

APRIL, 1928

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RUTH TAYLOR

Painted by Anita Parkhurst

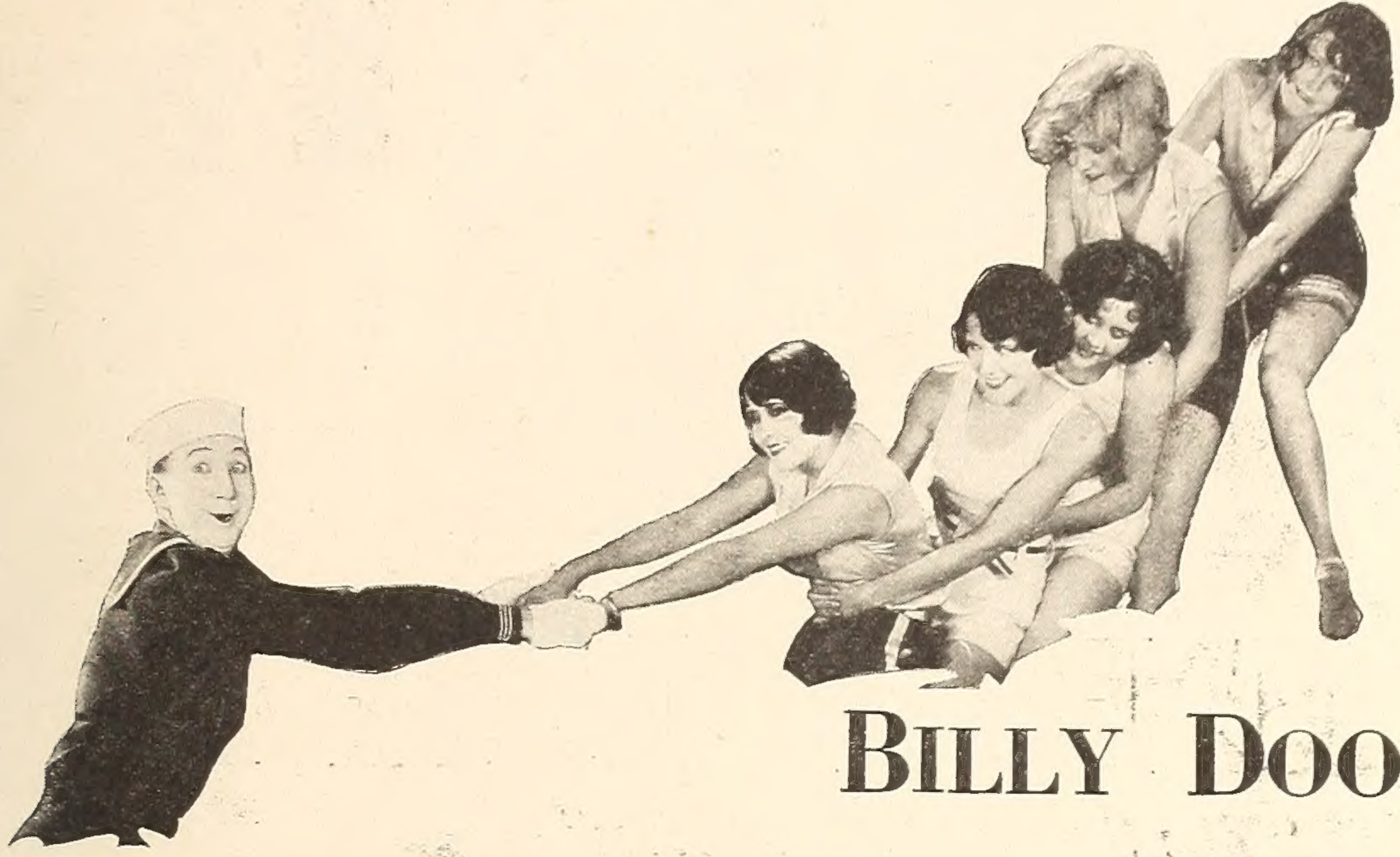


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© Ruth Taylor, the girl on the cover, and the tiara look.



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SCREENLAND

Title Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

April
March, 1928

"The Spirit of the Movies"

VOL. XVI, No. 5

Eliot Keen, Editor

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An Answer Page of Information, Address:

MISS VEE DEE
49 West 45th St.
New York City

Ⓞ Jean Darling, the girl Our Gang fights for, over and with.

Just Dimples, Brooklyn. As they say in the cast of Tim's new film, *Riders of the Dark*.

is in the cast of Tim's new film, *Riders of the Dark*. Along came dawn as it has a habit of doing, and just as I seem to have all the 'dimples' settled for a time, along comes another. But you may be sure I'm glad to see you, for we couldn't get along without dawn and I ask you, where would we be without the movies? Richard Talmadge was born in New York City about 30 years ago. His real name is Matzetti. The fact that Richard is not married, will cause many a youthful feminine heart to resume work again on its own power. Because of legal entanglements Richard Talmadge does not seem to be making any pictures right now, but undoubtedly will announce his future plans.

New Windsor, New Burg, N. Y. Yes, that sounds fine, but who lives in that 'burg?' You sent me two such pretty stamps for a personal reply but failed to give me your name. You can see how heavy those stamps are on my conscience. You can reach Leon Errol at the Lambs Club, 130 West 44th St., New York City. Alex Francis at Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal. George Bancroft is a Paramount star and can be reached at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal., where he is playing in *Honky Tonk*.

A. S. of St. Louis. You are right, Adele; you haven't seen me play in pictures very often, neither have you seen me work; but to let you in on a grand secret, I'm sort of funny-looking and the directors think the screen can worry along without me. I am camera-shy, too, and haven't any pictures to send out. Raymond Griffith who is known as 'The Screen's High Hat Comedian,' was married not long ago to Bertha Mann, the actress. A London honeymoon for the newlyweds. Rex Lease, who played with Tim McCoy in *The Law of the Range*,

Questionnaire, Milwaukee. So you want the correct home addresses of your favorites—won't the address of the place they work do as well, for they are all perfectly 'at home' when they work? If you get what I mean. Barabara Kent was 'Mimi' in *The Lone Eagle* for Universal. Laura LaPlante and Norman Kerry are also with Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal. There is a rumor that Norman Kerry may go to England to reside. Don't go, Norman; we want you over here. Greta Garbo, (Continued on page 101)

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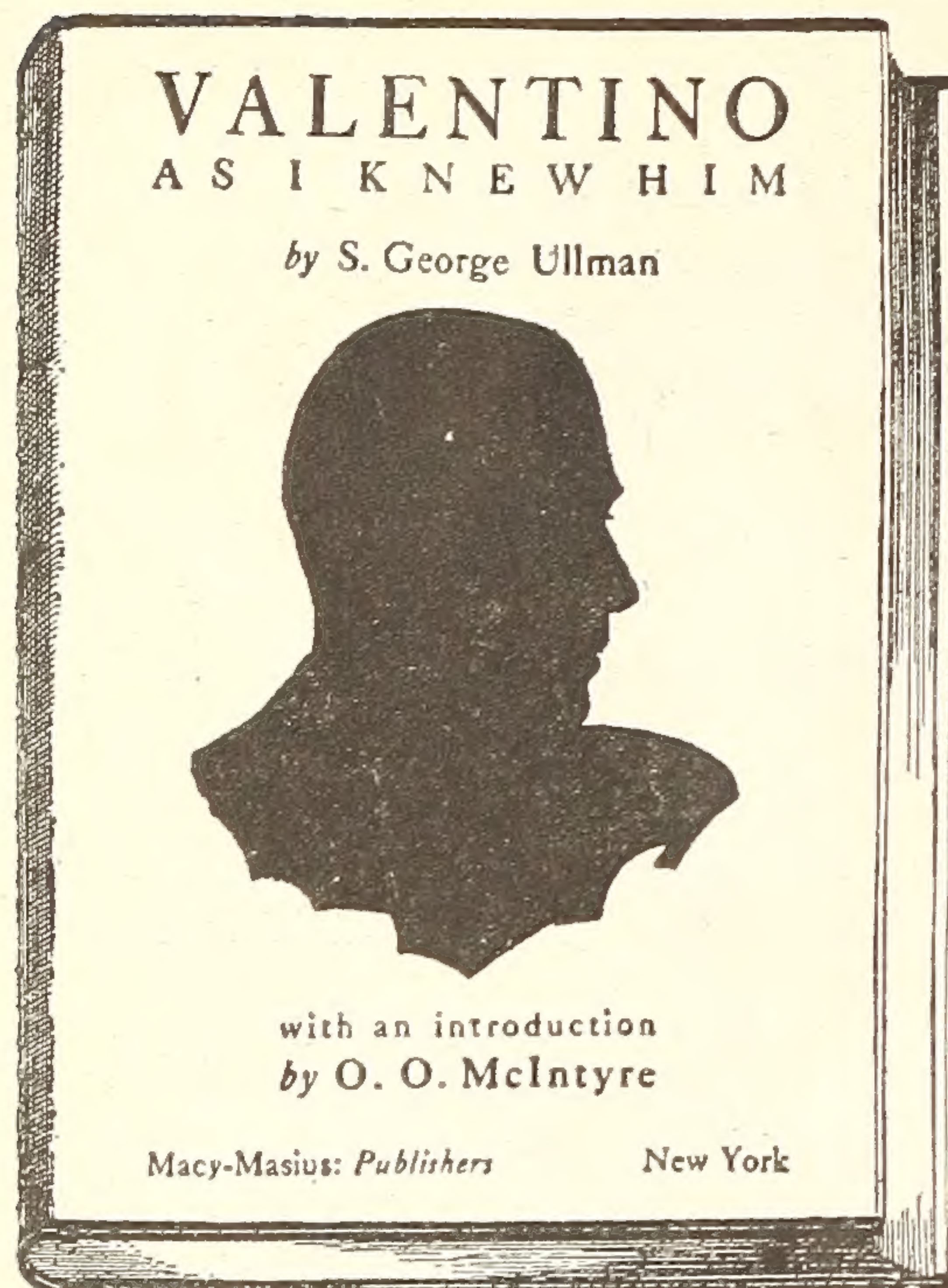
"MIDNIGHT MADNESS"—Jacqueline Logan, with Clive Brook and Walter McGrail. If you like mystery,—and who doesn't? you're going to like this one *sure*. Harmon Weight, Director, Hector Turnbull, Associate Producer.

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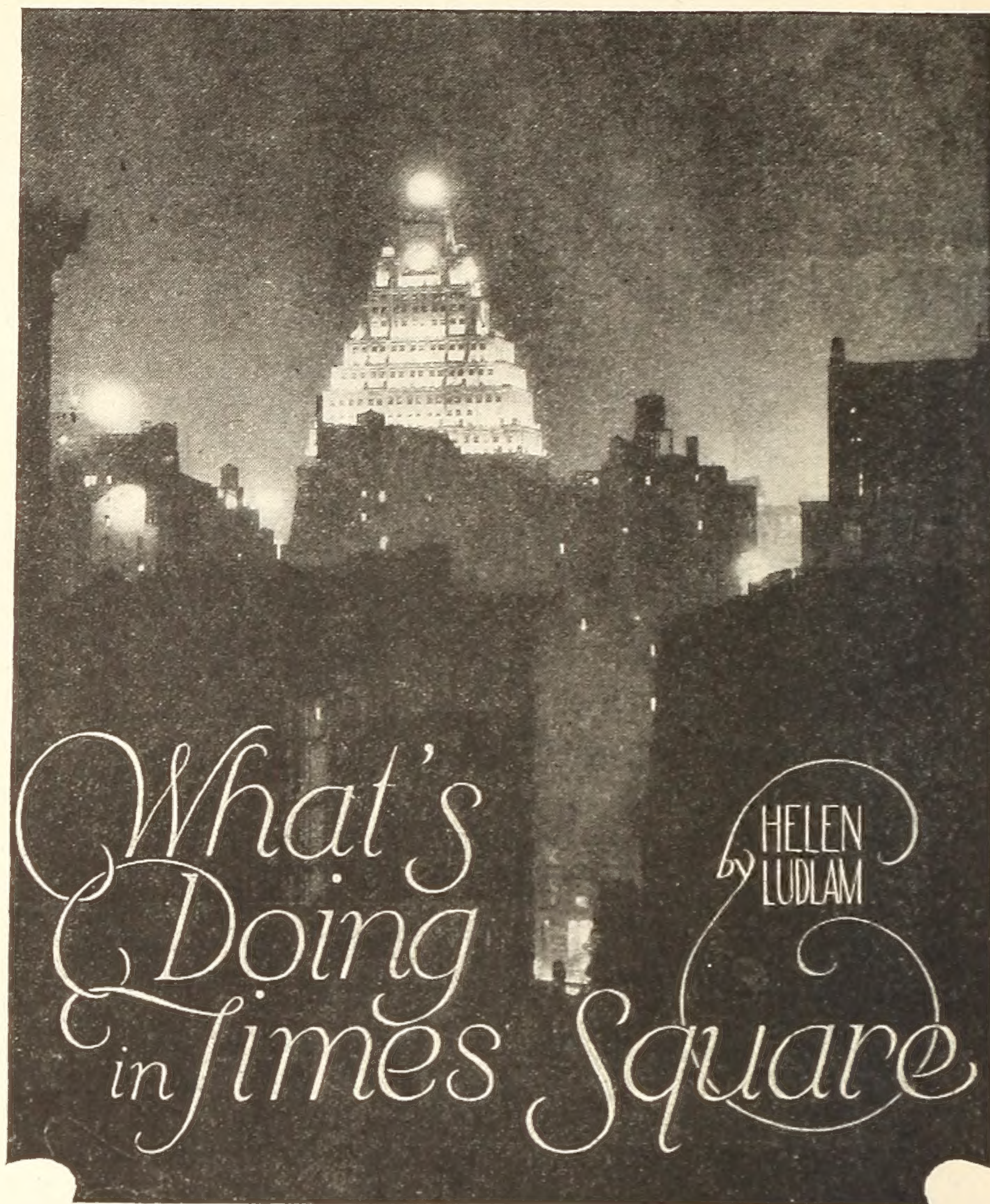
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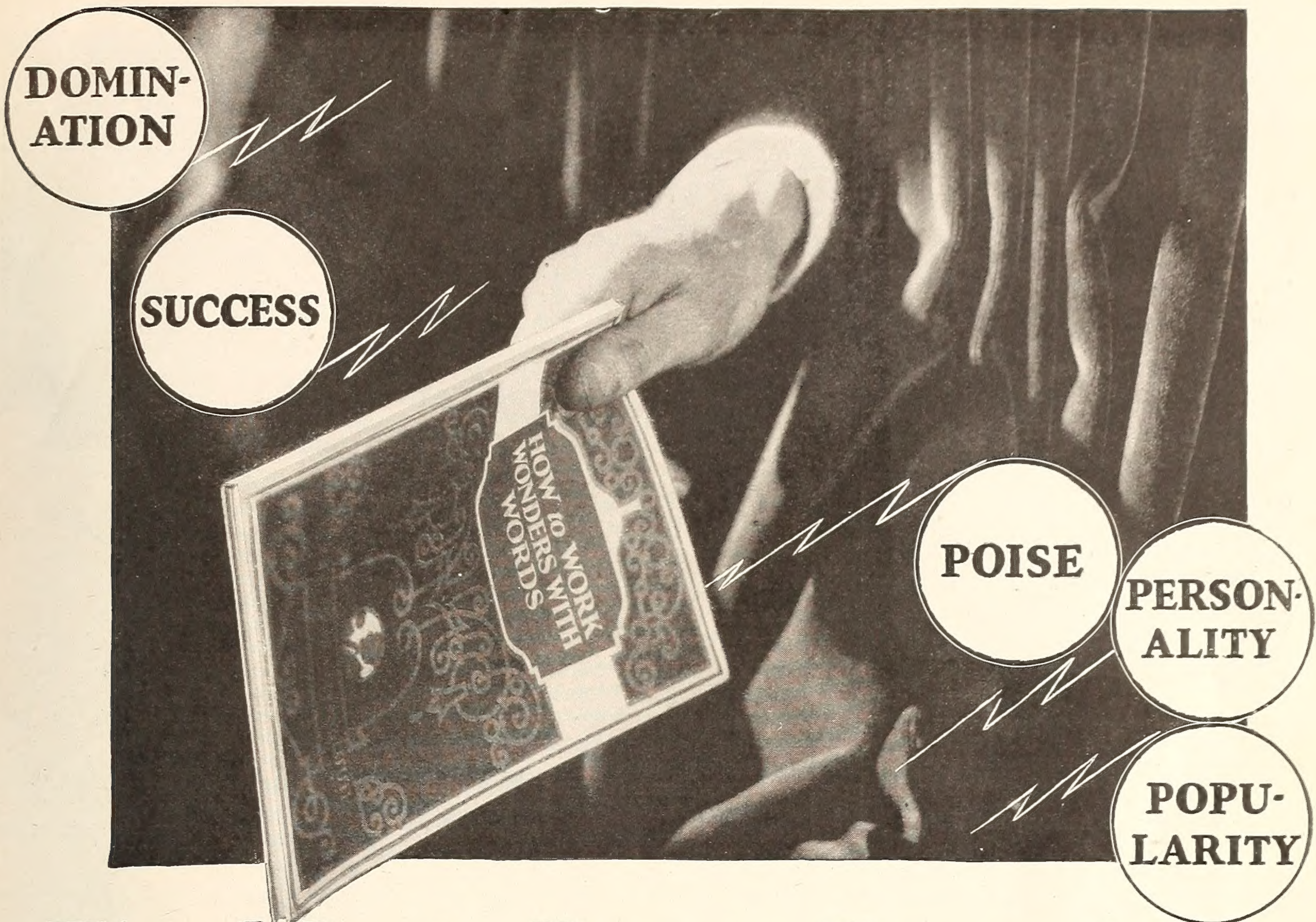
THE 'fattest' picture week of the year happened this month with the simultaneous opening of Emil Jannings in *The Last Command* at the Rialto and Greta Garbo in *The Divine Woman* at the Capitol. In addition to these smashing box office attractions, one could see Charlie Chaplin in *The Circus* at the Strand, Phyllis Haver in *Chicago* at the Gaiety, Greta Garbo and John Gilbert in *Love* at the Embassy, which has been running for several months, and Lillian Gish in *The Enemy* at the Astor. The very best the movies have to offer, all on Broadway at the same time. And if you think there aren't enough people in New York to do justice to these attractions you should have seen the crowds waiting for the doors at the Capitol Theatre to open at 11:30 in the morning. I wasn't there then, but Ruth Taylor, or rather 'Lorelei Lee,' was on her way to SCREENLAND about that time and she was bursting with the news. 'Wouldn't I be proud,' said Ruth, 'if New York fought to see me at that hour in the morning? Greta's wonderful.' But when I did see *The Divine Woman* at six o'clock of an evening during the second week of its run the theatre was full to capacity.

As for Emil Jannings. *The Last Command* is in its fifth week. I've seen the picture three times and have always found a jammed house. The first week I couldn't get in at all without standing for an hour, and the second week I went at six o'clock. At that, if I hadn't been alone and willing to sit on the last row I'd have had to stand through the first performance. One man

was blazing mad because he had stood for three quarters of an hour in the lobby only to find a mob within the tapes. But he wouldn't give up, and after a few minutes he became so absorbed in the film that all the fight was taken out of him. It pleased me to find the public so happy to see a good picture that it was willing to wait, standing, that length of time. I spoke to the manager of the theatre afterwards and asked him if he ever got tired of looking at the same picture week after week. 'Not when it's Jannings,' he assured me. 'Besides, the crowds are fascinating to watch and handle.' That's what the Paramount usher said too, and the two replies were interesting because it never occurred to me that a man might select the job of manager or usher because crowd psychology intrigued him.

Within this month, too, *Drums of Love*, the new Griffith picture opened at the Liberty; Gloria Swanson in *Sadie Thompson* at the Rivoli; Ramon Novarro, Norma Shearer and Jean Hersholt in *The Student Prince* at the Capitol, following Greta Garbo. *Simba*, the extraordinary animal picture taken in Africa by the Martin Johnsons is playing at the Earl Carroll Theatre; *Beau Sabreur* with Gary Cooper, Noah Beery, Evelyn Brent and William Powell at the Paramount; *Her Wild Oat* with Colleen Moore at the Paramount; Will Rogers in *The Texas Steer* at the Cameo and *The Cohens and the Kellys* at the Colony. Then there are the old stand-byes, *Wings* at the Criterion and *Sunrise* at the Times Square.

(Continued on page 98)



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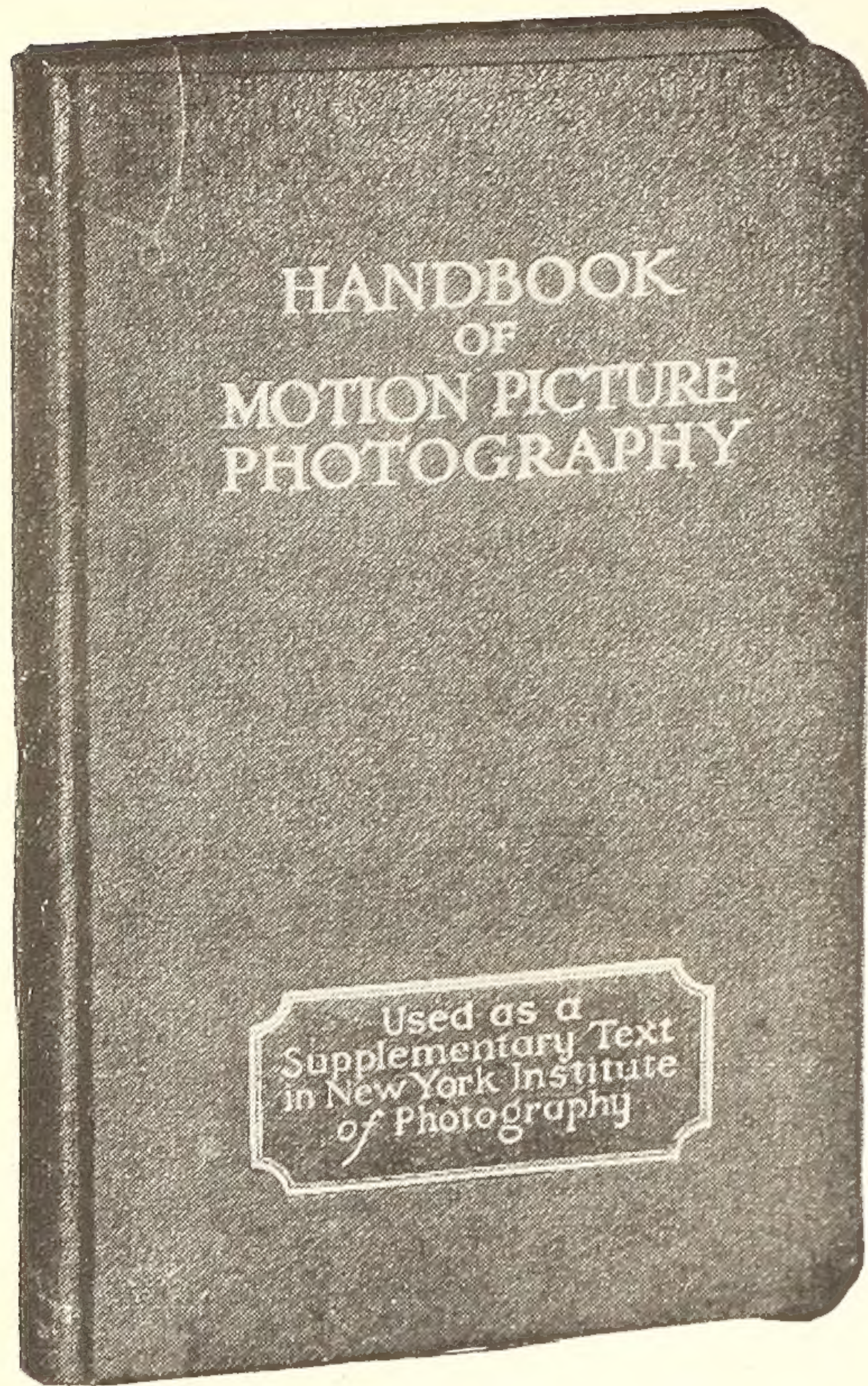
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“In ‘Skyscraper’ the steel construction isn’t the half of it.

FOR the 1,000,001st. time —Gentlemen do Prefer Blondes! We promise never to mention it again. But at least one blonde had everything her own way for the one week she spent in New York. Ruth Taylor, heroine of Paramount’s picturization of Anita Loos’ classic discovery, came to town at the same time her picture made its Broadway bow. Her company treated the little tow-head like a queen, ensconcing her in the prize suite of Manhattan’s newest and positively most palatial hotel overlooking Central Park, sending her to all the important first nights, and giving a very special tea in her honor so that she could dazzle ‘the press.’ The press was properly dazzled, both with Ruth and her interpretation of Lorelei Lee. It was Ruth’s first visit to our town, and she agreed with Lorelei that everything was ‘simply divine.’

Ruth, in real life, is very, very blonde, with very big, round blue eyes. She’s exactly five feet two, weighs one hundred and two pounds, wears a size 3 B shoe, and has a decided sense of humor. She is a level-headed youngster, and knows that one picture doesn’t make a star. She hopes to keep right on playing comedy, believing she doesn’t belong in heavy drama. Her next will be *14 Karat Gold*, with Louise Brooks co-starring, both kids playing chorus girls. Ruth loves to play smart, dressed-up parts. She says she knows nothing about gold-digging except what she learned from Anita Loos’s Lorelei, and refers all impertinent questions about blonde complexes to the author. Ruth is just twenty. Her mother, who came east too, doesn’t look more than thirty. Ruth says she’s ‘swell.’ She made almost as big a hit as her daughter. The Taylors, today, look like well-groomed ladies who have never rubbed shoulders with the sordid side of life; but they will tell you that they spent four lean years in Hollywood while Ruth was fighting for her chance. The little blonde trudged from studio to studio looking for extra work; finally Sennett gave her a job in comedy. Then came the big Blonde stampede, and Ruth won. It was Anita Loos who insisted that the little, comparatively unknown comedienne be handed the prize plum of the year. Now the Taylors are sitting pretty, but they haven’t forgotten their struggles, and they aren’t in any immediate danger of having their heads turned. Mrs. Taylor always longed to be an actress herself. Somehow it never happened, so she encouraged her only child to seek a career

on stage or screen. Ruth, a movie fan from the time she could toddle, picked the pictures. Those four hard years gave her poise; she knows what it’s all about. On her first visit to the Big City, she fitted perfectly into the New York scene, as if she’d been born to it, whether on Park Avenue among the gay debbs, or at Texas Guinan’s, or at the Mayfair, theatrical Manhattan’s smart Saturday night supper Club. Yes—Ruth belongs.

Julia Faye returned from Europe, where she made life more interesting in several continental capitals by personally appearing with *The King of Kings*.

Two amusing ladies visited SCREENLAND—Hedda Hopper and Marie Dressler. And what a team they make! The slender, aristocratic Hedda, with her superb poise and her exquisite clothes; and the massive Marie, one of the best known comediennes in the world, with a heart as robust as her chuckle. They put up at the Ritz, where their suite was open house at tea-time every day, and a constant stream of celebrated people came and went. Miss Dressler knows half the interesting folk in the world; Miss Hopper the other half. They held court like queens, but had much more fun. Both are in pictures, but the business of being charming is their real career. Miss Dressler has signed with Metro-Goldwyn to make merry in pictures. Her latest screen appearance is with Marion Davies in *The Patsy*. Hedda Hopper is always being cast to play mothers, which is quite all right as long as they do not give her screen sons any older than her own boy, aged twelve. But all too frequently she is called upon to mother an actor twice her age. Her sense of humor is equal to any emergency and she doesn’t care what they give her to play, so long as she’s busy and amused. Not a bad philosophy, apparently—for Hedda looks younger and happier than some of our stars who are always wanting the role that was promised to somebody else.

Lillian Gish has gone to California where she will be the house guest of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks. How’s that for a society item?

Portrait of a Lady: Irene Rich in New York. She came east to see her daughter Frances, in school at Smith College, in Massachusetts. Then she tarried in town a while, seeing the shows and shopping. Irene is one picture star who keeps her screen and private life strictly separate. She

never wears her personal wardrobe in the studio, and she doesn't talk shop outside studio hours unless pressed. She loves her work, but she loves her private life, too; and of all the important stars, she is perhaps the least 'movie.' Miss Rich is contented, which makes her all the more unusual. She says she likes the company she works for, likes most of the stories they give her, likes her directors, and her casts, and everything. What do you think of that? She has lighter hair than you'd expect, and a fair complexion, and the general effect is blonder than on the screen. But the deep brown eyes are the same—warm and friendly. Perhaps they're the reason that people turn around and look after her on the street, and smile, and say: 'There goes Irene Rich! Isn't she nice!' They're right. She is.

* * *

Add *Mysteries of the Movies*: why we don't see more of Percy Marmont, that fine English gentleman? He's in New York now, and he looks just as fresh and as interesting as he did when he played the hero of *If Winter Comes*. He has a home in Sussex, England, where he'd rather be than anywhere else in the world; but how about Hollywood?

Charles Ray and Clara Ray are still in these parts. In fact, Mrs. Ray has gone on the stage, having found a part to her liking. Charlie may follow in her footsteps. He has a play of his own in which he may appear. It's a refreshing thing to see these two, anyway—perhaps the most conspicuous case of married devotion that ever came out of Hollywood. They are old married folks as matrimony is reckoned among stage and screen people; and they have not had easy sailing in the past few years. In fact, the financial vicissitudes the Rays have encountered might have wrecked more than one marriage. But Charles and Clara have carried on. And it looks as if they may soon be riding the crest of the wave again.

* * *

Meet Tim McCoy, an Irishman who likes Indians. He's one of the most picturesque figures in pictures, is Metro-Goldwyn's big western star. He's as much at home in a dinner jacket as he is in chaps and flannel shirt, so he was not at all out of place at New York's first nights and night clubs. Tim McCoy has keen blue eyes and a blooming complexion that Hollywood ingenues would give their best diamond bracelets for. He married Agnes Heron Miller, daughter of the late Henry Miller, one of America's best-known actors; and the McCoy's have three children, the youngest of whom, 'Mike' McCoy, received honorable mention in a review in *SCREENLAND* of *Young Hollywood*, the kid picture in which he played an important part. 'Mike's' real name is D'Arcy—after a role made famous by Grandfather Miller, in *D'Arcy of the Guards*, a stage play which was popular several generations ago.

Tim McCoy is a former colonel of the U. S. Cavalry. He is one of the few white men to have a working knowledge of the Indian sign language and tribal lore. He is known as 'Friend to the Indian;' and his Indian title is High Eagle. His ambition is to present the much-maligned Vanishing American in his true light to the youth of America, McCoy is happy making pictures, because he can stir up excitement, and experience narrow escapes from death. He has been injured in practically every picture he has made, he tells you, proudly. A fighting Irishman!

* * *

Martha Sleeper! What a name for such
(Continued on page 94)

I Lost That Fat So Easily—So Quickly

Many people all about you now rejoice in slender figures. Wherever you look you can see that excess fat has largely disappeared.

Some have lost fat painfully—by starvation or abnormal exercise. But they found these methods slow and hard, and often dangerous. A great many others have gained the results in an easy pleasant way, modern and scientific.

This modern method is embodied in Marmola prescription tablets, now used for 20 years. They combat a cause of excess fat discovered by modern research. That cause is not over-eating or too little exercise, but lack of a certain substance in the system.

For two decades Marmola has helped to bring new beauty, new health and vitality to those who were over-fat. Those people



have told the results to others, so the use has spread. Now in every circle you can see the results of this easy, pleasant method.

The use of Marmola requires no abnormal exercise or diet, but moderation helps. Simply take four tablets daily until the weight comes down to normal. Every box contains the formula, also an explanation of results, to

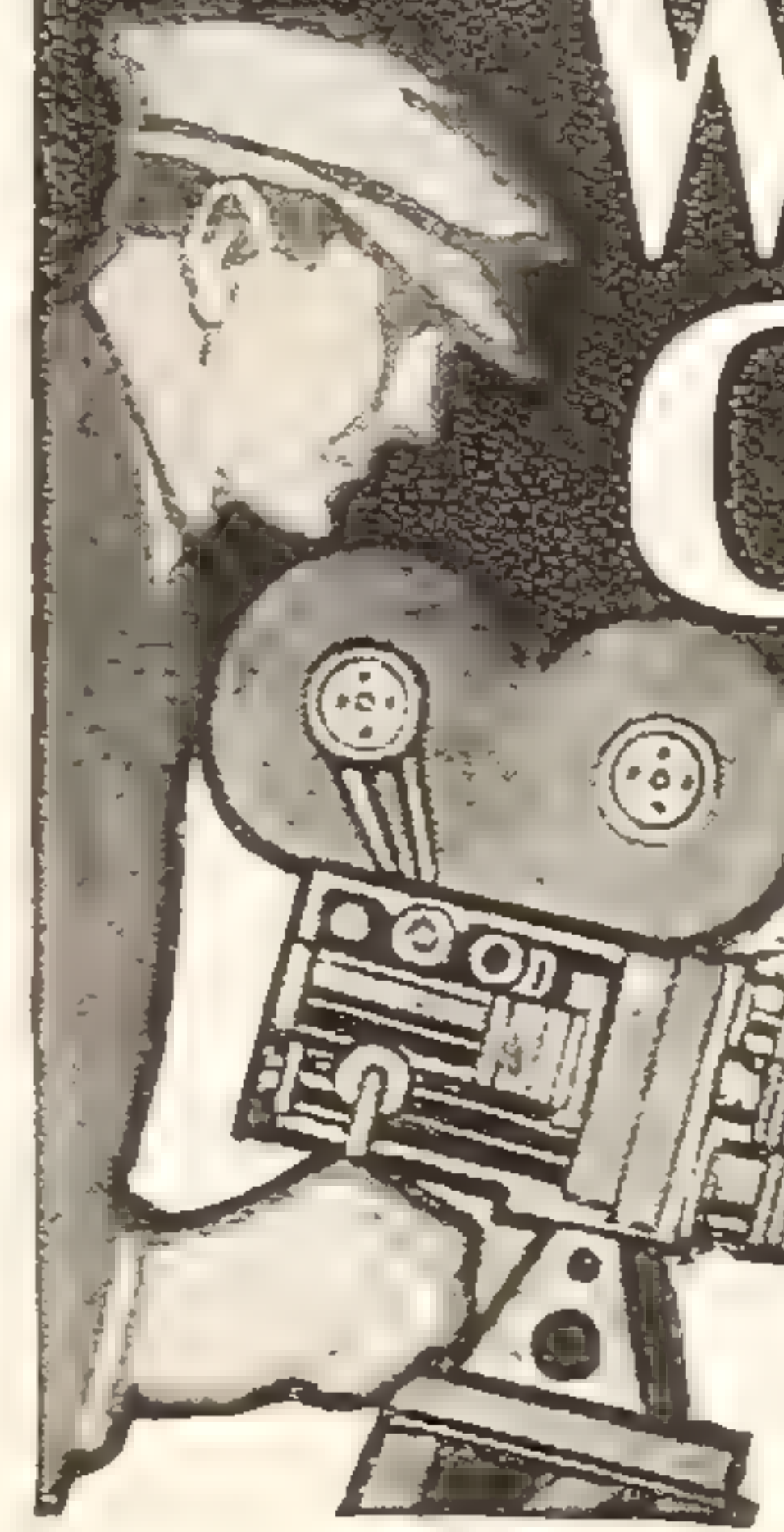
banish any fear of harm.

Go try Marmola—you owe that to yourself. Try Learn what so many know about it. Watch its results for a month, and you will be glad in many ways that you found it out. Order a box now before you forget it.

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at \$1 per box. Any druggist who is out will get them from his jobber for you.

MARMOLA Prescription Tablets The Pleasant Way to Reduce

Want to be a Movie Cameraman?



HERE'S YOUR CHANCE!

Get one of these fascinating, big-pay positions! You can quickly qualify—no previous experience needed. Wonderful opportunities in Motion Picture Photography. Every day the demand for trained men grows greater! Mail the coupon for full details.

\$50 to \$250 A WEEK!

Yes, even as high as \$500 a week is paid to the man behind the camera. Wouldn't YOU like to be on the staff of one of the big movie companies? Or travel around the world as a newsreel and scenic cameraman? Hundreds of golden chances for you in Photography. Already one of the world's biggest industries, still in its infancy.

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Portrait, News and Commercial Photography Pay Big Too! Trained men and women needed. Opportunities everywhere; high-salaried positions or your own business. Mail coupon now for details.

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Try the New Cuticura Shaving Stick
Freely Lathering Medicinal and Emollient

BROWNIE NAME CARDS
50 Perfect Name Cards with Genuine Leather Case 50c
SIZE card 1 1/4 x 2 1/4. Choice of black or tan leather. Name in Old English type. Price complete 50c. Send stamps, coin or money order. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.
MIDGET CARD SHOP, INC. 50 Bridge St., New Cumberland, Pa.



Photograph by
Lyman Pollard

Phyllis Haver

SCREENLAND

HONOR PAGE

April 1928



☞ In 'The Way of All Flesh' with Emil Jannings Phyllis held her own.



☞ Once a Sennett bathing beauty, for good and sufficient reasons.



Irving Chidnoff

☞ We have been clamoring for a chance for Phyllis since 'The Golden Princess' and 'What Price Glory.'



☞ Phyllis Haver in 'Chicago' had a smashing run on Broadway. Her next will be with Victor Varconi and is called 'Tenth Avenue.'

Fascinating Phyllis



☞ Evelyn Brent and Emil Jannings in 'The Last Command.'

They DO BETTER

An Editorial by
ELIOT KEEN



☞ An off stage portrait of the greatest actor in pictures

WHENEVER Emil Jannings comes out in a new film there is much sincere comment and it is all complimentary. You will also read praise for the other players; for the directors and scenarists, until it has become an accepted truism 'With Jannings they do better.'

Now from the coast comes the 'inside stories' of the making of *The Last Command* and of the helpfulness of Jannings. It was Jannings who suggested the story, we are told, and it was Jannings who helped this one and advised that one.

What a beautiful quality is unselfishness! It springs from sympathy for others and it's reward is understanding of others and the freely given key to our loyal affections.

Good luck, Emil Jannings.

A Page for OLD FRIENDS

NEVER-TO-BE-FORGOTTEN

BILL HART

☐ *Alive and well and always a good screen bet, William S. Hart is ranching it within call of Hollywood.*

By
Marion
Brooks
Ritchie



☐ *Pioneer William S. Hart, gun in hand, led the movies across the plains, fighting fire, murder, Injuns and outlaws until Westerns were on every program—and still are.*



☐ *Bill and Pinto. Actors retired with honors.*

Brang the phone bell.
"Hello, hello! Gladstone 8924? Just a minute, please. Newhall calling."

Bill Hart at last!

"Hello, hello! Marion? Bill Hart talking. Say, what's all this message about calling you way down in Hollywood the very first time I put Pinto in the paddock and take the time to come back to

the house?"

Next from me:

"It's just about time I got word from you, you big two-gun man from the open plains! Where on earth have you been? And what are you doing up there at Horse Shoe Ranch and what have you got to say to all the fans that are asking about you?"

Bill laughed good and hearty over the phone all the way from Newhall to Hollywood.

"Say, don't be so hard on me, Marion. I've got this brand new house up here, eighty acres of land, and a little Pinto who's just itching to be on the go every hour of the day. We trail along to-

gether up over the mountains having too good a time to even think of coming back to civilization."

"But, Bill, Bill!" I called to him over the fifty miles of telephone wire. "What about your friends? What about all the millions of us who are wondering where you've been (Cont. on page 94)



Are You



☞ Will Greta Garbo ever make a decision?



☞ Gilbert Roland. He's Spanish and he knows his——



☞ Charles Rogers has the docility of a born husband.



☞ Richard Dix is a bachelor — Why not?



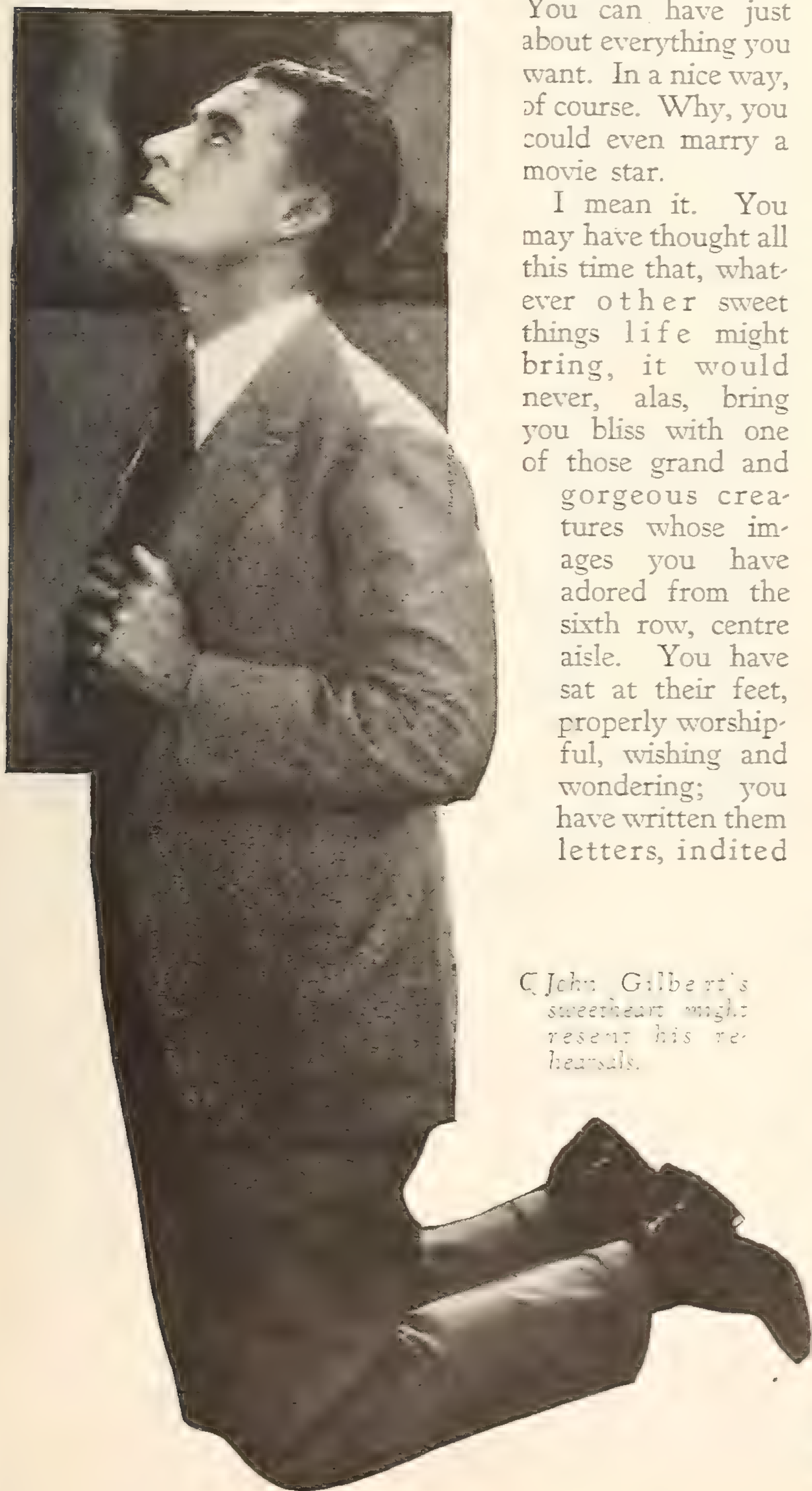
☞ William Haines would make a wife happy, but whose?

Companionate?

¶ Some of the stars are looking over the studio fences

By Delight Evans

ARE you companionate? That's the great, big question right now. Do you have that companionate feeling, or don't you? Come now—make up your mind. If the answer is 'Yes'—and it had better be—you're in luck. You're sitting pretty. The world is yours—yours, and Judge Lindsey's.



¶ John Gilbert's sweetheart might resent his rehearsals.

You can have just about everything you want. In a nice way, of course. Why, you could even marry a movie star.

I mean it. You may have thought all this time that, whatever other sweet things life might bring, it would never, alas, bring you bliss with one of those grand and gorgeous creatures whose images you have adored from the sixth row, centre aisle. You have sat at their feet, properly worshipful, wishing and wondering; you have written them letters, indited

them poetry, framed their pictures, and read all about them. You have loved them—and lost them, to several other fellows. To enter the stiff competition for a screen queen's heart and hand—don't forget the hand—you thought you must possess the fire of Jack Gilbert, with maybe a dash of Ronald Colman's charm and Billy Haines' nerve. You believed you must know how to make love as they do—with éclat and esprit, whatever that means; I hope it's something nice. You labored under the delusion that you must own looks, brains, money, and a steam yacht. You're all wrong.

Helene Costello is married to a business man. Jack Regan knew her when she was a kid in Long Island. Helene grew up and got famous. Jack continued to remain unknown to the general public. But he followed Helene west one day and snatched her right from under the noses of the Hollywood stars.

You young men—perk up. If you feel a bad case of Garboitis or Bowfever coming on, don't just give up and go to bed and die. Don't let your family and your friends discourage you. Just you listen to me. You have a chance. Some day some young fellow like you is going to take a train to Hollywood, meet his ideal, pour out his manly heart in a sincere torrent of torrid passion—and win her. Stop laughing. I'm not Charlie Chaplin. I'm your good fairy. It might happen. It has happened.

Irene Rich married David Blankenhorn, a California banker. He knows nothing about movie technique and cares less. But he is a perfect husband. Irene says so.

The reason you don't hear more about it is because most young men are licked before they start. They concede their burning ambition—and get laughed at. 'What—you have a chance with that queen? You're crazy! She even turned down Jack McWhistle, the Great Lover of the Screen. She wouldn't even look at you!' The lovelorn one hangs his head. He guesses they're right. He wouldn't have a chance. He—only a bond salesman, although studying the course at night. What's the use?

Cheer up, boys. I bring you a message of good cheer. Read it and reap. You don't have to eat your hearts out. Let the girls do that—the girls you'll leave behind you. You have your chance. Grab it. Here's how—and stop crooking your elbow.

Jackie Logan, Dorothy Devore, and Corinne Griffith married business men. John McCormack wooed and won the pretty little Irish actress, Colleen Moore, when he was an advertising and publicity man. Now he's an important film executive and Colleen's favorite lover, and she has played opposite some famous ones.

Hollywood is a dream city. Some of the dreams come true; others turn into nightmares. It's a town of illusion and delusion. Everybody's acting. The favorite popular song seems to be: 'Sometimes I Live' (Cont. on page 80)

Ruth Taylor Offers Her EVENING WRAP

& DRESS

FREE for

a Fan Letter



☞ This beautiful dress and wrap will be sent to the writer of the best letter. Let your reply be brief, witty and original. The dress and wrap will be sent to the contestant who submits the cleverest letter.

☞ Here is the question for you to answer: 'Why do gentlemen prefer gold-diggers?'

GENTLEMEN prefer blondes but ladies prefer the way blondes dress. I mean Ruth Taylor, of course, the gold-digging, sex-appealing female in *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*. Ruth Taylor is the lucky gal selected for the much sought after role of Lorelei Lee. (Do you remember her in Mack Sennett comedies?) Every blonde in Hollywood said she was just the type and every brunette claimed she had a blonde personality, but Ruth won out and made good, thank you.

It was Ruth's first trip to New York and she was staying at the tony Savoy Plaza (the very nicest gentlemen live there).

We asked Ruth how she liked New York. "I don't know," said Ruth. "I haven't been shopping yet." That's Ruth. She is simply 'devine,' I mean she is awfully cute. You just know she'll slay 'em. No wonder Paramount signed her to a five year contract—obviously they

☞ Ruth Taylor in the smart evening wrap of blue transparent velvet trimmed with ostrich feathers. The wrap gives a sort of dolman effect.

Address—RUTH TAYLOR

SCREENLAND Contest Department
49 West 45th St., New York

Contest closes April 15, 1928

are Gentlemen.

Oh yes, we were speaking of clothes. We were sent to get some clothes from Ruth Taylor for our gift department. Think of our courage! Trying to dig a gold-digger. Try and do it, you say.

Well, we did and put it over without the slightest bit of trouble. Ruth was willing to give practically anything she owned. I told you she was divine, and I mean it, cross my heart. Imagine looking as beautiful as Ruth does in the wrap and gown and yet being able to give it away—it's too much for us but *she* was thrilled at the thought. Her beautiful blue eyes grew brighter and she was the picture of a blonde at her blond-est. She said, "Do you think they will like it?" You tell her, especially if you weigh about one hundred and two pounds and are five feet two inches tall. (Them's Ruth's dimensions.) See if you can Lorelei Lee Ruth Taylor for the gifts.

After all, she is simply divine.

*Interviewed by
Evelyn Ballarine*



☞ The dress is knee length of white georgette heavily beaded in a beautiful design. A white silk slip goes with the dress.

☞ Ruth Taylor displaying the gift wrap and dress to advantage. Her next picture is '14 Karat Gold.' Sounds hot, doesn't it?

There is MORE to a PICTURE

By Amy S. Jennings

ZAZU PITTS was recently making *Sunlight*, one of the new 'art pictures' which are becoming popular both among actors and audiences. She is one of our really great actresses. Selected by von Stroheim to play the leading woman in *Greed*, she certainly knows her stuff. And yet the director had more than once to suggest:

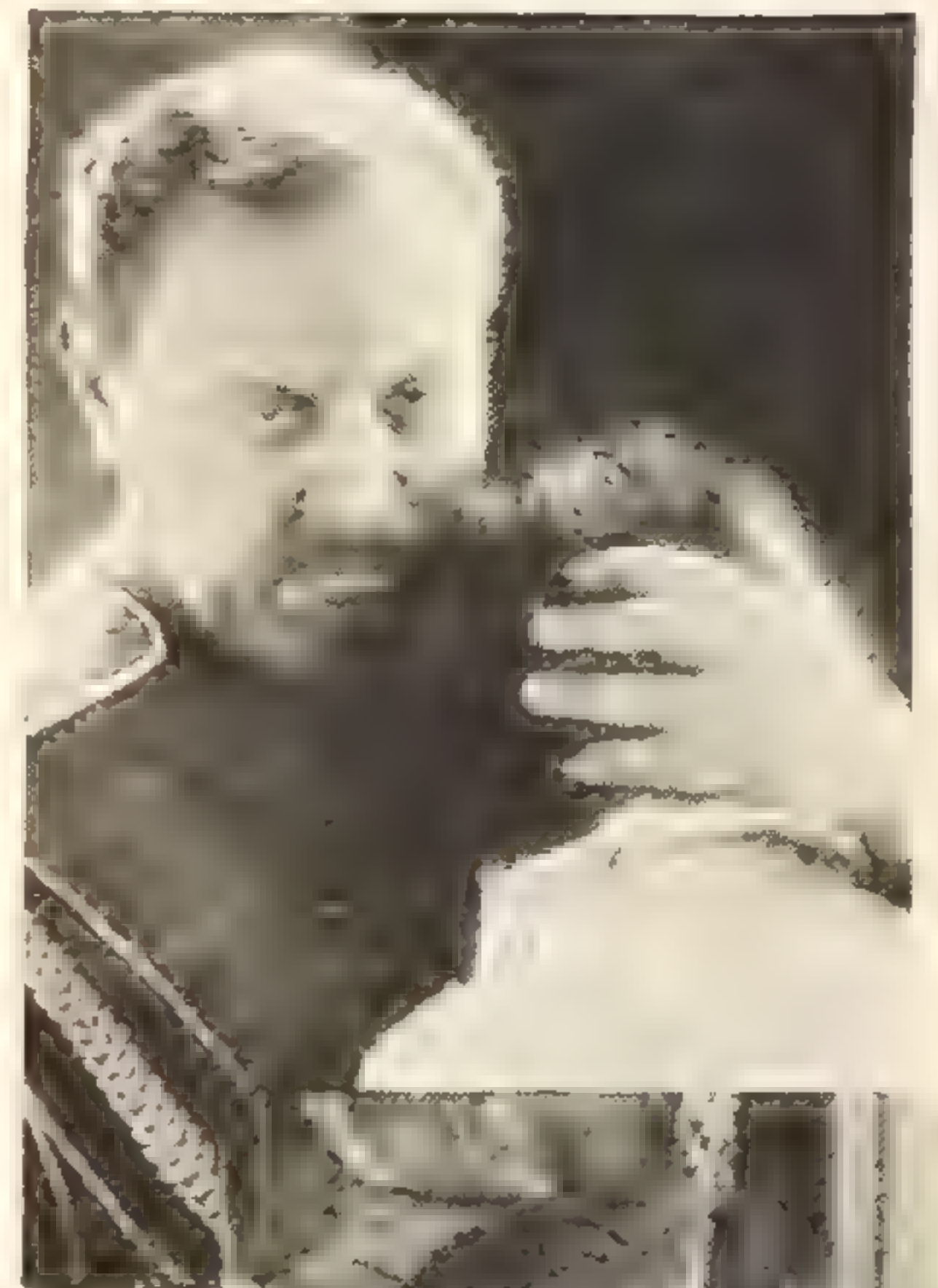
'Not quite so restrained Miss Pitts. This is an art picture and has to get over to the critics, and they like it quite as thick as any hick audience—except the kisses. Cut out the kisses and most of the Broadway critics will say you've come across with an artistic triumph. Idiots—don't know a thing about pictures—and probably no more about kissing.'

I thought at the time he was a bit hard on the critics, but I have since concluded that whatever the critic's knowl-

Amy S. Jennings is a new writer for SCREENLAND and an unusual one for any magazine. Her picture knowledge is intimate and authoritative and sound; and her vision is limitless.

Writing in the Atlantic Monthly Miss Jennings startled the thinkers and artists of the world with her challenge that the motion picture is not only an art, but The GREATEST Art.

Emil Jannings and Evelyn Brent in the sequence revealing their love.



In Murnau's 'Sunrise' Margaret Livingston and George O'Brien were colors on a master's palette.



In 'The Last Command' when Evelyn Brent leads the mob against her lover.

than MEETS the EYE



Emil Jannings, when the Grand Duke lives again. 'The Command is—forward.'

ities, and therefore he will not be able to give praise where praise is due. Most picture critics don't know the limits, or more important still, the possibilities of moving pictures.

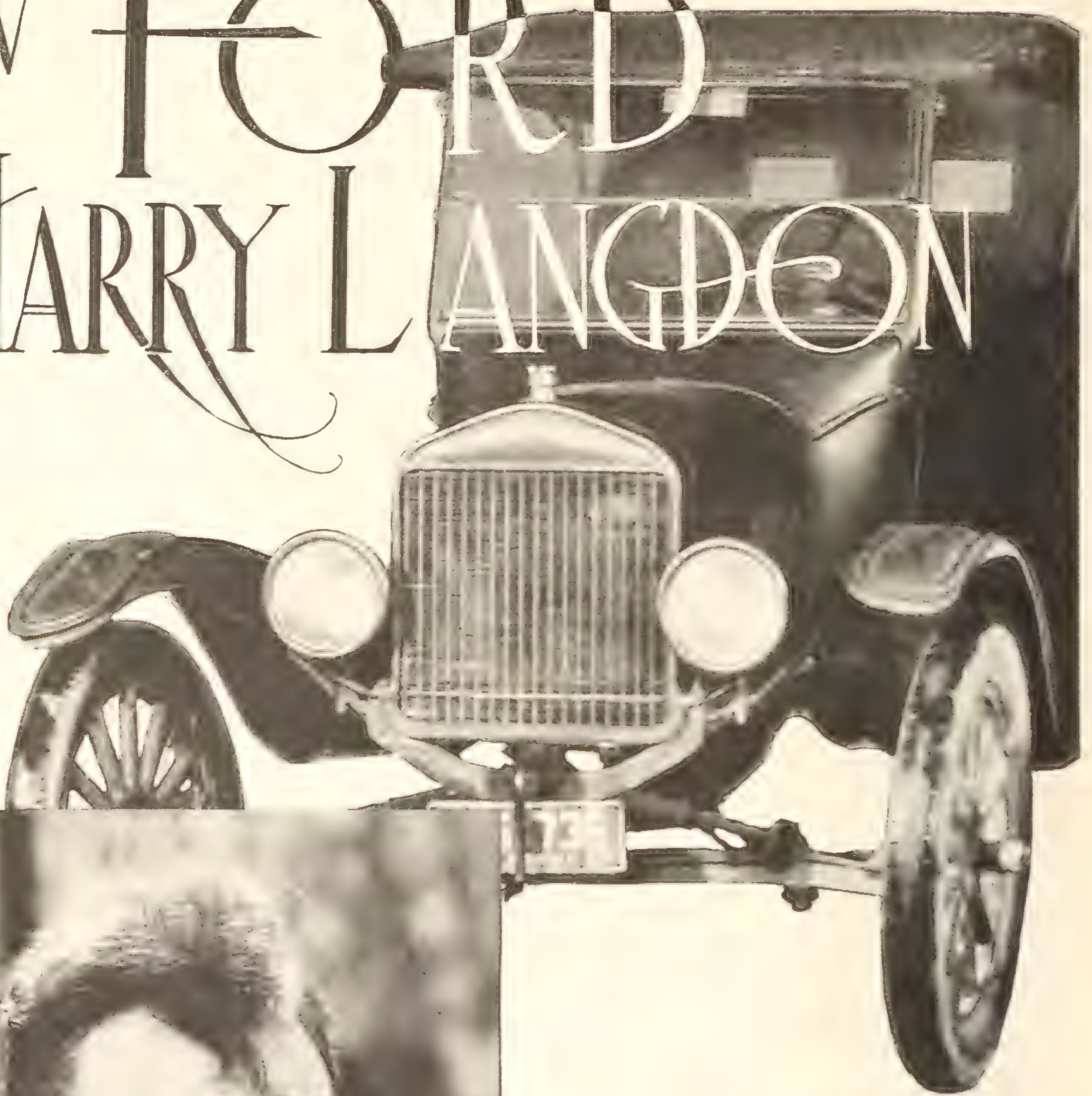
A sequence amuses or pleases a critic because of what happens in it. He has little appreciation of how it is done—other than how the actors may twist their faces around or how gorgeous the sets and clothes are. He is usually a converted dramatic critic and is mainly interested in the

plot, the acting, or the titles, whereas the art of the movie lies mainly outside these.

The art of the movies is in expressing action, thought, emotion, growth, time itself—in pictures. The novel will say 'years passed.' The ordinary movie will insert a title to the same effect. But the real, the imaginative picture will picture for you the passage of time. In *So Big*, taken from Edna Ferber's famous novel, Colleen Moore is left in the cabbage field, dancing to amuse her baby son, with a bunch of radishes pinned behind one (Cont. on page 82)

A NEW FORD from HARRY LANGDON

☞ A gag for Harry should suit his personality. Recall the many funny situations in 'The Strong Man' and in 'Long Pants' and then let your sense of humor be your guide.



Gags for Harry Langdon

By
Marion
Brooks
Ritchie



☞ A close-up of the whimsical, child-like Harry. Who will drive this new Ford to the movie palace to see his own gag played by this famous comic?

OF course, if I really had been wise I would have noted what that boy Harry Langdon was doing every moment of the time when we were talking, and then I could have taken the paper out of his hands before he crumpled it all in a ball and threw it in the basket.

If I had done that, I simply could have written labels

underneath each drawing and you'd have had the interview complete, because everything we talked about was sketched there on the paper that he'd crumpled up and thrown away!

First there was the sketch of me—this sad-eyed Harry always draws a picture of the one he's talking to; then one of Gladys McConnell, *The Chaser* leading lady, about whom he had said some very complimentary things. Between Gladys and me, was the unmistakable brand new Ford, with a lady sitting at the wheel.

"What's that?" I said to him. "Why have you put a feminine gender at the wheel of this fine car? Do you want a girl to write the winning gag?"

"Oh, no," he assured me, "but it just happened to occur to me that we hear a tremendous lot about the gag-men in the movies, and it would simply be something a little different to have a gag-woman to be talking about."

That was an idea, too! It never seems to have entered any Hollywood producer's mind that a woman could be used to 'gag' a comedy.

The Langdons, the Lloyds, the Griffiths, the Beerys and Battons, and all the rest, have anywhere from three to six or seven gag-men on their set, but women aren't even thought about as fun creators for their comedies. That was an idea sure enough!



Q This beautiful new Ford will be awarded for the best gag sent to Harry Langdon.

Q In the event of two or more contestants submitting the gag chosen as 'Best,' each of such will receive a Ford identical with the one offered.

Q Harry discards the faithful lizzie to try out the Ford which he will send to the writer of the funniest and most original gag.

The phone rang. Two minutes later, on the pad was a likeness of General Manager Don Eddy.

"That was——," he started.

"Never mind telling me," I laughed. "You don't have to tell me who you were talking to. I can see from here that it was Don Eddy."

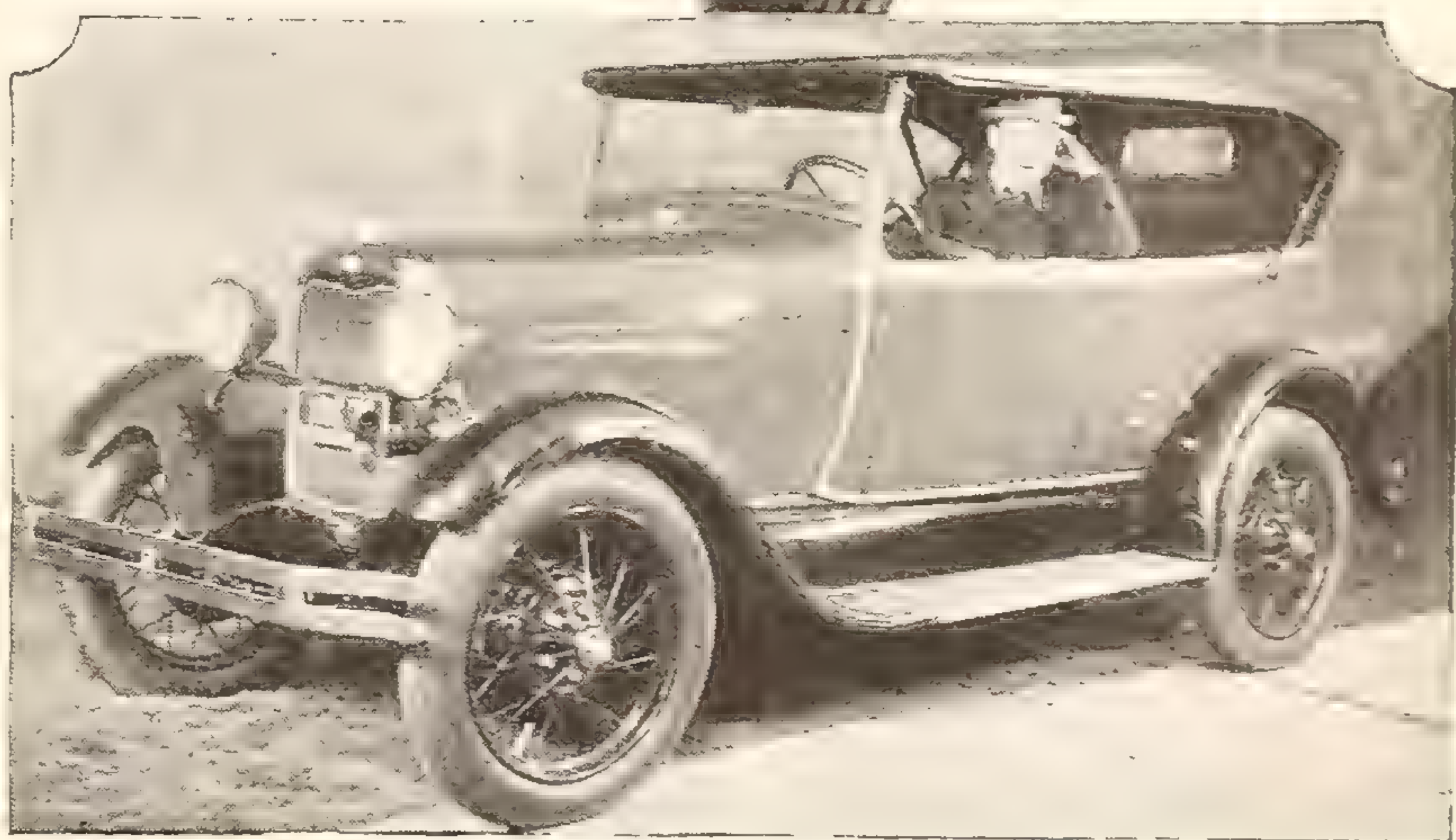
Harry laughed and moved into a big leather chair, and curled up in it exactly as you've seen him do in his production.

"Yes, that was Don," he went on. "He wanted to know how I am getting along on the new 'idea' for our next picture. *The Chaser* is practically ready for release, and of course we have to get started on something else."

As the saying goes, this was 'right up my own street.' I have heard so many things about the way these comedy stars work out a picture idea, that I figured now I could get some actual first-hand information.

"I suppose you have the main part of the story, the skeleton, as it were, all set?" I questioned, as if it didn't make a great deal of difference to me one way or the other.

"Oh, no," he said. "As a matter of fact, that is what we do not do. Here's how we work: the whole staff gets together—Don, Arthur Ripley, myself, and all the rest of the gang. We bring up idea after



Q Harry Langdon in the new Ford waiting for an Isotta-Rolls to dispute the Boulevard with him.

idea, until at last we feel we have hit upon a corking good one of which everyone approves and in which everyone considers there is great promise. Then we start working on the idea. We build it up, keep on adding to it until it either works out perfectly or until we have hit a snag—a place where we can't finish it without forcing the action or without trying to make the action the comedy, instead of the action naturally carrying the comedy right along with it."

"What about this one on which you are working?" I asked.

"I don't know," he continued rather quizzically, looking out of the (Cont. on page 88)

Write each gag on a separate piece of paper
Address—HARRY LANGDON

SCREENLAND Contest Department
49 West 45th Street
New York City

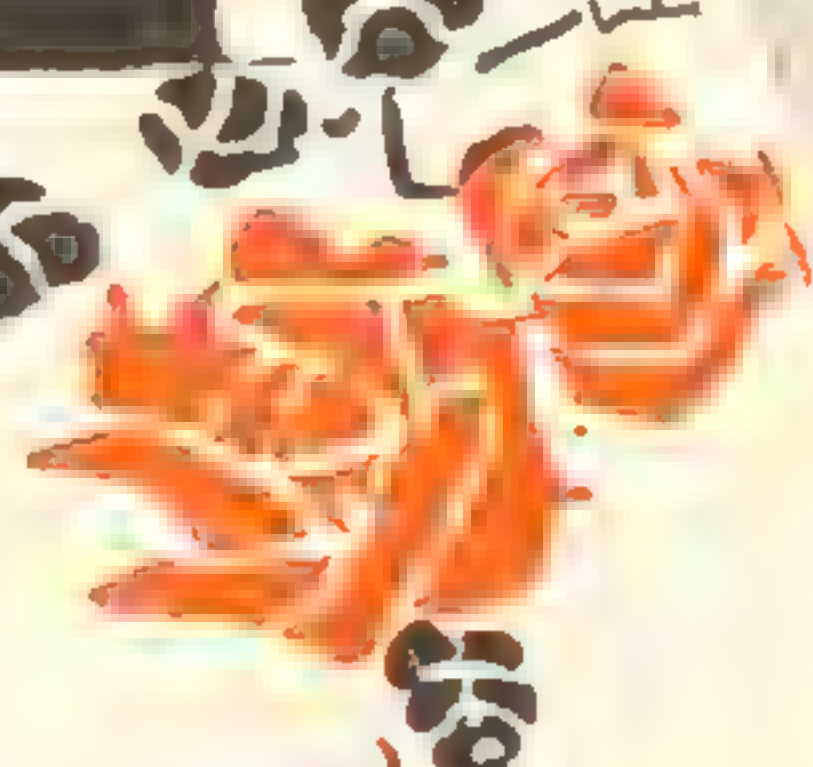
Contest closes April 15, 1928



☞ They talk of the map of Ireland, Nancy Carroll flaunts the map of New York City from every curve.



☞ 'Pretty mouth, wide eyes, Picture fortune, if she tries.'



☞ When New York produces a girl she always has nice legs.

“Manhattan Nancy”

NANCY CARROLL OF NEW YORK CITY IS ABIE'S IRISH ROSE

By Tom W. Baily

THE stork was all trimmed up with shamrocks, and the baby was as Irish as the colleen baun, acushla.

“New York next stop and it's yerself 'll be lavin' us,” said God's air service delivery, to she who was to be Nancy Carroll. And that, no foolin'; is how Nancy Carroll came to Manhattan.

Nancy is the girl in a hundred. She is the one picked from a coterie of five score actresses for the important and trying role of Rosemary Murphy in the picturization of that old stand-by, *Abie's Irish Rose*, which Anne Nichols wrote and produced back in New York and set the theatrical world agog as a result of its long run—five and a half years. Now Paramount is making it into a motion picture, and the studios in Hollywood are humming in an endeavor to make it the biggest thing since *The Covered Wagon*.

And little Nancy is the girl who will be glorified in the production. She's the lucky one, and has the luck that goes with her race.

Nancy Carroll is as red-headed as Clara Bow, and has the same eyes that make men topple off buildings, pray that locomotives run

(Cont. on page 99)



The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

ALEC B. FRANCIS

in

The Shepherd of the Hills

The year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hill-side's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world!

ROBERT BROWNING



GEORGE K. ARTHUR gives us louder and longer laughs. We are waiting for *Monkey Business*, his next comedy.

Photograph by Ruth Harriet Louise

SCREENLAND



JUNE COLLYER, a 1928 Wampas Baby Star, a five year contract with Fox and a great chance for success before her.

SCREENLAND



NENA QUARTARO the latest good-will ambassador from Mexico knows her Popocatepetl.

Photograph by Curtis Biltmore Studios

SCREENLAND



ridiculous requests that come in. For instance, in the last few months:

Rod La Rocque has been asked to endorse an invention to press pants by inserting them in a folder, which is to be put under the mattress. 'Your pants pressed while you sleep.'

H. B. Warner, the dignified and immaculate, was asked to endorse a snap bow tie with a rubber around the neck.

D. W. Griffith was asked to endorse a new bath salts and bath perfume.

Jetta Goudal was requested to give a testimonial to an

Colleen Moore, whose name is box office perfume, gets a royalty for some toilet requisites.



elastic band purported to reduce double chins if worn at night.

Tom Mix was asked to give his endorsement to a cough medicine manufactured in Aus-

Bobby Vernon, Jimmy Adams, Jack Duffy and the Christie Girls would like to endorse a good line of wheel-barrows.

tralia.

One of the most beautiful blonde stars in the film world was asked to allow her picture to be used on a face powder (Cont. on page 86)

Should the Successful STARS

Nothing is so hard to live down as a label.



Lupe Velez for years will hear — "You should have seen her in 'The Gaucho.'"



Ruth Taylor begins her career 'classified.'

Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor, but it isn't 'Seventh Heaven' this time.



Lya de Putti.



Betty Bronson as Peter Pan.



Loretta Young and Lon Chaney in 'Laugh, Clown, Laugh.' A fortunate start.



ALBERT LEVERING

The tumbler brings Lois Moran who would like to forget 'Stella Dallas' and Ruth Taylor already sick of Lorelei Lee.

"If, after they have made a success in pictures, we could guillotine our actors, one could plant flowers on the grave of a producer's worries," remarked Herbert Brenon recently. "One of his worries anyhow," he added with a whimsical smile, remembering that the worries of a producer are many and manifold. "Who was it said about Chang that the cleverest directorial stroke in the picture was shooting the actors after the film was completed? That was obviously a remark intended to be witty rather than truthful, for Chang was a brilliant picture. I have seen altogether too many fine actors," he continued, "constrained by box-office demand to the playing of one type of role. It would have been infinitely better, figuratively speaking, to drop the axe upon that first successful characterization and have them reborn to other and more varied glories."

You see, the star system is at once the death and the life of the producer, and Mr. Brenon, as the directorial egis of those Gods of the Cinema Olympus, perhaps has a right to feel bloodthirsty.

Imagine trying to pick an actress for a definite and important part. She must fit it in appearance and in temperament as far as this is possible. She need not be well known, but it is desirable that she have some screen experience. Then the producer finds such a girl and perhaps she makes a tremendous hit and becomes famous over-night.

be GUILLOTINED?

What COULD
Director
Herbert
Brenon Mean!

By Helen Ludlam

Now she is probably under contract for a year or longer so her fame won't make any difference in her pay envelope, *but*—She has become a definite type in the minds of the public and forevermore she is that to them. When they see her again, the part she first played keeps intruding its personality into her new role, often spoiling the entire picture for her audience. Mr. Brenon has found that sometimes this is a lack of technique or experience on the part of the actress. Sometimes it is just that she was herself in her first success and wasn't acting at all, and never could act. But this is not always the trouble.

What of Betty Bronson, picked by Herbert Brenon from nowhere and put in *Peter Pan*? Can Betty ever live *that* down? She hasn't yet. The very fact that she did *Peter Pan* so gorgeously is against her. *Peter Pan* parts are rare, so Betty is left to rest on the laurels of her one great triumph. Yet there are other things that Betty's illusive, poetic charm would fit, and she can act, too. Could anything have been lovelier than her scenes in *Ben Hur* as the Virgin Mary? She was a flesh and blood Mary, but to her the purity and spirituality of the Virgin were believable and this showed in every inch of her characterization. That she was so still, so patient and so tender is one of the beautiful memories of the picture. The spiritual quality that she has is sometimes mistaken for superficiality. Her illiveness for coldness. Betty Bronson is not cold. (Cont. on page 78)

☞ Tom Mix exploited his type.



☞ Herbert Brenon, who, as a great director, longs for actors who have not been tagged.

☞ Janet Gaynor, Lya de Putti, Lupe Velez, and Betty Bronson — great players hand-capped by success.

CLARA BOW'S

☞ When a maid repulses his advances and laughs at his pleading.



☞ Posed by Lane Chandler and Clara Bow during the filming of 'Red Hair.'

THE Bow influence in pictures, and we speak as one under the influence, is definitely up-lifting.

No sex of one and half a dozen of the other would satisfy her. Her meaning becomes Clara and Clara.

When you see anyone tied into a true lovers' knot, you will find, on looking closely, that it is a Bow knot and Clara can do forty knots an hour.

The cosmic urge certainly screens well. Clara is the incarnation of the spirit of youth, the spirit of today. She is the personification of what is hidden in the heart of every girl. Deep down in the caves of the soul there is a Clara Bow in every maiden and this impish spirit comes forth flashing, alluring, devastating at the call of her own true love. Slow music, professor!

☞ When she teases and teases while watching the flames — (Hope he's insured)



Clara

"Line"

☞ Giving a Rough Idea of the meaning of the word

"It"



☞ When she laughs into his eyes and provokes him with laughter—



☞ Clara Bow. Her name rhymes with 'no' but all the rest of her rhymes with 'yes.'



☞ When her lips say 'no' and her look says 'neck'—



☞ Then, there's a young lady with 'It.'



At the WRITERS CLUB

Where actors from the stage, now in pictures, can play directly to their audience.

‘THE movies are making us a nation of actors.’ Who says so—some half-baked correspondence-college professor? No sir! I, Rob Wagner, the fellow who is always trying to say something important, says so.

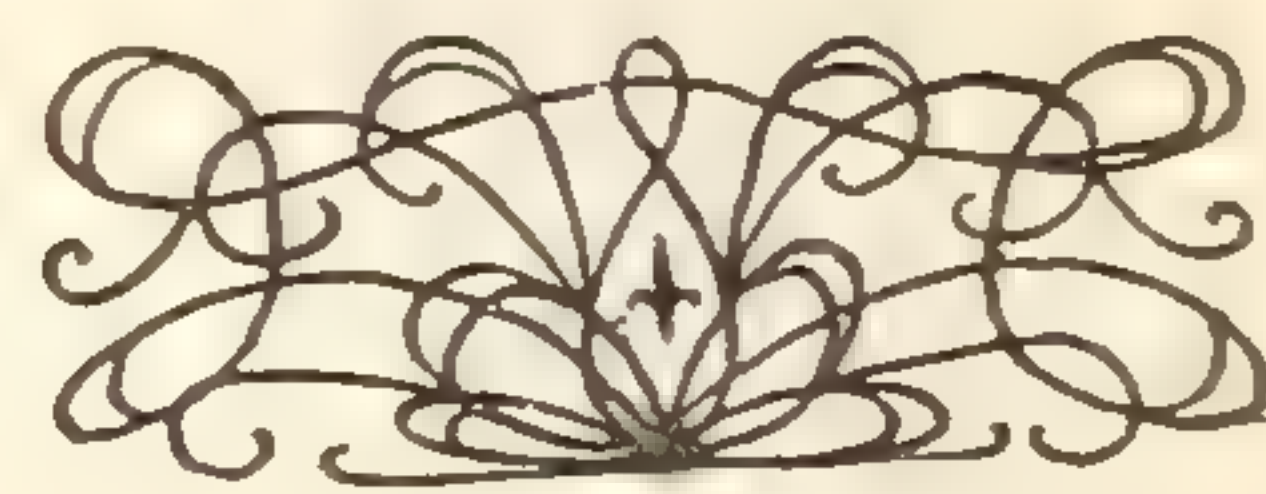
Well, where did Rob get this wild idea? Here’s where he got it, and I’ll leave it to the reader to decide whether he is all wet or just simply moist.

Way back in the Gay 90’s nobody except immoral stage people knew how to act. Uncle Ab would sometimes don an inflammable muff and give a bum imitation of Santa Claus. Or our neighborhood pests, the two Swasey girls, would recite *Mrs. Boggs Goes Shopping*. But of real acting all we ever saw was when The Broadway Stars came to the Opera House playing *The Convict’s Daughter* on Monday, *East Lynn* on Tuesday, *Her Mother’s Sin* on Wednesday, *East Lynn* on Thursday and so on throughout the week.

Then along came the movies and just naturally killed these grand old dramas. Why go to see Road Company No. 17 play *The Pulse of New York*, *The Lights o’ London*, *The Heart of Maryland*, *The Liver of Minneapolis* and other anatomical shows when for five cents we could see the same things ‘with a New York cast?’ Within five years after the coming of the movies The Grand Opera House had become the Superba Motion Picture Palace with ‘likerish’ lights all over its shell-like entrance.

But our ‘legitimate’ appetites were submerged only for the nonce, as the writing fellas say. A few years later the old hunger for the spoken drama began to assert itself again, and as the road companies had all been swallowed up by vaudeville and tent shows, the villagers had to get up their own performances. Even I, who was architecturally designed as a piano mover, became an actor, and in one notable and daring Ibsen play (we tackled strong meat in them days!) I was privileged to kiss the local belle, to the kidding amusement of the villagers, but with domestic danger to my own fireside. I was accused of putting too much soul into my kiss.

Thus, out of a starved craving for legitimate drama, was born that extraordinary phenomenon known as The Community Playhouse. It was an epidemic that swept the country, even invading the colleges and high schools. Any



By ROB WAGNER



Out of this dramatic renaissance emerged many notable organizations, such as The Band Box, The Theatre Guild and The Provincetown Players. The enthusiastic young performers often made the professional actors look like hams. In fact many of the finest productions, performers and playwrights stepped forth from the Little Theatres into the professional dramatic life of America.

And it was all because the movies 'had killed the legitimate drama!'

Then out in Southern California a curious reversal took place. For ten years the movies had been ravishing the stage of its finest actors until Hollywood had become one of the great dramatic centers of the world. All the famous stage stars who thronged the new Rialto were happy in financial prosperity—but they were dramatically starved. Their glorious voices were no longer necessary and good looks outweighed histrionic ability. What they missed was their audience and the electric thrill of immediate applause. Acting before cameras in the noisy tumult of the studio lacked the lure of the grand old

☞ In the balcony—Edward Everett Horton, May McAvoy and Kate Dupley. In the box—Charles Ray, Irene Rich. Orchestra—Herbert Brenon, Lilyan Tashman, Louise Dresser, George K. Arthur, Lois Wilson and Renee Adoree. On the stage—Will Rogers and Jean Hersholt.



☞ Rupert Hughes, the famous novelist, now president of the Writers' Club.

hick town that didn't have its Comedy Club was lacking even in bucolic culture. And, my, the submerged talents it turned up. Dr. Bolger showed a technic he'd never displayed in the operating room, and who would have believed that Len Hustis, the local druggist, would ever have made Jack Barrymore jealous? Why, gol darn it, everybody could act. Finally the movement developed its own literature. One act plays flooded the market, magazines were dedicated to the Little Theatre, and Drama Leagues sprang into existence whereby the local players exchanged performances with neighboring towns.

footlights.

Enter The Writers' Club. We decided to give some one act plays, not for the amateurs, but to allow our old stage members to strut their stuff. In fact, there were to be no amateurs even in the minor roles. The

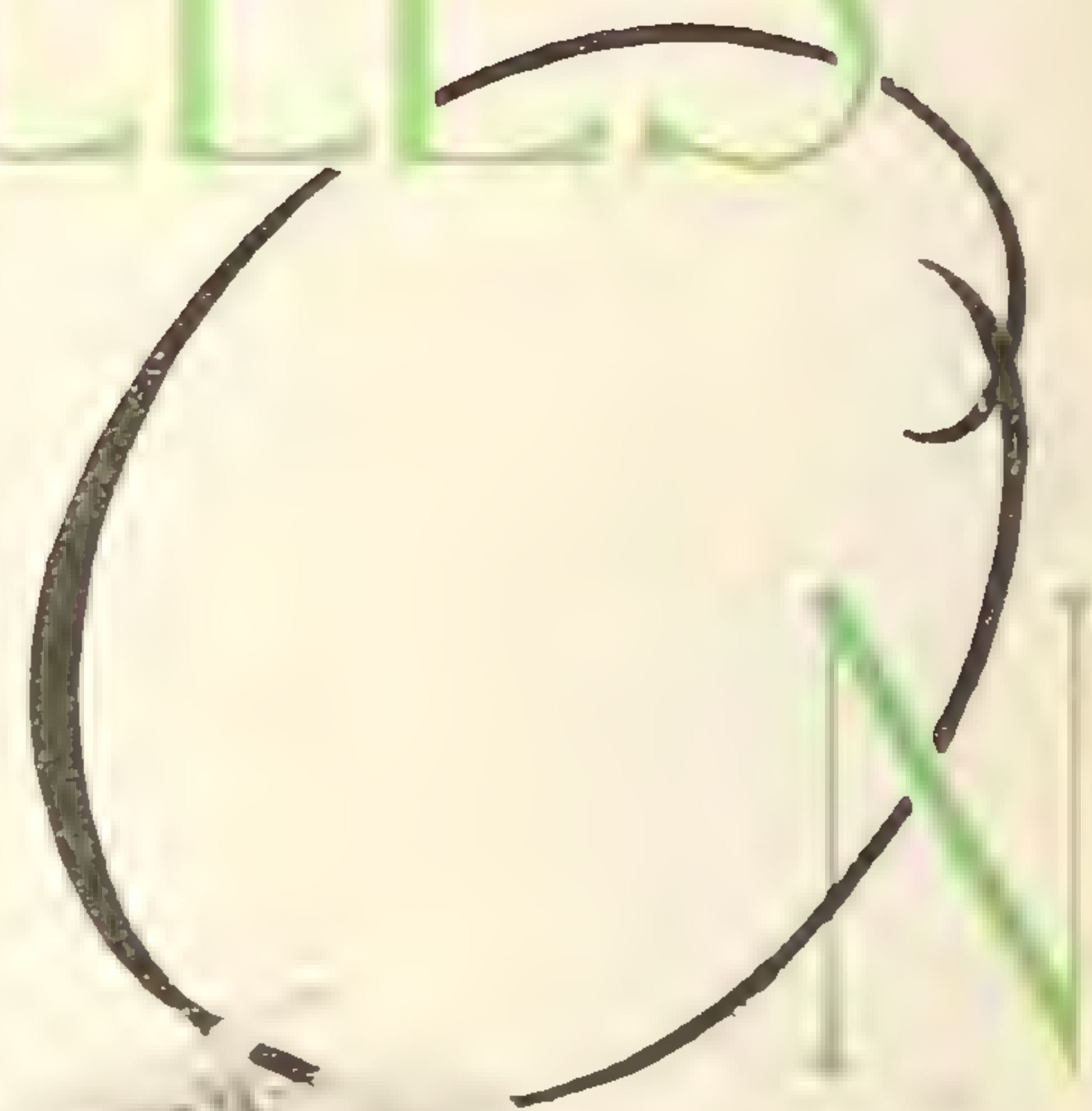
(Cont. on page 93)

There with BELLS



At a Mayfair Party all Hollywood danced with tinkling bells tied to wrists and ankles

By Grace Kingsley



Mary Brian won the costume prize.



Patsy Ruth Miller and Glenn Tryon the cut ups of every affair.



costume and wanted one, Esther and her sweet mamma—Esther's mother was in kid costume, too, and got away with it beautifully—provided you with some sort of kid outfit.

The party was held down in the den, fitted up especially for parties, in the basement. There was a splendid dance floor, and there were some comfortable chairs, with seats built in bay windows.

In an alcove the butler handed soda-pop and ginger ale across a quaint little bar to thirsty

Esther Ralston at her kid Party especially photographed for SCREENLAND.

"I CANNOT," said Patsy, "imagine anything cuter than Esther Ralston in rompers!"

"Well, there's Mary Brian ditto!" I answered.

No, I'm not referring to their infant pictures nor yet to a movie the girls were playing in. I was talking about Esther and Mary at a party which Esther and her husband, George Webb, were giving at their new, beautiful home on the side of a Hollywood mountain.

It was a kid party, with nearly everybody in kid costume.

As guests entered the big vestibule from which all the rooms on the ground floor radiate gracefully, each was handed a huge stick of red-and-white striped candy, and if you hadn't come in



☞ Don Alvarado's social popularity equals his screen success.



☞ Greta Nissen was squired by Roland Drew.



☞ Johnny Mack Brown's always good news at a party.



☞ Alice Day did three parties in one night.

☞ Marceline Day came to the Mayfair Dance with Richard Dix—
Sssh!

by being an Eton boy," said Duane. "The Eton jacket was too intriguing for me to pass it up."

Dottie Dimple, heroine of our childhood hours, would have been flattered to death if she could have seen Marian Douglas portray her, Marian used to be Ena Gregory, you know, and she is still Ena to her close friends.

"And I suppose there never was a cuter Boy Blue, plumed hat and all, than Priscilla Bonner," remarked Patsy.

Priscilla had come with her fiance, Dr. Bert Wolfan, whom she is shortly to wed, we hear. They certainly hold the long-time championship for engagements.

Dave Butler circulated, clad as Buster Brown, and Johnny Hines told Dave that now that he, Dave had become a director, he had a lot of responsibility on him as to how he played the part! Dave said at least Buster wasn't supposed to have sex appeal.

Harry Morey was there in pink gingham rompers, and couldn't get over his delight in the party. He had just come from New York.

(Cont. on page 76)

dancers. An Hawaiian orchestra played,

and there were few wall flowers, male or female, in the party.

Charles Rogers was amusing and picturesque as a Bowery boy, but not very convincing, I must say, because Buddy couldn't look tough if he tried.

"They may say such things and do such things on the Bowery, the Bowery," said Patsy, "but Buddy Rogers doesn't. He's always gallant and aristocratic looking."

George Bancroft was very funny as Peck's Bad Boy, but didn't get away with any of the jokes he tried to play on Mary Brian and Duane Thompson, demure as those youthful actresses appeared. When he sought to grab off Duane's red Eton tie, he suddenly found himself being scalped, and a merry time he had getting his wig back.

"I started out to be a Lord Fauntleroy, but ended up

DELIGHT EVANS' REVIEWS



☞ This picture has everything—it's a knock-out

The LAST Command

HERE is a heart-breaking picture. It is what Broadway calls 'A natural.' It has everything. It is just naturally a knock-out, that's all. Great story—mighty back-ground—heroic love theme; masterful direction by Josef von Sternberg, magnificent acting by Emil Jannings and Evelyn Brent—it is one of the three or four most memorable films I have ever seen. I can't say much more for it, can I?

If *The Last Command* never actually did happen, it is nearer the truth than most movies. There may be, among the extra mob storming the studio gates of the film capital, just such a wreck of former grandeur as Jannings portrays so splendidly. Among the many foreign directors, it's possible that there is another former revolutionary, like the Leo Andreyev so sardonically outlined by William Powell. When these two meet again, there is bound to be drama. It is strange, isn't it, that the story of a Russian Grand Duke, reduced by the revolution to the Hollywood extra ranks, could exert such a tremendous tug on the heart-strings, that New York audiences would stand to see it and applaud at the finish? That's where von Sternberg's artistry and Jannings' genius come in. Above all, *The Last Command* packs a universal appeal for understanding, which raises it to real heights. Motion pictures have made some progress when a picture like

this draws the crowds.

From the first it is engrossing. Like that other 'Von,' von Sternberg possesses a perspective on the picture business, and proves it by cracking the whip of satire over the studios. Hollywood's seamier side is revealed, and it isn't pretty. You will see the extras waging their frantic fight for existence. And among them, this former Grand Duke, once the pride of imperial Russia, reduced to taking direction from a former revolutionary whom he once flouted. Then, by means of the film mechanics known as 'cut-back,' we see the Russia of 1917 with the Duke in all his glory. He is arrogant, though ingratiating—all that a Grand Duke should be. Because he is Jannings, he is lovable, and your sympathies are with him when the crash comes and his world is over-turned. The girl he loves, a beautiful 'Red,' helps him to escape; but to what? Only to Hollywood, and the ranks of the extras. An old, broken man, he is dressed up in the trappings of a Russian general once again, and told to lead the extra 'troops' over the top. In fancy he is fighting once more for his beloved Russia that he tried to serve. And so he dies. It doesn't look as theatrical as it sounds. It is always believable, and I have a sneaking suspicion that *The Last Command* comes nearer to achieving genuine tragic heights than any picture yet produced.

☞ Perhaps a welcome change from 20th Century speed and humor

DRUMS of Love

OR Cheating Cheaters. There's something about this very sombre film of Mr. Griffith's that makes me want to laugh. Perhaps it is the last scenes, which send you away with a lily in your hand. It's all very tragic. It will take you right back to those good old Middle Ages, when love was real and love was earnest and there was happiness in every knife. The scene of the picture is nineteenth-century South America, but the flavor is decidedly medieval, with accent on the evil. The Old Master has made a drama of exquisite beauty, whatever you may think about the plot. And the plot will make you think of the Medici and the Cenci and such things. It may provide a welcome change from twentieth-century speed and humor. I don't know. Go ahead and cut yourself a piece of throat. It's artistic, anyway.

You've heard of Paolo and Francesca, the Italians who

lived, loved and cheated once upon a time, and who have been immortalized in song and story. Well, Count Leonardo (Don Alvarado) and Princess Emanuella (Mary Philbin) are their counterparts. The lovely Princess is forced to marry a hunchback Duke for reasons of state, but she falls in love with the Duke's handsome young brother. Three becomes a crowd. While the Duke is away at war, Emanuella and Leonardo stage their love scenes. And when he returns—oh, see for yourself. Griffith has turned the frail, ethereal Mary Philbin into a slinky, seductive sweetie. I don't like the change, but then I'm fussy. Don Alvarado fares rather better as Leonardo. He has those smouldering eyes. Lionel Barrymore has the fat part of the Duke, and he makes the most of it. The love scenes might have been directed by a von Stroheim instead of a Griffith. There's nothing

lyrical about them. All of the scenes are beautifully composed, but there is a subterranean undercurrent that is—must I say it again?—as unsavory as medieval plumbing. When the Duke returns to his dishonored hearth, the

audience wants to run and hide. It feels twice as guilty as the young lovers. *Drums of Love*, in fact, left me with the guilty feeling that I had been peeking through somebody's key-hole.

☞ Don't forget those handkerchiefs

The NOOSE

Now, here's a picture for you! Go prepared to enjoy yourselves. You'll have the time of your lives, just crying those pretty little eyes out. Take plenty of handkerchiefs and several shoulders to lean on. This little melodrama is designed to play upon your heart-strings so unmercifully that you'll be lucky if you don't crumple up in a heap and have to be carried home. But not before you have found out What Happened to Nicky. No one could possibly leave the theatre before the denouement, oh, dear, no! This boy Nicky goes through more agony than Lillian Gish ever did. He suffers and he suffers. Alice Joyce suffers, too; between them they make *The Noose* the best little tear-inducer ever recorded in celluloid, since the last one.

The Noose got me, darned if it didn't. (Business of reviewer pretending to be hard-boiled.) All the levity is merely to hide my grief-stricken face, twitching lips, and red nose. Even a forced, unnatural ending, defying all the dramatic laws, couldn't efface my impression that *The Noose* is Dick Barthelme's best picture since *Tol'able David*; that it's by far the best thing John Francis Dillon ever directed, and that it's Alice Joyce's best work

in years and years. Take my advice and don't try to swallow your tears. Just let go when you see this because you'll have to, sooner or later, so you might as well begin sobbing when Nicky shoots Buck Gordon 'because he was no good.' Nicky is a nameless boy who has been forced into a lawless life by a brutal boot-legger, excellently delineated by Montagu Love. When Buck exposes the secret of Nicky's parentage, threatening to blackmail his mother, now the Governor's Lady, *The Noose* takes on thrilling interest, and holds it almost until the end. Will the boy save himself by revealing his relationship to the Governor's wife, or will he go to his death with sealed lips? Oh, well—maybe it does sound cheap and sensational on paper; but it is real drama on the screen. It is unfortunate that such an unreal ending should have been wished on such a splendid picture, but perhaps a logical finish would have been too much for the audiences. As it is, we were all pretty well played out. The acting is never overdone. Lina Basquette as the heroic little chorus girl who sticks by Nicky through everything measures up to the rest of the cast, which is practically perfect. Don't forget those handkerchiefs.

☞ Dolores and a spanish shawl

The Gateway of the MOON



NICE mans luff Toni, no? Never mind whether he does or not; Toni luffs him, and that's all that's necessary. She'll get him yet, see if she doesn't. These girls always do. No matter where they live—in the great north-west or the upper reaches of the Amazon, Toni's habitat—when they make up their mind on a man, he's as good as got. Toni—Dolores Del Rio this time—takes a tremendous fancy to Walter Pidgeon, and practices her jungle wiles on him until he succumbs. Toni's wiles, by the way, are downright primitive, but they work. Dolores's beauty explains a lot of incongruities in the plot; but can Dolores explain that marcel? How she kept her coiffure intact through all her escapades is one of those Secrets of the Jungle you have read about

☞ Toni practices her jungle wiles on Walter. (Dolores Del Rio and Walter Pidgeon)

WEST POINT

NOT a tourists' view of West Point, but a personally-conducted tour by Billy Haines—and who could ask for a better guide? I couldn't. Cadet Haines is the freshest fellow who ever entered the U. S. Military Academy, just as he was the freshest fellow who ever played on the Harvard Football Team, or the baseball team, or in the Marines. And Billy makes *West Point* a fresh picture—breezy and informal; perhaps not as dignified as it might be, but who asked for dignity with Billy around? I didn't. He tries to make over the Academy; instead, it makes him over, into a model boy who is a credit to his Uncle Sammy. It's the

same old Haines story, but Bill freshens it up. He would. Joan Crawford is the girl who helps the good cause along; but you don't see half enough of Joan, even in several scenes in which the screen's most symmetrical figure is silhouetted against the West Point sky. This picture was made in the original locations. And it has all the necessary spirit of the corps. Could you ask for snappier direction, sweeter love-making, a prettier heroine or a more satisfactory hero? I couldn't. Next stop in our scenic: On the Bear Mountain Bridge at Moonlight, with Bill Haines.

☞ Good entertainment

Gentlemen Prefer Blondes

DON'T miss this! I can recommend it unreservedly to wise old men with the gout, to middle-aged mamas who have missed something, and also to flappers who will take it all seriously and thus advance the gentle art of gold-digging, by imitating Lorelei Lee. *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* deserves to go down in screen history, or even up, if for no other reason than that it explodes all previous theories about vamps. Screen vamps have never been under five feet six. Usually they are long and languorous, or broad-minded and buxom. Now comes Lorelei, in the petite person of Ruth Taylor, and establishes what I hope will turn out to be a new tradition. Give the little girls a hand, and stick a couple of diamond rings on that hand. Ruth wears her clothes like Park Avenue, and she thinks in terms of Tiffany's. Her mind is just one great big money-bag, and how she does retain. She's Helen of Troy and Cleo and Lilith, all rolled into one little parcel of convenient size for carrying

home. Ruth Taylor is a great comfort to the little women who have hitherto been looked down on. She helps make Anita Loos' story, as picturized by Mal St. Clair, a joy forever. *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* isn't the satire some hoped it might be; but it is good entertainment; and Mr. St. Clair has introduced several little subtleties for the benefit of those who must have their caviar. The serious business of educating Lorelei proceeds as hilariously, almost, as it did in the book. Alice White is Dorothy; Mack Swain is Francis Beekman, who crowns Lorelei with his wife's tiara; Holmes Herbert is a spotless Henry Spofford, while Trixie Friganza and Chester Conklin help to make the welkin ring. It's Ruth Taylor's show, however, ably aided by Ford Sterling as Mr. Eisman, the great educator. Since Sennett days Mr. Sterling has been getting better and better until now, in his quiet comedy characterization, he rates as a star, even though the programs don't say so. Send up a few sky-rockets for the new Ford!

☞ Picturesque, with grand camera angles

THE DOVE

THE DOVE doesn't get any coos from me. It's just too picturesque for anything; it has some grand camera angles. But what do I care for angles? Give me real, gen-u-ine, emotional curves, and the director can have his angles. Here's Norma Talmadge, simply hurling herself away in a tawdry play—a priceless poppy in a field of dandelions. *The Dove* is the outstanding Horrible Example of what a rather interesting stage play can turn out to be in celluloid. Minus Mr. Belasco's realism, its flavor is lost. Holbrook Blinn played the 'best damn' caballero in the stage version, and made

him a suave, silken fellow—a caballero you could love. Noah Beery makes the same character an unappetizing brute—yes, I know Mr. Beery's talents as well as you do, but I don't like his caballero. Maybe he had to do it, but there he is, take him or leave him. I left him, running, not walking, to the nearest exit, muttering 'air, give me air!' It's a cheap atmosphere in which *The Dove* does its fluttering. Even Gilbert Roland failed to make it exhilarating. And under ordinary circumstances Mr. Roland is just my little whiff of fresh air.

The CIRCUS

HAVE a circus! Charlie Chaplin's latest is funnier than any three circuses I ever saw. Charlie seems to have forgotten that the world ever hailed him as a genius, and goes back to having a good time and giving his audience one. He does all his old tricks and a few new ones. He even throws a pie, gets chased by a mule, and lathered with shaving-cream. *The Circus*, accordingly, may not be an artistic success for 'Charlot,' but it's good business for Charlie Chaplin, and fun for everybody.

Here's the familiar little tramp with baggy pants, big shoes, cane and derby. He falls in with a circus troupe and inadvertently becomes its star performer. He's a wow until he falls in love, and sees the Girl give her heart to

another. Then he does a Pagliacci, clowning while his heart breaks. Finally, we see him saying goodbye to his circus sweetheart, married to a tight-rope walker; and going his way alone. Charlie has added what seems to me to be a new note to his characterization: a delicious haughtiness, a delicate distaste for the crudities of life, exemplified in the scene in which he shares his meal with the Girl and reproves her for her bad table manners. Here is true comedy. The fun in *The Circus* is somewhat uneven, and some of the gags have long white whiskers—but what's the difference? Everybody is so glad to see Charlie again that anything he does is all right. And he does plenty.

☞ Will Rogers can always be depended on for chuckles

A TEXAS STEER

NOT a bum steer—a good one. Will Rogers sees to that. His ambling humor is inimitable. He can always be counted on for chuckles, and we all love and remember anybody who makes us chuckle, while we often resent the boys who bring on convulsions, especially if they bust our buttons. I liked *A Texas Steer*, although it is as old-fashioned as prohibition. Washington supplies the background and the butt for Will's jokes. He plays a rough but honest Texan em-

broiled in politics. He conquers the capitol with his rugged ways, while wife and daughter crash society. Rogers wrote the titles, some of which are funny. Doug, Junior, and Ann Rork supply the love interest, while Lilyan Tashman stages her usual fashion show. Louise Fazenda is amazing and wonderful as Ma Brander. This female clown has the makings of a marvellous character actress if she ever loses her sense of humor—Hays forbid.

☞ The story starts off with a bang

The Divine Woman

J'UST Another Woman' would have been a better title. You'll have to excuse me, though—I'm just in the dumps, that's all. This picture is a huge disappointment, and, although I am trying to bear up, my emotions get the better of me at times; and those strange sounds will be glups and chokes from one who can stand just so much, and no more. You see, I counted on Greta Garbo. I rooted myself hoarse for her. The most potent personality on the screen—the girl who made most Hollywood actresses look like stock company ingenues—the Swedish marvel at emotional massage—she was all of that. And now—just look at *The Divine Woman*. Here is a new Garbo, who flutters, who mugs. This interestingly reserved lady goes completely Hollywood, all at once. It may have been the part. It may have been the direction—but I don't think so. Seastrom's work, insofar as the silly story permits, is excellent. And the performance of Lars Hanson is a restrained and convincing piece of acting. Hanson has a chance to rant, but he

nobly refrains. He is always interesting as Lucien, the French soldier who turns deserter for the sake of the Divine Woman. Lowell Sherman, too, gives the most polished performance of his screen career as the Other Man. The story starts off with a bang; for three reels or so it is unusual and believable, and so is Greta. A young, unsophisticated girl in the beginning, her new animation registers. But alas—Greta never grows up. She keeps right on being girlish, no matter what happens. Misfortune overtakes the charmer; from an idol of the Paris stage—Yes, it's one of those things—she falls into obscurity, until her devoted Lucien carries her off to the country, where she is seen, in the final scenes, setting the table for him. Miss Garbo seems to me to have only one scene in her usual marvellous quiet manner—at the door of her screen mother's house, where she is told 'Not at Home.' Here—with just a look, a gesture—she expresses futility. But for the rest—excuse me! 'I go now!'

Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson's REMARKABLE

The LION of Pictures



☞ When a Lumbwa warrior throws his one spear at a lion he is left with no weapon and usually with no lion.

ABOUT eighteen years ago after returning from his South Sea Voyage with Jack London, Martin Johnson and his wife Osa whom he had recently married set out to see the world. Their first camera hunt together was in the South Seas where they explored the jungles of the Malay peninsula, but it was the unexplored dense jungles of Africa, where wild elephants come right in and steal sweet potatoes out of their back yard, where silly ostriches dash madly across the trail when they are motoring, where rhinos tree them, where lions roar and hyenas cackle around their camps that they found their greatest thrills. For Africa is full of danger, and danger to the Martin Johnsons is thrills.

Some of their best and most interesting work is done at the water holes. In July, the heat is so terrific it dries up all standing water except at the larger oases. A 'blind' or fence of thorn bushes is built near the water holes where the animals come to drink.

☞ The awkward squad of giraffes.

Thorn branches are also put in spots around the water where the camera cannot reach and in this way the game is kept before them. Martin and Osa Johnson begin their day's work at five o'clock in the morning. After breakfast the boys with the cameras are called and just as the sun is coming up all start out afoot to the 'blind' some distance away.

After the cameras are set up and the 'blind' is arranged the day's work begins in earnest and the writer often wonders what Martin and Osa Johnson's thoughts must be when a new day's adventures are about to unfold, for the slightest sound or the minutest carelessness on the part of either Johnson or his assistants might frighten the animals (Continued on page 81)



African Picture

S I M B A

By Mollie B. Steinberg



☞ A leopard taken by flash beside a dead giraffe.

☞ The many necklaces and bracelets of the Lumbwa beauties.

☞ Just before the lion hunt. Osa and Martin Johnson among the lion hunters of Tanganyika.



☞ A zebra—just a jackass in an awning.

Posed especially for SCREEN-
LAND by Hedda Hopper.

Frocks

Photographs by
Gábor Eder



It requires a fault-
less figure to grace
this spicy georgette
frock from Boulan-
ger, knee length in
front to below the
ankle in back.

Fetching is this
crisp satin eve-
ning frock of
opalescent pink
with diagonal
flounce.

Hedda Hopper

Selects some
for a Lady

Gowns worn by Miss Hopper are supplied through the courtesy of Saks & Company, Fifth Avenue, New York.

"I'm theatre starved," cried Hedda Hopper the morning she breezed into SCREENLAND. 'Breezed' is correctly used when applied to Hedda. Her personality is as fresh and stimulating as the mountain pine and she has the sparkle and dash of a young miss in her teens. In addition to which she is one of the really well dressed women of the screen, and as she mapped out the string of plays she had seen: *Burlesque*, *The Royal Family* and about ten others, we wondered how she kept 'that schoolgirl freshness' that is hers. "It's because I keep interested in something," said Hedda briskly. "I never allow myself to get in the dumps. Yesterday I had two hours on my hands with nothing to do—well—I just went window shopping. If I liked the things I ran in and bought them—well, some of them. I didn't need them all, and I can't abide a woman who buys things just because she can't hang onto herself. It's a lust," said wise, thrifty little Hedda.



This smart two piece frock of beige flat crepe with unpressed pleated skirt is just the thing for golf.

Hedda bought this yellow knit material for the boat races. It is lined with brown and yellow checked silk.



New SCREENPLAYS

Reviewed By Rosa Reilly



☞ You'd think they were lovers, wouldn't you? So did the Captain, and what he made them suffer! Ray Hallor and Dorothy Sebastian in 'The Haunted Ship.'

THE HAUNTED SHIP

MOST women feel highly flattered when the boy friend or the husband shows signs of jealousy. But perhaps they won't—after they've seen the *Haunted Ship* which proves that it never pays to underrate the devilish possibilities of a man thoroughly aroused by the Green Demon.

In this film, Captain Gant—maddened by the belief that his wife is in love with his first officer, sets her adrift in a small boat with her son. And then



☞ Like most sacrifices, this mother's doesn't do much good. Audrey Ferris and Irene Rich in 'The Silver Slave.'

throws the officer down into a dungeon, in the bowels of the ship. Year after year the Captain holds this innocent man a prisoner, until the vessel gets a reputation for being haunted because of the horrible cries that float up from the depths.

A grisly, eerie, uncanny *Flying Dutchman* sort of picture. None too well directed or acted, but with such a powerful background of jealousy, revenge, hatred, lust, fire and death, that it stirs your imagination and holds your attention—despite its many drawbacks.

THE SILVER SLAVE

Now, young ladies and gentlemen, this film will help solve the all important question of whether you prefer love in a cottage or misery in a Rolls Royce.

Why can't you have both love and the Rolls?

That's too deep a question for me. You'll have to ask one of these philosophers—Count Keyserling or Emil Ludwig or some other big boy. For in my brief life I've never seen the two come together. If the boy friend has a Rolls, he usually has a paunch, or a clip on his coin purse. But to get back to the picture—

Irene Rich marries the man she doesn't love so that her daughter by her first marriage, Audrey Ferris, can have all of life's little luxuries. And like most sacrifices, it does little good. For Audrey grows up a spoiled young one preferring a rich lout to a poor but honest hero. So what does mama do but get herself all tricked out in her most appealing clothes and manner and give daughter a little competition.

A really good picture of society life where you find as many heartaches in drawing rooms as you do over kitchen sinks.

THANKS FOR THE BUGGY RIDE

Little, laughing Laura La Plante brings home the blue ribbon again. She and Glenn Tryon join forces and turn out an entirely credible and amusing comedy.

If you like Laura, with her shining eyes and teasing smile (and who doesn't?), you'll not want to miss this film. For it's packed full of high-powered fun.

Laura is a dancing teacher. And she breaks an engagement with her boy friend to give a dancing lesson to another young man. And then she gets mixed up with one of these smooth, dashing elderly gentlemen. Quite innocently? Oh, of course. But try to make the boy friend believe it.

It's well worth stepping up to the box office, coin in hand, to find out how this capricious comedienne extricates herself. It's one of the cleverest little films that has been flashed on the screen in some days. Laura at her funniest and Glenn better than I ever remember.

ON YOUR TOES

When you start picking out careers for your children or your grandchildren, trouble is bound to happen. If you just know little Alfred would make a fine musician, he'll probably spend his maturity in a garage.

Reginald Denny's grandma wanted him to be an aesthetic



☞ Laura La Plante and Glenn Tryon in an entirely credible comedy, 'Thanks for the Buggy Ride.'



☞ A laugh festival from start to finish—Reginald Denny and Barbara Worth in 'On Your Toes.'

dancer. Just imagine that six feet of hard-hitting masculinity pussy-footing around a soft-shaded studio.

Denny tries his luck as a dancer—just to please grandma, but he ends up in a prize fight where he wins the championship bout.

From start to finish, this picture is a laugh. And while its appeal seems directed more towards men than women, Denny does such a good comic job that he turns out a film that will please everybody.

ARIZONA WILDCAT

A grand, two-fisted picture with Tom Mix in a spectacular, flamboyant climax that eclipses almost anything you've ever seen.

Tom is just a plain cowboy. But he goes in for breeding polo ponies. And so is dragged from his stark western background into a rapid moving society atmosphere. And he's good. Good all the way through.

There are two positively breath-choking situations in this unusual western: first, where Tom fills in on a polo team when one of the players is knocked out; and second: when he rescues his childhood sweetheart, Dorothy Sebastian, actually by riding his famous horse up the broad stairway of a Spanish mission palace and into the chamber where the villain

is about to—

Say, it's a fine western. Original. High colored. Quick on the trigger and quick on the hoof. Exaggerated, perhaps. But what of it? It carries you away to a far country where love and honor are always unconquerable.

FORTUNE HUNTER

If any of you boys are engaged and are disinclined to lead the young lady up to the altar, go and see Syd Chaplin in the *Fortune Hunter* and learn about women from him.

Syd manages to take a lot of sledge-hammer gags and by mingling them together he turns out an uproarious comedy—the best, I think, since *Charlie's Aunt*.

The high spot in the picture is where he wants to break

his engagement to the small town belle and hasn't the heart to tell her so. By waiting until all the villagers are gathered at a bazaar, Syd sits down on a sofa, plainly visible through an open doorway, and makes wild love to a wax clothes model. He manages it all so cleverly, particularly his hands, that he makes it seem a bona fide necking affair.

A fast stepping picture, full of hot action and heavy laughter.

A RENO DIVORCE

If I were May McAvoy I would hunt out a gypsy and have her cross my palm with silver. Or make a literary novena and pray for a really strong story. For her present film, *A Reno Divorce* is no better than most of her recent pictures.

No matter how delicately she interprets her roles, no matter how pretty and wistful her delineations are, all her work is wiped out by bad direction or weak support. She is too charming an artist to be completely shrouded by second rate stories which nobody could transform into good, first class film productions.

FRECKLES

There are few of us to-day who don't look back a decade or so to the happy, innocent time when Gene Stratton Porter's *Freckles* satisfied all our literary desires. It was a book that one read and re-read until *Freckles* became not a boy between pasteboard covers but our own little playfellow.

Now *Freckles* has reached the screen. And every person who likes clean fun and is never quite happy until he feels the wind on his cheek and hears the sound of bird music in his ears will want to see this film. Gene Stratton Porter's fifteen year old granddaughter plays one of the leading juvenile roles. And John Fox, Jr. as the little one-armed boy whose strong character conquers his deformed body gains the sympathy of all.

THE WARNING

Romanticism, swagger, color, love, opium smuggling, robbers' caves, fist-fights, machine guns, beautiful girl, hand grenades, mysterious ships, police raids, handsome hero—a corking, fast-firing film with Jack Holt and Dorothy Revier fighting for their lives and honor.

A sure cure for boredom.

THE NEST

Everybody loves Pauline Frederick—a beautiful woman and a consummate actress. But how seldom we get to see her. However, in *The Nest*, she comes back to us again, with Holmes Herbert, Jean Acker, and others.



© Estelle Taylor

MRS. JOHN B. HAMILTON

209 Monroe Street,
Bluefield, Virginia,

has been awarded the prize in the
Estelle Taylor Fan Letter Contest.



© Lupe Velez

MISS LILLIAN LEE

618 West Baltimore Street,
Baltimore, Maryland,

has been awarded the *Boleadoras*
in the *Lupe Velez Contest.*

You'll like this story because it is so simply and humanely handled—the sorrows of a widow with a wild son and an erratic daughter. Through all her difficulties, Miss Frederick fights to retain her own youth and loveliness, and finds in the end—

But you must see it for yourself. It is marred considerably by bad photography but nothing could mar the aristocracy and technique of Pauline Frederick.

De Mille to Picture *Reform Schools*

With the full approval of governors of many of the forty eight United States, Cecil B. De Mille will make startling disclosures of conditions in state reform schools in his forthcoming production, *The Godless Girl*.

Before deciding on the subject matter for his next picture, De Mille and his scenarist, Jeanie Macpherson, were in correspondence with the chief executives of the various states. Tentative plans for the filming of a story in a reform

school background were outlined to the governors, and their opinions and comment requested. The response was immediate, and emphatically in favor of a production which would bring to light the inadequacies of most of the institutions whose aim is to reform juvenile delinquents.

Every letter received by De Mille from governors throughout the country encouraged the producer in his plan to present a realistic reform school setting for *The Godless Girl*, the consensus of opinion being that such a production would serve the double purpose of instituting improvements in the method of handling young law offenders, and of dissuading the youth of America from committing criminal acts.

In gathering information on the subject for the story, which was prepared for the screen by Miss Macpherson, De Mille sent young men into several reformatories as inmates. In several cases not even the officials of the school were aware of the fact that these boys were not criminals, their commitment to the institutions having been arranged by state officials. Consequently, the information as obtained was authentic, and provided Miss Macpherson with material with which to present realistically life in a typical reform school.

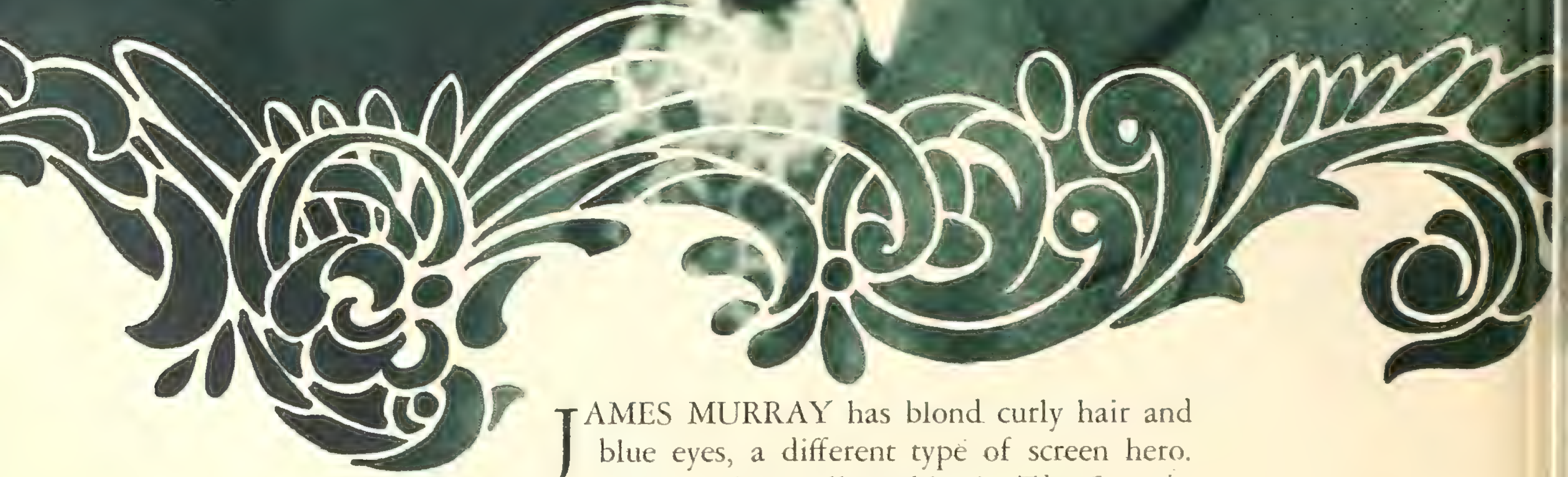
De Mille has selected Lina Basquette for the title role of *The Godless Girl*, while Marie Prevost, George Duryea and Noah Bery also are featured.



THE languorous eyed Eve Southern played a spiritual lady in *The Gaucho* and a spirited one in *Wild Geese* which proves her versatility.

Photograph by Hesser

SCREENLAND



JAMES MURRAY has blond curly hair and blue eyes, a different type of screen hero. Don't push, you'll see him in *The Crowd*.

Photograph by Ruth Harriet Louise

SCREENLAND



MARY PHILBIN is doing big things these days with *Drums of Love* to her credit and *The Man Who Laughs* coming along.

Photograph by Freubel

SCREENLAND



JOHNNY MACK BROWN was Captain of the Alabama eleven. They slipped him the ball and he made the touchdown in Hollywood.

Photograph by Ruth Harriet Louise

SCREENLAND



☞ The excellent cast is not the smallest reason for the success of 'The Trial of Mary Dugan.' Here we have Rex Cherryman, Ann Harding, Cyril Keightley and Arthur Hohl.

abyss of cheapness, unfit to touch the hem of his garments. And so she begins to pass away for lack of her own worthiness.

Now all these things happen. Freud and his colleagues can give you thousands of such cases. Love sickness, modern science tells us, can be as real as whooping cough—and more dangerous. But the fact that they can happen, that they do happen, doesn't necessarily make them convincing on the stage. And where Kelly fails is in making the unhappy ending inevitable. Camille must die; Juliet must die; from the first word comes the sense of the inevitable. But when Judith Anderson, a woman wise enough to have realized her cheapness, goes upstairs to wait for Death, you wonder why. If she were a lady of a by-gone age, you might accept it; but here she is, a woman who knows a good cocktail from a bad one, one who knows enough of psychology to know that regrets are useless. And you say—or at least we said—'No!' And the fact that Mr. Kelly can point to volume XXXII, pages 846 to 850 in the *Journal of Abnormal Psychology*, doesn't convince us in the least.

"A Free Soul"

It has long been the contention of this department that the movies waste their time in buying good plays, paying exorbitant prices for them, and then turning them into mediocre, slim-profit-making pictures. What we have argued is that the bad plays make the ideal movies. Most of the so-called

bad plays are full of corking melodrama; what makes them bad is the frightful dialogue that encumbers them. But they have action, of which pantomime is made. The movies, we have maintained, can take this action, have it portrayed by skilled performers, eliminate the dialogue, and give you an hour of decent entertainment, instead of three hours of ennui.

Well, then, here is a perfect example, and the happy thought occurs to us that maybe some of the higher-ups at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer read these pages. Of course, they probably don't, but that's our thought and we're going to stick to it. *A Free Soul*, dramatized

by Willard Mack from Adela Rogers St. Johns' novel, is Mack at his worst. There are stretches of good dialogue, but wisecracks don't make a play. Here is a swell melodrama, that limps on being confined to the stage. What it needs are the broad stretches of the screen, somebody like Norma Shearer to spin around, and good direction. Metro has bought it for screening, and we hereby suggest to Delight Evans that she watch for it.

But, as we hinted above, if you really want to enjoy it, you can well afford to wait for the film. There is no necessity of running to the theatre. Still, if you don't run, there is the possibility of the play having folded up its wings and its tents and gone to the storehouse.

"Cock Robin"

Here is a thoroughly enjoyable mystery play, written by two shrewd craftsmen, Philip Barry and Elmer Rice. A murder is committed in front of your eyes, and it isn't until the final curtain that you're sure of the murderer. The formula is an old one, but a good one. Everybody is suspected, until you get the feeling that maybe you're the guilty person. The comedy is superb, handled in the main by Beatrice Herford, who makes one of those annual reports that Bob Benchley has made famous. A good show.

"The Queen's Husband"

Robert Emmet Sherwood has done a much better play in this than in *The Road to Rome*. Whereas the latter was, perhaps, second-rate Shaw, this one is first-class theatre. It, too, shows the influence of Shaw, but we



White Studios

☞ Gwen Orlando peps up 'The Five O'Clock Girl.'

prefer such a play to one showing the influence of Pinero.

Sherwood, like Shaw, sticks to the theory that a good love story is the best basis for a play. After all, the main question in drama, as in life, is, did the girl get her man? You can be as whimsical, as bitter, as philosophic, as sardonic as you like, but it all goes better if the two lovers can get together at the end to begin a life of superb bliss. Now and then, we run across a young couple who married for love and didn't live a life of superb bliss, but that, we all take it, is the exception.

So, although Sherwood began by taking several superb digs at Queen Marie, and by putting in all sorts of whimsies, he had sense enough to wind the curtain on a love scene. Now, the lovers don't happen to be so important. The important character in this play is the hen-pecked King, played to perfection by Roland Young. But though you grow to like the King for his preoccupation with the penguins at the Royal Zoo, and for his checker games with his footman, you don't actually give him your complete allegiance until he, acting as *deus ex machina*, lets his daughter marry the man of her choice, who happens to be the son of a wholesale plumber.

A nice evening, full of fun. Give Gladys Hanson first honors, Gladys Hanson as the Queen a bouquet, Edward Rigby as the footman a laurel wreath, Dwight Frye in a scintillating bit as the Prince who was left waiting at the Church a Bacardi, and Katherine Alexander as the flapper Princess a kiss when you go.

"The Optimists"

At the Casino de Paris, Melville



Vandamm

Ⓒ Claudette Colbert is the ginger in 'La Gringa.' Did you see her in the picture 'For the Love of Mike' with Ben Lyon?



Vandamm

Ⓒ Glenn Anders and Lynn Fontanne in one of the finest of all the fine Guild productions, 'Strange Interlude.'

Gideon is presenting *The Optimists*, which happens to be the cream of five or six years of the review presented annually in London under the name of *The Co-Optimists*. It is intimate, it is cute, it is nice—what it lacks terrifically is one big punch, in the shape either of a song or a skit. *The Optimists* shows that it is possible to do a review with only one set and one costume; it shows, too, that just the lack of Ziegfeldian sets is not enough to weave a show around.

But if you go in a spirit of fun—and that's the way we go—you can have a pleasant evening. The humor, in the main, is mild, but sufficient. The lyrics, when they are good, are the British type—depending on sense as well as rhyme, and taking it for granted that an audience that has been brought up on Owen Seaman, Gilbert and A. A. Milne has some intelligence. When the lyrics are bad, they are of the American school that rhymes 'land' with 'fan.' And, as an occasional member of Tin Pan Alley, we ask what's the matter with *that*?

George Hassell as Master of Ceremonies is awfully nice; Luella Gear didn't seem to be trying very hard, in spite of the fact that the cast is working on a co-op basis. Richard Bold has a pleasant voice, and does nobly by Mr. Gideon's pleasant tunes. Sally Starr is a rounded eye-full. Flora Le Breton, who came over here several years ago billed as 'England's Mary Pickford' is just as lovely looking as ever. Bobby Watson and Fred Hildebrand are excellent in the English stuff, though Hildebrand is just a bit sickening when he does a single, using some typically cheap, American ten-cent vaudeville stuff.

A fair evening. You can come late, dance between the acts and get a glass of Nedick's free. Still, even the Nedick's doesn't make up for the missing punch.

"Strange Interlude"

It is, if you ask us, a fairly easy thing to review a play. It takes nothing but an intelligent reaction, and the citing of that reaction. The fact that you know all about the works of Aristophanes, and are practically an authority on the church plays of the Middle Ages, is no de-

ecided help to reviewing, say, *Abie's Irish Rose*. Give us a guy who knows the difference between Ethel Dell and H. G. Wells in literature, between A. E. Hausman and Edgar Guest in poetry, between Emil Jannings and Madge Bellamy on the screen, and we'll take his word—so far as we'll take anybody's word—on a play.

But *Strange Interlude* isn't only a play—it's an experience. And we're afraid that it takes a philosopher to comment on experience. So it is that we approach reviewing this new O'Neill play with a diffidence that is—as you will be the first to point out—not customary with us.

We can say, of course, that we liked it. But 'like' is a funny word. If you had asked Lindbergh how he felt about landing safely at Bourget Field after his epoch-making flight, and he had said he liked it, you might have understood him, but you would have felt that his vocabulary was

not adequate for his emotions. That's the way it is with us.

If you say that O'Neill made the flight, you are wrong. Didn't we all make that flight with Lindbergh? So it is with *Strange Interlude*. We are all—those of us who see it—participants in this hazardous flight of O'Neill's.

Well, then, here is O'Neill off on a strange journey to unfathomed heights—and depths—of the drama. He tries to picture for us not only the actions, but the thoughts of a group of people. And he pictures again, as he did in *The Great God Brown*, the masks we wear and never take off until we are alone. This time, he discards the clumsy device of the actual mask, and takes on another clumsy one, the old-fashioned aside.



White Studios

☞ Muriel Kirkland lives through a lot in 'Cock Robin,' a mystery play.

a bit when he starts, and you make wisecracks after it's over, but you listen. And you know you'd have listened were it longer. And the answer is, that, clumsy or not, O'Neill has a yarn worth the spinning.

He could have done the same show in three acts and two hours, it has been said. Certainly. And Dreiser could have done *An American Tragedy* in one volume. And Conrad could have made a short story out of *Lord Jim*.

And *Lord Jim* would have been a fine short story—but not a great one. And *An American Tragedy*, stripped of Dreiser's verbosity, his pounding away at words, would have made an excellent novel. Dreiser sweats as he works, and he makes his readers sweat with him as they carve their way through his crude style. But when you've finished with Dreiser—and the second volume of the *Tragedy*—you have come away with the impression of life that Dreiser tried to convey. And therein lies the greatness of Dreiser.

And in *Strange Interlude*, with its repetitions and banal phrasing, lies the greatness of O'Neill. He is no sure, deft workman. He makes outrageous blunders. He says the same thing again and again. He lets his characters



Irving Chidnoff

☞ Ann Harding always gives the impression of ice and fire. She does some of her best work in 'The Trial of Mary Dugan.'

aside is a clumsy device. Clumsy or not, it holds you.

It takes O'Neill nine acts and six hours to tell his story, but the acid test is that you listen. You go out to dinner in the middle of it, but you hurry back lest you miss any. You are bored

for the Guild. Philip Moeller directed, and is to be envied for superb work on a superb play.



☞ Madge Kennedy and Donn Cook in 'Paris Bound' stay right at the Music Box Theatre where they started.

Morrie Ryskind sees the theatres from the Moving Picture angle
EVERY MONTH in SCREENLAND



by
Martin Martin

Watter
from
Hollywood

☞ Mary Astor in the circus picture 'Three Ring Marriage.'



☞ Laura La Plante's next picture will be 'Finders Keepers.'

ANOTHER economy wave hits Hollywood. Four couples married over the holidays, making it possible to combine anniversary and Christmas presents in the future.

The four are:

- Blanche Mehaffey and George Joseph Hausen.
- Raymond Griffith and Bertha Mann.
- Patty Dupont and Sylvanus Stokes.
- Iris Stuart and Bert A. Mackinon.

In addition, Grace Darmond announced that she will wed R. P. Jennings, wealthy theater owner and oil operator of Mexico City and Beverly Hills, about February 1.

Hollywood enjoys being surprised. The announcement of the engagement of Blanche Mehaffey afforded it this pleasurable sensation.

For almost no one in the film colony knew her fiancé. He is George J. Hausen, millionaire oil man and big game hunter.

Adding a flash of daring to their romance the couple took an airplane to San Francisco after their wedding. They sailed for Cuba the next day.

Blanche Mehaffey is one of the real Follies graduates in Hollywood. She was a Wampas

Baby Star in 1924, and is well known on the screen.

While everyone knew that Raymond Griffith and Bertha Mann were engaged, their marriage came as a surprise. This couple hold a record for long engagements. They were betrothed nine years ago when the bride was the leading woman in the old Morosco Stock Company here—the same company in which Lewis Stone, Richard Dix, Edmund Lowe and dozens of other film celebrities got their start.

At that time Griffith was making two-reel comedies at the Mack Sennett Studio.

A cruise in the South Seas for a honeymoon. What could be more ideal than that?

This good



☪ King Vidor's Beverly Hills home 'The Eagle's Nest,' and his neighbors.



☪ Marion Davies, Jane Winton, King Vidor and Red Goldeen when Jane had a birthday.

fortune is to come to Patty Dupont who married Sylvanus Stokes of the famous New York family in Hollywood after a brief courtship.

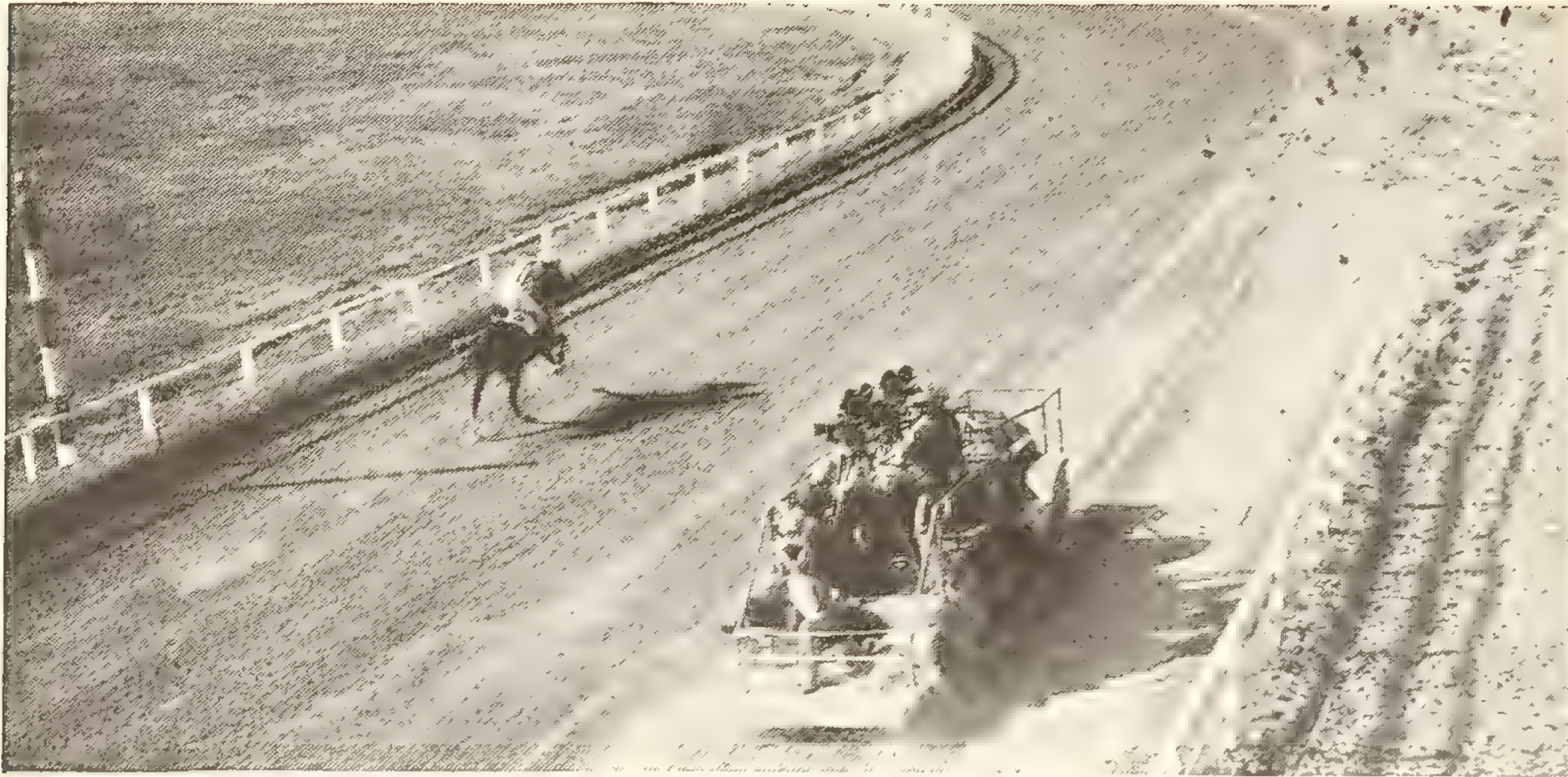
Patty Dupont was once the mysterious Miss Dupont, who created a furore in the film world under the direction of Erich von Stroheim.

Her new husband has ideas of breaking into the films himself. He has taken a flyer in several productions as an actor and has met with encouragement from directors and producers.

Another ex-baby-star to be married was Iris Stuart. She

☪ Marian Nixon and the great big dog to keep all the men away.





☞ How they took 'Thoroughbreds' for Universal.

She is back again now, however, determined to attain success.

Her marriage was a secret one, being discovered by friends who noticed she wore a new wedding ring. The man she married, Bert A. Mackinon, is said to be a New York publisher of magazines.

At Las Vegas, Nev., where the couple took out their license, Miss Stuart revealed that her real name is Iris McCann.

Grace Darmond met her fiancé



☞ Until you have been drawn by Flagg you have no standing as a beauty.

theaters in Mexico. The romance culminated in Beverly Hills where her fiancé moved to be near her.

Fifteen years ago the wife of Carl Laemmle died.

The owner of Universal City, with all his millions, in the midst of manifold activities, has never failed to hold a memorial ceremony in his office at the studio on each succeeding year.

Qualities such as this are what make him



☞ Billie Copeland was 'Miss California' and now she's a Christie Comedy girl.

while he was on a trip to Los Angeles. Accompanied by her mother, she made a series of personal appearances in his

☞ George Jessel and Jack Santaro in 'Ginsberg the Great.'



one of the most beloved figures in the motion picture industry.

This year, as he was prepared to have his quiet ceremony, every branch of production at the studio ceased work, and the studio officials and men gathered to join him in his tribute.

The office was filled; it overflowed; hundreds stood outside with bared heads while the ceremony went on.

Fan mail, that interesting barometer of appeal, reveals that Louis Fazenda is most popular in England and the British Colonies.

We tried to account for it, Louise, her husband, Hal Wallis, and I, and came to the conclusion that it was because most of her comedy parts, particularly the earlier ones, have been servants.

The comic servant, or maid, is a stock figure in British wit.

Some of the English papers and film magazines carry weekly and monthly cartoon strips in which the heroine is Louise Fazenda, dressed as a maid.



☞ Mona Ray as Topsy in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' now she's all washed up.

As a result of these strips, and of her well deserved popularity on the screen, Louise receives hundreds of letters a month from England and her colonies.

Estelle Taylor told me an interesting thing this month. She used to be an artist's model, while in her teens.

That was back in



☞ Betty Blythe back again in Warner's 'Domestic Troubles' and we give her a hearty welcome.

New England.

Her face adorned the covers of numerous magazines at the time.

—o—

"For goodneth thakes!"

No more will the lisping exclamation startle and amuse visitors in Laura La Plante's home.

For Pol, her famous lisping parrot, is dead.

A victim of some obscure stomach complaint was Pol. She was found dead in her cage one morning by Miss La Plante's maid.

Pol was one of Hollywood's most amusing oddities. How she got the lisp no one knew. She had it when Laura bought her.

Never an 's' could the bird say. It



☞ George Duryea with all the De Mille prestige.

was always 'th.'

Accompanying her mistress to the studio, the parrot aroused gales of laughter on the set with her amusing affliction.

—o—

To Europe to make *Blossomtime*. Frank Borzage to direct her. Charles Farrell to play opposite her again.

No wonder Janet Gaynor appeared so gay the day we had lunch with her at the William Fox Studio.

To begin with she had just signed a new long term contract with Fox, and at a salary more in keeping with what she is worth.

Then she had been told of *Blossomtime*.

As you all know, this is the operetta written about the life of Franz Shubert, the composer.

Fox certainly wants to produce it right. The three who made *Seventh Heaven* one of



☞ Olive Borden in the native costume of the Happy Islands.

the best pictures of all time, will be together again—Janet, Charlie and Frank Borzage.

The company is planning to send them all abroad as soon as Janet completes *The Four Devils*, in which she now works under the direction of Murnau.

—o—

Murnau, by the way, is taking no chances of rain (Cont. on page 96)

THEY SAY

by

MARION of
Hollywood



☞ Eva Grey and her Universal smile.



☞ Sally Eilers plays in Mack Sennett comedies.



☞ Jeanette Loff opposite Rod La Rocque in 'Hold 'Em Yale.'



☞ 'Snowy' Baker uses an Australian stock whip so that Lupino Lane will be good in his next Educational release.

how we miss the thrill of that first day of flitting, whirling, softy-white flakes coming through the air. After all I guess it evens up before the so-called Judgment Day comes 'round, and you back there can have your crowd, too. An eastern Springtime—Gosh, you've got it on us there! An eastern Springtime! Nothing in the world can take its place.

* * *

Last Sunday was an *awful* day for wives in Hollywood. Maybe I should say Wampas wives. You know that the Wampas have recently selected

their 1928 crop of Baby Stars, and so on Sunday it was set for all the Baby Stars and all



☞ Flora Bramley—a Wampas Baby Star.

IT's a shame to take the money, as we used to say when we were kids, but every year along about this time in January, we Californians are moved to sit up and crow about the remarkable weather we are having! With all our papers trying to make us believe that blizzards, a hundred feet of snow, more or less, and something like a thousand degrees below zero are making it well nigh impossible for any Easterner to venture even a nose outside of the home (heated, of course, with difficulty!) here I sit on my Hollywood piazza, writing, and basking in the glory of our sun. Never mind. Think of how un-Christmasy our Christmas was without a 'lick' of snow; think of

the Wampas boys to meet at First National's Burbank studio to take a bunch of photographs. Of course, it really was necessary that they all be there—you know, posing the girls, and all that sort of thing! Even Bert Levy was there, sketching them all. You know me—I wouldn't start any trouble for anybody for anything in the world, and if any of the wives should happen to read this, please be assured that every single one of them was working hard as could be, and absolutely indispensable! After all, Baby Stars are picked only once a year, and with the beautiful bunch they have this year, no wonder it takes a goodly crowd of Wampasites to pose them properly.

* * *

And while I was out there, I got to talk to Gwen Lee's mother, whom I haven't seen for about two years, when they lived next door to me. It certainly doesn't seem that long, and I want to tell you that Gwen's success hasn't hurt Mrs. Lee a single bit! She looks simply marvelous, is all smiles and happy as a queen, and looks more like Gwen's sister than her mother.

I almost forgot—the bride was working out there, too—Mrs. Louise Fazenda Hal Wallis. The regalia she had on was certainly not my business! Picture Louise in a Grecian costume, which hangs way down just below the hips, her hair in funny little ringlets, and a paste-board gold crown tipped on the side of her head in that manner never duplicated by anyone else. Yes, Louise is the queen of the harem, with Charlie Murray, the king, in a cut-back for their



☞ Marie Prevost and Harrison Ford making 'A Blonde for a Night.' The camera is in the right hand corner.



☞ Joan Crawford and Ramon Novarro on a deep sea location making 'China Bound.'



☞ Bebe Daniels who was seriously injured during a stunt scene recently.

newest comedy, and one look at them is enough to set you into gales of laughter.

* * *

Who'd like to speculate with me regarding the Duncan Sisters and a contract with Warner Brothers to do a Vitaphone picture? Also, did you hear them broadcast

over KFWB on their return to Los Angeles? Golly, but we enjoyed it, and as soon as we knew they were going to broadcast over the studio radio station we started wondering if it means that they'll do a Vitaphone. Later, during the broadcasting, Vivian said something about there being a possibility, but you can't get a darn thing out of any of three brothers! By the time this is printed, it might be all settled, and announced; and if they can hold me as spellbound with a Vitaphone performance, where I can see them and get their personalities, as they did over the radio—why, bring 'em on, just bring 'em on with their 'Rememb'ring' and 'Sittin' on the Curbstone Blues!'

* * *

I have before me a letter from a young lady named Jane Lyons, of Wilmette, Illinois. Among other things, she writes—'Dear Marion, please, please, please don't ever write about Rod La Rocque and Vilma Banky and end up with the line, 'Anyway, this is one marriage which will be lasting, etc. etc.' It's fatal, Marion. The magazine is hardly in circulation before the bride announces her intention of divorcing the ever-after groom.' Of course, Jane, I'll never write such a story about Rod and

Vilma if you insist that tales like that turn out to be a jinx, but I must ask you and all the rest of the world if they have heard the nice new story about the La Rocque-Banky divorce? Oh, of course—that's the very latest thing in Hollywood! Yes, indeed, Vilma is going abroad and Rod is staying here! Could any reporter scent a keener



© The 1928 Wampas Baby Stars. Left to right—Gwen Lee, Molly O'Day, Sally Eilers, Sue Carol, June Collyer, Dorothy Gulliver, Alice Day and Audrey Ferris.

scoop' for his scowling boss? Shh-hh—keep it quiet for a while, but buzzzzzz-zzz, didn't you hear that Vilma and Rod are getting a divorce? Sure, that's the story, and the best part of it is that Vilma and Rod don't know a thing about it! Simply because Vilma has to rush away to get her vacation a week before Rod can rush with her, somebody has it that they aren't happy and are about to be divorced. But, Jane, you do not have to get the teeniest, tiniest bit worried, because I am sure from the way they act, that the very, very last thing in the minds of the La Rocques is a divorce. And also, here's my promise that I'll keep away from the so-sure happiness ending you have read in other stories and so strenuously disapprove.

* * *

I had lunch with Dick Barthelmess and his *Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come* dog the other day. And say, it's really weird the way he almost looks as if he stepped right out of *Tol'able Dave* of quite some years gone by. Absolutely, he looks just the same, and I kept wondering all through the hour we were there if this Dick-boy would ever have to grow up and leave his boyishness behind. I hope not, because it's so becoming to him, and makes such sillies out of all us women-folks!

* * *

Lost—one Wampas Baby Star, Ruth Lorelie Lee Taylor, the 'Gentlemen Prefer' type, supposed to be making personal appearance bows somewhere in the east. Remember,



© Lina Basquette has the big part in De Mille's 'The Godless Girl.'

even scream or anything. Just the same, the little family of mother, Mary and brother Torrence have moved into an apartment where the fair part of the family feels much safer.

* * *

This new hero from the great open spaces — Lane Chandler — came in to see me the other day. Wait until the six feet of him starts breaking the hearts of the movie

Ruth, you have to be here for the mighty Wampas Ball affair. I'm warning you that there will be a terrible to-do if you're not here in time.

* *

It's a very fine thing to work in the movies, but, according to Jack Richardson, it's always wise to pick the kind of job to keep you out of trouble. Jack plays 'Jake' in Wally Beery's and Ray Hatton's new *Partners in Crime*, and in one of the fights he is supposed to be stabbed and just generally 'bloodied' up by Ray Hatton. Last week they worked the whole company until about eight o'clock, and Jack figured he'd jump right into the old Chevy without taking off the make-up. Along about half way home a couple of sirens ring out, and pretty quick two police cars come whizzing up and push him over to the curb. 'Well, this is the time you don't get away with it,' said the first one out of the police-car. 'You might as well come clean and give us the truth.' Jack was stunned. He had forgotten all about the make-up bandage across his chest, the reddened shirt and the blood-smearred face. He tried to say something, but his lips simply wouldn't move! 'Wh-wh-wh-wh——,' and that's every sound his voice would make until he chanced to glimpse himself in the car mirror and saw the nice red make-up. 'Gosh,' he said to me, 'I never knew such relief in all my life. I breathed a sigh they must have heard in New York City, and then proceeded to show the boys how easily it rubbed away.'

And that, you see, is Hollywood.

* * *

They've moved into an apartment, all right, because Mary and her mother were so nervous about it. But I insist that Mary's burglar simply was a lonesome youth who wanted a fleeting glimpse of so sweet a face as Mary Brian has. Mary saw him trying to get in the window of their front room, and she didn't

crowd. They had been taking some 'still' pictures of him, in evening clothes, and as the saying goes, he certainly swung a mean looking 'tux!' You can keep all parts of you still except your heart, and I'm telling you that when you see Lane in this new Esther Ralston picture it won't do you one bit of good to try to hide the thumping up around the region of your 'vital organ.'

* * *

The happiest, most glorious bulletin of the month is the re-uniting of the Noah Beerys. Yes, they have decided that there don't have to be any difficulties as



Ⓒ During the making of 'The Godless Girl,' showing Clarence Slifer who won the SCREENLAND contest for an assistant to Pev Marley, cameraman.

far as they are concerned, and once more the Beery home is really home. I'm so glad. You can't imagine how full of smiles Noah is these days, working as if he meant it and without the troubled, worried look this other lonesome year had brought upon him. Wicked, wicked villains on the screen generally are these men who have to have a woman to take care of and to baby them!

* * *

The going gets harder and harder for poor Neil Hamilton, with competition running keener and keener. Neil has been going along as undisputed Hollywood 'champ' at pulling rabbits out of hats, cards down from sleeves and turning red handkerchiefs pink, but now along comes Jack Mulhall doing all sorts of magic stuff, too. Jack had to learn some magic for his role in *Lady Be Good*, and learning a little got him so all-fired interested that Neil will have to be watching his title. I was kidding Neil about it. 'Bring him along, bring him along,' he laughed. 'We'll stage a combat at the American Legion Stadium; my honor shall be upheld, and once and for all I'll settle this dastardly stain upon the name of Hamilton.'

* * *

This is a funny old world, anyway,



Ⓒ Corinne Griffith knows her apples now that she has finished 'The Garden of Eden.'

and many funnier things could happen than Leatrice Joy and John Gilbert being married again. Mind you, I don't say that it is going to happen, but it certainly is strange what a lot of joy John is getting spending most of his spare time with Leatrice the first and Leatrice the second. It's no secret that John is over there for hours at a time. It's no secret at all that they are at parties together, dance together time after time, with each entirely too much interested in the other to call it just casual. And

Leatrice never looked more beautiful and more to be desired than she does right now! Maybe—who can tell?—maybe!

(Continued on page 95)

Ⓒ Alice Day and Jack Holt have a foolish moment between scenes of 'The Smart Set.'



There With Bells On—Continued from page 41

"Why, in the east they simply can't have parties like this," he said, "there isn't room."

Arriving late were Eddie Sutherland and Louise Brooks, Eddie wearing that high silk hat which he wore at Louise Fazenda's wedding. That is, he wore it when somebody else wasn't wearing it, as it was passed about from head to head, for no reason at all except fun. Louise Brooks looked like a little French doll, and has, I believe, the prettiest legs in Hollywood.

Jobyna Ralston, clad in rompers, and Richard Arlen, her husband, as little Rollo, hoop and all, were there; Esther's brother Clarence was dressed as a Boy Scout, and Al Rogell, the director, declared that as a good Hollywoodite he represented the four costume companies of that fair city!

Frank Tuttle wore a sort of nightie with wings, and declared he was one of the children from *The Blue Bird*—one of the children waiting to come to earth; and Florence Ryerson and Colin Clements wore picturesque kid clothes.

After supper Charles Rogers surprised everybody by showing what a musician he was. He played the piccolo, the saxophone and the drums, all very well indeed; but Johnny Hines came along and took the drum-sticks away from him, and played the drums himself.

Johnny was in evening clothes. He said that everybody knew he was only a kid anyhow; and Chester Conklin likewise was in evening clothes, apparently thinking he had sufficiently disguised himself as a child by cutting off his mustache.

"Prizes to be given for the cleverest costumes!" George Webb called out, and everybody lined up.

Honors were nearly even between Mary Brian and Jobyna Ralston, the voting of the crowd being done by hand-clapping, but the judges finally decided the prize should go to Mary. It was a manicure set, and Johnny Hines suggested that one girl should use the set one week, and the other girl the next! The men's prize was a cigarette lighter. Though Esther looked like a little girl from the Elsie Dinsmore books, she danced the Black Bottom for us most fluently, and there was a little contest in which Mary Brian, the Bonner sisters and Jobyna took part with Esther.

Warner Baxter and his lovely wife, Winifred Bryson, came late, arriving from another party, and so weren't dolled up as kids, but both danced and entered into all the fun with zest.

Dick Arlen and Jobyna, Ena Gregory, pardon me, Marian Douglas and Al Rogell, Priscilla and Bert wandered off after a while into the gorgeous big living room, where they played ring-around-the-rosy and other kid games; while others of us went out into the court formed back of the house by a high wall and by the dressing rooms, and looked at the great swimming pool, but it was too cool for anybody to venture in, although Chet Conklin dared Mary Brian to take the leap.

"I do hope," confided Patsy, as we were traveling homeward, "that Esther and George won't forget to invite us to another party when the weather grows warmer so we can

take a dive into that lovely swimming pool."

"THIS evening promises to be an awfully large evening!" declared Connie Keefe, as Patsy and I entered the portals of the Mayfair Dance at the Biltmore with him. "We're due at the Breakfast Club at six in the morning—and there's the party at Alice Day's after the Mayfair, too!"

"Why use up every place in one even-

We were guests of Alice and Marceline Day, their mother and Ona Brown; and Richard Dix brought Marceline, who is wearing a slave bracelet which was presented to her, we understand, by Richard. In the party, too, were Don Alvarado and his wife, Nat Goldstone, Claire Windsor and Buddy Rogers, Grace Gordon, Harvey Barnes, Finis Fox and his wife, and others.

We noted all the faithfully engaged, nearly engaged and married couples there, including Paul Kohner and Mary Philbin, Bobby Agnew and Ann Rork, Syl Stokes and Patty Dupont, Jerry Miley and Lois Wilson, Roland Drew and Greta Nissen, Pola Negri and her prince, Billie Dove and Irvin Willat, Gertrude Olmsted and Robert Leonard, Jane Winton and Charlie Kenyon, Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg, Warner Baxter and his wife, Agnes Christine Johnston and Frank Dazey, and others too numerous to mention.

It seemed sad to see Balboni sitting at his table without June Mathis, who passed away, you remember, a few months ago. Amid all the gaiety he was very quiet. I didn't see him dancing once.

Winifred Hart, divorced wife of William S. Hart, was there, and it seemed nice to see her so gay after her months of hiding away from the world.

Patty was dancing with Richard Dix just at midnight, and when the gong sounded everybody stopped and was silent for a moment, as the custom is at the Mayfair, to make a wish.

As luck would have it, Richard and Lois Wilson, who was dancing with Warner Baxter, found themselves standing quite near each other at the moment of wishing. They were engaged to each other once on a time, you know, and I'm sure their eyes sought each other for an instant seriously. An engagement would mean a lot to the earnest souls of both these two.

Everybody had been provided with a sleigh-bell attached to a leather bracelet, which the guest fastened to his wrist or ankle, so that the dancing was musical with bells; and there were so many yards of serpentine flowing from the reels over our heads that half a dozen couples became so enmeshed they couldn't dance until they had disentangled themselves.

The Marx Brothers came over after their show had closed, and entertained us, Groucho with his wit and Harpo with his harp music. Nora Bayes was to have entertained but I hear she thought there was too much noise for her to be able to get into the spirit of her songs.

Connie Keefe, Richard Dix, Patsy and I decamped to the Days' apartment a little after midnight, and there we danced and played the radio for an hour or two. Then we all piled into Alice Day's big limousine and drove over to San Fernando Valley to the Breakfast Club, where we found a lot of the Mayfair crowd had already preceded us.

We sat at tremendously long tables in the Hall of Brotherly Love, or whatever they call the huge pavillion,—though Patsy declares she never could possibly love such

FOR OUR BETTER ACQUAINTANCE—

Name Age.....
 Address Married.....

 Hobby
 What other publications do you read regularly?

 Do you (or if unmarried) does your family own your home?
 Automobile..... Radio.....
 PLEASE STATE MAKE
 Piano.....Do you play any musical instruments?
 How many people do you estimate read your copy of SCREENLAND?

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ing?" murmured Patsy.

In the private lobby before the ballroom, we found nearly all the guests buzzing before they went in.

Zazu Pitts and Mrs. Eric von Stroheim, the latter a dazzling blonde, wearing gorgeous ermine wraps over their evening dresses, held a sort of little court. Their husbands had gone hunting, so their wives had come with another party.

Constance Talmadge, wearing the gardenias of which she is so fond, on her rose-colored silk gown, was in the lobby, too, along with Buster Keaton and Natalie Keaton, Buster Collier and others. By the way, to my way of thinking, Natalie has bloomed into the real beauty of the family.

We found Antonio Moreno and his wife there too, and Bryant Washburn, Bebe Daniels, Bessie Love, Jack Pickford, Dolores Del Rio, Mervin Leroy and Edna Murphy, Estelle Taylor and Jack Dempsey, Colleen Moore and John McCormick and dozens of others.

a large number of people as can assemble in that big place. The big orchestra played all the old songs such as *Sweet Rosie O'Grady*, *Bicycle Built for Two*, *After the Ball*, and the rest of the old plush-album favorites, and everybody joined in the singing.

Breakfast was served, consisting of ham and eggs, hot cakes and coffee, and despite the very nice dinner we had enjoyed at the Mayfair, we found it very good after the long, cold ride.

After the singing we danced to the music of the orchestra, and on the floor we said Hello again to Jane Winton, Baxter and his wife, Jack Dempsey and Estelle Taylor, and scores of other Mayfairers.

"What time is it?" I asked Connie as he dropped me at my door.

"Seven, dearie," said Connie, "and you'd better hurry to bed if you want to go to sleep without the sun shining in your eyes."

PROGRESSIVE Sunday afternoon and evening partying! That's a great sport in Hollywood, where, though a very large proportion of the film folk really do go to church in the morning, they believe it not out of place to ride about in their cars to each other's houses or to the beaches or mountains in the afternoons.

Open house is the rule in many of the film stars' homes, and so it was that Patsy and I found ourselves booked up for at least four parties one Sunday afternoon.

The day was drizzly, but our car was cosy, so it didn't matter, and we made a mad dash from the machine to Dolores Del Rio's front door to avoid the rain.

The weeping clouds were soon forgotten after we entered Dolores' hospitable door, where we found not only the star herself, but her father and mother, Senor and Senora J. L. Asunsolo, of Mexico City, who are visiting her in her new home.

That new house is built in the Mexican style of architecture—broad verandas overlooking a court enclosed on two sides by the house, on the other two sides by a high stone wall. In the court is a great, gnarled old sycamore tree, the fragrance of whose leaves will float into the house in the hot September afternoons and evenings, and a huge fountain with gaily tiled basin. You enter by a charming little garden gate

opened in the wall, so that, once inside, you feel as though you were in old California again, in the days of the dons.

Inside the great living room is furnished either with things Miss Del Rio has brought from Mexico with her from her old home, or with duplicates of those things—a great red divan, luxurious and roomy, great carved chairs, paintings, draperies, altar-cloths beautiful in gold and lace, carved tables. I think I have never seen so restful a room.

Dolores looked gorgeous in a batiked chiffon velvet gown, which became a gown, she explained, only after she had draped it on her figure, the batiked material being in one large piece. Jean du Boullier, who makes the clothes of Pavlowa and other notables, had designed it for her, and there wasn't another one in town.

Dolores' parents turned out to be the most charming people, as truly hospitable as one has always heard of the Spanish and Mexican people being.

Jaimie Del Rio was in New York, seeing after the production of a play of his, and we missed his warm greeting. Dolores said she couldn't possibly have passed Christmas without him but that her parents were with her.

"And we just couldn't do without her, our only child, another Christmas," declared Dolores' mother.

There were at least three devoted couples present.

Greta Nissen and Roland Drew were among these, and are a handsome couple, Roland with his dark, stalwart face and figure, Greta with her soft, alluring femininity. They deny they are engaged, but if little glances and half articulate words and that magnetic something one feels in the air mean anything, they like each other very much. Greta has child-like violet eyes and lovely legs and an entirely disarming, artless way about her. She told us how her mother, recently come from Norway, is gradually being educated to the speed of American automobiles.

There was the lovely blonde Jane Peters, Sennett star, Rita Carewe, and Edwin Carewe, Warner Baxter and his wife, Don and Ann Alvarado, Charlie Farrell, and others.

There were a buffet tea and dancing, and

an altogether nice entertainment, with glowing hospitality.

"We are due at Billie Dove's," whispered Patsy, and so away we went to be greeted by Billie and Irvin, who, despite an overflowing house, managed to give everybody a charming welcome.

We met Charlie Paddock right inside the door. He had just had a story printed in Liberty Magazine and was carrying it right around with him—far prouder of having a story published than all of his famous sprinting records.

Bebe Daniels and Constance Talmadge came for a few minutes, but were due at so many parties that day they couldn't do more than alight for a minute or two at any one place.

Irvin Willat led us back into his den, where he showed us the newest movie projection machine, a trick affair looking like a phonograph disk and handle, but with a circular movie made of cardboard, which was run off by hand when the operator turned the handle as if he were winding up a phonograph. The movies were funny little animal pictures, drawings, and as Charles Kenyon stood near, Irvin declared that the scenario was by Kenyon with direction by himself.

Pauline Garon was there, wearing the tiniest watch in the world. It is set in a diamond bracelet and its crystal is a quarter of an inch in diameter! It was given her by Lowell Sherman, her ex-husband.

We met Douglas MacLean and his wife, who were on a tour of parties themselves; and there was Anita Stewart, but without her Dr. Monaco.

"The engagement is broken, Anita tells me," Patsy whispered.

Joan Crawford and Shirley Dorman were there, and told us how they have taken, together, Rex Ingram's house in Beverly Hills. I think Joan has bought it.

Lloyd Whitlock and his wife came for a few minutes, and there were Arthur Lake, Gloria Gray, Jane Winton, Helen Cox, Montagu Love, and a crowd of others.

OVER at Finis Fox's house, we found Loris had come home from Dolores Del Rio's to see to dinner. She was having as guests some of the young men of the film world who were not living at home, including Robert Kurrle and two or three technical men.

"Oh, here come Mollie O'Day and Sally O'Neill!" exclaimed Patsy, who was looking out of the window.

Mollie and Sally had come, you see, to wait on the men and eat at the second table. Loris Fox's dining room being small! Ona Brown came in, too, to help, and Patsy and I aided in the spoiling of masculinity.

Don and Ann Alvarado dashed in, and were invited to remain, although Patsy said it wasn't fair, but Ann promised not to give Don any undue attention.

After dinner—we feminine beings all ate at the second table!—we hurried over to Jane Winton's who had managed to get home, change her dress, and looked as though she had just stepped out of a bandbox. Fresh and unwearied, too, as though she hadn't been either partying or preparing for a party all day.

There we found dozens of Kenyon's fellow scenarists and a score of Jane's actor friends, including the lovely Rosemary Cooper, Johnny Mack Brown and his wife, Vera Reynolds, Marie Prevost, Ward Crane, and others.

"The end of a perfect day," yawned Patsy blissfully, as we swept homeward.



© Lady, the leading feminine player, Rex the King of Wild horses and Starlight, the mount of the hero, Jack Perrin, all for Universal.

Should the Successful Stars be Guillotined?

Continued from page 35

That scene in *Ben Hur* where she brushes a fly from the peasant baby's head shows it. And again in *Peter Pan* she wrings your heart in the scene where she has to choose between eternal youth and the earth people she has grown to love. A mother's tenderness is, for a moment, a thing more desirable than freedom, and as she stands at the door and watches Wendy's mother, her eyes fill with tears and she says, wistfully, 'Her mouth is full of thimbles.' Which, for the benefit of those who did not see the picture and are not familiar with Barrie's lines, meant, 'Her mouth is full of kisses.'

Then Betty was cast for *A Kiss For Cinderella*, another Barrie play, which made it even harder for her to step from her fanciful niche. Betty has done several other pictures and done them well, but memory for her as Peter Pan was so strong that for many people it spoiled the character she was then playing. Perhaps that is why Herbert Brenon has chosen Loretta Young to play in *Laugh, Clown, Laugh* with Lon Chaney, and not Betty Bronson. Perhaps he is afraid that Betty's success in *Peter Pan* would spoil anything else she may do. Loretta Young is a newcomer, picked from the ranks, as Betty was. Looks rather like her. Acts like her, too, I am told.

Ruth Taylor also was picked from obscurity and landed in the most talked of, the most enviable part in Hollywood. It was Lorelei Lee in *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*. What's she going to do now? She's a definite type. She's a Lorelei Lee. Is there another story in modern literature,

another character to top or even equal Lorelei's type? Ruth Taylor will be a lucky girl if she is given a totally different sort of role for her next venture, and if she makes good at it.

But this is not the only uncomfortable part of the star system for the producer. There is another angle. When an actor makes a success it doesn't take long for him to develop what he likes to call 'temperament.' And it is according to the amount of grey matter he possesses whether it happens at once or whether it will take several years of flattery out of all proportion to what he has achieved, to let it break down his morale—and his sense of humor. Then the producer's troubles start in earnest if the actor is a real drawing power. By 'temperament' I don't mean the very real grievances some actor's have. I mean the expression which springs from over-fed and petty vanity.

In the early days pictures were taboo as far as the stage was concerned. But as they gained in popularity and quality they could be mentioned aloud in the Lambs Club without causing a blush. One by one the established 'legitimate' actor could be lured from his sacred calling for a consideration—a high salary, and his name in electric lights. All right, said the producer to himself. If that's what he has the nerve to ask for he must be good. The business man in the producer bowed to what he thought was sagacity in the actor. Nine times out of ten it was vanity and not business acumen. Having gone that far the producer had to go further. So he spent thousands of dollars advertising the fact that

Billy Blank would appear for the next five years exclusively for XYZ productions. 'See Billy Blank as the great buffalo buster in *The Thrill of Alaska*,' he cried.

And the public palate was tickled and its mind half made up as to whether they were going to like Billy Blank or not. If he lived up to their expectations they were wild to see him again. Immediately. And in the same sort of part. And if he has become their cowpuncher, do you think they will relish the idea of seeing him the next time as *Beau Brummel*? I guess not. Billy has to be some actor to put *Beau Brummel* across when he is definitely 'set in the minds of the public as a cowpuncher.'

So Billy Blank becomes, in the eyes of the public, a cowpuncher. And the public only wants to see Billy cows. And Billy gets the idea that he is a great cowpuncher and wants more and more money and more concessions. Such as bonuses, and weeks off to 'rest,' and cars, and a wardrobe, and his valet paid for, and his house in Hollywood paid for, and two or three secretaries, and a trainer, and drawingrooms for himself and his family when he travels, and—and—

And the first thing the producer knows he is paying as much for Billy's 'concessions' as he pays for Billy. And the two things together amount to the cost of the whole picture—if it's a Western.

And then it becomes harder and harder to get stories to fit Billy. He can only do Westerns. The public won't see him in anything else. And Billy is going stale on Westerns. But the last one in the world to think this is Billy, who puffs up more and more and develops tantrums in his fingernails. And suddenly the producer finds himself with a heavy overhead that will be a flop unless cleverly and expensively advertised and even then he has to hold his breath and pray that he breaks even.

So Billy is given the air.

But what can the producer do? He tries to beat the game by promoting new faces, and more new faces. He spends a fortune to tell the world that Sally Smart is the World's Most Wonderful Vampire. And does Sally Smart ever live it down? Well, ask Theda Bara.

I was looking over some pictures of Theda just the other day. Her face is lovely, and it is wholesome. There are many things Theda Bara could have done on the screen besides *Salome*. But she happened to make a hit in *A Fool There Was* (years before Estelle Taylor played it) and neither William Fox nor the public wanted to see Theda do anything else but vamp her man. Then, when Theda's long contract was up, she demanded what stars of her drawing power were getting at that time. But Mr. Fox saw that her particular style of vamp was over with, and what was there to do but let her out unless she could work for a smaller figure than she asked. Which she couldn't, or wouldn't. And could you blame her either? For years her pictures had been turning the millions into the Fox coffers and she had been drawing a small salary. It was her misfortune that her contract lasted over the period of her popularity and ended just when her day was done. With careful training though, and advertising, Theda could have been the new vamp that was beginning to be popular, but it is doubtful whether Mr. Fox would have thought so, or whether he would have



© Ruby McCoy and the trophies that she has won as the Most Beautiful Red Haired Girl in Southern California. In *Educational Cameo comedies*.

been interested if he had. Producers, like everyone else, are human.

It is thrilling to take an unknown person, build them up, make them famous. Then begin on somebody else. Star No. 1 is still valuable and worth nursing along if he keeps his sense of proportion. If he doesn't, life's too short to get excited over him, there being many other nice, shiny, interesting fish in the sea. From that point on it's up to Star No. 1. It is his opportunity to handle the situation. As Tom Mix once said to me: 'While I have been on this lot (we were sitting in his dressing room as he spoke) I have watched stars come and I have watched them go, when a little common sense would have saved them. The thing for an actor to do is to keep a level head and a steady eye on the horizon.'

And Tom Mix has stuck to his own advice pretty well for a good many years, and has certainly earned the retirement it is rumored he is voluntarily taking.

But Tom is one actor in a hundred. Few can take the impersonal view of things that he can. Perhaps it is because he has always loved big things. He has loved the mountains and the desert and the ocean and the call of the wild. And perhaps he knows that, after all, one actor isn't the Universe even if he *does* pull down seventeen thousand dollars a week for fifty-two consecutive weeks. That's where Tom has it over a good many of us. And when he does retire he'll be a happier man because he has something big to retire to—his interest in real things.

Then there is Janet Gaynor. Everyone adored Janet in *Seventh Heaven*, and although her work in *Sunrise* was very different and also very good it did not wipe out the impression *Seventh Heaven* made. Perhaps it was because *Sunrise* was so sombre while the high spots in *Seventh Heaven* made every older person remember the delirium of their own first love, and every flapper and her boy friend yearn for the fulfillment of their dreams.

Followed, for Janet, one or two rather sad program pictures, and now I see Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell are appearing together again and the stills could easily be mistaken for some from *Seventh Heaven*. These two talented young players are dragged back to an atmosphere similar to that of their first success simply because their chiefs lack the imagination to discover for them a totally different story background that possesses, nevertheless, an equally thrilling love theme.

No one has ever forgotten *Stella Dallas* principally because of Lois Moran. Never since then has Lois Moran had the appeal for her public that she had in the part of the shrinking, innocent girl who faced the world so bravely. Just the last picture I saw her in, a lady in back of me remarked to her companion at its close, 'My dear, you should have seen Lois Moran in *Stella Dallas*.'

And here is little Lupe Velez. Her vitality is tremendous and her intelligence apparently, equals it. Moreover she has very deep, though latent, emotional power and wistfulness. And Douglas Fairbanks should get two feathers in his cap for permitting this unknown girl to have such a splendid chance. The first feather should be a very large one for generosity, and the second feather for showmanship. But what will be the fate of Lupe now? Will she have a chance to develop that deep emotional power and the decided turn for romance that she has, or is she just going to be kept a 'Gauchó' girl. The abyss that Eve Southern might have fallen into be-

cause of her fine work in the same picture has been avoided in *Wild Geese*, which offered her a totally different type of part. Eve has, I think, the ability to make each character she plays live, for she lent enchantment and gave individuality to both of these widely differing heroines.

There are a few great actors who can live down their successes. There is Jannings. And it is a proof of the artistic advance of the screen that you cannot today classify Jannings. With *Deception*, Louis XV in *Passion*. *The Loves of Pharaoh*, *The Last Laugh*, *Variety*, *The Way of all Flesh* and *The Last Command* to his credit, he is still too big to be pigeon-holed. Master of every emotion, each thing he does is a highwater mark in his career. He makes you live through the joys and sorrows of the character he is portraying just as truly as though it was the experience of a very dear friend you were sympathizing with. You are looking into the soul of a living, breathing person—not a character on the screen.



© Rin-Tin-Tin and Audrey Ferris on Warner Bros. pedestal.

But Jannings is more than a great actor. Knowing that more depends upon the worth of a film than the acting alone, he keeps a fatherly eye on everything. Throughout every department of the pictures he is in, the magnificent quality of his own work can be traced to some degree. I have noticed that his leading women do finer, truer work in his pictures than they ever did before. And sometimes they never rise to it again. And that is where the producers should fall under the knife of Madame la Guillotine, to my mind, in earnest. If Jannings and Lubitsch can get good results from the people they work with, what's the matter with our producers and directors that they put the same people in more or less the same sort of parts and have them turn out nonentities or worse? Could it be that the directors don't know their business so well? Or is it just that their knowledge of human nature is sometimes limited?

Look at Lya de Putti. Irresistible in *Variety*, charming as Manon. Utterly commonplace in all but one of the pictures she did in America and under American direction. That one was the vamp in *God Gave Me Twenty Cents*. And Herbert Brenon

directed it. In this picture we saw a flash now and then of the old Lya, and had the part been a larger and more sympathetic one, Lya's chance in this country may not have passed her by. But she'll be back, and when she comes I hope she will be turned over to a director who speaks her language and understands and sympathizes with the Latin temperament; for you must admit that a director is under a terrible handicap if he cannot talk with his players and make them understand what he wants them to do.

Look at Pola Negri. What a time she had when she first came to this country. Recently she has had a better break. Oh, I know America has a few fine directors too. My pet among them all though is King Vidor because of *The Big Parade*.

What is true of Jannings is true, to some extent, of Greta Garbo. You don't feel in her pictures that she influences the whole production, but you do feel that as far as her own work is concerned you are looking at a performance. To my mind she is the outstanding personality, among the women, on the screen. And she, too, has the courage to fight for a variety of stories so that she will not be annihilated by the 'type' scourge. You cannot quite classify her either. Although most of her parts, that America has seen her play, are sirens, each seems to have a definite personality of its own. You forget that you are watching Greta Garbo create another role and become absorbed in the woman in the story. And when an actress can put her audience in that frame of mind she is a pretty good trouper. In *The Divine Woman* Greta steps from her languorous method of acting and you see her full of vivacity and grace—a conception radically different from anything we have yet had from her.

If the producers had only to deal with the comparatively few actors and actresses who can really act; are not types and are level headed, they might think they were wandering in Elysian fields, but—

If it was the picture that was most important. If each individual part was built up to its logical relation to the story. If the story itself was worked out to a degree of perfection in continuity, dramatic quality and theme. If it tried to tell just one story and not several stories. If all these things could be done thoroughly the public would have better entertainment.

A few directors have tried to do it—few get away with it. Griffith usually flirts with this idea. There are always at least two personalities in his pictures; sometimes there are more. If anyone asked me (nobody has, but this is a free country) what the outstanding quality of his newest and independent picture, *Drums of Love*, was I'd say it was the beauty of the photography and the composition of each setting. The lighting was particularly beautiful and intelligent. It streamed mainly from the logical place for light to stream from. A window, or the candles, or the firelight. There was just enough from the opposite side to kill the deep shadows. In the great reception hall it streamed from many windows, softly diffused, radiant, lovely.

Now is it a great stroke of genius to light a scene properly? Verily it would seem so.

But does the public want the perfect picture? Wouldn't it rather obey that impulse strongest in all of us—worship? Wouldn't it rather kneel at the feet of some adored idol of the screen? And doesn't the wise producer know that and therefore smile upon many a temperamental outburst from a star that he might otherwise frown upon? If the producer sent out his advertising

without announcing the name of any of the plays and programmed his cast in this way—

Sally, the heroine, played by.....1267

John, the hero, played by1964

Desmond, the villain, played by362

What would you say? What do you think would happen? My guess would be that in less time that it takes to see two pictures 'Number 1267' would have as definite a personality as the name Sally Smart, and the public would clamor to see 'Number 1267' in something else. And the producer would be right back where he started.

So long as we worship personalities there will be stars on the screen, and that, I fancy, will be a long, long time.

Alan Dwan once said to me. 'I have succeeded in keeping my public friendly

because I have tried to get their thought off of me and what I am doing. When *Robin Hood* became so popular I was in danger of being tagged with it and of dinging everything else I did compared to it. But I succeeded in putting all the glory on the shoulders of its great star, Douglas Fairbanks, because I knew that Doug's versatility was already well established and that he could stand it. And by doing this I was free to try out other ideas I had in my next picture without exciting public comment in too dangerous a degree.'

So if Mr. Brenon drives his tumbril down Hollywood Boulevard collecting his victims for the sharp tongued lady, he will undoubtedly find swarming over the sides of his gruesome conveyance many stars with hands outstretched and eyes pleading that

past successes be forgotten and they may be given another chance. It takes co-operation to make a picture. Co-operation, understanding, and friendliness as Mr. Brenon realizes. When strife and hatred are part of the brew and the spirit of it gets out to the public and is felt at the box office. The true artist wants to give the best that is in him and resents labels. And for the true artist perfection has never been achieved—it lies always just around the corner.

In his sometimes short-sighted fashion, the great producer may wish to improve pictures for your entertainment and mine. But greater than our wish for good pictures is our love for the stars that endureth from box office unto box office.

Are You Companionate?—Continued from page 17

you, sometimes I hate you.' Which ever emotion the script calls for. Here today and beer tomorrow. Champagne in ginger-ale bottles and ginger-ale in Venetian glass goblets. Glycerine and glucose; lipstick and slapstick. It's a swell place. But you don't have to worry. You'll be welcome. You can go your own way and maybe tell them all a thing or two. You may bring the celluloid city something new. Yes—you'll have a brand of love-making that never took direction except from that arch-director, Mr. Q. Pidd. You'll be oh, so original. When you hear a call of 'Camera' from somewhere you won't go automatically into your best box-office Amorous Gesture.

Nothing will stop you—not even 'Cut!' Nobody will have seen your particular type of Passion before. Your dream girl will know that your love will be all hers—not shared with a dozen or so leading ladies. When you kiss her—if you get that far—you can safely murmur into that rosy ear: 'This is a pre-very darling—never before shown.' And she will murmur back: 'Show me again.'

When you hold her hand—am I going

too fast for you?—you can tell her that hers is the only hand you will want to hold. She'll believe you because she'll know you don't get paid for it. She will love you for yourself alone, not because any director makes her. She will appreciate the fact that you are not trying to steal the scene. What bliss—a close-up without a camera!

Imagine the plight of a poor movie queen, who goes with her latest and loveliest suitor to an opening at Graumann's Egyptian, and has to sit there and watch him make love to a new wide-eyed ingenue in the self-same manner he used on her last evening! It's enough to make a girl take up marriage in a serious way.

Famous screen lovers don't always carry on in real life—not in the same way. They see too much of each other in the studio. The few exceptions only prove the rule. Movie stars are marrying what are quaintly called 'non-professionals' right along—and staying married, too. The public may never have heard of the Only-Their-Husbands—but the stars are satisfied. And the Husbands will be heard from, sooner or later.

Some of the most dazzling damsels in pictures have turned their backs on famous

actors and picked on merchants or bankers, and lived happily ever after. A man may not be famous when he marries a movie star, but before long he acquires a news-value and is apt to be snapped by perspiring photographers every time he pokes his nose outside his office.

Fame is contagious. If one in a family has it, all are exposed. A short cut to fame, if that's what you want, is marriage to a movie star.

John Pialaglou and Captain Alastair McIntosh could fill scrap-books with their press clippings if they didn't have business to attend to. And why? Because, they once married Constance Talmadge, though not at the same time. The fact that Connie is at present unmarried doesn't alter the fact that she married non-professional gentlemen and liked it. So did they. Both her former husbands are still her fans.

You may not be famous, but nobody can prove you aren't a Great Lover in your own home. You may not know your camera-angles, but you certainly know your rights. Actors want their lighting to be just right. You don't care if there's no lighting at all. In fact, you prefer it. Knowing less



© Louise Fazenda and Chester Conklin and the circus elephant from 'Tillie's Punctured Romance.'

than nothing about camera-lines, you won't always be worrying about whether you're within bounds. Your mind won't be on the rushes, but on your work—only it's more like play. You may muss Her hair and let her ruffle up your pompadour and there won't be anybody to yell at you: 'Stop that monkey business—less passion, and more art.' Dragging a third party into a love scene like that!

Greta Garbo and Clara Bow, the two stormy petrels of motion pictures, have never been married. But they may have been engaged—plenty. And their most prominent engagements have been to movie actors. At present all bets are off. Greta and Clara both admit they may marry some day but they are not making any rash promises. Perhaps they have not yet met the Right Man—apiece. He may not even be in Hollywood. Clara's Future may at present be bending over a drawing-board in an architect's office high up in a Manhattan building, getting the dimensions of a new house in the suburbs all mixed up with Clara's. The lucky Mr. Garbo may even now be wondering how he can break away from the insurance business to take a peek at Hollywood, where the insurance most needed is love insurance. You can't tell. Two of the handsomest men in pictures have paid court to Greta and Clara at various times—John Gilbert and Gilbert Roland. Roland is now Norma Talmadge's leading man, while Jack is still playing opposite Greta—both still to be seen in *Love*. The picture, I mean.

Meanwhile Greta's yearning face



The Cycle

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Sills with the proud
mother, Doris Kenyon
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Also a picture taken forty years ago
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haunts a million men. That questing look always ensnares. Garbo seems always to be seeking something far away—and every man in his heart hopes that he may turn out to be the little pot of gold at the end of her rainbow. And he may be. One of the myriad male shadows who watch this glamorous girl in movie theatres all over America may get up enough gumption some day to follow her into darkest Hollywood. Greta, a little weary after a turbulent scene on the set, may listen. Sincerity—unselfish love—may win her. And perhaps in such a love even the greatest star could find her harbor of happiness. That sounds like a sub-title, but life is sometimes stranger than even the wildest movie, or so I've been told.

As for the girls—if they have been reading over our shoulders, and I'll bet they have, the little mischiefs—the same to you. Perhaps I don't have to remind you girls that those of your heroes who married home girls are still happily married. More than one shy little flower who never stepped on stage or studio has captured the fancy of a famous actor and kept it. Styles in screen love-making may change with the seasons, but the real article survives the wear and tear of home life and stays pretty much the same year in and year out. Companionate Marriage is still new enough to be a novelty and more than one film star has expressed a wish to know more about it. It looks as if Hollywood will just naturally take to it. And why isn't it just the thing for movie stars, who never seem to know where their next mate is coming from?

Simba — Continued from page 46

and perhaps result in instant death.

Not all of their work is done at the water holes, however. Lions and elephants afford interesting views while feeding or playing about, and very often a chance meeting with a rhino on the trail gives them much more action than the pictures they get at the 'blind.'

In the four years they spent in the African Jungle while making *Simba*, their most recent picture of life in British East Africa, which had its world premiere at the Earl Carroll Theatre, New York City, their days were filled with much more adventure and thrills than most of us here in the United States can boast of, for with the family troubles, fights, illnesses, childbirth and evil rumors of the natives in their gang of laborers, to say nothing of wild elephants calmly emerging from the surrounding forests, rhinos blocking trails and leopards attacking their cattle, life was far from dull.

Many years sojourn on the Islands in the South Seas taught Johnson how to handle the natives. He chose his headmen at Nairobi and they helped him recruit a small army of workers from the local tribes.

Porters were used to assist with the baggage, artisans to help build the small village, cooks and servants to make them comfortable. Good hunters, who knew something of the habits of the beasts about them were also important members of the party. A native named Boculy was their most valuable guide. He knew more about

the elephants than any other native living. He could tell their size and speed and the direction of their travel by a crushed leaf or a broken branch. A mere handful of tracks could reveal to him the number of elephants in the herd.

Camera hunting in the wilds of the African Jungle meant taking chances and although there were few tragedies, there were many narrow escapes. At one time, one of their helpers was badly mauled by a leopard while helping Mrs. Johnson. On another occasion Johnson was awakened at midnight by the yelling of one of his assistants. Grabbing his gun he rushed out and found a rhino had stuck his head into the white man's tent. The assistant, however, had the presence of mind to kick the rhino in the face whereupon the beast backed off only to come on again just missing the man and plunging through the tent. The fury of the beast was so great it pulled up all the pegs covering him with the khaki canvas. In his frenzy the rhino madly dashed down the hill carrying the tent with him. Shortly afterward word came that the assistant's two friends were killed by rhinos. It seems that a young lady who was staying with friends nearby had gone out accompanied by a native armed with a knife. The pair encountered a rhino which charged and killed her after she had bravely fired six shots into it. Just about the same time a settler and his wife were returning to the village in a Ford. They saw the same rhino wounded on the

road. Unfortunately the gun was tied to the seat and before they could get it loose the animal charged and killed the man right before the woman's eyes.

One morning right after breakfast, Johnson, Osa and two friends went to the place where they had been told rhinos had been seen. The two men went into the bushes to look for tracks when all of a sudden the Johnsons heard screams, then some shots, then more screams, then another shot and more screams. Johnson and his wife ran into the bushes as fast as they could and found one of the men stretched out on the ground with his clothing torn in a pool of blood. At first they thought the man was dead, but on raising him a bit they found the rhino had got him in the legs. He was rushed back to camp where with plenty of hot water the wounds were washed and dressed. When the injured man could talk he told them that he had nearly stepped on the old female rhino who immediately came for him. He managed to get in a few quick shots but they only glanced off her horns and thick skull. Finally knocking the gun out of his hands she gored him. The man died a few weeks later.

One day shortly after the encounter with rhinos, Mrs. Johnson disappeared. She had ridden out a little way from camp on a mule accompanied by one of the gun bearers, who reported that in some way unknown to him he had lost track of her. Only the man's intense fright tempered



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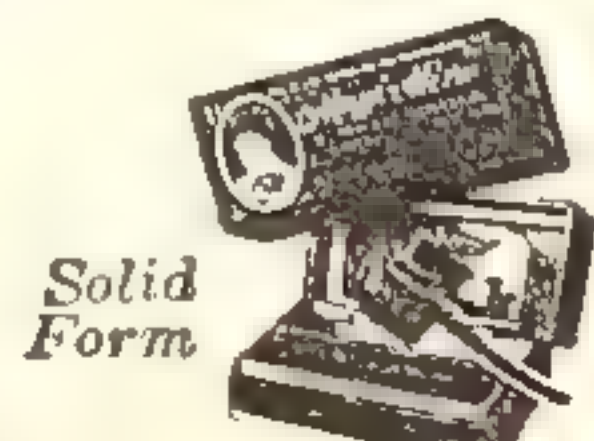
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Johnson's fury at his carelessness. A search party was immediately organized, for not only were rhinos reported to be in the vicinity, but leopards and other ferocious wild beasts. If Mrs. Johnson had been hurt or unable to defend herself her fate would have been appalling. Being treed by wild beasts was not an uncommon experience to Osa, but the guide said there were no trees in the few miles of desert trail on which he lost her.

To every one's intense relief she was discovered, through Johnson's glasses, sitting alone on the ground about a mile away and even while Johnson was looking through the glasses, she rose and slowly started toward him. She later explained to them that the mule shied at a snake and she fell off evidently striking her head on a stone.

Some of their most dangerous and dramatic encounters, however, were with the elephants. These huge beasts go by no rule of attack or retreat. It is impossible to anticipate their movements as it is with the other game and once their fury is aroused it is awe-inspiring, indeed.

Often through the dusk they could hear the huge beasts, tons of peril, the Johnsons

call them, thumping about as they pass on to the lake, where they splash about in the stillness of a quiet African evening.

In *Simba*, which means Lion in Africa, Johnson succeeded in recording for the first time in the history of animal photography, the most remarkable pictures of lions and a lion war against a tribe of natives in Tanganyika, ever filmed.

So great is the strength of the lion that with one swipe of his powerful paw, he broke the neck of one of the oxen belonging to the king of a Lumbwa tribe. War is declared on *Simba* by the natives and right in the thick of the fight are the Johnsons recording with cameras for the first time pictures of lions as they have never been filmed before.

A thrilling day with its precious reward of the prized lion shots deserved a fitting celebration, so the Johnsons had apple pie for dinner, far, far away from their own native shores where a world waited patiently for a picture that took four years to film. Yet who can measure the heart throbs and the anxiety they lived through when every minute seemed like a year and where danger lurks at every turn. Thrills indeed. Ask Martin and Osa Johnson.

There's More to a Picture

Continued from page 21

ear. We see the child's little feet firmly planted in a furrow. This dissolves into a large pair of shoes. These wear out before our eyes and are replaced with a new pair of real boy's shoes. And again these dissolve into the feet of a man standing on a carpet. And in the next shot we see the child grown and the girl-mother a grey-haired woman.

So easily we pass over the intervening years, and yet how well we know their wear and tear! How the struggle strikes home to anyone who has confronted the problem of keeping a family in shoes—the shine gone, the shape gone, the hole, the patch, the gape!

Perhaps the critics never wrestled with such problems, or else it was so long ago they have forgotten them. But picture people are mostly young and ardent, with the struggle not so far behind them (if at all) and in such homely ways they express their humanity. It strikes the audience right enough, but the critic hardly notices it. He is looking to see how the star 'acts.'

It is not his fault. He simply doesn't know the very basis of movies and movie production—the basis of youth, rough, gay, exquisite, tender, conquering, stupid, youth. And to give a little of this atmosphere, and seeing we were speaking of shoes, we will begin with Gareth Hughes, who a few weeks since arrived on the set without any pedal garments at all.

Not that he was broke to that extent, but a rival company, hoping to prevent his finishing a certain picture on time, had kidnapped him, locked him up far outside the city, and taken his shoes. However, Mr. Hughes had 'borrowed' a farmer's car, and arrived, not too late.

'O, shucks, movie stuff,' you will say. But ask Gary Cooper where he spent the last week before Paramount signed him up on a five year contract. Ask him how many people tried to lure him into strange speak-easies, how many shyster agents had marvelous offers which his own agent could not possibly equal, and which could only be revealed in the strictest seclusion.

That's pictures—raw, rough, young—but

an art nevertheless. And in my opinion an art which will soon outdistance its elder sisters. For its possibilities are almost infinite, and it is bound by none of the elder dogmas.

Take the matter of interior decoration.



¶ Vera Veronina the Paramount housewife and cookie designer.



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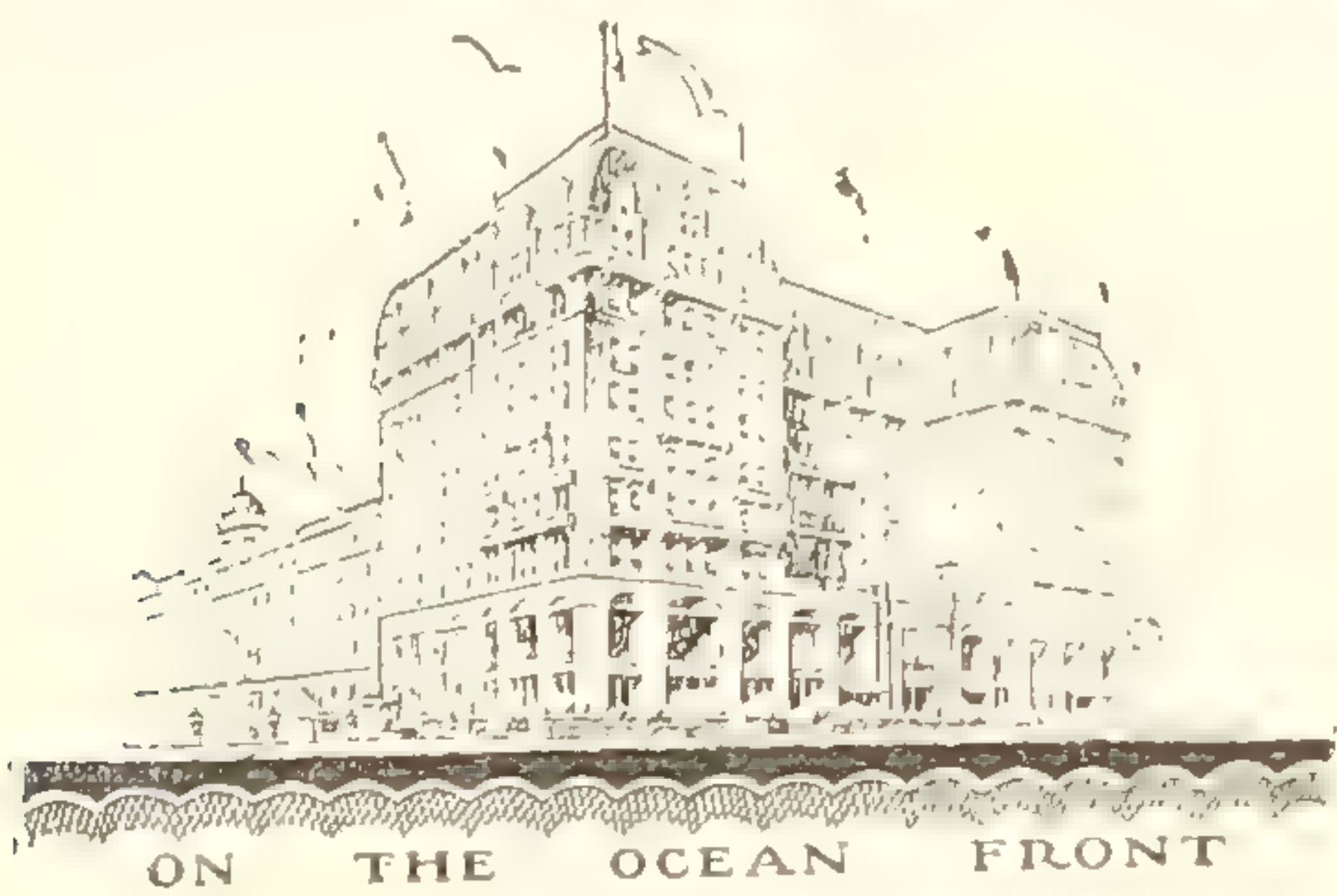
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How many people in America would dare stand up to a famous interior decorator, and tell him that his work may be 'artistic' but it is not pleasing? But consider John Gilbert. Naturally he hired an interior decorator to beautify his house. And this decorator 'did' the walls of the dining room in genuine illuminated Spanish leather—antique and dark. He conceived that this was a fitting and dignified setting for a handsome, dark-haired, bachelor star.

But Mr. Gilbert did not like the effect. And when the decorator called, he found the young actor in the middle of the room with a pail of white wash and a brush 'lightening up' the gloomy walls. And not all the authentic horror of the authoritative decorator could stop him. Mr. Gilbert's tastes are simple and he does not see why he should not indulge them.

This is the attitude of picture making— young, experimental, and only someone who knows pictures realizes the difficult and daring innovations, and can give praise where praise is due. Take *Sunrise*, hailed generally as one of the best pictures so far produced. 'Excellent,' the critics tell us, 'but of course one unusual shot does not make a picture.' Meaning of course the shot where George O'Brien walks around one side of a tree and the camera walks round the other.

And of course it is an unusual shot. But one unusual shot? Is it usual to get shots of the mist rising in just such quantities and just knee high? Is it usual to get shots of gulls sleeping on the water before sunrise? Or to take a completely roofed interior, and a low, dark, roof at that?

Why a blond wig for Janet Gaynor? the critics complain. Because the background at the most dramatic moments is always dark—the dark cottage, the dark stormy sea, the dark background of watching men when she dances. The critics do not think of a picture pictorially, the director must.

And few people realize that the great thing about this picture is not the acting or the shots, but the tempo which flows and changes and vibrates like the movements of a symphony till it reaches its climax in the storm at sea. And so grip-

ping is the tempo that the audience is swept along with it, and hardly one will realize that during the storm the music ceases, and the rhythm is carried along without a break by sheer movement, and by movement only. Then the quiet after the storm, the slow tempo of the blind moving boats, the hopeless leaden return—finally the great cry for the found one—and the picture suddenly crumples together with a sob of relief, with laughter, with absolute finality.

There's art for you—part due to direction, part to cutting—but it's young art, with plenty of errors. The horrible miscasting of the vamp, the technical errors which should never have had a place in a picture of such proportions: the confusion of close ups of George O'Brien shaved and unshaved, the sudden appearance and disappearance of Janet Gaynor's hat, etc.

Or take *The Last Command*. A very difficult story to make and von Sternberg has done a splendid job. The change from a prince in Imperial Russia to an extra in Hollywood is one reeking with sentimentality, yet there is not a single moment of false sentiment in the picture. Even when the extra, sitting next the general, takes his decoration and dangles it out of the old man's reach, the situation is not carried too far, and the absolute simplicity of Emil Jannings' acting covers the only danger spot in the picture.

Every trick of melodrama and hokum is employed, but with an artistry that makes this picture nothing less than a masterpiece. There is the sequence in which Evelyn Brent intends to shoot Jannings. Baldly stated, she, as a revolutionist, ought to kill Jannings, but she loves him and at the last moment cannot go through with it. This does not sound startling—but see how it is done.

She hears Jannings coming up the stairs to her room and draws her gun. Jannings reaches the door—enters. He stands there. We are in suspense, for the camera angle is such that we cannot see her hands and do not realize that she has hidden the gun under a sofa pillow. In no other medium in the world—is it possible to create suspense in this way—for in a movie we see only



© Lewis Stone, Florence Vidor and Ernst Lubitsch
who are making 'The Patriot' with Emil Jannings.

They gave me the "ha-ha" when I offered to play ... but I was the life of the party after that



THE first day of Dorothy's house party at her cottage on the shore had been a huge success. With an afternoon of swimming, boating and golfing we were all set for the wonderful dinner that followed.

"Well, folks," said Bill enthusiastically, as we were leaving the table, "I don't know how you feel, but I'm all pepped up for a good dance."

"Fine," cried Dorothy, "Dick Roberts has his banjo and can sure make it hum. Now who can play the piano?"

Instantly the laughter and merriment ceased. All looked at one another foolishly. But no one said a word.

"How about you Jim, you play don't you?" asked Dot.

"Yes I'll play 'Far, Far Away,'" laughed Jim.

"Well then, Mabel, will you help us out?"

"Honestly Dot, I hate to admit it, but I can't play a note," she answered.

It certainly looked as if the party were going flat. Plenty of dancers but no one to play.

Then I Offered to Play

"If you folks can stand it," I offered shyly, "I'll play for you."

The crowd, silent until now, instantly burst out in laughter.

"You may be able to play football, Jack, but you can't tackle a piano."

"Quit your kidding," cut in another, "I've never heard you play a note and I've known you all your life."

"There isn't a bar of music in your whole make-up," laughed Mabel.

A feeling of embarrassment mingled with resentment came over me. But as I strode to the piano I couldn't help chuckling to myself when I thought of the surprise I had in store for them.

No one knew what to expect. They thought I was about to make a fool of myself. Some laughed. Others watched me wide-eyed.

Then—I struck the first snappy chords of that foot-loosing fox-trot "St. Louis Blues." Dick was so dumb-founded he almost dropped his banjo. But in a flash he had

picked up the rhythm and was strumming away like mad.

Although they could hardly believe their ears, the crowd were all on their feet in a jiffy. And how they danced! Fox-trots, waltzes—with rests few and far between.

After a good round of dancing I decided to give them some real music and began a beautiful Indian love lyric.

The couples, who but a moment before had been dancing merrily, were now seated quietly about the room, entranced by that plaintive melody.

No sooner had the last soft notes died away than I was surrounded by my astonished friends. Questions were fired at me from all sides.

"How wonderful, Jack? Why haven't you played for us before?"

"How long have you been studying?"

"Why have you kept it a secret all these years when you might have been playing for us?"

"Who gave you lessons? He must be wonderful!"

I Reveal My Secret

Then I explained how some time before I made up my mind to go in for something besides sports. I wanted to be able to play—to entertain others—to be popular. But when I thought of the great expense and the years of study and practice required, I hesitated.

Then one day I ran across an announcement in a magazine telling of a new, quick and simple way to learn music at home, without a teacher.

I was a little skeptical at first, but it was just what I wanted so I sent for the free booklet and demonstration lesson. The moment I saw it I was convinced and sent for the complete course at once.

When the lessons arrived I started right in, giving a few minutes of my spare time each day. And what fun it was—even from the very beginning.

No monotonous scales—no tedious exercises—no tricky methods—just a

simple, common-sense system that even a child could understand. And best of all I was playing my favorite numbers almost from the start.

Anyone can learn to play this easy, no-teacher way—right at home. The piano if desired; or any other instrument that you may choose. Almost half a million people have learned to play by this simple system in less than half the time it takes by the old-fashioned methods. And regardless of what instrument you pick, the cost averages only a few cents a day.

Send for Free Booklet and Demonstration Lesson

To prove how simple and practical this remarkable course is, the U. S. School of Music has arranged a typical demonstration lesson and explanatory booklet which you may have for the asking. So if you really want to learn to play—if you wish to win a host of friends—to be popular everywhere—write for this free booklet and valuable demonstration lesson.

Don't delay, act at once—fill in and mail the attached coupon today—no obligation whatever.

Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit. U. S. School of Music, 3224 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC,
3224 BRUNSWICK BLDG., NEW YORK CITY.

Please send me your free book, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," with introduction by Dr. Frank Crane, demonstration lesson, and particulars of your offer. I am interested in the following course:

Have you above instrument?.....
 Name
 (Please write plainly)
 Address
 City..... State.....

PICK YOUR INSTRUMENT

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|-----------|
| Piano | Violin |
| Organ | Clarinet |
| Ukulele | Flute |
| Cornet | Saxophone |
| Trombone | Harp |
| Piccolo | Mandolin |
| Guitar | Cello |
| Hawaiian Steel Guitar | |
| Sight Singing | |
| Piano Accordion | |
| Voice and Speech Culture | |
| Harmony and Composition | |
| Drums and Traps | |
| Automatic Finger Control | |
| Banjo (Plectrum, 5-String or Tenor) | |

I'll Give You BULLDOG COURAGE In 48 Hours

—OR NO COST!

Are you timid? Bashful? Self-conscious? Afraid of people?—afraid of superiors? Give me 48 hours and I'll make you bristle with BULLDOG COURAGE—or no cost.



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UNNECESSARY. I have discovered an amazing method which banishes fear forever! No trouble! No inconvenience. No long waiting for results. My method is perfectly simple—perfectly natural—perfectly logical. It works almost instantly. Try it. You will be astonished! In just a few hours you will find yourself brimming over with splendid new courage—new daring—new self-confidence.

Only 50 Cents

Dr. Bush gives you his secrets of real, he-man courage in his book, called "Spunk." It is one of the most startling books ever written. You can't read it without a quickening of your pulse—without a surge of red-blooded courage.

This book is declared to be the masterpiece of Dr. Bush, who has astounded throngs in America's greatest cities and shown thousands the one way to health, prosperity and self-confidence. Write for this amazing book today. Send only 50 cents in full payment. If you are not delighted, return the book within 5 days and your money will be instantly refunded.

DAVID V. BUSH, PUBLISHER

Dept. K-0604, 225 N. Michigan Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

How I Got Rid of Superfluous Hair

You, too, Can Remove These Unsightly Blemishes by Simple, Painless, Harmless, Inexpensive Method

Useless, unsightly hair is the bane of many women's existence—a source of annoyance and embarrassment if not actual despair to thousands. Why continue to put up with it when this disfigurement is absolutely unnecessary? Rid yourself of all superfluous hair. You can—for I did—I found a way after years of discouragement.

I had become utterly discouraged with a heavy growth of hair on my face and lip. I tried depilatories, waxes, pastes, powders, liquids, everything—electrolysis—even a razor. All of them failed. Then I discovered a simple, painless, harmless, inexpensive method. It succeeded, not only for me but for thousands of other women.

I can't tell you all you should know about my researches here; so I have written a book, "Getting Rid of Every Ugly Superfluous Hair." I will gladly send you a FREE copy in plain sealed envelope. You'll find it interesting and highly instructive, for it gives actual historical and scientific references to bear out my theories and method. If you are annoyed by unsightly superfluous hair, by all means write for my book. No obligation; I want everyone so afflicted at least to know the method that ended this misery for me and others, who are now loud in their praise of it. Postcard or letter brings your copy. Address Mlle. Annette Lanzette, 109 W. Austin Avenue, Dept. 115 Chicago.



Trade Mark

New Skin in 2 Days

By "Endosmosis—The New Process" TRIAL COSTS NOTHING

No smudgy clays, suffocating masks, steam-pots, powders, creams, bleaches, or false makeups. No acids, dangerous chemicals, or pain; harmless to the most delicate skin. Entirely "NEW PROCESS." (Patented in U.

S. A.) Applied in the secrecy of your home, pimples, blackheads, enlarged pores, liver spots, freckles, tan, blemishes and signs of approaching age are gone!—sometimes almost over night. Write for FREE COMPOUND—BEAUTY BOOK with Sworn Proofs. Newlyn Co., Dept. 417, Hyde Park Sta., Los Angeles, Cal.

DEVELOP YOUR BUST!

Our scientific method highly recommended for quick, easy development

LA BEAUTE CREME for improvement of bust, neck, face arms and legs

Used with great success by thousands. Inexpensive, harmless, pleasant. Successful results or money refunded. Full particulars and proof (sealed) free. Write for special offer TODAY.

LA BEAUTE STUDIOS 8575H, Hamilton Terr., Baltimore, Md.



what the director allows us to.

But to continue our sequence. She sends him across the room for a cigarette; in order to get a chance to draw the gun. He goes slowly, and the camera pans slowly after him, just as her eye would follow him, so that we realize at the same time the distance between them, and the emotional tension which spans that distance. She draws the gun and aims it. This time the camera pans very rapidly from her to him, just as her eye in aiming leaps from the gun to the man. And this increased speed makes us realize the increased emotional tension. The distance itself is less, for the gun can cover it in a second. She is about to shoot . . . but cannot . . . and drops to the sofa. This time there is no panning. The distance between them does not matter—they might be miles apart or close together—for the emotional tension is broken. The shot is broken, too, we do not pan, but cut direct.

It is by such a technique of speeds and angles that pictures are interpreting emotions which, on the stage, can only be expressed perhaps by a gasping breath; in words, only by impossibly long and tedious descriptions. Pictures are expressing emotion more perfectly, more tersely, and more intensely than any other art, and for this reason I believe they will outstrip the other arts in the not too distant future.

And the last shot of this picture! The old general has for a moment relived his former greatness—in a movie—has led the charge against the enemy and won. He falls to his death among the Klieg lights and the imitation snow of salt. The director, knowing his greatness, covers him with the folds of the flag he loved—now a prop flag.

It is a moment of high tragedy. And the camera withdraws from the scene at such an angle that the lights, gobos, cameras, and other studio paraphernalia gradually rise up and form a pattern between us and the dead prince. The picture fades out, showing us that these everyday things of a work-a-day world will assume their ordinary proportions, and blot out even the tremendous emotions we have shared during the picture.

The picture fades out as the camera is still moving. For this is not the end. Everyday things will forever blot out high emotion, but everyday things will move aside again to reveal the drama of a sincere life. Only a movie could express this thought so quietly at the end of a great picture. And only a great director would employ movie technique to express such a thought. For a director's greatness is largely shown in the quality of his comments on the story. The story is the same, but the scene, angles, speeds, dissolves, cutting—the whole picture technique—these are the director's comments. They show his attitude to the story. They are his style, they reveal him as an artist and a man. They show von Sternberg in this picture not only as a catholic and sympathetic observer of life, but as something of a philosopher and a real emotional artist.

Now that picture technique has developed to such an extent, what the industry most needs is critics who realize this technique, who know its limitations, and can imagine its possibilities. And I believe such critics are more likely to come from inveterate movie fans who love and study their subject, than from even the best converted critics of the drama.

Those Ad Endorsements

Continued from page 33

der to sell exclusively to negroes, with the inference that an application of the powder would assure a complexion equal to the star's.

Dolores Del Rio has been requested to endorse a false eye-brow, a boudoir cap, a shoe polish, a wine tonic and a line of bath fixtures.

Anything from a plaster to a printing press may be included in the list.

Some of the stars refuse to allow their names to be used in endorsements. Among these are Pola Negri, Ronald Colman, Vilma Banky, Marion Davies, Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge, Greta Garbo, Lon Chaney, Mary Astor and many others.

In the old days, a small fortune could be obtained by the stars for the endorsements. Jackie Coogan, at the height of his popularity, is said to have drawn \$25,000 a year royalty from a single product named after him.

Under the new system, very few stars get money for the use of their names. What they do get is unlimited publicity.

One breakfast-food tie-up which is eagerly sought by all the stars today puts their pictures on 6,000 billboards and more than 20,000 window cards throughout the country.

Frequently, now, there is no endorsement required by the manufacturer, merely the privilege of printing the picture of the star in his advertisement. The inference, of course, is that the star uses the product, but the advertisement does not say so.

Billie Dove's picture is used by a certain manufacturer of rubber heels in a tie-up of this sort.

Paramount-Famous-Lasky has a fixed rule that there shall be no actual endorsements by any of its stars, only their pictures printed with the advertisement.

Many years ago a woman got a stiff judgment against a star for endorsing a cosmetic, which scarred her face. Since then, Paramount has been down on cosmetics. They also refuse to allow their stars to consent to the use of their pictures with any product claiming to create beauty. This is done on the theory that the public likes to think of the stars as born beautiful and not as manufactured beauties.

Another ban of Paramount is on underwear advertisements.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has a ban on bathing suit tie-ups.

First National, on the other hand, believes that these are all right for young stars.

Anything that a star uses, or normally might use is a legitimate field for an advertising tie-up, according to the theory of this company.

It didn't take long, with this in mind, for First National to turn down a request for Billie Dove's endorsement of a wrinkle remover, or for that of Milton Sills for a saxophone.

Colleen Moore and Richard Barthelmess are the only two stars under contract to First National who are exempt from advertising tie-ups if the company wishes them.

FREE TRIAL



GROWS HAIR

Amazing New Electrical Discovery!

Now at last—through the electric magic of Infra-red Rays—Science has found a startling way to grow new hair quickly.

No matter how fast your hair is falling out. No matter how much of it is gone—this is our guarantee: This amazing new electrical discovery will end your dandruff—stop falling hair—and grow thick, luxuriant new hair in 4 weeks—or you pay nothing! You risk nothing. You are the judge—your own mirror will furnish the astounding evidence.

Famous Surgeon's Discovery

All observant men have noticed that their *beard* grows faster in hot weather than in cold. What causes that?

Simply this: heat rays of a certain kind that stimulate and vitalize the hair-growing tissue.

Two years ago a noted surgeon, seeking to bring back his own hair—applying all his scientific knowledge to the problem—made a remarkable discovery. It is the first time a scientific man of his standing has ever entered this field of helpfulness.

He discovered a simple way in which to use life-giving, invisible heat rays—known to all scientists—to restore health and normal conditions to the scalp tissues, and so RESTORE HAIR in all but certain rare instances. It ended his

own baldness. Today his hair is unusually thick and luxuriant.

Called Dermo-Ray

Because of his scientific conservatism, and his standing in his profession, the discoverer of Dermo-Ray made no general announcement of his startling discovery. But, as the head of his own hospital, his own case-records — with hundreds of men and women—proved scientifically, conclusively, that this new discovery grows hair when nothing else will—grows hair, ends dandruff, in NINE OUT OF TEN CASES. Now that the amazing power of Infra-red Rays is known to the entire scientific world—and DERMO-RAY has been proved to be one of the most startling scientific discoveries of recent years—now, for the first time, has he permitted public announcement of his discovery to be made.

Infra-Red Rays Reach the Roots

In 9 out of 10 so-called cases of baldness the hair roots are not dead. They are only dormant. But when you try to reach them with hair-tonics, oils, massages and salves, you are obviously wasting both time and money. For you treat only the *surface skin—never get to the roots.*

Your own physician will tell you that the warm, soothing Infra-red Ray penetrates more deeply through human tis-

sue than any other harmless heat-ray known to science. It reaches the hair-root and electrically, almost magically *revitalizes* it. Hair literally "sprouts" as a result.

Send No Money

You can use DERMO-RAY in any home with electricity. The warm, soothing, Infra-red Rays vitalize your scalp while you rest or read—a few minutes each day is all the time required.

In four weeks you will be free forever from the social and business embarrassment of baldness—or you pay nothing.

Complete facts about this astounding new scientific discovery, opinions of authorities, incontrovertible evidence, and details of special trial offer, will be sent free, if you mail the coupon below. To forever end your scalp and hair troubles, act at once. Print your name and address plainly—and mail the coupon NOW!

FREE TRIAL OFFER

THE LARSON INSTITUTE,
216 N. Wabash Ave. Dept. 131
Chicago, Ill.

Send me at once, without obligation, full particulars—in plain envelope—of your 30-day Free Trial of DERMO-RAY.

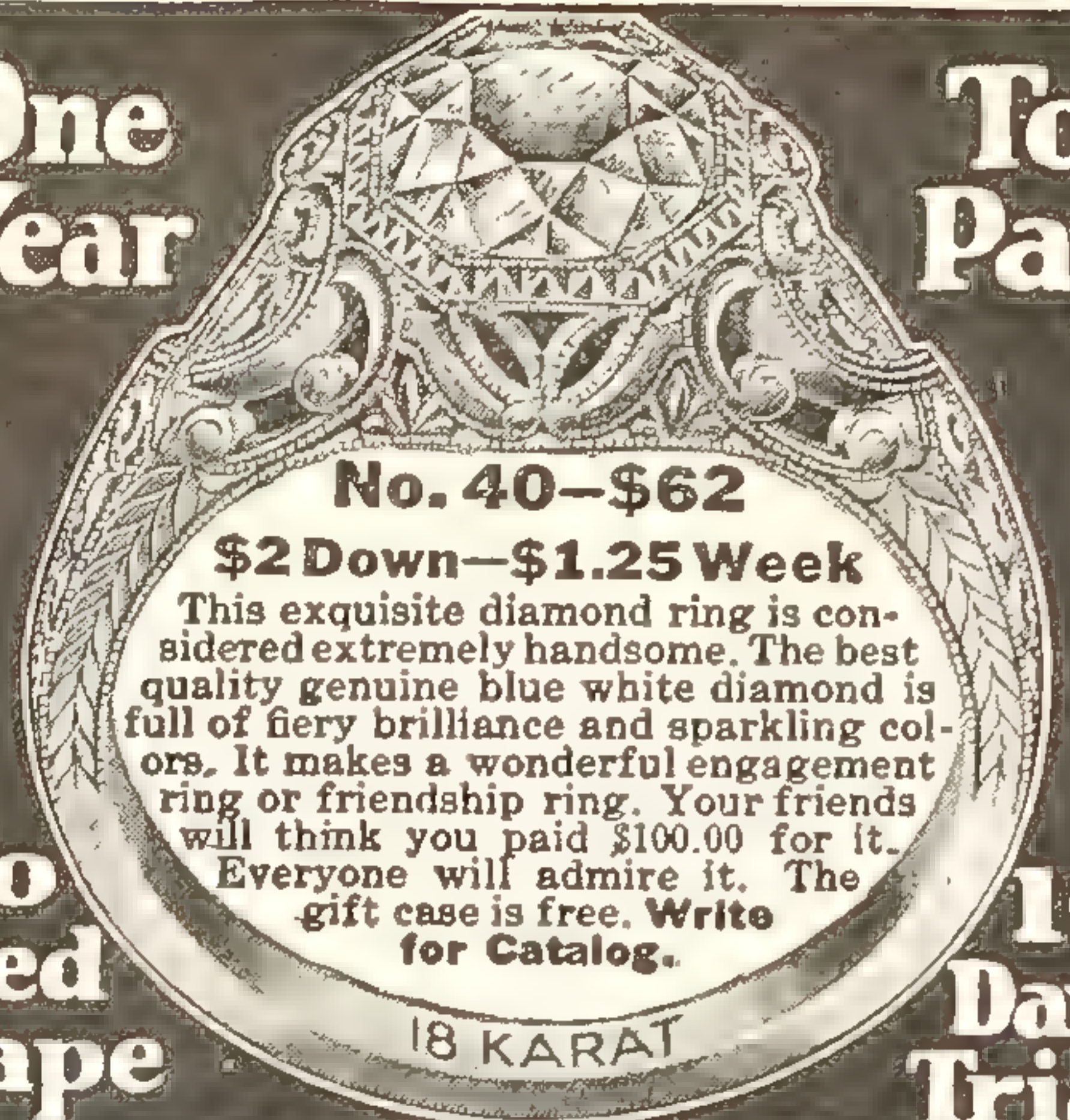
Name.....

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One Year To Pay



No. 40—\$62
\$2 Down—\$1.25 Week

This exquisite diamond ring is considered extremely handsome. The best quality genuine blue white diamond is full of fiery brilliance and sparkling colors. It makes a wonderful engagement ring or friendship ring. Your friends will think you paid \$100.00 for it. Everyone will admire it. The gift case is free. Write for Catalog.

18 KARAT

No Red Tape 10 Days Trial

SEND NO MONEY Pay only \$2.00 to postman after you get this ring. If you keep it, pay only \$1.25 a week for 1 whole year. If you return it in 10 days we refund your money—every cent. All credit dealings confidential. Don't bother writing a letter. Just pin this ad to a piece of paper with name and address.

PRICE CUT TO \$62; WORTH \$100

You now can buy this gorgeous ring at the wholesale price. Compare it with similar rings at \$100. We guarantee it to stand any test or comparison. It is the greatest bargain ever offered by any Diamond Importer. We allow 8% annual increase in exchange for a larger diamond ring.

Write for It brings our large Jewelry Store right into your home. Tells how to buy diamonds like an expert. Gives information other jewelers dare not tell such as weights and grades.

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SKINNY PEOPLE

Made plump with KOR-LEAN, the great flesh producer that never fails to put on flesh in most cases of extreme thinness; 10 to 20 pounds in a few weeks not unusual; contains no drugs. Every ingredient is health giving and flesh producing; it puts color in your cheeks, sparkle in your eyes; makes you look and feel years younger; fills you to the point of power with vim, vigor and vitality. Sold to you direct by mail, postpaid on a money-back guarantee; price, \$1 a package or 3 packages for \$2. Send cash or money order today—from 1 to 3 packages will convince you how quickly you can put on pounds of good solid stay-there flesh. Address

WM. McDOWELL CO.

Dept. 28-A, 1200 Hayden Ave. CLEVELAND, OHIO

PIMPLES

Cleared up—often in 24 hours. To prove you can be rid of pimples, blackheads, acne eruptions on the face or body, barbers' itch, eczema, enlarged pores, oily or shiny skin, simply send me your name and address today—no cost—no obligation. CLEAR-TONE tried and tested in over 100,000 cases—used like toilet water—is simply magical in prompt results. You can repay the favor by telling your friends; if not, the loss is mine. WRITE TODAY.

E.S. GIVENS, 411 Chemical Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

DEAFNESS IS MISERY

Multitudes of persons with defective hearing and Head Noises enjoy conversation, go to Leonard Church because they use Leonard Invisible Antiseptic Ear Drums. Tiny Megaphones fitting in the Ear entirely out of sight. No wires, batteries or head piece. They are Unseen Comforts and inexpensive. Write for booklet and sworn statement of the inventor who was himself deaf.

A. O. Leonard, Inc., Suite 187, 70 5th Ave., New York

DIRECT FROM THE WORLD'S MOVIE CAPITAL LOVE-KIST

"Perfume of Ecstasy"

An exotic allure designed to fascinate young and old, and cause them to surrender to its subtle, mystic charm. An enchanting irresistible aroma. Our \$5.00 size only \$1.00 postpaid, in plain wrapper (\$1.25 collect on delivery), with instructions for use and art of winning the one you love.

RUDEL CO., Dept. 30, P. O. Box 610, Hollywood, Calif.



HOW TO OBTAIN A Perfect Looking Nose

My latest improved Model 25 corrects now ill-shaped noses quickly, painlessly, permanently and comfortably at home. It is the only noseshaping appliance of precise adjustment and a safe and guaranteed patent device that will actually give you a perfect looking nose. Write for free booklet which tells you how to obtain a perfect looking nose. M. Trilet, Pioneer Noseshaping Specialist, Dept. 3077, Binghamton, N. Y.

Barthelme is one of the few stars who has gotten paid for an endorsement recently. He is supposed to have received \$5000 last year from a ready-made suit house in the East for an endorsement.

Colleen Moore also is said to get a royalty from a large Los Angeles drug company for products which are named after her.

A firm in the East pulled a fast one on the stars who dine at the Montmartre by sending out salesmen to approach the diners and tell them that a manufacturer wanted to send the stars a handsome present if they would only sign their name and address to a paper.

These signatures proved to have been made to a blanket release of the right to use the stars' names in advertising endorsements.

One of the most serious attempts at an illegitimate tie-up is credited to an English firm which offered to keep the stars of a certain company supplied with a drug in return for an endorsement. When the drug was analyzed, it is said to have shown forty per cent of morphine.

What is generally conceded to have been a foolish tie-up appeared recently in a weekly magazine, with a prominent blonde comedienne figuring. The endorsement of this star, with the name of her current picture, appeared in the advertisements of an entire series of articles, all in the same issue of the magazine. The star is said to have been very much put out at the tie-up.



Q Nora Lane, one of the pretty girls on the Paramount lot.

A New Ford from Harry Langdon

Continued from page 23

window onto the big stages of the First National lot. "We've been working on it for about five weeks now, and we have hit what looks almost like a stumbling block. But that's what Don called up about. I was laughing over the phone because he said that by some unexplainable miracle, he and Harry McCoy had given birth to a great idea! With all the weary hours we put in," he laughed, "the fun we get out of it keeps the smile there and brings us through many a weary day!"

"Let me ask you another thing, Harry. I have heard so much about gangs figured out on paper before you go onto the set, and then about those spontaneous ones, pulled on the spur of the moment, while the whole company is there shooting. Do you think the one already worked out or the spontaneous one is the better?"

Without an instant's hesitation, Harry answered:

"Oh, ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the one figured out on paper in the office is the one which undoubtedly has the merit. In *The Chaser*, for instance, all the very best laughs are those carefully planned and constructed during our regular story conferences."

"By the way," I switched off suddenly, "who is this funny little plug-hat guy I find drawn so inconspicuously on your sheet of art? Here he is in one corner and there he is in another. In the centre of the page, he's squeezed in between Arthur Ripley and Gladys McConnell. There he is down in another corner, and you've even got him sitting in state, big as you please, in the back seat of the winning Ford!"

Harry laughed and blushed like a school-boy. That bashfulness, that reticence and sympathetic something of *The Strong Man*, *Long Pants* and of every other picture he has made, welled up in his eyes. You'd

have thought I had hit upon an awful, awful secret of his past.

"I don't know who he is. He just draws! Unconsciously my pencil sketches him all over everything, always the same, with this plug-hat and whiskers. I'm almost ashamed of the way the gang finds him any place I've been."

I tried to get a picture of the little mystery man to take home for this article, but Harry wouldn't think of such a thing. Why, that was just a stunt that any kid would pull—drawing pictures of a silly, stupid little guy who didn't mean a thing, who never did a thing, and didn't even have any kind of reason for being on paper at all! You've seen Harry Langdon in his bashful comedy scenes, haven't you? Well, for all the world I had him cornered in an off-screen scene like that. He might have been the twelve-year old newsboy Harry, caught on his selling corner scribbling cartoons in the corners of the news sheet. Just the way he looked reminded me of him on the screen—his little stiff-armed gestures, his slow, sad smile, the bewildered look in his eyes and that sort of innocence he portrays of a helpless boy abroad in an unkind, wicked world.

I rose to go. We walked out together to the front of the beautiful First National Studios. Dick Barthelme waved as he stepped on the gas with his little Mary Hay.

"Nice fellow, that," was the quiet Langdon remark. Then, just as seriously:

"You know, Marion, I should have brought my cornet or my violin to serenade you with. Possibly my drums." He mused a bit. "Too bad," he said. "I surely should have had them here to do some serenading! I'll have to come some night and serenade you a la Spanish style at home. Good-by—at least, for now."

Glorious Betsy

(Continued from page 31)

which some rogue had the ill breeding to put up for sale."

The ladies were discussing a young man lately come to town who called himself Jerome Laverne, and whose accomplishments seemed more in keeping with the character of an adventurer than those of a scholar and tutor.

And indeed he was a mystery even to Mistress Betsy, whose French instructor he had been ever since his arrival at the hotel.

Today, at the very hour the venerable ladies were so busy talking him over, he arrived a few minutes late for his lesson with Betsy Patterson and found in her place a note pinned to the trunk of the tree in whose shade they were wont to meet.

"A gentleman may keep only his wife or sweetheart waiting," the note read. "I am neither, and you should mend your manners."

But back of the tree he saw a fluttering bit of lace, so taking Betsy's miniature from his pocket he looked at it critically and addressed it aloud.

"Your note, Mistress Patterson, is as impertinent as you are—I am glad I missed your appointment. You are too frivolous for a man of learning. Your eyes are green and your saucy nose annoys me."

She poked her head out from behind the tree.

"Where did you find my miniature—or did you find it? And since it annoys you, you'd better give it back."

"Blame yourself, Mademoiselle," he answered, gallantly, "if your beauty intoxicates your poor tutor."

"Sometimes I find myself wishing you were not merely—a teacher," Betsy said teasingly.

"Reassure yourself, Mademoiselle, I also am a man."

"If you were truly a man, a Frenchman, you would be in France with the great Napoleon. Think of his strength—his ambition, which made of a little corporal the First Consul of France."

"Ah, Mistress Betsy, ambition is but a shadow—love is the only reality. Say that it is, Betsy."

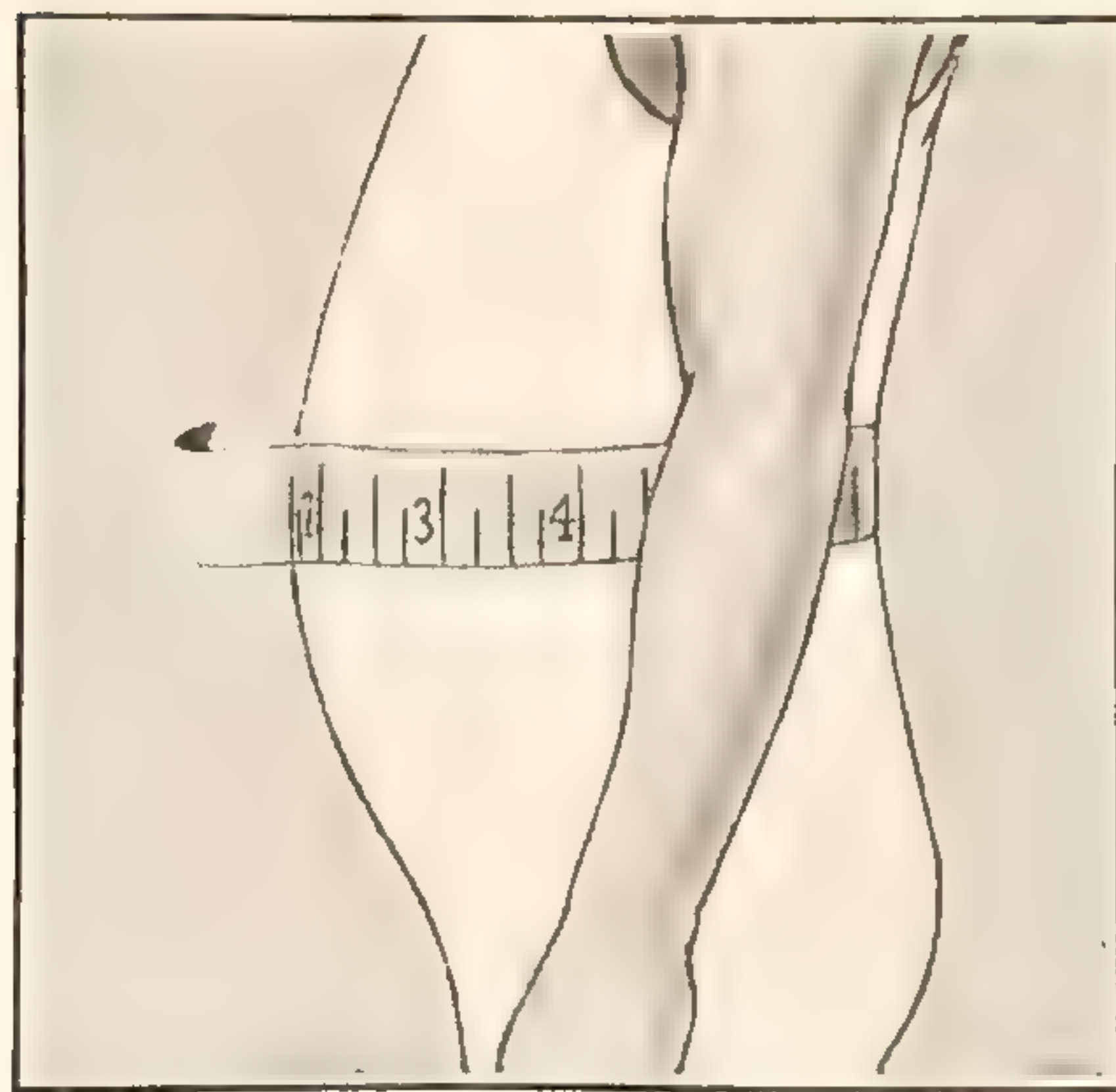
"Mistress Patterson, if you please."

"I will be ready for your lesson at ten."

With a laugh and a characteristic impertinent nod of the head, she left him with the miniature which he kissed tenderly and slipped into his pocket.

For hours Laverne had been looking forward to the French hour with Betsy, but he had no sooner greeted her in the reading room than something he saw through the window forced him to excuse himself hurriedly. He would have done much to have been able to explain to Betsy, who was obviously hurt at his sudden departure, but just then it would not have been the wisest thing to do. Outside the house he intercepted two men as they were about to go in, and took them around the back where they could not be seen. After a long and heated discussion he sent them away with a promise, and returned to the hotel.

When he entered the drawing room, Betsy was in the midst of a group of men, listening to their amusing chatter and laughing at their jokes, deliberately ignoring the entrance of Laverne and disregarding the lesson hour. As he was about to leave, Major Patterson came in to make an interesting announcement to the effect that they were to return to Baltimore at once to give a reception in honor of Captain Bonaparte, the brother of Napoleon. This was another opportunity for Betsy to show Laverne that



Free Proof That WAISTLINE FAT

Can Be Quickly Reduced

—without drugs, diets or exercises

INSTEAD of wasting your time—instead of risking your health by weakening diets, exhausting exercises and pill-taking, in an effort to get rid of bulging waistline fat—try the popular Weil Reducing Belt for 10 days—at our expense.

Made of scientifically treated rubber, it causes a gentle, unnoticed massage action as it comes in contact with flabby flesh. So that with every move you make unwanted fat is being moulded away—and kept away for good—and at a fraction of the price charged by expert masseurs.

Look Thinner Instantly!

Take your waist measurement before and after this Free 10-Day Trial. Note the difference in inches. Feel the improvement in your general condition. According to the terms of our absolute guarantee, you must be thoroughly satisfied with the results secured—or you pay nothing.

Coupon Brings Free Details

Write us at once and you will receive our Special 10-Day Trial Offer—a detailed description of this most successful reducing method, the principles of which are highly endorsed by leading physicians and professional athletes everywhere. For the sake of your health and appearance take advantage of this offer at once. Send no money. Write now. The Weil Company, 394 Hill Street, New Haven, Conn.

THE WEIL COMPANY,
394 Hill Street, New Haven, Conn.

Gentlemen: Please send me complete description of the Weil Scientific Reducing Belt and also your Special 10-Day Trial Offer.

Name

Address

City..... State.....

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there could be other men for her, and that his sudden departure had been an unforgivable breach of etiquette.

"They say," she cried, "that Captain Bonaparte is much handsomer than his brother—and that he is a great gallant."

She looked over at Laverne for a second and then turned back to her admirers.

"I know I shall fall madly in love with him."

On her way upstairs she invited all the gentlemen present to be their guests. at Baltimore, and, turning to Laverne she added:

"And you shall have a place in our household, for I shall continue my French with you."

"I am sorry—I cannot—" he pleaded, but Betsy was accustomed to being obeyed.

"You will ride with me," she told him, and went up to prepare for their trip which was to take place that noon.

But she was soon to find out that Laverne had plans of his own. As she came out to the coach that was ready to leave for Baltimore, she found him waiting to say goodbye to her, so, with her usual mask of indifference, she accepted his decision and entered the carriage with one of the young men who accompanied her and her father.

In the home of Major Patterson, in Baltimore, the aristocracy of Maryland had assembled to pay homage to the brother of the great Napoleon. The ladies particularly were impatient—for they knew that Captain Bonaparte was a handsome and most charming gentleman, and for this gala occasion they had put on their prettiest frocks. Even the men of the party were in suspense to meet young Bonaparte, and when it was announced that the carriage was coming up the road, they crowded on the porch to greet him. The carriage door was opened, but the carriage was empty. The emissaries of Napoleon realized that again a trick had been played on them. Apparently Napoleon's handsome brother was fond of these sudden disappearances. He had done the same thing in Philadelphia. In Philadelphia it was embarrassing enough, but here—here it was unforgivable.

This delay gave Betsy an opportunity to

slip into the garden in response to an urgent note from Laverne. Before a word had been spoken he took her into his arms. There was, he decided, no time to lose.

"I will not let you go until you say you love me—and promise to be my wife," he whispered, kissing her over and over again.

"I—must go—Captain Bonaparte may arrive at any moment," but she clung to him.

"Tell me you love me," he kept repeating. Her kisses told him she loved him before her lips formed the words. Yes, she loved him, but she could not marry a penniless tutor.

"Then I will never see you again, Betsy." She hesitated only a moment.

"Oh, Jerome, I love you and will marry you, regardless of who you are."

He kissed her again and was gone, and, as Betsy walked back to the reception hall, she felt, for the first time, a complete disinterestedness in the arrival of Captain Bonaparte. Now she was in the reception room, and, as if in a dream, she heard someone announce:

"Captain Bonaparte, Brother of the First Consul and Envoy Extraordinary of the Republic of France."

And there, at the head of the stairs, stood none other than her penniless tutor—who really was the brother of Napoleon.

During the course of the evening, Jerome



☺ Doolres Del Rio is now making "The Red Dancer" of Moscow.

Bonaparte, for so we will call him now, received a note informing him that his brother had been declared Emperor of France, and, knowing that he would be expected to marry a girl of a titled family, he decided there was only one thing to do, and that was to celebrate his wedding at once. All he needed was Betsy's consent, and that was soon given.

Several weeks later what he had anticipated came to pass in a letter from Napoleon commanding his return to France to marry the Princess Fredericka of Wurtemberg. Jerome decided to take his wife to France and fight it out with his brother.

It was a beautiful honeymoon, the calm nights with cool summer breezes—the warm, sunny days, and the thought that they were coming into France, his country, lent enchantment to the voyage. Then one day their ship anchored and Napoleon came aboard.

Napoleon knew there was no way of persuading Jerome that he could not take Betsy with him to the court of France, so that great general, that great persuader of men and women talked to Betsy alone. He did not have to coax or command. He had only to tell her that her husband's duty was to France. He had only to tell her that love that could not bear sacrifice was not worthy of the name, and Betsy consented to go back. They explained to Jerome that he would land alone, and she would follow the next day. But when tomorrow came Betsy was well on her way back to Baltimore.

Betsy's sudden return home became a general topic of gossip among the people in the town, and her flimsy excuse that Jerome had to be away for awhile for reasons of state was quickly penetrable. Everybody was certain that the young couple had quarreled and were separated, and the women of the town looked upon her with the usual contemptuous glances that gossips take delight in giving one who is trying to lie out of an obvious difficulty. Betsy hated to walk through the street, and when people came to see her, she knew it was just to look for information which they could repeat to their friends. When it became generally known that Betsy was going to become a mother, the talk was something like this:

"If it hadn't been a quarrel, surely he would be here, now, at a time like this."

Jerome had been gone many months, and still his brother showed no sign of allowing him to return home. In fact, Napoleon had annulled his marriage to Betsy and was arranging for the marriage of Jerome and the Princess Fredericka of Wurtemberg, after which event he would make him King of Westphalia. All plans had been made for the wedding, and now Jerome knew that if he was to get back at all, he would have to act at once. He made a few very necessary plans, and continued to prepare for the wedding as though everything was all right. When the day came, he stepped into his carriage, and, as soon as it started for the palace of the Princess, he stepped out of the other side and disappeared in the forest. At a certain point he found clothes which he had left there several days before, and, while everybody was on the way to celebrate his wedding, Jerome was on his way to America. Every time he thought of the empty carriage and the expression on the faces of the guards when they found that he was not inside, he laughed until tears came to his eyes.

He was leaving France forever, and he was giving up a great kingdom, but Betsy Patterson was worth more to him than all the kingdoms in Europe together.



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A LONG time back some clever advertising man seeking a way to impress the grand ladies and merry lassies of his time with the luxuries of silk stockings coined this phrase. It must have been considered at least slightly daring in those days when only tables and cows had legs, but it stuck. It called attention to his brand of hosiery and it gathered to itself in addition to a few snickers, a great many melodious chimings of the cash register.

Nowadays, thanks to an almost idyllic frankness, there isn't much the dear creatures wear that you don't know about.

The modern mode has made it imperative that every little thing a modern girlie hangs or plasters on her adorable person be smart, neat, dainty and wholly up to snuff.

Everything from hair wash to fragile pump must be surveyed by the most haughty critical eye. The clean frankness of the new age puts everything on parade, and each little fluffy-haired soldier must be immaculate and pleasing in every detail.

And the older lassie too, must be exacting in her artistry to keep up with the fast moving procession, and to hold her precious heritage of loveliness and admiration.

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When the offer was announced in the last issue, letters poured into **SCREENLAND**—and are still rushing in.

The contest is still open. Read about it on page 22 and then try your hand at a gag.

Similar contests, with prizes equally valuable, are offered every month to fandom through the pages of **SCREENLAND**. Don't you think it foolish to miss hearing of them. Of course you do. Then fill out the coupon below and be sure your copy comes regularly to your home.

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Nena Quartaro — Continued from page 29

the handsome Mexicans who grace Hollywood?

Those Latin Americans, how they can register emotion and tear the heart out of things! Acting out plots is not mechanical with them, it is real. They rejoice, they palpitate, they suffer, they triumph, they hate and they love right from the heart. And sometimes it is so genuine, it leaves you gasping. They need no school of acting, all expression is *born* in them.

Dolores Del Rio had no training for the screen. She posed before the camera more as a joke than anything else, for she belonged to a wealthy family of Mexico City and she had been sent to a fashionable school in Spain. It was Edmund Carewe who discovered her. He was spending his honeymoon in Mexico, and among the invitations he and his bride received was one to the home of Dolores. When he saw her standing in her drawing room, against a background of old brocade, with jewels sparkling on her lovely neck and arms, he was impressed by her beauty, but even more by her smile. He never gave up until he persuaded her to pay a visit to California—the rest is movie history.

Pep incarnate is what Hollywood calls Lupe Velez. She is a little devil on the screen, and a lot of it isn't acting. Born in Mexico City, it was the most natural thing in the world for her restless feet to make her a dancer. When Lupe danced, she packed the house. They cheered, they threw her flowers, money, jewels. Wives

became jealous. Peppy Lupe did not posture languidly with a rose between her lips, she threw herself into motion full of the old Nick himself. After a time, her fame reached California and she was signed for a featured dance in the Hollywood Music Box Revue.

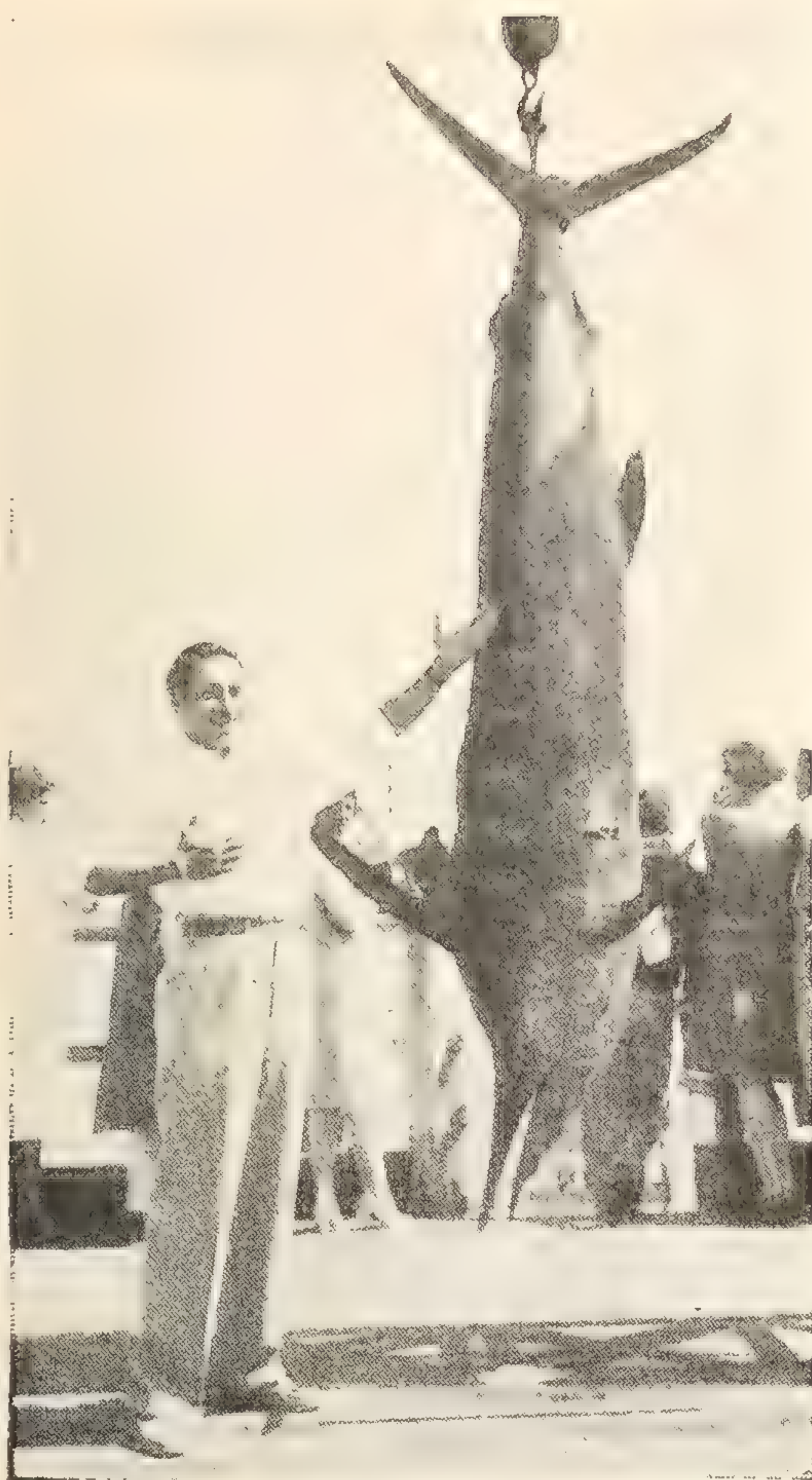
Hal Roach, comedy producer, thought he would take in the Music Box show one evening. Contrary to his custom, he had the very dickens of a time to obtain seats. After he had seen Lupe dance, he knew why. It came to him that she was the very star he needed for his comedies, and she signed a contract that evening in her dressing room. It was only necessary for her to make two comedies for Roach. *What Women Did for Me* and *Sailors Beware*, and straightway Douglas Fairbanks found out she was the only leading woman possible for *The Gaucho*. And then, no less a judge of temperament than Cecil De Mille saw her, and signed her immediately on the dotted line. So Lupe Velez is made. She only plays big time parts now, and with Rod La Rocque in his next production *Stand and Deliver* she certainly makes him do it, too.

James Cruze discovered wistful Nena Quartaro, the little Mexican girl who is admitted to have the largest eyes in Hollywood. But the big director would never have seen Nena, if she hadn't cheated in order to reach him.

For days he had been trying to cast the part of Zelig in *The Red Mark*. Zelig is



© Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky will co-star no more and their farewells show again the tender charm which has been theirs since "The Dark Angel."



Ben Bard and the fish that he didn't catch. At last, an honest fisherman!

he didn't mean amateurs, but seventeen year old Nena, hanging around the studio gate for weeks, saw her chance to get past the doorman. She borrowed ear rings and finery which changed her appearance utterly. Some even say she presented the card of a foreign actress, but anyhow she arrived in such haughty state that the doorman did not recognize her, and let her in.

Naturally, after she reached Cruze, he found out that she was just a stage struck kid. Fortunately for her he also discovered that she was one of the prettiest youngsters he had ever seen, and when her large eyes filled with terror at the thought of losing her chance, she emoted plenty enough to assure him she could act. A mixture of Dolores Del Rio and of Janet Gaynor, is what Cruze calls her, and he not only gave her the part of Zelig, but signed her on a five year contract. Incidentally one of her biggest assets is her marvelous long hair, which has never been bobbed.

Ramon Novarro's story is that of a handsome Mexican lad of good family who came to the United States as a dancer. He was born in Durango under the name of Ramon Samamiagos. With his seven brothers and sisters he used to give little dramatic performances in a homemade theatre. He showed such talent that he was given a chance to go on the stage, and ultimately he reached Los Angeles with the Marion Morgan dancers. To earn additional money he played extra parts in the movies. Rex Ingram noted how he screened in *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse* and gave him his big chance, and at the same time the name of Novarro. After *The Prisoner of Zenda*, Ramon was made. Like his countrywomen he combines the grace and poetry of Spain with the energy of the New World.

This seems to be one of the principal charms of our Unofficial Ambassadors from Mexico; they not only have beauty, but American pep as well. More power to them whether as screen favorites or as diplomats!

a very emotional little heroine, of mixed parentage, born in the penal settlement of New Caledonia. Cruze, who is as fussy as Belasco, wanted more than the customary Latin make up, and all the actresses who could have met his requirements were working. He therefore sent out a call that he would interview foreign types. Of course

At the Writers' Club — Continued from page 39

result? For four years now we have given every winter a monthly program of four plays containing probably the greatest casts that have ever been gathered together.

Glancing over some old programs I come across the following names, given at random. A few of them appeared singly, many in small groups, and often as a large cast. Raymond Hatton, Hedda Hopper, Lionel Belmore, Maud Fulton, Herbert Rawlinson, Pasy Ruth Miller, Mitchell Lewis, Eleanor Boardman, Wm. H. Crane, Mabel Taliaferro, Tully Marshall, May McAvoy, Edward Everett Horton, Otis Harlan, Louise Dresser, William Farnum, Tyrone Power, Doris Lloyd, Brandon Hurst, Charles A. Stevenson, Enid Bennett, Jean Hersholt, Irene Rich, Henry B. Walthall, Arthur Hoyt, Donald Crisp, Creighton Hale, Dorothy Devore, Fay Wray, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Lilyan Tashman, Taylor Holmes, Renee Adoree, Beverly Bayne, John Roach, Lois Wilson, DeWitt Jennings, Carmel Myers, Hobart Bosworth, Belle Bennett, Burr McIntosh, Mary Carr, George K. Arthur, Gladys Brockwell, the Moore boys—Tom, Owen and Matt, Helen Jerome Eddy, Virginia Valli, Charlie Ray . . . Gee, that isn't half of them!

Can you imagine casting from such material?

Nor is this the only notable feature of the Writers' Club plays. Our little stage has been the birthplace of innumerable original sketches written especially for us, many of which have gone into vaudeville with huge success. Here are a few of our private playwrights. Maud Fulton, George Ade, Frances Marion, Thompson Buchanan, Marion Fairfax, Waldemar Young, Sara Padden, Joseph Jackson, Jane Murfin, Montague Glass, Frank Condon, Rupert Hughes, Donald Crisp and Gouverneur Morris.

No, the public is not admitted; just members and their friends. Our clubhouse is a beautiful old vine-covered residence in the heart of Hollywood, set back from the street and shaded by giant pepper trees. The Playhouse is an addition built on behind, but as it seats only three hundred we could not possibly admit the clamoring public. While I was president of the club my biggest job was squaring off important people who wished to attend. Rupert Hughes now has that thankless task.

Next month I'll tell you of the happy consequences that have come to some of the younger people because they have appeared in Writers' Club plays.

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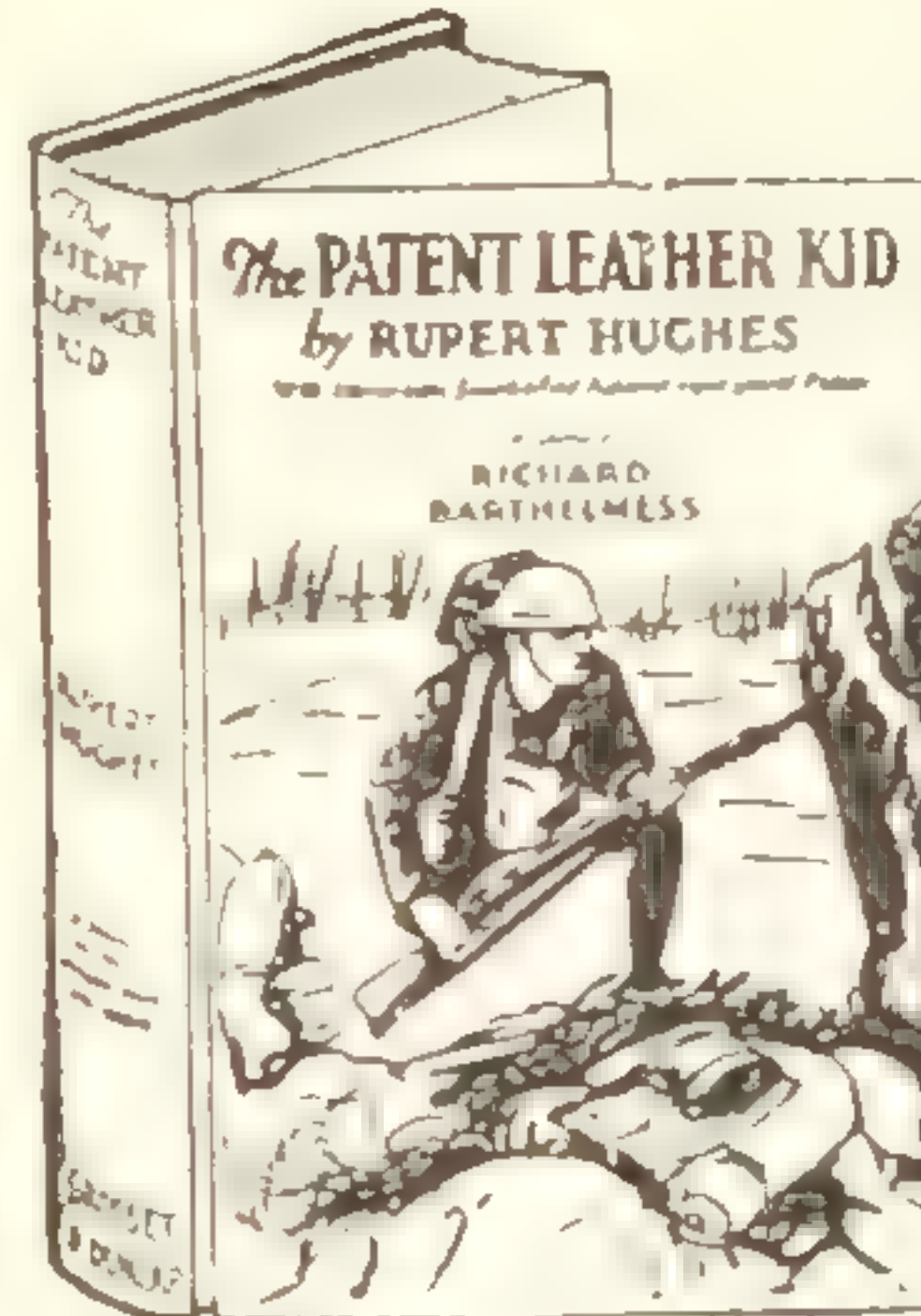


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- The Blood Ship
- The Country Beyond
- The Black Pirate
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- Anna Karenina
- (Movie Title "Love")
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WINGS
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Dick Barthelmess's Smashing Success



BEAU GESTE
A remarkable story of the French Foreign Legion

Screen News from Broadway

(Continued from page 11)

a wide-awake, stunning young lady. But it's her very own name, and she is very proud of it, and her family is proud of her, so why change? "By any other name—," etc. She is going to play in lots of pictures for FBO this year—the first one opposite Bryant Washburn in *Skinner's Big Idea*. Martha though only seventeen, has been in pictures four years. She's tall, stately, and splendidly dressed, with dark-gold hair and fascinating grey eyes with rather droopy lids and lashes. Her uncle is J. J. Murdock, an important executive with the Pathe company; and she is completely surrounded by wealth and admiring relatives; but she has had to work just as hard as any struggling extra; and her three years in Hal Roach comedies have given her poise and a piquant sense of humor. Keep your eye on Martha.

The opening of the Griffith picture, *Drums of Love*, was the best picture premier New York has had lately. For one thing, "D. W." himself was there, and made one of his characteristic speeches after the picture had run its course. D. W., a little grayer, but still the courtly gentleman who deserves the applause of all the movie youngsters, referred in his speech particularly to his delight in directing Lionel Barrymore again—you see Griffith and Barrymore were colleagues back in the old Biograph days. Irene Fenwick, who is Mrs. Barrymore, was there. So was Morris Gest, Fannie Ward, Lya de Putti and Hope Hampton were among the lovely ladies present. George Jean Nathan and David Belasco were there, though not together. George Jean Nathan attends first nights alone now that Lillian Gish has gone back to California.

A Page for Old Friends

(Continued from page 15)

and when you're coming back? Whadd'll I tell 'em? What am I goin' to say?"

This time I could just see Bill smile and beam all over.

"Tell them, Marion, that today, in our travels over the hills, Pinto spied a moving picture company at work making some of these here out-door scenes. Tell them I tried to keep him from seeing the actors and hearing the cameras; but I might as well have tried to tell him I don't care for him any more. He saw them all. He pricked up his ears, and then I simply had to let him take me over to where the company was shooting. Pinto says we've simply got to come back. Maybe we will, Marion, maybe we will—tell my friends that—just tell them that. So long—and come on out to this wonder place of mine the first day you possibly can spare."

I hung up the receiver. Bill Hart, way out on the Painted Desert, with his painted Pinto, having a great old time! Of course, maybe he belongs there—maybe it's the place for him to stay. But golly, if he comes back to us for even a few more pictures, with his Pinto, his guns and his thrilling hero stuff, won't we be the boosters who will welcome him home with joy in our hearts and smiles on our lips?

SCREENLAND MAGAZINE (Book Dept.) Desk 1
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SCREENLAND will have an article by
RUPERT HUGHES
in the May issue.

They Say

(Continued from page 75)

Nobody seems to be paying anywhere near enough attention to the fourteenth Wampas Baby Star, even though he's had a screen test of much footage and has signed his name to a long-term Warner Brothers contract. That's a dog's life for you, all right. His Daddy's name is Rin-Tin-Tin, and even if he weren't the fourteenth Baby Star, having Rin for his dad ought to assure him of a little bit of publicity. Of course he's all ears and legs, but that oughtn't to be held against him. Rin, himself, sort of eyes him askance, and I'm beginning to think that Rin is peeved because the son and heir is attracting too much of the attention of the other thirteen. After all, obviously the place for children is in the nursery!

Homes, homes, homes! I'm really beginning to believe that they grow on bushes, or come in balloons and suit-cases, somewhat similar to Doc Stork with his babies. There are so many of them these days, and the number of dollars they represent is so enormous that I don't dare write it down for fear you'll think I'm spoofing you. Here are a few of the new-homes folks—Esther Ralston, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Stone, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Goldwyn, Mr. and Mrs. William Boyd (a second wedding anniversary present!). Bill Hart (a beauty, way up on his ranch), Mary Philbin (just finished), and a whole pack of others that have been under way for six months or so.

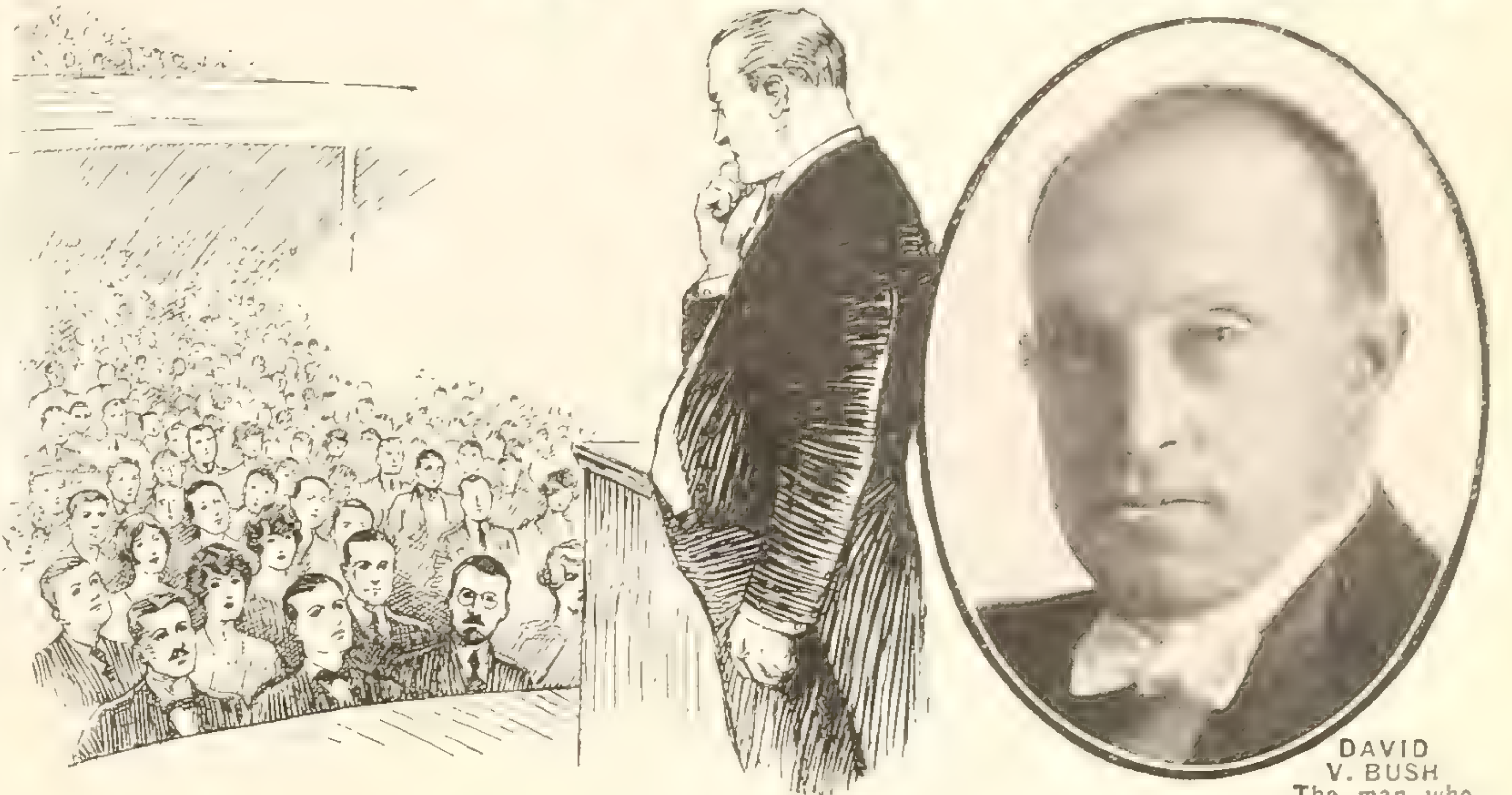
Do you remember Iris Stuart, the 'cover girl,' who came to Paramount and Hollywood about a year ago and who was getting along so beautifully when her health gave way and she had to leave us for an eight months' perfect rest? She told us then that she'd be back as sure as sure could be. She certainly wasn't beaten, and nothing could have made me happier than meeting her over at Paramount this month, much heavier, eyes brighter, cheeks filled out and eager to get to work again. Isn't that fine? and aren't we all wishing her luck and more luck in this 1928?

I suppose 'Fatty' Joe Cobb of the Hal Roach Rascals has heard and read so much about stars getting temperamental that he figured he could get away with it, too! Director Bob McGowan had it all fixed for Joe to give away a Shetland pony at some Los Angeles function, and when the day arrived, Joe said he positively—just like that!—positively couldn't miss a football game for 'no ponies nor nothing.' The good-hearted Bob didn't say a word, and sure enough, Fatty didn't show up to give the pony away. Next day at the studio McGowan introduced Fatty to another young feller just as fat, if not a little more so, than Fat himself, and casually remarked, 'Your understudy.' Joe stood it as long as the few years of him was able to and then he went over to Director McGowan.

'Honest, Mr. McGowan, I didn't mean to get so temp'mental. After Christmas I expect to be much fatter'n him. You gotta admit a good actor's bound to show some temp'ment, but I promise not to do it again.'

What could Bob McGowan say? As a matter of fact, he sent the other fat boy away and didn't say a thing, which, in my opinion, is one of the explanations of why he has been so successful with that gang of Hal Roach Rascals.

I Was Ashamed Before My Vast Audience



DAVID
V. BUSH
The man who
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America

But It Ended My Stoutness

My first and only attack of stage fright showed me the way to banish excess fat—forever

MY heart beat fast! In 15 minutes I was going to face a vast audience! In 15 minutes I was going to speak in Carnegie Hall, New York—the most famous lecture platform in America! One of the largest crowds that had ever assembled in that great hall was waiting for me.

Why did my heart beat fast? Why did I hesitate to face my vast audience? I was a seasoned speaker. I had lectured for years. I had spoken before thousands of people in the greatest auditoriums in the United States. Why should I feel afraid?

The answer was simple. That very afternoon I had received a critical letter from one of my followers. Here's what the letter said:

"Why is it you are so fat?" my critic wrote. "You—David V. Bush—America's greatest authority on right living. You tell others how to live—what to eat—how to care for themselves mentally and physically. And yet you do nothing about your own stoutness."

This letter stung me like a lash! My methods of right living had proved wonderfully beneficial to thousands of men and women. They had proved beneficial in my own case. Yet there was one thing I had been unable to conquer—my stoutness.

Vain Efforts to Reduce

For years I had tried to reduce. I had tried fasting, dieting, exercises, and mechanical appliances—everything I could think of. Nothing seemed to help. I remained as stout as ever.

I couldn't figure out the cause of my stoutness. I am not a heavy eater, but to look at my rotund figure, anyone would think I ate too much. Such was not the case. I ate moderately—lived temperately and took a normal amount of exercise.

A Startling Discovery

That night after the lecture a comforting thought came to me. It was this: All the reducing methods which I had tried were other peoples' inventions. I had never tackled the problem myself. I had never tried to invent a reducing method of my own.

For weeks I studied. For weeks I tried to find the secret. Finally I came to the conclusion that there was only one logical way to get rid of fat. Then I began to experiment on myself.

Imagine my astonishment. Imagine my delight! In 24 hours I lost 2 pounds! During the next 24 hours I lost 3 pounds more! Day after day I continued my new method of re-

ducing. Day after day I continued to watch my weight. And day after day I continued to lose excess pounds.

I felt better than I had felt in years. I felt vigorous—vital—overflowing with energy. I slept soundly. My appetite increased. I lost that sluggish feeling that fat brings. My mind grew crystal clear. I was able to go through a long, hard day without the slightest fatigue! Needless to say, I continued my amazing reducing treatment. In three weeks I was back to normal weight! To say that I was pleased would be putting it mildly. I was overjoyed!

Nature's Method of Reducing. It Works or It Costs Nothing!

I want to tell you all about this amazing method of reducing which I have discovered. It is simply wonderful. I am delighted with it. My friends are delighted with it. Everyone who hears about it becomes enthusiastic!

I don't care how stout you are. I don't care how many times you have tried to reduce and failed. My amazing new method will make your excess fat melt away like magic—give you a normal, youthful figure—make you slim, buoyant, energetic, as Nature intended you to be, or the treatment won't cost you a single penny!

No starving—no exercising, no drugs—no external agencies—no mechanical appliances. You simply follow my instructions for a few days until your excess pounds disappear—until the scales tell you that you weigh exactly what you should.

This method is so simple that anyone, even a child, can understand how it works and why it works. It is so logical, so reasonable, so sensible that the moment you hear about it you will know instantly that it works.

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Merely send me your name and address. When the postman brings you my complete instructions, "How to Reduce," simply pay him the special, low price of only \$2.98 plus a few cents postage. If at the end of two weeks you are not completely satisfied—if you do not lose weight rapidly and easily—then simply tell me so and your money will be instantly refunded. You risk nothing. WRITE TODAY.

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Chatter from Hollywood

(Continued from page 71)

holding him up in his new picture.

Last year, while making the sensational *Sunrise*, he had to thrice postpone filming the scenes in the big city set, where \$12,000 worth of extras were used.

This year, to avoid any such delays, Murnau has ordered all exterior scenes, with the exception of two small ones, constructed inside the stages.

This, of course, can be done with absolute fidelity to nature in these days of ingenious and enlightened set designing and reproducing.

—o—

New camera marvels are designed each day.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has devised a way to make light blue eyes photograph black by using the shadow of the eye-brows.

It has been tried out successfully on Loretta Young, who plays opposite Lon Chaney in *Laugh, Clown, Laugh*.

This actress has light blue eyes.

The girl in the story was an Italian.

After some experimentation, the cameraman caused a flood of light to be directed from above at such an angle that the shadow of the actress' eye-brows fell upon her eyes.

The eyes acted as mirrors for the shadow, photographing black.

So deftly is the light played into the other lighting effects that no other change is noted in Miss Young's camera self.

—o—

Clean pictures.

Can they make money?

Edwin Carewe, producer-director, says they can. In fact, Carewe told 1,000 club-women this month that the only 'dirty' picture he ever made was a commercial failure.

The only one in 15 years. And he says it will be his last.

Carewe says that *Ramona* is his gesture towards clean pictures.



Ⓒ In a Hollywood suburb they have named a street after Laura La Plante, so she is setting the sign post.

There are several unique angles to this film. For one thing, it is the first motion picture, to my knowledge, to use black titles.

Nothing could be more natural. Newspapers are printed in black type upon white stock; books, music, almost every other kind of printing, are done in black.

Carewe uses backgrounds nearer gray than white, photographing most of his titles on parchment scrolls. Shading relieves the whiteness, obviating possible glare.

To me the new title is very satisfactory.

The feeling with which Carewe has directed the scenes of the Indian's mistreatment in Early California springs from a source deep in his nature.

He is an Indian himself.

Finis Fox, his brother, who adapted the story, also has written with sympathy of the Indian.

Ten years ago in Germany, Ernst Lubitsch, Emil Jannings and Pola Negri started on *Passion*, a picture which was to be a stepping-stone to fame for each.

This month in Hollywood, the three gathered again at the same studio—Paramount—not to make a picture together, it is true, but at least together.

It is a small world.

I have often wondered what becomes of the screen children when they grow up.

A partial answer is to be found in *The Godless Girl*, which Cecil B. DeMille now is directing.

Seven former child players, all of whom had been in the director's earlier pictures, are in the cast.

They are in their teens now and are playing grownup or semi-grownup parts.

Pat Moore, Mickey Moore, Peaches Jackson are the better known ones.

Hollywood won't be the same without Tom Mix. With him passes one of its most picturesque figures.

I don't mean that Tom is retiring. But he's going away for two years to Buenos Aires. He has just signed a contract with the Hollywood-Argentine Cinema Company.

Fred Kley, one of the pioneer studio officials in the film business, heads the new organization. It is backed by Argentine capital.

With Tom, when he goes, will be his own camera department, as well as picked American cowboys and their horses.

Tony goes, of course.

The rest of the actors will be selected from the South American film colony. This, by the way, is quite extensive, as numerous pictures have been made there.

I saw Buster Keaton at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio the other day, preparing to start on the first picture under his new contract.

Buster, you know, is supposed to have not so much to say about what goes into the film as he used to.

But I noticed that he was talking and the three gag men were listening.



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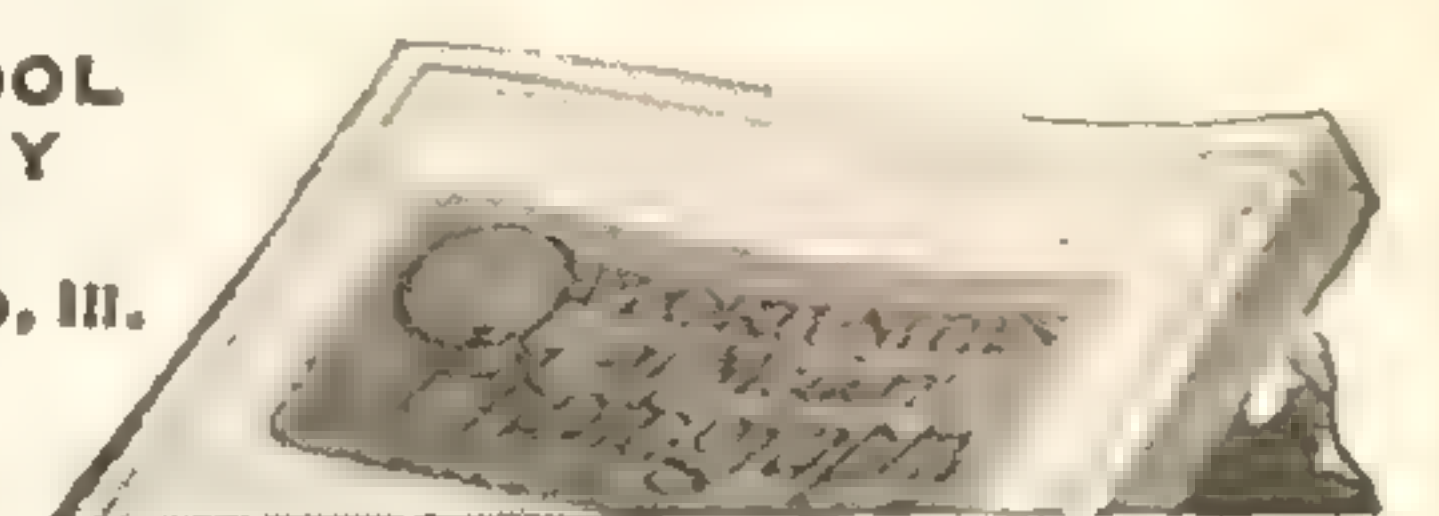
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The Gags already received in the Harry Langdon Gag Contest for the New Ford Show real understanding of the requirements.

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See Contest on Page 22 of this issue.



Raymond Hatton and his springer spaniels, champion hunters, Bogehurst Billy Boy and Bogehurst Roxie.

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There is nothing mysterious, nothing hard to understand about my method. It's simply the result of my 20 years' intensive study and experience. I was once a poor, ailing minister. Today I have plenty of money, glowing health, and hosts of friends. And I did it all by simply harnessing a powerful, dynamic, elemental force within me—a health-bringing, money-getting force which you, too, can now develop without any drudgery, experiment, or tedious waiting—without costly mistakes or any trusting to blind chance—without any lessons to practice or any magic catch-words to repeat or without any exercise, discomfort, or self-denial!

Amazing Results Come Quickly

The moment you apply my teachings you begin to think straight and quickly; you eliminate discordant or negative thoughts; you banish worry, nervousness, fear; you overcome timidity, self-consciousness, and self-pity; you acquire charm, and magnetic personality, you become courageous, strong and confident; you surmount all obstacles, avoid mistakes, overcome hereditary handicaps—you tap the reservoirs of amazing unused powers within you—and make yourself a king among men!

When I first began revealing my method in public lectures, thousands came from great distances to hear them—but—many thousands more were turned away from the great theatres and auditoriums because even these vast halls could not accommodate a fraction of those who are eager to hear the amazing secret of my success! And almost immediately after each lecture came reports of astonishing results. Sick, worn-out men and women had regained their old-time energy and vitality; men and women whose lives were almost wrecked by long drawn-out nervous and physical ailments, had overcome their trou-

bles and began walking about in glorious health with hardly a trace of any aches or pains.

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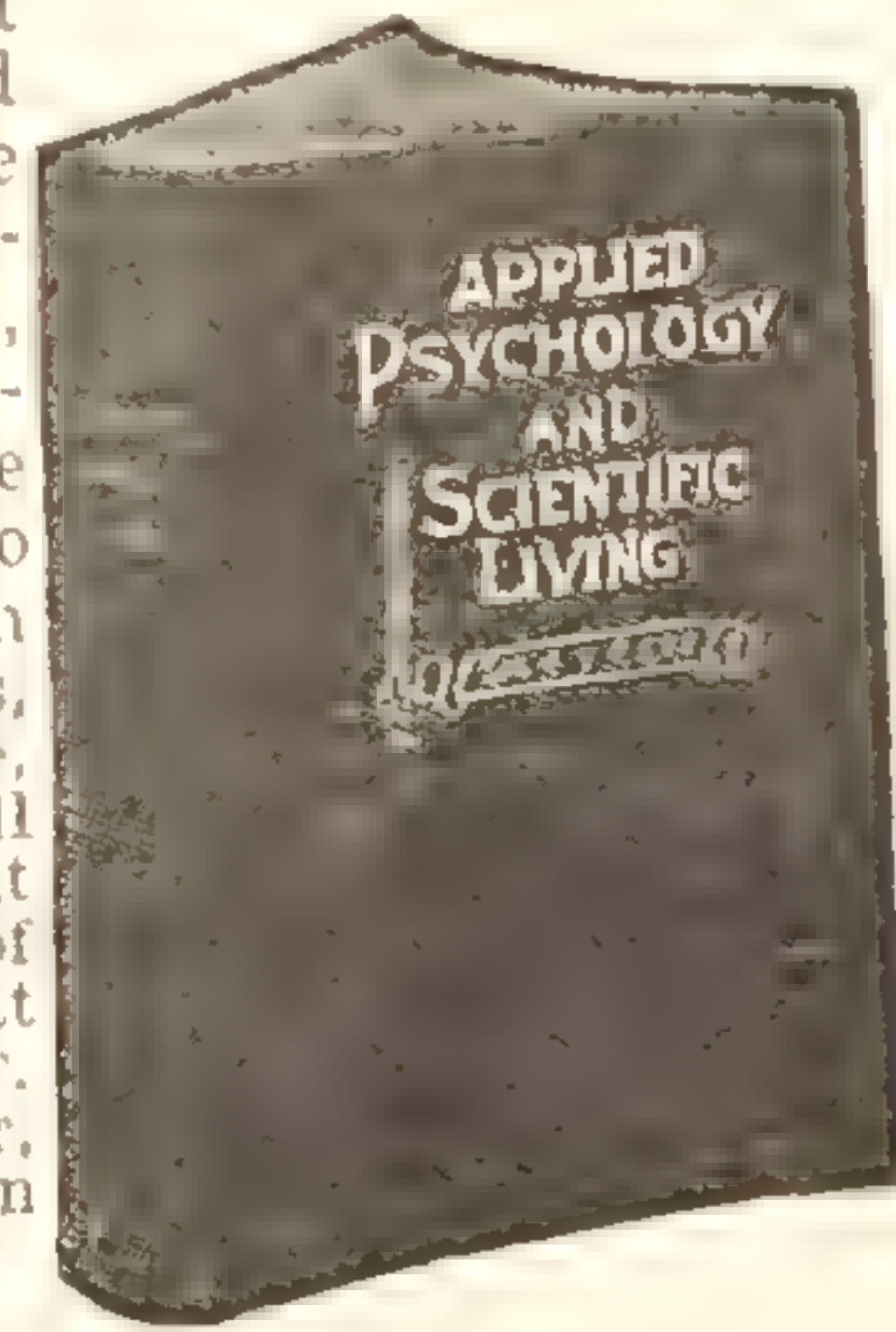
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What's Doing in Times Square

(Continued from page 6)

The Private Life of Helen of Troy, when it stopped playing at the Globe went to the Paramount for a week, and now is at the Cameo following Will Rogers. Helen seems to like Broadway and Broadway to like Helen quite as well as Paris did. Then, of course, there was Gentlemen Prefer Blondes with Ruth Taylor.

It seems a coincidence, but perhaps it isn't, that pictures are beginning to satirize the law. Both in Gentlemen Prefer Blondes and in Chicago the human weaknesses of the Judge, jury and public are shown up and the soulless little doll-faced babies are allowed to go free merely because they know men and how to manage them. Well, why not? If I had my way no one would ever be executed. But the theme certainly provides material for two dandy films.

But pictures, that have such power to arouse the emotions of the human race and influence public opinion, how wonderful it would be if those who are instrumental in their making could keep an impersonal view of things and clean up politics and human ills in general. Some do, but we need more. Really, the sky's the limit. Why not?

Reviews by Delight Evans

(Continued from page 45)

"BEWARE OF MARRIED MEN"

But why? According to this picture, they help make life interesting. If it hadn't been for a particular married man, Stuart Holmes, things might have been pretty dull around Irene Rich's home and office. She plays the secretary to a lawyer—Richard Tucker—who is handling what looks at the outset as if it might develop into one of those front-page cases: 'Wife Sues for Divorce—Says Hubby Strayed for Sweetie.' The girl in this case is none other than Irene's baby sister, Audrey Ferris; so you're not surprised when Miss Rich dons a disguise and intervenes in the case to save sis's reputation, even at the risk of losing her own strait-laced love. Complications ensue like everything when Irene, Audrey and Mr. Tucker are in hiding in the Married Man's apartment, with his wife on the trail and a comedy detective, aided by Clyde Cook, blundering around. This sequence may amuse you. It is the presence of Irene Rich, however, which gives Beware of Married Men its claim on your attention. She's a clever and charming lady, and this is a change from her usual neglected wife parts. As if anybody would ever neglect Irene!

Complicated and everything.

"SAILORS' WIVES"

Pity the poor players in a plight like this! Don't be fooled. This isn't a single sailor in the picture, or even a married one. Sailors' Wives is just a lot of plot wasting the talents of Mary Astor and Lloyd Hughes. Lloyd wants to marry Mary—he always wants to marry the girl; if they'd only let him cast one aside occasionally!—and you know how Lloyd is when he has his heart set on something. Mary says no, because she knows something she won't tell, and it isn't what you think. Ho-hum, and heaven—ho—if it hadn't been for my loyalty to Mr. Hughes and Miss Astor, and—oh, yes—a glimpse of Ruth Dwyer, who has charm, though few chances to prove it—I would have walked out and left Sailors' Sweeties to sink or swim by themselves.

Pity for the players.

Manhattan Nancy—Continued from page 24

over them and halt their crushed hearts—in fact, those eyes are typically Irish.

Nancy came from New York, as we've said before, and her birthplace still stands on Tenth Avenue. Eighty-sixth Street is the avenue which passes alongside of the house.

She was born La Hiff, and if La Hiff isn't an Irish name, there's no use talking.

Nancy's dad, Thomas La Hiff, came from County Claire, while Anne, the other half, calls County Roscommon her native hearth. So between the two of them, their offspring is an all-Irish production.

Now, whether you know it or not, it might be interesting to note that this red head, a girl who has just been signed to a long-term contract, with possible stardom on the horizon, does not come from an overly rich family. There were twelve children in the La Hiff home, and it wasn't so easy for the father, a contractor, to make both ends meet with material left over for automobiles and other luxuries.

So, Nancy was brought up in a home of average means, and learned all there was to this business of making a living for one's self.

"I wanted to travel, ever since I was a little kid," the actress avers in no uncertain terms. "I started out in life as a school girl—now look at me!

"That travel idea struck me at an early age, and was one of two ambitions, the other being to be a clerk behind a soda fountain counter. Someday, I'm going to own a soda fountain and thrive on ice cream.

"By the time I was seventeen I had made up my mind to step out of house and home, if necessary, in order to see the world. You see, I had never been south of Coney Island, and newspapers and magazines are always filled with attractive, highfaluting advertisements concerning the glories of the wide, wide realm.

"Coney Island is a wonderful spot, but not the sort of place one would like to reside in or let it suffice for a summer vacation. For from such. It's nothing like Catalina Island or the Hawaiian group. It's more like what I imagine the Sandwich Isles to be—one hot dog after another.

"Like all good houses, ours had an attic, and there my sister, Terry, and myself would have our rendezvous. With our feet

tapping heavily on the floor and our heads doing sickening thuds on the rafters, we would practice dance steps, with ultimate hopes of going on the stage. You see, we were seventeen each—our combined ages would make us thirty-four and that is a ripe, mature age. So why shouldn't we step out on our own?"

Well, Nancy and Terry did just that. They read in a paper that there would be a local talent contest at one of Loew's theaters on the east side—for east siders only. The mere fact that they were from the west side was just a matter of geography and conditions and no fault of theirs, so they entered.

It was a Friday night. The house was packed. The two tiny tots, filled with Irish ambition and get-aheadness, stepped onto the stage and awaited their turn.

An acrobatic act preceded them. The stage shook; so did four shapely and dimpled knees. Their feet began to get chilly, and they simultaneously decided to abandon a stage career and go back to the family washtub and see what the future might bring there. So they ran—right into the arms of the theater's press agent, Nils Granlund.

They stammered and blushed. So did he. "What's the big idea?"

"Well, we've just found out that this is a contest for east siders, and we come from Tenth Avenue and Eighty-sixth," they confessed. "We want to go home."

Granlund was apparently a sympathetic chap, despite his gruff tones at times over the radio nowadays, and he patted them on the back and told them not to worry. Just then, the stage manager howled for the Carroll Sisters. The music began to thunder, and the scared girls ran out.

"We looked at each other and there were tears in our eyes," Nancy says now, for it's a big joke with her today.

"Then someone in the audience laughed out loud. That made us furious and we danced as we had never danced before. When the slaughter was over, we had a silver loving cup to show for our efforts.

"That cup was secreted in the attic, far from the eyes of either Mother or Dad. We would take no chances, for Mother didn't approve of the stage."

The one success fired their ambitions, and the Carroll Sisters tried for a chorus job in *The Passing Show of 1923*. Rehearsals went on, without Mother La Hiff getting even an inkling of what was occurring.

Until—
That night of the final dress rehearsal! Oh what a night!

A pair of dancers dropped out, and the Carrolls were picked to do a specialty. Just about that time, their ankles began to feel chilly once again, especially when the hands of the clock approached the midnight hour. Neither had ever been out after ten o'clock, and they pictured Mother home ready to do unclean things with a switch.

"It was there we met Jimmy Hall," Nancy explains. Jimmy was none other than James Hall, now a Paramount leading man. He, too, was making his stage debut in the production and he was equally anxious and frightened.

"Jimmy saw how flustered we were and gave us some encouragement. The rehearsal got out at five o'clock the following morning—and still Mother had no idea what we were doing. We thought we might have to confess and give it all up, but we told her that we were at a friend's house.

"About eight o'clock in the morning, we

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Luther Reed the director of 'Hell's Angels' which is the new aviation picture, and his mascots.

got up out of bed, our eyes bulging and feeling miserable. The Sunday paper had come, and Mother, Dad and the other kids were in the front room reading.

"Mother picked up a rotogravure theatrical section, and I could see that she was angry.

"Actors!" she said. "I hate them. They are lazy, shiftless creatures."

"That spelt doomsday for us—until Mother turned the next page. Right in the center was a picture of Terry and me.

"Well, look at that, will you," she demanded of the family. We all gazed at the photo, and Terry and I blushed green and red. We knew that fireworks were due to begin.

"Now, aint that nice!" Those words came from Mother. "Come and kiss Mama. I'm proud of you."

"Words can't explain how happy we were, despite our sleepiness. Mother's approval was so unexpected that we were taken off our feet.

"And look," she declared. "They call you the Irish Twins. That's fine."

On Monday evening, the show opened, and the Carroll Sisters' act went off well. They began to like the chorus work, too, but Nancy had a fiery ambition to step higher than that.

One day, when the production was about to end its New York run and go on the road, Nancy heard that Helen Shipman, the leading woman, wouldn't make the tour—so Nancy volunteered! She was accepted, and would have gone had her conscience not pricked her. Nancy and Terry stayed home, fearing that even a suggestion of departure would arouse too much parental ire—and Nancy wanted to travel so badly!

But Nancy was Irish, and the Irish are lucky. The luck stayed right with her, for when *Topics of 1923* opened, the Carroll Sisters were back again on the boards.

After that came many a featured number in other Passing Shows, and then in *Mayflowers* at the Forest theater.

All that time, Nancy had put money aside, and her saving realized for her *Ambition No. 1*. She traveled westward and landed in Los Angeles. Then came the rounds of the theatrical producers—and success!

In 1926, a producer gave her a role in *Nancy* which starred another little titian-haired miss, Nancy Welford, and that led to two better roles in the *Music Box Revues*

staged in a Hollywood theater. Lupino Lane was the star of one, and Fannie Brice was featured in the second.

And still Nancy climbed, right up the ladder of fame, all by herself, for her sister had stayed in New York, not wishing to break the family ties.

This same producer starred her in *Loose Ankles*, a musical show which gave her ample opportunity to sing and strut her dancing feet. After that, she departed from the musical realm and did the dramatic role of Roxie Hart in *Chicago*, in which she made a big hit.

"I couldn't stop there, and I had heard a lot about these movies, so I decided that nothing should hold me back," Nancy says. "I visited the casting offices, and a casting director at Fox recognized me and put me in a picture with Virginia Valli, a thing called *Ladies Must Dress*. I didn't do so well. I'dies must, but I learned screen technique."

Nancy then continued the rounds of the studios, and just when things seemed darkest, happened to think of Jimmy Hall. Maybe he could help her. As she was about to step through the portals of the Paramount plant, she was stopped by a voice from a window.

It was Anne Nichols, another New York girl, the one who produced and wrote *Abie's Irish Rose*.

Nancy remembers but little that occurred in the following two hours. William de Lignemare, Miss Nichols' genial manager says he took her by the arm, led her past the gate boys and onto the stage, where she was given a screen test, immediately followed by a good contract.

Nancy Carroll, whom theatrical persons have always called 'Irish,' and whose wee semblance of a brogue bespeaks her ancestry, was picked to play Rosemary, one of the fattest roles for a girl that Hollywood studios have offered since *Peter Pan*.

And shortly after she started work, Director Victor Fleming, who made *The Way of All Flesh*, and other hits, praised her so highly to Miss Nichols and to Associate Producer B. P. Schulberg that Nancy signed a long-term contract.

So, when audiences see *Abie's Irish Rose*, they're going to get a glimpse of 'Irish,' who made herself what she is today and who doesn't claim any Mayflower relatives or anything like that.

Ask Me--Continued from page 4

John Gilbert and Lawrence Gray are at Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal. Monte Blue can be reached at Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Patsy Ruth Miller is working at FBO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. You can write to Elinor Faire and Leatrice Joy at Pathe-De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal. Alice White is at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. A letter addressed to Douglas Fairbanks, Pickford-Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, Cal., will reach him. Lois Moran can be addressed at Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

M. K. of Franklin Square, N. Y. You are right, Margie. You won't find many fellows as good-looking as Richard Dix, unattached—whatever that means. Now, as far as I know, Richard is not engaged as we go to press. He is busy making *Sporting Goods* at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Write to him and ask for a picture—you bet I would if I wanted one.

Virginia of Cincinnati, Ohio. No, I didn't think you were a boy because you asked so many personal questions about Vilma Banky and Ronald Colman, for we girls know the last word in asking questions. And when I say 'last word' I don't mean maybe or else. I think the whole world knows now, that Rod La Rocque and Vilma Banky are married. Mrs. La Rocque was born Jan. 9, 1903. She is 5 feet 6 inches tall. Her pretty golden hair is all her own. Her home is in California. Never mind, Ronald, we are going to tell something on you, too. Mr. Colman was born Feb. 9, 1891, and is 5 feet 10 inches tall and weighs 165 pounds.

Tads, Seattle, Wash. I can't compete with your radio movie clubs but I can give you the last two films in which your favorite, Antonio Moreno, appears. He made *Come to My House* with Olive Borden at Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal. He is now playing in *The Whip Woman* opposite Estelle Taylor for First National. No doubt when Tony returned from his vacation, he found all your letters; lucky Tony! But as for the 'cute mustache,' I can only surmise that it

grew on him—a habit that will appear now and then, if not properly rebuked. I am sorry I can't tell you why your letters never reach William Austin. Did you address him at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.? He played with Florence Vidor in *Honeymoon Hate* and with Bebe Daniels in *Swim, Girl, Swim*, both pictures being made at the Paramount Studios. Try again, Tads, and better luck next time.

A Question Mark, Portland, Oregon. Now you have started something and if our screen friends read this—wow! The tennis courts and golf links are going to suffer. 'Who is the best tennis player and best golfer in the movies?' Just let anybody answer that if they can! *White Gold* and *The Forbidden Woman* are two of Jetta Goudal's latest films. Richard Dix was born July 18, 1894. Mary Pickford was born in 1893 in Toronto, Canada. George K. Arthur is in the cast of *Baby Mine*, a side-splitting-be-careful-or-you'll-roll-down-the-aisle comedy. Karl Dane is another reason for mirth in the same film.

G. A. D. of Atlanta, Ga. If I don't tell the world that you are in love with Clara Bow, you'll dance at my next wedding, will you? Why not dance at my first? See if I care! Clara uses her real name in pictures. She was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., July 29, 1905, is 5 feet 2½ inches tall and weighs 109 pounds. Her hair is auburn and her eyes dark brown. Her next film is *Red Hair* for Paramount. You can address her at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Pearl White has not made any pictures for a long time. Thank you for the sincere praise of SCREENLAND.

Mary Gene, Jonesboro, Ark. Never in my wildest flights of fancy, have I broken up happy homes but if you feel sure I will be the means of restoring peace in your family, I'll settle this argument about Bebe Daniels. She was born in Dallas, Texas, Jan. 14, 1901, has black hair, dark brown eyes and weighs 110 pounds. You can address her at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. If you have an estate you want settled, I'll try that, too. Barry Norton, who was the 'adorable Moth-



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er's Boy' in *What Price Glory* was born in Buenos Aires about 23 years ago. His real name is Alfredo de Biraben, Jr. Dorothy Gulliver was born in Salt Lake City Sept. 6, 1908. She is a brunette, 5 feet 2 inches tall and her friends call her Dimples. She is married. George Lewis can be addressed at Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal., where he is now working in *We Americans*. George, who is a trained athlete, expert swimmer, football and tennis player, was born in Mexico City, Dec. 10, 1903. James Hall played with Madge Bellamy in *Silk Legs*. He has a fine part in *Grandma Bernle Learns Her Letters*, both pictures from the Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Willie Mae M. of Columbus, Miss. Mary Pickford can be addressed at Pickford-Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, Cal. But don't ask Mary to send you the addresses of the various screen stars, as it would take up too much of Mary's time. Better let me do that. You will find the address of Richard Dix elsewhere in this department. You can write to Jackie Coogan at 673 South Oxford Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

Elinor of Stamford, Conn. So you think I'm not romantic and do not know that 'love makes the world go round'—and they say, when that fails, try home-made gin. I'm not boasting, just laughing at myself. Raymond Hatton and the late Einar Hanson played with Esther Ralston in *Fashions for Women*. You can address Raymond at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

J. A. Z. and Many Others. Please enclose stamped envelope if you want one of my grand personal letters. I have all the personal mail I can take care of but if you would really rejoice to hear from your Vee Dec personally, just enclose that teeny-weeny stampet and I'll get around to yours in time. Quite a side-step from *French Dressing* to *The Gorilla* but I can give you the principals in both films. No trouble at all. Charlie Murray, Frank Kelsey, Alice Day, Tully Marshall, Claude Gillingwater and Walter Pidgeon contributed to the success of *The Gorilla*. No, J. A. Z., the film *French Dressing* isn't something you eat—it's something you put on before you eat—the pretty frock or the new Easter what-nots. In *French Dressing* you saw Lois Wilson, Lilyan Tashman, H. B. Warner and Clive Brook.

A Charles Delaney Fan, Calif. Your favorite laughed himself into a picture contract after several years of hard luck, trying to get a foot-hold. But aside from being able to see the funny lining to every cloud, Charlie can act, too. He was born in New York City. He enlisted in the Royal Flying Corps and at the close of the World War he went in for stunt flying and began to double for movie stars in aviation films. So after many ups and downs, Charlie has landed—with both feet on the M-G-M lot, still laughing like nobody's business. His latest films are *The Lovelorn*, *The Main Event* and *The Thirteenth Hour* for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Culver City, Cal. He is married.

Nadine, Utica, N. Y. All of the William Haines fans, including *Frenchy* and Miss G. of *Akron*, get in the circle and we'll collect clippings for our movie scrap-books. Bill Haines was born Jan. 1, 1900, in Staunton, Va. He has black hair, brown eyes, is 6 feet tall and weighs 175 pounds. He is not married and you can put it down in your memory books, that he is not en-

gaged yet. His latest picture is *West Point* and he is now making *The Smart Set* at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Hope you won't have to wait long for his photograph. Here, *Frenchy*, is your cue—Marie Prevost was born in Sarnia, Canada, Nov. 8, 1898. She has dark hair, blue eyes, is 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs 123 pounds. She is not married now. Ben Lyon was born in Atlanta, Ga., Feb. 6, 1901. He has dark brown hair, dark blue eyes, is 5 feet 11 inches tall and weighs 160 pounds. That's what I call news in a nut-shell.

Francis B. of Quapaw, Okla. Allow me to hand you the bacon or I suppose you'll take the cake for 'knowing every star in the movie world on sight.' I'll say that is some flickering film knowledge. The picture you mention has never come under my observation. I'm sorry not to be able to tell you anything about Conway Tearle's movie plans. There is talk of his return to the speakies. It's been some time since he made a picture. Come on, Conway, and give your fan friends something to think about. Olive Hasbrouck played with Jack Hoxie in *The Fighting Three*, a Universal picture directed by Al Rogell.

Golden Locks from Conn. I like a candid confession like yours—you say you have the good looks but are afraid that isn't all you have to have, to get in the movies. Good looks will take you far but not all the way to Hollywood and stardom. No, John Gilbert is not married to Greta Garbo—both are enjoying single blessedness, if you follow me, and I hope you do. This seems to be a Jack Gilbert month, as usual. I've told all about him, many a time and oft before, and I'm going to stick to my original story, so here goes. Jack was born in Logan, Utah, July 10, 1897. His real name is John Pringle. Both father and mother were of the stage. He has brown hair and eyes, is 5 feet 11 inches tall and weighs 160 pounds. He is working in *The Cossacks* at Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal., and if you write him for a picture, that address will bring one, if you are lucky.

Becky, Kalamazoo, Mich. You have a joke on me, have you? Why didn't you tell it so we all could laugh? 'As long as I seem quite bright,' can I tell you Clara Bow's real name? Funny question! I don't have to be bright long, to tell you that. And don't believe all the gossip you hear. Becky; Clara hasn't changed her name, is not married and as far as I know, she is not engaged. Colleen Moore is now filming *Lilac Time* for First National. You can write to Sally Blane at FBO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. She played opposite Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. in *Dead Man's Curve*.

Betty P. of Wilemette, Ill. What happened to Raymond Griffith, you ask? If you will kindly see the answer to *Adele of St. Louis*, you'll see what has happened to Raymond. Billie Dove can be reached at First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. Marie Prevost is playing in *A Blonde for a Night* at the Cecil B. De Mille Studios, Culver City, California. Patsy Ruth Miller is making *Red Riders of Canada* for FBO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. John Barrymore is filming *Tempest* at United Artists Studios, 7200 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Simple Sis of St. Louis. Charles Chaplin was born in Paris, France, in 1889. He has brown hair, blue eyes and is 5 feet 4

inches tall and weighs 125 pounds. You can write to Charlie at the Charles Chaplin Studios, 1420 La Brea Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. His last film is *The Circus*. Here is our glad hand, Charlie, but don't shake us again. Lon Chaney is married and his name has been the same since birth. Address Viola Dana at FBO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. Einar Hanson died June 3, 1927.

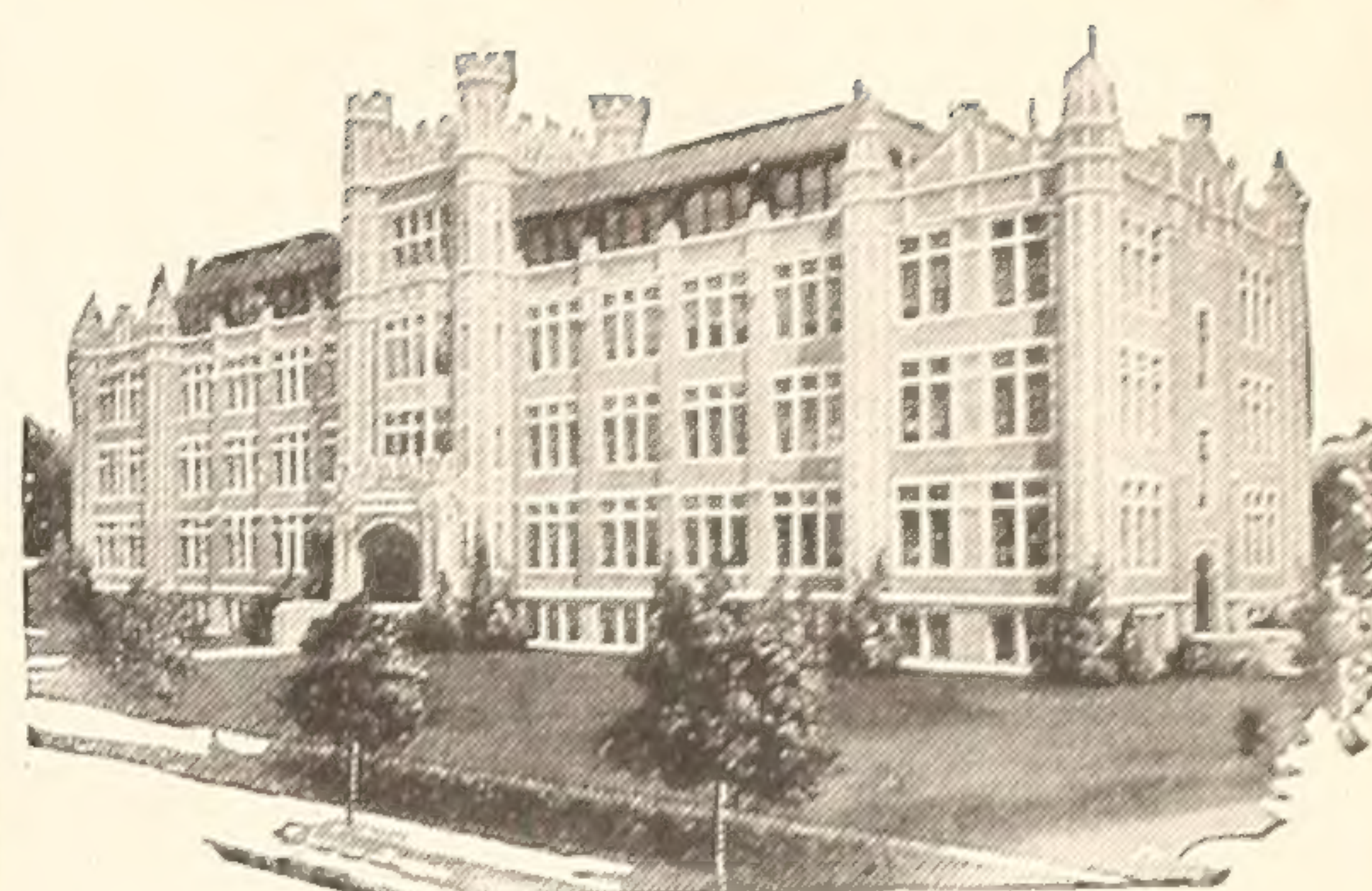
Point Pleasant, N. Y. You believe in getting right to the point, don't you, Edna? We lead, let others follow—is that what you mean? Martha Sleeper and Edna Marion are both featured fun makers. Edna plays with Charley Chase in *The Lighter That Failed* produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Charley's latest comedy is *All for Nothing*. Martha Sleeper plays opposite Bryant Washburn in *Skinner's Big Idea*, a film from the FBO Studios. Laura La Plante was born in St. Louis, Mo., Nov. 1, 1904. She is 5 feet 2 inches tall and weighs 112 pounds. She has gray eyes and blonde hair. William Seiter is her husband. She gets her mail at Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Brown Eyed Julia, W. Va. I answer letters so nice, do I? Well, why shouldn't I, when I get such nice letters from all the fans? So you have long brunette curls. Not many girls can boast of long curls in my day—may you never have a shingle-bob. Never mind, Julia, I don't lisp. Sally Phipps made her first screen appearance at the age of 6 years with 'Broncho Billy' Anderson. She was born in San Francisco, Cal., in 1909. She has red golden hair and brown eyes, is 5 feet 2 inches tall. Sally played with Nick Sturat in *Mum's The Word*. You can write to her at Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal. Address Ruth Mix at the same studio. Ruth is about 17 years old and is the oldest of Tom's two daughters. She is in the cast of *Grandma Bernle Learns Her Letters*. Antonio Moreno was born in Madrid, Spain, in 1888. He came to the U. S. at the age of 14, but he is now an American citizen, after a long delay in obtaining his naturalization papers. Who is the oldest star in the movies? You can ask lots of questions, can't you, Julia?

S. C. La Porte, Ind. Here is another good-looking girl, but why don't the boys speak

up? Pola Negri was born in Poland, Jan. 3, 1897. Gilda Gray was born in Cracow, Poland, Oct. 24, 1897. And you are Polish, too; no wonder you are interested in Pola and Gilda. Barbara Worth, a featured player for Universal, was born Jan. 6, 1908, in Columbus, Ohio. She is 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs 113 pounds, has large blue eyes and auburn hair. She plays opposite Reginald Denny in *On Your Toes*. Barbara is the wife of Tamar Lane. Ted Wells, the Universal Western Star, was born 25 years ago on a ranch in Texas. After several years of 'breaking in' he was rewarded with a contract with Universal. His first feature was *A Made-to-Order Hero*. Listen, girls! Ted was awarded a medal by his University, as the best all-round athlete in the history of the school, and he was no mean student either, for he graduated second high man in his class. Rex Lease, a young juvenile actor who has been in films for several years, was born in Central City, Va. He has brown hair, green eyes, is 5 feet 10 inches tall and weighs 150 pounds. You remember Rex in *Moulders of Men* and *Not for Publication* under the FBO banner. He is free-lancing, is in his early twenties and not married. Leatrice Joy is playing in *The Blue Danube* for Pathe-De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Curious E. C. of Iroquois Falls. You are right, my job depends on just how curious you fans are, not how serious I can be. Let me be a joy-spreader so long as I give you the correct information about your favorites. Raymond Keane was born in Denver, Colo., in 1907. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 168 pounds, has black hair and blue eyes. He sold diamonds in his father's jewelry store, or whatever they sell in jewelry stores, but to get into the movies and how, was Raymond's greatest ambition. He has arrived, as his performance in *The Midnight Sun* will testify. He played the leading role in *The Lone Eagle* with Barbara Kent. Address him at Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal. Malcolm MacGregor was born in New York City. He is 5 feet 11 inches tall, weighs 165 pounds and has black hair and brown eyes. He played in *The Kid Sister*, produced by Columbia Pictures Corp., 1408 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. Marion Nixon was born Oct. 20, 1904, in Superior, Wis. She is 5 feet 1 inch tall, weighs 109 pounds and has brown hair and eyes. Address her at



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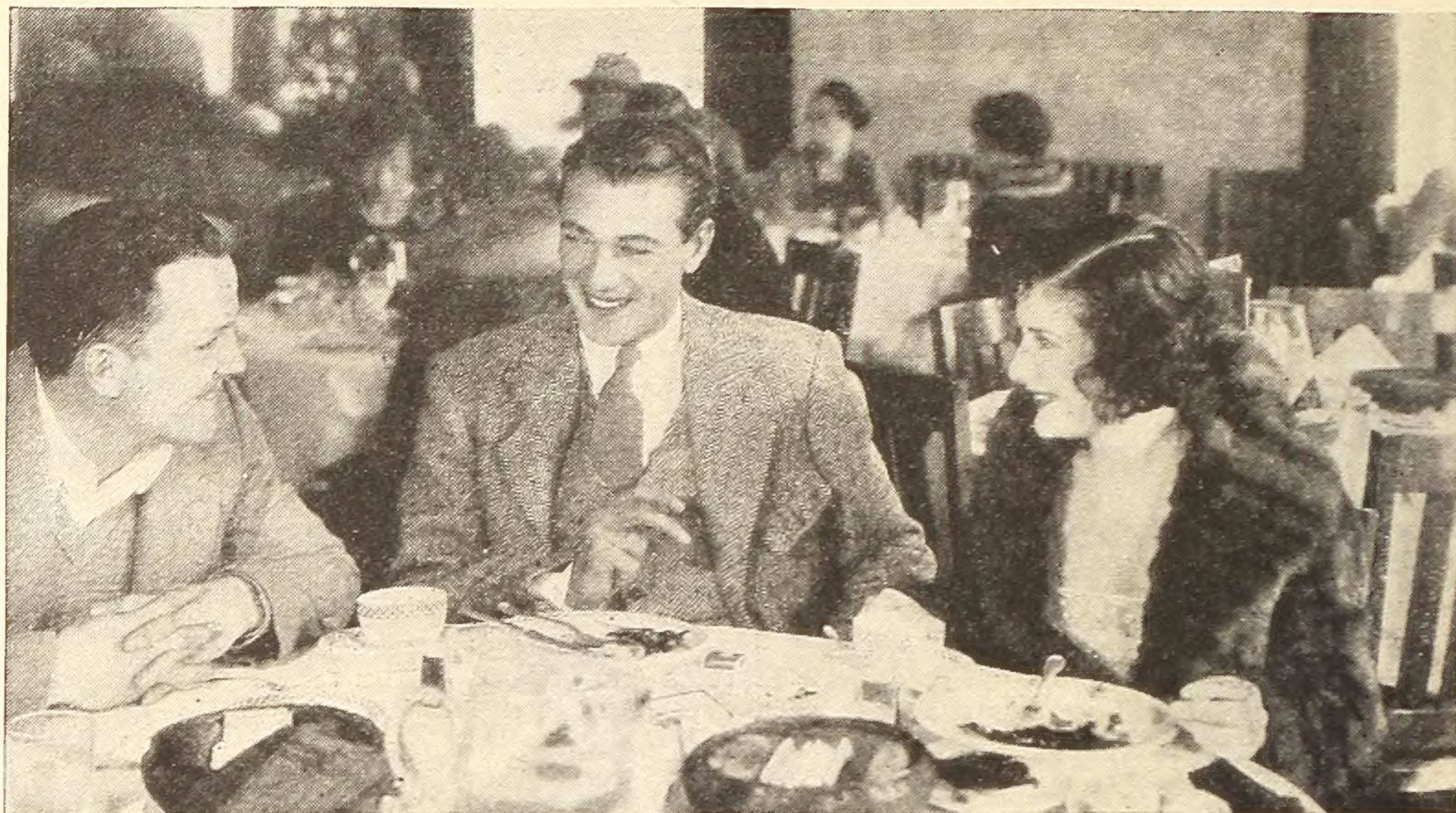
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© Russell Mathews, assistant director, Gary Cooper and Evelyn Brent in the Paramount lunch room.

Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal. be a regular sea captain, but I'll bet he Charles Rogers is quoted as being 23 years old. He will have his big fat part in the forthcoming production of *Abie's Irish Rose*. Nancy Carroll will be Rose.

Evening Star of Middleton, Pa. You have a marvelous sense of diagnosis, scientific discrimination or what have you? Then you ask me, are there more blondes than brunettes in the cinema world? If I don't tell you, all your nice illusions about me will vanish, but will you please excuse me while I check up on about three or four thousand screen players, who can qualify in the brunette class? Have I heard that Clara Bow is engaged? That's one on me; I haven't heard it. Lastly, how can you get into the movies? That question is going to age me long before my time. I'd like to put all the screen aspirants on a fast train for Hollywood, with a fat contract in their hands and sit back and say 'I told you so'—but I haven't any influence with the powers that be, worse luck!

Evelyn H. from Tonawanda, N. Y. Who will I advise you to have for your favorite actor and what is his address? That's rather a leading question. See, I hold the fate of someone in my little hand! Lack of space is my only alibi. Esther Ralston was born in Bar Harbor, Me., in 1902. She is the wife of George Webb. She is 5 feet 5 inches tall and weighs 125 pounds. Esther is playing in *Love and Learn* at the Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

H. S. Lee, P. O. Box 1355, Victoria, British Columbia. Because you are a sailor, you prefer both blondes and brunettes or what do I think? I'm not saying just what I think but your choice is a darned good one. As far as I know Mary Astor is not married. It is reported that she is engaged, however, to Kenneth Hawks. She was born March 3, 1906, in Quincy, Ill. Her real name is Lucille Langhanke. She has auburn hair, dark brown eyes, is 5 feet tall and weighs 120 pounds. Sorry I can't tell you what May McAvoy's salary was when she finished *Ben Hur*. We are speaking of the picture. Lois Moran was born March 1, 1910. Lois is a beautiful dancer—she was in Opera Ballet in Paris before going into pictures. As John Barrymore has been before the public as an actor since he was 21 years old, I hardly think he has had time to

Lillian Kazmierski, 562 Ames Ave., Hammond, Ind. You are a good girl not to want me to work so hard on one letter so you are asking just two questions. Well, here is a great bundle of warm thanks from me—look out, burn the baby! Priscilla Bonner was born in Washington, D. C. She has blonde hair, gray eyes, is 5 feet 1 inch tall and weighs 100 pounds. She was *Faith Cable* in *Prince of Head Waiters* with Lewis Stone. Address her at FBO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. Louise Lorraine was born in San Francisco, Cal., Oct. 1, 1901. She is playing in *Legionaires in Paris*.

Mary E. Saguin, 405 Arsenal St., Watertown, N. Y. I don't believe you saw Mr. Wu as long ago as 1919, as the film was released in March, 1927. Lon Chaney was Mr. Wu and playing with him were Renee Adoree, Louise Dresser, Ralph Forbes and Holmes Herbert. It was adapted from a stage play. Ian Keith and Ethel Clayton, who were recently married, are going to be seen in a vaudeville sketch, making stops at the big cities. How large is your town?

Gretchen Macdonald, 422 So. 20th Ave., Maywood, Ill. With all the good luck you are wishing yourself, may I add a few for myself? But if all we movie fans would be in pictures, would the pictures be improved a lot? That's the question, but where is the answer? No, Lois Moran is not married. Fay Wray is one of the popular new-comers in films. She was born in Wayland, Alberta, Canada. She has red-brown hair and blue eyes. You will see her playing with Gary Cooper, Barry Norton and Lane Chandler in *The Legion of the Condemned*. Oh, boy—what a cast! I don't blame you for your burning ambition to be a star.

Miss Marianne Almy, 4625 N. Pauline St., Chicago, Ill. Yes, Lars Hanson uses his own name in pictures. He has recently completed his work in *The Divine Woman*, playing opposite Greta Garbo, at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. He is now vacationing in Sweden with his wife, Karin Nolander. He has the leading male role in *Wind* with Lillian Gish.

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