants Carry On

Continued from page 55

books, new art, new everything—something different all the time. To-day I am a fairly successful director. To-morrow my place will be taken by some one else. So with the stars of to-day. If we were in the oil business, or banking, we might carry on through a lifetime. And most of us have worked long years to gain our positions.

"Hollywood takes a lot and takes it quickly.

"That is why the entire community is abnormally intense in whatever it does, whether it be play, work, exercise, or gossip. It knows its time is short, the candle is burning rapidly. Everything is taut and tuned to a thin, fine key. Some day Hollywood will be consumed by its own fires."

That from one of the most successful directors! Now as to the writers.

Al Boasberg came to the film capital five years ago to write gags for Buster Keaton. His salary was to be about four times what he earned in New York.

"My first mistake!" comments Al. "I might just as well have asked ten times as much. I'd have got it. I soon learned that."

On his first location trip, Buster pushed Al off a make-believe bridge into the water. "Never take anything seriously on a comedian's set," he was informed. Upon which Al, half mad, pushed Buster off in retaliation.

"From then on," said Boasberg, "I was on my guard. Anything might be expected in Hollywood where practically everything happens. Instead of a sleepy little village basking in the sun, Hollywood proved to be a hair-trigger town full of wits, nitwits, and half-wits. It's a battle of the fittest. If you've got something on the ball, or if you are salesman enough to make some one think you have something on the ball, it's great. But then you really have to live here to know Hollywood."

Ruth Chatterton frankly says Hollywood seemed a spot far from the

world she knew, before she moved West.

"To me," she said, "there were only two places, New York and Paris. The first was my working home and the latter, the city to which I went for restful vacations. I had heard that they worked as they pleased before the camera, without anything definite to do and with just a finished product as a distant goal.

"But we all change our minds. Hollywood has me in its grasp."

To which Irene Dunne added, "I thought Hollywood would be a circus city. I could fairly see the elephants parading down Hollywood Boulevard. I thought it a little village, too—dirt streets, pepper trees, quaint houses. I thought the people would be a strange tribe of half acrobats. All of which shows that I hadn't given it serious thought at all."

Catherine Dale Owen's great illusion was that she would find all Hollywood just one big happy family.

"It never occurred to me that screen people were not all joined together by the ties of pictures," she said.

Now she knows of the clans, and the sects, and the factions.

When I asked Lawrence Gray, a successful leading man, what his most outstanding illusions of Hollywood were, he replied,

"I have none about its people. But I have about Hollywood. Success comes through very hard work, plus an element of very great luck. If I get a very good part in a picture, I say it's luck. Take it or leave it, I say luck has much to do with success here. I've been ten years in the business and I know. Ask any of the others who have won their way. They'll tell you so, too."

I find the players call it "The City of Golden Dreams," "The City Where Nobody Cares," and "The City of Discontent." And there are a few other nicknames which can't be printed.



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He's Got 'em "Scairt"

Continued from page 34

recognizable at one of the tables. Rising, he came over, carrying a glass of iced tea which comprised his lunch. He had, he explained, been doing scenes which required him to eat; and food, for the time being, was distasteful.

In his costume of overalls and blue cotton shirt, with dark smudges on his cheek—he wears no make-up—he looked like a cheerful country boy. Having worked myself into a critical humor, I told him so.

"Yes," he agreed, "I look like Charles Ray used to."

Did I imagine it, or did the publicity department start slightly.

Presently Lew pushed his tea aside, folded his bare arms on the table, and looked across at me with disarming friendliness.

"I don't see what any one can find to put in a story about me," he said. "Where I was born, and how I gave up playing in an orchestra to try the movies, have been told. There isn't anything else."

The lady and gentleman from the publicity department looked a bit uncomfortable at this treasonable admission. Finally some one suggested that the angle regarding the wide variety of his rôles might be used.

"But if you used that," said Lew, with disconcerting logic, "you would just be making a statement, and there wouldn't be any story, would there?"

The publicity department gave him glances which were the equivalent of a surreptitious kick. I began to like Lew considerably. The kid is straightforward and rational.

His current production, I learned, is a new version of John Gilbert's comparatively recent picture, "Man, Woman, and Sin." Is that, or is it not, inviting the world to make comparisons? Since the subject has been brought up, I predict that Lew will top Jack's performance. Lew is the correct age for the part, and a skillful actor as well.

"I'm the world's worst comedian," says Lew. "I'm not funny. Recently I had to do a scene with a girl in which we had to fall into a stream of water. I couldn't make it look funny; I couldn't get into the spirit or it, somehow. If I'm ever cast as a comedian, I'll be so bad I'll be put back to extra parts."

I suspect that Lew exaggerates his lack of talent as a *comique*, yet the depth and wistfulness of his dramatic work proves the latter to be his forte. In person he appears to be a most amiable young blade, with a lively interest in good, clean fun.

"What fascinates me most of all," said he, turning on his engaging smile, "is astronomy. I bought a new telescope—"

"But, Lew," protested the lady publicist, "I promised the writer who is coming to-morrow a story about your interest in astronomy."

Lew looked slightly disappointed and obediently relapsed into silence, but when he learned that I was interested in the subject, he could not resist dwelling on planetary matters, although the publicity people listened apprehensively.

Had I read a certain very excellent and concise book on astronomy? No? Would I like to have it? He would send it to me. It was the best he had found on the subject. This twenty-one-year-old actor is uncommonly well-informed on astronomical affairs, but journalistic ethics forbid any quotations.

He is a bright boy, is Lew Ayres. Don't let any one tell you otherwise. Recently he and a friend visited the Grand Canyon. Nothing would do but that Lew must explore the surrounding country, visiting prehistoric caves, and ferreting out relics of races long vanished from the earth. This baby is in his glory when digging in ancient ruins.

After lunch the girl from the publicity office returned to her work, leaving me in the chaperonage of her coworker, who took me to the Ayres set. Lew went to his dressing room, returning later in evening clothes. Director Monta Bell looked him over and set the silk hat very straight on his head.

Coming over to where we were watching rehearsals, Lew tugged unconcernedly at the top of his trousers.

"I forgot to put on suspenders," he remarked.

The publicity man looked uneasy. Everything had gone reasonably well thus far, but that last crack was a bit disconcerting. And then suddenly the blow fell.

"Come back to my dressing room with me," said Lew impulsively, addressing the two of us. "My pants are about to fall off; I want to put on my suspenders."

A prop boy caught the publicist when he swooned.

The last I saw of Lew he was nonchalantly climbing the stairs that led to his dressing room, one hand pressed against his very slender middle.

The publicity department is right. This charming youngster is not to be compared with any one.

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The Understanding Heart

Continued from page 83

pic, her precious book clutched in her arm.

The steamer docked and Miss Vere de Vere swung languidly down the gangplank. Immediately she was surrounded by photographers, reporters, officials of Metro-Goldwyn, and the smiling young man from the publicity department. And presently she was declaring her baggage.

Susie saw it all from a distance, her heart in her throat. She was only one girl in a great, heedless crowd. And suddenly the smiling young man caught sight of her and pushed toward her.

All at once, so it seemed to Susie, she found herself in the great presence and the smiling young man was saying, "Miss Vere de Vere, this little girl is a great admirer of yours. She isn't just a silly fan—her devotion goes deeper than that. She has a scrapbook of clippings here that must have taken her months to assemble and—"

But Susie didn't hear any more, for as one of Miss Vere de Vere's famous slow smiles began to dawn on her face Susie fainted.

When she came to, the star was kneeling on the floor and Susie's head was in her lap. Susie opened her eyes and as she did so Miss Vere de Vere said, "There, dear, don't be afraid. Everything's all right." She leaned forward and kissed Susie. And then Susie began to sob. Great, choking sobs. All the pent-up emotion of two years burst its dams. She had achieved an almost impossible ambition. She had been kissed by genius—had rested her tired head in its lap.

And presently she found that Miss Vere de Vere had sent the officials of her company and the smiling young man ahead in other cars and Susie was riding up Fifth Avenue alone with her. And when they reached the hotel, Miss Vere de Vere ordered the chauffeur to take Susie home.

That's all there is to this little true story. It hasn't any climax, for Susie never saw her idol again. But, if you ask her, she'll tell you with shining eyes that one of the biggest and most misunderstood stars has what so very, very few of us have—an understanding heart.

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Rosma goes to Landon and tells him that she will marry him, but he refuses, saying that he is not the marrying sort. She leaves him depressed, defeated. Things look black for the girl, and then of a sudden a situation develops which sweeps the reader along in its furious pace.

"Auctioned Off" is a love story very much in the tempo of the times, done with deep feeling and an eye for the dramatic which is characteristic of all its talented author's work. It belongs on your book shelf.

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Along Came Youth

Continued from page 90

Her *Diane*, in "Seventh Heaven," brought in the régime of youth. It smashed all the old standards. From then on, studios signed mere boys and girls and gave them leads to play. The stars who have held their places during this general upheaval are the ones who personify youth—Clara Bow, Joan Crawford, Gary Cooper, Richard Arlen, Buddy Rogers.

To-day the young players are as you and I. Even those who are not yet stars—and never will be if this prophetic article is true, which it is—live very simply.

Frank Albertson resides with his mother in a modest apartment. Frank would have a tough job to fling himself into an aura of glamour and hokum. His breezy personality typifies the boy himself in real life.

William Bakewell is another who could not walk in the ways of Valentino. The days of idol-worshiping are gone. Billy, like Mr. Albertson, lives with his mother in an apartment and rattles hither and yon in his modest car when the fit takes him.

Marguerite Churchill and her mother might be those very nice people who reside in that well-kept house down the street. Marguerite has a glowing personality. She is gracious and intelligent—but she belongs to the new era. No trailing gowns and long cigarette holders for Churchill.

There are other young people—Arthur Lake, Lew Ayres, Mary

Brian, Phillips Holmes. All sane and intelligent in their mode of living. You would never suspect them of being actors, if you met them on the street.

Arthur Lake resides in a quiet court with his mother and Florence, his sister. Though brought up on the stage, Arthur and Flo are like those nice young people who drop in at the country club.

In spite of the fact that Florence played a small part in "Romance" with Greta Garbo, she receives her friends at the Lake abode with the ease and grace of a *Récamier*. Bridge, I am told, is far more important than hokum and glamour with the Lake family.

And Mitzi Green, my present favorite, in spite of collecting seven hundred and fifty a week, is a very sensible, intelligent child. Mitzi will never be brought up after the manner of a Mary Miles Minter.

We still have a few stars left, grown-up stars, such as Garbo, Chatterton, Shearer, Swanson. But the old era is passing, and not because of the talkies. The downfall of the stars is merely a microscopic reflection of world-wide upheaval.

It may be sad for some, but the hokum days with their glamour are gone. The red glow is seen in the sky. The Valhalla of the movie gods and goddesses is in flames. The dusk of the stars has fallen. A new era of youth is in the ascendancy.

Yo-ho-ho and a Cream Puff

Continued from page 22

Marian floated home. "Well, darlings," she exclaimed, "what if I told you I'm likely to be John Barrymore's leading lady?"

"I could think of no one better than you," remarked Sister Jeanne. "Barrymore has good taste," said George.

While many movie girls are affected, Marian is calm and natural. If you imagine she is beautiful but dumb, you'll get a surprise. This child knows what she wants and will get it.

"I'm taking lessons in singing, dancing, and elocution," Marian says. "Not because I am proficient in any one talent, but because they will help to improve my acting."

Everything looks rosy now. Jeanne Morgan has just finished a part with Constance Bennett, in "The Easiest Way," and has changed her name again, this time to Jean Fenwick. Since playing two of the young avia-

tors in "The Dawn Patrol," George and Edward are prepared for anything in the movies.

I pleaded with *la Marsh*, "What of your love life, your admirers?"

Marian serenely wrapped her scarf about her neck.

"This lunch has been long enough already," she declared. "We'll be thrown out if we don't move. By the way, I've discovered a wonderful shop near Highland Avenue where they make real homemade cakes. Come along, we'll drive home that way."

Just a sweet kid after all—but a brainy one at that.

P. S.: The family from Trinidad is moving into another home. I have lost my dazzling neighbors, but the screen has gained them. Especially Marian Marsh. So I'll try and bear my loss with stoicism.

The Screen in Review

Continued from page 96

"Seas Beneath."

Another case of having a good time at a picture if you find yourself able to overlook a story that's pretty flimsy. Yet by reason of brilliant camera work, experienced, imaginative direction and, for the most part, good acting, the film raises itself to importance and becomes entertaining in spite of handicap.

It is a submarine film and relates the activities of a United States vessel used as a decoy to capture a German undersea menace. During a stop at the Canary Islands, the young commander of the American vessel meets the heroine, a German spy, whose brother is captain of the enemy craft. Naturally, he is unaware of her status. He rescues her at sea, takes her aboard his vessel and is slow to discover that she is signaling her brother. The climax comes when he is forced to sink the German submarine, but they say that love conquers all, so the girl makes no bones about loving the man responsible for a death in her family.

George O'Brien is admirable as the commander and so, too, is John Loder as the German. As much cannot, however, be said for Marion Lesing, whose ability to speak both English and German is her strongest qualification for the rôle. Warren Hymer, Larry Kent, Gaylord Pendleton, and Walter MacGrail fit into the scene and Mona Maris is glimpsed regretfully in a bit.

"Finn and Hattie."

A reasonably amusing comedy that might have been more, is this version of Donald Ogden Stewart's funny book, "Mr. and Mrs. Haddock Abroad." It fails to live up to its possibilities because the direction is conventional, uninspired, while the material at hand is good. However, it will amuse where it might have set a record.

It's all about a go-getter business man, his sad wife, their precocious young daughter and their trip to

Paris. The child knows the world better than her parents, so she is equipped to circumvent the plot of a vamp to blackmail her father. This she does with the skill of a veteran. And when you know that the rôle is played by Mitzi Green, with Lilyan Fashman her adversary, your expectations will be realized.

Leon Errol is the father, Zasu Pitts the mother, and Jackie Searl, the mean little boy in "Tom Sawyer," is the victim of Mitzi's mischief. All do well, but the total of their efforts does not put the picture over.

"Girls Demand Excitement."

But do they get it? And what about the boys? Well, the girls and boys in this picture try their darnedest to stir things up for themselves, as well as those of their age and kind in the audience. Their efforts have the shrillness of collegiate high spirits, for this is filmed in a coed hall of learning, and the result is thoroughly juvenile. But what else could it be? asks the optimist of the dyspeptic.

And so we have the conflict that ensues when the male half of the college decides to oust the female contingent. The girls choose their own means to get even with the boys and resist dispossession, with, of all things, a basket-ball match between the two factions to decide the issue. Since the picture was directed by a dance specialist it is no wonder that the ensemble frequently has the appearance of a chorus without music. But the action is fast and the aggregation of youth is pleasant.

John Wayne, late of "The Big Trail," is the hero who obviously cuts the elocution classes at Bradford College, but he is good looking. Virginia Cherrill does well as the typical heroine, and Marguerite Churchill, William Janney, Eddie Nugent, Marion Byron, and Martha Sleeper are other upholders of youthful enthusiasm. But where was David Rollins when all this youth was frolicking? He's missing.

The Movie Runaround

Continued from page 94

least she'd have a little fun first, make something of herself. But that was poor consolation.

At the door she ran into Dennis Lindsay, who stared at her in amazement tinged with disgust.

"Well, I've been looking all over town for you!" he exclaimed. "But

this is the last place I expected to find you. Couldn't resist the movies after all, could you?"

"No, I couldn't!" she snapped, and stalked past, though the very sight of him made her heart ache.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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Feathering Their Nests

Continued from page 88

Harry Green, the comedian, is a dressmaker. That is, he and a business partner manufacture women's and children's dresses in New York.

One of the most cordially welcomed crazes to sweep California—as well as all America—was pee-wee golf. This backyard pool has done more to clean up vacant lots and dispose of tin cans and liniment bottles than any municipal campaign ever started here.

The fad struck Los Angeles and Hollywood just at a time when vacant lots were duds on the market. First to realize what the possibilities might be was Mary Pickford. The Mary Pickford Company which manages and develops the actress's extensive realty holdings, early filed application for a permit to build a miniature course on Wilshire Boulevard where five lots were idle.

William Seiter, husband of Laura La Plante, followed with a course near the Hollywood public library. Then came Sol Lesser, producer, with a third right in the heart of cinemaland.

This was followed by the opening of the Irene Rich baby golf course which she leased on a percentage basis. All have been extremely popular, and earnings have been sufficient to meet the grocery bills.

This thing of feathering the nest seems to have taken definite courses in the land of wavering fortunes. The movie stars have been bilked out of outrageous sums in years gone by, but bankers and legal advisers are curbing these raids now.

Mrs. Wallace Reid, seeing that 1931 would be bad for independent

producers, bought a large apartment house and recruited tenants from among the film people. The building is equipped with a swimming pool and a complete gymnasium, and each apartment is furnished to please the tastes of the tenant.

Helen Jerome Eddy has a popular tea room which she leaves in the hands of a manager while she plays in pictures. There are numerous beauty parlors and minor establishments to which actresses have lent their names, even though they do not have proprietary interests.

Besides these, there possibly are half a hundred actors and actresses who offer engraved cards announcing that they are real-estate agents—honest-to-goodness real-estate agents—who will sell you almost anything from business lots near San Francisco's ferry building to a whole subdivision, or a stretch of lonely beach, for "just a dirty fraction of what it is worth." Every one out of a job in California sells real estate.

I think the most ingenious of all the actors retiring from the screen is Harry Woods. Harry played heavies in Westerns for years. Taken on location in the desert time after time, he was attracted by the beautiful specimens of wild cactus so utterly foreign to usual hothouse plants. He began collecting them. For the past year or two he has been building cactus beds in some of the most beautiful gardens in the Southland. This has brought him a splendid income.

So—may I say this?—Mr. Woods has "feathered his nest with cactus."

Quick, Watson, the needle!

They Say in New York---

Continued from page 111

Still At Large.

In spite of the way film producers have descended on the theater to lure players to Hollywood with big money, the four great ladies of the American stage have not yet appeared in films. Ethel Barrymore and Jane Cowl among the older generation, Katharine Cornell and Helen Hayes of the younger, are usually accepted as the greatest our stage has to offer.

Helen Hayes will succumb to the blandishments of Metro-Goldwyn sometime soon, it is expected, but Katharine Cornell says she will undertake long road tours in order to get a country-wide audience. She really loves the theater, and she isn't awfully keen about money.

Let the Rumors End.

Virginia Valli and Charles Farrell were married in Yonkers on February 14th at the parsonage of the Methodist Episcopal Church. This will end—or should, at least—those thousands of letters which weekly besieged motion-picture editors and Mr. Farrell himself which asked if he were in love with Janet Gaynor, and if he were heartbroken over her marriage to Lydell Peck.

Because Janet and Charlie portrayed young love so exquisitely on the screen in "Seventh Heaven," they have been pursued for years by the rumor hounds who insisted that anything so poignant just couldn't have

Continued on page 119

Sun-baked Bohemia

Continued from page 85

Thus far sun-kist bohemia has produced few men of general renown, and its very existence passes almost unnoticed. But this does not mean that there is no wheat in the chaff. It means that conditions conspire to make it hard for the beginner in the arts to get recognition.

The languorous appeal of out-of-door life distracts him from concentrating on hard work. The inescapable sun blazes down, drinking up the fancy-breeding mists.

In this climatic serenity there is no crash of thunder, no sudden summer shower, no wind whistling cerily down the chimney on murky nights, no starlit splendor or new-fallen snow, no miraculous spring rebirth of the world to whip up his imagination.

The stinging lash of ambition and necessity does not drive him as hard as in more unkind climates, and if he obeys the delightful inclination to let things drift he is apt to find himself in a land of the Lotus Eaters.

There are compensations, of course. The out-of-door life, the golden sunshine, and the brilliant splashes of color everywhere are a constant inspiration to the artist. There is a hard splendor in the unveiled sun that transforms even the most squalid Mexican shack into a picturesqueness that cries for his brush.

The Bohemian often suffers, too, if isolated from those of congenial spirit. Many of the cliques, particularly those out of Hollywood, are so thoroughly centered among dissimilar and antagonistic majorities that they are only remotely conscious of each other. They have little of the sustaining group awareness of other Bohemians.

The struggling beginner is also cut off, to a large extent, from the financial support available to those in some communities. The movies are practically closed to him. The newspapers are swamped with job-seekers.

The little programs are usually one-man undertakings. Employment of any kind is scarce.

It is the fate of the average newcomer without influence or reputation to be isolated, discouraged, and starved out. The lucky unknown who succeeds in crashing the studio gates and evading the bouncers within, is apt to accomplish the feat through skill in salesmanship and politics, two qualities in which most writers and artists are conspicuously lacking, at least in the Hollywood sense.

The hilltop which blossomed for a time as a miniature bohemia is taken over by retired mail carriers or peddler salesmen from Georgia or Illinois. The wine stains and the futuristic doo-dads disappear, and portraits of Aimee McPherson blossom forth on the walls.

Meanwhile the young, the foot-loose and the adventure-craving continue to pour into town, lured by visions of El Dorado. One is reminded of the California gold rush, which, though making its primary appeal to greed, ensnared such men as Mark Twain and Bret Harte, and laid the foundations for the not inconsiderable literary and art colonies of the San Francisco area.

No gold-rush camp knew a more strangely assorted group of characters and life stories than one finds in Hollywood. What is Los Angeles? The Comstock Lode, the Riviera, Des Moines, Broadway, Coney Island, Little Mexico, Chautauqua, all bubbling furiously in the same melting pot.

Here is a wealth of raw story material, yet, with a few exceptions, few writers have penetrated below the surface of things. It is just one of the opportunities lying ready for the Bohemian spending his struggling and formative years in the midst of it.

What's Wrong with Hollywood Men?

Continued from page 18

women see an opportunity to get publicity out of a prominent man's attentions. They plaster the affair sky high when the poor man wants to keep his love affair private.

"The poor actors!" *la* Duncan concluded in a wistful tone. "It's really a shame—all this criticism they get from their screen sweethearts. They try so hard to please!"

And, in a truly touching way, as we took one last pitying look at the

gilded darlings feeding at the Embassy Club, and struggled into our coats to brave the unusual California weather, Mary whispered, "It's almost as hard being an actor as it is being an actress."

A rainbow arched the Boulevard as we came out of the club. Ah, well, I thought more cheerily to myself, as Mary left me to deposit a staggering check in the corner bank. "There's recompense—there's recompense!"

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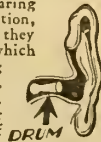
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A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

Continued from page 72

wine nor women. Nothing like novelty. Lively, smart dialogue. Bebe Daniels clever, charming. Edward Everett Horton, Claude Allister, June MacCloy.

"No Limit."—Paramount.

Clara Bow prettier and slimmer than in recent films, entertaining, but not always convincing. Innocent usherette accepts an apartment to find it's a gambling den, and being so innocent, what are poker chips to her? Voilà! Stuart Erwin, Harry Green, Thelma Todd, Dixie Lee.

"The Bachelor Father."—Metro-Goldwyn.

First part Marion Davies at her best, then somebody decided to put in slapstick excitement. Bachelor who tries to collect his offspring well played by C. Aubrey Smith. Ralph Forbes, Guinn Williams.

"The Royal Bed."—RKO

Trials and woes of royalty in delightful travesty. Nance O'Neil burlesques Queen Maria of Roumania. Lowell Sherman adequate, clever. Mary Astor, Anthony Bushell, Hugh Trevor, Robert Warwick.

"One Heavenly Night."—United Artists.

Début of Evelyn Laye prima donna of operetta. Film is tasteful and charming, but does not justify expense. Miss Laye loses much when put on the screen. John Boles, Lilyan Tashman, Leon Errol, Hugh Cameron do well.

"Free Love."—Universal.

Gayer, more knowing than most films labeled sophisticated comedy. Diverting, but proves nothing about spats of husband and wife, though admirably played by Conrad Nagel and Genevieve Tobin. Zasu Pitts wistful maid; Monroe Owsley, Ilka Chase.

"Just Imagine."—Fox

If they had only imagined a little more and done less song-and-hoofing! Tin Pan Alley goes prophetic and shows life fifty years hence. Maureen O'Sullivan, John Garrick, Frank Albertson, El Brendel, Marjorie White.

"The Passion Flower."—Metro-Goldwyn.

Rich girl marries a chauffeur, and her cousin falls in love with him, although she first despised him. Trite story made entertaining by Kay Francis, Charles Bickford, Kay Johnson; Zasu Pitts and Lewis Stone effectively cast.

"Laughter."—Paramount.

The screen is going too whimsical for words, if this is a sign of the times. A group of the quaintest folk in the world make high jinks. Nancy Carroll and Fredric March brilliant. Glen Anders, Diane Ellis, Frank Morgan.

"Kismet."—Warner.

Another warmed-over silent, a bit flat, for the cooks slipped up somewhere. The Orient without its old flavor. Otis Skinner as beggar in Arabian Night story, with pretty girl, caliph, and all. Loretta Young, David Manners, Sidney Blackmer, Mary Duncan.

"War Nurse."—Metro-Goldwyn.

Sufferings of volunteer nurses behind the trenches, physical and moral. Good

work, but short of greatness. Love interest concerns two soldiers, two nurses. June Walker, of stage, makes excellent début; Anita Page, Robert Montgomery, Robert Ames also good. Zasu Pitts, Marie Prevost.

"Madam Satan."—Metro-Goldwyn.

Slow-moving tale of humdrum wife who goes "wicked" to get husband from cabaret girl. The clash and victory come aboard a Zeppelin, which then wrecks in most faked scenes of recent date. Kay Johnson, Reginald Denny, Roland Young, Lillian Roth.

"What a Widow!"—United Artists.

Disappointing on the whole, but displays new talents of Gloria Swanson. Slapstick farce in swanky settings. Rich young widow goes to Paris for good time and has it. Owen Moore, Margaret Livingston, Herbert Brazzetti, Gregory Gaye.

If You Must

"Kiss Me Again."—First National.

Pleasant but not stimulating is this tale of shopgirl who renounces high-born lover, to be reunited when she becomes a prima donna. Pretty airs do not make a movie. Bernice Claire, Walter Pidgeon, June Collyer.

"The Man Who Came Back."—Fox.

Misguided attempt of two nice young people to be wicked, with bitter realism of a Mother Goose story. Separated, Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell do an *Anna Christie* in an opium den, and reclaim each other. Leslie Fenton, Kenneth MacKenna.

"Once a Sinner."—Fox.

Another version of lady-with-a-past story. Old sweetheart tries to help girl and husband, and things get tangled a bit. Dorothy Mackaill, Joel McCrea, John Halliday, Ilka Chase do their best to save things.

"Resurrection."—Universal.

Old silent brought to life, too, but it happens every day. Tolstoy's story well directed, but not quite effective on the whole. Best work of Lupe Velcz. John Boles, Nance O'Neil. The plot is familiar.

"The Truth About Youth."—First National.

Oh, yeah? All about a girl's hidden love for middle-aged guardian and his efforts to mate her to "The Imp"—David Manners, who is anything but, and, anyway, falls for a night-club cutie. Loretta Young, Conway Tearle, Myrna Loy.

"Way for a Sailor."—Metro-Goldwyn.

Indifferent film of sailor with girl in every port. John Gilbert still minus the glamour of the old days, through the mike's capriciousness. Wallace Beery, Jim Tully playing at acting, Leila Hyams.

"The Boudoir Diplomat."—Universal.

Amusing play called "The Command to Love" becomes dull and pretentious, and

why the more suggestive title? Ian Keith miscast as hero Mary Duncan, Betty Compson.

"The Virtuous Sin."—Paramount.

The cinematic son, rather. Write makes play for Russian general, to save condemned husband's life, and gets fond of gruff old soldier. All will be hotsy-totsy when hubby is shot. Walter Huston, Kay Francis, Kenneth MacKenna.

"Sin Takes a Holiday."—Pathe.

But only in this film, presumably, for *Tillie, the Toiler*, becomes the lawful bride of the boss, and tumbles into millions, giving nothing in return. You know, just like those oodles of stenogs you have known. Constance Bennett plays the little gel. Kenneth MacKenna, Basil Rathbone.

"The Big Trail."—Fox.

Just a noisy "Covered Wagon" which,

with all the Injuns and buffaloes, fails to get a big haul. When wild producers realize that fans want interesting people and action, not lumber wagon trains? Marguerite Churchill, David Rollins, John Wayne, new partner with the boy doctor.

"Du Borry, Woman of Passion."—United Artists.

Sad lipse in career of one of screen's best, Norma Talmadge, released probably on word of yes men. Story of *Louis XI's* girl friend who escapes guillotine to arms of Conrad Nagel, William Farnum, Hobart Bosworth, Ulrich Haupt, Alison Skipworth.

"The Bat Whispers."—United Artists.

Shivers of ten years ago calm down to slightest tremors, if not actually boring, as *The Bat* amays old lady in leased house. Chester Morris's energy uncurbed. Una Merkel, William Bakewell, Maude Eburn.

They Say in New York—

Continued from page 116

been acting. And all that time, and even longer, Charlie was paying court to Virginia. She had been married before, and had been so shattered when her marriage went on the rocks that she was hesitant about taking the step again.

To avoid being married on Friday the 13th, Virginia and Charlie were married just after midnight. Accompanied by Blanche Sweet, Alice Joyce, and Charlie's manager, they drove back to New York and had a wedding breakfast at four a. m. Then they dodged reporters for two days until they boarded a ship for Italy. Unless the studio sends an urgent call for Charlie, they will tour Europe for three months.

Virginia won the award for cruel frankness for all time by giving her age as thirty-six. Beside her many an ingénue just past twenty looks jaded and faded. Garbed in deep blue that set off her delicate coloring, and swathed in a mink coat that made her look fragile, she wasn't youthful—she was childlike.

Goldwyn Takes a Chance.

Reckoned by many the most astute scout in the picture business, Samuel Goldwyn has decided to take a chance on Ina Claire. After her brilliant performance in "The Royal Family of Broadway" RKO wanted her for "Rebound" and Paramount wanted her for a picture some time in the future, but only Sam Goldwyn had faith enough to offer a five-year contract. Miss Claire has the reputation of being caustic, demanding the best of everything and of being temperamental, but so has he, so she can't frighten him. It looks like an even break, and they probably will make

fine pictures together, just because neither of them will accept mediocrity without a struggle.

Long heralded as the living example of what the well-dressed woman will wear, Miss Claire must be fed up with the rôle. She appears at first nights in a wrap of a poisonous shade of blue and lets her hair hang over her face à la Airedale.

Vaudeville Calls.

Leatrice Joy is on a vaudeville tour taking in New York and the hinterland, wearing lovely frocks and giving the most dramatic recitations you ever heard. Leatrice has developed that spellbinding, up-and-at-'em technique that is so necessary in vaudeville, and throws herself into her work as if she loved it.

Blanche Sweet is toying with the idea of going into vaudeville, and may do a song-and-dance act. That's Hollywood's answer to all the revue performers who have come out and overrun the studios.

Still Waters Run Deep.

Elissa Landi has been in Hollywood for several months and she hasn't started piloting a cerise airplane, been kidnaped or announced her engagement to a famous athlete. All she has done is make a picture called "Body and Soul" which at the preview made stockholders shout "Boy, we've got something here!" Also when two extremely clever young men, Kenneth MacKenna, the actor, and William Menzies, greatest of set designers, were made codirectors on "Always Good-by," they asked just one favor. Give them Elissa Landi for the lead, and they'd guarantee to turn out a picture.



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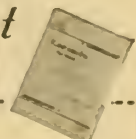
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Continued from page 102

EVELYN.—You're out of luck on Lew Ayres's home address, because he doesn't give it. His first picture was "The Sophomore" in which he played a bit. His featured rôles have been in "The Kiss," "All Quiet on the Western Front," "Common Clay," "East Is West," "The Doorway to Hell," and "Fires of Youth."

BABE.—If curiosity really killed a cat, it just shows that I haven't any catty readers. Tim McCo, was born on April 10, 1891. He is five feet eleven and weighs 170. He is married to Agnes Heron Miller, but I don't know how many years ago the great event took place. Tim has been out of pictures lately, but perhaps Metro-Goldwyn would forward your request for a photograph.

HELEN CAINE.—I'm sorry, but I have no record of the name of the Broadway restaurant in which Valentino danced prior to his fame. As to the date, it was about 1915 or 1916.

ELEANORE L.—What is an old guy like me to say when you ask if Joan Crawford's hair is naturally wavy, or if she has a permanent? I don't know Joan's boudoir secrets. Joan is American, born in San Antonio, March 23, 1906. She grew up in Kansas City and worked her way through a girl's school. She ran away from home at the age of fifteen and joined a musical show in Chicago. From there her stage career brought her to New York, where she was "discovered" for pictures by Harry Rapf of Metro-Goldwyn. Her first film rôle was a small one in "I'll Tell the World." Her next film after "Dance, Fools, Dance" has not been announced at this writing. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Joan's husband, is also American.

MISTER O. K.—Your question is a hard one. I have no way of checking up on the financial backing of the company you describe, which is producing plays in Los Angeles with a view to doing them later on the screen. However, Irene Rich has been playing on the stage there, so the scheme sounds authentic. RKO is also producing plays on the West Coast.

VIOLA HOPE.—You've answered your own questions about the lack of stories on Kay Johnson and Larry Kent. You say that other fans seem not to inquire about them! Naturally an editor has to publish stories about players in whom the majority of fans are interested. You'll be glad to know that Larry Kent returns to the screen in a Fox film, "Seas Beneath." Kay Johnson was born in New York of Scotch-English ancestry. Kay was on the New York stage when she married John Cromwell, actor and director, and accompanied him to Hollywood. Her new film is "The Single Sin" for Tiffany.

CHARLOTTE OTTEN.—Aren't you just a little mixed up? Bernice Claire was not teamed with Alexander Gray in "Viennese Nights"; that was Vivienne Segal. Bernice is now playing in vaudeville, but she will undoubtedly return to the screen. You can reach both of them in care of First National studio. The songs in "Viennese Nights" were "I Bring a Love Song," "You Will Remember Vienna," "Here We Are," "Regimental March," "Ja, Ja, Ja," "I'm Lonely." These are published by Harms Music Corporation, 62 West 45th Street, New York City.

NOVARRO FOREVER.—Well, he may not

go on forever, but Ramon is still going strong. And his next picture is "Day-break."

Addresses of Players

Richard Arlen, Mary Brian, Marlene Dietrich, Charles Ruggles, Warner Oland, Ruth Chatterton, Clara Bow, Olive Brook, Charles ("Buddy") Rogers, Gary Cooper, William Powell, Nancy Carroll, Jean Arthur, Jack Oakie, Kay Francis, Fredric March, Rosita Moreno, Richard Gallagher, Mitzi Green, Harry Green, Phillips Holmes, Wynne Gibson, Lilyan Tashman, Carol Lombard, at Paramount Studio, Hollywood, California.

Greta Garbo, Lella Hyams, Edward Nugent, Ramon Novarro, Norma Shearer, John Gilbert, William Haines, Marion Davies, Robert Montgomery, Mary Doran, Cliff Edwards, Lawrence Tibbett, Wallace Beery, Raquel Torres, Joan Crawford, Conrad Nagel, Anita Page, Buster Keaton, John Mack Brown, Lewis Stone, Charles Blekford, Marle Dressler, Neil Hamilton, Lily Damita, Polly Moran, William Bakewell, Marjorie Rambeau, Kent Douglass, Lester Vail, Ivor Novello, Joan Marsh, at the Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California.

Ronald Colman, Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge, Chester Morris, Walter Huston, Al Jolson, Evelyn Laye, Joan Bennett, Ina Claire, at the United Artists Studio, 7100 Santa Monica Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Richard Barthelmess, Dorothy Mackaill, Loretta Young, Grant Withers, Marian Marsh, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., at the First National Studio, Burbank, California.

Rose Hobart, Genevieve Tobin, Lewis Ayres, John Boles, at the Universal Studio, Universal City, California.

William Boyd, Marion Shilling, Ann Harding, Helen Twelvetrees, Russell Gleason, Constance Bennett, Eddie Quillan, at the Pathé Studio, Culver City, California.

George O'Brien, Edmund Lowe, Janet Gaynor, Kenneth MacKenna, Dixie Lee, Mona Maris, Fifi Dorsay, Charles Farrell, Victor MacLaglen, Lois Moran, Frank Albertson, Marguerite Churchill, David Rollins, Warner Baxter, John Garrick, Maureen O'Sullivan, John Wayne, Elissa Landi, Marjorie White, Jeanette MacDonald, El Brindel, at the Fox Studio, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Joan Blondell, Evelyn Knapp, Bebe Daniels, John Barrymore, Irene Delroy, James Hall, Joe E. Brown, Winnie Lightner, Marian Nixon, at the Warner Studio, Sunset and Bronson, Los Angeles, California.

Hugh Trevor, Bebe Daniels, Rita La Roy, Ivan Lebedeff, Dorothy Lee, Bert Wheeler, Robert Woolsey, Betty Compson, Sue Carol, Arthur Lake, June Clyde, Irene Dunne, Karl Dane, and Richard Dix, at the RKO Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

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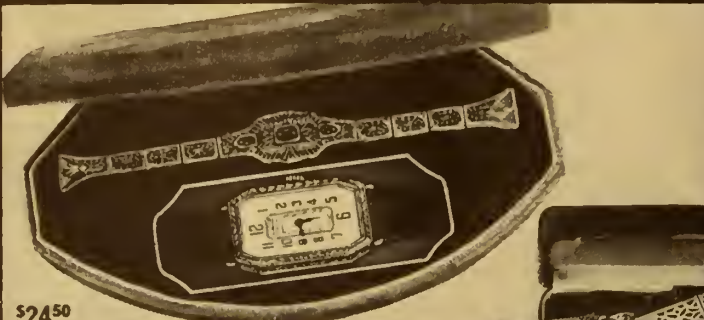


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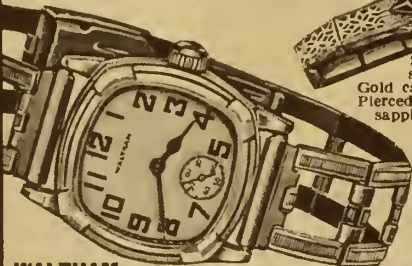
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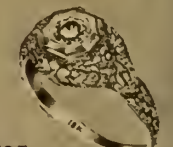
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What the FANS Think



If in Doubt—Like Both.

I HAVE been crazy about Greta Garbo since I first saw her in "Torrent" several years ago, but that does not prevent me from admiring Marlene Dietrich immensely. I think any one who admires one would admire the other, since they are of the same type. However, they have so many minor differences that it is not at all necessary to choose between them. One can admire both of them for different reasons.



Garbo has the more beautiful face—except for the mouth, all her features are better than Dietrich's—but Dietrich has a prettier face and prettiness is often more appealing than beauty. Dietrich has the better figure, but she is not seductive in street clothes. She is too fat.

Garbo's figure is far from perfect, but it is very seductive and, although awkward by nature, she carries herself gracefully. However, with few clothes on she is too thin. Dietrich has a more pleasing voice and speaks better English than Garbo. But she has not the emotion in her voice that Garbo has.

Dietrich has one immense advantage in this: everything is being done to help her. She is being well-publicized, is given an excellent director, an excellent supporting cast, and good stories. Garbo has become famous in spite of her company.

Publicity writers do not like Garbo, because she has succeeded without them and this will not help her in this crisis. I do not believe that Marlene Dietrich would ever have risen to the place she has on the screen on her own. Did she not act on the stage and screen abroad for several years without any particular attention? This is not true of Garbo. She was commented upon from her first picture and has always been above her material.

Dietrich has considerable talent and charm of her own, but she, or her director, copies many of the Garbo traits. In "Morocco" she obviously wore false eyelashes in an effort to resemble Garbo. All this is too bad, because, as I have said, she has charms of her own quite different from Garbo's. For example, her ability to sing. But she is much more commonplace than Garbo in looks and talent. There is humor in her face where there is tragedy in Garbo's.

I predict that Dietrich will surpass Garbo, because prettiness, sex appeal, and humor appeal more to the masses than beauty, distinction, and tragedy.

To sum up—I like them both, but I feel that Garbo is a great actress, the only woman genius the movies have produced, while Dietrich is merely a very attractive one.

TED SOMMERS.

55 Charles Street,
New York City.

Joan Her Incentive.

SOME months ago, an article appeared in Picture Play which discussed the reasons for some stars' tremendous popularity. It said of Miss Crawford, "Why has Joan Crawford become one of the most popular players? Certainly not because of beauty, nor because of any great dramatic talent," a most decidedly unfair statement.

Joan Crawford is lovely. She is the type of woman that inspires, that offers an incentive. For six years Joan Crawford has been my incentive. If ever I become anything of importance, Joan Crawford will be behind it all. When she scores a success, which she is constantly doing, I am sure no one is as glad for her as I am, unless it might be Douglas.



As for possessing great dramatic ability, she certainly has a wealth of it. Certainly any one who has seen "Paid" and "Dance, Fools, Dance" wouldn't make such a statement as Picture Play has made continuously. Joan Crawford is indeed one of the most inspired dramatic artists on the screen to-day.

For a long time Joan's fans have beseeched M.-G.-M. to give Joan a rôle worthy of her talents. It seems they have decided to comply with our request and we wish to thank them. As for myself, I should like to see Joan in pictures like "Paid" and "Dance, Fools, Dance" rather than silly, plotless films such as "Montana Moon" and "Untamed," which were interesting only because of her.

DOROTHY ROGERS.

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Continued from page 8

Through Rose-colored Glasses.

ALTHOUGH I have read "What the Fans Think" for a long time, I have refrained from joining in the fray. I am writing now to answer a letter written by Gerakline Olvanev about John Boles.



I have been a great admirer of Mr. Boles since I saw him in "The Desert Song," but he has not caused me to have any sleepless nights and I am still quite sane—at least I hope so.

Now, Miss Olvanev, it is easy to see that you, too, have fallen for the charms of Mr. Boles. I don't want to preach, but, please, I beg of you, be fair to the critic under fire, namely, Norbert Lusk. I admit that some of his criticisms were rather hot, but, after all, it is Mr. Lusk's job to say what he thinks, and a little criticism won't hurt Mr. Boles.

You know, we fans are rather inclined to look through rose-colored spectacles and to imagine Mr. Boles to be a man who could do no wrong. Just recall his films, and I think you will agree that while his personality seems to stand out, John Boles, the actor, isn't infallible.

Much as I disagree with some of Mr. Lusk's remarks, those about "Song of the West" were only too true. It was hard to find in his characterization a trace of the dashing *Red Shadow*.

HILDA M. WILKINS.

242 Commercial Road,
Landport, Portsmouth,
Hants, England.

So You're Like That!

WHY all this unfair criticism of Dorothy Jordan? I've read a great many letters, but rarely have I come across one praising her beauty, charm, or acting ability. I can't understand how any one could



have failed to appreciate her lovely performance in "Call of the Flesh." I—and there seemed to be plenty of others like me—thought her perfectly delightful in the rôle of the little convent innocent. I'll admit I didn't

particularly care for her in "Devil-May-Care" or "Gay Madrid," but seeing her opposite Novarro, in "Call of the Flesh," and in "Min and Bill," altered my opinion.

Before reading L. M. R.'s letter about Ramon Novarro I should like to say that I didn't know any one could possibly be so narrow-minded. Her recipe for the prevention or cure of "Novarroitis," as she termed it, proved conclusively she was a victim. So she'd probably "turn her American nose skyward if he were plain Samencijos, dealer in fruits and vegetables," would she? Well, that just proves how small some people can be.

And here's to Ramon, who has always been and always will be my one real favorite of them all and who, besides possessing one of the loveliest of singing voices, is the most fascinating, witty, thoroughly charming, and capable actor on the screen to-day. I should love to see him remake "Ben-Hur." That's a hope I've cherished ever since the talkies came.

CORAL WINTER.

3691 West King Edward Avenue,
Vancouver, British Columbia.

Grilled to a Crisp.

THERE is a limit to human endurance, and mine was reached when I read the interview with Dorothy Jordan in February Picture Play.

What the Fans Think

She begs the interviewer not to mention her beauty, saying "they all do," et cetera.



Miss Jordan shouldn't worry over such inconsequential things. Rather, she should beg on bended knees that no one mention her egotism, her utter lack of talent and sincerity, and her painful voice.

I have seen her in four pictures, due to her great good luck in playing with top-notch stars, and in all four she has been impossible beyond reason. When "Call of the Flesh" was shown here I stayed home. Not even Novarro's singing could compensate me for being bored to despair by Miss Jordan.

D. M.

Marshalltown, Iowa.

Garbo, Shakespeare, Aching Throats.

THERE seems to have been much criticism of Greta Garbo of late. The truth is that Greta Garbo does not appeal to persons of low intelligence for the same reason that Shakespeare does not appeal to them. They are utterly unable to appreciate her superb artistry.



Let them have their ga-ga girls, their Alice Whites and Clara Bows, with their weak, vacant, pretty faces. These come within the limits of their

mental appreciation. But give us Garbo!

To those whose souls are alive to what is highest in art and beauty she is like some master symphony. A being from another world. Rare, exquisite—above all earthly things. Her haunting beauty makes our throats ache with the wonder of it.

Because she has the shy, sensitive soul of a genius she withdraws herself from a world that cannot understand her. So she is called an eccentric. Because she prefers a sane and simple life to the hectic, artificial, unnatural life of Hollywood she is called a mystery by those who simply do not understand her.

To take a man who can appreciate nothing of art but that which appeals to the cruder senses to see a Garbo picture, is like leading a bull into a museum of art!

A HOLMES.

Worcester, Massachusetts.

Tibbett Is the Berries.

IT was with no little satisfaction I read the interview with Lawrence Tibbett in March Picture Play. Thank Heaven for a man, tickled to have people recognize him, thoroughly enjoying his work, and grateful for the success it has brought him, too manly to be high-hat and all that rot.



Evidently there are a few real people in Hollywood and Mr. Tibbett is one of them. You don't catch him hiding the

twins, either. He doesn't mind having his children photographed. Good boy, Lawrence! They are fine lads and here's one who hopes that Lawrence, Jr., and Richard inherit some of their father's musical and dramatic talent.

M.-G.-M. are to be congratulated on adding Mr. Tibbett to their list of stars. For those of us who are a little tired of the pretty boys, the bored boys, and the all too soulful boys, the virile personality, evident good humor, and God-given voice of Mr. Tibbett is more than a relief. May

his successes increase and his producer give him pictures worthy of his talents.

JOHN H. CLIFFORD.

Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

Mothering Our Clara.

GIVE her a break! The most unselfish, peppy, happy-go-lucky person it has ever been our pleasure to hear or see.

The ugly publicity thrown at Clara by her ungrateful secretary must have been a trying experience. Didn't it seem a pity, you who have families, that only a boy friend, devoted though he is, should be the only one to accompany her to court and encourage her against the stares of a curious public?



I felt as though I should mother her and say a few encouraging words to let her know that she really has some true friends who like her for her own self and not for her money or her fame.

Oh, the mean narrow-mindedness of that Oklahoma theater manager who refuses to show any of her pictures! Such people aren't worth the littlest part of Miss Bow's little finger.

ELEANOR CLARK.

7048 Damere Avenue,
Chicago, Illinois.

Why Not Shoot All Writers?

ONE minute I find myself regarding with amusement the letters in "What the Fans Think" and the next—well—here I am!

In February Picture Play, Everett Blagden said that Marie Dressler talks too much about her society friends. I'll admit, Mr. Blagden, I find nothing so detestable as a snob, and if by personal experience you have found Marie Dressler to be such, I can only say she is certainly not the



woman I have pictured her to be.

On the other hand, it may be that you are judging solely by published interviews. In that case, has it occurred to you that the interviewer may be at fault, rather than Marie? If the interviewer questions her about such things, what has Marie to do but answer? This being so, it is surely not Marie who is afflicted with the social complex.

MARY FRANCES K.

New Brunswick, Canada.

Mr. Mook, How Could You?

FOR shame, Mr. Mook, to compare Janet Gaynor with Nancy Drexel, the ingénue type. I rise to remark that Janet is not an ingénue, but a real, honest-to-goodness actress. If she has not histrionic ability, as our scribe says, may I ask who on the screen has?



I heartily agree with M. Shorey, of Casper, Wyoming, that Constance Bennett was in every respect unsuited for the rôle of *Ellen Neal* in "Common Clay." Sophistication certainly could not be embodied in the heroine, and Constance Bennett cannot cast aside her worldliness and air of boredom to imbue such a rôle with innocence.

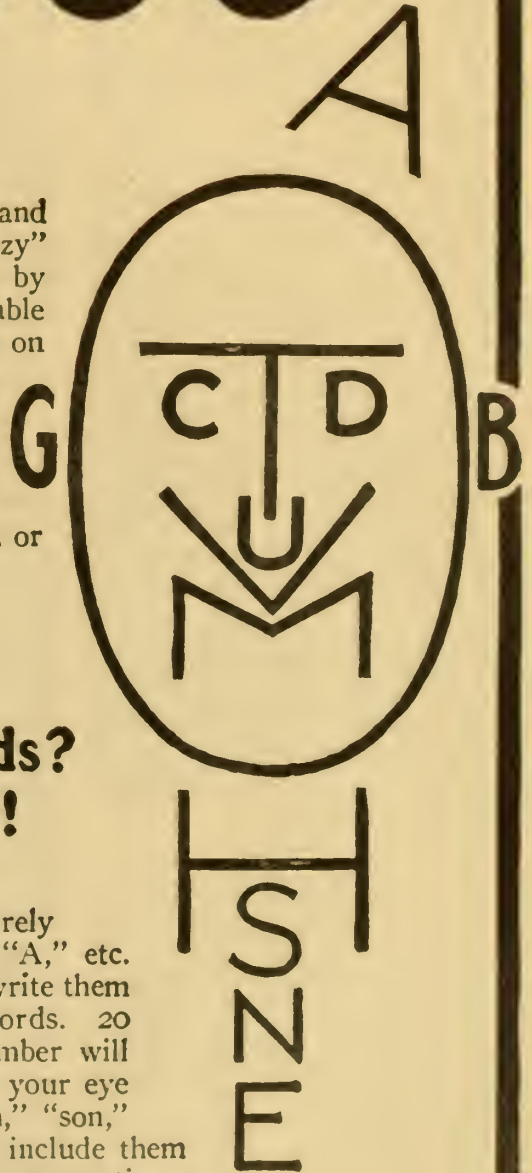
MISS M. LEADER.

Petaluma, California.

Continued on page 12

WIN \$2500⁰⁰

Yes, I mean it. Others have and now you can. I have hit upon a "crazy" scheme to get advertising and publicity by giving thousands of dollars worth of valuable prizes. I am going to spend over \$100,000.00 on advertising this year and if you haven't yet won one of the prizes in our liberal campaigns there was never a better opportunity for you than there is this time. In this one offer I am going to distribute dozens of valuable and desirable prizes, including prizes of \$2,500.00, \$1,100.00, \$1,000.00, \$900.00 and \$500.00 cash or brand new latest model 1931 sedans if preferred.



Can You Make Up 20 Words? Get Highest Puzzle Score!

You will notice the drawing at the right is made up entirely of letters. The outline of the face is "O," the hat is "A," etc. There are 14 letters altogether. Find these letters and write them down. Then use combinations of them to spell out words. 20 words are required for a correct answer, and this number will give you the highest score given for this test. I know your eye immediately hits on several words such as "hat," "gum," "son," etc. These are all good acceptable words and you may include them in your list. Each letter in the drawing may be used as many times as you wish, but no letters that do not appear may be used.

\$2,500.00 to you if you get 20 correct words and are prompt and win first prize; or, if you prefer, a latest model eight-cylinder Studebaker four-door Sedan and \$715.00 cash.

\$715.00 Additional for Promptness

makes the total first prize you can win \$2,500.00. Nothing to buy now, later or ever. Just send your list of words in a letter or on a post card. That's all. No obligation. If correct, you will be qualified for this opportunity. Duplicate prizes in case of ties. Persons living in Chicago and outside the U. S. A. not eligible.

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Tourist, Spare Our Dreams!

SEVERAL persons who had the good fortune to visit Hollywood and found it different from what they expected, are trying to shatter our dreams. May I warn you not to pay too much attention to them?

Picture Play was no good, I once thought, because folks had told me so. In August, 1926, when journeying from St. Louis to Milwaukee, I found myself with nothing to read, and no magazine but Picture Play in the train boy's basket, so what could I do but buy it? I soon found myself transported to another world. I forgot the dirty train, the heat, my hunger and weariness as I read page after page.

Myrtle Gebhart and I have been busy building a bridge of friendship for several years and often months elapse between her charming messages. I don't think that she high-hats me, for I know that she has several hundred correspondents, so it would be impossible for her to write weekly. I've written to other Picture Play writers and can truthfully say that they have all been very courteous and glad to give the desired information.

In "What the Fans Think" appeared a letter from an Anna Q. Nilsson fan, to whom I wrote. Imagine my surprise to learn that this girl, who knew Anna personally, turned the letter over to the actress, who said that she was pleased with it. Later I received a beautiful autographed photo and several letters. How I wish that it were possible for you to read those charming messages that Anna sent me.

You know that she has been very seriously ill, and that pain has been her constant companion, yet she cheered others. She even worked while flat on her back and in a plaster cast. The money she received was turned over to the hospital to be used to help erect a playroom for children.

MRS. MARTIN BOYER.

280 Bissell Avenue,
Buffalo, New York.

Here's a Star Like Cobwebs.

THANK God for Picture Play, where, when one has gone the limit, one can rave and get away with it.

I wish to extend my thanks to Norbert Lusk for his reviews of "The Virginian" and "A Man from Wyoming." We must be kindred souls or something, and now, if he will refrain from overlooking that Gary Cooper played in "Morocco," I will be perfectly happy.

I have watched Gary's career from that first bit in "Wings," to his latest and, to me, there is no more charming and versatile actor upon the screen. He has looks, and personality, and any one who can compare Robert Montgomery to him is—well, there's no accounting for tastes.

One fan compared him to John Boles. I once heard a child say, "I like John Boles, but he has such a funny face." I agree. He is like a charge of dynamite. You have to sit and hold your breath for fear he will bellow some song.

Notice the profile of Gary. He has the one perfect face in the movies. Again and again I say that Gary Cooper is the one and only really charming man in the movies, and he is never monotonous.

Won't some one kindly hold me? Every time I see a picture of Marlene Dietrich, I just go wild. If I were a man, I would pursue her. Being a woman, I can only follow the tactics I use on Gary and Lane Chandler—pursue her down the dark aisles of out-of-the-way theaters. She is so wonderful that I can find no words

What the Fans Think

to describe her, but that she is like a cobweb that is so frail, but holds, and when she is gone, remains like the feeling a cobweb leaves upon your hand.

Three cheers for Catherine Dale Owen. She is a real lady, and people can't understand her. If she acted like a bar-keeper's daughter, I believe the average public would like her, because she would come up to their standards.

I have noticed, in several magazines and newspapers, that the American Federation of Music had an advertisement that depicted a Robot singing. What of it? I'd rather hear John Boles sing, via the screen, than to hear a funny-faced tenor, with a ton of whale meat on his tummy, sing in the flesh. Who wouldn't?

Won't some one feed Joan Crawford a good meal? It is a shame the way she starves for a shape. I look for her to fall apart with each succeeding picture.

I am one of the few that knows why Charlie Chaplin doesn't make a talking picture. What would the fans think when they heard his Cockney English? He would join the ranks of shattered illusions.

RUTH WARNER.

1473 South Belmont Avenue,
Indianapolis, Indiana.

All For Garbo.

THERE are so many different conceptions of acting that it is almost impossible to get many people to agree on any one standard, but I have been a theater and moviegoer for many years and I am sure that those who call Greta Garbo a fine actress are not mistaken. Of course she is not cute—thank goodness! we have so many cuties—but she is very beautiful. In fact, I would say she is one of the very few beautiful women on the screen. Beauty is not perfection of face and figure according to measurements, but that which awakens a "divine hunger" and no face or body on the screen does that so much as Greta Garbo.

Greta Garbo is almost without any training in the art of acting. If you are primarily an admirer of trained voices and highly polished acting such as that offered by the people from the stage, Miss Garbo will not appeal to you very strongly. The only way to be stage-trained is to have acted on the stage and Miss Garbo has not. This school of acting is led by people from the stage such as Ruth Chatterton, Ann Harding, George Arliss, et cetera.

What Greta Garbo has is great natural ability as an actress. Almost any intelligent person can be trained to be a good actress, as is seen in the way Nancy Carroll improves in every picture, but what Greta Garbo has you have to be born with. A wonderfully plastic face, great emotional depth, and lovely hands which she uses beautifully, are her attributes.

If imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, Miss Garbo should feel honored. All the stars copy her hair dress, her clothes, her poses. Some of the imitators have talent of their own, like Marlene Dietrich. But she has only the siren side of the Garbo personality and there's more to Greta than that. Her imitators, in fact, only continue to show us how incomparable she is.

Although I don't really approve of taking actors' private lives into consideration unless they are forced upon you, we also have every reason to admire Miss Garbo in this respect. She is stronger than Hollywood and has not let it change her. She seems to have a great deal of courage and good taste. I can easily understand why she does not give interviews. I cannot understand on what basis one

of the fans calls her conceited, unless it is just that she thinks that any one so praised must be.

GEORGE GRAHAM.

New York City.

Mixing Brains and Ink.

I WANT to voice a protest against the idol-worshipping method of exploiting the stars, as demonstrated by the letter in a recent Picture Play anent Ramon Novarro. Poor Ramon! I can imagine him writhing under such an outburst. He is too fine an artist to be exploited in the Rudy Vallée fashion.

No one could be a more loyal Novarro fan than I. I have traveled miles to see his pictures. His singing in "Call of the Flesh" reduced me to tears. His wealth of personal charm and his golden voice place him in the ranks of the truly great artists. All these things I concede, yet I must confess that seeing him has never sent me to bed for three days. I am sure he wouldn't wish his performances to be a punishment. I come home from a Novarro picture feeling very much at peace with the world, thinking, "There, that was an evening well spent!"

No wonder the stars ignore their fan mail, if such letters are a sample of what they receive. Let us mix some brains with our ink.

EUGENIE VAN HOUTEN.
721 East Ninety-ninth Street,
Brooklyn, New York.

She Doesn't Like to Cry!

NOBODY loves a theme song," say you. Well, here's some one who does! I would much rather see a good musical than the best of drama. I go to the movies, not to weep, not to have my heartstrings torn, but to enjoy myself. Of course, I like drama, too, but give me "The Love Parade" and "Monte Carlo," and you can have your heavy histrionics.

Of course, there are many reasons why audiences don't like musicals. Most important is that there are so few good ones. Another reason is that people who cannot sing are given big parts, while persons like Jeanette MacDonald are given cheap little blues songs. Witness "Let's Go Native." In the same film, the moving-man chorus is another reason for the fans swearing off singies.

But pictures like "The Love Parade" and "Monte Carlo" are no ordinary musicals. They are directed and acted with such finesse and charm that they are a joy to see and hear.

I say, let's have more musicals, but of the Ernst Lubitsch-Maurice Chevalier type!

PEARL A. KATZMAN.
601 West 189th Street,
New York City.

Sultan's Bid Proves It.

THE letter from Mel Grayson in February Picture Play settles the matter. I am at last fed up on hearing such players as Clara Bow, Greta Garbo, and Lillian Roth panned. I have never had the pleasure of knowing these delightful actresses personally, so I felt that I really didn't know enough about them to come to their rescue and defend them.

At last it has come. A letter mentioning three actresses whom I know personally, and whom I have had the pleasure to watch at work. Mel Grayson said, "Who would try to compare Helen Kane, Lillian Roth, or Zelma O'Neal with snappy, vivacious Clara Bow or dainty Nancy Carroll?" Here's where I rise to protest. Helen Kane, Zelma O'Neal, and Nancy Carroll are the three actresses whom I know very well.

Who would indeed try to compare the

naturalness which is evident in the work of both Helen Kane and Zelma O'Neal, and their human friendliness, with the all-too-evident effort of Nancy Carroll to appear sweet and innocent in her pictures?

Even when you meet Nancy off the set you are conscious that every action is a carefully planned pose, that she is trying to impress you with her sweet, childlike innocence.

I should like Mel to mention, if possible, any one thing that Nancy has contributed to national life, such as Helen Kane's "boop-boopa-doop" and Zelma's big bows and "Varsity Drag."

In a very short time after Helen's success "boop-boopa-doop," became a national expression. To-day, if Mel will be good enough to notice, Zelma's big bows and stomp are copied by professional people all over the country.

Nancy has never in her career, I believe, had the privilege of teaching a prince how to act sweet or dainty. Zelma, on the other hand, taught the Prince of Wales to do the "Varsity Drag" at his request.

A sultan was so pleased with Miss O'Neal's work in "Good News" when it played in London that he met her after the show and invited her to visit his palace at any time. That is, as any one knows, as great an honor as being presented at court. I would like Mel to mention any instance in Miss Carroll's career when she has had as great a tribute paid her work.

New York City.

Be Still, Sad Heart.

THERE is always a sad feeling in my heart when I read about a falling star, even though he is not my favorite. I have three stars in mind who have been treated with the greatest injustice.

There is Clara Bow, for instance. Right from the beginning of her career until now, she was no more than the eternal flapper; she was just the natural type and nobody expected more. Yet she got loads of publicity and praise by the fans. But why pick on her now and publish secrets of her private life, which hurt her career? The same things could be said about many others who pretend to be better. Clara's acting improved through the talkies, but her stories did not. Why stone her for it?

And there is dainty Alice White. She cannot be compared with Clara Bow. Though flapperlike, she has something piquant and charming that Clara Bow and many others have not.

Alice cannot act? I think her work in "Show Girl in Hollywood" was perfect. Of course she is not Greta Garbo or Lillian Gish, but did not some one say a short time ago that even these two actresses cannot act? So why take those few brick showers seriously? No, Miss White, you will not be forgotten by your fans, and we hope that the future will soon be brighter for you.

New York City.

Pipe Down, You Jolly Scot.

IT is a pity that Donald Jolly, of Scotland, should have taken such an attitude toward the English accent. Coming from a Britisher this attitude can be easily misunderstood by our American friends. Americans should know the average Scot loves the English as dearly as he loves a rattlesnake.

According to Donald Jolly the Scotch, Irish, and Welsh have a "flit," but the English—blah! His letter breathes hatred for the English. I can assure American readers our critics do know their business.

For fair dealing and sensible, construc-

tive criticism, devoid of any cheap spitefulness, the leading British critics cannot be beaten. I read our critics carefully every week, and as my husband and I have attended the cinema since Florence Turner and Maurice Costello were stars, we should know something about the subject. I do about four shows a week.

When the talkies first came out we detested them; but, "King, of the Kyber Rifles"—"Black Watch" in America—converted us both. Since then it has been a thrill waiting to hear my friends of the screen speak for the first time. I used to imagine how each would "come over," and they have for the most part spoken as I thought they would. Still I was agreeably surprised at Olive Borden's beautiful voice; I thought she would be very American. Lloyd Hughes spoke in a rich baritone when I expected a light tenor, something like Jack Mulhall.

It's been an amusing game. I think I've heard pretty well all and I've not had a real disappointment as far as the stars are concerned.

When a bunch of "cuties" start to chatter in the dialect of Broadway, it sounds like nothing so much as the parrot house at the zoo to my British ears.

MRS. A. L. PHILLIPS.

21 Claremont Villas, Mumbles, W. Swansea, Wales.

From the British Front.

IN December PICTURE PLAY, one letter left me speechless with rage. It was the letter of Ruth Stagg, of London, England.

It was not that I entirely disagreed with Miss Stagg, because I, too, admire Pauline Frederick immensely, and I agree with everything Miss Stagg said about her. She is a wonderful emotional actress, and has certainly reigned on the screen as the queen of tragedy for many years; some of her portrayals will never be forgotten.

But the reign of every queen, unfortunately, must come to an end; and in my opinion Ruth Chatterton is our reigning queen of tragedy now, and will be, I hope, for a great many years to come.

Ruth Chatterton is my favorite actress, but I like Pauline Frederick second best. Ruth is so much more versatile. I think she could portray any rôle from chorus girl to *Madame X*, and is not that a true actress? And when Miss Stagg said she had no tragic appeal, I simply had to rise up in defense of the divine Ruth.

Tragic appeal is just what she has got. In "*Madame X*," which I consider the finest talkie ever made, Ruth simply tugged at our heartstrings, with her magnificent performance. She is undoubtedly the greatest emotional actress on the screen to-day. Her voice, which, according to Miss Stagg, "fails to touch the heart," is a thing of loveliness, and it certainly touched my heart.

I feel quite certain thousands of other hearts, too. I am very much afraid that Miss Stagg's heart must be made of cast iron, if she possesses such a thing at all.

I love Ruth Chatterton in tragic rôles; everything about her is tragic, even her eyes, which I think are the most sadly appealing eyes I have ever seen.

This letter is not for the purpose of running down Pauline Frederick, for, as I have said, I admire her nearly as much as Ruth, and that is saying a great deal. It is simply for the purpose of telling Miss Stagg that she cannot criticize Ruth, without a few faithful Chatterton fans rising up in defense of their idol.

MAISIE LAZARUS.

"Carn Bargas," Berriedale Avenue, Hove, Sussex, England.

Footnotes on Gilbert.

JOHAN GILBERT is really handsome, but not left consciously so. He has a good sense of value and perspective, and is not high-bat.

It was during those extremely hot days last summer. All members of the "Way For a Sailor" company were very tired and uncomfortably hot. A thoughtless child extra ran over to John Gilbert and requested his autograph. And he kindly and decently parted the presuming child on the head, and gave him the autograph—tired and hot as he was! That is democracy for you!

Mr Gilbert is truly kind and considerate of others. He is not all wrapped up in himself. He is not selfish.

During the making of "Way For a Sailor," he became ill with a cold. Rather than stand the company up and cause extra expense, he insisted on continuing work, until finally he had to go to bed!

He has a lovely sense of humor, without pettiness or meanness. He is a real gentleman. He is tolerant. He is a thoroughbred.

He is very human and a real person. In all my time as an extra, I know no actor I have more genuine respect for than John Gilbert. I have only worked with him on a picture. Yet I am happier for a nod from Mr. Gilbert, than a date with another actor!

He is not temperamental or overbearing on the set. He listens attentively to the director, and takes direction very easily; he is a real actor with a good understanding sense of drama. He learns his lines easily, as he has a good memory.

He admitted himself that the first day on "Way For a Sailor" was the most trying day he ever put in, as he was aware people were curiously wondering about him and his voice. In spite of all this, high-strung and tense as Mr. Gilbert is, he never once got angry.

RACHAEL EDLUNDS.

El Nido Hotel, 1042 North Wilcox Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Dot's First Screen Crush.

FOR the first time in many years of moviegoin' I have a crush on a star; and oh, how thankful I am to talking pictures for being able to see and hear the gorgeous English star, Evelyn Laye. I have just seen "One Heavenly Night" and in spite of the fact that it is a mediocre picture as far as story, plot, and novelty are concerned, I enjoyed it as much as any picture I've ever seen because of the presence of Miss Laye.

Here is a woman who has everything. An intelligent actress, a clever comédienne, an excellent vocalist, a charming personality, and a beautiful woman with a sense of humor—she is all these. And her speaking voice, with its crisp English accent, is delightful. Could any one ask for more!

Who says the public is tired of singing pictures? I admit that audiences have every right to be fed up with revues, pictures of backstage life, and pictures in which the Buddy Rogerses and Clara Bows of the screen burst into song for no apparent reason. But if the producers would give us intelligent musical pictures with such personalities as Evelyn Laye, Lawrence Tibbett, and Grace Moore, I am sure that music-loving Americans would flock to them.

DOROTHY HARRIS.

Shreveport, Louisiana.

Continued on page 117



THE VOICE ON THE PHONE: "Listen, you! This is a friend of yours, and I'm wising you up. The finger's on you! They're goin' to get you this time sure. Even a reporter can't get away with the stuff you've been pulling."

THE REPORTER: "What! — say look here! They can't kill a reporter! Why there's a million readers behind me and a million dollars to back me up. The "Press" would bust this town wide open and all you cheap mobsters would fall out through the cracks. They can't kill a reporter, I tell you, they can't!"

RICHARD BARTHELMESS

FAY WRAY
REGIS TOOMEY
ROBERT ELLIOTT
Adaptation by ROBERT LORD
Dialogue by JOHN MONK SAUNDERS
A John Francis Dillon Production
"Vitaphone" is the registered trademark of The Vitaphone Corporation



Dick Barthelmess plays a new role. A reporter in on the most dangerous secrets of gangland. His paper paid him fifty dollars a week for the "inside stuff"—but the underworld offered fifty grand for the news that never got into print. And then—his best friend spilled the story that he had never dared to write!

in **"The Finger Points"**

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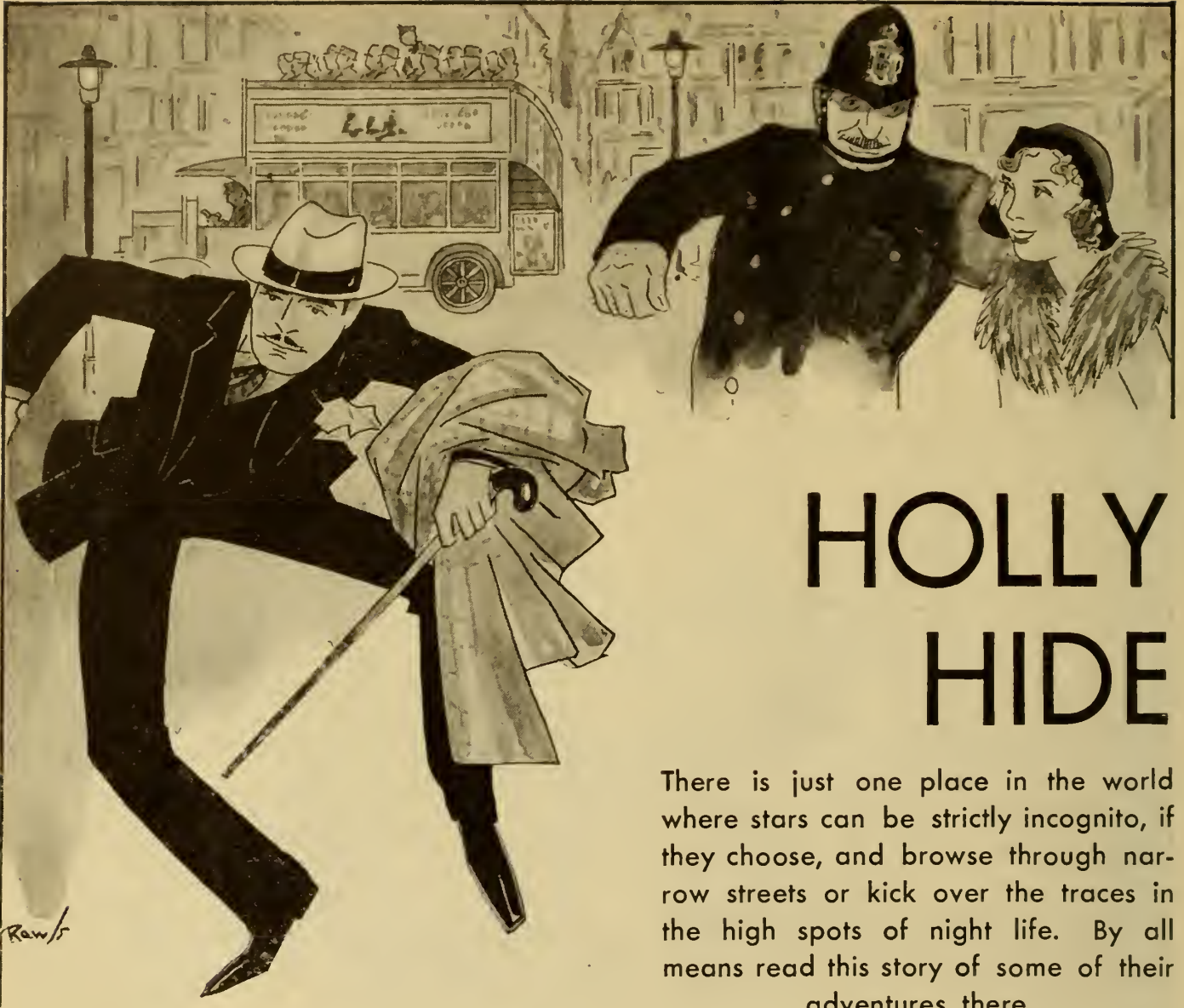
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Photo by Hurrell

Edwina Booth

WHILE Edwina Booth was waiting for the release of "Trader Horn," her one and only film effort, her contract expired and her future was uncertain. But, joy of joys, she made a hit as *Nina*, the white goddess, and Metro-Goldwyn offered her a new agreement on the proverbial sterling platter.



HOLLY HIDE

There is just one place in the world where stars can be strictly incognito, if they choose, and browse through narrow streets or kick over the traces in the high spots of night life. By all means read this story of some of their adventures there.

WHERE do the thoughts of a player fly when the studio grants a vacation? Not to New York, Florida, Bermuda, or Caliente. Not to Honolulu, Corsica, Capri, or the Balearic Isles. But to foggy old London, where on a winter day there is as much as fifteen tons of soot dangling in the air over every dim square mile.

It is true, of course, that stars sometimes holiday in Honolulu. One has also heard of them in Miami, and seen them in New York. A man like Douglas Fairbanks has de luxed around the world so much that for a vacation with a kick he has to beat it to Tibet.

But taking them by and large, the great mass of players think of London when somebody suggests a trip to knock all others for a loop.

But why? Just why do Douglas and Mary, Ronald Colman, William Powell, Marion Davies, Buddy Rogers, Barbara Kent, James Gleason, Louise Fazenda, Walter Huston and fifty others elect to exchange the heavenly blue of the Pacific for the purgatorial grays of misty and rheumatic old London?

With some of them, of course, it is the call of nativity—"Home, Sweet Home," with a round-trip reservation. That goes for Ronnie Colman, Clive Brook, and other exiled limeys—particularly Colman, because his first action on arriving in London is to grab a train to Leeds, where his sister lives. Leeds is like Pittsburgh. You

have to have some one near-and-dear there to make it bearable.

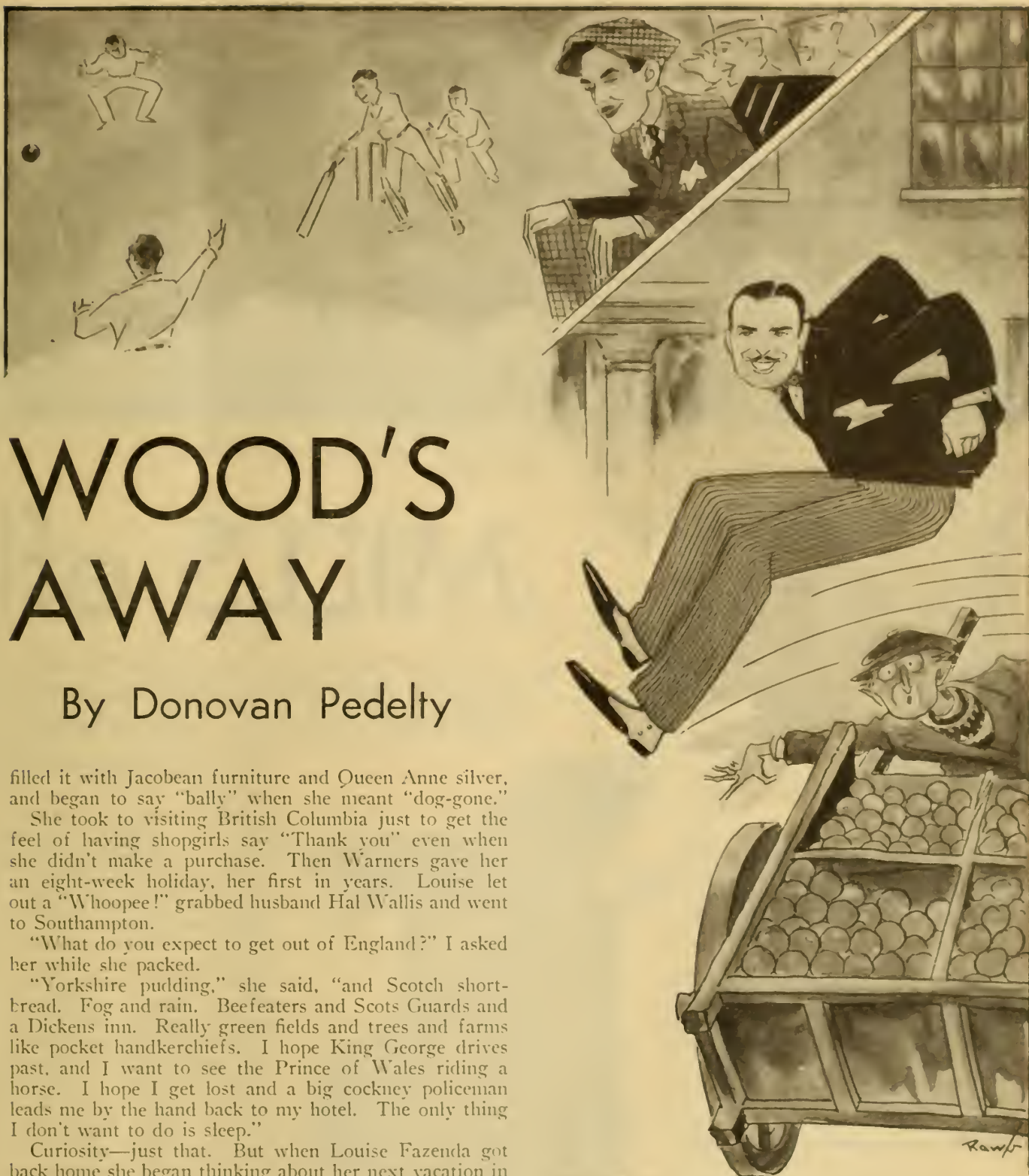
Others, like Barbara Kent, want to see the little island their folks emigrated from 'way back in the '90s. Barbara took her first look at the land of her ancestors last December, when she made the trip specially to attend church service at Westminster Abbey and to eat turkey at her grandmother's London home on Christmas Day.

One wonders if she made a speech over the coffee and liqueurs, and whether she congratulated her forbears on having had the sense to emigrate.

Others know from reading and listening to travelers' tales that after heaven and hell the place least like Hollywood is London, and so they get the curiosity bug. The more they hear about it the worse grows the itch, until finally they go cockney, cash a check for \$5,000 and hit the Atlantic trail, murmuring to themselves, "Ha'penny, penny, six-pence, shilling, florin, half crown, ten shillings, pound."

That was why Louise Fazenda went. Louise has been troubled by the limey bug for years. It bit her at an early age, while she was meditating on the consequences of having had a Dutch mother, a Mexican father, and an Indiana Pullman as a birthplace.

Louise grew to hate patios, cole slaw, red cheese, and chili. They had too much of the familiarity which breeds contempt. The Fazenda built herself a duplex house,



WOOD'S AWAY

By Donovan Pedelty

filled it with Jacobean furniture and Queen Anne silver, and began to say "bally" when she meant "dog-gone."

She took to visiting British Columbia just to get the feel of having shopgirls say "Thank you" even when she didn't make a purchase. Then Warners gave her an eight-week holiday, her first in years. Louise let out a "Whoopie!" grabbed husband Hal Wallis and went to Southampton.

"What do you expect to get out of England?" I asked her while she packed.

"Yorkshire pudding," she said, "and Scotch shortbread. Fog and rain. Beefeaters and Scots Guards and a Dickens inn. Really green fields and trees and farms like pocket handkerchiefs. I hope King George drives past, and I want to see the Prince of Wales riding a horse. I hope I get lost and a big cockney policeman leads me by the hand back to my hotel. The only thing I don't want to do is sleep."

Curiosity—just that. But when Louise Fazenda got back home she began thinking about her next vacation in London.

They all do. There is Jimmy Gleason, who spent a year in England acting in his own play, "Is Zat So?" You would think he had enough—but no, sir! Ever since Jimmy got back to Hollywood he has been talking about another trip to the cockney fogs.

His home is one of the most "Gorblimey" in Beverly Hills. Jimmy has lawns and yews that would be a credit to Oxford, a team of polo ponies of which Ranelagh would be proud. But Jimmy is not content. He wants to hunt in Berkshire, watch cricket at Lords, dine at Ciro's, and sup at the Embassy, and watch the changing of the guard at Buckingham Palace.

So do Doug, and Mary, and Marion, and Powell, and Rogers, and Huston.

Illustrated by Rawls

Just why?

I think I know.

London is Hollywood's ideal hideaway. Six thousand miles away from snooping reporters—the English kind are almost too polite to speak until they're spoken to—in a city of winding, narrow streets, hidden restaurants, Old-world architecture, and seven million people who are, with a few exceptions, too reserved to mob them. Hollywood stars can enjoy the privacy of the desert with the culture of centuries-old civilization.

Ronald Colman, who is never seen at elaborate Hollywood jags, is distinctly party-conscious in his native

Continued on page 100



No studio has been so exciting, nor so picturesque, as Universal City, now the last of the thrown-together type.

OF all the studios in Hollywood and the surrounding countryside—and there must be fifty of them in all—Universal City is easily the most picturesque.

It is the superlative in everything. It is the oldest, it is the largest, it is the hardest to get to, with the exception of Sennett's new plant, and it contains more surprising features than all the other film factories put together.

Compared to any other large plant devoted to the manufacture of any commodity, a studio, by necessity, is a Gargantuan nightmare. Universal City is the dream of a Jack-in-the-beanstalk ogre who has gone to sleep after devouring a welsh rarebit thirty feet in diameter.

Universal City—its old familiar slogan, "Where the pictures are made," once fooled a good many people into believing that that was where *all* the pictures are made—is located on Lankershim Boulevard, about ten minutes from Hollywood Boulevard, if you are a fast driver.

The route takes you over Caluenga Pass, which led to the old witticism of "over the hill to the bughouse." This no longer applies, for there are now three studios over the same hill.

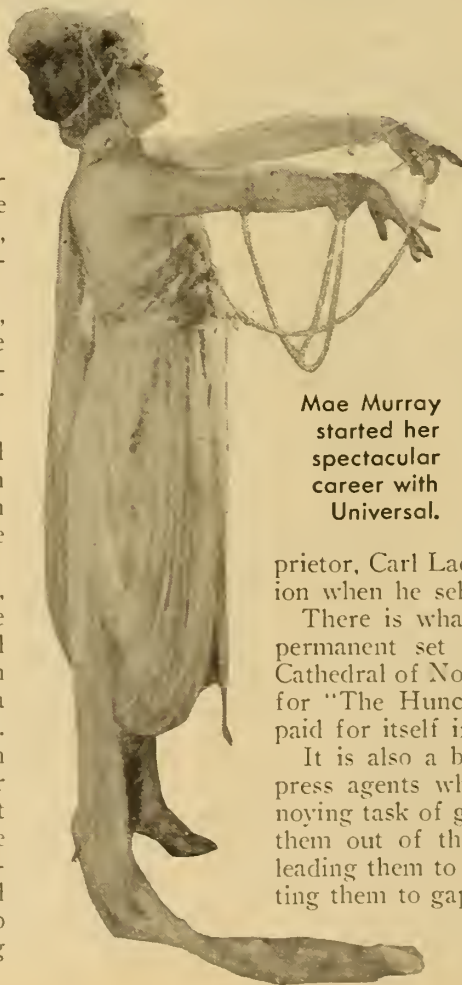
The studio embraces two hundred and thirty acres, and one may roam over them and discover any number of things which are hardly to be expected in a motion-picture studio.

There is a zoo, with an elephant and lions, a tiger, a chimpanzee, and everything. There is a chicken ranch with several thousand chickens and all the newfangled ideas in incubators and poultry houses. There is a river coursing along one side of the studio.

Most of the year, the river has all of an inch of water in it, but when the winter rains begin, it becomes a raging torrent. It was wont to bite large chunks out of the studio grounds, before its banks were reinforced. A good many years ago, all hands were called out at midnight to pile up sandbags and keep the river from washing the entire studio away.

MILLS of

Year after year the studios create stars who,
Thus every studio has its friendly ghosts and
In this article, the first of a series, a brilliant
City and brings back



Mae Murray started her spectacular career with Universal.

There is a stable, or corral, with a large number of horses therein, and when Westerns were popular, there was a fairly permanent staff of cow-punchers, known as the Universal ranch riders, on the pay roll.

There are hills and valleys, and oak trees, and shaded nooks on the back lot where many a Western hero has pursued many a Western villain to save the heroine's father's ranch. These hills and valleys have saved numerous location trips for the canny pro-

prietor, Carl Laemmle, who used considerable vision when he selected the studio site.

There is what probably represents the largest permanent set in any studio, a replica of the Cathedral of Notre Dame. It was originally made for "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," and has paid for itself in rentals to other film companies.

It is also a boon for harassed office boys and press agents who, having been assigned the annoying task of guiding visitors about the lot, keep them out of the way of working companies by leading them to the "Hunchback" set and permitting them to gape themselves to exhaustion.

There is a real post office recognized by the U. S. post-office department. There is a large



Harry Carey, center, plays a scene to the taste of the visitors' gallery in the grand old days when there were forty-two companies working at once.

the GODS

By
Carroll Graham

after a brief reign, are supplanted by new ones. intriguing memories, as well as its place in film history. citizen of Hollywood takes you to Universal forgotten days and persons.

and noisy restaurant, the only one in any studio open to the public. There is a recreation hall for employees. There is a golf course just across the river where most of the scenario writers go to meditate.

All these things are aside, of course, from the routine sound stages, laboratories, plaster shops, offices, wardrobes, dressing rooms, property departments and the other customary units of a large studio.

Universal City, in all, is an amazing place, and you should see it. Just use my name.

For some years prior to 1915, Carl Laemmle and his Universal Pictures Corporation had been making films in a little studio at Gower Street and Sunset Boulevard, in Hollywood, which later became the home of Century Comedies, a subsidiary organization, and, later still, a pile of ashes when its ramshackle buildings somehow caught fire.

Laemmle decided that his company was rapidly becoming too large for the little plant. He foresaw the vast growth of the film industry, possibly more clearly than any other producer of the time. He wanted more room, a whole lot of it, and, after scouring the countryside, hit upon the present location.

Other producers of that period thought, no

doubt, that the head of Universal was a bit touched by the sun, when he moved his studio to that barren spot. It was really barren then, and a great deal more inaccessible than it is now. There was no such town as Lankershim then, and Universal City seemed as remote as Death Valley.

Those same producers probably wondered later if they were possibly not the ones touched by the sun, for every major film company has been forced to move to larger quarters within the last few years, and tracts of land near Hollywood cost a great deal more now than they did then.

Universal City was opened March 15, 1915, with the customary Hollywood hullabaloo, and has been in a state of more or less permanent hullabaloo ever since. Special trains brought guests from the East for the three-day celebration, and more than 45,000 persons from southern California took in the spectacle.

Thomas A. Edison and Henry and Edsel Ford motored down from San Francisco that summer to dedicate the first artificially lighted stage. Their car broke down en route, so the chronicle goes, and despite the presence of the automotive genius and the electrical wizard, they could not arrive until nine o'clock that night, at which time the stage had been dedicated anyway.



Lina Basquette, then known as Lena Baskette, was the first pupil to enroll in Universal's school for movie children.



The late Lon Chaney rose from a bit player to the star of "The Hunchback of Notre Dame."

Those were carefree, romantic days in filmdom. They saw the rise of many stars and directors to fame. Some have stayed on top, some have died, some have fallen back into obscurity.

In the roster of the stars of that era, great and forgotten names mingle: Harry Carey, Mae Murray, Mary MacLaren, Monroe Salisbury, Marie Walcamp, Ella Hall, Fritzi Brunette, Herbert Rawlinson, Dorothy Phillips, and a score of others.

Lois Weber was the first woman director. She came back a few years ago, then married and retired again. Alan Holubar, who died some years ago, was one of Universal's leading directors. Rex Ingram, who has made so much money he can't be bothered any more, was just starting.

Francis Ford, who directed and starred in serial thrillers, is now a character actor. Hobart Henley, a star then, is a prominent director now. Frank Lloyd, obscure director then, is a famous one now. Elmer Clifton is a scenario writer. William Worthington, Joseph de Grasse, Edward J. LeSaint, prominent directors then, have retired.

Universal City started the serials. I remember, as will others of my age, following with fanatical devotion the adventures of Francis Ford and Grace Cunard, in "Lucille Love, the Girl of Mystery," and other serials. And George Larkin and Cleo Madison, in "The Trey of Hearts."

"The Gray Ghost" brought out Priscilla Dean, who later starred in "The Wildcat of Paris," "The Spitfire of Seville" and other hot-and-bothered melodramas. The serial "Liberty" launched Jack Holt and Eddie Polo, sending the former a good deal further than it did Polo.

In 1916 a school for movie children was begun on the lot, believed to be the first of its kind. Lina Basquette was its first pupil.

Lon Chaney, who had been playing bits since 1912, was beginning to attract attention. So was Jean Hersholt.

With the coming of the War, Universal burst into patriotic fervor, as did all the other studios. Rupert Julian made "The Kaiser, the Beast of Berlin," which he probably now regrets, and played *Wilhelm* in it. Alan Holubar's "The Heart of Humanity" gave Von Stroheim his first real chance.

Herbert Rawlinson became a star through his work in a crook picture, "Come Through," about this time, as did Mae Murray in one of her best, "The Delicious Little Devil." "For Husbands Only" won fame for Lew Cody and Mildred Harris.

All this was just after the War. Universal began to go in for spectacles on a big scale. Erich von Stroheim started it, I believe. He first persuaded Laemmle that he was a director, and, after making "Blind Husbands," proved it to the world as well. Then came his "Foolish Wives," the first million-dollar picture—at least the first heralded as such.

Lon Chaney became one of the greatest of stars following "The Miracle Man," made elsewhere, by his amazing characterizations in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" and "The Phantom of the Opera."

Mary Philbin, who was a Laemmle discovery, became a star in "Merry-Go-Round," which Von Stroheim started and Rupert Julian finished.

This period, in the early years of this decade, was Universal's heyday. At one time, it is said, there were forty-two companies working on the lot simultaneously. Universal made everything—spectacles, society dramas, program pictures, feature-length Westerns, one and two-reel comedies, two-reel Westerns, and serials.

Wild animals from the zoo roamed the jungle sets in the river bottom for "Tarzan" pictures. Cowpunchers galloped the hills in Harry Carey, Hoot Gibson, Art Acord, and Jack Hoxie Westerns.



John Boles pauses before his dressing room in the modern Universal City.

William Duncan, William Desmond, Jack Daugherty, and Joe Bonomo were the serial stars over this period.

Reginald Denny, Laura La Plante, and others, played farce inside the stages, while next door, Herbert Rawlinson, Frank Mayo, and House Peters performed dramatics in starring pictures, and just across the way comics were hurling pies for the two-reelers.

The studio property increased in value more than twenty times its original purchase price. Rambling buildings were thrown up without regard for their fellows. Sets were built one day, used the next, and torn down the third to make way for others.

Then Universal City began gradually to quiet down. Westerns were becoming out of date, and all the cowboy stars except Hoot Gibson departed. Serials were forgotten for a time. Old stars began to go, new ones to come.

Then came the talkies, and a period of general reorganization. The studio continued with its program pictures for a time, and its comedies as well, with a few big productions occasionally.

Within the last two years, "All Quiet on the Western Front," "Slow Boat," "The King of Jazz," "Broadway," and "Captain of the Guard" have ranked with the biggest films of the industry and carried the Universal banner into the foremost theaters of the land.

Universal City, it seems to me, has lost some of its old flavor in the light of present-day efficiency.

It was a hectic, madcap factory, running with no definable system, but finishing pictures somehow. Films, it seemed, were made on the spur of the moment, and no sort of complete program for a year's production was ever carried out as planned.

It was a saying in Hollywood that no one's education was complete until he had worked at Universal City. There are few persons who have been in the film industry more than two years who have not worked there in some capacity. No studio has been so kidded, so publicized. No studio has been so exciting, nor so picturesque.

Many stars of to-day were extras or obscure players there, many of them not so long ago. Janet Gaynor and Fay Wray played in two-reel Westerns there before Fox or Paramount ever heard of them. Esther Ralston was an obscure ingénue for Universal. Lois Wilson began there, some years ago, after winning a beauty contest, as did Dorothy Gulliver and Nancy Drexel.

Universal City is a miracle that only Hollywood and the motion-picture industry could produce. Stretching along Lankershim Boulevard, it presents an odd spectacle, with its red-and-yellow build-



Priscillo Dean jumped to stardom in "The Wildcat of Paris" and other hot-and-bothered melodromas.



Will Rogers and Mory Pickford congratulate Corl Laemmle on his recent twenty-fifth anniversary in the movies.

ings grouped in a not-too-successful attempt at uniformity. Huge oak trees, a fountain, and a semicircular lawn before the entrance to the main building create a sense of quiet.

A more unusual scene is found within the studio walls. A highway runs through the studio just behind the administration building, turns as it nears the river and continues southward, bisecting the huge lot. Buildings, stages, shops, and offices are strewn about with no attempt at system or symmetry.

It is a fascinating, topsy-turvy place, a Coney Island crazy house. It is, moreover, the last of the old thrown-together type of studio. First National is new, glittering, and uniform. Paramount, in fairly new quarters, presents a sober and sedate appearance, and is laid out efficiently.

United Artists is divided into compact units. Fox is moving into its ornate and efficient Westwood studio. Even Metro-Goldwyn, old as its studio is, is laid out with some sense of form.

Only Universal remains a monument to the grand old days of the movies. Friendly ghosts and intriguing memories haunt every corner of it.



Photo by Preston Duncan

UNA MERKEL

GOODNESS knows there are enough accents in pictures, but Una Merkel has made a place for hers, which is like no other. It's a Southern drowl—and how! There's a reason, for she comes from Kentucky and you feel that she might have lost a little of it if it were not so funny. Yet Miss Merkel is no eccentric comedienne, but an accomplished actress whose speech is combined with a sure knowledge of how to make the most of every word she utters. Watch for her—she helps every picture in which she plays.





Eddie Nugent says that picture people are the poorest buyers of antiques, because they've been cheated so often.

ANTIQUES and APPLESAUCE

As proprietor of a shop, Eddie Nugent, the comedian, hands out both with equal ease and a profit to himself and his listener—or customer.

HOLLYWOOD seems to be going mercantile with a vengeance. I mean even more so than usual. Ruth Roland has made millions out of real estate—and not paper profits, either, if you judge by the smile with which she accepted her losses from "Reno."

Mary Pickford has a finger in many a commercial pie. Finance rears its head above art. "Art for art's sake" is out, and the almighty dollar has raised its ugly head where formerly nothing was heard but the cooing of the muses.

Perhaps it was hearing the astounding returns some of the movie players were getting that urged Eddie Nugent to dabble in big business. Eddie now owns an antique shop, and is doing fairly well. (Buy now! And take back an antique.)

Of course, this is no new interest to Antiquarian Nugent. I know for a fact that Eddie has been wrapped up in antiques for lo, these many moons. And what is more, believe it or not, he knows quite a lot about antiques.

His shop on Vermont Avenue displays various articles in this line—furniture, paintings, silverware, et cetera.

Besides giving Mr. Nugent something with which to

By William H. McKegg

occupy himself during his leisure moments, dealing in antiques gives him a delightfully liberal education he would miss were he

content to let acting alone absorb his attention.

Eddie may be humorous on the set, but it is a serious well-informed individual we hear when E. Nugent, merchant, speaks.

"From antiques I have learned and absorbed many things I never knew before," he admitted one day. "I never cared for history in school, but now I've found that history is written more in furniture than books.

"You'll find one nation passes its styles on to another. Egyptian furniture was severe. It had few decorations. It suggested wisdom. The style passed on to Greece. It became classic during the age of the philosophers. When the philosophers died, Greece turned her attention to the restaurant business and passed on the classic style in furniture to Rome. Then Rome became decadent.

"Well, even furniture can't be expected to last forever. During the Roman era flowery decorations were placed on furniture and all the wisdom learned from Egypt was lost—except the manufacture of Egyptian cigarettes.

"Three great nations had fallen. The furniture of

Antiques and Applesauce

each reflects its rise and downfall. During the Dark Age Gothic architecture came into being. Furniture was not so much attended to as buildings. Cathedrals rose. Mankind was groping toward something higher than worldly comforts. He sought the light and wisdom he had lost, and what did he find?"

Eddie glared at me suddenly.

"I'll bite. What did he find?"

"Bootleg liquor and income-tax reports," Eddie answered disgustedly. "Pay attention, will you?"

I dusted off my ears and sat back to absorb some more light and wisdom. "Then what?" I asked, determined to be agreeable.

"Came the dawn—the Renaissance, I mean," Eddie continued, "and with it supervisors—I mean super-artists like Leonardo da Vinci, Titian, Raphael, and Michelangelo—to say nothing of Will Hays and Jimmy Walker.

"The Renaissance style of furniture bears little resemblance to the old pagan period, in so far as decorations go—save in Cecil DeMille's classics. But you can tell that the people of the period were coming out of the Dark Age rather than going into it.

"The heaviness of the Renaissance style gave way to the lighter mode of Louis XIV. That was the period of André Boule. Monsieur Boule was a very clever chap. Long after he was dead they named a song after him—'Boola-Boola.'

"He got himself appointed the king's cabinetmaker and turned out some fine inlaid cabinets, tables, et cetera. Hence the Boule furniture typifies royalty, richness, luxury, revolutions, and kingdom crashes.

"Louis XV furniture is more delicate. Curves and corsets came into fashion. Plenty of liquid was used—both liquor and lacquer. This was the time of the white-wigged aristocracy. The people became too soft. Everything was artificial—except the bills.

"Louis XVI was just one step further toward delicacy. It didn't help the people. Refinement was there, but too near the edge of decadence and super-super-epic films.

"Came the French Revolution when furniture was burned, not made. Only Monsieur Guillotine used his head. They say he had a wit as keen as a knife and a lot of people lost their heads under his sharp thrusts. The Revolution was the downfall of royalty.

"The empire of Napoleon followed. Wherever Napoleon went somebody followed. However, the furniture of this period is a composite of all the styles from ancient Egypt and Greece, with touches here and there from other ages. This idea of borrowing and adapting to the needs of the moment is still being practiced by the present-day scenario writers.

"The Victorian, the last royalist period of furniture making, was ugly, smug, and stuffy—like the first picture theaters."

Eddie's exhaustive study of antiques began when he was a prop boy at the M.-G.-M. studio. He'd go to the prop room when a set had to be dressed and was soon able to distinguish between a mock Sheraton and Chippendale. So really, to a certain extent, he must thank the movies for firing him with a desire to study antiques, as well as to act.

Not all actors are so fortunate. Some are born under contract. Or inherit a batch of lovely hooked rugs and a trundle-bed, but no real feeling for these things.

To Eddie there is something romantically ancient about modernistic furniture.

"Take modernistic furniture," he said.

I took a modernistic chair, but I had to give it back.

"There is nothing very modern about it," he declared.

"It is merely a throwback to ancient Egypt and Greece. Why, I know an actor right here in Hollywood who

Continued on page 106

Eddie Nugent became interested in antiques through his work as a prop boy. Here he is seen with his collection of silver miniatures





TE DEUM

LET us join in a hymn of thanksgiving for Elissa Landi. She lives up to the fonfare that herolded her coming in "Body and Soul," and she has the individuolity ond talent to triumph in ony film. Her beauty hos that strongeness which is inseporable from true crt, but more thon this she hos vibrant intelligence. It chorges her every word ond gesture. It mokes her mognetic, alluring, sympothetic. Because of her pronounced gifts she steps easily beside Garbo ond Dietrich, yet with no faintest likeness to either. Landi is herself!



THEY SAY IN

Here you will find all the news as well as chit professional and vacational doings, with

THEY are not doing right by Marlene Dietrich in Germany. They like her pictures—and who doesn't?—but when a fabulous celebrity like Chaplin comes along, she is just another of the crowd to be elbowed out of the way, as far as the German people are concerned.

By Karen

Elbowed, did I say? The seething mob that greeted Chaplin at his hotel all but used bludgeons and hobnailed boots on the poor girl when she tried to get through the crowd to meet him. Police came to her rescue, took her safely into the hotel, and locked the doors. She had not come just to have a pleasant chat with him and renew the acquaintance begun in Hollywood. She wanted an autographed picture. And thereby hangs a lesson to be learned by all little boys and girls in Hollywood who expect to go visiting in their home towns.

You may be a sensation in Hollywood, as Miss Dietrich unquestionably is, both professionally and socially, but don't expect the people back home, who knew you when, to believe that you really visited Pickfair, knew Chaplin, and were a guest at any of Marion Davies's parties, unless you have evidence to support it.

An amused onlooker in Berlin wrote me that the German people were quite ready to believe that there were social barriers in Hollywood that made meeting the aforementioned triumvirate as difficult as presentation at their own late court, and that there was such antipathy toward a foreign invader that the better she was the less they liked her. Explain as she will that Hollywood is a friendly town that all but swamps a newcomer with parties in her honor, the Germans just don't believe Miss Dietrich.

She did not care much for Hollywood when she was there, but now it all seems friendly, and casual, and appealing. She is eager to come back, and she will very soon. Even the prospect of getting a weak-kneed story now and then does not dismay her. "Dishonored" proved that her light was undimmed by the most worn-out fabric.

Ask Any Man Who Does Not Know.

"Dishonored" was frankly based on the legend of Mata-hari, the most glamorous spy of the Great War, and authorship is attributed to Von Sternberg and a couple of others. If it had been a good story, I wouldn't care if they had never been nearer the spy nests of central Europe than Walla Walla, and never even seen a picture of Mata-hari. But it wasn't a good story, and neither, I suspect, is the Mata-hari derivative that has long been planned for production by Metro-Goldwyn. The latter has been going the rounds of Writers Row for many months, having a little patchwork done on it here and there.



Photo by White

Jean Harlow is one girl who is never mistaken for anybody else in New York.



Edna Mae Oliver will be starred by RKO.

NEW YORK--

chat about players in the Metropolis—their the spice of anecdote read nowhere else.

Hollis

Meanwhile there lives in Hollywood the one person who could tell a scenario writer more dramatic and authentic material about Mata-hari than all the books about her. This person is Fern Andra, who at the time of Mata-hari's rise to fame was one of the two reigning film favorites in Europe. She knew Mata-hari well. Miss Andra has worked in one or two American films, but no one has given her a real chance yet. And no one has capitalized on her amazing inside knowledge of war-torn Europe.

Wanted—a False Front.

If you want one of our most competent and polite young directors to haul off and give you a sock on the jaw, just murmur when you are introduced to Mervyn Le Roy "Why, you look like a child." Mervyn—pardon me, Mr. Le Roy—is short, slight and decidedly unprepossessing in appearance. It causes him no end of trouble. Actors come to see him and think they are being stalled off by an office boy. But the most crushing experience came a few days ago when he arrived in New York on a hurried trip to see "Five Star Final." He has to go back to the Coast in a few days and make a picture of this gustily furious exposé of the heartlessness of tabloid newspapers.

Mervyn—excuse me again; I just cannot get used to thinking of him as the old master—went to the box office, asked for his tickets, and finally got some from a frankly dubious attendant. The seats were well situated for a view of the side wall and a post, and he could hear every word of the ushers out in the lobby, but not much that went on on the stage. He went out and demanded that they be changed, but—well, have you ever known any one to win an argument with a New York box-office attendant? The next morning he stormed into the office of Warner Brothers, and soon over the telephone there were harsh words.

"Mr. Le Roy didn't show up," the theater manager complained. "Some youngster came around and asked for tickets, and he seemed to think he ought to have them, so we gave them to him. Thought he was his kid brother, or his son, or something."

Unsympathetic as a Train Schedule.

I do not want to make out that motion-picture fame is just a series of broken bubbles, but I must



Mary Nolan is making one more desperate effort to succeed in films.



Barbara Stanwyck is the idol of dance-hall girls.



Hollywood is eager to take Gabrielle Chanel to its arms, but she will not let herself be mobbed.

tell you about the royal welcome accorded Jeanette MacDonald when she arrived for her umpteenth visit to New York the other day.

She was coming in on the *Century*, which pauses for a moment at Harmon-on-the-Hudson before tearing into New York. If you want to make incoming travelers feel that their arrival is really an event, you get up at the crack of dawn and take a suburban train that lands you in Harmon just in time to board the *Century*, or whisk the honored one off in a car to drive to New York.

Miss MacDonald's manager, a sizable delegation from the Fox office, and a group of friends set valiantly out for Harmon bearing flowers, reviews of her recent pictures—the favorable ones—and invitations by the score. Their train was late, just late enough to miss her. So she came into the Grand Central Station and had to fight for a porter like the rest and had that empty, chilled feeling that nobody cared.

She felt a little better when she got to her hotel and found that the porter was still working on his imitation of the clicking heels and suave manner of Jack Buchanan, in "Monte Carlo," and was progressing pretty well. Scorning the smarter hostelrys of Park Avenue, Miss MacDonald always stays at the moderate-priced Lexington, because it is operated by old friends.

Not New to Movies.

Now that Helen Hayes, ranked by many as the most important of our young stage stars, has been captured by

the screen, the newspapers have gone into a perfect furor of excitement over her change of medium. But she would have you know that she is not a newcomer to pictures. She says that she was in pictures when you and many present-day stars hadn't even seen one. At the age of eight, which was some twenty years ago, she made two films with Jean, the collie who was one of the most popular Biograph stars.

You will hear a great deal about Helen Hayes, and I think you will like her. Apart from being a gifted actress, she is one of the most engaging and outspoken young people I have ever met. She says that the film tests she made last summer when she was in California were uniformly terrible, and that the one made by Metro-Goldwyn, the company with which she

signed, was the worst. She is happy at the prospect of working on the same lot with Greta Garbo. Miss Garbo had her ordered off the set when she tried to watch her, but she still thinks Garbo is about the grandest thing she has ever seen.

Present plans—need I remind you that they are always subject to change?—call for her to make "The Lullaby" as her first picture. On the stage this was played by Florence Reed, and they can't both be right. It is one of those sinking down, down, down in the tropics stories where the heroine looks up one day and finds that she is staring at the gutter. Miss Hayes is certain to give the lost-girl rôle a refreshing originality.

Just in case you have never seen Helen Hayes, I wish that I could find words to describe the haunting loveliness of her voice, the poignant appeal with which she endows every character she plays. Brash as I am, she fills me with awe.



Marlene Dietrich was not treated with respect by Berlin crowds.

Keep to the Dark Side.

Just as every one heaved a sigh of relief when Bebe Daniels went back to dark hair in "My Past," along comes word that she is wearing a blond wig in "Woman of the World." Won't some of you—a lot of you—who are good at letter writing join me in sending protests to Bebe, Ben Lyon, each and every one of the Warner Brothers, your local exhibitor, and any one else who you think might have influence? If John Barrymore wants to be a tap dancer, and Ruth Chatterton fancies indress and torch songs, we may humor them, but to accept the gorgeous Bebe as a blonde is asking too much.

Visitors to New York.

Film players in search of stage careers no longer arrive by every train. Rumors that it is not easy have sifted back to Hollywood. Vilma Banky and Rod La Rocque, although enjoying a certain mild success through the country, are not rated strong enough to bring to Broadway. Olive Borden's stage debut out of town was inexpert. Saddest of all is the case of Betty Bronson.

Signed to appear as guest star with a Middle-Western stock company, after a few days' rehearsals she was given a very small part. Words were said about a suit over breach of contract.



Carman Barnes made herself remembered at the hotel where she lived in New York.



Jeanette MacDonald makes a record as a transcontinental commuter.

Bebe Daniels still wavers between brunette and blonde.

The retort was that Miss Bronson was guilty of selling goods under false pretenses when she signed as an actress. That was the end of that argument. It is always possible that under expert direction she will emerge as a skilled actress, in which case the small-town producer can expect to stay in the sticks for a long time.

Lois Moran still lingers in New York, if you can call an endless round of parties lingering. As the only one of the younger film players to make a hit on the New York stage, she need not worry over her career, but she is anxious to get back to work, now that Fox has notified her to be ready to come to Hollywood on short notice. A lull in production at the Fox studio, said to have some vague relation to the fact that they have to have some eighteen million dollars to pay on notes in a few weeks, is said to have postponed starting her next picture.

Blanche Sweet is playing in vaudeville, and Colleen Moore is in New York, said to be altar bound as soon as her divorce is final. Her prospective husband is Albert Scott, a business man not concerned with pictures.

Jean Harlow, the most spectacular in appearance of all film players, is visiting New York. When she is released from her contract with Howard Hughes, who can't seem to find time to provide work for her, she has her eye on Paramount.

The other beautiful blonde, Mary Nolan, is also in New York after a series of misadventures. Many people, including Junior Laemmle, who did not renew her contract, believe that she is potentially one of the greatest attractions in films, but she just cannot be held to time schedules and company's orders. Let me assure you that she still has the appearance of a lovely pastel-tinted angel. She is slated to appear on the stage in a scorcher entitled "Diamond Lil's Daughter," but meanwhile she is making a picture with some little independent outfit over in the long-neglected Fort Lee. While exhuming the

Continued on page 104

By Samuel Richard Mook

THE

"One crowded hour of glorious life is worth stars who swept triumphantly into Holly of conquering. Theirs were the biggest dealing with the invasion—"



PART III.

IN part one of this series we considered the stage folks

who had made the grade in pictures. In part two we discussed those who are still fighting their way. And now we come to the most interesting group of the lot: the Broadway big shots and near-bigs who, for the most part, failed ignominiously. People whose names in lights above a legitimate theater spell almost certain success for a play, but whose monikers heading the cast of a picture meant nothing—or less.

Irene Bordoni, fair, plump, and forty. She gets over admirably on the stage, but she didn't click with the moviegoing public. She made one picture, "Paris," and was glad to call quits. She's now in vaudeville.

Fannie Brice, one-time favorite in the Ziegfeld "Follies," made two, "Be Yourself" and "My Man." She was herself, all right, but the public didn't respond to that fact in large numbers.

Harry Richman—Broadway's favorite son and formerly Clara Bow's—made one film, "Puttin' on the Ritz," but the most optimistic could hardly have called it a success. The supporting cast was composed almost entirely of picture veterans—James Gleason and Lilyan Tashman, among others—who conspired quietly and successfully to take the film away from the star. Even his engagement to Clara Bow did not create enough interest in him to pull crowds into the theaters where it was shown.

Dennis King, another favorite of old New York, remade his greatest success, "The Vagabond King," for the movies and Paramount was glad to see the last of him.

Helen Morgan, who sang her way to fame atop a piano in "Show Boat," made two, "Applause" and "Road House Nights." She gave admirable performances, but the public simply wasn't interested.

Walter Woolf whose voice ranks second only to Alexander Gray's, but who was more successfully exploited on the stage, came out and made "The Golden Dawn." It was enough. He's playing on the stage this season.

The striking Ethelind Terry who delighted audiences for a year on the stage in "Rio Rita," was signed by M.-G.-M. One picture, "Lord Byron of Broadway," convinced them of their mistake.

Texas Guinan is another luminary who flickered briefly though profitably—to herself. She came out with diamonds flashing and teeth bared to raise her voice in song so-called. "Queen of the Night Clubs" was the picture that did justice to both jewels and voice, and Texas wisely refused to waste any of her valuable time in waiting for offers of further pictures, thereby proving her shrewdness.

Another billed as "the great Broadway star" although in reality he was merely a featured leading man, was Basil Rathbone. Signed at a reputed salary of \$2,500 a week, he was intended to fill the place on the M.-G.-M. program occupied on Paramount's by William Powell. He made four pictures for them, "The Last of Mrs.

CROWDED Hour

an age without a name." This may be the consoling thought of the stage wood—and then trailed out again, defeated by the talkies they dreamed salaries and theirs the bitterest retreat. This chapter—the third and last considers the most interesting group of all.

Cheyney," "This Mad World," "A Lady of Scandal," and "The Bishop Murder Case." Then they started farming him out. In addition to his being an indifferent screen actor, his wife insisted upon trying to dictate to studio officials how pictures should be made, so they dispensed with Mr. and Mrs. Ratlbone's services—although the latter's were gratis. He is now back on the stage, the star of "Heat Wave."

Beatrice Lillie, who ranks second to none on the stage and whose wit keeps you right on

Broadway" and then Samuel Goldwyn signed her for five years—but time will tell.

One of the costliest contracts negotiated for a stage player was that which M.-G.-M. signed with Charles King. King scored in "The Broadway Melody" and was put under a long-term contract. In a little more than two years he played in the picture mentioned, the "Hollywood Revue," in which he sang one or two numbers, in "Chasing Rainbows," a bit in "Remote Control," and was finally lent to Warner Brothers for "Oh, Sailor, Behave." Then the studio joyfully discovered his contract had expired. Now he's back in New York on the stage.

Another costly contract was that of Carlotta King. Miss King made one of the first talking-singing pictures, "The Desert Song." She was immediately signed by M.-G.-M. at \$1,000 weekly.



the edge of your seat, made one for Fox—"Are You There?"—and went right back to England. Decidedly the screen's loss in this case.

The mighty Lenore Ulric came out and did a couple for Fox, "South Sea Rose" and "Frozen Justice." She, too, is back on old Broadway. Her husband, Sidney Blackmer, hung on for a year more until First National recently bought off his contract for \$16,000.

Ina Claire, another shining light from the New York stage, joined Pathé under a contract for three pictures at a staggering figure. She made the first "The Awful Truth," and the awful truth was that theaters billed her not as Ina Claire, but as Mrs. John Gilbert in an effort to bolster her up at the box office.

One film was enough and the contract was dissolved by mutual consent. Miss Claire talked Paramount into giving her another chance in "The Royal Family of

They kept her under contract for one year and she never made a picture for them. Gone now, but not forgotten, I'm sure.

And still another bit of enterprise that cost Pathé dearly was the contract they gave Mary Lewis, grand-opera star. Under contract for almost a year, she never made a picture and finally ended the matter by bringing suit against them for \$22,500 for their failure to use her.

The Crowded Hour

Grand-opera stars have been notoriously unsuccessful in the talkies. Everett Marshall was signed by RKO following Tibbett's success in "The Rogue Song." Marshall made "Dixiana" and departed as soon thereafter as his contract came up for renewal.

Alice Gentle did two pictures for Warners, "The Golden Dawn" and "Song of the Flame." She gave good performances, but the camera didn't treat her kindly and she, too, has returned to Gotham.

Ted Lewis, whose phonograph records sell second to nobody's and who has appeared in numerous stage shows, made "Is Everybody Happy?" Most emphatically, everybody was not. Needless to say, one was enough.

Sophie Tucker, billed as "The Last of the Red-hot Mammias," came out and found one picture was one too many. The film was fittingly called "Honky Tonk," but the title and star combined were not enough to lure people into the theaters where it was shown.

Nick Lucas, the singing troubadour, found his public appreciated him more when they could hear him over the talking machines than when they had to look at him. "Gold Diggers of Broadway" and "The Show of Shows" were enough to convince Warner Brothers he would never be popular screen material.

Ann Pennington whose knees are as famous as Clara Bow's "It," came out for two pictures, "Gold Diggers of Broadway" and "Is Everybody Happy?" But she didn't have the lead in



either and her screen personality didn't warrant keeping her on.

Belle Baker, famous songstress of vaudeville, was signed to glorifying the talkies. "The Song of Love" it was called. Well, that was as good a name as any, I guess.

Another ghastly contract—from the studio's viewpoint—was the signing of Clark & McCullough by Fox. These two men are as funny as they come on the stage, but in pictures it was a verra, verra different story. They had a year's contract at something like \$8,000 a week. Unable to find feature-length stories,

the studio put them in a series of two-reelers hopefully designated as "The Clark & McCullough Comedies," but they quickly became known around the lot as "The Clark & McCullough Tragedies." The end of that year couldn't come too soon for the studio.

And another one that smelled slightly of herring was the piece of paper negotiated by Walter Catlett, who was featured in New York musicals for several years. His first assignment was an opus variously released as "Imagine My Embarrassment" and "Why Leave Home?" Mr. Catlett was new to the screen, but that didn't stop him from running the whole show. So he managed things to suit himself, and as far as footage was concerned he certainly didn't suffer.

Recently he was signed by Pathé to write shorts. Well, he might as well be there as anywhere.

George Jessel who, in his own estimation at least, ranks second to nobody in the show business and who does manage to pull them in in New York, also came out to say *his* say. The opus was "Love, Live, and Laugh." From an audience standpoint it might better have been called "Look, Yawn,

and Sleep." One was more than enough in his case. Fox bought his contract at a price in the neighborhood of \$80,000 and he returned to New York.

John McCormack with his contract for half a million for one picture made "Song o' My Heart." They have not arranged for another film for him at the Fox studio.

Two other semibig shots from New York signed by the hopeful Fox were Norma Terris and J. Harold Murray. The former leaped into fame via the stage "Show Boat" and made two pictures, "Married in Hollywood" and "Cameo Kirby." I don't know whether Miss Terris or the studio was more disgusted with the result, and she has entertained with imitations at Florida night clubs this winter.

J. Harold Murray lingered longer and was popular with the studio employees, if not with the public. He appeared with Miss Terris in the two pictures named and followed them with "Women Everywhere" and "To-

night and You." Then he, too, gave up the cinematic ghost—or the studio did.

The amount of money collected by some of these people for doing little or nothing almost passes belief, and each time I think of another name I am tempted to write "this was the costliest of them all." Paul White-man, believe it or not, collected more than \$200,000 salary for himself and band before he had done a day's work for Universal.

They had him under contract, but his agreement stipulated that he was to O. K. his story. He refused to O. K. the stories they submitted and they had no choice but to pay him. He was out here about eight

Elsie Ferguson, glamorous star of yesteryear, finally permitted herself to be cajoled into another appearance on the screen. She detested films when she starred in pictures years ago. This time, she told me, it was simply a crucifixion. She made one picture, "Scarlet Pages," and returned to the footlights.



weeks and left for a concert tour. When he returned they had "The King of Jazz" ready to start

shooting, but they had to pay him additional salary while he worked on it.

Charles Kaley was an ingratiating master of ceremonies at the Marlbro Theater in Chicago. After a great deal of search for a lead for "Lord Byron of Broadway," M.-G.-M. discovered Kaley and paid something like \$40,000 for his theater contract.

He was cast in the title rôle of "Lord Byron," made the one picture and they let him go. In justice to Charlie, however, it should be noted that if he had had half a chance he might have developed into a picture personality. His director didn't like him, didn't want him for the part, and did everything possible to discourage him while he made it. It is small wonder that his work reflected the disadvantages under which he made his début. Following "Lord Byron" he returned to the stage.

Vivienne Segal, known as the highest-priced light-opera prima donna on the New York stage, came and saw, but didn't conquer. She made one picture, "The Golden Dawn," had her nose bobbed and was signed for four more. Made three of them, "Song of the West," "Bride of the Regiment," and "Viennese Nights." She was last heard of in vaudeville singing of her fame in Hollywood.

Inez Courtney, one of the Courtney Sisters of vaudeville and record fame, was signed by First National. Played in "Spring Is Here," "Song of the Flame," lent to Fox for "Not Damaged," recalled by First National for "The Hot Heiress" and "Sunny." She's back in musical comedy.

Jack Whiting was signed by Warner Brothers and made a record number of pictures in a comparatively short time: "Top Speed," "Life of the Party," "College Lovers," "Maybe It's Love," and "Men of the Sky." At present he is playing on Broadway and his return is problematical, although the studio insists he will return. But why?

Alexander Gray, possessing one of the finest voices on the stage, was brought out hopefully and left a victim of ill luck. His first picture was "Sally." All attention was focused on Marilyn Miller, with the result that Mr. Gray was badly lighted and poorly photographed. He knew nothing of picture make-up and no one bothered to show him. In addition, he "mugged."

He was so unmercifully panned for mugging that in his second picture, "Spring Is Here," he played through-out almost without expression in an effort to correct the mugging. His third picture, "No, No, Nanette," was negligible. His fourth was "Song of the Flame," his last "Viennese Nights." There again he was a victim of circumstances, for he was forced to dye his brown hair blond. With sympathetic direction and coaching he would probably have been a favorite. He's in Europe now.

Bernice Claire who was signed at the same time, showed promise—to an extent. "No, No, Nanette," "Spring Is Here," "Song of the Flame," "Numbered Men," "Top Speed," and "Kiss Me Again" mark her

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ANOTHER LADY!

Poised, intelligent, direct in speech and manner, Ruth Chatterton delights a seasoned interviewer who finds in her added proof of the screen's coming of age.

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

IT is simply one of Hollywood's paradoxes that its most consistently loose lady, in pictures, should turn out to be one of its few ladies away from the studio. But of course Hollywood is prolific in paradoxes. In numbers they rank second only to yes-men.

Seeing Ruth Chatterton performing her artistic chores for the camera, you are led to surmise that here is an intelligent woman. For once you would find that you are right.

During the past year she has firmly entrenched herself among the six leading stars, placing with Garbo, Dressler, Dietrich, Harding, and the rocketing Constance Bennett. In this constellation she need bow to none in the matter of sheer technique. What there is to acting Chatterton knows. She hasn't the warmth of Dressler, and her sex magnetism does not rate with the other younger women, but as a trouper, winning the sympathy of her audience, Chatterton shares laurels with the best.

I visited her smart apartment at the Elysee. She was in the hands of a corps of dressmakers, seamstresses, ladies in waiting. The atmosphere was charged with silks, and satins, and something of Paris. Miss Chatterton made a late, but effective, entrance in an extravagant white satin negligee pajama, but formal. The sleeves were richly banded in fur.

Knowing that her new contract with the open-handed Brothers Warner calls for something very like \$2,000 a day, I was prepared for a dash or more of ostentation. Many a likable performer goes giddy when the remuneration swells so impressively. Many a regular person reels just a little from the rush of Mammon to the purse. Chatterton keeps both her well-shod feet on the ground.

Stardom has been her lot for years; the extra flow of gold is not unduly emphasized in her intelligent outlook.

Her life has been the theater. At eighteen she was a star. The stage claimed her for more than a decade, advancing her and submerging her with erratic tides of fortune.

"Daddy Long Legs," "Come Out of the Kitchen," and "Moonlight and Honeysuckle" were impressive commercial hits, but Chatterton was eager to do more serious things.

"This caused a break with my manager of many years standing," she said. "I went in for producing on my own. The Shuberts gave me backing, with provisos that reached from here to here." She grimaced wryly. "After all sorts of difficulties I persuaded them to let me do 'The Man with a Load of Mischief,' by Ashley Dukes. The troubles attached to presenting a play are incomprehensible to any one who hasn't poked backstage and wandered into the counting room where everything is decided. For a temperamental person to attempt it is foolhardy."

She talked with ease, spacing her words effectively yet without straining for effect. Her diction was beyond reproach. There is about her something and everything bespeaking breeding.

"After ironing out various details 'The Man with a Load' was announced. We cast it, rehearsed it, and finally presented it—after the curtain had been held for an hour. Owing to this last-minute squabble—one of many with my producers—the play was taken off after an abortive run."

Then Charles Dillingham produced Barrie's "The Little Minister," with Chatterton as *Lady Babbie*. It failed. "And I might add," said the lady, whimsically, "that Holy Week is not the ideal time to stage a revival."

Some historians feel that at this point in her career Chatterton was through; that she turned to Hollywood with pictures in mind as a last resort. This inaccurate supposition was corrected by Miss Chatterton herself.

"I was sick of Broadway and its bickering," she said. "I had worked very hard over the two plays and their failure tired me completely. California seemed pleasantly far away. So Rafe and I went to San Francisco."

"Rafe" is Ralph Forbes, her husband.

Saddened, disillusioned, weary, Chatterton tried to forget the theater. For a year or more no one heard of her. Programs no longer bore her name. Then she visited friends in Los Angeles and some one urged her to have a picture test.

"I was quite bad," she says frankly. "They told me I screened abominably and I agreed with them. But one day Jannings was looking at tests, searching for a woman to play in 'Sins of the Fathers,' and by

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Success is nothing new to Miss Chatterton. At eighteen she was a stage star.



Photo by Eugene Robert Richee

THE reason for Ruth Chatterton's amazing success on the screen is her love for acting and the theater, says Malcolm H. Oettinger in his interview, opposite. Absorbed by every role she plays, she leaves nothing undone to make it perfect.



AS if to prove his versatility, Buddy Rogers bids you look at his mustoche. It is only to be seen here, however, for he sacrificed it for "The Lowyer's Secret," but there ore rumors that he is cultivoting o boss voice.

Photo by Eugene Robert Richee



Photos by Otto Dyar

MITZI, everybody's Miss Green, wears a Mona Lisa smile when you ask her the secret of her cleverness in making important every rôle she plays. She's the last one to chirp "It's a gift!" because Mitzi's not that kind of a child.



Karen Morley

SHE is the interesting girl who played the suicide in Greta Garbo's "Inspiration" and caused many to ask about her. Born in Ottumwa, Iowa, she went on the stage and recently was discovered by Metro-Goldwyn who promise further glimpses of Karen, in "Daybreak" and "Never the Twain Shall Meet."



Photo by Otto Dyar

STARDOM soon, the wiseacres say of Carol Lombard, and Picture Play heartily indorses the nomination, while refusing to add the "e" that Miss Lombard has lately annexed to her name. Carol is lovely, but there's no such cognomen as Carole.



Photo by Kenneth Alexander

WITH almost every young actor in Hollywood urged for the role of Clyde Griffiths, in "An American Tragedy," Phillips Holmes wins the assignment with not a soul even to whisper objections. And his past performances earned it for him.



Photo by Hurrell

BY now you have seen Neil Hamilton in "Strangers May Kiss," and know that rumors of his conspicuously good performance are not the ravings of press agents. Here he is all set for another hit in "Torch Song," opposite *la* Crawford.



TEN years in the movies find Mary Astor with strange opinions. Beautiful, young, and rich, she is weary of Hollywood and its narrowness, its hollowness. On the opposite page she is persuaded to tell why she continues the treadmill.

Photo by Russell Ball

Poor LITTLE SUCCESS

Mary Astor is fed up with films, because she has been in the game since she was fourteen, but still she admits that she would be "sunk" away from the studios. That feeling is an epidemic, she says.

By Margaret Reid

HOLLYWOOD does nothing by halves. Its effects are perhaps more positive than those accomplished by any other city—but then Hollywood isn't a city. It is a state of mind, of emotion, of spirit. It is a virus, inescapable, and potent. It can do many things to many people. It is a dangerous place for those whose wits are not continuously alert.

Hollywood can variously excite, wound, madden, destroy, gratify, starve, and delight its inhabitants. In every case the effect is excessive. Among its other quaint achievements, Hollywood is unequalled in the degree of boredom and weariness it can induce in sensitive victims.

Example—

Mary Astor. Twenty-four years old. Beautiful. Successful. Famous. Rapidly becoming rich. Intelligent—which is the rub, of course, but that's beside the point.

Mary is sitting on what would generally be called the top of the world. But, at the moment, Mary doesn't give a darn. She is tired of the whole show.

"If," she amended suspiciously, "you say I'm tired of it all, I'll have you in court. Because I'm not. I'm just fed up—which is something that I can't exactly explain."

"Well, just what are you tired of?"

"I'm tired of making pictures—and that probably covers everything."

Then dropping her voice to Barrymore pitch, "It's all a hollow mockery!"

She laughed, and would have shrugged the topic aside. Mary not being one to dwell on dismal subjects. But she was the fourth person I had encountered in the space of one week who complained of the same weariness. I felt impelled to discover and relay the cause of it to a public that sees in Hollywood the answer to all prayers.

"It must be an epidemic," Mary said, "a form of spring head cold. Probably all we need is a good dose of something or other to restore us to normal. But in the meantime we take comfort in moaning and carrying

Hollywaad is deadly serious about the wrong things and flippant about important ones, Miss Astor sighs.



on about our troubles, instead of being grateful for our blessings. Some one ought to hit us over the head and black us out until we're human again."

That is hardly accurate. Mary doesn't go in for self-indulgence in the matter of moods. She is prey to none—and I mean none—of the little stellar foibles. Eminently sane, she sees clearly and assigns everything its proper place and value in the scheme of her world.

Mary wanted to let the matter drop.

"Will you please tell me who in the name of Heaven gives a whoop that I feel low? There's nothing unique about it. Thousands of people feel worse, at the moment, and for more adequate reasons. Let's talk about something else."

But with the rudeness characteristic of my profession, I insisted that Hollywood blues were a specific brand, and she'd better come clean or else—

"Well, if that's your idea of a jolly little interview, all right. I think you'd do better to tell what I think of the East Indian political situation, with some funny stories here and there. I know a lovely one about the dowager in the theater."

Quite on the side, this gal who would have been *Melisande* had she not delayed her birth a few hundred years, has a neat way with stories and general humor.

It isn't customary for angel faces to have heads on them. Einstein himself probably would be willing to relinquish the key to relativity if he could have the Astor features greeting him in every mirror. That Mary is good company as well as an ornament might strike some people as superfluity. But they would be the rank economists.

Which is all aside from the point. That is, the reason for weariness in twenty-four-year-old stars, using Mary Astor as illustration.

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A BEAU and HIS

What does it cost a popular Hollywood bachelor to keep up with the social whirl? James Hall answers the question and goes into details that amaze by their frankness. But it's all part of the racket, he says.

HAVE you ever thought how charming life must be for the gay bachelors of Hollywood? A big salary, usually no family responsibilities, no one to provide for or consider but their own good-looking selves.

Add to those romantic qualifications the fact that these men are in continual contact with beautiful, well-groomed women who are ready and willing to play, and the Hollywood bachelor's life appears to offer pleasures that exceed the glories of a hashish smoker's dream or a Mohammedan's conception of Paradise.

But there is a catch in the halcyonic scheme of the bachelor actor's life. Sentimental saws to the contrary, it is the man who pays and pays—and then gets his salary attached.

Hoping to get to the bottom of the situation, I asked James Hall to tell me approximately what it costs an eligible bachelor to keep up with the Hollywood social whirl. Mr. Hall isn't, to be sure, a bachelor, but he is matrimonially unattached and qualified to give firsthand information on the subject.

The night before he had attended the Hollywood opening of "Once in a Lifetime," and it was several minutes before he would stop talking about that hilarious play and get down to brass tacks—or rather silver dollars.

In the beginning it should be understood that these bachelors who pay and pay are not necessarily spend-thrifts, nor are they attempting to make a social splurge. They literally have to keep up a brave and prosperous front.

The delirious social values of Hollywood are such that a leading man who is not seen at the right places, in the right clothes, and at the right time is considered to be slipping in his profession, and his career suffers. It is a vicious fallacy that no actor below stellar rank dares brook single-handed.

"We may as well begin with premières," said Jimmy good-humoredly. "Recently we had eleven of them in three weeks, but there are only two this week.

"For the opening of Charlie Chaplin's 'City Lights,' I bought two tickets at ten dollars each. The orchids I shall send to the lady I escort will cost fifteen dollars.

"Our dinner, including the tip, will be about twelve



James Hall spent sixty-five dollars on a movie opening and all that went with it.

dollars. After the show we will go some place to dance and have a bite to eat. That will cost about ten. Sometimes to avoid the terrible opening crowd I take a taxi to and from the theater. As this opening promises to be particularly wild, I won't take my own car, and the taxi bill will be about eight dollars. Figure it out for yourself."

I did and it amounts to sixty-five dollars for an evening's entertainment. A girl could buy herself a good-looking summer outfit for that amount, or take a trip—but we won't go into that.

A former star of my acquaintance, who is really well-fixed financially, went to see "Trader Horn" the second night of its run. The word went around that she must be slipping fast, since she could not afford to attend the première. Such rumors do not help one to land a contract.

"Then," continued Jimmy, "there is the matter of home entertainment. It is said

around Hollywood that the reason no one has given a party recently is because no one can hope to top or even equal one given by William Haines. He spent fifteen hundred dollars on orchids alone.

"When a man isn't married he has no one to assist in entertaining his friends, so he usually tries to give them something a little special in the way of diversion when he attempts a party. I often show a silent film which I think they will enjoy. Last week I put on 'The Covered Wagon' for some guests. The rental-charge was \$2.75 per reel, and that film is about twelve or fourteen reels long.

"Then, of course, there were the smaller expenses of dinner before and refreshments after the picture.

"When guests drop in to play bridge or poker the expenses are small, not worth mentioning—high balls and sandwiches. We have good times.

"But the worst evil in connection with keeping up a bachelor establishment is the servant problem. When a man is working he hasn't time to check up and see that his servants are playing fair.

"I had a driver who had been with me a long time. I depended on him to buy the tires for my car and everything else that was needed, not only for the car, but for the house. The bills that came in were terrific, but I thought they were honest and said nothing.

Money

By Madeline Glass

"One evening some guests were dining with me and I had to send for something at the market. When the boy brought it he demanded—and received—payment on the spot.

"I was very much astonished and annoyed, for the grocery bills were sent to me each month. I called the market and they not only apologized, but called me several times to say that they were firing those responsible for the blunder. When three had been discharged and they had exhausted their supply of apologies, I began to wonder why they were so anxious to keep my patronage.

"Finally it came out that they were padding my bills and splitting the profits with the chauffeur. When I learned that, I began checking up on him and found that I was paying sixty dollars for tires that cost him \$42.50 each. I also found that I was paying for the gas which he and his wife used for their car.

"I fired him, of course, and after he was gone a bill came from a drug store for forty dollars. On investigation I found that it was for things my chauffeur had bought for his home. I told the druggist where he lived and he was made to pay the bill.

"Then," he continued, his cheerful manner in nowise diminished by his tale of injuries, "one has to drive a good car. That is important. And how dealers do love to raise prices when they see a player coming! A fifteen-hundred-dollar car will jump to two thousand dollars in nothing flat.

"Clothes are a big item of expense, too, although this suit I have on cost only forty dollars. It was copied by a tailor with a conscience from one that cost one hundred and fifteen dollars, which is the usual price we have to pay.

"If an actor wears the same clothes in private life that he wears on the screen he is considered stingy. So we must have two complete wardrobes.

"But the biggest graft of all," said Jimmy, "is carried on by certain jewelers. Some of them make a practice of trailing actors and getting introductions to them. Once you have met them they insist that you accept a social invitation.

"Finally you give in and accept just to be polite. They tell you that you must feel free to use their stores. The credit they extend is practically limitless.

Many players have taken advantage of their offers to buy things for themselves or their friends, particularly their girl friends.

The biggest expense of keeping up a bachelor establishment is caused by cheating servants, says Mr. Hall, who found that he was paying sixty dollars for tires that cost his chauffeur \$42.50.





LOUIS WOLHEIM

ALWAYS a superb actor, even in ordinary films, Louis Wolheim's final gesture was to walk away with what was supposed to be a star's picture. Ironically enough, "Gentleman's Fate" was the title.

BABY SPITFIRE

Well-established players can register temperament and Hollywood thinks nothing of it, but when Maureen O'Sullivan, the Irish colleen just getting her first breaks, began to assert herself around the studio, the film capital arched a plucked eyebrow.

By Laura Benham

A MOP of black hair, eyes blue as the lakes of Killarney, a bridge of freckles across a delicious snub nose, wide, humorous mouth, and a bubbling, irrepressible sense of humor—that's Maureen O'Sullivan. A merry, well-mannered little Irish colleen—yet she gave blasé Hollywood a new thrill.

For Maureen dared to live her own life!

Now it's all good and well for Garbo, Gaynor, Bancroft, and others of the older, established players to register temperament all over the lot. Such explosions cause no excitement in the colony. But for a youngster just getting her first break to kick over the studio traces! That was something entirely different.

But Maureen wasn't Irish for nothing.

I remember when she arrived in Hollywood. As you recall, she was a protégée of Director Frank Borzage, who discovered her in Dublin and gave her one of the leading rôles in "Song o' My Heart."

At that time Maureen was a shy, rather bewildered little girl who seemed afraid even to speak to any one. The studio took more than usual interest in her, established her at the Studio Club—for women only—and set about managing her affairs. Of course they had her best interests at heart—studios always do.

All went well for a couple of months. Then suddenly Hollywood was electrified. Maureen had determined to "live her own life"! She left the Studio Club and took an apartment high in the Hollywood hills.

Photo by Kahle

The shy little Maureen who came to Hollywood soon rebelled against studio advice on her friends, home, and car.



Photo by Autrey

After making a name for herself in five films, Miss O'Sullivan went back to Ireland for a vacation.

The entire colony, which had taken the little stranger to its heart, felt real concern. Gossip flew fast and furious. The studio grew alarmed. Conferences were held. Maureen was summoned before an executive council.

Instead of a shamed and humble penitent, however, Maureen arrived gayly in her sparkling new roadster with which she was burning up the roads in and around Hollywood. She listened to the lecture. She replied pleasantly to the questions. She nodded meekly at the advice. And went quietly and determinedly back to her apartment.

Then more rumors began to circulate. Maureen was going to night clubs. Oh, only the nicest ones, of course—but at her age!



The climax came when Maureen went out with a writer. Baby stars are supposed to save their attentions for male stars—or at least embryo stars.

Again the studio executives sent for her. But this time Maureen was not so quiet. She lost patience and spoke up for herself.

When she told me about it, we were sitting in the bedroom of her suite at the Savoy-Plaza in New York. She was en route to Ireland for a visit to her family and was thrilled at the prospect. But reservedly so, as befits a well-brought-up young lady—no effusiveness, no grandiloquent gestures.

I had asked her about the time she faced the executives of the studio. Maureen smiled at the memory.

"Oh, it really wasn't such a terrible scene," she assured me. "And they really thought they were doing what was best for me. They didn't realize that the Studio Club wasn't a home, and that I had been used to a comfortable, roomy house.

"I tried to make them see that I didn't want an apartment in order to throw wild parties. That I lived rather quietly, but I wanted a place really my own.

"Then they mentioned my roadster. They murmured that I would be safer if I had a small closed car and a chauffeur. That it wasn't safe for me to drive around alone, as I didn't know the roads and might get lost—especially at night.

"I answered that I never went out at night without an escort. I thought that would certainly reassure them. But from the ominous silence that followed my remark, I realized that I had said the wrong thing.

"'Ahem,' some one muttered. 'About your escorts, Miss O'Sullivan,'—and the battle was on.

"My fighting Irish was up. Regardless of how kindly were their intentions, I refused to let the studio choose my friends. As long as I was going with the right sort of people, and as long as my work was satisfactory, I didn't see why my personal affairs were any concern of the studio. And I said so."

Maureen flashed a cunning grin. "But we finally patched it up," she finished tactfully. Tactfully, I say, because she came away with all the laurels.

Maureen has unusual poise for one so young. There is nothing of the painted ingénue about her. She is a well-groomed, smartly dressed girl, with splendid taste in clothes.

Born in Dublin she was reared carefully with a full appreciation of the niceties of life. There was no thought of other than a social career for her. It was by accident that Frank Borzage saw her in a restaurant where she was having tea with friends, and opened the door to film fame.

Inexplicably, for none of her forbears were Thespians, Maureen displayed a nice acting talent from the very first. And during the Gaynor-Fox fracas, she was being groomed for the royal robes of the little redhead, Janet, just in case things weren't settled peaceably.

Following her rôle in "Song o' My Heart," Maureen appeared in "So This Is London." "Just Imagine." "The Princess and the Plumber"—opposite Charlie Farrell—and her last part was with Will Rogers again, in "The Connecticut Yankee." All her work has been praised highly by critics and the public.

On her way home she stopped in New York for only one day, but, being feminine, managed to spend part of that in shopping. She was surrounded by new hats, coats, and frocks.

"I like to shop here," she remarked as she pulled one of the hats down snugly and turned this way and that to view the effect. It was charming. "But now that Hollywood is *home*, I'm used to the stores there. These seem so big and strange compared to them."

"Are you trying to tell me that you like Hollywood so much better than New York?" I asked her.

"Well, I *know* people in Hollywood," she countered. "When I first went out there, I was lonely—oh, so lonely. Now I've met lots of folks, and I don't have enough time to do the things I want, to go the places I wish.

"After all, it isn't a *place* we like, is it? It's the *people* in those places which make the difference."

Of course, that statement isn't original. Most of us have learned that about life—that places are only the frames for the people we meet—but Maureen is very young to have realized that.

She can't be serious for long, though. Her irrepressible humor bubbles forth every moment. And did I mention her brogue? She went on slyly, "And there are two special persons in Hollywood now——"

I was all excited at that. I am a woman and a reporter, so you can imagine my curiosity at the hint of a big romance. But Maureen refused to say any more. She wouldn't describe either of them for me, but I know they're not actors, for along with some of her other policies, Maureen has decided against actors.

"Somehow or other, it doesn't seem fitting for great big men like Victor McLaglen to be making their living putting paint and powder all over their faces. I think business men and writers are much nicer," she confided. "And when I come back to New York on my way to Hollywood, I'll tell you all about the letters I've been getting from my two lads in Hollywood—and *maybe* I'll tell you their names."

I had to be content with that. After all, when the whole Fox studio couldn't influence Maureen to do as they pleased, how could I expect to talk her into telling me about her romances?

But I won't miss talking to her when she comes back.

Miss O'Sullivan told the studio executives in straight-forward Irish brogue that her personal life was her own concern.



JACK OAKIE

SIGHING for new worlds of comedy to conquer, Jack Oakie goes tenderfoot. Here he gives you an idea of what happens in his new picture, "Dude Ranch." Beginning as an actor in a traveling company, he, Eugene Pallette, and Mitzi Green are hired to entertain the bored guests at a ranch where excitement is missing. Whereupon Mr. Oakie outdoes the real cowboys, has a run-in with desperadoes and comes off with flying calars. But June Callyer, as the heroine, sees through his disguise.



Illustrated by Lul Trugo

SHOCKING

People who don't know Hollywood are shocked and repeat the rumors they have heard about the stars—
eyes wa-ay up wide

By Helen

I THINK I had better see some theatrical managers right away about going on a little tour as a monologist. Having just returned from a trip to the East, I have had a lot of practice giving monologues. In fact, I have had hardly anything *but* practice. My throat is sore and my poor old vocal cords are mere ravelings.

It wasn't that I set out with any intention of changing my profession and doing a sort of informal vaudeville act. The thing was thrust upon me. It was like this. Some one would introduce me to some one and add the fateful words, "Miss Walker is from Hollywood!"

Whereupon every one within hearing would pounce upon me with loud cries of, "Oh, do tell us all about it! What is it like? Is it *really* as mad and fantastic as we have been told? Oh, *do* tell us!"

And we would be off. I would go into my act. I would answer questions and questions and questions. I never dreamed there could be so many questions in the world.

Occasionally in the midst of the hubbub, I became conscious that, as a visitor from Hollywood, I was a disappointment. People would eye me expectantly as if they thought I might at any moment cut some sort of dido like leaping onto a table and doing a little dance, or kicking a slipper through a window.

"After all, you're from *Hollywood*—" they would remark reproachfully. And I would know that I had failed them.

Realizing that I was not by nature a very successful table dancer or slipper kicker, or, for that matter, any other of those rather frisky things, I would try hard to make it up to them by answering diligently all their questions and giving as much information as I could about Hollywoodians who *were* good at cutting capers.

The things they wanted to know! The worst question of all, and the one asked most often, was, "What is John Gilbert, or Clara Bow, or Ronald Colman, or any one of a thousand other people, *like*?"

Now how do *I* know? Most of the people in Hollywood aren't like any one I ever saw before. How in the world do you tell any one what any one else is *like*?

It's no use to say that Ronald Colman is tall, and dark, and handsome, and that he has an engaging habit of quirking one eyebrow at you, because they already know that. In all probability they know what kind of car he drives, what brand of tobacco he prefers, and what sort of soap preserves his youthful charms for the Kleig lights.

They know how many times he has been married and to whom. They have read his opinions of talking pictures, love, marriage, morals, and travel. They know who are his best friends and what his golf scores are, if any. They know his favorite colors and his favorite foods.

And yet they babble eagerly, "What is Ronald Colman *like*?"

I give it up. I'm a third of a ghost. I don't *know* what they're like. So there!

But the most astonishing thing of all is what people outside of Hollywood think of *us*. That, my dears, is something to make you open your eyes wa-ay up wide and gasp, "Goodness!" At least, that's what I did.

There was, for instance, the woman who, in the midst of a quite commonplace conversation in a New York apartment, suddenly turned to me and asked about the symptoms a dope addict manifests in his last stages.

"I don't know," I had to confess. "I never knew any one in the last stages of dope addiction."



OPINIONS

incredulous when told of its tameness. But when they that, my dears, is something to make you open your and gasp, "Goodness!"

Louise Walker

"You *didn't!* Why—don't you live in Hollywood?" she exclaimed in great astonishment.

Apparently it was her impression that we were simply knee-deep in narcotic addicts, week in and week out. That people ambled along the Boulevard quietly sniffing "snow," and that pedestrians were constantly having to step over the recumbent forms of cocaine victims strewn along the sidewalks.

"I thought people out there took heroin instead of cocktails!" she protested, with obvious disappointment.

Well!!!

And the rumors about our own citizens! Some one asked me—I think it was the eight thousandth time—"What about Doug and Mary? Are they going to separate?"

I chanted my usual reply, which goes like this: "I have been living in Hollywood nearly four years and I have heard that rumor at least once a week during the entire period. I have heard the same rumor about every other couple of any prominence who stayed married for three months or more. I haven't the vestige of a way of knowing anything about the Fairbanks' plans. But I'll bet a nickel that they are *not* going to separate."

A firm-looking woman piped up. "Well, I heard that they *were* going to separate, and that Doug was going to marry a Chinese girl and go to live in China with some of the royal family!"

I could do nothing about that except look google-eyed. Hollywood, in its wildest moments, never told one like that! I have always thought we were pretty good at rumors, too.

I listened to a conversation in the women's lounge on the train coming West. One girl averred that Greta Garbo was not a blonde at all—nor was she Swedish. She was an Italian with hair so black that it had to be bleached every day. When some one attempted to register a mild doubt about this, she quashed her with extreme finality.

"Don't try to tell *me!*" she advised darkly. "I *know.*" She went into one of those involved explanations about a friend of her cousin who knew a man who knew a girl—they always know. And from just such unimpeachable and remote sources.

I heard that Janet Gaynor was dead, and when I remarked that I had seen her at lunch on the Fox lot, looking particularly blooming just before I went away, my information was dismissed with an airy, "Poof! That was just her double!"

I asked a young bond salesman from Boston how he pictured Hollywood, and he went into quite a rapturous description of Universal City, "With all those strange, pink houses, each with its own big swimming pool—Rolls-Royces everywhere—" He was devastated when I told him that Universal City was a large gray manufacturing plant, with no pink houses at all—and that it was not in Hollywood.

I heard that Chaplin had changed his mind and made a talkie out of "City Lights," after all!

There seems to be an impression that all girls in Hollywood wear ermine coats and orchids at breakfast each morning, and that a sober breath is never, *never*, drawn by any one within the city limits. That folks are constantly diving into swimming pools in evening clothes. That no one ever goes to bed before dawn. That every one in sight on the Boulevard is a motion-picture celebrity. (Where do they imagine that electricians and prop men and fan writers live?) That producers stroll about tossing thousand-dollar bills to the winds with

Continued on page 105



HOLLYWOOD

Zestfully reeling off the news and gossip of the cavorting and capricious film city.

ROBERT Montgomery has a ready wit. It works, too.

Not long ago Bob appeared before the reviewing committee of the Daughters of the American Revolution to make a speech. It was a gathering of sedate women who render judgment on current films with great seriousness. One of the pictures they had appraised was "Inspiration." Bob looked on the mimeographed program to see what they had said about it, and found that it had met with emphatic disapproval.

So when he got on his feet, he slyly remarked:

"I feel somewhat out of place as a guest of honor at this distinguished function. I am proud to be here, of course, but I am also really disconcerted. The only picture I played in on your list of films reviewed is one labeled 'Not Recommended.' I certainly feel sorry about this, but anyway I hope that even if you did not recommend it, you at least *enjoyed* it."

Bob's naïve speech made a tremendous hit with the ladies present.

A Fair Fighting Lady.

Ann Harding is turning into a contract battler. She doesn't like morality clauses and other things, and who can blame her?

Morality clauses, like curfew laws, have always been designed as bugaboos—good for little movie girls who had to be frightened, spanked, and sent to bed, but scarcely planned for self-sufficient actresses like Miss Harding, whose home life is the *ultima Thule*, or what have you, of Hollywood.

Ann doesn't like long-winded studio documents, with a lot of ifs, ands, and buts. She cherished for a long

time a three or four-paragraph agreement that she entered into when she first came to pictures, that simply stated what sort of films she was to make, and how much money she was to receive.

Even though this paid her but one-sixth the sum promised by a later contract drawn up by legal experts, she clung to it until she was satisfied with her new agreement.

She could have been some thousands of dollars richer if she had signed without protest, but she preferred to retain command over her own destiny. She receives approximately \$6,000 per week under the new arrangement and many concessions not usually granted stars. Her husband, Harry Bannister, took an active part in the negotiations.

It is understood that the morality clause, among others, was waived.

Opposed to Babbitry.

Stage players generally resent the uplift ideas sponsored by the movies.

The solemn pronouncements that have originated from the Hays office, especially, meet with resistance and more or less kidding.

So far, the campaign has been a whispering one. When film czars and other nabobs at Academy and other meetings, make speeches extolling the great good influence that pictures exert on the minds of the populace, there is often tittering and undercover comment. In one instance, during a Will H. Hays address, this almost grew to the proportions of an angry hum.

The newcomers in the studios seem to think it utter nonsense to take the mission of the movies too seriously,

Dorothy Jordan is one of the first to take a plunge in the open, for she is still new enough in Hollywood to be agog over its advantages.



HIGHLIGHTS

By Edwin and Elza Schallert

and above all to speak about them from the Babbitt standpoint. It's *trous* nowadays with such old-fogy notions in pictureland.

A Grand Old Evening.

Meanwhile, there is plenty of old-fashioned excitement, with actors even going to jail occasionally.

Among those who were incarcerated recently were William Henry Boyd (stage), Walter Catlett, and Pat O'Brien who was brought West for "The Front Page."

When they were caught in a raid at Boyd's home, the host, apparently with chivalric intentions toward his guests, fought the police, and was subdued only after a struggle.

Several amusing incidents occurred when Catlett was taken to jail, and started to lecture the prisoners who were in the same tank with him, declaring he felt honored to be among them. He also invited them out to breakfast, but failed to show up. He offered to buy another prisoner's suit for \$50, because, he said, it was the funniest he had ever seen.

O'Brien lived up to the record of the other two, verbally at least, by declaring that they could have cleaned up on the coppers, if it hadn't been for the women present.

The only marring note was that Catlett and O'Brien were confined in what is known as the "spud tank," which doesn't sound very complimentary.

Only Boyd had to pay a fine. It amounted to \$500, but the evening was probably worth it.

Youth Will Be Chivalrous!

William Bakewell is another of the fighting stars of Hollywood. He came close to a fistic encounter with Myron J. Selznick, once a pugilistic opponent of John

Barrymore, at the select Embassy Club. Bakewell resented the fact that his dancing partner, Mrs. Verma Chalif, a cousin of Mary Pickford, was struck in the eye by a ball of hot candle tallow thrown by Selznick. He started to go for Selznick, but one of the latter's friends interfered. Bakewell was quite mad about the whole matter, and so, too, was John Mack Brown, a member of the party. But Mary Pickford, who joined them later, treated the affair airily when interrogated, indicating that men must play to have a good time.

Sudden Population Gain.

How large is the Marx Brothers' family? This question has been perplexing movieland ever since their arrival. It is known that three or four automobiles were required to transport the stars and their entourage from the railroad station to their homes. The fans know, of course, only four Marxes, but the number increases surprisingly when they are encountered personally.

We learn upon investigation that there are thirteen members of the party. These include wives for Groucho, Chico, and Zeppo, the silent Harpo being to all intents and purposes a bachelor, as well as two children of Groucho, one nurse, two gag writers, and the father of the Marx brothers, who generally goes with them.

They constitute one of the largest cortéges which ever entered the film colony, creating more comment than any advent of this kind since Eddie Cantor arrived with his large family of daughters.

Money-mad Starlets.

Youngsters in the movies are becoming plutocrats. Mildly speaking, anyway. They can't expect to capture the salaries of the grown-ups in this sophisticated era.

But at all events Jackie Coogan is getting \$25,000 per picture, and Mitzi Green approximately \$600 weekly.

What a Lorelei is Leila Hyams, her blond hair streaming, her blue eyes teasing you to try for her place on the springboard!



Hollywood High Lights



Recognize the likeness?
It's Robert Coogan,
brother of Jackie,
making his debut in
"Skippy."

What's more, if Jackie works longer than schedule on any film he may receive \$7,500 per week.

Among the youngster stars, Leon Janney is not out of the running, either. He has been signed again by Warner Brothers. He is not in the high salary list as yet, but has rosy ambitions.

Blow for Sophistication.

What a terrible let-down it must be for a worldly-wise girl to have to sign her movie contract in the presence of a judge, because she happens to be a minor! In other words, to be treated just like any of the other movie children.

Sophisticated Carman Barnes recently had to undergo this experience. She might be old enough to write "School Girl," but she wasn't sufficiently mature to affix her signature without the aid of a magistrate.

Movie companies arrange to have contracts with minors signed this way so that they may not be broken on the grounds of youthful incompetency of the player in business matters.

One simply can't be legally precocious in pictures.

That Secret Sympathy.

Greeting of one ex-husband to another at première:

"Hello, Mr. Beery!"

"Howareyuh, Somborn!"

This happened at the opening of "Strangers May Kiss" at the Carthay Circle. Wallace Beery was radio announcer, and Herbert Somborn was one of the patrons, both being former husbands of Gloria Swanson. We missed Wally's greeting to the Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudraye.

There is something of a masonic understanding among ex's, however.

Forecasting a Sock.

The art of pantomime is not dead in Hollywood. A scene enacted at the Embassy Club recently proves it.

It seems that Estelle Taylor was lunching there, and Leslie Fenton stopped at her table to chat with her.

A director seated in the vicinity attracted Fenton's attention. He shook his head at the young actor, and then pretended to hand himself a wallop in the jaw.

The inference was obvious enough—"Young man, look out for Jack Dempsey!"

True Artist Passes.

The passing of F. W. Murnau, director of "Sunrise," leaves us heart-broken. He was one of our artistic idols in the movies. His sudden death in an automobile wreck was tragic and depressing, because so much of accomplishment was to be expected of him. He was still in his early forties.

Murnau leaves as a heritage a beautiful and romantic picture of the South Pacific islands, called "Tabu." It is a silent film, and we were fascinated when we saw it at a preview. The exquisite poetry of this man's work should live on as something rare and radiant, a thing to enrich the memory for many months, and perhaps even years to come.

Before coming to this country Murnau made that half-tragic, half-humorous picture with Emil Jannings, "The Last Laugh." "Sunrise" was his most remarkable creation, though, until "Tabu," nor will "The Four Devils" be forgotten.

Movieland's Bambolina.

"Little Baby!" That's Dorothy Jordan's nickname. Mario Marafioti, vocal trainer at the Metro-Goldwyn studio, gave it to her. Only he calls her "Bambolina," and it has been taken up by everybody.

It's very descriptive, too, if you happen to know Dorothy with her sweet Southern accent and her ingenuous attitude. She is rare in being able to maintain an almost childlike enthusiasm in the midst of filmland disillusionment. But then being favored in one's work does help matters. And Dorothy has been that. Her young career in pictures has apparently gone ahead unimpeded.

Her nickname symbolizes progress, incidentally, for when she first came to him to study voice Marafioti called her "little mosquito." This is explained, he says, by the fact that she had such a tiny singing voice.

Fish Worry Winnie.

Having a tête-à-tête with an eel—and not a human one—is one of Winnie Lightner's latest experiences. With Ole Olsen and Chick Johnson as companions, she had to take part in a seafaring finish to her comedy, "Gold Dust Gertie," and though the scenes were enacted on a comparatively dry set, they had plenty of lobsters, mackerels, and barracuda for company.

Winnie balked at one thing. They wanted to put the eel down her back. "Have a heart!" she exclaimed. "It's bad enough to eat fish, but for Heaven's sake, I'll never stand for one flapping against my spine."

Help This Girl Along.

Won't somebody please give Anita Page a good break! What's happening to all the good luck that formerly came her way?



Catherine
Moylan, late
of the
"Follies,"
is out
gunning for
a big rôle.
She'll get it.

Interest seems to have ceased in her future on the part of executives and directors, and we even hear her contract may be allowed to lapse.

One reason assigned is that too much has been made of the fact that Anita is a nine-o'clock girl, and is always overchaperoned by her parents.

Next step in that case will probably be for this young lady to stage a revolt. That will be running true to form, even if the revolt happens to be only an imaginary one. But understand, Anita, we're not encouraging you.

Bringing Home the Bacon.

This is the beau season for Norma Talmadge. Meaning that she is not accompanied by just a single escort. She now goes out attended by David Mir as well as Gilbert Roland. All three were together at the performances of the Chicago Opera Company, and may often be glimpsed ensemble at the beach.

Roland, it seems, has a great passion for trying the wheel-of-chance concessions on the various midways, and is successful in winning veritable truckloads of ham, bacon, coffee, and other groceries.

Norma and Mir therefore leave him to his gaming propensities, and go on their merry way, generally to a movie theater. Roland may always be depended on to turn up with an abundant supply of provisions.

Dramatizing a Kick.

Kicked in the eye while in a barroom! And El Brendel is one actor who knows that that's no joke.

He was kicked in the eye, and he was in a barroom, though it was only a set. But the kick was no prop kick. It was accidentally administered by a dancer in "Women of All Nations," Antoinette Morales by name. She was whirling in a dance, which ended with her flinging her foot high in the air, and Brendel happened to be too close. He nearly lost his eye.

The company made the most of the accident. They wrote a special scene into the picture where Brendel is shown with wounds of battle. He wore a bandage on which was pasted a gold cross—probably to signify "X marks the spot."

Pulchritude Appraised.

Selecting film beauties, a sport that sees frequent revival, has come into vogue again. Josef von Sternberg, director, is accredited with the following choice: Marlene Dietrich, Greta Garbo, Lily Damita, Clara Bow, Frances Dee, and Joan Crawford.

About the same time, an artist, Cecil Beaton, of London, picked these: Marion Davies, Norma Shearer, Greta Garbo, Marlene Dietrich, Lilyan Tashman, and Ina Claire.

The artist's comments anent his selection were somewhat disconcerting. Of Miss Shearer he said, "She is a lovely, simple countrywoman whom sophistication has not spoiled." Of Greta Garbo, "She is absolutely mad, and being absolutely mad, is, therefore, ethereal." Of Ina Claire, "She is a gorgeous almond, typifying the acme of gayety, laughter, and youth."

We've heard only one retort:

"Huh," said witty Ina, "hope when he says I'm an almond he doesn't mean I'm a nut."

Lillian Bond, a newcomer, says that she'll get there in films just the same.

Bebe Crashing a Gate.

Talk about determination! Bebe Daniels has no end of it. We saw her make two valiant attempts to break through a revolving gate at the First National studio that automatically locked to prevent entrance to the lot, and was used only for exit purposes. Bebe was determined to crash that gate, or wriggle through it, until several studio hands came to her rescue with advice that it couldn't be done. She then laughingly gave up.

The only person reputed to be able to slither through the gate is Loretta Young. She is one of the slenderest girls in pictures. Nor does that mean that Bebe is overweight.

Polly Wants Baby Girl.

Polly Moran wants to adopt a baby girl. She is mother to a young man of sixteen years, at present in a military academy, whom she adopted when he was six weeks old.

We met Polly at a tea recently. Mitzi Green was with her. "She's my chaperon," Polly explained, while Mitzi emulated the manners of a bespectacled duenna.

"I'd love to have a darling little girl like Mitzi," Polly confided. "But, honestly, I'm afraid to adopt one. The things you hear about young girls these days! Especially the tiny ones. They tell me they're terribly heavy drinkers!"

Barrymore "Begs" Signatures.

Can you picture John Barrymore, of all persons, becoming an autograph collector? Well, it's true, friends.

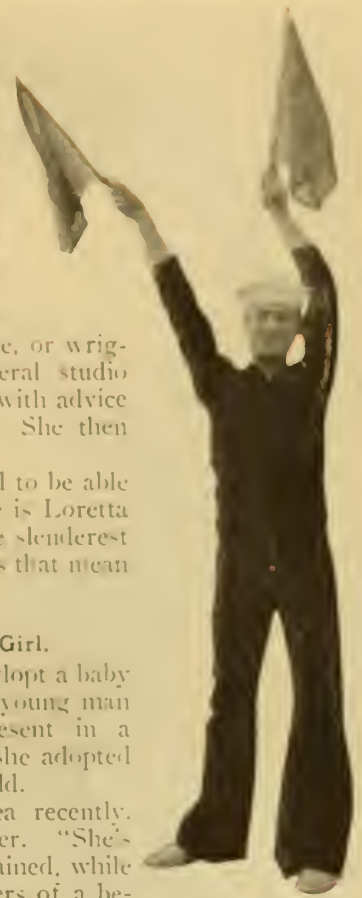
The relatively unapproachable John, who has been cornered on countless occasions for his own signature on theater programs, pictures, shirt cuffs, anywhere at all, is now bidding for cachets of the world's illustrious, for his young daughter's album.

When an Einstein or a Duke of York drops port in Hollywood, John sends one of the studio scouts after the signature of the famed one. It is said Barrymore hesitates to go after the autograph himself. Can't blame him exactly for that. Supposing a provisional president of Mexico or Peru turned his request down flat? Wouldn't that be a laugh on the esoteric John?

Mae Marsh Acts Anew.

Mae Marsh still has the divine spark of talent that D. W. Griffith discovered many years ago, in the days of "The Birth of a Nation."

Conti. on page 106



Robert Montgomery is wig-wagging greater fame far himself in "Shipmates."





Photo by Bull

Reginald Denny finds it very pleasant to be agreeable now—and working again.

THESE Englishmen! Even their grueling disappointments, of which other actors make heart-scarring dramas, they take with a certain polished sang-froid. The interviewer welcomes that reserve, though it makes less colorful copy.

To many whose tales of woe have assailed my ears, eight months out of work and apparently the end of a highly successful career would have spelled dark-purple depression. They regale any sympathetic audience—which the interviewer must be, however unwillingly!—with their litany of travail. How they have suffered, and what they have learned in the reactions of human nature to make more poignant their art in future!

But to put himself, his deeper feelings, under a public microscope for observation would be tantamount to ill-breeding, according to the Englishman's code. Emotions are disciplined. Introspection is furtive, or at least too personal for conversational résumé.

"A setback, a rather tough experience," Reginald Denny describes his season on the outside looking in, following the breaking of his Universal contract by mutual agreement. Only careful manipulation of the conversation cajoled him into admission of profitable lessons.

Evidence of any change or effect wrought by that period of enforced leisure is slight, but it is there, in face and manner, an inclination toward silence and seriousness in place of the light bantering that used to be habitual.

He thinks before he speaks of professional factors,

DENNY

By
Myrtle Gebhart

weighs his own impulses. His opinions are less critical, his comments less declamatory. A tolerance and a willingness to see the other fellow's point of view add a mellow touch to remarks that used to be denunciatory.

Instead of a chip on his shoulder he carries a dove.

"Denny at peace!" I murmured. "Will wonders never cease?"

My eyes measured him, a well-knit figure as lithe as ever, good-looking though not handsome face a trifle firmer of jaw line than I recalled it, his manner jaunty, confident, and candid.

"Not mad at anybody, because I've nothing to be angry about." His hearty laugh rang out. "Besides, you are now beholding *Pollyanna's* brother—or did she have one?"

What lessons had he assimilated for future application?

"Well, I'd scarcely call it one of those 'searing experiences,' but perhaps it has taught me to keep my mouth shut. I did considerable thinking. Though the premise, for all my arguments was right—my objection to being professionally slaughtered by poor pictures—I often wondered while out if I had talked too much when I should have kept still. And I became convinced that I had.

"I find it pleasant to be agreeable." His eyes twinkled over this admission which, considering everything, was rather a confidence. "Now I keep quiet a lot of times when impulse prompts the opposite course.

"However, I really have no justifiable complaint. If I *had* any great grievance, I wonder how long my noble resolutions would last? I am given better rôles—no quarrel on that score. Miss Pickford built up my 'Kiki' part for me. Directors are more considerate, too. Frequently they permit the actors to suggest opinions and bits of business. If we feel a situation or line to be unreal, they will substitute something else. So you see"—his clipped accent still curls around certain words, giving them a buoyant air—"I've really nothing to get agitated about."

When he left Universal, with a year cut from his contract, he was told that he never would work again. Yet in making eight pictures within the year of his return, he has established himself in the verbal cinema, transferring thereto all the likableness of his silent personality.

During his five or six years at Universal, while other stellar tantrums were spasmodic and easily solaced, Denny had a continual, somewhat muffled mad. A bomb exploded at intervals. I wrote an annual story on his grievances. Usually it was the same one—poor stories, mediocre productions. It got so that we could calculate just when the next eruption was due. Over a luncheon table, or in the calming atmosphere of the Athletic Club, I listened seasonally to his vocal lava.

at PEACE

Throwing aside his British reserve for a moment, Reginald Denny reveals himself as a calmer, more peaceable man than he was before he broke his old contract and went into a long between-engagements period, and tells the inside story of his temporary retirement and comeback.

About six years ago I called him "an abysmal brute with dimples." That caption seemed on the point of becoming an actuality during the Universal warfare, when the old British spunk was aroused to a dogged fight. The fact that he never got what he wanted was no deterrent. He took another breath, sighed in exasperation, and plunged again. These English sometimes settle the thing amicably, as he did, by both contestants agreeing to call quits and part, but they never are licked. They have too much patience.

"I still defend my course of action," he says calmly. "I was fast establishing a record for poor pictures. Though it seems impossible, each was worse than its predecessor. Ludicrous stories, mostly raw newcomers for leading women, and insufficient production budgets. Yes, it is true that I did want too much say, but it was attempted in the desperation of self-preservation and not in braggadocio. I let myself out of work for months by my stand, but had I remained there under the existing conditions I would have smothered myself for good."

With all the new faces popping on the horizon during that hectic era of the talkies' establishment, were his fans loyal?—I asked.

"Many of my pictures were late in reaching the neighborhood theaters," he replied. "So my letters were divided about half and half. Some asked why I wasn't making comedies any more, and some asked why I was making them!"

So vibrant is that recurrent mañana of the actor who believes with childlike faith that he is always on the verge of a break, that for several months he scarcely realized he was out. That information came to him directly from a representative of his public.

"Various negotiations were on. Before each dwindled to nothing another offered possibilities. I wasn't really brought face to face with the situation until one day as I emerged from a restaurant a kid ran up and asked me to sign his autograph book. His greeting was, 'You're Reginald Denny, aren't you? Didn't you used to be in pictures?' Rather a jolt, that! I had been coddling the opinion that I still was in pictures, but just between engagements.

"The attitude of the profession?

Song brought Denny back and his talent as farceur assured renewed success.



Photo by Iurreli

Cordial but ambiguous. Theatrical people are innately good-humored, their work developing in them qualities of charm and good-fellowship. They dislike being nasty. They are inclined to evade issues. Besides, things move so swiftly in Hollywood, each change of régime elevating and lowering prestige with dramatic haste, that it doesn't pay to snub anybody—openly.

Reginald and Bubbles Steiffel like to entertain in their rustic cabin.



"I think these qualities native to the film colony were responsible for the genial disinterest I met everywhere. No one was rude. I was received with polite but indefinite promises. There might be something for me—or else they regretted with apparent sincerity that their programs were full, and their contract players must be used.

"A deal was pending with a British producer. I was to work here for English release. It was practically arranged when some one at this end stepped in and queered it. I'm glad now. Things have turned out better for me, but I was terribly hurt at that time. Such a petty trick!"

"How do you explain such meanness? Jealousy? Just downright malice?"

"Ego," Reg thought. "Every star—Gilbert is an instance—gradually annexes a lot of hangers-on, back of whose interest is a calculating eye on the future. They all want to be somebodies in pictures. The majority yearn for acting honors. Each of us is a terrific egoist—we wouldn't have the con-

Continued on page 112

THE Movie Runaround

By Helen Klumph

Illustrated by H. Van Buren

Synopsis of Preceding Installments.

ANNABELLE ST. JOHN comes to New York intent upon success, but soon finds herself jobless and broke. Lonely, she follows a group into a night club, out of girlish curiosity, and is enchanted with her first taste of gay night life. She dines with Stewart Hill, a contractor who disappears that night with his company's funds, and Annabelle is sought for questioning. She grabs the chance to go to Hollywood as secretary to Caroline Wakefield, a movie star of the old school.

Annabelle's eccentric employer takes her to task for being nervous after reading that the police are searching for "the mystery girl" in the Hill case. Aboard the train west, Annabelle and Miss Wakefield meet Dennis Lindsay, a cameraman, and though the elderly star tries to keep Annabelle in the background, romance lulls the girl's fear of detection.

Going to the studio on an errand for Miss Wakefield, a director insists that Annabelle do a bit in a film. Annabelle runs away from Miss Wakefield, and, finding no office job, is starved into doing extra work. She hopes the New York police will not notice her face on the screen.

PART IV.

ANNABELLE knew that she ought to be delighted over having been selected for even a tiny bit in a picture. Such luck wouldn't come to one girl in a thousand. Even before she came to Hollywood she had read that, and had heard it repeatedly. But as she sat before a mirror while a thin, deft man made her up, she could think only of Dennis Lindsay.

Probably she'd never see him again after this! He'd been so pleased because she didn't want to break into movies. Now he'd despise her for jumping at the chance to do so.

"I don't want to do this. I can't!" she said, jerking away from the man who had taken her in charge.

"There, there now." His voice droned as if he were trying to soothe a child. "There's nothing to be afraid of. Every one gets nerves, even the greatest of them. Why, I've seen even Wally Beery get cold feet and try to run away before a big scene. And I just push 'em back in the chair and go on making them up. Not one ever got away from me."

"But I can't, I tell you—I can't!"

There was an almost hysterical note in Annabelle's voice as she vainly tried to convince him.

"That's what they all say." He gave a final pat to the grease paint on her cheek, wiped his hands on a towel, and began smearing dark-green paste over her



eyelids. "Why, I've had to throw scared cowboys down on the floor and sit on their chests while I made them up."

Annabelle clutched the arms of her chair and looked hopefully toward the door. If only Denny would come, she would beg him to take her away. In her dismay at displeasing him she had forgotten momentarily that there were other reasons why she couldn't face a battery of cameras. Let her picture be seen in New York, and the police would locate her at once to demand all she knew of Stewart Hill's disappearance.

"There, now, don't you look nice?"

Annabelle took one startled look at herself in the mirror and screamed. There facing her was not herself, but the highly idealized version of her own face shown in the sketch of her that had appeared in the papers when Stewart Hill disappeared—the exaggerated eyes, the sensuous, full, drooping mouth, were the same.

Fate takes the heroine of our unusual serial in hand and drags her unwillingly into screen work, and entangles her private affairs almost beyond endurance.



They took no more notice of Annabelle than of the furniture. So this was Hollywood where it wasn't safe for a girl to dine with a man like Keene!

A maid came hurrying with smelling salts and water. "There, there, dear," she murmured, holding the salts to Annabelle's nose, almost choking her. "It won't be so bad, really. Why, everybody acts just like this the first time and then later sometimes they get worse."

"I'm not like the others," raged Annabelle. "You don't understand. I'm different. I can't—"

The maid pushed her back in the chair and held a cold wet towel over her mouth.

"Don't go straining your voice, honey," she advised. "You'll need it." Turning to the man, she went on, "Looks like we've got a real actress in our midst. She don't think she's no second Clara Bow or Nancy Carroll—she knows she's different."

Sobbing, protesting, Annabelle was led out to the set. Two extra girls stopped talking as she came up, but not before she heard one of them say, "Thinks she's a star already, and she's got 'em eating out of her hand. I told you it never pays to act calm."

Annabelle would have turned to her and screamed, "If you were in my shoes, I'd like to see you act calm," but Bill Keene, the director, came up just then.

"There, I knew it," he announced to the company at

large, who appeared less than interested. "Under that mousy exterior beats the heart of an artist. She has given me a new conception of the part."

"Yeah?" said a girl's voice from behind the camera. "And you just get one more bright idea that upsets the shooting schedule and you'll have the efficiency man on your neck."

Encouraged by the script girl's frankness, it appeared for a moment as if the star would advance to do battle for his own views, but suddenly from above came a rhythmic tap-tapping, and

a man began to whistle "Keep the Home Fires Burning."

Immediately the scene was galvanized into action. Keene gave orders brusquely to the empty air. An assistant sauntered past Annabelle, muttering as he went, "That's a signal that the big chief's coming. Get busy at something."

Suddenly Annabelle felt a part of it all. It was like some secret society to which one was elected, and from which one couldn't escape.

When the supervisor had come, asked a few questions, found some fault and departed, Keene turned to Annabelle.

"You won't have much to do to-day," he told her. "See, you walk in like this and look around sort of bewildered, and when you see him"—indicating the star, who had been one of Annabelle's pet aversions since she began going to movies—"you run over and take his arm, and smile up at him. You say, 'Oh, here you are! I was afraid you wouldn't be here.' Then she"—indicating the leading woman with a contemptuous shrug—"she glares at you, but you don't notice her. You keep right on smiling at him. See, like this."

He went through the bit of action for her, a silly, supposedly ingenuous smile on his ugly face, and Annabelle, nervous as she was, could hardly keep from laughing. But no one else even smiled, so she bit her lips and went through the action after him.

She knew that she was terrible. With all those people watching so critically she was painfully self-conscious,

but Keene insisted that she was great, just what he wanted—the picture of girlish innocence.

And, miraculously, when the lights went on and deadly stillness fell on the set, and other people began talking, she forgot her nervousness. She tingled with excitement, felt suddenly capable of playing a heavy dramatic part. Too bad she hadn't more to do, she told herself, as she clung to the star's arm and gazed into his eyes.

But that night at home as she thought it over she wondered how she could have been such a fool. She couldn't go on like this. Keene had told her that he'd have her part built up. She had wonderful talent, he insisted, and he was going to develop it. Nobody could tell him he didn't know an actress when he saw one!

"It would be just crazy to go on," she told herself wretchedly. "I can't risk it. Oh, why did I go to that studio? Why didn't I keep on looking for work in offices or stores?"

Well, she wouldn't go back tomorrow. She was worse off now than she had been before, except that she'd have a little more money. But before this Dennis had liked her and now he despised her.

There was a letter on her table from her aunt. Warily she tore it open, read the first few lines. Then, sitting up straight, her body tense, she read them again.

"You will know how I hate to do this," she read, "but I am afraid I'll have to ask you for money, dear. The bank here failed and, though I may get something eventually, I'm left almost penniless. I banked my salary two days before the doors closed. Then when I was hurrying downtown after I heard the news, I broke my ankle. If you could send me just a little money—twenty-five dollars would be enough—I can get along. I console myself with the thought that you are doing so well out there that it won't be a hardship for you to make this small loan, but I wouldn't ask it of you if I could see any other way out."

Annabelle's eyes filled with tears. Poor, dear Aunt Ellen! How hard it must have been for her to write that letter! Of course she must have some money at once.

"She was always so good to me," Annabelle thought tearfully. "Always giving up things for me when I couldn't do anything for her!"

And then she realized what this new need for money meant. Aunt Ellen must have plenty of money—that meant going back to the studio the next day and doing everything possible to make as much as she could!

Annabelle walked up and down the little room. Going into pictures might mean disaster. It would certainly mean losing Dennis. But Aunt Ellen mustn't ask for money in vain.

She got up early the next morning. It would take an hour to get to the studio, and she wanted to be there on time. Keene had said he'd be there at nine, and wanted to talk with her before the day's work began.

She was waiting for a bus when a car drew up in front of her. Dennis Lindsay opened the door.

"Want a lift?" he asked rather grimly.

Without saying a word Annabelle got in.

"I suppose you're headed for the studio," he said, jamming his car into gear. Annabelle knew by that how disturbed he was. He always treated his car as if it were a delicate baby.

"Yes, I am," she faltered.

"Bound to be an actress!" he grumbled. "Just like all the rest of 'em. I suppose you think you're another Garbo."

"If that's the way you're going to talk to me, I'll get out and walk," Annabelle retorted angrily. "I don't think I'm Garbo, or even Anita Page. But I do know that I've tried to get work in about a thousand offices and stores, and can't, and I've got to make money."

Dennis stared at her suspiciously.

"Just for general reasons?" he asked. "Or is it for something in particular?"

She lifted anxious eyes to his face, but he was staring straight in front of him again. Did he know about her connection with Stewart Hill? The old fear came back. The little things he'd said, the way he'd looked at her when he brought up the Hill case so casually.

"My aunt lost her money in a bank crash and broke her ankle," she blurted out. "I've got to help her."

"Why, you poor little kid!" Despite the heavy traffic, Dennis turned to her and patted her hand. "Why didn't you tell me that yesterday? Listen, I've got a few hundred dollars——"

Annabelle swallowed hard and shook her head.

"Don't offer it to me!" she said quickly. "It's awfully good of you, but I'm not going to run into debt on top of everything else. I'll make out all right. Mr. Keene said he'd help push me along——"

"Keene, the dirtiest rotter in the business!" In his wrath Dennis almost ran into a bus. "Watch your step with that baby. Listen, you've got a dinner date with me for every night in the week, and all day Sunday. Don't you let him date you up. I'll call for you to-night and we'll have dinner together and talk things over."

"And if Keene gets fresh to-day, tell him where he gets off and walk out. Don't be afraid because you need money—you had better owe it to me than get mixed up with him."

As she got out of the car Annabelle lifted her blue eyes to his face and wished that she didn't have to hurry away, that she could stay right there with him.

"You've been awfully kind to me," she said. "I wish I could thank you."

Dennis grinned sheepishly.

"Oh, that's all right," he answered. "I'd do as much for anybody." With which discouraging remark he drove away, leaving her staring after him. Did he really

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Meet the Author of

The Movie Runaround

Helen Klumph

THE reason you have been following the fortunes of Annabelle with such eager interest, is because Miss Klumph knows girls like Annabelle and has the ability to make their emotions real when she writes about them. She also knows Hollywood and the inner workings of the studios perhaps more intimately than any other writer of fiction. Stars, directors, dialogue writers, script girls and extras are her friends. She has shared their trials, tribulations, and triumphs. No wonder she brings them to you with supreme understanding, sympathy, and humor. And in next month's installment her skill in bringing out the drama of Annabelle's career will thrill you

MARY DUNCAN

FOREVER cast as a flamboyant siren, Mary Duncan disguises her true skill by vamping to the point of causing embarrassment among those who recognize a fine actress unhonored by the movies. But a better day is coming as a reward for her determination to show her ability as a comedienne. Let's wish her luck in "Men Call It Love."

Photo by Russell Ball





Under her father's direction, Anita Page is docile before the portrait camera.

ANY one would think that a 1931-model star who spends her days, and now and then her nights, acting before cameras would be at ease when asked to pose before the box of a portrait photographer.

But it isn't so. Just another one of those cases where your reason says one thing and facts say another. Even as you and I, she—or he—gets a little self-conscious, and fidgets, preens, fusses, and grows temperamental. The cold glass eye of the camera and the bored eye of the photographer stare and mesmerize the sitter.

The explanation is simple. In Hollywood, the players have lines to learn, emotions to portray, a story to tell. Be natural or begone is the watchword—and it's take and retake until the bobbins are bare. In the photographer's studio, there is no drama—just the attractive girl. There is no action—just a pose.

The glass eye stares. Somehow it brings out all the ego in a girl. And often inspires her to do what she has always had a hankering to do—direct the picture herself. All her days are spent under the more or less tyrant glare of a director. Before the portrait camera there is no director. What an opportunity. And yet, with it all, most of them behave like lambs.

Ken Maynard, husky cowboy star, once got really mad at his cameraman.

"You snap me before I get set," he complained. Maynard, accompanied by his valet, had come in his best go-to-meetin' chaps and Sunday pistols.

But when the pictures arrived, he was crazy about them. He told Irving Chidnoff, the photographer, they were the best he had ever had taken.

Jetta Goudal—where is Jetta now?—bossed the cameraman, too. She said, striking a pose,

CAMERA

You wouldn't think it of seasoned players, would happens when they have portraits taken and you

Eve Southern will make no appointment unless the zodiac is favorable.



"Now take this one," and so on. The cameraman obeyed.

When she was through, he said, "Now may I take a few?"

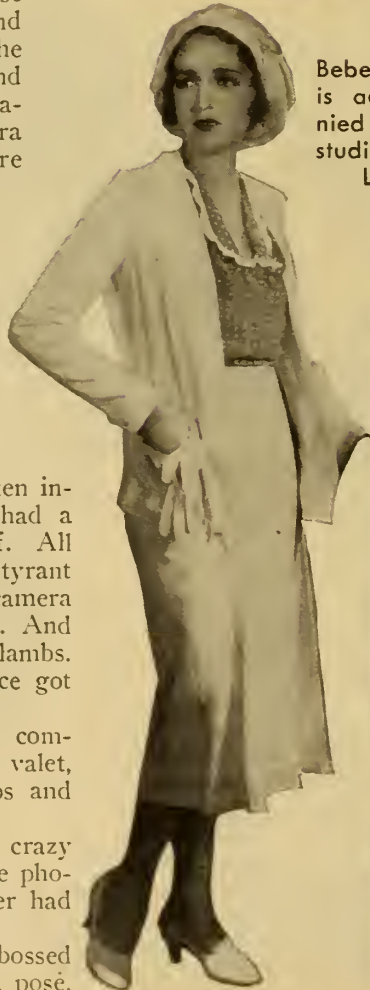
About a hundred in all were taken. When Jetta got the proofs, she threw away those she had directed and, like the good sport she is, graciously called Chidnoff on the phone to tell him he was right, she was wrong.

The best of them have little nerve attacks. Gloria Swanson dropped her jewel case in the middle of the studio floor and about a million dollars' worth of rings, brooches, necklaces, and what have you, Mr. Tiffany?—went tumbling and rolling under sofas and chairs. There was a stampede. Everybody hurried to help pick up the baubles.

"Have you got everything, Miss Swanson?" some one asked when the scramble was over.

"Sure. I guess so. It's all right," said the star with that

Bebe Daniels is accompanied to the studio by Ben Lyon.



The portraits of Buddy Rogers reveal changes in personality.



SHY

By
George Kent

you? But just read this lively description of what will get a different insight into their idiosyncrasies.

delicious smile, "I'm so careless."

Gilbert Roland came in and borrowed a cloth gardenia from off the hat of one of the girls in the studio. He posed with it, and no one ever found out. You yourself probably saw the picture.

William Powell came in after a party, but debonair and, as always, unperturbed. He also borrowed a flower, a live one. And made one of the best photographs of his career.

Anita Page came in with papa and mamma and twenty-five changes from the Metro-Goldwyn wardrobe. Papa did the directing and Anita, good daughter that she is, jumped through the hoop obediently. Docile and an adorable subject.

Norma Shearer, with a heap of clothes on her arm, walked in, took orders like a soldier, and got excellent results. Lois Moran, that cultivated lady, appeared with her mother, and behaved.

Laura La Plante came without changes. She liked the results so much she ordered a thousand prints.

Photographers find Nick Stuart, always accompanied by Sue Carol, easy to please.



Jetto Goudol likes to pose herself for stills but always chooses those the photographer directs.



Laura La Plante does not trouble to change costumes for portraits.

Natacha Rambova always comes an hour ahead of time. She spends the time brushing her hair—sixty minutes of brush, brush, brush. She ascribes the unusually fine texture and glossiness of her hair to her unwearying brush.

Lupe Velez whirled in like a tornado. She had come directly from a personal appearance at a theater. Something had happened and she was mad. She wore a sweater and a tam and wouldn't be comforted. Or at least not until some one said Gary Cooper had been asking for her, and then she became a dove. She lay on the floor and played with two Russian wolfhounds that happened to be there. She was the life of the party.

Constance Talmadge called up her photographer from Chicago—it happened to be Chidnoff—and in the course of a leisurely conversation lasting about fifty dollars' worth, ordered some miniatures of herself. She used them for Christmas presents.

Phillips Holmes came with his mother. The lad is very easy on the eyes. Where he is concerned, it is difficult for a camera to go wrong.

Lily Damita is what the French call *photogénique*, which means she photographs very well indeed. Cameras and she are old, true-blue friends. Lights or no lights, science or botchery, she photographs perfectly. Yet, oddly enough, she cherishes every picture that is taken of her. She said she has every photograph that has ever been taken of her. She even keeps the proofs the studio sends her.

"Don't you think I've got more 'It' than anybody in Hollywood?" she asked the photographer.

What could the poor man say!

Eve Southern has the distinction of having the longest lashes in Hollywood. She said they get all tangled up when she's

Kay Johnson expected the photographer to hold the studio for her when she was late.

Camera Shy



Even Gloria Swanson gets a bit nervous before the still camera.

asleep and she is obliged to run her finger through them to get her eyes open. Sounds like a yarn, but it's a fact. Another interesting item—she's a spiritualist. And believes in astrology. She takes no step, acts no part, accepts no engagement, until she has consulted the stars.

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Joan Crawford are the most amiable, most natural couple in the world. After having had their pictures taken, they sat around the studio chatting with the folks. There was a bowl of fruit on the table and the pair of them between foolishness and gossip devoured two dollars' worth of fruit. What appetites the young have!

The men are, for the most part, docile subjects. The women, concerned so much with chic and personal loveliness, are more fastidious. Most of them come toting clothes. When they are swanky, a maid or valet does the portering. When they are just their sweet selves they take the bundle up unaided. Rather amusing seeing one of them stepping out of a limousine with a cargo of dresses for all the world like an old clothes man.

They spend a lot of time in the dressing room, far more than they do in preparation for the movie camera. Odd, how much time they spend with perfume. Several have gone so far as to bring their own atomizers. Does aroma affect the camera? Perhaps this is a new wrinkle, something that has eluded scientists. Or maybe it's just the man behind the camera that it affects.

That spirited capsule of charm, Alice White, posed in a white blouse and black-velvet trunks. The best acting Alice has done has been in comic rôles. But she insists she will not be content until she has a real serious part to play. For Miss White believes that she has the making of a great tragédienne.

Stranger things have happened. Think of John Barrymore. Not so long ago he was a comedian, one of Broadway's best actors of farce. Incidentally, John refuses to be photographed save in profile.

Nick Stuart and Sue Carol came to their appointment in Nick's car which he doesn't like referred to as pink.

"It's *rose-madder*," he insists.

They liked their pictures a great deal. But pranking around, as the young and irrepressible will, it came to pass that the proofs got torn up. The next day a butler walked stiffly down the Boulevard to present the fragments at the studio—with apologies and an order to print.

Which brings memories of Buddy Rogers. He came twice to the studio of Irving Chidnoff, the visits a year apart. The change for the better in this youth was something to marvel at. The first visit saw him in a dazzling black-and-white necktie, striped scarf, pearl-gray fedora. Rah, rah, rah—and rarin' to go!

The next time, however, he came in a dark suit, a sure, self-possessed individual. He had dignity. He had arrived. The evolution of Buddy Rogers is a pleasant spectacle.

Ronald Colman came without a change, posed as he stood, smiled, and was gone in twenty minutes. A studio record.

Corinne Griffith is the embodiment of neatness. She came into the studio followed by a maid and a chauffeur bearing her changes.

Each garment was neatly folded and wrapped in tissue paper. No other star goes to that much trouble over her clothes. Perhaps her carefulness is due to the fact that Corinne takes exceptional pains in choosing her clothes. Most of them she buys in Paris, a city she knows as well as Los Angeles.

Parisian couturiers who have done work for Corinne confessed that they took special pleasure in sewing for her—she has such exquisite taste, she is so appreciative of a job well done. In

one or two instances Chanel designed models for her exclusive use.

Kay Johnson is an imperious creature. More than any one
Continued on page 109

Gilbert Roland once got by with a cloth gardenia from a girl's hat.



John Barrymore refuses to be photographed except in profile.

Lupe Velez had the fidgets until told that Gary Cooper had asked for her.





Photo by Elmer Fryer

WINNIE LIGHTNER

SHE can clown and get away with it. Winnie Lightner is the only feminine star of rough-house comedy and she gets bigger billing and draws larger crowds than most of the serious stars. Far from being just comic relief, she's the whole show every time. You'll see her soon in "Gold Dust Gertie."





CONSTANCE CUMMINGS

YOU saw her first in "The Criminal Code," her screen debut, and you asked where she came from? For here was a young actress who knew how to speak, how to wear simple clothes gracefully, and how to act like a human. Then she stood out in a more difficult role in "The Last Parade" and you knew that she was with us to stay. She came from the stage, but won't return just yet, for she must first finish "Traveling Husbands."

CAST and FORECAST

In this line-up of names in pictures soon to be released you are sure to find a favorite player in a film above the ordinary, for these productions are selected because they promise unusual entertainment.

The Vice Squad (Paramount)

Paul Lukas.
Kay Francis.
Regis Toomey.
Helen Johnson.

Up Pops the Devil (Paramount)

Norman Foster.
Carol Lombard.
Richard Gallagher.
Stuart Erwin.
Lilyan Tashman.

The Lawyer's Secret (Paramount)

Clive Brook.
Richard Arlen.
Fay Wray.
Jean Arthur.
Buddy Rogers.

Women Love Once (Paramount)

Ruth Chatterton.
Paul Lukas.

The Smiling Lieutenant (Paramount)

Maurice Chevalier.
Claudette Colbert.
Miriam Hopkins.

Shipmates (M.-G.-M.)

Robert Montgomery.
Dorothy Jordan.
Ernest Torrence.
Eddie Nugent.
Gavin Gordon.
Joan Marsh.
Cliff Edwards.

Dancing Partner (M.-G.-M.)

William Haines.
Irene Purcell.
Gerald Fielding.
Lenore Bushman.
C. Aubrey Smith.
Albert Conti.

A Free Soul (M.-G.-M.)

Norma Shearer.
Leslie Howard.
Clarke Gable.

Cheri-Bibi (M.-G.-M.)

John Gilbert.
Leila Hyams.
Lewis Stone.
Natalie Moorhead.

Five and Ten (M.-G.-M.)

Marion Davies.
Leslie Howard.
Richard Bennett.
Kent Douglass.
Irene Rich.

Girls Together (M.-G.-M.)

Joan Crawford.
Charles Knox Robinson.
Monroe Owsley.
Armand Kaliz.
Marjorie Rambeau.

Daddy Long Legs (M.-G.-M.)

Janet Gaynor.
Warner Baxter.
Una Merkel.
Claude Gillingwater.

Never the Twain Shall Meet (M.-G.-M.)

Conchita Montenegro.
Leslie Howard.
Karen Morley.
Clyde Cook.

The Squaw Man (M.-G.-M.)

Warner Baxter.
Lupe Velez.
Roland Young.
Eleanor Boardman.
Charles Bickford.
Paul Cavanagh.

Alexander Hamilton (Warner)

George Arliss.
Doris Kenyon.
Alan Mowbray.

Svengali (Warner)

John Barrymore.
Marian Marsh.
Tom Douglas.
Carmel Myers.

Woman of the World (Warner)

Bebe Daniels.
Ricardo Cortez.
Una Merkel.
Thelma Todd.
Dwight Frye.

Young Sinners (Fox)

Thomas Meighan.
Dorothy Jordan.
Hardie Albright.
David Rollins.

Obey That Impulse! (United Artists)

Gloria Swanson.
Ben Lyon.
Barbara Kent.
Arthur Lake.
Monroe Owsley.

Big Business Girl (First National)

Loretta Young.
Frank Albertson.
Ricardo Cortez.
Nancy Dover.

Party Husband (First National)

Dorothy Mackaill.
James Rennie.
Dorothy Peterson.
Helen Ware.

The Iron Man (Universal)

Lew Ayres.
Jean Harlow.
Robert Armstrong.
John Miljan.



"East Lynne."



"Body and Soul."

THOUGH the producers harked back to the hoary past for "East Lynne" there is nothing to smile at in the beautiful film currently on view. There is, indeed, much to admire and something, perhaps, that will cause many to shed a tear, even as buckets have been shed in the past over the sad plight of *Lady Isabel*.

If you remember her story, she was an aristocratic young bride in the Victorian era who married the man she loved and was taken by him to his coldly correct ancestral mansion. There she found his elderly sister in charge of the household, with a frown for the young bride and a jealous determination to rule the roost. Gradually she antagonized husband and wife, until the latter's innocent flirtation with a former suitor was magnified into flagrant infidelity. And because of the husband's willingness to believe his sister and his refusal to accept the truth from his wife, she left him.

All this occurs in the new version of the old story. Changes have been made in the events subsequent to *Lady Isabel's* desertion of husband and child, but they do not mar the spirit of the original. Formerly *Lady Isabel*, saddened, disillusioned, and hopeless, returned to her home and, with the childish disguise of dark glasses, was able to act as governess to her son and endure untold anguish as the unrecognized witness of her husband's happiness with another wife. That absurdity is now banished by her secret visit to her former home. Discovered and once more driven out by her husband, she stumbles through the grounds of the estate and, with eyesight impaired in the Franco-Prussian War, she plunges over an embankment and is killed.

Surprisingly, you believe all this while it is taking place. *Lady Isabel's* sorrows do not seem to come from the wire-pullings of scenario writer and director, but are the destiny of a misguided lady who trusted not wisely but too well. This is because of the superlative performance of Ann Harding—the best, in my opinion, that she has ever given—and a series of backgrounds that mirror the Victorian viewpoint with such complete illusion that one understands *Lady Isabel* as never before. Clive Brook, Conrad Nagel, Cecilia Loftus, and Beryl Mercer lend themselves with complete success to the sympathetic appeal of the film.

The SCREEN

Inspection of the month's new films brings to light an amazing personality and evokes enthusiasm for performances by veterans tried and true.

"Body and Soul."

Seldom does a widely touted actress come up to expectations. Marlene Dietrich did. Greta Garbo had no ballyhoo to live up to, and Elissa Landi does. Intentionally I place the newcomer in the distinguished company of Garbo and Dietrich, because I believe she belongs not a step lower. She is arresting, brilliant, and distinguished. Best of all, she challenges comparison with no one and therefore will cause no resentment among followers of any star. She is herself. There is no compromise. Too individual to awaken a half response, too skilled an actress to give less than an exceptional performance, Landi comes to join the elect and to remind us that acting on the screen is becoming less and less an accident of personality and more an expression of intellect, of soul. And Landi is a soulful intellectual.

But don't, I beg, assume that she is a highbrow calculated to appeal only to those who frequent "art" theaters in search of foreign films, the queerer the better. By no means! She is young, slim, and strangely beautiful. But beauty and youth notwithstanding, it is her intelligence that sharpens one's interest and stirs emotions. And, naturally, that mentality is expressed in her voice. Just hear her say, "I am not a spy," and you are confronted not by a heroine virtuously denying a mean accusation, but a woman who somehow gives you a word picture of her inner self. But there is no use. There are some players who give more to the critic than he can pass on to his readers.

Enough, then, to say, that Landi is concerned in a tolerably interesting, though rather shoddy, spy melodrama which she alone justifies. She does this with such complete success that her superiority to the picture need not be mentioned. And charity not unmingled with pity

AFTER THE FIRST SHOWING OF NEW FILMS



"The Great Meadow."



"Dishonored."

in REVIEW

By Norbert Lusk

is the only record I can make of Charles Farrell's performance as the nominal hero of the piece. The flat tonelessness of his voice, the insistent juvenility of his action, recall a bygone day in the movies when these qualities were enough to mold an idol out of common clay. But the time is coming—

Humphrey Bogart, Donald Dillaway, and Myrna Loy do well as supporting players, though for the first time Miss Loy's lure seems obvious and callow. There's a reason!

"The Great Meadow."

This story of the trek of a band of Virginians across the mountains to found new homes in the Kentucky wilderness is moving in its struggles and subdued emotions. Based on the recent novel of the same name, much of the heroic determination and picturesqueness is transferred to the screen. The ragged band goes through storm and starvation to the green fields beyond the mountains, only to face new danger from the Indians. The mother of young *Jarvis*, the leader, (John Mack Brown) is killed and scalped by a stogy-looking redskin, and the young man deserts his wife to devote the next couple of years to tracking down the Indian and recovering his mother's scalp. Meanwhile a friend of the couple marries the girl after a scout reports the death of the husband. The latter comes back and, according to pioneer custom, the wife must choose between the men. Which man should be sent out in the snowstorm, the wandering husband or the stay-at-home mate? Problem enough for any wife.

The tale is unfolded nicely, except for an occasional overdose of sentimentality. The quaint lines are in a thick Southern accent, but I suspect that the Southern drawl was not developed until long after pioneering days.

And in all my Injun thriller days, never once did a redskin advance to battle on a pony. They always crawled up from tree to tree.

Eleanor Boardman is lovely as *Diony*, the wife. The Indians should have scalped the husband for leaving her. Lucille La Verne is perfect as the hero's mother. John Mack Brown is pleasant, but even in the face of cliffs, storms, and starvation he cannot lose his contagious amiability which comes to the fore in a pep

huddle at the foot of the last mountain range to be crossed. Others in the cast include Anita Louise, Gavin Gordon, and Guinn Williams.

"Dishonored."

Marlene Dietrich's second picture to come out of Hollywood indicates that the enthusiasm aroused by "Morocco" was not altogether because it revealed a new and striking personality. She is still extraordinary, although the new film is not. It is interesting, however, if for no other reason than to illustrate the skill of Josef von Sternberg and Miss Dietrich in camouflaging a commonplace story and making it seem a work of art. True, they take themselves very seriously and move with the measured tread of Greek tragedy. They mustn't continue the stunt else they will lose the high place they have made for themselves. Audiences want movement as well as characterization. Here we have too much of the latter and not enough of the former. It is set forth with great skill until the picture becomes a thing of distinguished beauty, but it leaves the emotions unstirred. One doesn't really care about the fate of the woman spy, but is more interested in watching her lethargic movements and admiring the director's illusive lighting, the detail of his scenes, and in matching up the symbols he employs in one sequence to dovetail with later ones.

Through all this Miss Dietrich strides with veiled eyes and that casual air, pausing to make laconic speech and then moving slowly on. It is as if the Delphic Oracle or a high priestess of some sort had stepped from her pedestal to give her opinion of the weather. But you feel that this is a passing phase in Miss Dietrich's artistic progress. She showed a different and more interesting side in "The Blue Angel."

The story concerns an Austrian spy who falls in love

COME CALM REFLECTIONS TO GUIDE YOU



"Don't Bet on Women."



"The Last Parade."



"The Painted Desert."



"My Past."

with a Russian officer and pays the penalty before a firing squad. Victor McLaglen, as the officer, is a revelation. His performance gives no hint of the wisecracking comedy usually associated with him. Warner Oland, Gustav von Seyffertitz, Lew Cody, and Barry Norton play lesser parts.

"Unfaithful."

Ruth Chatterton is always interesting and sometimes is a remarkable actress. But in her latest exhibit she suffers a lapse of judgment. Even this does not, however, lessen her interesting attractiveness. It merely mars the memory of some of her previous characterizations.

She asks us to accept her as the American bride of *Lord Kilkerry*, but her mannered accent compels us to consider her more British than any of the gay set with which she mingles. Coming upon proof of her husband's infidelity with the wife of her brother, she swallows a cocktail with stagy recklessness and proceeds to go on the loose. But with such discretion that while her friends are shocked, she remains pure in the eyes of the audience. Which is to say that Miss Chatterton flourishes an elongated cigarette holder, stops at a wayside inn for refreshments right out in the open with a merry crew, sings a torch song in a high hat and an abbreviated skirt, and is just so flip and careless that you wonder how a good woman can think up such devilment. Even more frantically bad is her conduct at another party. She picks up a couple of American sailors and shoots craps with them under the piano!

All the time, mind you, her heart is breaking. But she will not divorce her husband and thereby disillusion the public and cause her shell-shocked brother to become a maniac. So intent is she on self-sacrifice that when her husband is killed in an automobile elopement with his inamorata, *Lady Kilkerry* talks every one into believing that she accompanied him. In fact, there is so much talk and such eagerness on the part of the heroine to get the worst deal, that you give up long before the picture ends, even though there's a good man, a poor artist who understands, waiting to marry this heroine overcharged with dramatics.

All this is related against a background of richly handsome settings and with the help of Paul Lukas, Paul Cavanagh, Juliette Compton, and a newcomer, Donald Cook, whose performance as the heroine's brother is the best of the lot.

"June Moon."

This exposes bitterly and contemptuously the goings on in Tinpan Alley. A more discouraging document couldn't be offered to prospective song writers. Every one who has written a little thing and is undecided where to send it, should see this picture. Perhaps pride will then step in and frustrate an attempt to join the ignoble clan who comprise the majority of characters here depicted.

They are an awful lot, with the hero included. Not alone for his shabby character, but for his epochal stupidity. Superbly played by Jack Oakie, one shudders at the thought that such a boob may cross one's path some day. Mr. Oakie makes him amusing, of course, but the lines provided by the authors are bitterly revealing. The entire picture is in the same key. While it is unusual, I imagine that it will not be relished by many. Its humor is acidulous, with sympathy for any of the characters entirely lacking. Not even for the ingénue who loves the hero. One wants to cry out, "Don't, little girl, don't be a fool, too!"

Briefly, the story concerns a sap from Schenectady who comes to New York to sell his song "June Moon." Quickly he becomes involved in the song-writing racket, with the inner workings of a publishing firm his background. Ignoring the girl who loves him, he falls for the publisher's sweetie. His song is bought as a means of encouraging him to marry the sweetie and thus rid the publisher of her. But the little ingénue gets him, worse luck.

Every player is admirable. They include Frances Dee, Wynne Gibson, June MacCloy, Sam Hardy, and some strangers from the stage.

"The Easiest Way."

Brought up to date with considerable skill, the play that created a sensation on the stage some twenty years ago emerges as a rather interesting film. Time has, however, robbed it of its daring. You will find the heroine, *Laura Murdock*, one of the familiar sisterhood who exchange poverty in the tenements for the luxury of modern-

istic apartments with all conveniences, including a duplicate key in the hands of a rich man. But instead of the modern accompaniment of wisecracks *Laura* goes in for old-fashioned suffering.

Realistically the squalor of *Laura's* home life is pictured to excuse her choice of the easiest way to escape it. Then she meets a young man who offers her love instead of money and they plan to marry with the knowledge of *Laura's* *chêr ami*. But her fiancé is ordered to South America and she promises to wait for him. No longer a kept woman, she shifts for herself and makes a bad job of it. Her discarded friend waits, sure that she will return. She does, when everything is pawned. Joyfully her young man returns to claim her and learns the truth. He flings at her a bitter invective and leaves for good, while she wanders brokenly in the snow to her sister's home on Christmas Eve.

All this is related with movement, deftness of characterization, some suspense, and little emotional reaction. Constance Bennett is sympathetic as *Laura*, though she fails to make you believe that she is swept into her troubles without calculation. She does, however, convince you that she thinks and that is saying a lot. Adolphe Menjou is brilliantly successful as the pseudo-villain, who is so much a human being and a gentleman that he is no villain at all. Robert Montgomery returns to form as the young lover and makes us forget his defection in "Inspiration." Minor rôles are admirably performed by Anita Page, Clark Gable, and Marjorie Raubeau.

"Ten Cents a Dance."

Ah, pity the poor dance-hall hostess! She gets a raw, not to say bleeding, deal in this. Barbara Stanwyck wins admiration for her own appealing naturalness and makes the heroine's troubles real. There isn't a more unaffected actress on the screen, nor one with as few reminders of her calling as Miss Stanwyck. She is simple, direct, and sincere, with a wholesomeness that counts for more than beauty and emotional expression that seems uncontrolled by any technical tricks.

In this she is concerned with a story that bears a strong resemblance to "Honor Among Lovers." Which is to say that the heroine marries the young man who turns out to be a rotter, while the supposed villain lets his nobler instincts guide him after a few false moves and wins the girl. As in the other picture, she appeals to him for money to extricate her husband out of his difficulties. Again we see a heroine offering herself for cash and the bad man laying his check on the altar of passion denied. Though not so smartly set forth as the other version, this is more vital, with more movement and a better performance by Monroe Owsley, who plays the same rôle in both pictures. Ricardo Cortez is good as the pseudo-villain and Sally Blane, in a bit, is attractive, while Blanche Friderici leaves regret behind her few scenes because of their shortness.

"Don't Bet on Women."

Edmund Lowe, Jeanette MacDonald, Roland Young, and Una Merkel take us for a short flight into light—or is it high?—comedy. The result is pleasant enough, even if it doesn't cause us to forget that the laundry must be counted when we get home. Their efforts are pooled to tell the story of a dull husband who enters into a bet with a gay philanderer that the latter can't kiss his wife within forty-eight hours. The stake is ten thousand dollars, which at once informs us that we are inspecting a farce. Things move along smartly until the moment when victory is to be had by the philanderer. Then he decides that he loves the wife too much to put a price on her kiss, so he gallantly proffers his check and jauntily exits.

Mr. Lowe is smooth and glib as the loser, but he doesn't quite make us believe he is the man to toss away ten thousand dollars without gaining something more tangible than the center of the stage, probably because we've seen him in racketeer films. Miss MacDonald, who doesn't sing this time, proves her sense of humor and easy lightness instead, and Miss Merkel visits upon us the rigors of a Southern accent so pronounced as to make us see virtues in the nasal twang of the West. But she is awfully funny as a flapper of a new sort. It is Mr. Young, however, who reaches brilliance in what is probably the most uncongenial rôle he has ever played—that of a stodgy, unaware husband. What values he puts into his lines!

[Continued on page 96]



"Father's Son."



"Ten Cents a Dance."



"Kiki."



"Honor Among Lovers."



A CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE TO CURRENT RELEASES

Lunderwood & Underwood

What Every Fan Should See

"Cimarron."—RKO.

Richard Dix's best performance in stirring drama of homesteaders who struggle with nature in the rough and their own weaknesses. Surprising performance by Irene Dunne of the stage. Estelle Taylor fine as vamp of the '90s. Edna May Oliver, Nance O'Neil, William Collier, Jr., Roscoe Ates, George E. Stone, Robert McWade.

"Rango."—Paramount.

Entertaining wild-animal film in which an orang-utan is the hero and a tiger the villain. Only human actors are a native father and son who struggle to sustain life against depredations of the tiger.

"The Right to Love."—Paramount.

Ruth Chatterton as mother and daughter, both excellent, thank you, in heart throbs in China and Colorado. Acting of highest order, intensified by double exposure, exceptional recording. Girl missionary torn between love and duty. Paul Lukas, David Manners.

"The Criminal Code."—Columbia.

Echo of "The Big House," superbly acted by Walter Huston and Phillips Holmes, latter as convict who won't squeal on friend who incites prison riot; Huston, the warden, with daughter, Constance Cummings. Mary Doran fine.

"Paid."—Metro-Goldwyn.

Joan Crawford goes drammer, and is good as shoppirl railroaded to prison for crime she did not commit. Marries son of boss to get revenge. Robert Armstrong, John Miljan, Marie Prevost, Tyrrell Davis, William Bakewell, Purnell Pratt.

"Reducing."—Metro-Goldwyn.

Too little horseplay in beauty parlor and too much fuss over saving girl from her instincts, in funny, funny film with Marie Dressler and Polly Moran. No team like this one. Anita Page, William Collier, Jr., Lucien Littlefield, Sally Eilers, William Bakewell.

"Little Caesar."—First National.

Finished story of snarling gangsters and their fights for underworld power. Too, too brutal for Buddy Rogers's legions. Edward G. Robinson gunman king. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Thomas Jackson, William Collier, Jr., Glenda Farrell.

"The Royal Family of Broadway."—Paramount.

Engagingly mad, these *Cavendishes* of the stage, and a lot of fun, since you don't have to live with them. Satire on stage stars at home. Not a slow moment. Fredric March excellent. Ina Claire, too. Henrietta Crosman, Mary Brian.

"The Devil to Pay."—United Artists.

English drawing-room comedy as it should be—intelligent, amusing, no excitement. Rich youth returns to London after farm life, and gets entangled. Loretta Young, Myrna Loy out for Ronald Colman. Florence Britton, Frederick Kerr.

"The Blue Angel."—Paramount.

Emil Jannings in German film with Marlene Dietrich, and both are magnificent, even if you don't get some of the speech. Schoolmaster follows cabaret girl to his ruin. Poignant, pitiful character masterly done.

"Morocco."—Paramount.

Marlene Dietrich takes her place among the stars as an individual. Adolphe Menjou returns, though tamed by talkie morals, and Gary Cooper going strong, as member of Foreign Legion. Two cynics find that only simple, fundamental love for each other counts.

"Feet First."—Paramount.

Harold Lloyd, the hardy perennial, as funny and thrilling as ever. Straight humor, without taint of "sophistication"; no tears behind the smile. Shoe clerk in love tries to win girl by posing as rich playboy, but finds trouble and danger ahead. Barbara Kent, Robert McWade, Alec Francis, Lillian Leighton.



For Second Choice

"Trader Horn."—Metro-Goldwyn.

Superior to all films picturing jungle life. Subordinate love interest in rescue of white girl from African tribe who regard her as a goddess. Edwina Booth does well in difficult rôle. A native, Mutia Omoolu, genuine as gun bearer to Harry Carcy. Duncan Renaldo, Olive Fuller Golden.

"City Lights."—United Artists.

Fast and funny Chaplin film, with sound effects, along lines made famous by the screen's best comedian. The familiar

Tramp in inspired fooling runs to wistfulness in adoring a blind flower girl, Virginia Cherrill, a newcomer. Harry Meyers and Hank Mann.

"Dracula."—Universal.

A thriller tries to be too thrilling and is a bit funny in the portrayal of eye-rolling corpse that emerges from his casket by night and feasts from jugular veins, pretty girls preferred. Bela Lugosi the vampire, Helen Chandler the terrified morsel, Dwight Frye, David Manners.

"Girls Demand Excitement."—Fox.

The "men" of a coed college undertake to oust the girls, and a basket-ball game settles the issue. With dance specialist directing, the effect will surprise fans who sport gold-plated basket balls. John Wayne, Virginia Cherrill, Marguerite Churchill, William Janney, Eddie Nugent, Marion Byron.

"Inspiration."—Metro-Goldwyn.

Weak adaptation of "Sapho" is saved by Greta Garbo, who holds one's entire attention. A girl with a "past" offers herself to juvenile prude, played by Robert Montgomery, who is not strong enough to kick her out or accept her love. Lewis Stone, Marjorie Rambeau, Judith Vosseli, Beryl Mercer, Karen Morley.

"Millie."—RKO.

A good girl loves everybody but the right man, and, maturing with knowledge of the world, shoots an admirer who makes play for her daughter. Helen Twelvetrees excellent in character study of another *Madame X*. Lilyan Tashman, Joan Blondell, Robert Ames, James Hall, John Halliday, Anita Louise.

"The Gang Buster."—Paramount.

Jack Oakie as a sap insurance agent who falls in love with the daughter of a prospect and walks into a den of gangsters who have kidnaped the girl. He lives to be rewarded by the heroine, thanks to his blundering freshness. Jean Arthur, William (Stage) Boyd, Wynne Gibson contribute to lively film.

"Scandal Sheet."—Paramount.

Excellent melodrama of yellow journalism in which a hard-boiled editor accidentally digs up scandal about his wife and has to decide between her reputation and that of his newspaper. George Bancroft the editor, Kay Francis the wife,

Continued on page 118



Photo by Preston Duncan

HELEN CHANDLER

BROUGHT to Hollywood on the strength of her pronounced stage success, Helen Chandler found that she was virtually unknown. Then began her uphill climb in the talkies, made difficult by uncaring roles. But her fortune changed with "Outward Bound." Now Miss Chandler finds herself with roles to pick and her future is assured. She is seen, right, in Ramon Navarra's "Daybreak," with "Salvation Nell" to follow.



The PHENIX RISES

Setbacks are turned into stepping-stones by Ina Claire, who by not knowing when she is beaten is never beaten. Now she has triumphed over the talkies which once threatened to defeat her ambition.

WHEN Charlie Chaplin's "City Lights" had its New York première, Ina Claire was among those present. Any one who attended will attest to that. The irrepressible Ina tripped up and down the aisles full of high spirits and good news. If you looked at all interested, she'd stop and tell you that she had just signed a five-year contract with Samuel Goldwyn. If you didn't seem particularly excited, she'd tell you anyway, just for luck.

That she was tossing about big news seemed to bother her not at all. And Miss Claire once the wife of a newspaperman! Perhaps Jimmy Whitaker had grounds for divorce. Put yourself in his place. Imagine telling the little woman a potential front-page yarn, only to have her spill it over the back fence, or across the court, before you had time to catch an edition.

Anyway, when the toilers of the Fourth Estate telephoned United Artists next morning for confirmation of the story, a harassed press agent nearly had what passes in the medical profession for a stroke.

"Where did you get *that*?" he yelled.

After a number of news gatherers began, "Well, last night, Ina Claire——" he groaned and prepared to make the announcement formal.

When in New York, Ina Claire parks at Pierre's. It takes a little courage and a lot of cash to make your home in that imposing structure, whose white façade gallops into the Park Avenue sky to the tune of forty stories. In fact, Lady Mountbatten might waver. But not Ina Claire. Ina could give a duchess an inferiority complex. She's so grand and so groomed that you find yourself remembering the date of your last manicure, and you're sure the brand-new stockings have sprung a run. Yet she's as ingratiating as an insurance salesman, so admiration soon replaces awe.

Miss Claire, you see, is the popular conception of an actress during her offstage moments. A woman who demands intelligence in her Peke and in the maid who puts on his woolly sweater and takes him to Central Park; whose suite is always flower-filled and whose repartee is ever scintillating.

On the afternoon of our visit, however, the maid had no time for walking the dog. She was packing seven trunks

By Regina Cannon

Miss Claire was a trifle too voluble to be at ease. "Jack and I are going to work this thing out separately," she said very, very lightly. "He will have his work and I shall have mine. It's better that we are not under the same roof discussing pictures and giving each other unsolicited advice. Of course we're the best of friends and he is as thrilled about my contract as I am. Divorce? Certainly not! He will meet me at the train and before I talk to a single soul, we shall plan our future."

in preparation for the triumphant return to Hollywood of the conquering heroine whose "companionate separation" is even now in full blast.

Leaping ahead a bit, Jack did not meet Ina's train. She waited for him at the station and then did a little more waiting at the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel. But the screen's erstwhile great lover failed to so much as telephone, let alone put in an appearance. So only time and reporters will tell when the Claire-Gilbert matrimonial bark will hit the rocks—"for publication."

And when it happens, trust Miss Claire to use the connubial wreckage as a foundation on which to build something bigger and better. She has a way of doing that. Take, as an instance, her precarious screen career.

There's a gangland term, "pushed around," that Ina has come to know since her introduction to the talkies. It's manhandling without intent to kill. Just a gentle applying of the works—like buying your contract rather than permitting you to fulfill it; promising you a rôle and at the last moment assigning it to Josie Splevins, et cetera.

Miss Claire has met these particular and several similar vicissitudes. But she possesses the proverbial bulldog tenacity. She doesn't know when she's beaten; so, she's never beaten.

Ina crashed Hollywood two years ago with a couple of titles—the foremost actress on Broadway and the best-dressed woman on the stage.

Well, you probably don't much care who happens to be the first citizen of Siam. Siam's too far away. So is Broadway—when viewed from the top of Beverly Hills. And, as for being best-dressed! Hollywood has had Lilyan Tashman, Kay Francis, and Joan Crawford giving the high cost of low-cut gowns for years. So Ina's advance campaign failed to register. [Continued on page 114]



Out of the failure of her marriage to John Gilbert, Ina Claire finds happiness in "companionate separation."



INA CLAIRE

ONCE billed as Mrs. John Gilbert because she was unknown to movie fans, Ina Claire has made her name an asset instead of a liability to theater owners. The interview opposite tells why.



LEST WE FORGET

It is fitting and proper that "The Squow Mon," the very first picture directed by Cecil DeMille many years ago, should be selected for what promises to be his finest effort in audible films. The earlier version was directed in a barn, the present one comes to life in the magnificent confines of Metro-Goldwyn, with a cast comprising Warner Baxter, Lupe Velez, Eleanor Boardman, Roland Young, Paul Cavanagh, Julio Faye and many, many others. The pictures on this page show Mr. Baxter and Miss Boardman in the English environment of the picture's first sequence.



CALAMITY JANE

SHE is the redoubtable character whose exploits in the early days of the West are history and who comes to the screen, though not for the first time, in "Roped In," with Louise Dresser playing her. Leather-lunged, sharp-tongued, and respected for her fearlessness, she is proprietress of a saloon with gambling on the side. She is seen, at top of page, with Richard Arlen, as *Lieutenant Tom Colton*, the hero of the romance in which *Calamity Jane* sheds her hard-boiled shell to show the mother love within her. Mr. Arlen, right, is posed with Frances Dee, as the heroine.





THE BIG

In "City Streets" Gary Cooper man of the underworld, with playing the role first

UNWITTINGLY drawn into the "alky" racket, Gary Cooper, as *The Kid*, is seen with the attractive Wynne Gibson at the top of the page. One of the most unusual photographs of Mr. Cooper, left, shows him as a full-fledged racketeer in all the sartorial glory of his kind, pausing in the prison waiting-room to see his girl. Their interview is poignant.



RACKET

is seen for the first time as a Sylvia Sidney, of the stage, intended for Clara Bow.

THE KID, above, is first seen as an employee of a shooting gallery where Sylvia Sidney, as Nan, daughter of a crook, is attracted by his skill with a gun and learns to love him. In the photograph, right, she begs *The Kid* not to return to the night club where the fatal shooting takes place. But if you know your Gary's determination, you know he will go.





CONCHITA

THE Spanish actress, Conchita Montenegro, who came to Hollywood to ploy in foreign versions, exhibits her accented English in "Never the Twain Shall Meet." She plays the role of a South Sea Island princess who falls in love with an American. Their life together in her native tropics is a compelling argument in favor of the title of the picture. Leslie Howard, Miss Montenegro, and Mitchell Lewis at top of page.



Irresistible

THE favorite adjective of Maurice Chevalier's admirers is discovered by the two heroines of "The Smiling Lieutenant." Claudette Colbert as *Franzi*, leader of a Viennese orchestra, loves *Lieutenant Niki*, and a kiss blown her way while he is on parade convinces *Miriam Hopkins*, as *Princess Anna*, that *Niki* has insulted her. But when he is summoned for a royal rebuke she, too, finds him irresistible and marries him almost without his knowledge. Miss Hopkins appears in the circle and Miss Colbert, below.





TEMPTATION

RICHARD BARTHELMESS, as a newspaper reporter in "The Finger Points," is tempted by the big money of the underworld until he meets a violent end, with Fay Wray mourning him for the honest man he might have been, and Regis Toomey unknowingly grieving for the passing of a hero.





This make-up car accompanies players on location to keep faces tidy, eyelashes in curl, and lips in place.

NEW FACES for OLD

Would you like to exchange features you have for those you admire more? Or is it just a slight alteration that you want? Either is possible to the studio expert, whose miracles in make-up are here described.

"Oh, Jim!" calls Fifi d'Orsay, looking in through the door of the make-up room at the Fox studio, "may I have a new widow's peak? The old one got washed off in the rain scene."

"How about a wart on the side of my nose?" demands Edmund Lowe, "and Victor McLaglen told me to let you know he's coming over for a streak of gray hair."

Jim Barker, noted in Hollywood as one of the foremost make-up experts in the motion-picture business, pauses in the laborious task of putting a new face on Maureen O'Sullivan long enough to rummage around among his supplies for a widow's peak, some gray hair, spirit gum, and putty. And, lo and behold! within a few moments he has transformed each of his patrons, with the ease of a magician!

Jim Barker is king of a cream-colored dominion of immaculate cleanliness where the stars gather to have their faces put on for the day, and a tiny office where none but the mighty are allowed. The office is Jim's private room where he keeps his files, reference books, and the tools of his trade. The outer room is long and spacious, and a row of dressing tables with large mirrors extends along the wall from one end to the other.

Another wall consists mostly of windows. From the outside the building resembles one of the proverbial glass houses. Sunlight filters in through snowy curtains and gentle breezes sift through cascades of varicolored crêpe hair suspended on racks.

It is from these racks that Barker selects the hair of players—a special kind of hair for each rôle. Don't get

By Jeanne de Kolty

the idea that all the stars wear wigs, though. The false hair is only for use when the actor's own hair does not fit his rôle.

In glass cases are to be found the complexions of the stars; tan grease paints for tan characters, pale tints for anæmic ladies, and blushes for those who need to blush. Often a star must change color for the sake of a particular part. She goes to the make-up man, tells him her needs, and he revamps her so that often even her best friends don't know her.

Should an outsider chance to look into the average make-up room, he probably would wonder whether all those pretty ladies and gentlemen he has seen on the screen were just so many eyebrows, lashes, arms, legs, and other features fastened together, instead of actual human beings. He would see cases of eyelashes, false eyebrows, putty for making false noses and changing the shape of the features, beards, mustaches, and wigs.

The make-up man would explain to him, however, that all these are merely character stuff, materials with which to make the old young, the young old, the blonde a brunette, and vice versa.

If the necessity arises, the make-up man can change every feature in an actor's face, including his teeth. In order to become a star, one must have perfect teeth. Sometimes a tooth becomes discolored through accident, or is chipped off; often a perfect tooth must be camouflaged to look discolored or ill-shaped. The make-up expert searches in a glass case filled with teeth until he

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Illustrated by Lul Trugo

RED-FLAGGING THE

THE Hollywood bull—that is, Hollywood public opinion—is usually an amiable beast. The average star can feed him indigestible peanuts and boloney in perfect safety. He'll eat it, wrappings and all, and won't even mind a few sharp tacks in the fodder.

But just try waving a red flag in front of his bullish nose! His small eyes grow red and furious, he snorts, paws the earth, and runs after one, with horns set for gore.

Which is to say that an unlucky few have a certain something in their personalities that makes picturedom froth at the mouth, though it is as innocent as a crimson sash. It is nothing more than a streak of aloofness, the most misunderstood quality in the world.

The roll call of stars who have had to put a fence between themselves and the pursuing bull is an impressive one. There are Greta Garbo, Richard Barthelmess, Ronald Colman, Lillian Gish, all taking the brunt of the attack for attempting cloistered seclusion.

To their names might be added those of Ramon Novarro, Joan Bennett, Marguerite Churchill, Eleanor Boardman, Jeanette MacDonald, Mary Philbin, Carol Dempster, the late Lon Chaney, and others.

Strangely enough, this class of stars is the most in-offensive group one could bring together. Unlike many players who are proficient as mixers, they don't go around showing off in public. Unlike some, they don't go in for bragging and swaggering.

Their clothes and manners are apt to be quiet and unassuming. They don't affect bogus culture. Most of them wouldn't think of grandly snubbing those of a "lower caste," although some of their uncriticized fellow stars do.

They don't work frantically to steal scenes and pictures from other actors, or to run them down. They don't throw jealous tantrums, or pull the hair of their

Some of the naturally reserved players because aloofness is always misunderstood need of a protective wall. Even friendly

rivals. In fact, if they did burst forth into these familiar exhibitions of temperament and delusions of grandeur, their critics might laugh indulgently and forgive them.

By H. A.

They are, as a class, ladies and gentlemen in the deeper meaning of those words, with a dislike of display. Some have a consideration for the feelings of others that is rare in rough-and-ready Hollywood.

But Hollywood doesn't understand them. It sees only that they try to avoid parties, openings, and crowds, to remove themselves, at least occasionally, from the staring eyes that are forever busy picking them to pieces. And Hollywood, offended, mutters, "Too good for us, huh?"

It took the death of Lon Chaney to make Talkietown realize that there was good reason why that solitary man held the crowds off at arm's length. He was a sick man.

It took the death of Jeanne Eagels to silence the critics of her temperamental outbursts. They realized, too late, that her shattered nerves could not stand the daily irritations that other people's do.

But it is not so easy for Hollywood to understand that the perfectly healthy individual may have a crying inner need to be alone. True, they recognize that even as genial a mixer as Charlie Chaplin may have his moody days, when he wants to get away from everybody. They chalk that up to the strange workings of genius.

When a lesser star plays the recluse, they are apt to say, "So you think you're a genius, too?" Signs of a retiring nature in a player are almost sure to be mis-



HOLLYWOOD BULL

innocently antagonize the picture colony, stood, and find themselves still more in gestures are misinterpreted and snubbed.

Woodmansee understood. Hollywood is as indignant as the old hen that hatched a

brood of ducklings, only to have them go swimming. The film colony loves to build myths about stars who have a touch of reserve. In the case of Greta Garbo, for instance, legend is piled upon legend, until the tower topples over. Then the fabricators begin all over again.

Of course, as secretive a player as Garbo is a constant stimulant to the Hollywood imagination. But, considering other retiring players who have tried to be mixers and failed, one wonders what the villagers would do to the Swedish recluse, if they knew her more intimately.

A few years ago a fine, sensitive star was practically driven out of pictures by the antagonism of studio people with whom she tried to be friendly. Her few intimate friends agreed that she was as lovely and unassuming a character as has graced the screen.

She was no mixer, yet on the set she would try to be pleasant to everybody, from the director to the prop man. She had a good word for all, and it was not a patronizing one. Yet her friendly advances were rudely snubbed. In amazing ways her every word and action was misinterpreted. The very persons who snubbed her called her high-hat.

It doesn't seem to make any difference whether such players insist on privacy in as flat-footed a manner as Greta Garbo, or make an occasional attempt to be one of the gang. The Hollywood bull knows a red flag when he sees it, even when its bearer tries to turn it into a more agreeable pink.

The attack may come from the most unexpected quarter. One girl star was secretly engaged to a popular and influential executive, although she was seldom seen in public with anybody.

Some of her critics opined that she couldn't get any man to escort her places. When the news of her engagement came out, a few declared that probably no other girl would have had the man. Of course both opinions were utterly ridiculous.

One girl doesn't like to go to dinner parties. Those who resent her lack of conviviality say she is afraid of using the wrong fork or wouldn't know what to say, or what to do with her elbows.

A male star is frequently attacked for being surly and snobbish. He is uncommunicative and likes privacy, but so do a great many persons in other walks of life. Hollywood likes its silent men in Western drama, but apparently not in real life.

Lillian Gish for years has been criticized and ridiculed for her nunlike seclusion from Hollywood. Ronald Colman has been dubbed a woman hater, because, following his separation from his wife, he did not mix freely with the party girls of Movietown. People couldn't understand his strong British reserve.

One look at girls such as Jeanette MacDonald and Eleanor Boardman convinces any Hollywood play boy that they wouldn't take kindly to rough practical jokes, such as being hurled unexpectedly into a swimming pool. They're not the type, though some would like them better if they were.

Ridiculous, and often malicious, rumors swarm like mosquitoes about the heads of the less gregarious of the stars. Some shrug their shoulders philosophically; others are justly indignant.

Mary Pickford probably expressed the sentiment of
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The show-boat players have no yearning for studio or Broadway life.

Where Garbo Is Out

Show-boat audiences of the Dismal Swamp country do not care how long Greta remains the silent enigma; they care only for "drammer" across the floating footlights. The writer takes you aboard a river theater to discuss films and the last stand of "rep".

I USED to believe that all flappers the world over knew Robert Montgomery's love-making, that all married women had suffered with Garbo, and that Mary Pickford was an adopted cousin of every household.

And I thought that all New York stage stars, no matter how snooty and high-hat they had been about the flickers, were now running after Hollywood producers.

John Barrymore, Lenore Ulric, Ruth Chatterton, Pauline Frederick, Ann Pennington, Will Rogers, Lowell Sherman, and others had succumbed to the silents, and since the advent of the talkies, George Arliss, Otis Skinner, Nance O'Neil, Ann Harding, Ina Claire, Claudette Colbert, and many others have signed their names without noticeable protest.

Elsie Ferguson is even now dangling her bait of talents in a Hollywood theater within easy reach of the directors, and the elusive Maude Adams is said to be holding confab with playwrights in California. Even the cagy Adams may be won over by a plea for the historical necessity of perpetuating her art in celluloid.

You see when you've been writing about the stars for ten years, as I have, you firmly believe that every road in the world curves out from the film metropolis, and that they are all paved with celluloid.

You believe, like the press agents, that this village is an omnipotent empire controlling the news, the fashions, the manners, customs, the fun, and the tears of an entire world.

True enough, the advent of radios gave Hollywood a frightful jolt. But the village is resourceful, and as soon as a fickle public could be cajoled by hoofbeats and clock ticks, cock crows and pistol shots, all its complacent self-assurance returned.

But Dixie recently treated me to a distinct surprise.

The exigencies of fate sent me temporarily to the South. When I heard that a show boat was playing "down Deep Creek way." I drove there faster than Clara

By Helen Starr Henifin

Bow ever whirled her red hair and glittering roadster down Hollywood Boulevard.

You must go to Dismal Swamp when you go "down

Deep Creek way." There are occasional wooded clumps of tall, straight pines, and open fields for garden truck or cotton. Colored folk for the most part occupy the unpainted houses that slant at loose angles, and discard bricks and shingles at every change of weather. The houses are far apart, as if they had borrowed atmospheric effects of depression and desolation from the swamp itself.

If you remember nothing else from your geography, you probably never forgot the lesson about the Dismal Swamp. There were thrills and mystery in the descriptions of these dark and tangled jungles. Or perhaps your knowledge was gleaned from *Nick Carter* who liked to have his villains sucked under by the swamp's bogs and quicksands.

These days it is still tangled and menacing: soggy underfoot and dripping with chilly rains in winter; rife with rattlesnakes and ravenous mosquitoes in summer.

That smashing you hear from within is not always the hunter's tale of a husky bear breaking a log, but is one of the sound effects associated with earnest bootleggers tending still, cheerful in the assurance that Federal agents don't like to put their noses into the dangerous mire of the swamp lands.

The Dismal Swamp skirts one edge of a tranquil, slow-moving canal which our first president planned in an effort to clear the bog. The George Washington Canal is only one of the many streams in the South where, on certain mornings, a show boat drifts down to make fast to a bank and throw its own white reflection on shadowy water that already mirrors soft-leaved willows.

I was jerked from my initial admiration of show-boat life by the approach of a gentleman of the company wearing a vivid-green silk shirt, white trousers, spats,

eyeglasses, and a wrist watch. Oh, shades of Broadway! How did they learn all that down here?

I explained that I wrote for the fan magazines and wanted to nose about.

Even on a river barge, they seem to have acquired a few nautical terms, for "Green Shirt" gave me the usual deep-sea greeting, "Glad to have you aboard."

The interior reminded me of any small-town playhouse of a dozen years ago: a lobby display of the company photos; manager's office on the right; rows of "opry" chairs slanting stageward; and jagged wings symbolizing vivid green woods.

But this theater differed by having a galley and mess room behind the stage, and sleeping quarters on the second deck. Serupulously clean and shipshape, it glistened with white paint inside and out.

"We're used to having a writer about," added Green Shirt. "Edna Ferber traveled for a while on this very boat to get material for her book."

"Oh, then you must have been awfully interested in seeing the picture version of 'Show Boat'?"

His reply gave me a distinct surprise. "I've never happened to see it," he replied with a DeMillish indifference that implied if the picture was playing across the street it would be just too far to go.

Other members of the company filed out of the mess hall—an attractive brunet leading woman, a decisive blond second woman, the menacing villain, a juvenile, character men and women, and props. They dropped down into comfortable positions on the grassy river bank.

"By the way, have any of you ever seen the film, 'Show Boat'?" asked Green Shirt, turning toward the company with a blasé air.

They all nodded in the negative. Their indifference to the cinema was overdone. No actor anywhere, I figured, could dare to be so casual these days about the affluent cinema. I had a hunch they had all seen it. Not long afterward I learned the underlying motive that occasioned this indifference.

"Aren't you interested in pictures?" I asked. This question didn't seem to disturb the calm of a complacent company sunning themselves in a lovely land. I added, "Don't you players aspire to be film stars?"

It's only fair to Bebe Daniels, Norma Shearer, and Gloria Swanson to repeat the reply.

"We have our own public!"

And to think that hundreds of Broadway actors are fairly panting for a chance to go West!

Green Shirt summoned a bright, businesslike fellow, Charles Hunter. "Hunter," he told me, "went to Hollywood and worked three months with Charlie Kenyon, the scenario writer, in adapting Miss Ferber's book to the screen."

"You worked three months on the story and never saw the picture?" I asked.

He nodded in the negative with a bored yawn. They could have their Hollywood, his expression implied.

These players were as self-sufficient as wealthy, retired country gentlemen. Their peaceful theater-on-the-farm

plan of life implied a superior detachment from the turmoil of Broadway and the studios.

Yet I thought I noted a readiness to exchange a pair of theater tickets for a farmer's vegetables. Surely there couldn't be much money in show-boating these days.

The assertion of the press agents—I used to believe it, too—that film reaching end to end might touch the moon, or if wrapped around the world would soon strangle us all, et cetera, did not account for a break in the celluloid right here in the South.

"We get a full thirty-five-week season," Hunter told me. "That's better than many road or rep shows used to get in the old days. We winter in Elizabeth City, North Carolina, then in the spring go up the George Washington Canal and out into the Chesapeake Bay, where we play a lot of ports, including those on the Solomon Islands.

"Then we go up the Potomac River and it's branches. We have played Albermarle and the other sounds along the Carolina coast, and by going only fourteen miles to sea, we can play the Florida ports."

To prove their seamanship, he showed me a real navigator's room in a boxlike inclosure on top of the boat, introduced two seamen who navigate the craft and showed me the tug that pulls the showfolk, appropriately named *The Trouper*.

"There are other show boats," he added, "on the Missouri, Mississippi, and Ohio rivers, doing business in the same towns just as they did two generations before the cinema."

The James Adams Floating Shows do six plays over and over.

"The Lure of the City" has run on this boat for two generations *as is*, but now Charlie Hunter has doctored the title for the present generation. It is now "The Girl Who Ran Away."

"Mr. Jim Bailey," from the standpoint of play writing and drama, is the strongest bill of the six, but "Peg o' My Heart" is the teary throbbler that pulls them to the box office.

Then they play "S'manthy" and "Flappers and Grandmothers."

"Why Girls Walk Home" is the come-on title of another bill, although there is not a thing in the play pertaining to the name.

And they play these at fifty and seventy-five cents—sometimes in competition with such cinema attractions as "Whoopee," "The Big House," and "All Quiet."



If Greto Garbo came to Deep Creek, Virginia, she would not be recognized.

James Adams' FLOATING THEATRE

The Only Show Boat on the
Atlantic Coast

The Boat On Which

EDNA FERBER

Wrote Her Famous
Story "Show Boat"

PLAYING AT

DEEP CREEK, VA.

3 DAYS—JUNE 5-6-7

Take Deep Creek Road from
Portsmouth, Six Miles, at head of
Dismal Swamp Canal.

Performance Starts Promptly
at 8:15 P. M.

THURSDAY, JUNE 5th

'MR. JIM BAILEY'

FRIDAY, JUNE 6th

"Peg o' My Heart"

SATURDAY, JUNE 7th

"S'MANTHY"

The repertoire includes six
plays.



Show boat comin' 'round the bend.

I showed my amazement. Although short-sighted managers had in some instances stubbornly resisted the onslaught of the movies, one by one they had all booked pictures in order to carry on. I wondered how the show boats were able to hold this last stand of the traveling reps.

"We have our own following," they told me again, with the sort of high pride. "This boat has been traveling for three generations, and almost all the players grew up in the show-boat family. They do not care for any other sort of acting." As if actors had been choosers the past few years!

This proud optimism is the sort that is not given up until the abyss is yawning at the next step.

And, as if to prove the indestructibility of their life, I heard that this very boat had struck a snag the year before where the canal passes through Lee Mills, North Carolina. The boat sank and the players lost most of their belongings, but it was promptly raised, repainted, and towed on its way to again make the rounds of the river towns where it has long been a tradition.

Conditions have helped show-boat folk. For years, the dirt roads of Virginia, the Carolinas and other Southern States were hardly passable in winter. Only

in the past few years have good auto roads been built. Picture houses are not even yet located in many of these small river towns.

It would be a great lesson to some unmanageable film star to visit a show-boat town, for the chances are she'd be unrecognized, and receive not a particle of homage she thinks is waiting for her the world over.

The show-boat audiences know the names of only a few stars of the screen and are woefully ignorant of the latest Hollywood divorce gossip.

I had to admit the charm of show-boat life. It outranks circus life in healthfulness and has all the qualities of beauty and soul so lacking in the ugly backstage of the average theater, or associated with the hot lights of a studio set.

"Economic conditions in theatricals have changed," I persisted. "Wouldn't it be sensible not to pay salaries to actors and overhead for food, but to book pictures on show boats?"

I was again the recipient of proud and chilly glances without a word being spoken—exactly the same sort of condescending glances I used to receive ten years ago from Broadway actors in New York when I said California was a wonderful place, and they'd always have to do the picture-making out there in the sunshine, and why didn't that particular actor leave the stage and get in on the ground floor?

They print a little leaflet called the *Herald* and distribute it nightly to the audience. I was amused to read this editorial in the sheet:

Isn't it better for your town to have a show boat come here and pay dockage to your wharf owners, and purchase food, clothes and necessities for its players than to rent 5,000 feet of film from far-away Hollywood when the actors in the film can't possibly shop in your stores?

Already they see the writing on the wall, even if they are too proud to admit it.

In this age of gilded movie halls, hung with crystal lamps and tapestries too shiny and bright to be real, it is like dipping back into the past to visit this floating theater. The

slow-moving craft, and its unhurried audience filing in and out, are of a world far removed from the rush of the Rialto, and the hectic uncertainties of the Hollywood studios. The show boat is a hangover of the gas foot-light era, in its physical aspects as well as the theatrical offerings in the repertory. As I have pointed out, some of the small rural towns do not yet boast of a cinema hall, and again, it is the choice of the people on those rare nights when the boat hitches up at the river front. Perhaps the audience likes being part of the show.

But even if Garbo, Buddy Rogers, Clara Bow, and Chatterton are sitting on top of the world from the Hollywood point of view, they haven't managed to crash the show boats!



The James Adams floating theater has been in service for three generations.

Hercules HAD A SNAP

The stars are burdened with the super-human task of always being what they are *supposed* to be, rather than what they really are. Thus they have two personalities, one of which you probably do not know.

By Everett Blagden

CONSIDER the tasks Hercules had to perform. If you don't know about them, permit me to say they were pretty tough. "Herk" had to meet impossible situations with many a super-human effort. This was necessary to keep up his fame as the strong man of his time. Had he allowed his strength to be doubted, his reputation would have been lost beyond recall.

So it is with many of the gifted ones of filmdom. They are imprinted on the public mind as being such and such. And being so, each must maintain the particular personality for which he is famous, no matter in what situation he finds himself.

Mary Pickford, for instance, must always appear before the public as a *Pollyanna*, the golden-haired child of the screen. Mary herself must surely have tired of being constantly the glad-hearted gamine of movies, for she attempted to break away from that personality several times, as in "Rosita," "Dorothy Vernon," and "Coquette." But to no avail. Back again she had to go to her world-famous personality—the dear little girl of simple mien.

I wonder if Mary has ever felt like swinging to the extreme now and then. Her *Pollyanna* personality must be something of a Herculean task on various occasions. But Mary undoubtedly uses her other personality when the occasion calls for it.



Photo by Autrey

A motherly tourist, confusing the jolly, healthy Janet Gaynor with Diane, advised her to seek sunshine and rest.

Charles Farrell has to carry off the reputation of being utterly devoid of sophistication.



It is well known that she is an expert business woman. It has been remarked that had she not become an actress, Miss Pickford would have made an excellent financier. She has handled much money and invested it to advantage.

Besides being a star, she owns a majority share in United Artists, and has a finger in many a commercial pie. When it comes to making or weighing propositions, Financier Pickford is a match for any board of hard-boiled business men.

Regardless of her many charities, the mistress of Pickfair is known to be very economical. She never pays her leading man a very large salary. It is surmised that his being chosen is sufficient remuneration, for he will get world-wide notice. But strange to say, no leading man Mary selects is ever noticed.

There are two Mary Pickfords, the shrewd business woman and the golden-haired child of the screen. The latter must be a task at times, for meekness won't do when business deals are on hand.



Photo by Ritchie

Clara Bow says that her fans expect her to be wild like her screen hoyden.

To be naive or sophisticated—which is Buddy Rogers's Herculean task?

Yet to her fans, Mary must always be *Pollyanna*.

Belle Bennett won fame as *Stella Dallas*. But Miss Bennett's offscreen fame lies in the personality she radiates over Hollywood—the gentle, advising woman to all who seek spiritual guidance.

Miss Bennett has had an adventurous career. Born in a circus, she became a trapeze performer. She married at sixteen—twelve, one rumor has it. Followed a hard life, a struggle for success on the stage. Seventeen years ago she was a star for Essanay; to quote Miss Bennett, "before Gloria Swanson was even heard of." Gloria was an extra in those early Chicago days.

Not so many years ago, Miss Bennett was always cast as a vamp, a lady of easy ideas. Since "Stella Dallas" launched her to fame on the screen, Miss Bennett has been known as a guiding hand to any in need of spiritual light.

An inoffensive "damn" muttered on the set where she was working caused her considerable grief. She carried a Bible with her to read during rests. When she thought the occasion required it, an appro-

priate passage was read aloud, probably the first time Holy Writ was read on the set of any studio. *La Bennett's* only rival will be Aimee MacPherson's entry into the talkie field.

During some business altercation with Samuel Goldwyn, it was reported, Miss Bennett slapped his face—the first time a producer's face was slapped and the fact made public. Though I dare say a few producers stroked their cheeks, with stinging recollection, when they heard of the famous Goldwyn-Bennett slap. Miss Bennett denied this report. It was, she said, a slight exaggeration. She ought to know. But even a saint's patience, we are told, is tried at times. Surely no movie player can claim more patience than a saint.

Even in trying circumstances, Miss Bennett is gentle and forgiving. It is expected of her. But I wonder, would she not sometimes like to be otherwise? Is her gentleness a task, or second nature?

Louise Fazenda has been known for years as Hollywood's consoler to the desolate. She is truly a comforter on many occasions. Even strangers in need of solace go to Louise and ask her counsel.

La Fazenda possesses the rare knack of giving just the right kind of advice. Yet I wonder whether Louise, the *consolatrice*, ever yearns to appear as another personality which she keeps hidden away?

In private life, Louise is a charming, clever person. During her fifteen years in films, she has made a great deal of money. She is smart in business deals.

She told me once that some undesirable tenants lived in a house let by her mother. Besides holding rowdy parties and failing to pay the rent, they were also wrecking the place. Madame Fazenda got rid of them by taking off the front door.

The evicted tenants looked to daughter Louise for comfort, but that was one time Louise found her rôle of *consolatrice* too Herculean a task to perform.

It is a well-known fact that *La Fazenda* has longed to do a dramatic rôle. No one can see her as a tragédienne, a *Tosca*, or a *Camille*. To one and all she remains a clown.

Oddly enough, it is to her they turn when in trouble. Kings always sought comfort from their jesters. Yet I dare say Louise would dispense with her kinship to past royalty, at certain times, to have the tables turned.

Ramon Novarro is regarded by the fans as a mystic. His spiritual sister, Belle Bennett, draws others to her. Not so Ramon. Every one expects him to remain alone. Fans visualize him as pacing up and down a cloister at his home, reeling off prayer after prayer.

When I see Ramon, he is the liveliest person in his immediate surroundings. Genial and humorous, he sparkles with gaiety. All the same, in the public's mind he is a devout religionist of solemn, pious deportment, without a smile to spare, or a humorous comment.



Miss
1931



**"I'LL GIVE YOU
SOMETHING TO
REMEMBER
ME BY!"**

ANOTHER sure victory for Leo, the M-G-M lion! Take a look at these great pictures which have recently come out of the marvelous Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios. Even if we stopped right here, Metro would walk off with 1931 honors. But there are many, many more marvelous dramas, uproarious comedies, sensational hits now being made, not only on the busy M-G-M lot, but "on location" in many odd corners of the world. You can always look to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for real entertainment in pictures that you will never forget!



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IN times of financial depression and unemployment, widowed mothers and orphaned children are first to suffer—and silently, they suffer most. Thousands of them today need help—money help—for food and clothing and creature comforts.

It is for them that we ask your help this Mothers' Day. Whatsoever your mother would do for a sick neighbor or hungry child, do in her name for unemployed and destitute mothers and children who lack the comforts and necessities of life.

The Golden Rule Mothers' Fund will be distributed through the most efficient agencies where the need is most acute.

Give for mothers—for their children—the gift that will make them happiest.



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The POETS' Corner

YANCEY

The burning eyes,
They tell a story
Of prairie plains
And danger touching glory.

Empires glow in them,
And in that dusky smile
The high gods pause
To tarry for a while.

The massive head
And swinging gait
Are but the outer coat of fate,
That lodged in mortal guise,
A heart so free,
So true to trust,
That it could carve
Out of the dust
A fruitful land,
A Canaan's paradise,

ALICE MENAKER.



SOURCE OF KNOWLEDGE

My slang is the latest,
I've a Southern drawl, too,
I can put the right crackles
In the gum that I chew.

I'd know how to act
In an old country manse.
I'll make burning love,
If there's ever a chance.

I've seen all the great kings
And have learned how to bow.
My dear, I even know
Einstein's theory now.

Do you thirst for knowledge?
Is it learning you seek?
Well, just go to movies
Three times a week.

DENISE EILEEN ORTMAN.



TALKIE CULTURE

You'd scarcely think, to hear him talk,
His native burg was old N' Yawk.
His words with oily unction uttered
With English accent now are buttered.

He used to say, "Me and me goil"
And in his car pour gas and oil.
But now a "lady" is his choice
And "petrol" motivates his Royce.

DOROTHY GARBUTT.

GARBO

Generous has beauty been to Nature's favored maid,
Robed in indifference, her countenance sweet and staid.
Ethereal eyes half shut to shield from curious gaze
The treasured secret sorrow that wraps her in its haze.
Ah calm, mysterious maid!

Give to the restless world the arts thou knowest so true,
Asking so little in return, a shelter from all view.
Reviving passion from the past to breathe upon the throng,
But quietly within your heart sing soft, untroubled song.
Oh thou mysterious you!

MADELYNE KEATS JENNINGS.



MY DREAM OF LEW AYRES

Had I a friend, a real tried friend,
I'd want him to be just as true,
With frank and honest laughing lips
And loyal eyes of blue.

Had I a brother, he must be
Ambitious, brave, and more than these,
Tall and quite aloof, and yet
Somewhat like yourself—a tease.

Had I a son, he would be wistful
Lew Ayres, as we all know you are,
With lips a-touching my own cheek,
And eyes that pray fixed on a star.

CATHERINE CRUPE.



CITY LIGHTS

Pathos walks
Against the hard brilliance
Of city lights—
A little man
In rags.
Why is it
That a white flower
Worn gallantly,
In a ragged coat,
A bit of rag
Treasured,
A twisted grin,
A nervous gesture,
Can bring swift tears
To eyes
As hard and clear
As city lights?

Pathetic little man,
Wrap close your tattered coat,
With hat and cane,
The threadbare gloves,
Yes, and a white flower,
Come soon again,
That we who are so poor
May know how rich we are.

HELEN LENHART YOKE.

The Movie Runaround

care for her, or would he be just as nice to any girl?

The day was a hard one. Keene had indeed built up her part, to the fury of the star and the murderous rage of the leading woman. Annabelle longed to apologize to them both, to explain that this turn of events didn't make her any happier than it did them.

The star protested at the lengthy rehearsals made necessary by the change. The leading woman retired to her dressing room in tears when one of her pet scenes was changed to include Annabelle. The extras smiled significantly. Keene called her "little girl" and insisted on her lunching with him.

Annabelle's head ached furiously. She couldn't seem to get even the simplest bits of business right. Once, after several rehearsals, she forgot her lines at the crucial moment, and they had to call a retake.

Keene did ask her to dinner—at his home. Rather, he said, "You're coming home to dinner with me. I want to talk with you," and was so amazed when Annabelle refused that he couldn't speak.

"I'm too tired to do anything but sleep," she told him, quite truthfully. "I wouldn't even be able to understand what you said to me, Mr. Keene, and that would be terrible!"

She hurried away before he could protest, hoping that he wouldn't be angry and cut her out of the picture, and left the studio with her make-up only half removed. Her body ached all over. Her mind was weary with the strain of trying to do something she had never done before. She stumbled into Dennis's car and slid down so that her head rested on the back of the seat.

"All in, huh?" he commented. "I'll take you somewhere for some hot soup, and then you go home and climb into bed. Keene all right?"

She told him about Keene's invitation to dinner following his determined efforts to make her an actress.

"The old game," grunted Dennis. "For two cents I'd—say, I've got an idea! Maybe you won't like it, but it's the only way out. He's got you on the pay roll now, and you've made enough scenes so that he'll have to keep you there. His overhead's too high now for retakes. How's this: suppose you tell him, just incidentally—"

Slowing down in a fairly empty stretch of the road, he glanced down at Annabelle. She was sound asleep.

During dinner he returned to his plan.

"Suppose you tell him you're engaged to me," he said and hurried on as, her face flushing hotly, Annabelle

tried to speak. "It won't mean a thing to us, but it'll keep him in his place. You can't go to his house unless your fiancé goes too—see? You have to spend your evenings with me. Pretend you're heels over head in love—that'll give you a chance to show what a good actress you are!"

Annabelle laughed shakily.

"Maybe it won't," she said, and then glanced down at her plate, frightened by her own daring.

Dennis had never been told that he was one of those men who, when absorbed by an idea, pay no attention to any one or anything else.

"He'll not bother you then," he went on. "Of course, you may be cut out of the picture when it's finished, but you'll have made some money in the meantime. I'll hunt around and see if I can't get you a job as script girl or something. At that, I might speak to the cameraman on this thing you're doing. He could get you into a few important shots so that they couldn't possibly leave you out."

"I don't care whether I'm in or not," Annabelle exclaimed. "All I want is the money."

"Then you'll probably walk away with the picture," Dennis answered. "That's the way things go out here. Say, it's a good thing you left Caroline when you did. She's been raising Ned all over the place. Wants the story changed, drives everybody crazy with suggestions that will build up her own part. Fights with her leading man every day regular as clockwork, and he's a poor bozo who'd been on the stage for years and never saw a studio before. He'll be a blithering idiot by the time this is over. Thank Heaven I'm a cameraman. I'm the only one in the place she doesn't dare row with. She knows what she'll look like on the screen if she does."

"I suppose she thinks I'm an ungrateful hussy," remarked Annabelle, wishing he hadn't dropped the subject of their engagement so hastily.

"Sure," Dennis replied laconically. "But half of Hollywood thinks the other half stood 'em up, so what do you care? Want to go home?"

With extreme reluctance Annabelle said she did. She wished he'd suggest going for a drive. Out in the cool, starlit hills he might bring up the subject of their engagement again. But he helped her into her coat in a businesslike way quite devoid of romantic implication, and she meekly followed him to the cashier's desk.

A man was just turning away from the desk, but at sight of Dennis he stopped.

"Say, I got that lens!" he said.

"I'm going to try it out to-night. Want to lend me that camera of yours?"

"Sure." Dennis glanced at Annabelle. "Come along with me now and we'll pick it up, and then I'll come to your house, after I take Miss Johns home."

All the way to Dennis's apartment they talked about the new lens. Annabelle understood the language Dennis was talking as well as she would have understood Greek, but she was happy sitting there close to him and hearing his voice, even if he was talking across her to the man on the other side.

Both men got out when they reached the apartment, assuring her that they'd be back in a second. Annabelle slid down in the seat and waited. After a while, when it seemed as if they'd been gone a long time, she glanced at her watch. Fifteen minutes had passed since they had hurried into the house.

She leaned back again and waited some more. She began to feel drowsy. If only Dennis would hurry!

The next thing she knew, the empty street warned her that it was very late. She sat up with a start. She must have been asleep! A glance at her watch showed her that it was just three hours since Dennis and his friend left her.

Three hours! He'd said he'd be right back, and he'd been gone three hours! Well, that showed how much he cared for her. Feeling cold and stiff, she climbed out of the car and started down the street. Furiously she told herself that he knew she was frightfully tired, yet he could treat her that way! Well, she was a fool to care for him.

She wouldn't care any more! Trudging down the street, shivering when the cool air blew through her thin coat, she lashed herself into new rage every time she found herself trying to make excuses for him.

"Warning me against Keene and then treating me like this!" she stormed. "I'll show him. I hope Keene will ask me to dinner to-morrow night. I'll go!"

She got up early the next morning, so that she could be sure of starting for the studio before Dennis would call for her—if he dared call, after the way he'd acted!

At the studio it was one of those days when everything was held up. Annabelle sat around, waiting for something to happen, till she wanted to scream. The extras played bridge or sewed, but she couldn't very well join them.

She began thinking of her troubles. If only she could find out how much



Photo by Newton Hopcraft

MAE CLARKE

BECAUSE she is not an obvious movie beauty, Mae Clarke's unusual artistry makes itself apparent to critics sooner than to fans. The former raved over her in "Big Time" and "Nix on Dames" and are equally enthusiastic over her acting in "The Frant Page." Wake up, fans!

The Movie Runaround

money she was going to make, she could telegraph Aunt Ellen. Finally, after luncheon, she saw Keene standing alone for a moment, and went over to him.

"Mr. Keene," she began timidly, "could you tell me how much money I'm going to get for this work?"

He stared at her disgustedly.

"Money!" he exclaimed. "I thought you were a real artist, and right away you begin to talk money! Why, there are dozens of girls around here who could play this part better than you can, and would be glad to do it for nothing but the prestige of working for me."

That wasn't at all what Annabelle had expected. She could only stare at him.

"I suppose now that you're all set in the picture, you're going to hold us up," Keene went on. "Well, that lit you're doing isn't worth more than eight or ten dollars a day, and it may not last more than two or three days more."

"Oh, will I get as much as that?" Annabelle cried delightedly.

She couldn't have said anything that would have helped her more. Keene beamed, and took her by the arm.

"I tell you what you do, little girl," he said, bending close to her. "The business manager of the company is having dinner with me to-night. You come along, and I may be able to get you three hundred flat for your work. How's that?"

Annabelle drew a long breath. Well, this was just what she had been warned would happen. Of course the business manager wouldn't be there! Still—if she was going to get that money for Aunt Ellen and have some to live on while she looked for work, she mustn't refuse. Well, she'd just go, hoping everything would be all right.

"I'd love to come," she answered, her voice trembling.

"That's fine," Keene told her. "I'll be working late. You'd better go home and I'll send my car for you. What's your address?"

Annabelle told him, and spent the long afternoon worrying. Ought she to take a gun? Every wild story that she had ever read came into her mind. Oh, she must think of something, or else she wouldn't go!

When she left the studio Dennis's car was standing in the usual place. He was walking up and down beside it. When he saw her he hurried forward, both hands extended.

"Anna!" he cried. "Say, I'm awfully sorry about last night. We got to fitting that lens to my camera and I forgot all about you. Will you forgive me?"

Annabelle clutched his hands eagerly.

"Oh, Dennis, I do," she exclaimed, too intent on her new difficulty to feel anything but delight at seeing him again. "Listen, Dennis, I've got to have dinner with Bill Keene to-night." And she went on, as they got into the car, explaining the situation.

Dennis drove away thoughtfully.

"The oldest stunt in the world!" he said contemptuously. "And you fell for it!"

"I did not!" protested Annabelle. "But I've got to hang on to that job, and I've got to have money for my aunt. Three hundred dollars will give me a chance to send her some, and leave the studio and look for work somewhere else."

Dennis glanced at her pityingly.

"You're just a little fool," he told her. "But I suppose I'll go right on getting you out of jams like this. Well, here's what we'll do. About an hour after you leave—you can call me up when you start—I'll drop in at Keene's house. I know him slightly, and I'll think up some excuse. How's that?"

"That's wonderful, Dennis," Annabelle told him, laying one hand lightly on his. "You're a darling. I don't know what I'd do without you."

She had acted impulsively, but had thought, even as she did so, that he would make some response. But he only said "Yeah," in a tone worthy of Victor McLaglen, and devoted himself to his driving.

A moment later he stopped beside a news stand.

"I suppose you want the New York papers, as usual," he remarked. "Well, here they are." He glanced over her shoulder as she unfolded one and sat staring at it. "Hill hid in New York and then lit out for California, did he?" he exclaimed, staring at her.

Annabelle put one hand to her throat.

"Yes," she said through dry lips.

"You certainly get the jimjams every time you see anything about him, don't you?" he commented. "What is he—your father or something?"

Annabelle shook her head. She longed to tell him the whole story. But memory of that indifferent "Yeah" restrained her. He didn't really care for her. She mustn't think he'd be interested in helping her out of the worst trouble of all. Later, if she was found and he was questioned because he'd been seen with her, he must be quite ignorant of her connection with it.

At home she sat down and tried to think. Hill in California—probably that meant Hollywood. The paper said that detectives had left by plane

to search for him. They'd find her, of course. Now, more than ever, she must go through with this dinner party to-night, get as much money as she could for Aunt Ellen, before she was locked up!

She was icy cold and trembling all over when she walked into Bill Keene's house. He took her hand cordially and led her into the living room.

"This is Mr. Brundage, our business manager, Miss Johns," he said. "Have a cocktail? No? All right, then we'll eat."

Annabelle could hardly believe her eyes and ears. There, certainly, was another man. Keene hadn't lied!

Keene and Brundage sat next each other at the small round table placed where they looked out into the garden. Keene brought up the subject of Annabelle's salary almost at once, and Brundage finally said "Oke," in a bored tone. Annabelle drew a long breath. Three hundred dollars was a lot of money—how easily that man made it hers!

Then Keene began to talk shop with a vengeance. Did Brundage think musicals were really done? If so, what about that musical comedy that was slated for Keene's next picture? What about the opera star who was under contract?

"Get a new story and cut out the songs, all but one," grunted Brundage.

They went on to costume pictures, to shorts, to news reels, to foreign versions, dialogue. They took no more notice of Annabelle than of the furniture. When she wanted anything, if the butler was not in evidence she had to ask for it, and Keene or Brundage shoved it at her and went right on talking.

Never had she seen men so much interested in their own business, except the night before, when Dennis and his friend had become immersed in theirs. She wanted to shout with laughter. So this was Hollywood, where it wasn't safe for a girl to dine with a man like Keene! Remembering having wondered if she ought to take a gun with her, she giggled aloud, but the two men were so deep in talk that they didn't hear her.

Then she recalled that Dennis was coming. Oh, if only he wouldn't! Keene would see through it—he'd be done with her then!

Dennis arrived promptly and was shown into the dining room. Keene and Brundage were discussing trends in films over their coffee and cheese. Was the trend toward more dialogue or less, toward sweet, simple stories or the kind of thing Garbo and Die-

Continued on page 107



Photo by Max Mun Autrey



SEZ YOU!

"WOMEN of All Nations" gives back to Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen the roles they made famous in that ribald picture, "The Cock-eyed World," which caused shocked laughter and a financial furor. Equally important is the return of Greta Nissen, who of course plays the girl that starts the friendly enemies fighting.



"Father's Son."

Charm, tenderness, and understanding make this comedy of domestic life exceptional. Every one who has a son or wants one will enjoy it, but perhaps sons themselves won't get as much out of it unless they are mature enough to look back on their boyhood with the appreciation that only years bring. For the simple tale has to do with an average family in a small town. With a boy's pranks that rile his father because the latter can't or won't understand, and the mother's willingness to forgive and start all over again. There isn't a strained effect in the entire picture; it is beautifully natural. Based on a story by Booth Tarkington, it was brought to the screen by a mother and directed by a father, so there's reason for its lifelike quality, not forgetting the acting of Leon Janney, who is wonderfully real. He is a thoughtless boy who falls as easily into mischief as he is quick to feel the hurt of his father's disapproval. Finally the father in exasperation tells him he isn't the kind of son he wants and the boy runs away. He is brought back by a friend of the family, but the father still can't understand him. Not until mother and son leave home together does father see their side and of course it ends pleasantly.

Quite devoid of excitement, the picture, nevertheless, has humor and pathos and constant movement, with not too much dialogue but just enough. It is perfect of its kind. True, one can hardly accept Lewis Stone and Irene Rich as everyday folks in a small town—not with Miss Rich's gowns and furs and Mr. Stone's meticulous grooming. You feel their son would be stagestruck at least. But this is perhaps beside the point. Theirs are feeling performances.

"The Last Parade."

The underworld flourishes anew in this, and with cause, for it is excellent, with good old Jack Holt giving his best performance in the memory of man. The picture is fast, stirring, and human. If you thrill at the threats, and snarls, and killings of racketeers you shouldn't miss it.

The story begins at the front during the War where a strong friendship is cemented between two soldiers from New York, one a detective, the other a reporter, with Mr. Holt in the latter rôle, Tom Moore the other. Another friend brings them even closer together. She is a nurse whose patient Mr. Holt is as a result of wounds sustained in saving Mr. Moore's life. When the policeman returns he is made a sergeant, but the reporter finds no job open. Just then he is embroiled in a speakeasy fight

The Screen in Review

and acquits himself so well that the owner engages him to drive a liquor truck. Mr. Holt confiscates the liquor and starts a speakeasy of his own in defiance of the other man, hence a feud that keeps the story moving. At the moment when Mr. Holt yields to the pleas of the ex-nurse to give up racketeering, his enemy kills the girl's young brother and Mr. Holt goes out to get his man. He succeeds and goes to the chair for it, supported on either side by the sergeant and the girl he was to have married. This is "the last parade," the march to the death house.

Mr. Holt is entirely satisfying—in turn tense, tough, terse, tender, and always likable. Mr. Moore is equally good and Constance Cummings, who attracted attention in "The Criminal Code," does even better in this. Robert Ellis is well cast as the enemy and Gaylord Pendleton is responsive to the acting needs of the young brother.

"My Past."

Possibly the outstanding feature of the screen version of "Ex-mistress" is the return of Bebe Daniels to brunet coloring, a gesture that will interest her devoted fans.

Those who have no great personal interest in some of the players will fall back on familiar situations in this story whose naughty-sounding theme is something about the course of true love in the more promiscuous set. It is pleasant enough, unexcitingly like a confession love story on account of one hint of looseness being offset by ten hints of innocence and trust.

Miss Daniels is an actress whose love is sought by a sentimental millionaire—Lewis Stone—and, love being like that, she prefers the millionaire's partner, Ben Lyon. Well, Ben has a wife—Natalie Moorhead—and the poor heroine having regarded the affair as the one great adventure in life, is heartbroken when the wife returns. But the wife coldly informs hubby that she, too, has a lover, which pleases her mate, and he nonchalantly suggests a divorce. Now everything is beginning to look hunky-dory, except there's still the millionaire. You know Lewis Stone—he always loses the girl. So he sails away in his yacht, waving an affectionate farewell to the happy pair.

The settings are excellent, the acting just so-so, the dialogue less than so-so. Others in the cast are Joan Blondell, in some effective moments, Albert Gran, Virginia Sale, and Daisy Belmore.

"Dance, Fools, Dance."

There is no excuse for Joan Crawford's new picture, not even the presence of the star, whose acting is in

keeping with the inadequacy of the material provided, a rehash of half a dozen racketeer films, with a touch of a newspaper influence so popular. It is as synthetic a picture as you will find in all Hollywood's desperate stenciling. Not that Miss Crawford falls below her standard and gives half measure. Heavens, no! She overdoes everything to such an extent that one feels that the strange-looking person she has permitted herself to become would reach hysteria in so simple a matter as buffing her finger nails.

She is seen as a society girl who becomes an inept typist in a newspaper office and is assigned to ingratiate herself with a liquor racketeer and learn the truth about a murder which her editor believes he committed. So she gets a job in his night club and there Miss Crawford comes into her own as the only star who can dance in a way that wouldn't make her a laughingstock among professionals. Everything from there on moves strictly according to formula. Miss Crawford makes the discovery that her young brother is the tool of the liquor baron and was forced to do the deed. In a shooting affray all those who menace the ending of the picture are killed off, including her brother. So the happy clinch is more than usually grateful to the disturbed spectator.

Such exceptional players as William Bakewell, Clarke Gable, Russell Hopton, and Purnell Pratt are given a free rein to go the limit, and how they act! Lester Vail and Cliff Edwards move more quietly, but they are equally ineffectual.

"Charlie Chan Carries On."

This is well worth while, for it is one of the best murder-mystery melodramas, with a cast bristling with good players in good performances. And Warner Oland, if you please, is no longer sinister but sympathetic as the Chinese detective, *Charlie Chan*, who gets his man as kindly as he can. An original feature of the piece comes from a travelogue as the steamer on which all the characters are taking an around-the-world tour goes from port to port. The murder occurs in London and the guilty man isn't unmasked until the ship reaches San Francisco. So you can see how much ground is covered and how suspense lengthens with mileage. It would never do to give you the particulars, for this is indubitably a picture which is enjoyed in proportion to one's lack of preparation for it. Only, if you like murder mysteries, you mustn't ignore it.

Besides Mr. Oland, who is capital,

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NOEL FRANCIS

ANOTHER willowy blonde comes to join the Hollywood legion! She is Noel Francis, once of the "Follies," who has that hothouse beauty and air of luxury which sets apart the most gifted members of Mr. Ziegfeld's classes. Cost in "Bachelor Apartment," she qualified as an actress with such ease that she was given a contract by RKO. Now Miss Francis is 'way up front in the parade of talent linked with beauty.



Photo by Ernest A. Bachrach

you will find Marguerite Churchill and John Garrick as the love interest, Warren Hymer and Marjorie White as comic interludes, and C. Henry Gordon, William Holden, Jason Robards, and Lumsden Hare doing their duty in varied rôles.

"Tabu."

F. W. Murnau, the great German director who lost his life in an accident last month, leaves a legacy of beauty in his film of the South Seas. In company with Robert J. Flaherty, who gave us the unforgettable "Moana," he put Hollywood behind him and went forth to realize his ideal of a motion picture. Nearly two years were spent in far places amid primitive people and ravishing scenes of natural beauty. So you can imagine that their picture is no ordinary romance of the tropics. In the first place, it is silent save for a musical accompaniment, and is acted by natives. The acting is so natural and spontaneous as to make one realize that what comes out of Hollywood is labored affectation.

The nameless players tell a simple, dramatic story of the consecration to the gods of the maiden *Reri*, her love for a youth and their flight to a distant island, where she is reclaimed by the priest and borne away. In desperate pursuit of the boat her mate loses his life. All this is visualized in beautiful rhythm. It is a wordless poem, a hymn to life, and death, and the brooding mystery of nature.

"Honor Among Lovers."

Strange to say, with Dorothy Arzner at the directorial helm, such leading lights as Fredric March and Claudette Colbert founder in a sea of nothingness despite the company of Monroe Owsley, Charles Ruggles, and Ginger Rogers. Indeed, all are in the same boat. Perhaps it is another tragedy of the cutting room, or the biliousness of a supervisor, or something. At any rate we hear inept dialogue, and we are asked to let our intelligence jump hither and yon with a story that doesn't matter anyhow.

It concerns a Wall Street man and his seductive secretary who refuses his venal offer and marries an underling. But she makes it clear that she does so because she's afraid she might accept the proposition. Sophisticated, oh very! And the rich man, just to show you that he, too, is sophisticated in the modern manner, proves that he isn't a villain by permitting the young husband to handle his brokerage account, giving into his custody securities galore. The husband embezzles them, the wife visits the apartment of her former boss at midnight and, in

further proof of the modern viewpoint of heroines, offers herself in exchange for a check. The latter is given without demand of any kind, followed by a meeting between the two men. Whereupon gun play, arrest, and so forth clear the air for a trip to the Riviera in a cabin for two, with the husband left to shift for himself. If you care for it, it's yours to enjoy.

"The Single Sin."

That a woman may drift to debaucheries and jail, reform, and happily marry her millionaire boss, and though her pals of the past will bob up and blackmail, Heaven helps the wayward gal. That's the theme of this and a dozen others of recent date. Their great mission seems rather to bring a word of comfort to women with a "past" than to entertain an average unadventurous audience. But there, I have it. It's because the average audience is unadventurous that these so-called sin stories—taking the theological premise that sexual lapses are the only sins worth talking about—are popular.

Not that there's anything of that sort in this particular film. It's the implication of the title mostly, for in this story the man the girl sent to jail comes to her and demands not hush money, but her happiness. He will tell her rich husband all, just to get even. But fate steps in in the form of a goofy secretary and the happy marriage is saved. The story is smoothly acted, however, by a cast that knows how to read lines, headed by Kay Johnson. Holmes Herbert is the virtuous husband, and Mathew Betz is the grimacing, though convincing, villain. Bert Lytell plays the second lead.

"The Hot Heiress."

A pleasant, unimportant picture that somehow is magnetic, like a person one enjoys meeting for no good reason. Not that the film is as negative as that sounds, but it's just a trifle. All about a rich girl who falls in love with a riveter working opposite her window, her attempt to introduce him to society as an architect, his discovery of the deception and his indignant withdrawal long enough to bring about a reconciliation. It is replete with wisecracks, fresh touches of byplay, and there are a few songs, all of them lilting.

Ona Munson, from the stage, plays the heiress *à la* musical comedy, and Ben Lyon is the steel worker. Tom Dugan and Inez Courtney are often really funny, and Walter Pidgeon and Thelma Todd are nice to have around. The audience enjoyed their combined efforts.

"Lonely Wives."

A husband hires a stage impersonator to take his place at home for an evening, not knowing that his wife is returning from a long absence that night. This is the supposedly hilarious situation of an antique farce that comes to the screen and causes embarrassment and considerable coarse laughter. It is quite the most consistently broad comedy of any film since "The Cock-eyed World." And that, you may remember, was a huge success; so you may like this.

There is certainly plenty of action and no effort at all to veil anything, least of all Esther Ralston when she emerges from her bedroom to greet the masquerader in a shred of lace and, later, when her mother locks them in together. But the climax comes with the husband's discovery of what has happened. "What did I do?" he asks his wife. "What *didn't* you do, darling!" she exclaims. This is the vintage of the wit, but I can't deny that it is laughable.

Edward Everett Horton plays both husband and impostor, Laura La Plante is brightly in evidence, and Patsy Ruth Miller, another absentee from the screen, returns in a small rôle. Maude Eburne as the incredibly exaggerated mother-in-law, an old-fashioned stage character if ever there was one, is comical in spite of it.

"The Painted Desert."

Perhaps, if you see this, you will tell me what it's all about or go further and explain the reason of its being. For a duller and more pointless picture I've never seen. Yet William Boyd is interesting and so is Helen Twelvetrees. So, too, is Western scenery. But neither one nor the other can make a picture unaided by a story, or at least some general conception of what is in mind. Mr. Boyd, Miss Twelvetrees, and Clark Gable act their respective rôles with more distinction than is usually found in a Western, but there is no denying their wasted efforts. So, too, are the activities of stampeding cattle who might just as well have been allowed to graze in peace, and dynamiting cliffs seems wasteful until the thought comes that perhaps the picture was written around the destruction for commercial purposes. It begins when two old-timers find a deserted baby and quarrel over it. Years bring their estrangement, with the ex-baby, now grown to man's estate in the person of Mr. Boyd, falling in love with the daughter of his foster father's enemy. It really doesn't matter except for the scenery.

Continued on page 116



Photo by Freulich

SIDNEY FOX

THOSE who have seen Sidney Fox, in "Bod Sister," want to know all about her, and it's only a question of time with those who have not. She was born in New York, is twenty, and comes from the stage. Her next film is "Riding for a Fall."



Hollywood's Hideaway

London. On his last visit he dropped into an affair given by Pat Mannoek, the English critic, at his Bloomsbury apartment, and warbled choruses with the best of them until the small hours of the morning. Since Bloomsbury has supplanted Chelsea as the residential seat of the artistic, nobody cared.

Fairbanks in London is not the demure gentleman we know in Hollywood. On a daylight visit to the famous Drury Lane Theater where one of his films was to be shown, Doug light-heartedly leaped a fruiterer's cart in Covent Garden market. Can you imagine him permitting himself so much public *joie de vivre* in Hollywood?

In London the incident caused no sensation. The fruiterer said "Blimey!" Doug's English companion said "What-ho!" and that was the end of that.

One fancies that Doug is a bit of a trial to Mary in London. On their last trip they were asked to autograph a pile of nearly five hundred photographs in the United Artists offices. Doug was for delegating the task to an amateur forger, but the suggestion appeared so shocking to Mary that he withdrew it. When their pens had been scratching steadily for fifteen minutes Doug looked over his wife's shoulder.

"Why do you write 'Sincerely'?" he asked. "It's not a letter."

Mary looked at him coldly.

"Because I like to," she said. Doug just sighed. Perhaps he was thinking that the hour had struck when they were serving cocktails at the Carlton.

On the canvas backs of the Gleason garden chairs you may find cryptic drawings illustrating London adventures. There is a picture of the opera hat which Jimmy Gleason bought from a porter for Robert Armstrong. Robert and his chapeau had parted company at an adventure of the previous evening. You know that kind of party, do you? Well,

Jimmy said he wouldn't go out with Bob in a felt, and Bob said where in heck could he buy a high hat at that time of night?

The hall porter of their hotel said he knew. Back of the cloakroom were a hundred hats of the silk and opera variety, whose owners had never come back for them. One instinctively knows why. So Jimmy bought his buddy a twenty-dollar topper for two, and they sallied forth to absorb the "culture" of an unprohibited country.

On the back of the same chair, next to the topper, is the curious symbol, 6/6. This is a memorial to the Gleason-Armstrong flat—limey for apartment—in Knightsbridge, one of the fashionable quarters of London.

Every morning very early—well, say 3 a. m.—the principals of "Is Zat So?" solemnly swore off liquor, even good, honest, unsynthetic, European liquor. Every morning at 11:30, when the public houses open—limey for saloon—the pledge would be amended to "Well—just half."

To leave Jimmy's Anglomania at that would be unjust, for the Gleasons have a yen to motor through the famous lake district where Wordsworth wrote his poetry, to sleep in Tudor inns, to trudge the heather-covered Trossachs, to watch them reaping corn and feeding it to horses, and to fox hunt with the immortal Quorn.

Corn used to be the cause of a kick Marion Davies had against London. Search as she would, she couldn't get corn on the cob. That was three, or perhaps four, years ago.

On her last visit one of the first things I told her was the address of a new West End sandwich counter where you can now buy corn *ad lib* in the American manner. After that her eyes took on a dreamy look of anticipation, and somehow she didn't seem interested in anything else I had to say.

Gloria Swanson's reason for visit-

ing London was probably unique—and is now nonexistent. For herself, she prefers Paris, where clothes and manners are no more gentle but distinctly more exquisite.

The marquis, however, is fond of London, and among Fleet Street newspapermen who had called on Gloria professionally and discovered a regular fellow in De la Falaise, it became generally known that the periodic Swansonian descents on the English capital were undertaken for the sake of Henri more than any other reason.

Whatever Constance Bennett may believe, Henri de la Falaise is a European man's man, and if she is wise she will give him a little time off—not to fraternize with Parisian exquisites, but to yarn with the cosmopolitan he-men of the West End clubs.

The risk of mob adulation, which causes Hollywood celebrities to go warily in any American city, existed for only one star in London.

Poor Valentino never found London, even in a fog, the hideaway that it is for the rest of Hollywood's plutocracy. If he stirred from his room he was mobbed in the hotel lounge. If he left his hotel he had to take a taxi to avoid being recognized on the streets. If he went to a night club he held up the show. If he threw a press party he had to be rude to the sob sisters to get rid of them.

Once when he was so indiscreet as to make an appearance at a theater, five thousand women packed the street opposite the doors, and not even good-humored cockney constables could persuade them to move on.

Valentino waited until midnight, and then in desperation escaped by walking half a block along the rooftops and descending to a back street through an office building.

Next day he left Hollywood's favorite hideaway in search of peace and quiet.

Take It or Leave It

John Barrymore has the only dinosaur egg outside the museums. People have been wondering why some Broadway actors won't go to Hollywood.

Will Rogers has taken up airplaning as a hobby and writes some of his quips in the air. Probably trying to go highbrow and write over our heads.

Janet Gaynor is learning to sing in Hawaiian. She must have read the New York reviews of "Sunny Side Up."

El Brendel has a collection of his old shoes. Who said actors were different from the rest of us?

Alfred Santell collects salt shakers and has more than two hundred. He'll probably turn to egg cups when he reads his *Emily Post* and learns that it is not nice to have salt shakers.

Thomas Meighan is experimenting in chemicals, says his press agent. Aren't we all?

Marguerite Churchill says her motto is "A thing of beauty is a joy forever." Not when she finds it out.

Lucile Browne took twenty-two pairs of shoes with her when she went to Hollywood. Those hiking-back-from-Hollywood stories gave some shop a good break.

Joan Blondell's umpty-steenth grandsire was a troubadour for King Richard the Lion-hearted. Did the old man get his option renewed?

Fox publicity says the motto of Elizabeth Keating is "Never give up the ship," and the motto of Helen Keating is "Never give up the ship." What ship?



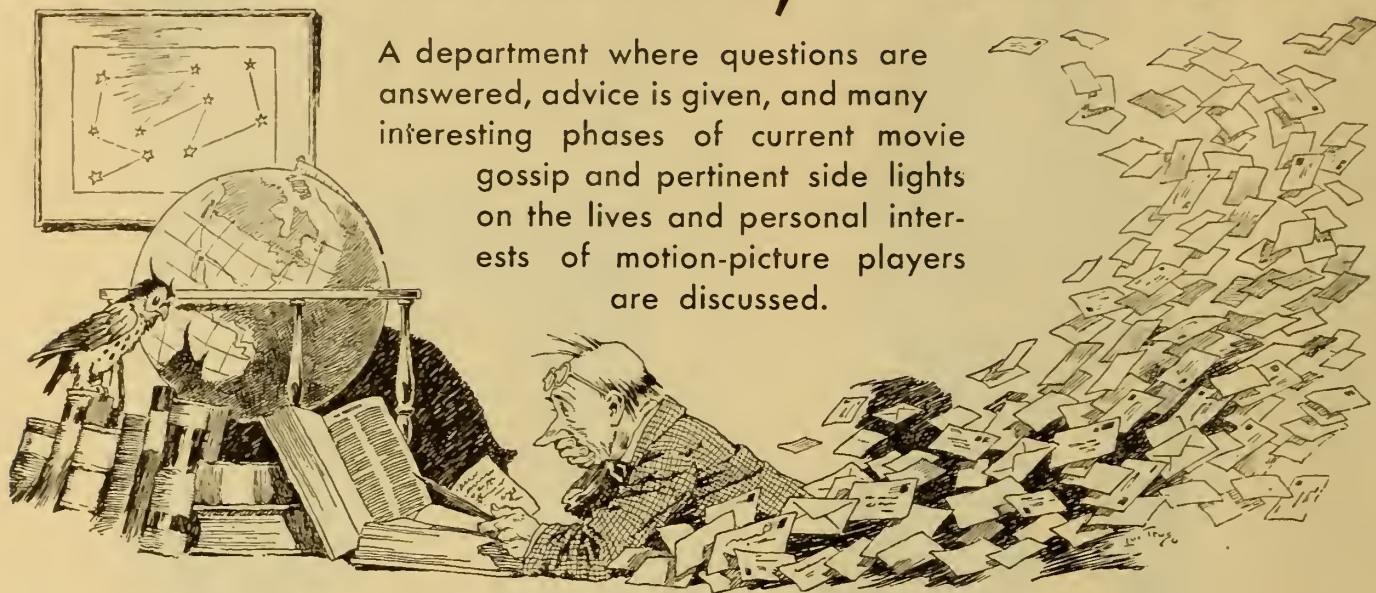
ROSCOE ATES

STUTTERING is no handicap to Roscoe Ates, but an artistic and financial asset. It made him a success in vaudeville and now in pictures he causes chuckles on his first appearance in any film, with laughter following his speech. At his best as the printer in "Cimarran," his next is "Too Many Coaks."

Photo by Ernest A. Bachrach

Information, PLEASE

A department where questions are answered, advice is given, and many interesting phases of current movie gossip and pertinent side lights on the lives and personal interests of motion-picture players are discussed.



By the Picture Oracle

MUCH as I hate to be a great disappointment to you all, there are times when I have to say no. The Picture Oracle, designed for the purpose of answering questions, threatened to become a correspondence bureau instead. Buddy Rogers fans in Australia or Shanghai wished to hear from other Buddy Rogers fans elsewhere, and so on.

Well, boys and girls, with tears dripping down my beard, I beg of you—let's have no more of that. First thing I know, you'll be asking me for advice to the lover-lorn.

So the next time you feel that you'd like a couple of pen pals, look some up in "What the Fans Think." That has enough names and addresses to keep you writing letters to other fans until the old writing arm goes to sleep.

And now let's get down to this business of questions and answers.

CHAW, DORIS BARNETT, DONALD KENTON, MARTHA GRACE STEINMETZ.—See above.

MISS M. SHERMAN.—I'll be very glad to keep a record of your Lew Ayres club and reter his admirers to you. The Oracle does not announce fan clubs except when some one asks about them.

FRANCES.—How do I know so much? It's a knack, Frances, and I carry my knack sack with me wherever I go to gather knowledge in. Joan Crawford was born in San Antonio, and Mary Brian was born in Texas also, in Corsicana. David Rollins comes from Kansas City, Missouri. Marion Davies was born in Brooklyn.

A LOYAL BAXTER BOOSTER.—Questions are no bother to me, I assure you! They're the cream in my coffee. No questions, no cream. Warner Baxter was born in Columbus, Ohio, March 29, 1891. He went to school there, and then he went into the insurance business. He was on the stage for eight years before going into movies in 1922. Yes, he played in "Ramona"—he was the Indian with whom

Dolores del Rio ran away. He played the title rôle in "The Great Gatsby," and in "Mannequin" he played the father of Dolores Costello. He played opposite Pola Negri, in "Three Sinners"; he frequently played opposite Betty Compson in her Paramount days, and Bebe Daniels. He was in "Aloma of the South Seas," with Gilda Gray, and he played in many Westerns, also for Paramount. I don't know just when he married Winifred Bryson, as it occurred before he was known in pictures. Her pictures—years ago—include "A Heart to Let," "Her Face Value," "South of Suva," "Truxton King," "Suzanna," "Crashing Through." The newest picture announced for Warner Baxter is "I Surrender."

SALLY.—Carmel Myers was born April 9, 1901, the daughter of a rabbi. She is now working in "Svengali," the new Barrymore film. Greta Nissen returns to the screen in "Women of All Nations." Her accent has been a handicap in talkies. George Duryea is twenty-seven and Marjorie Beebe twenty-two. Pola Negri has lived in Europe since the expiration of her Paramount contract three years ago. She wanted more money for its renewal than her popularity justified. She made a few pictures in Europe, and now I understand she is writing her memoirs. She is also considering a return to America with the idea of going on the stage.

A MURRAY-BAXTER FAN.—I'm just an old shock absorber, so I wasn't as shocked as you were that J. Harold Murray should return to the stage. After all, most singers seem to go back and forth between the stage and screen. And, in case you hadn't noticed, the screen's vogue for musicals has rather died out just now. But, if I know my movies, there will be another epidemic of them later, and the J. Harold Murrays will all be back again in the studios. "Under Suspicion" was the last film he made for Fox. He was born in South Berwick, Maine. He is a blue-eyed blond, is five feet eleven, and weighs 156. He is married, but I know nothing of his wife. Your other favorite, Warner Bax-

ter, is a native of Columbus, Ohio. His wife is Winifred Bryson, former actress.

LUCILLE.—How's the new year been treating me? It hasn't been treating me at all; I always have to buy my own. Kay Francis is five feet seven and Marlene Dietrich is about the same. Anita Page's official biography still gives her height as five feet three, though these old eyes suspect there's more to her than that. John Wayne was born in Winterset, Iowa, in 1907. He is six feet two and weighs 200. He has dark-brown hair and eyes. As you have probably heard, he was a prop boy at the Fox studio before he got his chance as an actor. Lew Ayres was born in Minneapolis, December 28, 1908. His mother was a pianist, and his father had played with the Minneapolis Symphony. But Lew did not become interested in music until he took up the banjo. He attended the University of Arizona, and after that played in dance orchestras in hotels, and restaurants in Los Angeles. Now, he no longer cares for jazz. He lives alone, is seen often with Lola Lane, and threatens to be the most popular young man in pictures.

WALBURGA SAXON.—Well, for once, when I'm accused of making a mistake—two mistakes, in fact—I can plead not guilty! Jacqueline Logan played the rôle of *Countess Carola* in "General Crack." I saw the picture, so I know it wasn't cut out, either. But it was nothing more than a bit, really—she was just one of the court ladies—so it's quite understandable that you didn't notice her. As to Reginald Denny's wife, her name is Isobel (Bubbles) Steiffel, but on the screen she used the name of Betsy Lee, and who can blame her? Evelyn Brent was born in 1899. Richard Tucker doesn't give his age; he admits only to being born in Brooklyn on June 4th. He attended Canadagua Academy in New York and was on the stage for years with John Drew, Mrs. Fiske, Henry E. Dixey, and other famous stars. He was leading man



Photo by Elmer Fryer

DORIS KENYON

EVER since her husband, Milton Sills, passed away, Doris Kenyon has been doubtful about her future career. But with her recent decision to return to the screen have come excellent roles. She is seen on this page with Lewis Stone, in "You and I," to be followed by "Upper Underworld," with Walter Huston. At present she is playing opposite George Arliss, in "Alexander Hamilton."

They Say in New York—

ruins of Fort Lee, the producers also thought of Lou Tellegen and cast him in support of Miss Nolan.

We won't say that Mr. Tellegen had been lost in obscurity. That might have been far preferable to the pitiless spotlight he has been in lately. He wrote a book called "Women Have Been Kind," in which he broke down and told what an irresistible guy he has always been. Acute distaste is a mild name for the feeling it inspired in many readers.

More About Blondes.

One of the most cunning and dazzling of Ziegfeld beauties of two or three years ago, a youngster named Ruth Fallows, might have walked into a contract last year when musical films were flourishing. But she got ambition. She turned dramatic, played a small part in Katharine Cornell's company and went on tour with her. Now she is making a few shorts for Warner Brothers. Don't be surprised if some big company discovers her soon. They are already interested.

What do inexperienced actresses do between jobs in the way of study? The question was put up to me in a letter from a reader of *Picture Play*, so I have been doing some scouting both among those who have arrived and those who are just hoping.

They read the great plays of all time, learning a variety of parts, sometimes alone, or with a coach if they can afford one. They haunt the Civic Repertory Theater where Eva Le Gallienne so gallantly and expertly presents great plays. They go in droves to the night court on Fifty-fourth Street to learn how all sorts of people act under stress. They aren't seen around the night clubs much.

You Have Probably Heard It.

The most quoted line of the month comes, as usual, from Walter Winchell, Broadway's irrepressible columnist. Some one said of a certain film star, and you can fill in the name yourself, that she was born with a silver spoon in her mouth. "And according to her last talkie," so the story goes, "it's still there."

Discoveries.

Whenever a player makes a big hit in films, droves of people rush forward to claim credit for discovering her talent and urging that they, too, be given a chance. So before a mob shouts "She's mine" of Edna Mae Oliver, who is about to be elevated to stardom by RKO, I'd like to say a word about Richard Dix.

He was solely responsible for her first appearance in films and he has

never stopped shouting for her since. He saw her on the stage years ago and just wouldn't be happy until he had her in one of the silent program pictures he made for Paramount. Whenever the casting office saw him coming, they forestalled his remarks by saying, "I know. You want Edna Mae Oliver."

About that same time he was responsible for bringing my idol, Harpo Marx, into films. It took years to vindicate Richard's judgment, but look where his favorites are now. I understand that he wants to become a director. I do not know anything of his ability along that line, but I do know that he would give us some swell casts.

Chaplin discovered a girl who he thinks will be a great bet for the screen when he was in London recently. Her name is Patricia Deitering. She is a model who has had a little stage experience, and she is of the opulent type of ingénue beauty. He urged her to go to Hollywood at once, gave her a lot of encouragement and a pet marmoset, but so far as is known, no contract. However, she is on her way.

I wouldn't be human if I could resist the temptation to push forward a discovery of my own. The only trouble with this one is that practically every theatrical producer has already discovered him. He is never idle, and only the fact that the Theater Guild, the goal of every actor, wanted him for "Roar China" kept him from going to Hollywood under contract months ago.

His name is Bill Gargan. He is of the Charles Bickford type, so far as he can be said to resemble any one. He is younger, but a husky, domineering sort that makes him ageless. He has done only small parts in Paramount pictures.

Girls from the colleges and boarding schools around New York haunt Sardi's for luncheon on Saturday. They have heard that that is the place to see their favorite actors. Often they pass up well-known stars without a flutter, but clutch the waiter when they see Bill Gargan come in and ask who he is.

Their Favorite Old Grad.

The audience was quite as interesting as the picture when "Ten Cents a Dance," with Barbara Stanwyck, was shown on Broadway. Only five years ago Barbara was one of the dancing partners for rent at the Strand Roof here, so naturally all the taxi dancers in town turned out to pay tribute to her when the picture was shown. They are all wondering when they will get a break, and meanwhile they have considerably

more pride in their job than they used to have. Girls who never met her confide to their partners nowadays that dear Barbara can hardly wait for them to join her in Hollywood. They think she is grand, which does not make them in the least original.

Is She an Actress?

The announcement that Carman Barnes, the child prodigy author, was also to act for Paramount fell like a bombshell in the New York hotel where she used to live. It happens that I live there now, and all the bell boys think I ought to know her just because I, too, have a typewriter.

They say she is an awfully smart kid, "Smart enough to act dumb and wistful and helpless when there is something she wants."

"Act? I should say she can. She was acting all the time, especially around the lobby and library when a flock of college boys blew in for the week-end."

"Beautiful? Well, she's no Claudette Colbert, but she is kind of pert and cute. She'll be all right if people don't make too much fuss over her. She loves attention. Her mother should have spanked her and torn up that dirty book she wrote."

The Incomparable Chanel.

Hollywood is sure to love Chanel, whom Sam Goldwyn has imported to design clothes for United Artists stars. She goes around without a hat whenever the spirit moves her. She thinks that the wearer is far more important than the frock, and would rather hear people say of some one dressed by her, "Isn't she beautiful?" than "Look! That's a Chanel creation."

She likes to work with soft jerseys and cotton materials, and most of her designs are derived from peasant costumes. It was she who brought sweaters off the golf course into the best restaurants. She dresses the loveliest members of Europe's royal families, but they get nothing elaborate from her. There is magic in the lines of her frocks. They aren't just hung on the wearer—they seem a part of her. Chanel hasn't acquired a single gray hair or wrinkle over thousands of copies being made of her designs. No one has yet succeeded in copying a dress of hers and giving it the flair of the original.

She was not at all impressed by New York. She had seen it so well photographed in news reels that it all seemed an old story. She won't be impressed by the stars' homes in Hollywood, in all likelihood, nor by their habit of having a town house, a country house, and a beach cottage all within a few miles of each other.

She has four homes herself in and near Paris.

Although she leans toward simplicity in most things she has a fabulous house, built in 1719 for the Duchesse de Rohan-Montbazon. It is a treasure house of precious antiques leaning heavily toward the gilt variety, and lavish with furnishings of crystal. Chanel isn't very respectful toward this treasure of hers, however. Friends say she likes it because it reminds her of carousels at country fairs.

While in New York she did not commit herself about her favorite screen actress. She seemed a little vague about remembering having seen any of them.

Shocking Opinions

Continued from page 51

large gestures—just for fun—that no one makes less than five thousand dollars a week. That no one spends less than six thousand dollars a week. And things like that.

There was a staid, plump middle-aged physician who blushed and stammered like a schoolboy when he inquired whether Clara Bow was "really as—as—er—alluring and—uh—sexy" as he had been led to believe!

There was an anxious motherly woman who asked if I didn't think that Hollywood would reform soon, explaining that she meant "stay married, have babies, and save money!"

There was a big-business man who opined that two years from now there would be no motion pictures! And a colleague of his who blamed Hollywood, by some mysterious method of reasoning, for the stock-market crash!

A brakeman on the Santa Fe boasted of the number of picture celebrities the *Chief* carries to and fro. "They usually ride in drawing-rooms or compartments," he observed. "I suppose that is so they can go right on makin' whoopee while they travel and not be disturbed!"

And then there was the woman who sighed rapturously. "Oh, I do hope it is as fantastic as I think it is! I think of it as a sort of three-ring circus out there on the Coast. Not that I want to go there and stay or anything—I just like to think of it sometime—"

Two young men are making a lot of money picturing Hollywood as people like to think it is—in a stage play called "Once in a Lifetime." It is a gorgeous burlesque on this mad village. And how it is packing 'em in!

The world would seem to have given us quite a reputation to live up to. But at least it is finding us interesting—and that is something!



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Brings new ideas of sanitary comfort! Women to fit by an entirely new patented process. Firm yet light; will not curl; perfect-fitting. (U. S. Patent No. 1770741)

KOTEX
SANITARY NAPKINS

told me his modernistic furniture goes all the way back to Barker Brothers if he misses just one more payment."

But to get back to antiques and their profit—if any. Dealers suggest to Mr. Nugent that he buy this piece or that.

"It's too much," Eddie bargains.

"But you know so many stars," the dealer argues. "You can easily sell it to one of them for two or three times its value."

"Oh, yeah?" says Eddie. "Well, picture people are the poorest buyers on earth. They have been tricked so often that they steer clear of any one who attempts to sell them anything. If they do buy, an agent usually makes the purchase for them. Just once in a while one of them buys something regardless of the cost.

"A well-known producer came in not long ago and saw an old silver tea service which happened to have the same initial as his engraved on it. The producer immediately bought the service and now tells admiring guests that it has been in his family for Lord only knows how many years.

"But the thing that amuses me most," Eddie went on, "is when I go to their homes and they show me some object possibly twenty or thirty years old, telling me they know *positively* it's at least three hundred years old, and they'll let me have it for only eight hundred dollars. They hate to part with it, but it would go so well with my collection!

"People collect strange things in the way of antiques. In addition to

Antiques and Applesauce

jade and china, and things of that sort, a man I know collects wooden Indians that used to stand in front of cigar stores. Strange? Not at all. In a few years he will have cornered the market and they'll be worth their weight in gold or something.

"Another man I know collects cricket cages. Ever hear of them? They're little boxlike objects with perforated tops and various designs all over them. They are very rare indeed. The Chinese use them as kennels for fighting crickets. These cricket fights were—and still are, I believe—considered great sport in China and they bet on the outcome. These cages are made of jade, gold, and silver, and set with precious stones."

I looked politely incredulous, but Eddie's face was as solemn as a judge's as he went on. "Occasionally something funny happens. Recently a woman came in, looked at a very old bed and said, 'I would buy this, but it looks so very rickety. Will you personally stand behind it?'"

"'I would be glad to, madam,' I answered, 'except that I'm on a picture right now and we're working nights.'"

"Anything else?" I asked.

"Yes. Look at this old chest. Would you believe there are eight secret drawers in it?"

I looked, but found nothing.

"Watch!" Eddie screamed delightfully. He pressed a small spot that looked like a bit of dust, and drawers sprang out all over the place.

"Send that up," I ordered recklessly. "I've been looking for some-

thing like that to hide old razor blades in."

"Now take this Borgia ring," he resumed.

But Eddie knew me and held on to it.

"You touch a little spring here and presto! it opens up, revealing a little compartment to hold poison."

"Yeah, I know all about *that*," I retorted. "Richard Cromwell, who plays in 'Tol'able David,' has one and, being romantic, he actually carried poison in it. Once when he was eating the thing came open and the poison dropped into his food. He didn't notice it and went on eating. It was only because the poison was stale and had lost some of its strength that he didn't pass out. I don't think I care for any of those."

He cast a speculative eye around the place. "Let's see what there is here you might be interested in for yourself."

"Nix, Eddie," I begged, "I gotta go." And I did.

Don't get the impression that Eddie has turned highbrow or evolved into a wealthy art dealer. Investing in an antique shop forces him to be more than careful with the weekly check filched from the coffers of M.-G.-M. But, as he points out, he is learning a lot of interesting things from the venture, in addition to making a modest return on his investment.

If he gains as much success in his store as he has in his acting, he need have no worries. In fact, he can truly say that art and antiques walk hand in hand.

Continued from page 55

She amazed us at the last high jinks of the Dominos—Hollywood's large feminine clan of stage and screen actresses and writers. Mae appeared in a satire on the old blood-and-thunder melodrammer of yesterday, as the little *Nell* who fell into the clutches of the villain holding the mortgage on her dad's farm.

Even in a rôle so broadly exaggerated and designed primarily for comedy, the peculiarly wistful quality that so preëminently was Mae's as a girl when the movies were not talkies gleamed as radiantly as ever.

When she sang that laugh teaser, "She's Only a Bird in a Gilded Cage," some members of the audience weren't certain whether to shed tears or to laugh, she put such sincere pathos into it.

Hectic Fan Madness.

Can a star stop traffic? Yes! She can also cause a collision.

Hollywood High Lights

That's what Norma Shearer did one spring afternoon on Wilshire Boulevard, fashionable thoroughfare of Los Angeles. She was fair to look upon, we'll admit—all Alice blue and beige fox—in the open back seat of a long, sleek honey-colored car. Her chauffeur, too, was breath-taking, stunningly uniformed in three tones of brown!

The big question before the cop on the corner was what should be done to the college boys who smashed into the rear of her car? And also what fate should await the women in the Ford with the Minnesota license plate, who experiencing their first star hysteria, sideswiped the Rolls-Royce in which sat an elderly gentleman back-seat driver who was almost bursting a blood vessel attempting to force his chauffeur alongside Miss Shearer's car?

We have heard of these mad admiration-and-curiosity happenings oc-

asionally and always discounted their verity. To this accident, however, we were eyewitnesses. Hereafter we suggest that for the safety of all Norma should ride in a closed car.

The Angel Gabrielle.

The players expect to learn the meaning of the word "chic" from Mlle. Gabrielle Chanel. We gather this from what we have read concerning the French fashion creator brought to Hollywood by Samuel Goldwyn to design attire for the United Artists stars.

Mlle. Chanel made an unobtrusive entrance into the film capital, contrary to all local expectations. The conventional-minded had figured that she would head a style parade down Hollywood Boulevard, and when a tea was announced as her début, it was anticipated that she would be robed in trailing chiffons or the fa-

mons Chanel-red velvet pajamas (formal) to demonstrate what the hostess should wear at 5 p. m.

Instead, a very modest, almost mouse-like little woman, who spoke only French, bowed her way reservedly into the room. She wore a light-gray street suit, with a turbaned beret, all very simple. Contrary to her own dictates regarding accessories for sports costume, her throat was garlanded with long strands of pearls which threw the feminine group of observers into a state of near panic, until they finally concluded it must be a concession to Hollywood. Everybody overlooked the fact that the creator of styles does not necessarily have to wear them. The first subject for Mlle. Chanel's experiments will be Gloria Swanson.

Hail! More Returns!

There are more returns of stars to watch for. Doris Kenyon, Lois Wilson, Dolores Costello, and Louise Brooks are among absentees who will soon be seen again. Doris's renewal of her career is being particularly

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The Movie Runaround

Continued from page 94

trich were best in, toward he-man stuff or away from it?

"Hullo, Lindsay!" Keene interrupted himself to exclaim, grasping Dennis by the hands. "You know Brundage, don't you?"

"Glad to meet you," Brundage exclaimed. "When are you coming over to us?"

"When you give me enough money," Dennis answered.

"Well, now, see here," Brundage began. Annabelle shifted uneasily in her chair. Was this discussion to last forever?

"The little lady's getting tired," Keene interrupted to remark. "Say, Lindsay, would you be a friend and take Miss Johns home? Then come along back and we'll have a good talk."

Annabelle cast one laughing glance at Dennis as she rose. So he knew all about Hollywood, did he? She went into another room for her wrap, and the men followed her. She turned to face them happily, but a remark of Brundage turned her to stone.

"Sure Hill's here," he said. "I used to know him. Saw him myself yesterday."

As Annabelle walked to the door, she felt as if the heavy hand of the law was already on her shoulder.

TO BE CONTINUED.



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HOW interesting is this statement from Lupe Velez—the beautiful screen actress who starred so brilliantly in "Resurrection."

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Why do you suppose screen actresses are so insistent on this matter of Kleenex? It's because they know that you simply *must* get cold cream and dirt out of the pores.

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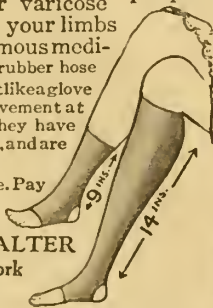
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Maybelline

Poor Little Success

Continued from page 43

"Maybe I've been working steadily for too long. You go stale before you know it, and one day you suddenly realize you've been stale for a long time.

"I've been in pictures now for ten years. I started at fourteen. At fourteen you're just beginning to think consciously, so my first mental processes were limited by movies. And since I stayed in movies, I've been thinking them ever since."

That entry, as you must know if you are a Picture Play devotee, was accomplished by means of a beauty contest. Shy, pristine Lucille Langhanke was converted into Mary, the lily maid of Astor, and awarded the prize contract.

"The screen is probably the narrowest of all professions. Other people don't seem to be so painfully limited in their interests. Their lives seem fuller and more complete. But pictures absorb so much of you. I don't mean 'we give our all to our art.' I mean in point of time and concentration and working hours they hem you in, so that your horizon is the studio fence.

"You can promise yourself in perfect sincerity to acquire outside interests. You can study French, or play golf, or collect stamps. And sooner or later the studio takes publicity stills of you doing it. Everything you do, and think, and say revolves around pictures, and you can't hope to escape it after working hours, because every one else does, and thinks, and says the same.

"I want," she said feelingly, "to go to London and live there for the rest of my life. It seems to me the perfect city, and as diametrically opposed to Hollywood as any place could be."

Hollywood, pathological mushroom sprung up to expedite the canning of energetic emotions, is for Mary the ideal place to get away from.

"Then why," one inquires triumphantly, "are you here?"

"That's easy. Because this is the only work I'm equipped for, and you don't throw away opportunities of making money just for a whim. But I have decided on a sum that will bring me a comfortable income. It won't be awfully long now until I'll have it. When I do, I shall quit."

There is the inevitable supposition that when she has acquired the desired sum, she will think she might as well stay long enough to add just a bit more to it.

"No," Mary contends. "My tastes aren't elaborate. I don't require lux-

uries. I don't really need such an expensive car or clothes or establishment as I have to have now for the sake of appearances. My natural inclination is to live in comfort, but simply. No, I shan't change my mind. There are too many other things I want to do. Some day I shall probably marry again and have children.

"And"—vehemently—"no child of mine will ever go into pictures! I could weep for the poor little brats I see around the studios. If they are nice normal youngsters, I am disgusted with their parents for endangering their health and normalcy by letting them work. And if they are those dreadful, sophisticated, made-up children, I yearn to have their parents arrested. Childhood is too important to play tricks with."

But to return to the main issue, just what is it about Hollywood that depresses her?

"I'm sick of living in a prop town. The whole place has about as much stability as a back drop. There are no roots in the ground. You live synthetically—you touch only the surface of things. I don't know what causes it. Maybe it's partly the climate, partly the excitement of making a lot of money, partly the feverish speed with which you accomplish nothing of any real value.

"I'm tired of having to be continually on guard against losing my balance. I read a flattering story about myself, and if I'm not careful I may start believing it. The director asks me for a suggestion in a scene. I make one. He says 'Fine!' I make another, and would probably go on if I didn't bring myself up short. 'Here, here, Astor, you're no marvel. Stick to your own job.' I hate having to *consciously* retain my sense of proportion.

"I'm tired of being so interested in pictures that every book I pick up I hope may be a picture possibility. And every conversation that starts out to be decently general settles down into a discussion of some new lens or star or script. I decided I needed a hobby—and the only thing I could keep my mind on was doing things with a home movie camera.

"I'm sick of people expounding on 'art' and then turning somersaults for money. I'm sick of people talking money and then complaining because they can't express themselves. The screen is a business, yet on the inside it's regarded almost as the ultimate religion.

"Hollywood is too deadly serious

about the wrong things, and too flip-pant about the really important ones. We build our lives on the silly, tinsel elements of our work and we have practically no contact with the realities. In short, we're fools, but there are so many of us crowded into one community that any attempt at change is swamped."

Mary paused abruptly and subsided in an embarrassed laugh.

"You see," she said. "We even work ourselves into a frenzy over an ordinary attack of blues."

"And that's all it is, truly. I sound

like a martyr, but I'm really not. I adore pictures—I'm glad I'm in them. That's where I'm sunk, of course, but I don't mind it as much as I appear to. What I need is a vacation—ten years of steady concentration on one thing is too long.

"If I had it to do over again, I'd probably do the same thing. But I would *never* allow my children to do it. So there you are, if you can find any logic in that."

The logic, I think, is fairly apparent to any one whose sense of values is as acute as Mary's.

Camera Shy

Continued from page 64

else, perhaps, she enjoys directing in the still-camera studio. She came late to an appointment with Childnoff one afternoon and found him busy with Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon, both of whom had arrived promptly for an appointment of their own.

Kay stormed and avowed that no one could take her place. Perhaps no one could. But it piqued Bebe who remarked, "Goodness gracious, she thinks she is Mrs. Hollywood in person."

But all this is under your hat. Don't breathe any of it to a soul.

Hollywood High Lights

Continued from page 107

chanted. In quick succession she has worked in three pictures, "You and I," "Upper Underworld," and "Alexander Hamilton." This is her first activity since "Beau Bandit" about a year ago, and also since the death of Milton Sills.

Lois Wilson will reëmerge in pictures as the mother of five children, in the film "Seed." Lois had some difficulties with one of the producers, we heard, and opportunities didn't come her way as much as usual during the past six or seven months.

Dolores Costello has been working to lose some weight, and is just about ready for her first picture, "The Passionate Sonata."

Miss Brooks plays an incidental part in "God's Gift to Women."

The Cræsus Steps.

First, an automobile, second, a boat, third, an airplane.

These are the guides to a star's standing in the movie colony. Of course, an auto is usually bought as soon as a contract is signed, or in the case of a stage player, before he or she steps off the train. They acquire one or two other automobiles of elaborate dimensions and garnishments as the salary grows. Then comes the boat.

Marjorie White has arrived at the second stage. She now owns a thirty-foot cruiser.

"What did you get it for?" asked

Warren Hymer, dead-pan comedian. "Can't you swim?"

"Fools and Children—"

Whether we want to believe it or not, we probably have to. Little Robert Coogan, Jackie's brother, is the latest studio wisecracker. Almost every day somebody repeats to us some tale of his wit, so there must be something to it. Here, at any rate, is one of his latest outbreaks:

"I don't want to be in pictures, Mr. Director."

"Why not, Robert?"

"Because everybody in them is crazy."

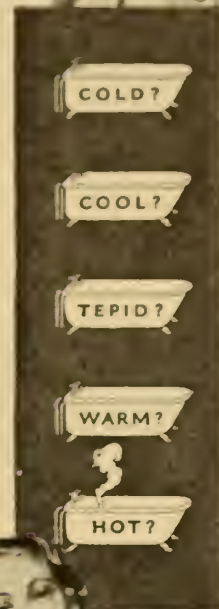
Lil Versus Kay.

What resemblance is there between Lilyan Tashman and Kay Francis? Our eyes fail to discover any, but apparently Paramount sees them in a different light. For they have signed Lilyan apparently to replace Miss Francis, whom they will soon lose to Warner Brothers.

Funny thing about Lilyan's career, she has worked for years, but has never been under contract. It is one of the fates of the vampish type—or has been until the talkies came in.

Although they can both fill rather strong dramatic rôles, we don't see any particular likeness between Kay and Lilyan. For one thing, Lilyan has more marked gifts of comedy, whereas drama is Kay's red meat.

Continued on page 111



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day! At all leading drug and department stores.

A Beau and His Money

Continued from page 45

"After the actor has got himself well in debt he is asked to pay. If he can't pay immediately the jeweler attaches his salary. That gets him in bad at the studio. It's something, no actor likes to have happen to him, but unless he pays at once it happens just the same.

"Cultivating an actor for what can be got out of him in trade is practiced by other shopkeepers, too.

"Many a man, including myself, has been embarrassed by having a jeweler bring—no, not a bill!—beautiful pieces of jewelry to the table where he is dining with a girl and insist that she ask her escort to buy her a gift. The man can't very well protest but, fortunately, women usually send such men away quickly.

"You see an actor has not only to maintain an air of prosperity, but pride enters into the situation. Men are proud creatures, and when an actor escorts a girl who perhaps the

night before has been out with Buddy Rogers, he feels that he must show her as much attention and entertain her as royally as Buddy did. That makes it a little tough on fellows getting smaller salaries than Buddy.

"Well, it's all in a movie lifetime," added Jimmy, taking the lunch check.

"You know," he finished off, as we made our way out to his car, "there has been so much publicity regarding our supposedly enormous salaries that girls take it for granted that we can buy them anything and not miss the money. They probably feel that they are doing us a favor by helping us spend it.

"I don't want to give the impression that I am complaining. All this is just a part of our racket. But when you add income and property taxes to the other expenses, not to mention club dues, you can just bet the Hollywood bachelor needs a large salary!"

The Crowded Hour

Continued from page 33

film efforts. It is doubtful if she will be seen in front of a camera again.

Otis Skinner brought his greatest stage success, "Kismet," to the talking screen and signed a contract to contribute two pictures a year thereafter. The reception accorded "Kismet" makes it doubtful if the contract will be fulfilled.

A prize lemon, as far as contracts go, was that negotiated by RKO with the peerless Vallée. Rudy arrived for one picture, "The Vagabond Lover," and took approximately \$75,000 out of the company's coffers for his efforts—or rather, his time.

Helen Kane was looked upon to do big things for the "singies" but alas and alack! "Nothing But the Truth" with Richard Dix didn't do her any harm, but it didn't do the public much good. Came "Sweetie" and she boop-boop-a-dooped her way through it, following it with "Pointed Heels," "Dangerous Nan McGrew," and "Heads Up," when all and sundry declared they'd had enough. So long, Helen.

Paul Muni's signature on a Fox contract was widely publicized. He made two pictures, "The Valiant" and "Seven Faces." His work in both was highly praised, but he failed to develop any fan following and has returned to the stage.

Hal Skelly scored one of the outstanding successes of the decade on the stage in "Burlesque." In fact,

his whole stage career is dotted with outstanding successes, but he lasted for just four pictures, "The Dance of Life" ("Burlesque"), "Woman Trap," "Men Are Like That," and "Behind the Make-up." Back in New York.

Cyril Maude whose stage appearances are awaited with bated breath—almost—has made one talkie to date—"Grumpy." A grand performance which, unfortunately, appealed only to a limited number of people, so future appearances are doubtful.

Morgan Farley is another who created a couple of sensations on the stage in "Fata Morgana" and "An American Tragedy." Signed by Paramount at the beginning of the talkies, he appeared in bits in "The Love Doctor," "The Mighty," "The Greene Murder Case," "Only the Brave," "Men Are Like That," "Slightly Scarlet," "Man from Wyoming," "Devil's Holiday," and "Half Marriage." Now on the stage.

Jack Buchanan, one of the few surviving matinee idols of the British stage, has two pictures to his credit, "Paris" and "Monte Carlo." Somehow he doesn't inspire the same enthusiasm in picture audiences that he does on the stage, and he has returned to London.

Benny Rubin landed on both feet in "Marianne" and then something happened to him. Clever Jewish comedian who has managed to keep

working fairly steadily. "Naughty Baby," "Montana Moon," "Leather-necking," "Children of Pleasure," and some shorts. Back to his first love—acting as master of ceremonies in picture and vaudeville houses.

Lillian Roth was not particularly well-known on the stage when she was signed for pictures, but she is well-known now. Bowed in in "Illusion" and followed with "The Vagabond King," in which she gave a good interpretation. Followed "Honey," "Paramount on Parade," "Sea Legs," "Animal Crackers," "Madam Satan," and "Queen High." Released by Paramount, she is now in vaudeville.

Marie Saxon made one picture, "To-night and You." Released by Fox and so far as is known has returned to the stage.

Dorothy Burgess scored a big hit in one of the first talkies, "In Old Arizona." Worked in "Pleasure Crazy," was released by Fox and months later did a small part in "Swing High" and another in "Beyond Victory"—the latter piece refilmed without her. Has returned to the stage.

Zelma O'Neal made "Follow Thru" for Paramount and overplayed the part badly. Her option was not exercised and she returned to the stage.

Evelyn Laye has been as widely publicized as any one entering the films since the talkies. She made

"One Heavenly Night" and her option was not renewed.

And there you have a history of the talkies' recruits from the stage.

Only a person who has lived through it and lived with it has any idea of what it was like. Instead of the old familiar faces on the sets, one confronted newcomers everywhere. Big shots, semibig shots, and unknowns from New York and provincial stock companies, but all of them giving themselves the airs of Bernhardt or Mansfield when they got to Hollywood. Some of them eagerly trying to make the grade, most of them haughtily condescending.

Now that they're gone—or adjusted—the business of making movies has settled back into a routine affair. The excitement was like a debutante in the first flush of her social success. Once the parties honoring her are over, it is hard for her to realize that she is no longer the cynosure of all eyes. But life was a crowded hour while it lasted.

And so it is with the movies and the stage people. It was better to have made one picture and seen one's name on a twenty-four-sheet poster, than to have eked out an existence in New York with most of the world never realizing they were on earth.

"One crowded hour of glorious life is worth an age without a name."

Hollywood High Lights

Continued from page 109

Like Son, Like Father.

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., having made a variety of experiments, is now to take a flight in the direction once pursued by his father. In other words, young Doug will mix himself up merrily in a South American revolution film. You remember the glad days, of course, of Doug, Sr.'s adventures in the same fields.

The film in which young Doug will essay this diversion is called "I Like Your Nerve." It may prove the turning point that will enable him to forsake his present seriousness. Here's hoping!

Some Foxy Humor.

Sidney Fox, a newcomer, is a great little gladhander. Her dressing room is the setting for much gay chatter, and there is a reason, for Sidney has a merry vein of humor. She recently named a dog Option, because, she said, he likes to be taken up.

Post-honeymoon Reunion.

A "mere marriage" won't interfere with Charlie Farrell and Janet Gaynor appearing together in a picture. They are scheduled to do

"Merely Mary Ann" together early in May on Charlie's return from his honeymoon in Europe.

There was talk for a time of Hardie Allright, a new find of Fox, taking the Farrell rôle, but that is now unlikely. So Charlie and Janet will be the romancers in this opus, and will they be closely observed? Believe us, they will, by the curious and the gossipy folk of Hollywood.

Baxter Daddy Long Legs.

Meanwhile Janet has been appearing in "Daddy Long Legs," once a Mary Pickford film, with Warner Baxter as the daddy.

Thomas Meighan was to have done the picture with Miss Gaynor, but first there was some conflict in schedules, and then, we hear, Miss Janet herself prevailed upon the studio to assign Baxter to the lead opposite her. She has always wanted to play in a picture with him.


Meighan returned to the screen in "Young Sinners," playing the rôle of an athletic trainer. He is a maturer Meighan, needless to say, but proved himself very effective.

Continued on page 113

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Good and
Good for You.

Another Lady!

Continued from page 34

purest chance they ran off my picture. Jannings walked up to the screen, kissed me, and said 'Here she is. I want her to play the part.'

When she heard that the great German actor wanted her, her old acting fervor kindled anew. From that first picture on, her success is known to all.

She has an interesting, intelligent face, and a gracious, easy poise. Her conversation is not cluttered up with nonessentials; she talks clearly. She has individuality, distinction, and a straight-thinking mind. Her work is a genuine problem to her; her success is not the lucky break that marks nine out of ten screen successes.

The night before she had seen "To-morrow and To-morrow" and was delighted that it had been obtained for her use in pictures. She was debating whether to do "Spring Cleaning."

"Apparently I must play loose ladies," she said, with a smile. "But I'm afraid Freddie Lonsdale brought her into the play too late for a central part. For pictures. Of course we may be able to show her earlier, on the screen. It's a lovely comedy."

On the stage her favorite rôle was *Mary Rose*, the heroine of *Barrie's* spiritual play. In pictures she expressed a preference for "Sarah and Son."

Her husband was up in the Adirondacks for winter sports. "I hate tobogganing, and skiing, and things like that," she confessed. "I'm an indoor person."

She admitted that her pet of the moment was none other than Jimmie

Durante, the mad buffoon of "The New Yorkers."

"When Cécile Sorel played here with her *Comedie Francaise* troupe she was elaborately fêted at every turn. One evening she asked to be shown the New York that wasn't in the guidebooks. So we started in a smart speakeasy, proceeded to Harlem, and wound up at Durante's sawdust joint over a terrible garage. He sang everything in his amazing repertoire and we all had a delightful time."

A telegram broke in upon us.

"I'm to sing over a national broadcast," said Miss Chatterton, indicating the yellow paper.

"But do you sing?" I asked, not having seen "Unfaithful."

"For the millions involved, I'm afraid I should do almost anything," she admitted.

No one has had a more consistently intelligent series of pictures than Ruth Chatterton. No one has contributed more vitally to the screen's coming of age. After talking to her it is not difficult to understand this. She is passionately devoted to acting. Just as she gave all her time and energy to the theater, now she is completely bound to picture plays. She is wrapped up in whatever part she is preparing to create. Undoubtedly she communicates this enthusiasm to the scenario writer, the director and, most important, the producer. Much of her talent lies in assisting in the treatment of the scenario.

As long as the screen has Arlisses and Chattertons the screen will continue to progress. And, again, occasionally one will meet a lady.

Denny at Peace

Continued from page 57

fidence to get up and make fools of ourselves, otherwise. We each think we could give a better performance than any other actor.

"These sycophants, who become barnacles to every successful career, gloat when the reigning star is demoted. Their manner isn't so much unkindness as it is merely self-satisfaction. They wear an I-told-you-so air and think that the failure of the star will make more room for them. Every actor needs one of these on-the-shelf spells to teach him to look beyond applause for the rotten eggs.

"I was a trifle too self-sufficient," Denny conceded when he spoke of the film colony's volatile friendships. "I had chosen my friends as I

wished, not politically. Sequestered for so long on one lot, I hadn't sought entrée to other studios, a disadvantage which I realized only when I had to hustle out for a job. While I shan't cater for favors—that would go against the grain—I find it agreeable to be *very* courteous to everybody." Another sly wink hinted without being brazenly frank.

"Ronnie Colman and several other fellows were loyal. They'd drop in to chat and indicate that financial aid could be had if needed. I had no money worries, however.

"Shall we give parties again, entertain the crowds that congregate magically at every well-to-do actor's home?" He repeated my question

slowly, in a quizzical tone, and his answer took the form of a sharp glance which advised me not to be an idiot. The Denny home evidently is no haven for fair-weather friends.

"And the little wife," I observed, "was a great help and inspiration? Best pal stuff?"

The ensuing silence which proved to be merely the Englishman's reticence regarding personal matters, I at first attributed to other causes. My brows shot up as I murmured, "Ah! A faux pas! Pardon! And what is the status, if one may inquire?"

"No, no, no!" At last I drew a quick retort. "The status is thoroughly great. Bubbles was true blue. Her companionship made light of my inactivity and helped to pass the time when it began to drag."

His tastes and hobbies remain very much the same, with the exception of aviation, which he has renounced.

"I sold my four planes. It costs too much and isn't worth while, unless one can devote more time to it than a *working* actor has to spare."

He still collects prints of English hunting scenes and etchings, having passed many of his leisure hours in pursuit of new treasures, and he has a fancy now for colored woodblocks. He hunts and fishes and is wrapped up in his lodge. Building a road, and improving the slice of mountain in which the house of logs and rocks seems to be embedded, occupied him and kept him physically fit. Rough furniture, furs, and animals' heads provide a rustic atmosphere. When winter's snow banks its windows, a mule sled meets the Dennys and their guests at the main road and carries them the half mile to the lodge.

While song brought Denny back, his talent as a farceur won him the M.-G.-M. contract and is keeping him pleasantly employed. An ambitious independent, Sono-Art. was willing to take a chance on the voice that had been heard in musical comedy for many years. "What a Man" revealed that it still could carry a tune engagingly. Some one mentioned him to DeMille.

"We had only a bowing acquaintance. On a friend's recommendation he sent for me. 'I understand you sing?' he inquired. I replied that I,

also, understood that to be a fact, though it had been disputed in some quarters. He arranged tests. 'Madam Satan' was a melley of farce and melodrama, but I'm more grateful for his faith in me than I ever could express. He fought for me. I'm terribly happy not to have disappointed him."

Several films followed in rapid succession, including the mildly entertaining "A Lady's Morals," with Grace Moore, the "Kiki" lead with Pickford, and a comedy that originated from "Parlor, Bedroom, and Bath," with Buster Keaton and Charlotte Greenwood. He was lent to Fox to go Irish in behalf of Jeanette MacDonald.

"Why not?" He twirled off a brogue that was oddly a shock. Reg and his broad English are synonymous. "I used to be an actor—before I went into the movies."

His ambition is to direct.

"Never once, even when most glum, did it occur to me to quit my fight to get back. For I know nothing but acting. My family, of the same town in Surrey where Ronald Colman was born, always has been theatrical. My great-great-grandfather started it. The theater is in our blood.

"I began at seven at the Court Theater in London, and at sixteen left school to join the Charles Frohman company at the Duke of York Theater and stuck through good seasons and bad, at home and on tour. The thought of going into business did not interest me at all, but I did think that if I could not make a new place for myself as an actor I might persuade some producer to give me a chance at directing."

That whim, however, will not be indulged for a few years, if his present good fortune continues. Nonchalant and amiable, buoyant of spirit, intensely enthusiastic about his new work's combination of situation, humor and clever dialogue, glad that being merely featured releases him from stardom's responsibilities, and a capable technician in the little gradations of the farceur—with these attributes and a more conciliatory attitude, he should get along very well indeed.

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Hollywood High Lights

Continued from page 111

Dropping a Few Notes.

Much talk there is, but less action, about young stars suddenly acquiring bass voices. It has been reported that Charles Rogers was in quest of profundo tones to add to his register. Latest indications are that the changes

are mostly in his warbled notes, rather than in his spoken ones. Anyway, if you note any difference when you hear him talk in "The Lawyer's Secret" you may attribute it to recent vocal training.

Charles Farrell also had some les-

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"Dancing Partner" might be a fairy story, glamorous, fantastic, unreal, did it not give the sense to the reader that Lolita, glove clerk by day and taxi dancer by night, was the very sort of girl that he might well meet around the next corner.

Lolita, looking up into the handsome eyes of aristocratic Phil Nearing, fell suddenly and hopelessly in love with the owner of those eyes, and from then on her life became complicated. There were those who would bar the gate to her entrance to that world of wealth and fashion through which Phil Nearing walked so confidently. Out of a clear sky the false accusation of theft was made against her. She felt desolate, an outcast, and the cruelty of the world cut deep. And then just as suddenly there came a turn in events that brought the gold of sunshine into the blackness that covered Lolita's soul.

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sons from Elissa Landi during the filming of "Body and Soul." Elissa encouraged him to talk up and down the scale, and when he had hit just the right tone, to speak the line on that. She, of course, is an experienced voice trouper.

The danger of all attempts of stars to change their voices is that it may result in unnaturalness. This doesn't prevent any number of ingénues nowadays, from cultivating a Greta Garbo huskiness, whether it fits their personalities or not.

The Bennett Strut.

Constance Bennett is evidencing her swagger tendencies once again, and we aren't referring to her walk, either. This time Constance has been giving the natives a thrill by entertaining Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt and Lady Milford Haven at places like the Mayfair. Connie is also seeking an appropriate setting for

her summer vacationing. She has chosen the home of the "orchid lady," Corinne Griffith, at Malibu. She made the arrangements early in the spring.

Bancroft—Money King.

Whatever his arguments with Paramount, George Bancroft has finally settled them. He is under contract again and drawing \$6,000 a week. He is said to share in the profits of his pictures, also. This leads directly to the return of a favorite star in "The Money King." The title seems appropriate.

Lew Ayres is another player whose affairs may henceforth progress more peaceably. His contract with Universal is continuing. Ayres will play in "The Outcasts of Poker Flat," "The Babby-faced Killer," and other pictures in the near future. Lew is reported to have had arguments over salary and stories with Universal.

The Phenix Rises

Continued from page 74

At the time, Miss Claire had something of a queen complex, which she later knocked for a democratic loop. A big step in the right direction. While she didn't actually talk *down* to picture producers, she accorded them a patronizing shrug and, you know, according to legend, even elephants don't forget. Last, but not least, Ina didn't get "the hang" of the new medium. She had much to learn. She is ready to admit that now.

"I didn't realize," she said, "the amount of readjustment one must make to slip successfully from stage to screen. Even in the matter of photography. For instance, if you wear a severe hair cut—the last word in smartness insofar as you are capable of appearing chic—that very bob when photographed may make you look freakish or even hard.

"And good diction, an absolute necessity on the stage, can sound like ridiculous affectation when transferred to the talkies. The pity of it is you never realize what the camera has been up to until you see the rushes. Then it's too late. So you just have to save your new knowledge for another time."

Miss Claire's first seeming defeat in pictures baffled and annoyed her. It was little short of an outrage! What had they done to her! But when she brought herself to realize that every one wasn't out of step but herself, she wisely decided to haul down the fighting colors for repairs.

The dashing young matron accepted a rôle which required her to play the mother of an eighteen-year-old girl. Two years ago, she might have been

led kicking and screaming—figuratively, of course, gentle reader—from the studio at the mere suggestion of such a thing. If she had, she'd have missed portraying the actress in "The Royal Family of Broadway," a part in which she made screen history and which undoubtedly was instrumental in gaining her her fine new contract.

But offered at the time it was, Miss Claire didn't even do battle about the billing. It was agreed that she was not to be starred and that Fredric March's name was to appear in the same size type as her own. Several other stipulations appeared, not calculated to give her the best of it. But not a peep from "the foremost actress on Broadway and the best-dressed woman on the stage." She knew when to keep quiet, which is twice as important as to know when to shout.

During her long theatrical career, Ina waited until she was solidly settled in a position before she made demands. And although she may have bought a high hat when she worked for Ziegfeld, she didn't put it on until she answered the roll call at the Belasco school of acting.

But all's well that ends well and, in the latest shuffle, Ina Claire has come out on top of the Hollywood heap. Pathé has borrowed her for "Rebound." Mr. Goldwyn wants her for story conferences. The fans want her for entertainment. And all because her histrionic ability was captured pictorially in "The Royal Family."

Verily, my children, nothing succeeds like success.

Hercules Had a Snap

Continued from page 90

We are all dual in nature. Raouf is a student of religion. He is more devout than many; but he is also a merry soul, such as he revealed himself to be in "Call of the Flesh." To his few friends, *El Novarro* is liked for this happy personality. But on most occasions Raouf must appear silent and grave. A task?

Janet Gaynor is stamped on the public mind as a romantic little waif, such as she portrayed in "Seventh Heaven."

I recall that when she was making "Lucky Star," some out-of-town visitors came to the studio. Being introduced, one motherly soul took Janet in her stout arms and kissed her.

"Isn't she a darling?" she crooned. "She shouldn't be working here. She ought to be out in the sunshine with some one to look after her."

The bewildered expression on Janet's face, her sudden dismay, evidently caused the visitor and her companions to believe the prototype of *Diane* was before them. They appeared to regard Janet as a forlorn little girl yearning for friendship with her fellow mortals.

In real life, Janet is a merry young thing. She has a keen sense of humor and is far from being the downtrodden *Diane* of "Seventh Heaven."

People regard Ronald Colman as a profound enigma. Why this is so is beyond me. Ronnie is one of the least enigmatic men I've ever met. Like *Novarro*, he is a humorous soul. His films, "Bulldog Drummond," and "Raffles," "The Devil to Pay," offer a glimpse of the true Colman personality.

If you meet Ronald on his own level, you encounter a very pleasant chap, what ho! I recall some lively anecdotes Mr. Colman related to me which, if repeated, would dispel immediately the myth of his enigmatic personality.

One wonders if Clara Bow ever yearns to be the opposite to what her public expects her to be. She told me once that people regard her as a wild young thing such as she plays on the screen. Wherever she goes, she is expected to be wild.

Recent reports lead one to believe that Clara acts wild on her own initiative. But I dare say public opinion causes her to give way to demand. Clara must have her hands full of tasks.

If William Haines let himself be drawn into a wisecracking prototype of his screen fame, he has paid a stiff price for his venture.

Without a moment's notice, Mr. Haines has now become a *Hamlet* of reflection. Interviewers no longer are flung into embarrassment—if that is ever possible—by Kabeleian humor. A philosopher confronts them, calm and meditative. Which is Mr. Haines's Herculean task—the wisecracking guy, or the man of pensive mood?

Players are fond of excusing one personality if it fails to conquer the public. Olive Borden came to the screen as a luscious beauty of ultra-extravagant tastes in dress and deportment. Olive's starring pictures for Fox publicized this first personality. Then came the debacle.

The Borden mode did not go so well. Olive, during her comeback, confessed that she had made a fool of herself—that stardom had gone to her head.

Yet, if *La Borden's* ultra-extravagant personality had kept her on top, would she have admitted such a thing?

When Charles Farrell came to the screen he plodded on as nothing in particular. Then "Seventh Heaven" lifted him to the front ranks.

Next to that film, his best work was in "The River." Charlie got over to the fans as a carefree boy, entirely devoid of sophistication. I doubt if any other player could have acted the part with such convincing reality. That in spite of the fact that Mary Duncan, as a ravishing vamp, tried every known method of seduction.

But the talkies have done something to simplicity. In silent days it went over. But no longer. Now Fox is billing Farrell as *The Sheik of Budapest*, since he enacted *Lilium*, the no-account young husband. "Lilium" was altered and made a trifle sweeter than the stage version. In any case, to-day Charlie is a carefree fellow. Naturally, such a personality suited the boyish rôles he portrayed. But to be brutal and sophisticated—well, what Herculean task looms ahead for Mr. Farrell?

Even Buddy Rogers is being put in more sophisticated films. Must all artists be contaminated to suit box-office demands?

A player's troubles are many. All day long it is one task after another. His acting, business affairs, and other things, keep him distracted. In the midst of all, the personality that has sold him to the public has to be put over.

To my way of thinking, that is the most Herculean task of all.

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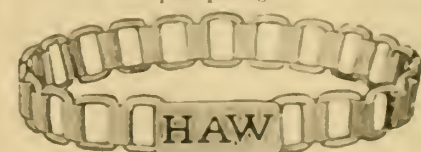
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New Faces for Old

Continued from page 83

finds just the one needed for the rôle, and before long the character emerges from the make-up department with a brand-new molar—all for the asking!

The lovely part about it is that the make-up man guarantees a painless operation—his tooth supply consists of fronts which are simply placed over the player's teeth and can be removed at any time.

The really expert make-up man is usually an amateur chemist. In order to mix pigments successfully, and to understand fully the intricacies of his work, he often has to experiment with chemicals, dabbling with various paints and colorings.

Jack Dwan, a member of the Fox make-up department under Jim Barker, tells the story of a "coral lady" he was once ordered to decorate for a scene. To dress the character properly, it was necessary to find a substance which, when photographed, would look exactly like coral. Cellobain, a celluloid composition chemically treated so that it does not easily ignite, was the most practical material for the purpose.

There was nobody west of Chicago who did celluloid modeling, so it was up to Jack to make the costume. He first modeled the entire outfit in clay. From this he made a plaster-of-Paris mold. The cast was then filled with cellobain which was allowed to harden.

When the cellobain was removed, it formed a fan and skirt of intricate design which resembled coral so closely that even the most hardened critic would have had difficulty in finding fault with the coral lady

when she winked roguishly from the screen.

In addition to his ability as a chemist, Jack Dwan is considered among the foremost of Hollywood's amateur sculptors. He often makes models of the characters in a scenario on which he is working, before attempting to make up the actor.

These are from two and one half inches to around four or five inches high, and are so perfect that every line in the faces, and every costume detail, stand out. Using these as his models he can then make up the actor without spending time and thought in the tedious business of experimenting to get the proper effect.

The make-up man must know exactly what paints to use in making up characters of all nationalities. He must be able to mix pigments which will make a blond Nordic type look like a Chinaman, a Negro, or a dreamy-eyed Latin. And sometimes he is even called upon to make harmless domestic animals resemble wild beasts of the jungle such as the gods never intended them to be.

One make-up expert tells of a scene in which a zebra was needed. The only animal available at the moment was a gray donkey. The make-up man was promptly called into action and with a can of black paint and a brush he manufactured as handsome a zebra as ever brayed from the talking screen. The donkey's own mother did not recognize her child when he was returned to his native pasture.

The Screen in Review

Continued from page 98

"The Front Page."

The best of all newspaper films is here to excite you. It will surprise me not at all if you sit through it twice. I did. For it is thrilling, humorous, and amazingly honest. Even though it takes place in one setting, the reporters' room adjoining a criminal court, it moves so rapidly that one never considers the drabness and monotony of the scene. It is the characters that arrest, their acting that causes gasps of admiration. It isn't a pretty story nor is the picture ornamental. It is callous and brutal in its viewpoint, without a spark of that fictional nobility of character which often bores. But it's grand, nevertheless.

Of story there isn't much. Mostly it has to do with the concealment of a murderer, an anarchist, in a roll-top

desk by the star reporter and his efforts to ward off his pursuers. There's a sweet young girl, appropriately stupid, and a woman of the streets who is not. But it is primarily a study of men, with emphasis on the strangeness of those who follow newspaper reporting.

Adolphe Menjou is astonishing as the managing editor, slangy, hard-boiled, sardonic. He gives a wonderful performance. Possibly of greater interest is Pat O'Brien, a newcomer from the stage, as the leading reporter. He has everything to put him high in the favor of fans. George E. Stone, who was so fine in "Cimarron," again comes through magnificently, and Mae Clarke, Mary Brian, Edward Everett Horton—all are ideally cast.

What the Fans Think

Continued from page 13

Our Famous Scrapbook Case.

FANS probably will recall reading my letter concerning my lost scrapbook in February Picture Play.

A few days ago I received a personal letter from Joan Crawford. And on her "J. C. F." monogrammed stationery, too! Joan explained that she had not received my book, but would try to locate it in the mails. However, since this book was lost several months ago, I wish Joan would forget all about it. The book was probably mislaid at the studio. I would like, oh so much, to make a scrapbook of the remaining pictures I possess. I realize the stars cannot be bothered with receiving mail at their homes. I wonder if Joan would be kind enough to send me a forwarding address? I'd appreciate it so much!

After carefully reading "Dimmy's" recent letter, I think his judgment of Clara Bow is indeed harsh.

Dimmy, perhaps you do not know that Clara Bow's mother died when Clara was a mere slip of a child. I am sure Miss Bow would be an entirely different girl to-day, if her mother had lived.

If ever a girl deserves three cheers and a helping hand, it's Clara Bow. From her childhood days, Clara has struggled against the bitterest kind of poverty. Her record of screen successes is a long and brilliant one, filled with triumph after triumph. It will take more than sarcastic words to extinguish the Brooklyn Bonfire.

If you really were a Clara Bow fan, you wouldn't have judged her by her private affairs, but by her many splendid performances on the screen. Yes, I admit that Clara has been a little too frank with reporters, but her real story seldom appeared. The reporters will twist things to their advantage. They get an inch and take a mile. In my opinion, they take entirely too much liberty.

I hope Bow fans read Buddy McCleary's letter about Clara in the same issue of Picture Play. He very cleverly expressed how Clara's laughter made us forget our troubles, our sorrows, our cares.

BLANCHE SVEHLA.

3215 South Ridgeway Avenue,
Chicago, Illinois.

Continued on page 121

Red-flagging the Hollywood Bull

Continued from page 85

many when she said, "I didn't know anybody hated me enough to start such a report."

Most stars with reserved natures find an uphill fight in winning through Hollywood indifference to public recognition. Most of them probably would never have made good without the sheltering aid of a solitary person who understood them, and who had the prestige and determination to develop their talents.

Hollywood did not ask for Greta Garbo. She was forced upon it by the late Swedish director, Mauritz Stiller.

It is doubtful if Hollywood would have given a real chance to most of the stars developed by D. W. Griffith. He instinctively picked players with a spiritual quality, and built them into box-office attractions that Hollywood had to recognize.

When Greta Garbo made her first talkie, those who resented her withdrawal from the crowd hopefully predicted that it would ruin her career. When, instead, it was a success, a few made dire forecasts for her second effort. The fence still stands between her and the bull, but the bull continues to bellow.

Contrast this atmosphere of resentment with the good will that follows the star with a social streak. Such players as Mary Brian, William Haines, and Bebe Daniels are always sure of a boost in Hollywood.

At that critical moment in Miss Daniels's career when she made her

plunge into talkies, for instance, the film colony made no such loud predictions of failure as they did in the case of the Garbo's debut. When Bebe clicked, the applause was of the "I knew you'd do it, old pal" variety.

All credit to these sociable stars. Such popularity must be merited. But pity the retiring player who finds Hollywood society standing off at a distance, perhaps half admiring, but also half hoping, that he or she will slip up on a banana peel.

It is too bad that, with all the seers and mystics in the film colony, some don't tell the crowd how they misjudge the nonmixers among the stars. They might tell Hollywood that a yearning for a secluded life is not necessarily a sign of insufferable conceit, nor a sinister attempt to hide damaging evidence.

Nonconformist, introspective, retiring natures are common among professional people of all sorts. Perhaps the mystics can explain why they should be regarded as contraband in the screen world.

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The Lonely Heart

By
Mary Frances Doner

"Rose stood in the chill dusk with brilliant early stars rocking in the windy heavens, waiting."

In this fashion begins a story which has in it all the elements that make for the best of good reading—suspense, romance, intrigue, adventure. For Rose was waiting to see David Marsh pass by—David, whose coming to the little town had caused such a fluttering of the local doves. To Rose, it seemed as if a star had fallen down into the darkness of her lonely heart, and David were that particularly bright star.

Here is no usual story of the city man and the small-town girl, though Heaven knows that the Midwest town where Rose lived, and whither David had come from sophisticated Harvard, was small indeed. As a matter of fact, there is nothing of the usual in the entire unfolding of the tragedy of a lonely heart which the author so deftly portrays. It is a strangely moving, deeply felt, tender love story that brings quick tears to the eyes of the most hardened reader, and yet at the end there is the sort of true happiness that comes only after suffering.

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NEW YORK CITY

A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

Continued from page 72

Clive Brook the other man, supported by Gilbert Emery, Lucien Littlefield, Regis Toomey.

"Stolen Heaven."—Paramount.

Virtues of streetwalker glorified in story of girl who befriends a burglar, turns "lady" on the plunder, only to share the punishment. Nancy Carroll and Phillips Holmes overwhelmed by poor material. Louis Calhern.

"Seas Beneath."—Fox.

United States vessel is decoy to capture German undersea menace, and a shipwreck throws spy, sister of German commander, aboard hero's boat, from where she signals enemy. But her brother is killed instead of her admirer. George O'Brien, John Loder, Marion Lessing, Warren Hymer, Larry Kent, Mona Maris.

"Finn and Hattie."—Paramount.

Comedy of business man, tired wife, and precocious daughter on trip to Paris. The child, Mitzi Green outwits Lilyan Tashman and saves father from blackmail. Leon Errol the father, Zasu Pitts the mother. Jackie Searl victim of Mitzi's mischief.

"Man to Man."—First National.

Story of small-town folk is a little gem. Not an alien touch. Boy in line for college honors knows that his pals have learned his father is a convict. Leaves school, more troubles. Phillips Holmes, Grant Mitchell, Dwight Frye.

"Beau Ideal."—RKO.

Same atmosphere as "Beau Geste." Foreign Legion story of two men and a girl they both love. Début of Lester Vail favorable; sincere, eloquent. Not a slow scene. Ralph Forbes, Don Alvarado, Otto Matiesen, Loretta Young, Irene Rich, Leni Stengel.

"Fighting Caravans."—Paramount.

Restrained story of pioneers, with no attempt, thanks be, to make a stockyards epic, or the biggest and dustiest wagon train. Scout attempts to mislead girl driver, but ends at altar. Gary Cooper, Lily Damita, Ernest Torrence, Tully Marshall.

"Illicit."—Warner.

One of those loose gal films made pure for censors by heroine intimating after all that marriage is O. K. by her. Daydream food for romantic, but inhibited, housewives. Barbara Stanwyck, Natalie Moorhead, Ricardo Cortez, James Rennie, Charles Butterworth, Joan Blondell.

"New Moon."—Metro-Goldwyn.

Lawrence Tibbett and Grace Moore in film operetta, in which army officer loves a princess, and is sent to Russia's naughtiest troops by rival, the governor. Roland Young captures acting honors with comedy. Adolphe Menjou his old self.

"Reaching for the Moon."—United Artists.

Why does Douglas Fairbanks don modern clothes only to strip them off? Here we see a stockbroker who loves neither wine nor women. Nothing like novelty. Lively, smart dialogue. Bebe Daniels clever, charming. Edward Everett Horton, Claude Allister, June MacCloy.

"One Heavenly Night."—United Artists.

Début of Evelyn Laye prima donna of operetta. Film is tasteful and charming, but does not justify expense. Miss Laye loses much when put on the screen. John Boles, Lilyan Tashman, Leon Errol, Hugh Cameron do well.

"Free Love."—Universal.

Gayer, more knowing than most films labeled sophisticated comedy. Diverting, but proves nothing about spats of husband and wife, though admirably played by Conrad Nagel and Genevieve Tobin. Zasu Pitts wistful maid; Monroe Owsley, Ilka Chase.

"Laughter."—Paramount.

The screen is going too whimsical for words, if this is a sign of the times. A group of the quaintest folk in the world make high jinks. Nancy Carroll and Fredric March brilliant. Glen Anders, Diane Ellis, Frank Morgan.

"Kismet."—Warner.

Another warmed-over silent, a bit flat, for the cooks slipped up somewhere. The Orient without its old flavor. Otis Skinner as beggar in Arabian Night story, with pretty girl, caliph, and all. Loretta Young, David Manners, Sidney Blackmer, Mary Duncan.

If You Must

"Bright Lights."—Warner.

Here is a reminder of the dear revue days when love blossomed backstage and the hero was the hooper partner. Dancer about to marry a millionaire, though she loves her partner. A shooting clears up the situation. Technicolor. Dorothy Mackaill, Noah Beery, Frank Fay, Eddie Nugent, Daphne Pollard, Tom Dugan, James Murray.

"Kiss Me Again."—First National.

Pleasant but not stimulating is this tale of shopgirl who renounces high-born lover, to be reunited when she becomes a prima donna. Pretty airs do not make a movie. Bernice Claire, Walter Pidgeon, June Collyer.

"The Man Who Came Back."—Fox.

Misguided attempt of two nice young people to be wicked, with bitter realism of a Mother Goose story. Separated, Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell do an *Anna Christie* in an opium den, and reclaim each other. Leslie Fenton, Kenneth MacKenna.

"Once a Sinner."—Fox.

Another version of lady-with-a-past story. Old sweetheart tries to help girl and husband, and things get tangled a bit. Dorothy Mackaill, Joel McCrea, John Halliday, Ilka Chase do their best to save things.

"Resurrection."—Universal.

Old silent brought to life, too, but it happens every day. Tolstoy's story well directed, but not quite effective on the whole. Best work of Lupe Velez. John Boles, Nance O'Neil. The plot is familiar.

"The Truth About Youth."—*First National.*

Oh, yeah? All about a girl's hidden love for middle-aged guardian and his efforts to mate her to "The Imp"—David Manners, who is anything but, and, anyway, falls for a night-club cutie. Loretta Young, Conway Tearle, Myrna Loy.

"Way for a Sailor."—*Metro-Goldwyn.*

Indifferent film of sailor with girl in every port. John Gilbert still minus the glamour of the old days, through the mike's capriciousness. Wallace Beery, Jim Tully playing at acting, Leila Hyams.

"The Boudoir Diplomat."—*Universol.*

Amusing play called "The Command to Love" becomes dull and pretentious, and why the more suggestive title? Ian Keith miscast as hero. Mary Duncan, Betty Compton.

"The Virtuous Sin."—*Paramount.*

The cinematic sin, rather. Wife makes play for Russian general, to save condemned husband's life, and gets fond of gruff old soldier. All will be hotsy-totsy when hubby is shot. Walter Huston, Kay Francis, Kenneth MacKenna.

"Sin Takes a Holiday."—*Pothe.*

But only in this film, presumably, for

Lille, the Toler, becomes the lawful bride of the boss, and tumbles into millions, giving nothing in return. You know, just like those oodles of stenogs you have known. Constance Bennett plays the little gel. Kenneth MacKenna, Basil Rathbone.

"The Big Trail."—*Fox.*

Just a noisy "Covered Wagon" which, with all the Injuns and buffaloes, fails to get a big hand. When will producers realize that fans want interesting people and acting, not longer wagon trains? Marguerite Churchill, David Rollins, John Wayne, newcomer with schoolboy diction.

"Du Borry, Woman of Possion."—*United Artists.*

Sad lapse in career of one of screen's best, Norma Talmadge, released probably on word of yes men. Story of *Louis XI's* girl friend who escapes guillotine to arms of Conrad Nagel. William Farnum, Hobart Bosworth, Ulrich Haupt, Alison Skipworth.

"The Bot Whispers."—*United Artists.*

Shivers of ten years ago calm down to slightest tremors, if not actually boring, as *The Bat* annoys old lady in leased house. Chester Morris's energy uncurbed. Una Merkel, William Bakewell, Maude Eburne.

Information, Please

Continued from page 102

in various road companies and went into pictures in 1914, when other stage actors were taking up the "new art." His pictures now number many hundreds, so his "principal ones" are hard to choose. For the past year his films are "Puttin' on the Ritz," "Courage," "Shadow of the Law," "Safety in Numbers," "Manslaughter," "Brothers," "College Lovers," and "Inspiration." He married Ruth Mitchell, November 8, 1925. I don't know whether he has any children.

ERLENE OF SOUTH DAKOTA.—If more people asked questions like yours, easy to look up, this life would be just dandy. The Erlener the better. Regis Toomey was born in Philadelphia and attended the University of Pittsburgh. He is married to Kathryn Scott. The rest of the cast in "Under a Texas Moon" were Pedro, Georgie Stone; Philipe, George Cooper; *Bad Man of Pool*, Fred Kohler; *Jose Romero*, Charles Sellon; *Buck Johnson*, Jack Curtis; *Pancho Gonzales*, Sam Appel; *Aldrich*, Tully Marshall; *Antonio*, Francisco Maran; *Tom*, Tom Dix; *Jerry*, Jerry Barrett; *Mother*, Inez Gomez; *Mozz*, Edythe Kramera; *Don Roberto*, Bruce Covington. Yes, Matty Kemp played *Buddy*, in "Common Clay," and the other supporting players were *Yates*, Tully Marshall; *Judge Filson*, Hale Hamilton; *Richard Fullerton*, Purnell Pratt; *Anne Fullerton*, Ada Williams; *Edwards*, Charles McNaughton; *Mrs. Fullerton*, Genevieve Blinn. June Collyer is twenty-three, five feet five, with brown hair and hazel eyes. She weighs 114.

CURIOUS ME.—I suppose you're eaten up with curiosity by this time, waiting for me to have space to publish that great number of casts you wanted. Here are more: "True to the Navy"—*Ruby Nolan*, Clara Bow; *Gunner McCoy*, Fredric March; *Solomon Binberg*, Harry Green; *Eddie*, Rex Bell; *Michael*, Eddie Fetherston; *Albert*, Eddie Dunn; *Peewee*, Ray

Cooke; *Artie*, Harry Sweet; *Maizie*, Adele Windsor; *Grogan*, Sam Hardy; *Dance Hall Manager*, Jed Prouty. "The Argyle Case"—*Alexander Kayton*, Thomas Meighan; *Hurley*, H. B. Warner; *Mary Morgan*, Lila Lee; *Bruce Argyle*, John Darrow; *Mrs. Wyatt*, Zasu Pitts; *Joe*, Bert Roach; *Sam*, Wilbur Mack; *Finley*, Douglas Gerrard; *Kitty*, Alona Marlowe; *Skidd*, J. Quinn. "Let's Go Places"—*Paul Adams*, Joseph Wagstaff; *Marjorie Lorraine*, Lola Lane; *Virginia Gordon*, Sharon Lynn; *J. Speed Quinn*, Frank Richardson; *Rex Wardell*, Walter Catlett; *Dixie*, Dixie Lee; *Du Bonnet*, Charles Judels; *Mrs. Du Bonnet*, Ilka Chase; *Ben King*, Larry Steers. "The Big Party"—*Flo Jenkins*, Sue Carol; *Kitty Collins*, Dixie Lee; *Jack Hunter*, Frank Albertson; *Goldfarb*, Walter Catlett; *Eddie Perkins*, Richard Keene; *Billy Greer*, "Whispering Jack" Smith; *Allen Wetherby*, Douglas Gilmore; *Dupuy*, Charles Judels; *Mrs. Dupuy*, Ilka Chase; *Mrs. Goldfarb*, Elizabeth Patterson. Whew! And am I glad that's over!

ISABELLE SIMONS.—By the time I finish with your letter I shall break out with a fine case of exhaustion. You're "all for Gary Cooper"—all four pages for Gary, in fact! His height is six feet two and a half, but perhaps some answer men don't bother with that half. His official biography gives his weight as 178, but every one varies a pound or so. And his hair is such a dark brown that it seems black; his eyes are decidedly blue. I've never seen his brother and he is not in movies enough for me to have his description. Gary's films are "The Winning of Barbara Worth," "Children of Divorce," "Arizona Bound," "Last Outlaw," "Nevada," "Wings," "Beau Sabreur," "Doomsday," "Legion of the Condemned," "Half a Bride," "The First Kiss," "Lilac Time," "Shopworn Angel," "Wolf Song," "Betrayal," "The Virginian," "Seven



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Days' Leave," "Only the Brave," "The Texan," "The Man From Wyoming," "The Spoilers," "Morocco," and "Fighting Caravans." Lupe Velez is five feet five and weighs 115. Marlene—pronounced Marlana—Dietrich is about five feet seven and has red-gold hair and blue eyes. Why do you want to write to a fan club if you have nothing to write about? But if you insist, write about your favorite star—and I think that must be Gary!

LILA MALKIN.—I suppose you are mystified that John Boles and John Mack Brown should both have daughters named Jane Harrie, but I think that is correct. Jane Boles is nearly four and Jane Brown not quite two. Vivienne Segal is divorced from Robert Ames. She is in her early thirties and is about five feet three. Leon Errol is very famous on the American stage. Yes, I have met Lupe Velez, who is as placid as a storm at sea, and John Boles, who is intelligent, well-bred, and seems quite unlike an actor.

PEG O' MY HEART.—Of course that signature means you're incurably romantic! "The darling girl" who played opposite Hoot Gibson in "Points West" was Alberta Vaughn, who hasn't done much since talkies. Victor Varconi is now playing in a Fox picture; write him at the studio. Corinne Griffith has retired, but I think an address of Hollywood, California, would reach her. Ramon Novarro has no girl friend; he lives for his art. Mrs. Anita F. Potter, 726 West 64th Street, Chicago, was a close friend of Barbara La Marr's and writes me that she will be glad to give pictures of Barbara to any of her fans.

LA SENORITA.—You have no date line on your letter, so I don't know what city you live in. But if you want songs out of any current picture, your local music dealer is the proper place to ask for them. All the music for M.-G.-M. pictures is published by Robbins & Company, 799 Seventh Avenue, New York City, to whom you can write directly if there is no music store in your town. The little Spanish song Ramon started to sing in "Call of the Flesh" is not published, but is an old song. Elsie Janis is one of our biggest vaudeville stars, whose specialty is imitations. As she is not a screen player, I haven't her biography. I believe she was born in Kansas City, and she is about forty years old. She worked in an advisory capacity in one of Novarro's films, so perhaps you might get her picture from Metro-Goldwyn. Conchita Montenegro is a Spanish singer and dancer who was imported by M.-G.-M. about a year ago for Spanish versions. She was Novarro's leading lady in the Spanish "Call of the Flesh." She has now learned English and is playing the lead in "Never the Twain Shall Meet."

PAT.—Yes, I agree with you. You are a good girl, Pat, to ask only one question and you deserve a pat on the back. Louise Dresser was born in Evansville, Indiana, and went to school there before going on the stage.

BIDDIE.—Some of the people you ask about have not been in pictures for years. For instance, May Allison. I do know, however, that she lives at the Hotel Buckingham, West 57th Street, New York City. Rudy Vallée can be reached at the National Broadcasting Company, Fifth Avenue and 55th Street, New York City. Claire Luce has retired and, with her millionaire husband, Clifford Smith, has bought a villa just outside Paris. Henrietta Crosman is a stage veteran who was engaged only for "The Royal Family of

Broadway." Perhaps the Paramount Studio, Astoria, New York, would forward your letter. Ina Claire is with United Artists. Genevieve Tobin with Universal, Richard Cromwell with Columbia, Claudia Dell with Warners, where Jean Harlow is also making a picture at present. Studio addresses are given in the list at the end of The Oracle. Leatrice Joy can be reached through the RKO booking offices, Palace Theater Building, Broadway and 47th Street, New York City. She is playing in vaudeville.

HELEN BERDICK.—I'm delighted that you think I have the best set of answers! All work and no play makes Jack a bright boy! I don't know the exact length of Gary Cooper's Paramount contract. All contracts are tricked out with options which can be dropped whenever the company feels like it, but not when the player does. Gary attended Grinnel College for only two years, specializing in economics. Then he became a cartoonist on a newspaper in Helena, Montana. So many pictures are announced for stars that it's impossible to tell which ones they will really play in until work has been started. At this writing, Gary's next is "City Streets," with Sylvia Sidney. By the way, don't look for answers in "the next issue"—give us time to print a magazine. Thank you so much.

GUILLERMO QUINTANA.—As to the latest news of Pola Negri, she has rather dropped out of sight now that she is living in France. She made an English picture called "The Woman He Scorned," but she doesn't seem to work a great deal even in Europe. It is most improbable that she will make any more American pictures; a star who is once "finished" over here seldom makes a comeback. Pola has black hair, hazel eyes, is five feet four and weighs 120. I don't know why it should matter, but since you ask, her rôle that I liked best was in "Forbidden Paradise." Lew Ayres is five feet eleven, weighs 155, and has dark hair and blue eyes. Evelyn Brent has very dark-brown eyes and hair, is five feet four and weighs 112. Louise Brooks is two inches shorter, weighs 120 and has black hair and brown eyes. Eddie Nugent is six feet and a half inch, weighs 157, and has brown hair and green eyes. David Rollins is five feet ten and a half and weighs 140. He has black hair and blue eyes. You can always find plenty of fans to correspond with in "What the Fans Think."

THE CONSTANCE BENNETT CLUB.—These old hairs are getting grayer and grayer telling fans—they can't be readers!—over and over that The Oracle cannot announce fan clubs. So many began popping up that there wasn't room enough left to answer questions. But I do keep a record of clubs, and will be glad to refer any Constance Bennett fans to you.

A MARY BRIAN AND MITZI GREEN FAN.—Tastes do differ—even yours. Mary and Mitzi seem most unsimilar! Mary's next picture is "Gun Smoke," opposite Richard Arlen. Her 1930 films were "Burning Up," "Only the Brave," "Light of Western Stars," "The Social Lion," "Only Saps Work," and "The Royal Family of Broadway." Charles Farrell and Virginia Valli were married last Valentine's Day. Lupe Velez was born July 18, 1909. Mitzi Green first peeked out on the Bronx in New York City on October 22, 1920. At this writing, she is not scheduled to play with Jackie Coogan, but how can I tell what will happen six months from now? Jack is now sixteen years old.

His first picture was Charlie Chaplin's "The Kid" when Jackie was three years old. Janet Gaynor, as Laura Gainer, was born in Philadelphia, October 6, 1906.

V. W. G. M.—You are right, Lois Moran was born in America. In Pittsburgh in fact, and the big day was March 1, 1909.

JEWEL A.—I'd never say you were crazy because you "go on" about Greta Garbo. Just get me started on that subject and I can do a bit of raving myself. I'm sorry, but Picture Play is only able to supply back numbers not more than two years old, and you say you have those anyhow. I don't know just what Ronald Colman film you have confused with "The Garden of Allah." That was a picture Rex Ingram made in Europe with Alice Terry and Ivan Petrovich. Ronald Colman was not in it, nor among the titles of his past films, is there any which suggests "The Garden of Allah," although "The Unholy Garden" is scheduled for him.

Statement of the Ownership, Management, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of Street & Smith's Picture Play, published monthly, at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1931.

State of New York, County of New York (ss.)

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared George C. Smith, Jr., who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is Vice President of the Street & Smith Publications, Inc., publishers of Street & Smith's Picture Play, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publishers, Street & Smith Publications, Inc., 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; editor, Norbert Lusk, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; managing editors, Street & Smith Publications, Inc., 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; business managers, Street & Smith Publications, Inc., 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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GEORGE C. SMITH, Jr., Vice President,
Of Street & Smith Publications, Inc.,
publishers.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of April, 1931. De Witt C. Van Valkenburgh, Notary Public No. 12, New York County. (My commission expires March 30, 1932.)

What the Fans Think

Continued from page 117

Another Perfect Lover.

THREE cheers for Geraldine Olvaney and the brickbat she so nicely aimed at Norbert Lusk for his unflattering criticisms of John Boles. I, too, have read his reviews and gnashed my teeth at the sarcastic manner in which Mr. Lusk attacks this player. Certainly if John Boles ever experiences the slightest tendency toward swelled head, he has but to read a review of one of his films by his devoted admirer, Mr. Lusk, and be properly squelched.

I do not pretend to possess the ability of criticizing the acting of a player with the authority of Mr. Lusk, but I fail to see where Mr. Boles could have done any more than he has done with the rôles allotted him. It was his wonderful singing that made "The Desert Song" the success it was, for certainly the plot was asinine. Also, a more stupid or slow-moving film than "Song of the West" has never been inflicted on the public. Mr. Boles's rendition of "The One Girl" was the only bright spot in the entire picture.

Surely Lady Luck has smiled on Mr. Boles more than his share, as it is. In addition to his wonderful voice, he is unquestionably the handsomest man on the screen and if, at present, he is not quite the finished actor Mr. Lusk expects, surely better and more frequent pictures, properly directed, will prove him to be as good an actor as any of them. One thing is certain, he needs no improvement in the art of making love. He's got them all stopped there.

MILDRED ASHTON.

Buffalo, New York.

The Bath-robe Test.

WELL, I've seen the new "Garbo rival" in "Morocco," and while I admire her very much, so far as I am concerned, Greta still occupies the throne. After seeing Garbo in "Inspiration," I am deeper rooted than ever in my admiration of the skinny Swede. Any girl who has the courage to appear in a scene with several smartly dressed women, draped in an unbecoming bath robe and with her hair pinned back to her ears, and is still able to keep one's attention glued to her, is worthy of all the laurels coming her way. Yes, Garbo is capable of keeping the niche she has made for herself, and Marlene is also capable of making one for herself, and we can admire them both.

E. T. CARSON.

8123 Escanaba Avenue,
Chicago, Illinois.

Witness For the Defense.

I WISH to suggest that certain fans are irrational, contradictory, and even slightly nutty. C. B. V., of Atlanta, Georgia, is an example.

He says of Ruth Chatterton: "She has intelligence, poise, and a delightful sense of humor," but he can't see the same qualities in Ramon Novarro. There is something wrong somewhere. Get the screw driver.

He admires Richard Barthelmess because he was popular in silent films and has emerged as a finished talking player, losing no appeal. Ramon Novarro has accomplished the same feat and has something more than Mr. Barthelmess, a beautiful singing voice. Tell me, how does he get that way?

He thinks Greta Garbo should be in the Hall of Fame because she does not appeal

to people of low intelligence. Ramon Novarro, one of the most cultured men on the screen, doesn't have to, either, and yet C. B. V. went to sleep at a Novarro picture.

He says that Ramon Novarro never gives his supporting cast a break. Does John Miljan get more footage in Garbo pictures than in Novarro's? Renee Adoree and Ernest Torrence, two of the best players on the screen, are afforded opportunities in Novarro pictures to give splendid performances. A good many people complained of seeing a little too much of Dorothy Jordan in his films.

From an interview in which Anita Page told what she had learned from the actors she had played with, came the following paragraph: "Ramon taught Anita to neglect no detail, no matter how small. He would stop a scene to correct a bad light which was making a shadow across her cheek, or to suggest a more graceful movement."

Marceline Day was in the limelight when she was Novarro's leading lady. Joan Crawford played opposite him and I do not think it delayed her progress on the road to well-deserved stardom. I could go on like this forever.

People *do* like Ramon Novarro and I, for one, wouldn't care if he gloated over it. In the reading of his name Monica Andrea Shenston says the following: "You have the great gift that is the secret of all remarkable success before the public, but most of all, naturally, in any interpretive art, and that is an intense attractiveness and an undying charm."

Incidentally, I wonder how a girl who appreciates Mr. Novarro could go with a guy like C. B. V. She must have wanted to see Mr. Novarro's picture and couldn't find any other way to get a ticket.

PEARL MOORE.

864 Colorado Avenue,
Grand Junction, Colorado.

Those Nightmarish "You-alls."

IN March Picture Play, Mary Rose of Memphis, Tennessee, wrote of the Southern accent being slaughtered in recent films.

How I agree with her! Even here in Virginia where the accent is not as pronounced as it is farther South, our flesh creeps at the nightmarish attempts to imitate it. When they say "I reckon" and "you-all," they underscore themselves as being anything but a Southerner.

I hope the people of the North, West, and East are not judging us by the portrayals in recent pictures. I assure you we are as cultured, refined, and as gracious as any others. You will encounter some people in the South that do not reflect a real Southerner, and if you investigate, most always you will find they are not Southern born. It would be a pleasure to hear some one from the South speak via the silver sheet.

KAY OVERTON.

Richmond, Virginia.

Talk to Marie Dressler.

ISN'T it about time that the fashion for skeleton figures was thrown in the ash can? It is only a question of a short time before all of our best beloved stars are going to land in a sanitarium or the cemetery. I am pining to see a girl on the screen that I could put my arms around without breaking her into a thousand splinters.

BOB SANDS.

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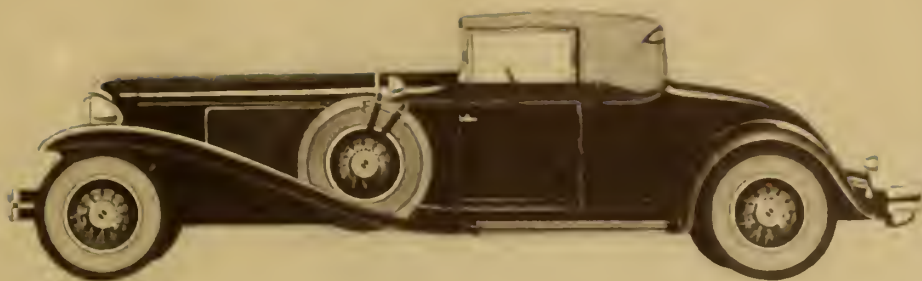
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