

JUNE, 1928

The Quality Magazine

PRICE 25 CENTS

17-2

Screenland



LUPE VELEZ

Painted by Georgia Warren

Gossip!

Hear Hollywood :-: By Grace Kingsley



The finishing Touch

What is Milady doing? Why, she is preparing to meet and *dominate* one of the important situations of modern social life! And how? Here's the secret:

A deep pore-cleansing and tissue nourishing massage with cleansing or cold cream; then a protecting film of peroxide vanishing cream—the ideal powder base; followed by the lipstick, eye-brow pencil and rouge; and then Black and White Face Powder—fine-textured, superbly tinted, appealingly fragrant—the finishing touch of *Beauty!*

Black and White Beauty Creations are of a quality acceptable to those who seek the best, at prices within the reach of all—25c and 50c.



BLACK AND WHITE
Face Powder

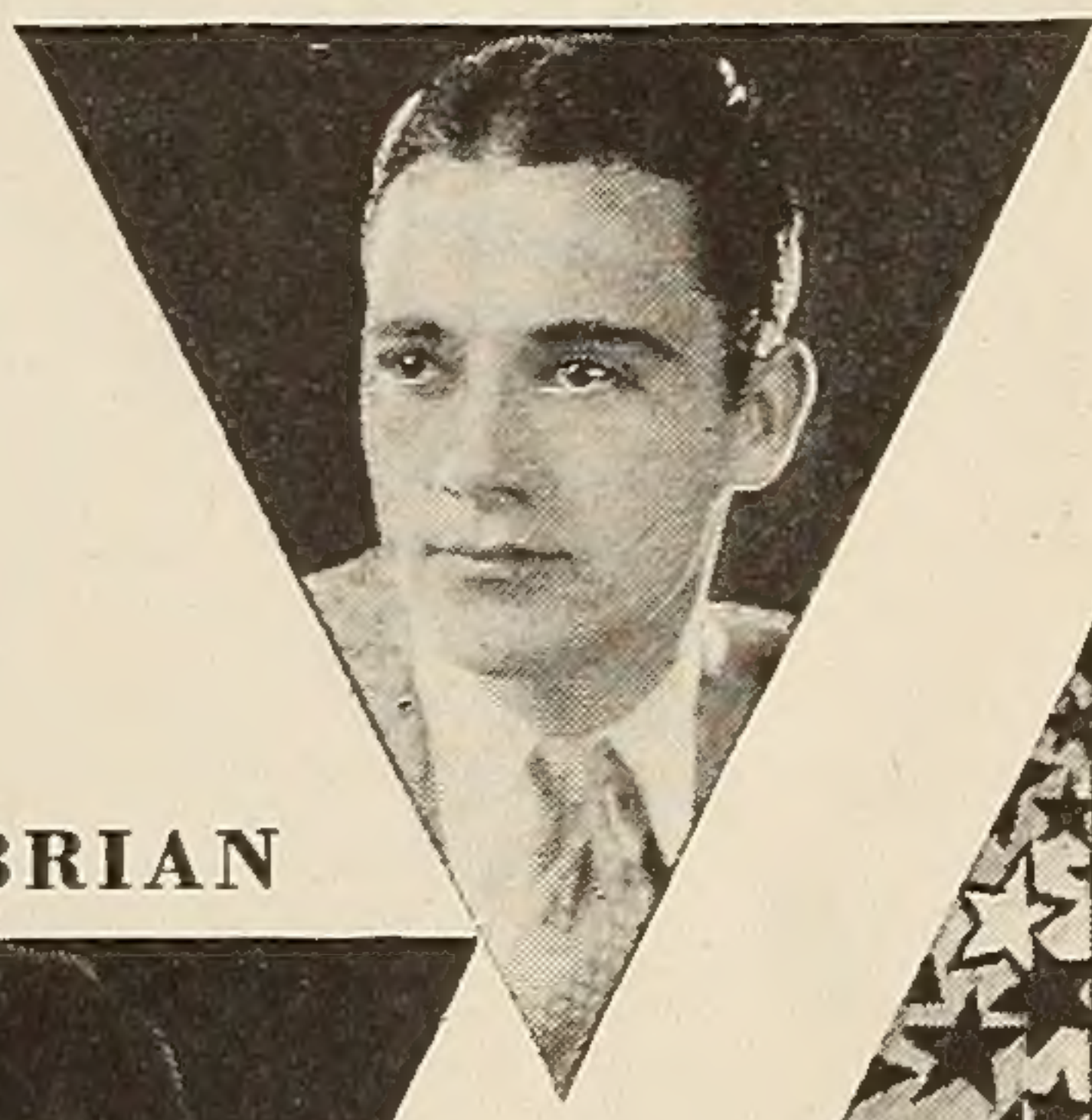
Youth of Today— Stars of Tomorrow!

¶ *Paramount, the star maker!* Clara Bow, Richard Dix, Bebe Daniels, Esther Ralston, George Bancroft—a few of today's favorites, Paramount made! ¶ Paramount policy is to constantly seek new faces to enrich the screen and new personalities to keep pace with changing public taste. Developing them, encouraging them, with the best in story and directorial talent and with unlimited resources, physical and financial. ¶ Paramount takes pride in presenting here, ten of its most promising candidates, the youth of today, stars of tomorrow! Give them a hand!

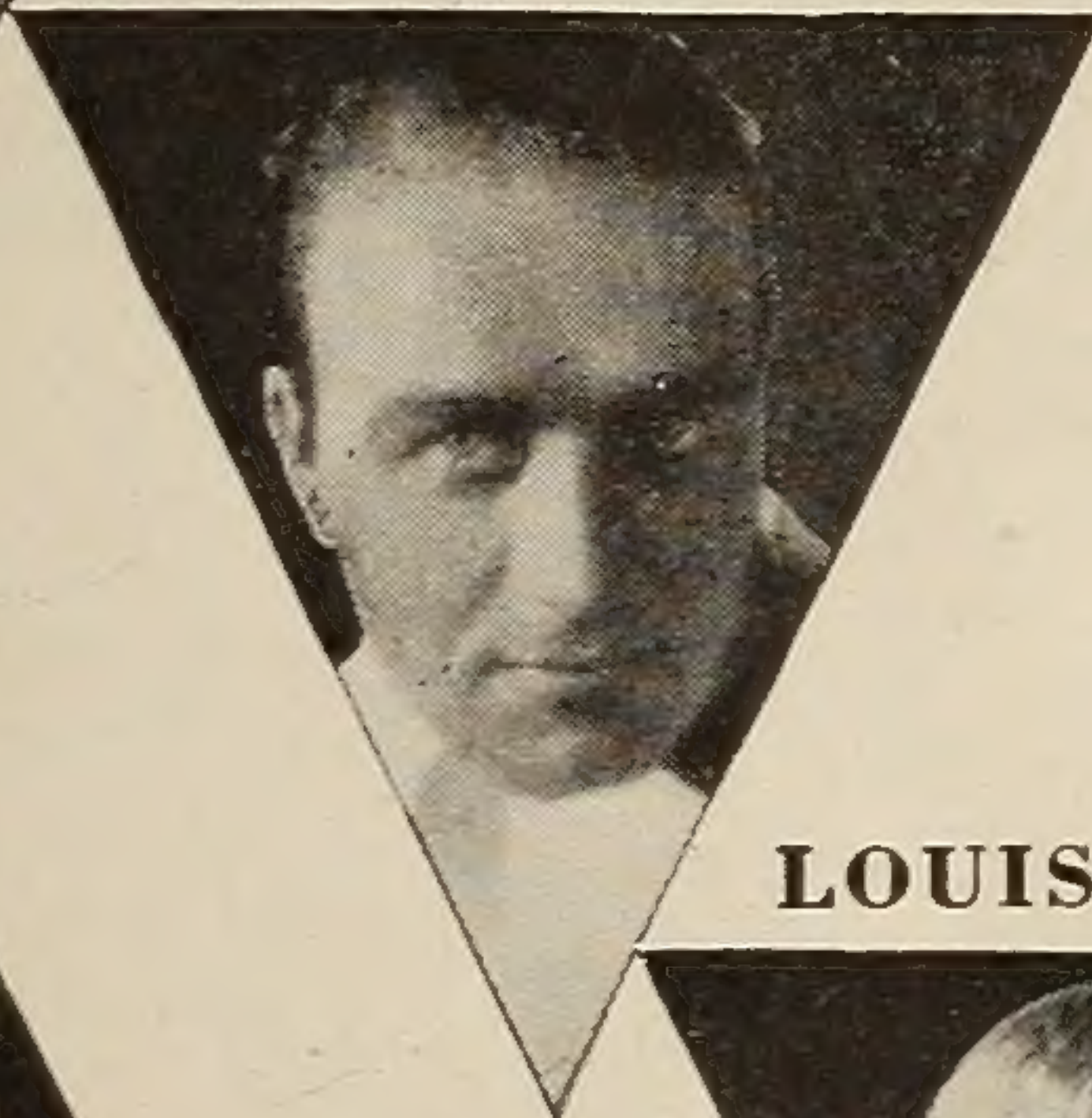
FAY WRAY and GARY COOPER



CHARLES ROGERS



JAMES HALL



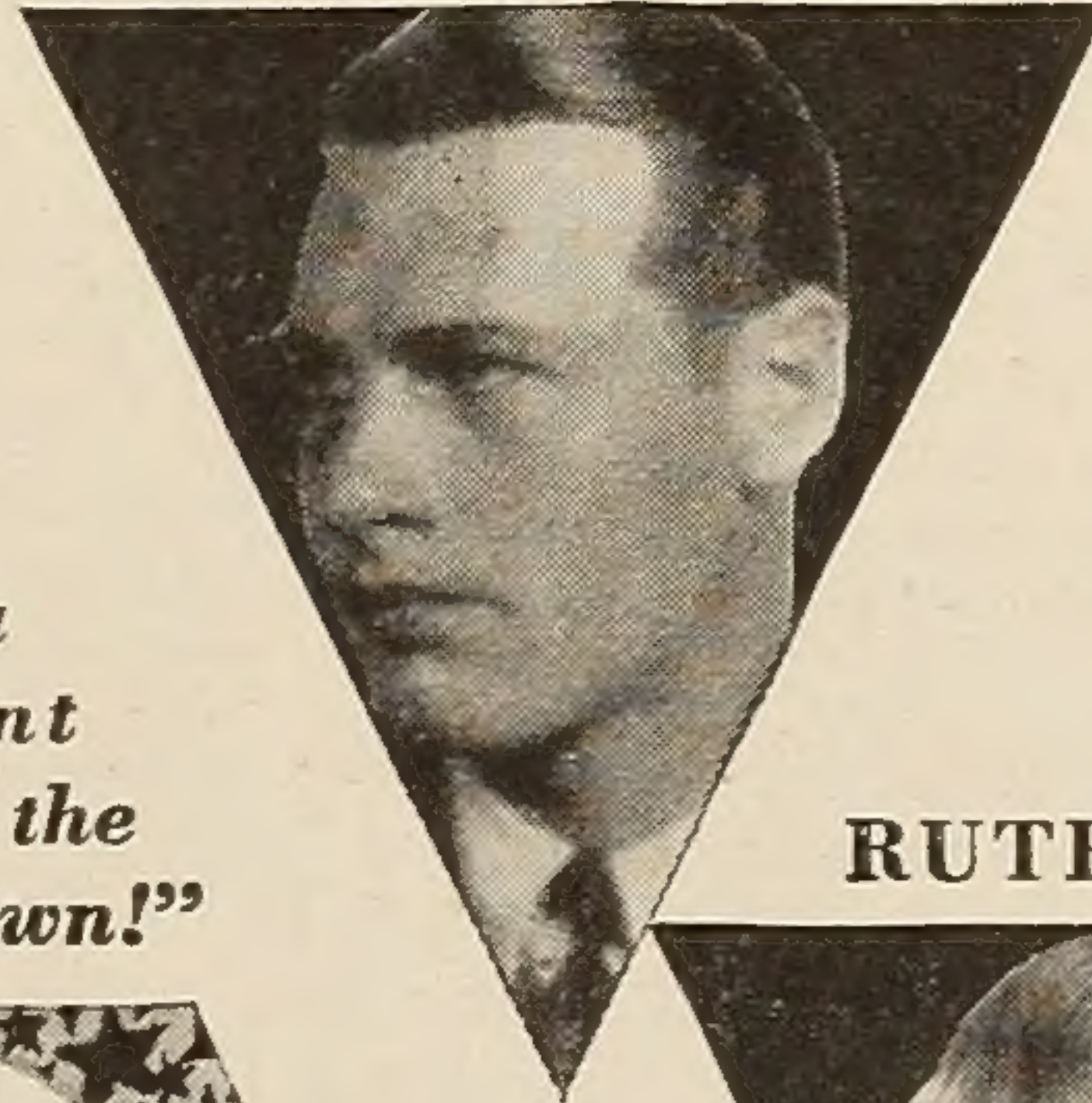
MARY BRIAN



LOUISE BROOKS



RICHARD ARLEN



EVELYN BRENT and CLIVE BROOK



★ ★
★
"If it's a
Paramount
Picture it's the
best show in town!"

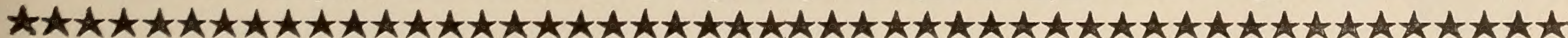
RUTH TAYLOR



Coming in August! The great new Paramount "Whole Show Program for 1928-29." Soon your Theatre Manager will be planning your Fall and Winter entertainment. Now is the time to tell him that you prefer Paramount.

Paramount Pictures

Produced by Paramount Famous Lasky Corp., Adolph Zukor, President, Paramount Bldg., New York





TANGEE

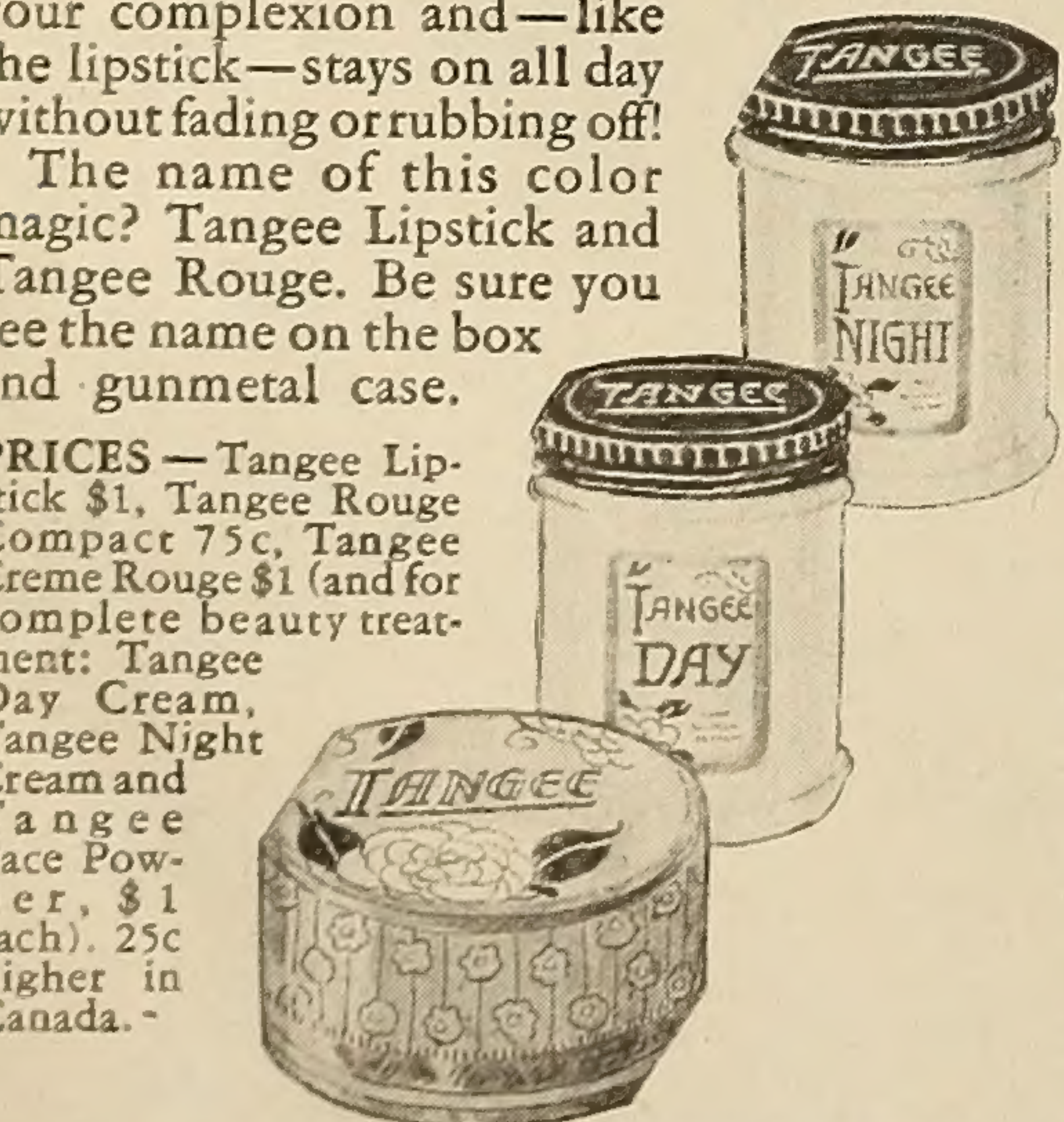
A remarkable beauty aid!

The modern vogue for natural color has brought forward a new kind of lipstick with an astonishing property. In an amazing way it changes color, as you put it on, from its original orange to blush-rose—Nature's own shade—and blends with each individual type of beauty.

More remarkable still, this wonderful lipstick is matched in a color magic for the cheeks. A rouge which changes color to blend with your complexion and—like the lipstick—stays on all day without fading or rubbing off!

The name of this color magic? Tangee Lipstick and Tangee Rouge. Be sure you see the name on the box and gunmetal case.

PRICES—Tangee Lipstick \$1, Tangee Rouge Compact 75c, Tangee Creme Rouge \$1 (and for complete beauty treatment: Tangee Day Cream, Tangee Night Cream and Tangee Face Powder, \$1 each). 25c higher in Canada.



THE POWER of . . . Twenty Cents

Twenty cents brings you the miniature Tangee Beauty Set—all six items and the "Art of Make-up." Address Dept. S. 4, The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Name.....
Address.....

What's Doing in Times Square

By Helen Ludlam



Times Square, the very center of urban life, has none of the grace and courtliness that once gave rhythm to cities and courts. This is a scene from 'Napoleon.'

THE most significant happening this month is the fact that there are two vitaphone films on Broadway. Al Jolson in *The Jazz Singer*, now at the Roxy and Dolores Costello at Warners in *Tenderloin*. For months now we have had films with Vitaphone or Movietone accompaniments. Attractions such as the Vatican Choir and the speech of Premier Mussolini precede the picture and are artistic triumphs. They have gotten past the experimental, tinpanny stage. But when dramatic pictures begin to introduce the use of Vitaphone in the punch scenes it looks as though the long laughed at 'talkies' were here to stay. Which is going to make it pretty hard for some of the screen people. A good many girls and boys had a difficult start on the stage because their voices were weak or strident and their diction bad. Unless they could overcome this fault they had to look about for a career in some other field. What a boon then were the movies, to these beautiful, ambitious youngsters whose faults did not register on the screen.

But a Nemesis has overtaken them. The talkies have arrived. Which means that the training of their voices will be even more important than it is on the stage to overcome the still somewhat metallic tones of this new instrument.

The movies require a finer quality of beauty than does the stage; they will also require more beautiful, better trained voices if they are to be convincing. They require greater perfection in scenery, costumes and makeup. The slightest wrinkle shows in pictures whereas one can get away with a few on the stage. Taking it by and large it would seem that the motion picture, after all, is the higher art.

Of course the talkies have a lot to work out of, but look what strides they have

I asked one of the most popular screen stars whether he thought talking pictures would be practical, but he was sure it was impossible. His reason was good too. 'Nothing is impossible' being my favorite motto I said to myself then that talking pictures wouldn't surprise me when they did materialize because a number of inventors were working quietly away at their dream, undisturbed by the comments of people whose vision was not as true as theirs.

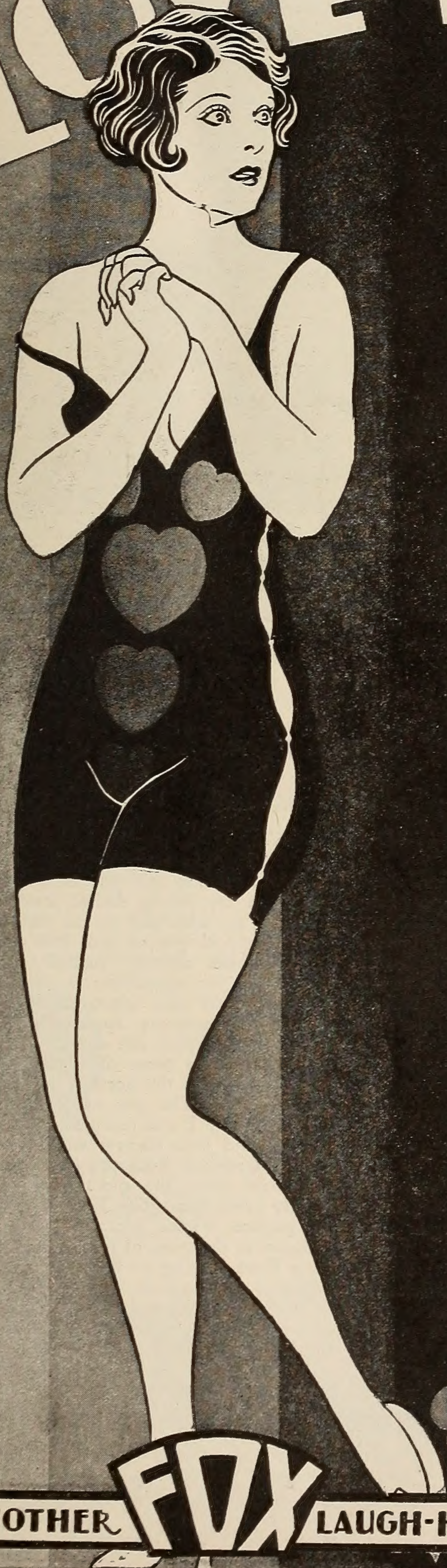
The news reels are particularly interesting with Movietone. Lindy's Washington speech was thrilling and when Ruth Elder stepped off the boat the comments of the camera and press men were very amusing and exciting. This shows that the spoken word has its place in pictures; it only remains for those connected actively with their making to puzzle out the dialogue and action so that the words add to the drama instead of making it laughable.

The Trail of 98 opened to a packed house this month and so did *The Two Lovers* with Vilma Banky and Rod La Rocque, replacing *Love* at the Embassy. That theatre just goes in for romance. I always notice that Universal openings have quite an air about them. Not like a motion picture opening, more like a stage opening of long ago, though I don't know why exactly. One doesn't see stage stars there though there are usually several managers. But there is quite a whiff of romance about a Universal opening. This time the gathering was in honor of *We Americans* and it was darn good.

The Gaucho with Douglas Fairbanks moved into the Rivoli for a run and *The* (Continued on page 95)

made and only the other day I heard that no less a person than Jesse Lasky was vitally interested in them. Over ten years ago

LOVE HUNGRY



Fate has tossed a nice young millionaire right into Lois Moran's lap—but love-hungry Lois can't decide whether to grab him on the spot or wait to see if love will bring handsome Larry Gray to his senses!

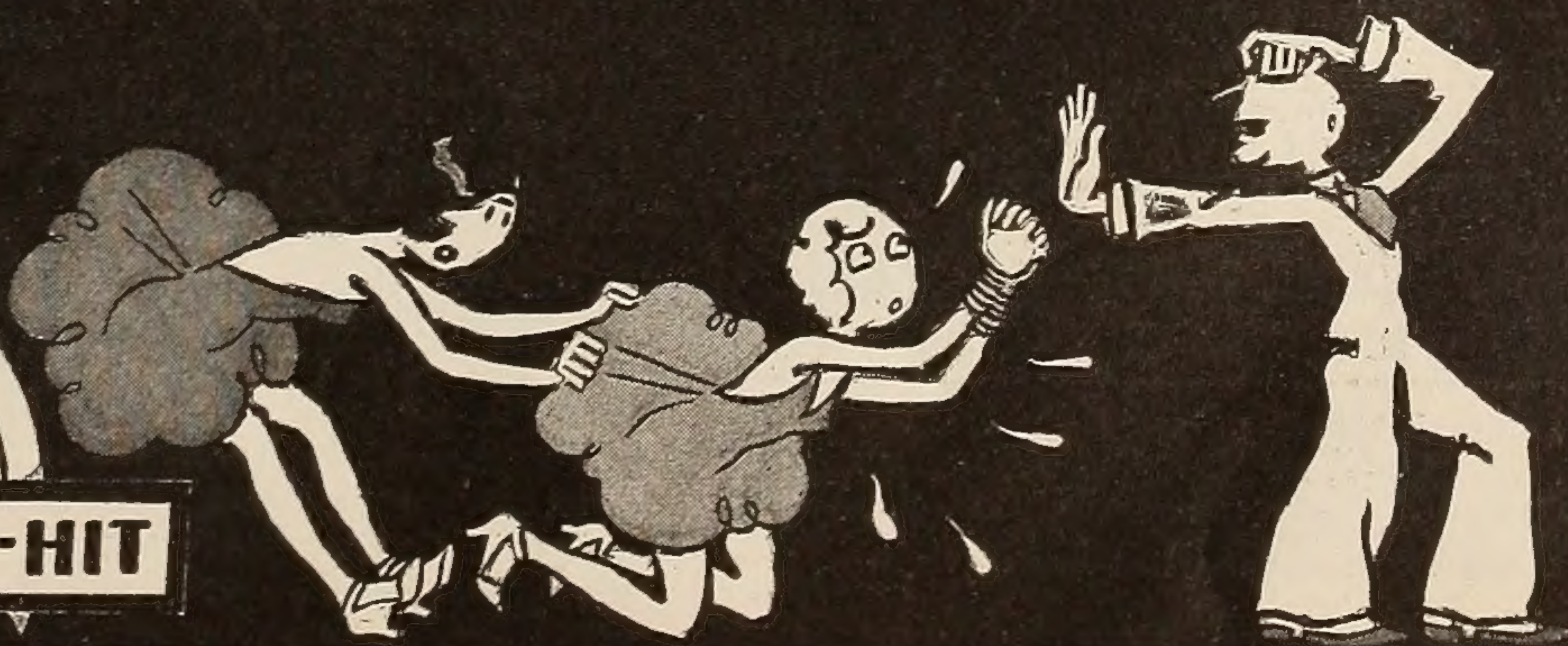
Wise little Marjorie Beebe knows what *she'd* do—and in doing it she reveals a genius for light comedy that gives her an undisputed place in the front rank of screen comediennes!

The doubts and longings of the two young lovers, worrying over the universal problem of how to be happy though married on \$40 a week, make "Love Hungry" both human and humorous. It's a laugh-feast from start to finish. Don't miss it at your favorite theatre.

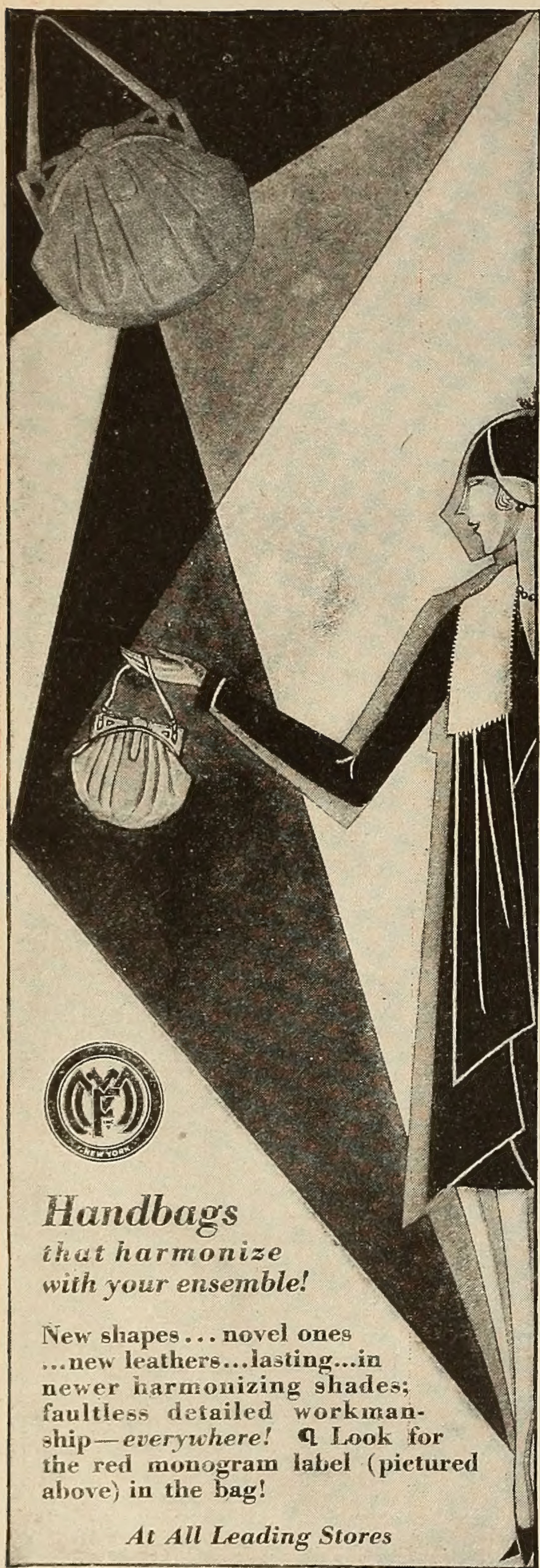
ANOTHER

FOX

LAUGH-HIT



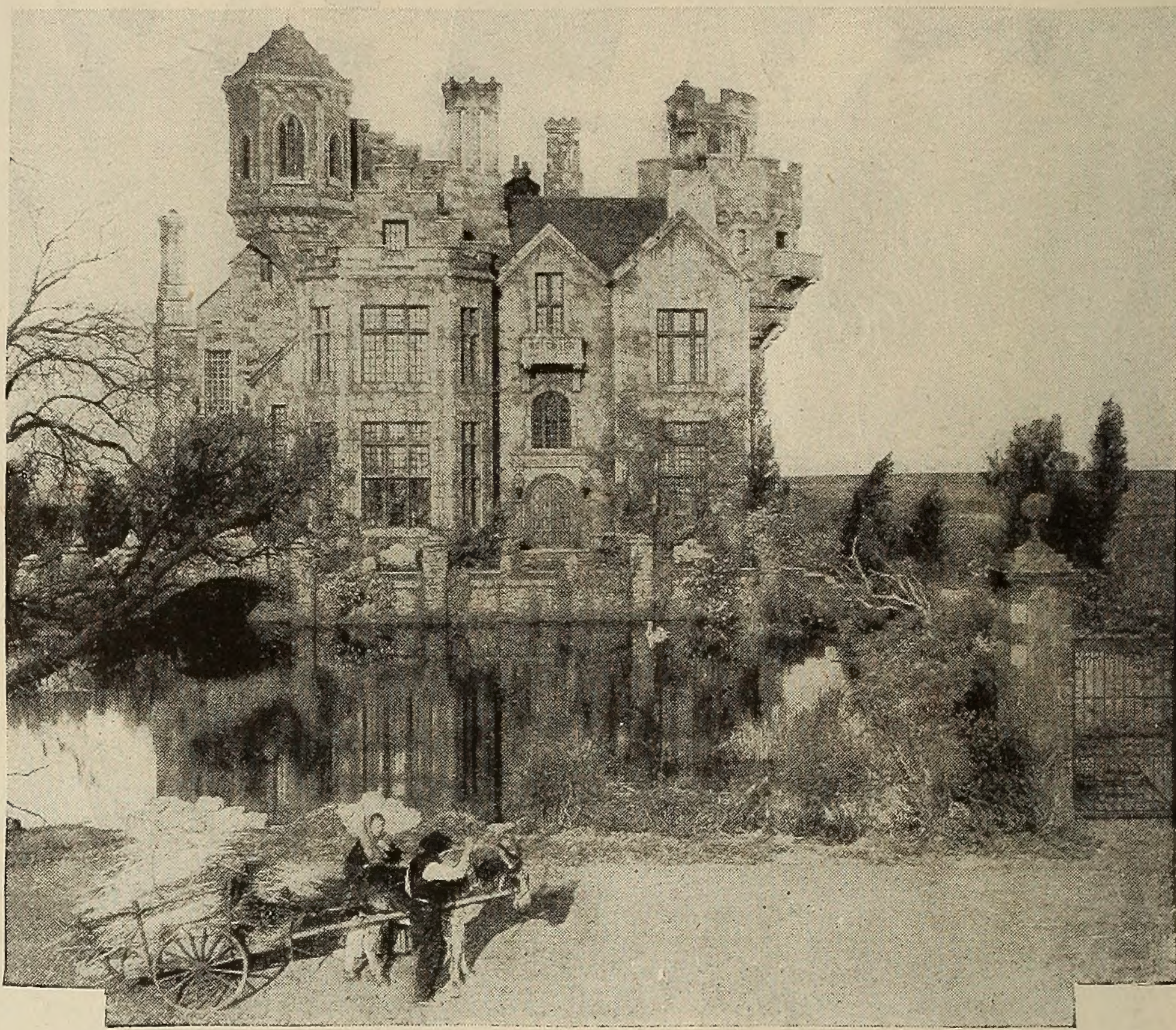
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Handbags
that harmonize
with your ensemble!

New shapes... novel ones
...new leathers...lasting...in
newer harmonizing shades;
faultless detailed workman-
ship—everywhere! Look for
the red monogram label (pictured
above) in the bag!

At All Leading Stores



"Hangman's House"

By June Collyer

TOO many times when a woman commits herself to saying that

Making a famous book into a picture.

the parade of its sequences is new and thrilling. I forgot that I was June Collyer. My blood ran

she enjoys problems in the drama, she is misunderstood and her appreciation of the emotion that goes into great moments is mistaken for a certain morbid tendency," said June Collyer. "But I hereby boldly announce that I love problem plays and in spite of the fact that I have a sense of humor, I loved being the serious persecuted woman.

"And I have been given a splendid opportunity as Connaught O'Brien, daughter of the stormy Lord Chief Justice O'Brien in the Fox Motion picture *Hangman's House* adapted from the novel of that name written by Donn Byrne.

"The theme is a familiar one but, after all, the world still thrills and sympathizes with the Connaught O'Briens. The pampered daughter of a nobleman who forces her to marry against her wishes and suffer in dignified silence until unforeseen circumstances rescue and restore her to what ever paradise is to be hers . . . ah that is a plot as loved as the Cinderella motif.

"And although it's not a new plot, Mr. Byrne has made it a fascinating story, and

cold with terror and frustration overcame me when my screen father insisted on a marriage at midnight to an unloved one in the tiny chapel of our Irish estate. I found myself actually puzzling over the identity of the mysterious masked stranger in friars garb who appeared at the most unexpected moments apparently watching my screen husband, but none the less offering me a vague sense of silent protection. Oh the thrills of the horse-race! The burning mansion! The joy of finding myself free! You see I was completely Connaught O'Brien and June Collyer was a cloak that slipped from me from the day I first read the script until the picture was finished.

"My co-workers, John Ford, who directed the picture. Victor McLaglen, new to his audience in the guise of the mysterious friar, Earle Foxe looking so handsome one wonders why villains must be villains and Larry Kent, the boy who makes dreams come true, all joined me in my enthusiasm for *Hangman's House* and I am sure you will too, when you have learned about it from the book and the picture."

The WHY I BUY SCREENLAND contest brought in a most intimate and pleasant response and while we have had a hard time selecting the prize winner we truly believe Miss Jane Dunscombe of 35 Fifth Avenue, New York City, wrote the best letter. Our spirit of fairness has been mentioned and this contest severely tested it. Also our capacity for gratitude. We thank you all for writing. But 'you ain't seen nothin' yet.' Now that we know what you like we are going to show some action.

'The command is forward,' as Emil Jannings said.

Appeal that wins



CREATED FOR
MARY PHILBIN
UNIVERSAL STAR

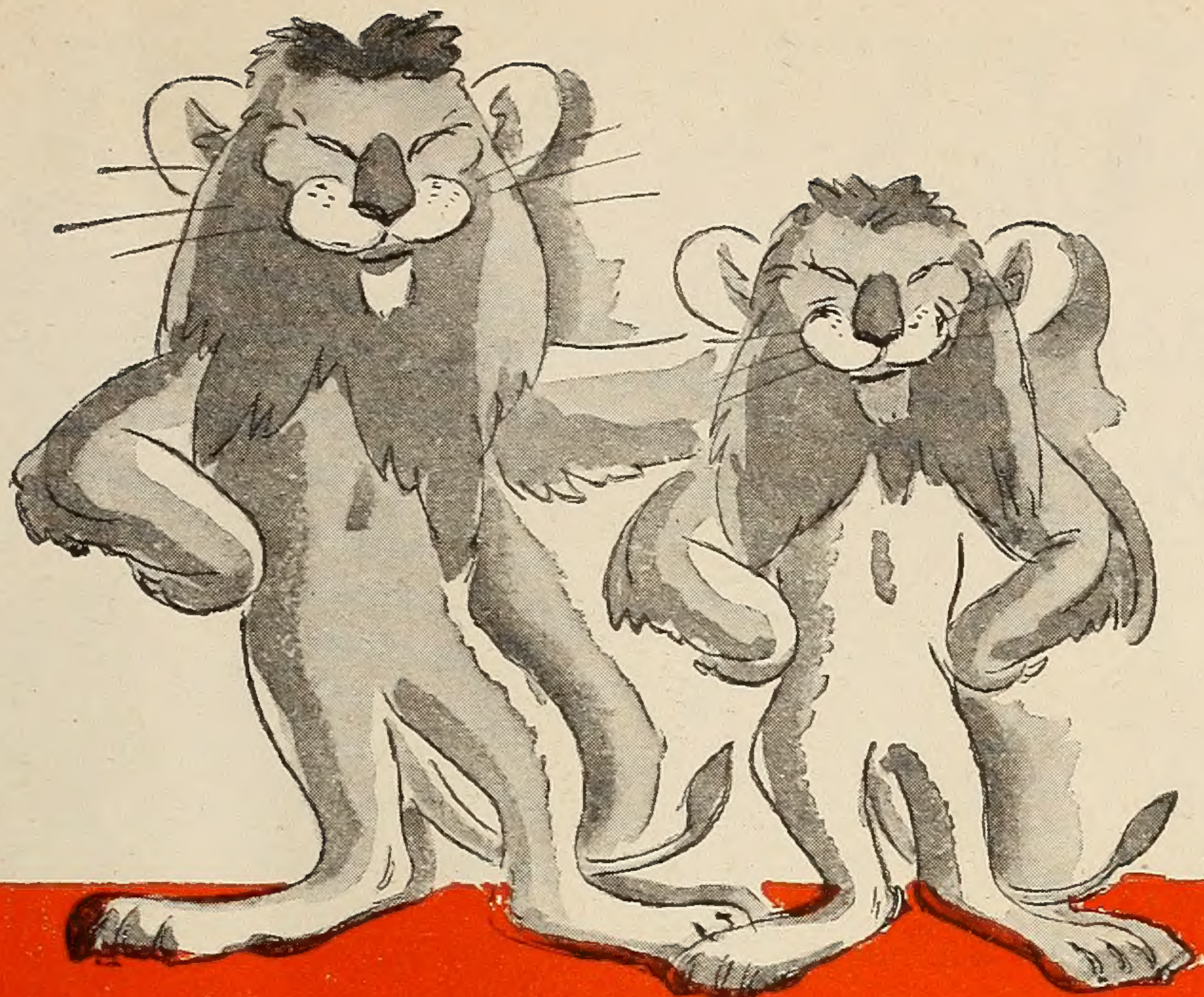
Plenty of "It" . . . plus personality . . . appeal that gets what it goes after—the red magic of lips that have known Phantom Red, the lipstick that gives living youth to lovely lips. Your friends will rave! Waterproof—lasting. Regular size, \$1.—Junior, 50c. At your Dealer—or mail coupon.

Phantom Red

LIPSTICK

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54 Dey Street, New York
I enclose 10c for beautiful Vanity Size Phantom Red Lipstick and Mary Philbin's "Make-up Guide for every type of Face." (Another 10c brings Dainty Model Phantom Red Rouge Compact).

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HE'S PROUD OF LEO, JUNIOR-

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Greatest of Feature Producers, has become Greatest of Short Film Producers



STAN LAUREL and OLIVER HARDY in "Leave 'Em Laughing" and "The Battle of the Century" established themselves as screen-dom's newest fun-makers.



MAX DAVIDSON never permits a dull moment when he is on the screen in his uproarious 'dialect comedies.

ALL of the **BEST** theatres **ARE** now showing **COMPLETE** M-G-M **QUALITY** programs— **M-G-M** short films **AS** well as M-G-M's **BIG** feature films— **DEMAND** the best! **THAT'S** M-G-M!



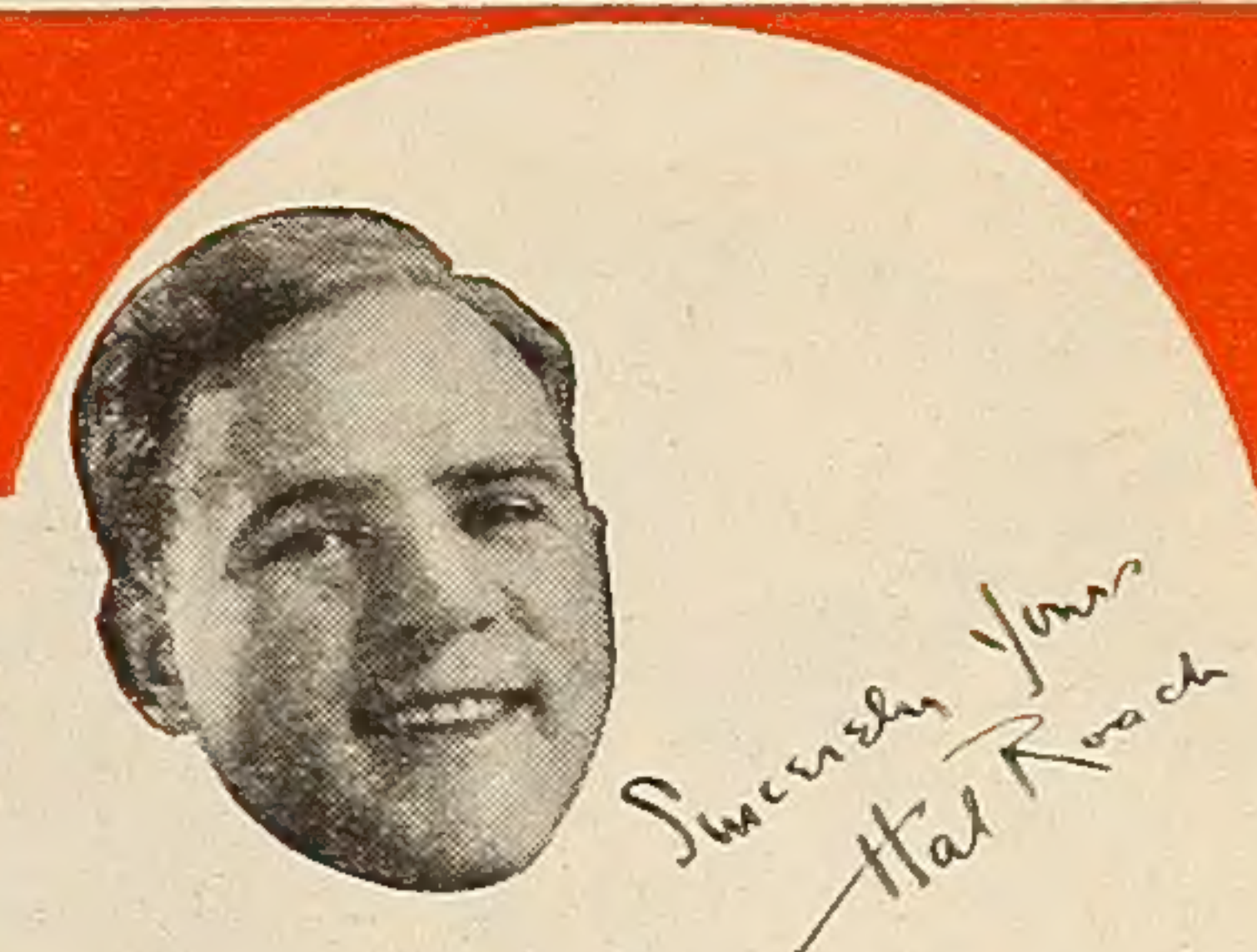
CHARLEY CHASE has won thousands of laugh-loving followers. See "The Family Group!"



M-G-M NEWS within a year has become the most popular of all news-reels. Issued twice each week.



"OUR GANG" chases the blues away. Never pass up a chance to see these rascals at work. If your favorite theatre doesn't show "Our Gang" comedies ask the manager to book them right away!



HAL ROACH, THE FAMOUS COMEDY PRODUCER, SAYS:

From letters that come to me, I notice a growing demand for short films in addition to feature length films. Watch these Short Subjects when you go to theatre and see how many of the questions below you can answer. I will give \$50 and a handsome cane offered by Charley Chase to the man with the best score. The most successful lady will receive \$50 and the tiara head-dress worn by Agnes Ayres in the Technicolor subject "Lady of Victories." For the next 50 best answers, the "Our Gang" rascals will present their photographs.

THE TEST

- 1 How many of the "Our Gang" comedy rascals can you name?
- 2 Tell in 75 words why the M-G-M News has become the leader of Newsreels.
- 3 What company produces the Oddities for M-G-M?
- 4 In what Technicolor Great Events picture does the Father of our country appear?
- 5 Of what great living national hero has M-G-M made a special short subject?

Write your answers on one side of a single sheet of paper and mail to Competition Editor, 3rd Floor, 1540 Broadway, New York. All answers must be received by June 15th. Winners' names will be published in a later issue of this magazine.

NOTE: If you do not attend pictures yourself you may question your friends or consult motion picture magazines. In event of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded a prize identical in character with that tied for.



The Czarina's Secret— **M-G-M GREAT EVENTS** (entirely in Technicolor) are something new in films. Ask your theatre manager about them.



Battle of Octopus and Lobster— **M-G-M ODDITIES** are thrilling moments from Life. Are you seeing these wonder films at your theatre?

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

"MORE STARS THAN THERE ARE IN HEAVEN"



THE SPHINX!

What stories it could tell! Silent—inscrutable—emotionless. Indifferent to everything it sees and

**It Is In the Same Place Today
As It Was A Thousand
Years Ago**

THE SPHINX CANNOT TELL ITS STORY—YOU CAN TELL YOURS! And it can bring you fame and fortune overnight. Things we see, read, hear and which happen to us every day, are the SIMPLE HUMAN incidents that are needed to make MOTION PICTURES. It is worth trying for. Right now a condition exists that holds untold possibilities for you. There is a TREMENDOUS demand for SIMPLE HUMAN IDEAS—for ORIGINAL STORIES for Motion Pictures.

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has been paid for an original idea. There is no limit to the value of a screenable Idea. YOU DO NOT HAVE TO POSSESS LITERARY GENIUS. IDEAS—NOT WORDS—are needed. Your Ideas may be more valuable than any that have yet been filmed.

THE HOLLYWOOD ACADEMY, founded by one of the leading SCENARIO WRITERS in HOLLYWOOD, can show you how to conceive and develop your IDEAS—the IDEAS that lie sleeping in all of us—into acceptable MOTION PICTURE FORM. The Course teaching Motion Picture Play Writing is so easy, so interesting, so understandable

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The Key To Hollywood

Un- interesting THOUGHTS about MOVIN' PITCHERS

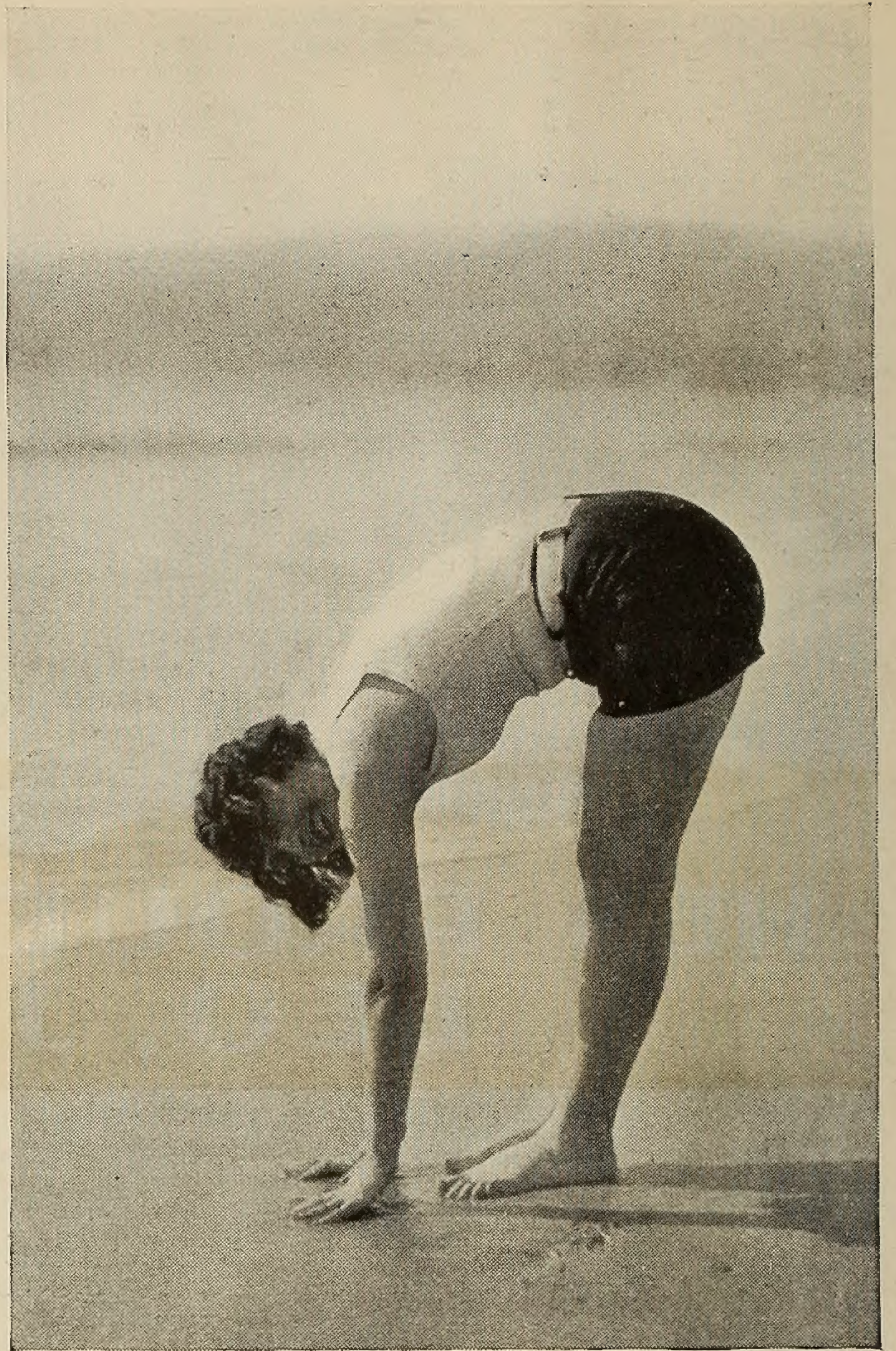
By

John W. Dull

THE ideal story is a first degree murder story because it happens without premeditation. No advance publicity wears down the edges and you can make a couple of wrong guesses, use the imagination a bit before the facts arrive. Take Lindy for a flying example. His story broke all over at once. On the other hand, take Fay Wray. She made, as you very well know, Von Stroheim's picture *The Wedding March* and then Jannings used her and then she played in *The Legion of the Condemned*. The last shall be first and was. So with all the publicity poor Fay didn't break at all. Every critic was ready and few liked her. But Fay Wray is good because any girl that can put over something new in a kiss close-up has imagination and as you ought to know by this time imagination is equal to four honors in one hand. When the hero, Gary Cooper, embraces Fay Wray she puts her head back and her face turns upwards and into her lips and eyes comes a new beauty because of the marvelous expressiveness of this pose.

Speaking of Lindy. The Saturday Evening Post recently had a story of the love affair of some fictitious somebody copied from our Lone Eagle and the morning paper had a front page box about the girls in some college who voted on whether or not they would marry the Colonel if they got the chance. What a story that will be when Lindy finds the girl! Why not a picture girl? They are the prettiest girls in creation and anyone of them would look well in a monoplane.

Life is made up of new days. The old rut may be familiar, the face you shave may resemble Plymouth Rock but anyhow the day is new. What of it? Well, every life changes and the sun goes down nightly on a different world than it discovered at dawn. And we like it. The trouble with



☞ Carmel Myers takes the trouble every day to bend up double.

pictures is that they round off and complete the stories so. Mr. Darwin found that the paleolithic individuals who ran nimbly before the advancing tide, escaped and mated and the children thereof grew up to be fleet. And we can all fight a bit one way and another when survival depends on it. Stories go along. Nothing yet is ended. Still thank goodness we can stop this.

The movies are the domain of youth and no cradle tenant is safe from Mr. Zukor. If you're suffering from youth the movies can do something about it. As a matter of observation we note that the moving pictures do not brag about their innocent years.

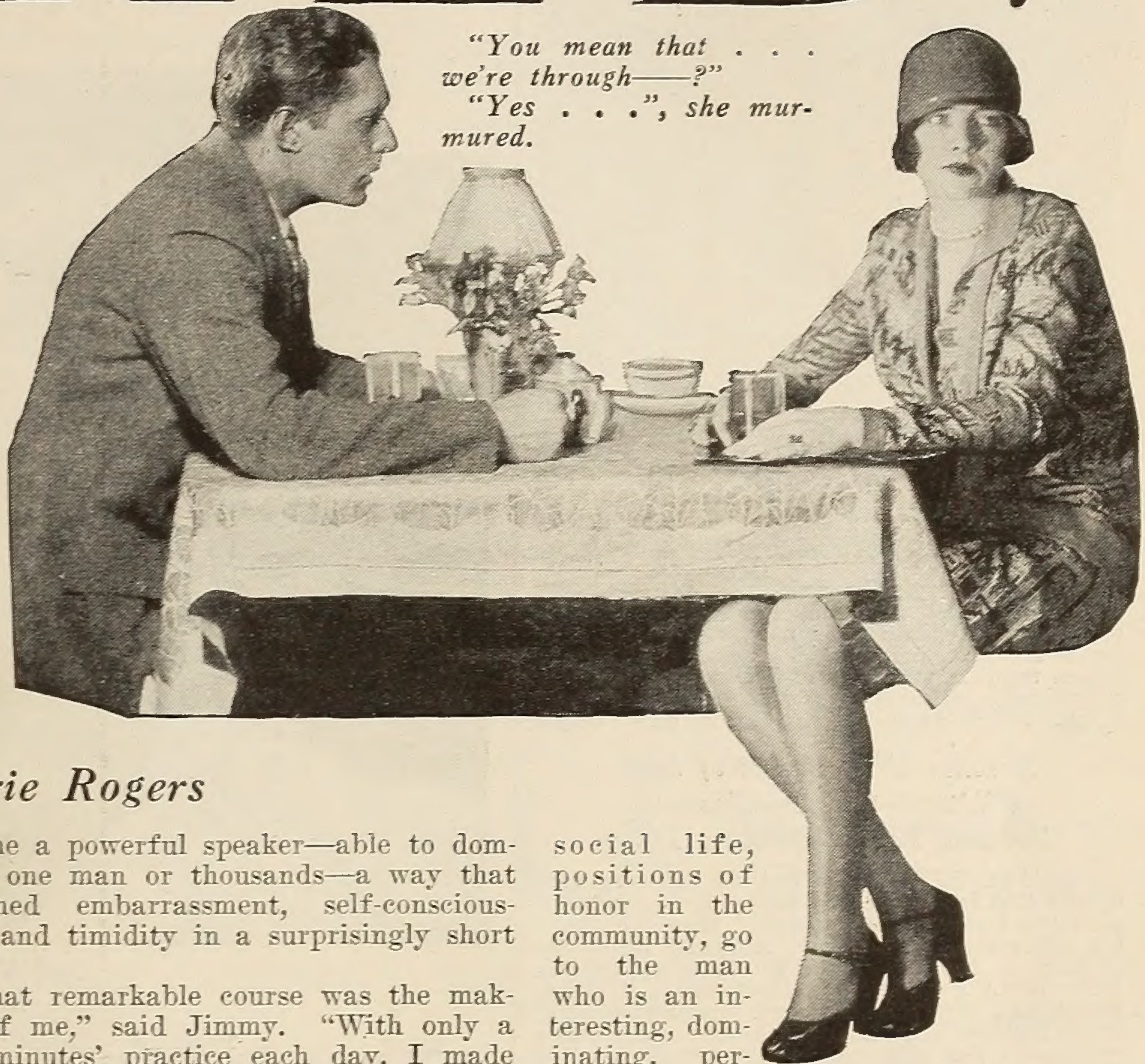
The screen produces *King of Kings* and *Peter Pan*, *Dressed to Kill* and *Wings* all in the day's work and no particular mention is made of the workers or their ages. It remains for some of the magazines to really get the spirit of the times. The *Cosmopolitan Magazine* is as youthful as a high school eleven running on to the field. The drawings are fresh, chic, up to the minute and the whole paper just glows with the spirit of impulsive headlong immaturity. Among the boys and girls who are doing it are Irvin Cobb, Ring Lardner, George Ade, Dorsey, Charles Dana Gibson, Ludwig and other infants. Keep it up children. The workers of the screen world are shouldering the responsibilities of seriousness. Clara Bow, Charles Rogers, Betty Bronson and Greta Garbo carry the worries and are glad to see the gay cavortings of you youngsters who were in *Who's Who* before Trader Horn sold a gridiron. That

(Continued on page 96)

JILTED!

A Woman's Master Stroke put Her Sweetheart into the \$10,000 a Year Class... Made Him a Social and Business Leader...

By Marie Rogers



"You mean that . . . we're through—?"
"Yes . . .", she murmured.

WHEN Jimmy Watson proposed to me, he was making \$25.00 a week. I had grown to care for him a lot. And I wouldn't have minded sacrifices if Jimmy had any prospects. But he didn't seem to be getting anywhere, and I didn't want to be tied to a failure. After some hesitation, I told him so.

"You have ability, Jimmy, but nobody but me knows it. You are too timid and self-conscious. When somebody speaks to you, you've hardly a word to say. You get all flustered and embarrassed when you're asked to give an opinion. I can't marry you unless you make some effort to improve yourself." Of course he was hurt and indignant. But I was firm, so we parted.

Then one night a year later, I received the surprise of my life. Jimmy drove up to the house one evening in a beautiful sport roadster, dressed like a fashion plate. His manner was entirely changed, too. He seemed supremely self-confident, and had become an interesting conversationalist. I could not help but marvel at the change in him and told him so. He laughed delightedly.

"It's a long story, Marie, but I'll cut it short. You remember that my chief fault was that I was afraid of my own voice? Well, shortly after we parted, I heard tales of a popular new home study method by which any man could quickly

become a powerful speaker—able to dominate one man or thousands—a way that banished embarrassment, self-consciousness, and timidity in a surprisingly short time.

"That remarkable course was the making of me," said Jimmy. "With only a few minutes' practice each day, I made strides in a few weeks that amazed me. It wasn't long before I went to the boss with an idea that had been in my mind about reorganizing the delivery service, but which I had been afraid to take up with anybody. You should have seen me addressing that conference of department heads in the president's office—I just bowled them over. That was a few months ago. Since then I've climbed ahead fast. The boss is sending me to Europe next month to make a study of department store management over there. By the way, Marie, how would you like to go to Europe as Mrs. Watson?"

Today I am the proud wife of a successful husband . . . a business leader of our city. We travel in a very exclusive set and enjoy the luxuries of life. Turning Jimmy down had proved to be the second best thing that could have happened to him.

It was a lucky hunch, though, that prompted him to develop his speaking ability which revealed his natural ability.

* * *
Today the rich rewards in business, popularity in

social life, positions of honor in the community, go to the man who is an interesting, dominating, persuasive speaker. And there is no magic or mystery about this talent. No matter how timid or self-conscious you are when called upon to speak, you can quickly bring out your natural ability and become a powerful speaker through this amazing new training.

Send for This Amazing Book

This new method of training is fully described in a very interesting and informative booklet which is now being sent to everyone mailing the coupon. This book is called, *How to Work Wonders with Words*. In it you are shown how to conquer stage fright, self-consciousness, timidity, bashfulness and fear—those things that keep you silent while men of lesser ability get what they want by the sheer power of convincing speech. Not only men who have made millions, but thousands of others have sent for this book—and are unstinting in their praise of it. You are told how to bring out and develop your priceless "hidden knack"—the natural gift within you—which will win for you advancement in position and salary, popularity, social standing, power and real success. You can obtain your copy absolutely free by sending the coupon.

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See what a 6-fold Creme will do!

Skin like ivory. To possess it, nothing more than the easiest care may be needed. Just 3 minutes at bedtime. For now, one creme combines the best beauty aids known. They are beaten together for hours and actually emulsified. Scientifically blended so each element imparts its utmost benefit to the skin. Expect new things!

*Reaches all 3 Layers of Skin
Whitens—Clears—Cleanses
Reduces Pores—Combats Lines*

BEAUTY SECRET is one of the very rare cremes that is absorbed by the skin—it penetrates all three layers of skin tissue. What an amazing difference this makes! Reaching below the surface, it has the power to clear and whiten the skin in a perfectly natural way. Freckles, blackheads, tiny blemishes and eruptions—lodged in or between skin layers—dissolve and steadily fade out. The skin grows clear, fresh, flawless. Coarse pores are closed by being filled out. The pore "pocket" is "built up," because this penetrating creme reaches and stimulates the underlying tissues.

Tonic oils, penetrating the skin, keep it supple and elastic, preventing dryness, cracking and scaling. This is what gives BEAUTY SECRET its remarkable power to combat lines and fine crow's-feet.

See what a 6-fold creme will do for your skin. See what a difference it makes when tonic oils reach all three layers of skin—not merely cleansing—not merely protecting the surface—but clearing, whitening, and smoothing the skin to flawless texture.

LARGE JAR—Guaranteed

This six-fold creme costs very little more than the most ordinary cleansing cream. I am introducing Beauty Secret in half-pound jars at only \$1.50—an exceptional value. Use it as you would any cream for one or two weeks. Then, if not more than delighted, I will refund full price for the asking. Simply mail coupon below, and when the package arrives pay postman only \$1.50. Mail coupon today to (Mrs.) GERVAISE GRAHAM, Dept. 6-MG, 25 W. Illinois St., Chicago, Illinois.

Gervaise Graham Beauty Secret

(Mrs.) GERVAISE GRAHAM,
Dept. 6-MG, 25 W. Illinois St., Chicago.

Send me, postage prepaid, a half-pound jar of your new Beauty Secret. On arrival, I will pay postman only \$1.50. If not delighted, I understand you guarantee to refund my money.

Name

Address



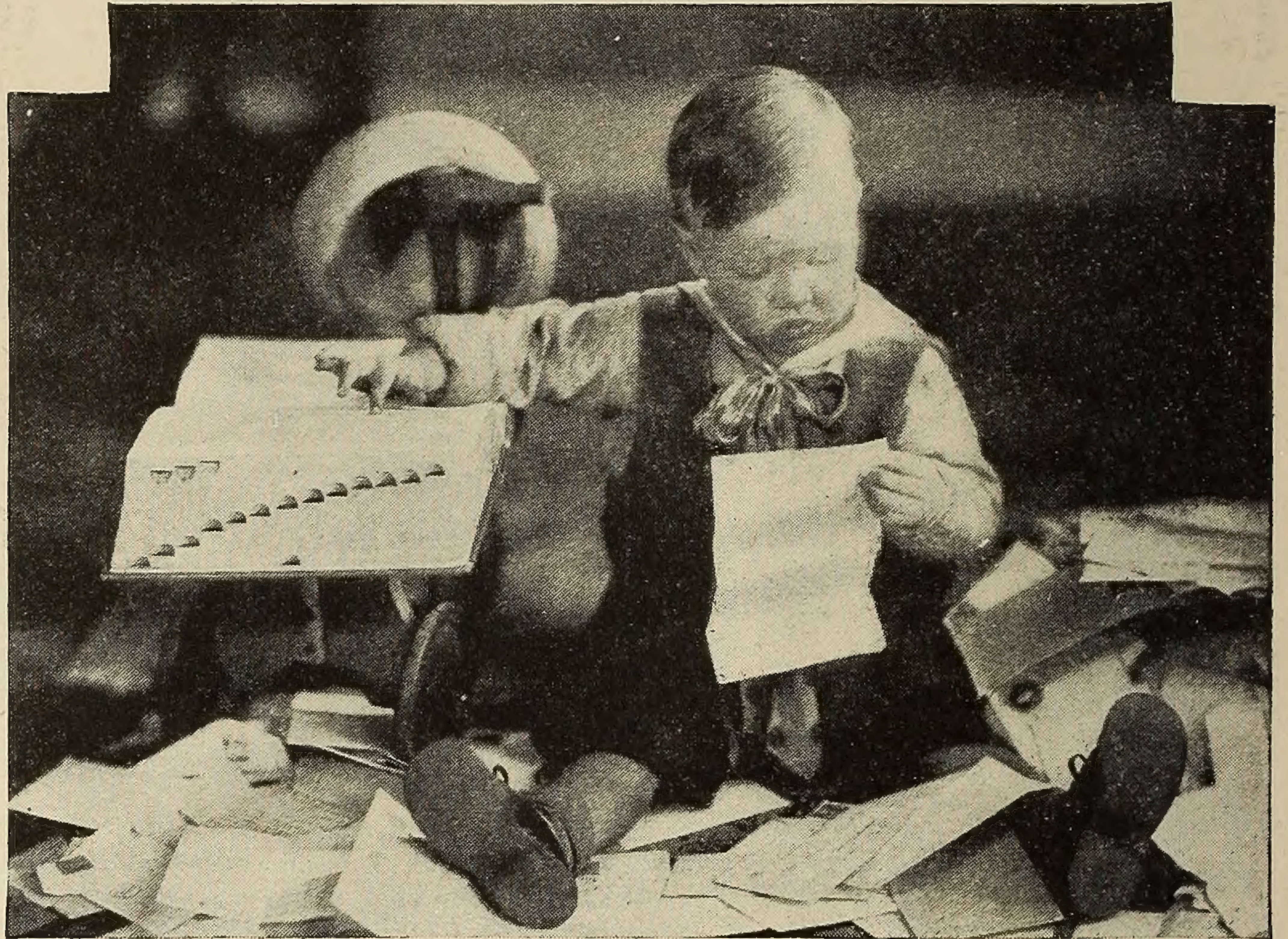
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Wheezer's letter said his nonchalance was pristine and 'Our Gang' don't know whether to fight or not.

CHARLES ROGERS Fans North, South, East and West. Here we have 10 per-

fectly sane, safe and non-explosive letters from the four corners of our country, all wanting to know about Buddy Rogers. Since *My Best Girl* and *Get Your Man* have been released, Buddy has been swamped with letters; and dearies, just wait, 'you ain't seen nothin' yet!' When you see him in *Abie's Irish Rose* made at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Calif., his fan mail will be something to brag about, though 'Abie' Rogers is a modest chap and if you get a picture of him, you are going to do all the bragging. Charles was born in Olathe, Kansas, about 27 years ago. He has brown eyes, black hair, is 6 feet tall and has a contagious smile. He has never been on the stage except in a few amateur school plays. (Attention). Another University makes good. Charles attended the University of Kansas for educational purposes and came forth unharmed—look at the boy now, all set for the top of the ladder.

Miss Ada, N. Y. City. You find my department very amusing, do you? Thanks for the complimentary notice and permit me to say that the success of same depends on my fan friends, who provide the goods. Don't blame me. Your favorite screen star, Norma Shearer, is just now enjoying a long earned vacation, having gone abroad with her husband, Irving Thalberg. Her new film, *The Latest from Paris* was made at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif., and a letter addressed there will reach her upon her return.

J. A. M., Bellefontaine, Ohio. Well, here is a new one—did I know that Ronald Colman and Lewis Stone are 'It' on the

screen? I thought Clara Bow outdistanced all runners up for that title—maybe I'm wrong again. Mr. Stone was born Nov. 15, 1878, has gray hair and nice hazel eyes. His wife is Florence Oakley.

Beppo from Auburn, Me. You just couldn't lose faith in me, could you? Never can tell about Miss Vee Dee, so keep a sharp eye on her lines, first thing you know—whoa! there's the answer to that long-lost question. I'm sorry not to be able to get you in print as soon as you like, but don't you think it's worth waiting for? Ssst! Not so loud, of course the ayes have it or mine don't focus properly. Two of Hedda Hopper's latest films are, *The Whip Woman* and *Love and Learn*. Hedda is so well-known that a letter addressed to her at Hollywood, Calif., will reach her. You can write to Audrey Ferris at Warner Bros., 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. She played with Irene Rich in *The Silver Slave*. Audrey's latest film is *Beware of Married Men*.

A Little Rhode Island Lad. So you are the fella who has been following me for years and years and have never said a word until now—you deserve all kinds of attention for such faithfulness. You can write to Dorothy Revier at Columbia Pictures Corp., 1408 Gower St., Hollywood, Calif. She played with Jack Holt in *The Tigress*. That handsome boy, Philippe de Lacy, was also in the cast. Greta Garbo can be reached at Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Calif. Esther Ralston is at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Calif. Harry Langdon has just completed his new picture, *The Chaser* at First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.

Lucille of Springfield, Mo. Just to show you what a good memory I have, I'll tell you that your question was answered in a previous issue, but as I was using one of my numerous disguises at the time, you did not recognize the answer. You want Ronald Colman's picture and is he married? He is married but separated from his wife, Thelma Ray—try and figure that out. But he gets lots of fan letters at that. Address him at Samuel Goldwyn Productions, De Mille Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Gerald Fielding Fan, Commodore, N. Y. As I am not able to give you the information you want about the actor that made such an impression with his fine work in *The Garden of Allah* I would suggest writing him care of Rex Ingram Studios, Nice, France. Tell him how many times you saw the film in New York City and I think that will bring an answer.

Lotta Noize, Idaho. So 'Big Boy' can make you cry as well as laugh, can he? Believe us, it's no laughing matter the way he can wring tears out of my little hanky. His real name is Malcolm Sabiston—big name for such a little feller, but how he can deliver the goods. Don't grow up, 'Big Boy,' we want to laugh and cry with you in the land-of-make-believe. He gets his fan mail at Educational Film Exchanges, 1501 Broadway, N. Y. City.

Jean M. of Paris, France. So you have a Paramount Theatre in Paris. Your letter was most interesting and I'm delighted to know you are one of my readers. Patricia Avery is still in pictures, playing in *Night Life* with Alice Day and John Harron. Richard Barthelmess was born May 6, 1895, is 5 feet 7 inches tall and weighs 138 pounds. Sadie Thompson is Gloria Swanson's latest picture but I do not know when it will be shown in Paris. Come again, Jean.

Muffins, St. Paul, Minn. Some like 'em hot, some like 'em cold, but I'll take mine any way you like with maple syrup on both kinds. Can it be true that you do not know Clara Bow's real name? She has had that snappy name ever since I can remember and Clara refuses to take any other. She is 23 years old or will be her next birthday which comes on August 8. You ask, is she popular? Are you poking fun at me or Clara? Billie Dove gets her mail at First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.

Inquisitive Ann, Utica, N. Y. Lucky Johnny Mack Brown, one day a football star, another day a most promising leading man and today the reason why girls leave home early to get to the theatre where his pictures are shown. John Mack Brown was born about 24 years ago in Dotham, Alabama. Not Married. His very first picture was with Marion Davies in *The Fair Co-ed.* You can write to him at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.

D. C. of Anderson, S. C. Nice letter, Dorothy, and I'm sorry to make you wait so long for the information. Andre Beranger will be in three films with May McAvoy and Conrad Nagel for Warner Bros., so you can address him at that studio, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. Andre was born on a French ocean liner off Australia. He has dark brown hair and eyes, is 5 feet 10 inches tall and weighs 150 pounds. Ramon Novarro has black hair, brown eyes, is 5 feet 10 inches tall and weighs 160 pounds. He is playing in *China Bound* at Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Calif.

(Continued on page 101)

Please, John Lose 20 lbs. as I Did

Why should not men as well as women keep their figures, their health, their vitality? Excess fat blights both alike. And normal conditions are as easy for one sex as the other.

About thirty years ago science discovered a great cause for excess fat. It lies in a gland deficiency which science can supply. Physicians the world over now treat obesity in this modern way.

That method is embodied in Marmola prescription tablets. People have used them for 20 years—millions of boxes of them. Note the results in every circle. Ask your friends about them. Slender figures are many times as common as they were.

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A pamphlet in every package gives the formula complete. Also the reasons for the many good results. This is done to ward off any fear of harm.

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scientific method means to you and yours?

The cost is a trifle. You would gladly give many times as much for what a normal figure means. Then learn how easily people get it.

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

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bring many times as much as for magazines. We know Studio demands and make personal submission of Mss. Full particulars without obligation.

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Eyelash Beautifier

Instantly transforms lashes into a dark, rich luxuriant fringe of loveliness. Lends sparkling brilliance and shadowy, inviting depth to the eyes. The easiest eyelash beautifier to apply... Perfectly harmless. Used by thousands. Try it. Solid or waterproof Liquid Maybelline, Black or Brown, 75c at all toilet goods counters. MAYBELLINE CO., CHICAGO

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Old Money Wanted \$2 to \$500 Each paid for hundreds of Old or Odd Coins. Keep all old money, it may be very valuable. Send 10c for New Ill's. Coin Value Book, 4x6. Guaranteed Prices. Get Posted. We pay cash. CLARK COIN CO., Desk 33, LeROY, N. Y.

RONALD
COLMAN

Photograph by
Henry Waxman



The NEWEST

Picture Girl

Anita Page

OUR Debutante

A NEW leading lady on a motion picture lot causes as much excitement as a new social light in a middle western town!

The studio buzzed with comment for several days before Billy Haines' leading woman appeared. The usual questions, 'Where does she come from?' and 'Who is she?' were answered in various ways. Everyone pretended to know more than they did. Some said she was a blonde, some stoutly insisted that they had seen her and she had raven tresses. It was reported that she was only fifteen and again the rumor circulated that she was at least old enough to vote.

I saw her the first



«A fine start with William Haines in 'Telling the World.'



«Great hearted Karl Dane acts as our welcoming committee.



«Anita Page, a school girl from Washington Irving High School, New York City, now a contract player at the M. G. M. studio.

day she appeared at the studio. One fact was quite certain. There was no doubt about her being a blonde and a real one at that. It was also quite evident that the only person she could have voted for was maybe a class president in high school. She wore an abbreviated costume as a dancer in a cabaret, and

(Continued on page 97)

They Hitched Their



☞ This is only half the picture, the boys grow into screen heroes and in turn hoist many an ingenue to stardom.



☞ 'The White Sister' was Lillian Gish's great picture and it made Ronald Colman.

☞ The picture stars drag their leading men to fame, but they all Love 'em and Leave 'em.

LOVE-LIFE in Hollywood isn't all it is cracked up to be. Ah, no. No sooner, it seems, is a western union widely advertised as deep and perfect and lasting than the male member of the team basely deserts his fair partner. As a result, the girls out there are learning to quote: "'Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all.' Somebody said that once—it must have been George Marion, Jr. But ask any beautiful movie actress. No—not that one. You would pick that one, wouldn't you? Do you want to

get a sock in the eye? Ask that other one, over there. That's right. Now. This girl has lost her lover. Just as she was getting used to his kisses, he left her. She watched, and she waited, like poor Butterfly or some other silly. But he nev-ah came ba-ack. People tell

her he is making love to someone else now. You can imagine how that makes her feel. But she has to hide her aching heart and look around for an-



☞ Gloria Swanson in 'Stage Struck' brought out Lawrence Gray.

Wagon to the STARS

By Delight Evans



other—not another heart, but someone to make it beat faster. Because she simply has to have a lover. Why, of course. What would a screen star do without one? Did you ever see a movie without love scenes? Or a movie star without a leading man?

Love 'em—and they leave you. Clara Bow knows. Once she had a handsome lover—on the screen. His name was Gary Cooper; he was tall, stalwart, smouldering. Oh, (Continued on page 93)

☪ Eleanor Boardman in 'The Crowd' started James Murray on what looks to be a career.

☪ Johnny Mack Brown in 'The Fair Co-Ed' all because of Marion Davies.



Under SOUTHERN



☞ The girls, real natives of Hikuro, become screen beauties.

☞ Monte Blue and Raquel Torres who play Lloyd, the beach comber, and Fayaway, the native girl.

☞ A fiction version of the theme of the beautiful South Sea picture just completed by M. G. M.

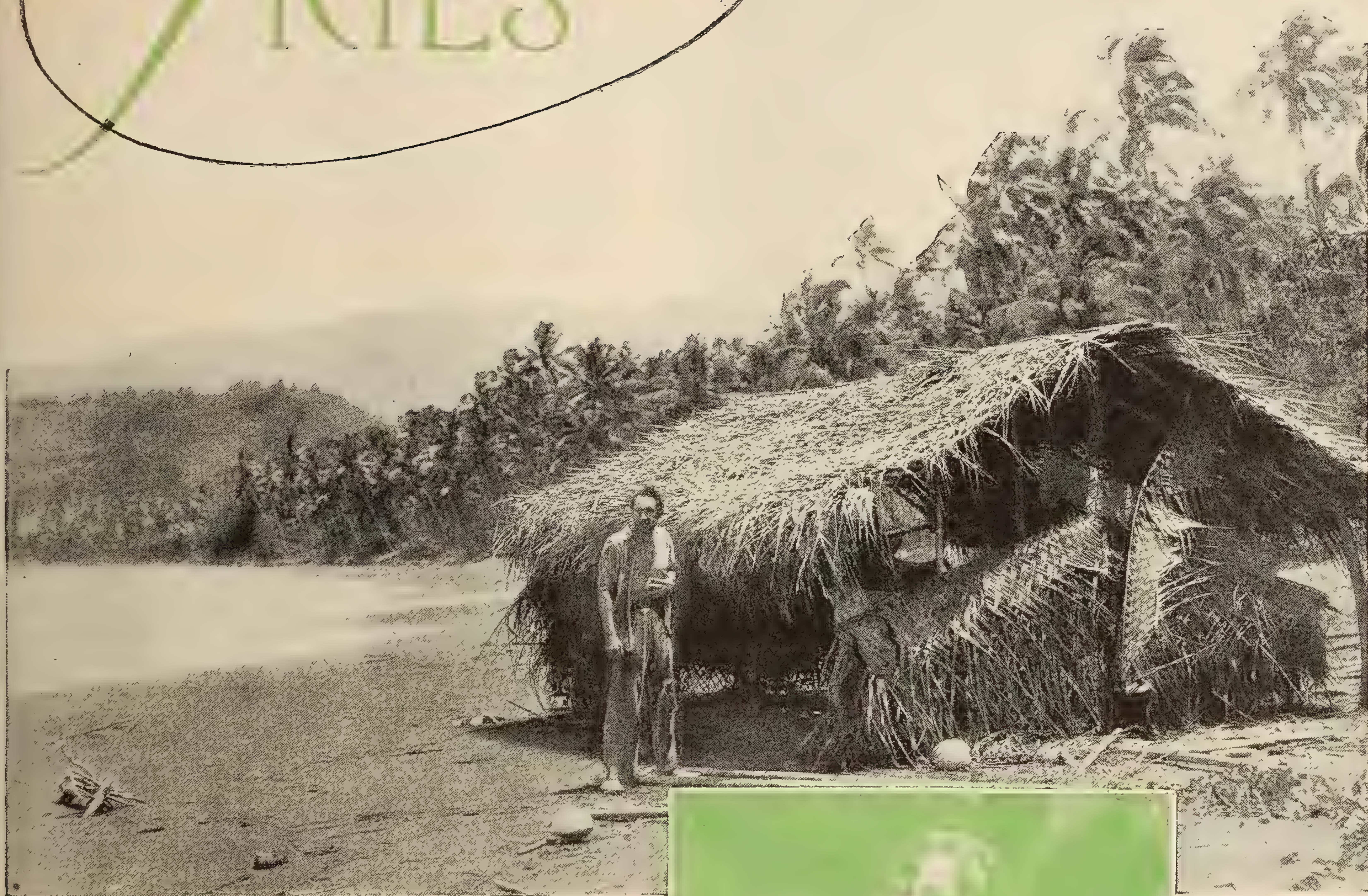
LONG, smooth waves of green sea washed against the steel plates of the freighter, *Muru*, bound from Pelea in the New Hebrides to Duncan in the Solomon Islands, Phosphorescent and oily they lapped the sides of the freighter like huge cats rubbing



themselves against a convenient object. Like cats they purred and murmured around her bow, and the sound of them was like silence—a silence broken only by the rheumatic thump-ata-thump of the *Muru's* old engine as they forced the steamer on her way. For miles around the waves rose and rolled in serried and silent magnificence, conveying to the little group of watchers on the deck of the steamer a sense of unutterable loneliness and desolation. The native crew pattered about the decks on naked feet, silently, while the officers, leaning over the

SKIES

By Val Lewton



rail of the bridge, hushed their constant drivel about the good, cool beer to be had at Sidney and gave their minds to private reminiscence. A silver and crescent moon hung in the sky like a constant lamp in a still and deserted room.

Suddenly the spell was broken as, from the bow-spirt where he had been stationed to keep an eye out for reefs, a Kanaka sailor hailed the watch.

"Big fellow light, like brother belong fire, he stop off starboard bow."

The mate, who had instantly translated the pidgin English to mean, "A large light, like a fire, off the starboard bow," looked in the indirected direction, and sure enough there, high up and far away, burned a bright light. It was reddish and flickered into tongues of flame as if it were a fire of brush wood.

"No island there," the captain remarked looking at the light, "according to the chart there isn't any island within two hundred miles of this place, although I don't know for certain. This is a bit off the track, we're about a hundred miles south of the steamship lane. That cracked propeller shaft will bring us in good and late this time."

"Think it might be a signal, Captain?" The mate asked.

"You can't light a fire on a ship, can you?"

"Well, I hadn't (Cont. on page 79)



☪ Monte Blue on the beach as Lloyd, the outcast.

☪ She smiled up at the white man.

CAN YOU WRITE



Send in your own original slogan or slogans and win a prize.



Jack Duffy and Arthur Lake in 'Harold Teen' the picture that is the famous comic strip come to life.

Alice White suggested it. "They have lots funnier slickers than this," said Alice. "They who?" asked Arthur Lake who as Harold Teen is just too collegiate, what I mean. "Well," Alice hinted darkly. "Oh lots of fellows, why I know a simp whose slicker is so funny that the neighbors laughed—" "So that it rained into their mouths, an' they drowned, I suppose," Harold is just mean, you know.

Anyway Alice White says that a lot of her friends can write clever slicker slogans and she is offering twelve slickers, six for boys and six for girls, for the best slogans for peppy rain jackets. The slickers will be unlabeled and you can put your winning slogan on yours, when and if.

A SLICKER SLOGAN

☞ In the event of two or more contestants submitting the slogan chosen as 'best,' each of such will receive a slicker identical with the ones offered.

The slogans are supposed to be funny and short. You can send in as many as you like and the slicker they are, the nearer you are to the slicker.

Alice says she saw a boy with a sign on his right arm. "Take it or sleeve it alone," and, "Come in you're all wet."

"Ha, ha," laughed Arthur Lake derisively. He's just terrible—in fact Alice White asked him if he thought he was Czar Ivan.

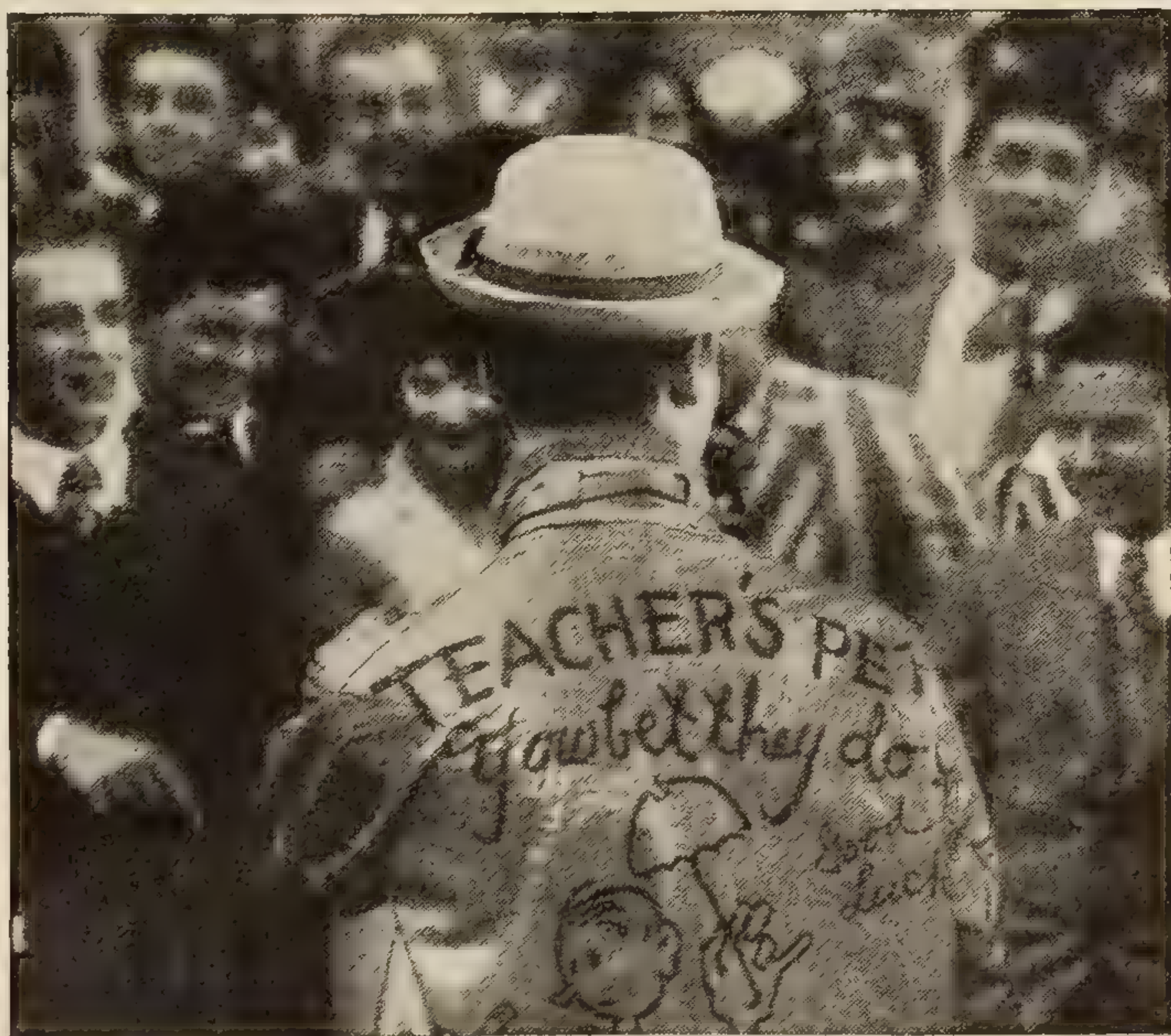
Remember it costs nothing to enter. The slickers are given to the scintillating slogan writers, and Alice White invited you in, NOW GO TO IT.

Address your slogans to
ALICE WHITE

SCREENLAND Slicker Slogan Contest
49 West 45th Street
Contest closes June 15, 1928



☞ Jack Duffy and Arthur Lake fix up the decorations.



☞ By the markings on a dog you can tell his class, and slicker slogans also tell the world.

Brighten up the rainy days with a slogan slicker. Let it rain slogans.
Get witty and avoid getting wetty. The best humor is dry.
Cry on me girls, I'm protected—A slicker at N. Y. U.

"The LENS

*Q A talk with
the Dean of
Hollywood,
Hobart Bosworth.*

in the world."

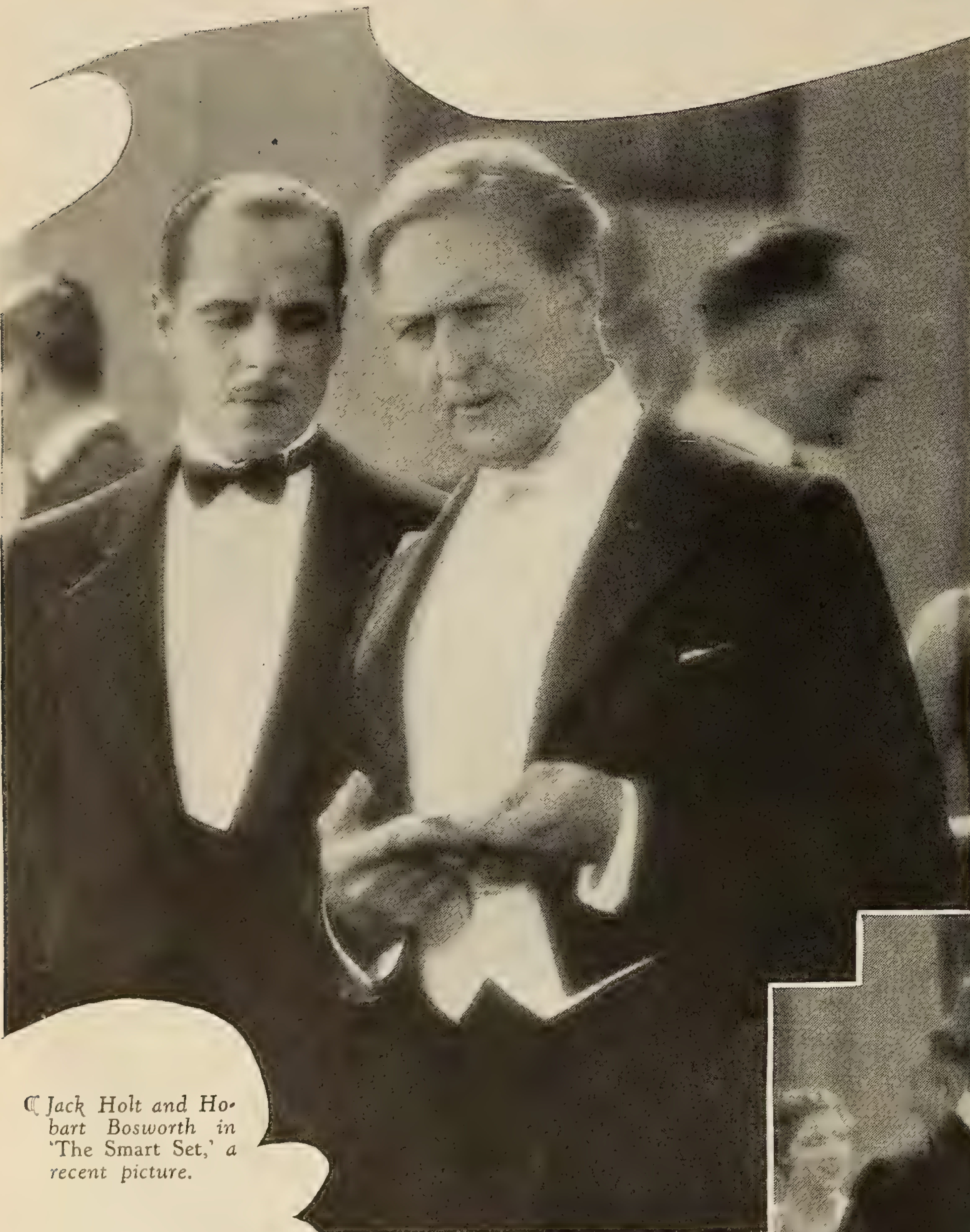
"Why, when Charlie Chaplin built his studio in the midst of that lemon grove the owner charged him what he thought was a stiff price because he was earning a thousand dollars an acre from his crop. This year, armed only with a camera, Charlie will harvest from those same three acres probably a million dollars."

"Do you remember—"

Yes, I remembered. (Incidentally Hobart and I are President and Vice-President of the Do You Remember Club of Movieland. Thousands and thousands have come here since those first flickering days, but we were here at the beginning).

Yes indeed I remembered. As I contemplated this gray-haired but perennially young man, environed by the symbols

Q Many lenses has he looked into, for Hobart Bosworth is one of the few who began at the beginning.



Q Jack Holt and Hobart Bosworth in 'The Smart Set,' a recent picture.

THE other evening, feeling reminiscent, I wandered up to Hobart Bosworth's new home, with its beautiful Spanish house set upon a greenswarded hill, and guarded by a huge grove of towering eucalyptus, through which he can just discern the roofs of his two nearest neighbors—'Polly' Fredericks and the Christie boys. Hobart had just returned from his daily ride over the bridle paths of Beverly Hills, and after greeting his pretty, bright-eyed wife and the child of their hearts, we strolled out upon the terrace to 'talk about it and about' as Omar says.

From our comfortable chairs we looked down upon the tiled roofs of Movieland, where two hundred thousand years ago animals as big as Pullman cars loved and fought in a manner that makes our cinema drama seem very tame. I called Hobart's attention to the changes that had taken place upon this famous stage.

"Yes," he replied, "and do you realize that only fifteen years ago this same stage was covered with fragrant citrus groves, the ranchers little realizing that they were occupying the site of what in a few years was to become the best known city





The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

DOLORES COSTELLO

in

Tenderloin

*The wise thrush; he sings his song twice over,
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture!*

ROBERT BROWNING



CONRAD NAGEL is one of those he-men that women adore. His next picture is *The Michigan Kid*.

Photograph by Freubel

SCREENLAND



MARY and DOUG are bound for a trip abroad seeking a change of environment and rest after the shock of the death of Mary's mother.

Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser

STERNLAND



CHARMING Marion Nixon plays light comedy with a mean sparkle—What I mean! *Silks and Saddles* is her next picture.

Photograph by Melbourne Spurr

SCREENLAND

IN NEW YORK

¶ *The Screen News from Broadway this month is fast and furious: here they come and there they go.*

By Anne Howe

THERE was a small stampede at the Ritz one noon. You should have seen the men milling about, pushing each other and stepping on each other's toes—all trying to peek in the crowded dining-room. Some wise ones had made reservations ahead, and looked very arrogant as they went in. I waited until the crowd thinned out a bit and then I asked the head waiter what was the matter. I thought maybe Queen Marie was back—or Peaches Browning.

'Why, didn't you know?' he answered in that head-waiter tone. 'Miss June Collyer is back in town.'

I might have known, at that. There aren't so very many girls in New York who could precipitate a near riot at the Ritz. One of the few is June Collyer. She left New York about six months ago or so to make pictures for Fox in California. Since then the Ritz hadn't been the same. Neither have several dozen young men. Neither has one man in particular. He was practically broken-hearted. You couldn't snap him out of it. Because just before June left she had told him that she loved him and would be back just as soon as she could, just to see him. And he had believed her, as men will. Time passed, and she didn't come and didn't come. His one consolation was to hunt up theatres where *East Side West Side* was playing; or go to see *Four Sons* for the umpty-umph time. Fortunately, before he pined away she came back for a visit. There was a grand reunion, right in the Ritz. She rushed up and hugged and kissed him, and he kissed her. I was there, and saw the whole thing. Then: 'Daddy!' she cried. 'Daughter!' he said. It was just like a movie.

To her father, Clayton Heermance, a prominent New York lawyer, June Collyer is just Dorothea Heermance. No matter how great and famous she may be some day, she'll always be a little girl to him. He made a pal of his only daughter from the time she could toddle. He took her with him to Europe on business trips—combined with pleasure. He edited her beaux, supervised her debut, and pretty generally watched over her social career. For eighteen years Dorothea and her father have been the



JUNE COLLYER

The following verse to his daughter in her character of Connaught O'Brien was written by Clayton B. Heermance.

To Con, my Irish sweetheart—the sweetest flow'r that grows.
No fairer blossom blooms on Erin's Isle.
She's my Colleen, my Macushla—my own wild Irish rose
And I'm happy in the sunshine of her smile.
Shure I love her as the flowers love the early mornin' dew—
As for givin' of her up, there's no use tryin';
And as surely as my prayers are said, I pledge my troth anew
To my little Irish sweetheart, Con O'Brien.

best of friends. And then—the movies came between them.

It happened when June met a friend of Allan Dwan's. Said the friend: 'He's looking for a society girl to play in *East Side West Side*. He's tested every girl he could find and he's still looking. Why don't you go over to the studio and see him?' For a lark, she went. Once inside the studio, she stayed. Dwan said: 'You're It,' and gave her the part. Fox saw her and signed her up for three years. Did Dad put his foot down the way stern parents are supposed to do? He did not. He'd always been a movie fan himself, and it thrilled him to see his little daughter on the screen. He said: 'Go to it—if you think you can stand the hard work.' That's the kind of a father for an aspiring girl to have! Of course he knew all the time that June could stand the strain, because, for all her frail and delicate looks, she's strong and husky.

She made good—for him. Her latest picture—she's made only four—is *Hangman's House*, and she is practically a star in it. She's a Wampus Baby Star, new model; and one of Mr. Fox's best bets. Is it any wonder she was given a vacation when she asked for it?

She's one of the prettiest girls in New York or Hollywood. Naturally marcelled brown hair, with a glint to it; big brown eyes, satiny skin. Slim but by no means thin. And



☞ Betty Bronson is a rare little person, so ethereal and rather spiritual.

she has the kind of culture that isn't self-conscious. June Collyer is one of the very few real society girls to go into movies, and she's a credit to society.

She admits she has been lucky, jumping right into leading roles. But on the other hand, she asks: 'How can I help it?' My mother was on the stage; and her father was Dan Collyer, a well-known actor. Acting is as natural to me as breathing.'

She had lunch with her dad every day of her visit. If anyone else wanted to come along they could; but father came first. Around her wrist she always wears a little bracelet with a silver image of Saint Therese, her patron saint. June is a sweet girl, with lively dimples, which is different from being merely a sweet girl. Of the Ritz, but not Ritzy—that's June Collyer.

* * *

You never saw anything like the way he looks at her! If glances could speak I'm sure his would say 'Darling!' Not that she

didn't call for pet names that spring day—in her new wrap lavishly trimmed with blonde fox fur. Kathryn Carver is a real

blonde—one of the soft, luscious kind; and she knows the secret of dressing to suit her type.

Her fiance, Adolphe Menjou, appeared in the door of the hotel dining room with a mink, or was it sable? collared overcoat and a questing look. He went away and came back later looking happy—Miss Carver on his arm. They lunched by themselves—these two seem to have no need for outsiders. They're blissfully happy. By this time they are probably in Paris—honeymooning!

* * *

Emotionism in Dress! Do you know what that means? It might mean almost anything—or nothing at all. I was all at sea about it even after I was told that Emotionism is a new thought in dress, which will try to express the emotions and tendencies which vitally embody the permanent elements in American life and American thought. The strength of emotionism is that it embodies the expression of America—of America's destiny. It is for people of divers interests, people of business and

☞ Virginia Lee Corbin is about to burst into vaudeville—starring in a big act.





of leisure. It preaches the dressing of American women in beauty of line and of fabric.

☞ Adolphe Menjou and Kathryn Carver are probably in Paris by now—honey-mooning.

Yeah! Well, anyway, I went to a tea and saw some of the drawings and sketches of this idea, sponsored by Harry Collins; and I'm here to tell you that all Emotionism means to this femme is grander and more gorgeous clothes! Collins, long a famous Park Avenue couturiere, has been lured away from his shops to direct modern clothes for Fox films. He's been designing dresses for famous stage stars for years, but this will be his first experiment in the movies. He knows his lines as few designers do, however; so he'll be a success, I'm sure. He's been given carte blanche by the company to garb its feminine stars, and the stars, I believe, are to be instructed to wear what Mr. Collins gives them to wear, whether they like it or not. They *better* like it! Harry Collins is an intelligent man, singularly modest for one who has been credited with more original ideas in dress than any other designer in America. He likes to take a gown of the Elizabethan era, for instance, and adapt it for the use of the modern woman—retaining the best features of each! His dresses do not 'date' and he's proud of it. He made a dress for Madge Kennedy, I think he said, five years ago; he ran across the sketches for it the other day, and decided to make it again. A good dress, says Mr. Collins, is as good today as it was five or even ten years ago.

I went right home and pawed around in an old trunk and brought up something, but it didn't look as good today as it did five years ago. But then, Harry Collins didn't make it.

* * *

She had tea with Sir James Barrie! Betty Bronson wouldn't talk about it much. She was too thrilled. Barrie means a whole lot to Betty. He's sacred to her. He was her favorite author before she ever dreamed she'd be playing his characters on the screen. She worshipped him for his *Peter Pan* and his *Sentimental Tommy* and his *Mary Rose*—and she really owed her great chance in pictures to him. So you can imagine her feelings

when her idol asked her to come to tea at his home—high up over the Thames—so that he could meet Peter in the flesh.

He smoked his pipe, she says, and paced up and down, and he told her how much he liked her Peter and her Cinderella. And then—Betty won't say any more. The shy little old man and the shy little American girl—what a picture they must have made together, in that study over the river. "It was the second great experience of my life," says Betty Bronson. "And I don't want to spoil it by talking about it!" Of course the first great experience was when the great Barrie selected a little, unknown extra girl to play his beloved *Peter Pan*.

Betty is like that. She's a rare little person—there's something so ethereal and rather spiritual about her that you can't ask her vulgar questions, or pry into her private life. She has a private life—make no

mistake about it. It goes on in that tiny head of hers. Outwardly, she's just a demure, somewhat shy, palely pretty child, barely out of her teens, who lives with her mother and her grandmother and her fifteen-year-old-sister, and makes motion pictures for a living. But you feel that there's much, much more to Betty Bronson than that. She's a fairy-tale creature, and I wish some director or producer would hurry up and realize that she can give the screen something that no other star can. Some philanthropist should endow her.

Betty has never been able to live down Peter. The picture that made her a star, at the same time effectually blighted her career as an actress. There was a succession of pictures which any ingenue could have played. You liked Betty in them but somehow you vaguely resented her not playing Peter any more. Producers couldn't pigeon-hole the girl no matter how hard they tried. Her elusive charm resisted all their efforts to make a box-office flapper of her.

(Continued on page 100)

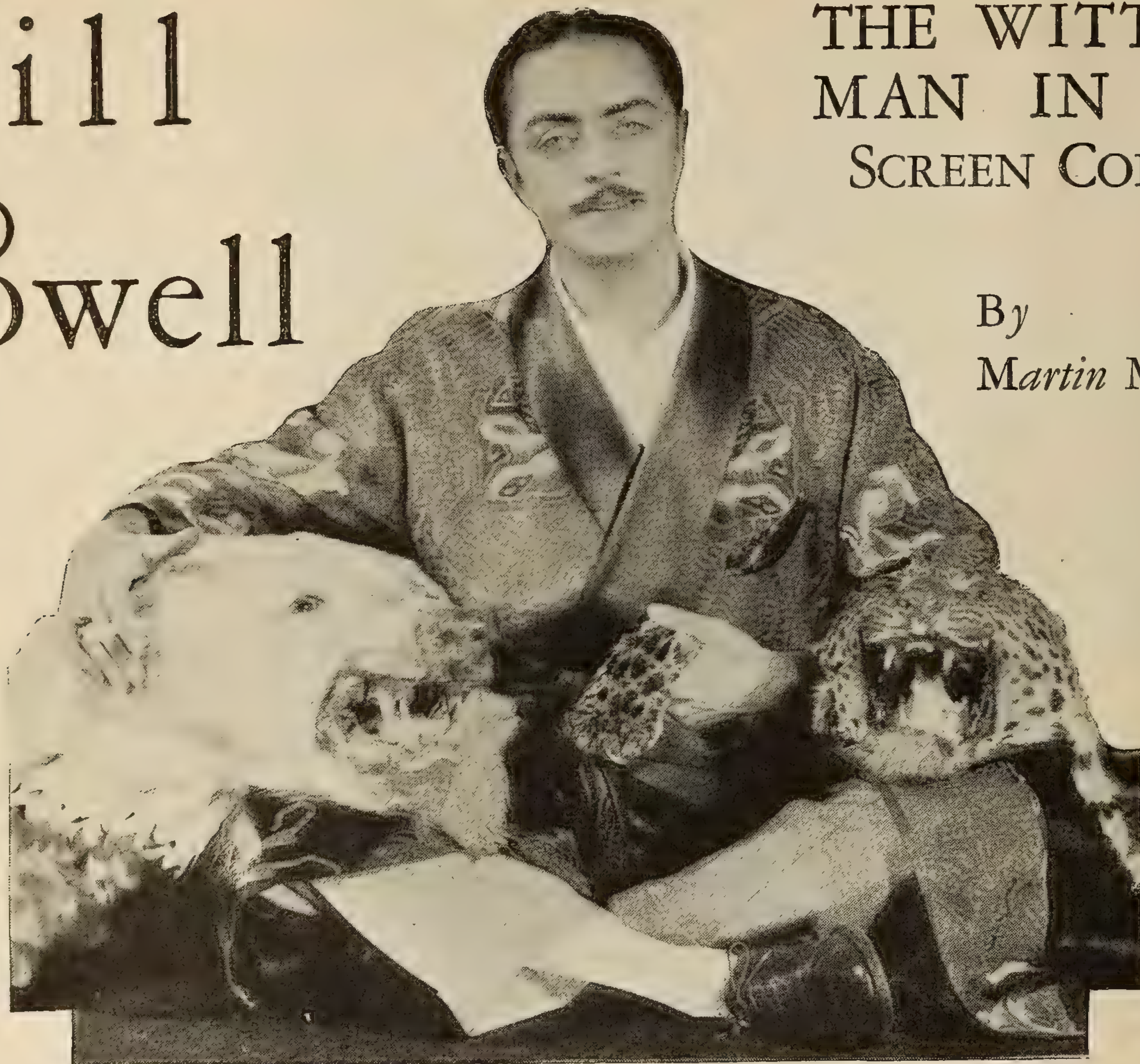


☞ Anna May Wong is on her way to Berlin to star in a UFA picture written especially for her.

Bill Powell

THE WITTIEST MAN IN THE SCREEN COLONY

By
Martin Martin



☞ *Gone is the movie hero of other days and Bill Powell's ridicule sent him to oblivion. Here's Bill with his pets; and that ends one kind of publicity bunk.*

THESE were four of us engaged in a mild bridge game at the Hollywood Athletic Club and personalities were being tossed across the table.

I forget how the subject came up but we were soon arguing as to who was the wittiest man in Hollywood.

Three candidates were suggested, Wilson Mizner, John Barrymore and William Powell.

Bill's supporters cited his classic retort to a visitor who asked him what part he was playing in the Beery-Hatton picture. If you read SCREENLAND last month you know Bill said: 'the comedy relief.'

Several days after this conversation I had lunch with Bill at the Paramount studio restaurant. At the next table sat a title-writer and a fairly well known heavy who is eternally denouncing motion picture reviewers. Although other players had doffed their trappings, while dining, our heavy still wore a cumbersome revolver which was attracting the not unwelcome attention of a number of tourists.

"Looking for critics?" I inquired innocently.

"No," he said. "A bullet kills much too quickly for a critic. They should die of slow poison."

"By the way"—Bill Powell leaned forward with a silky smile—"When does your next picture open here?"

That's the way Bill tops them. As clean as a rapier stroke is his wit. The best of it is he never strains for effect. His mind immediately forms the retort that the average man thinks of two hours after the occasion for it has passed.

Cold print, of course, does not permit of conveying the full piquancy of his remarks. One misses the trick of the lifted eye-brow, the innuendo of tone and the pause before the thrust.

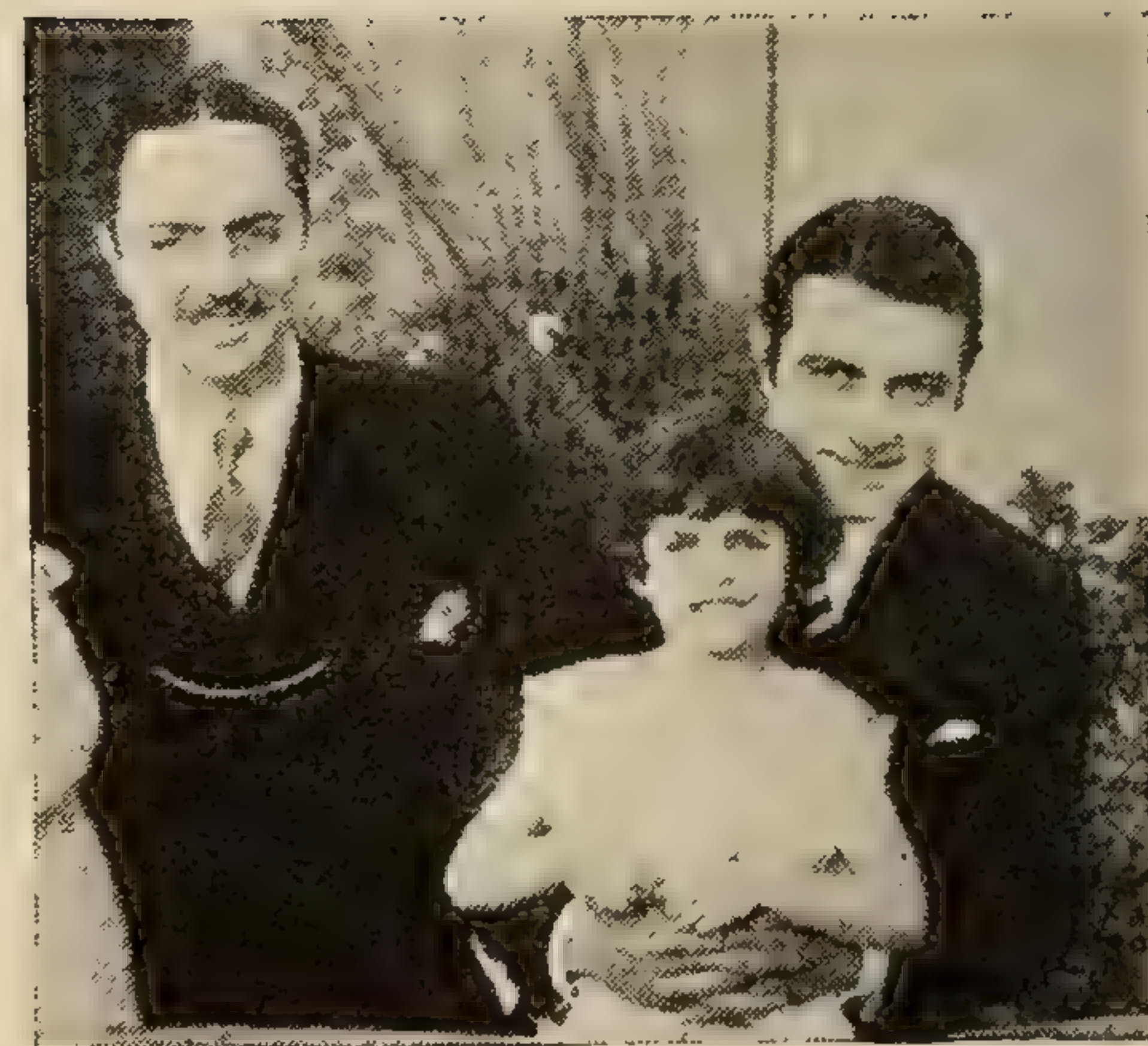
"What on earth drives a man to become a title writer?" I asked Bill.

Bill looked at me quizzically. "One doesn't speak disrespectfully of the dead."

If ever a man shunned an honor, Bill rebels at being called the 'wittiest man in Hollywood.' He absolutely refused to sparkle when I mentioned it to him. "To begin with, I'm not," he says. "And if you tack it onto me, it will take me longer to live it down than it took Lew Cody to make people forget he was once billed as a 'he vamp.'"

"Think of the miserable life of an advertised wit," he admonished. "What more terrible fate—except being a great lover."

The effervescent quality soon reasserted itself, however. "Dick Barthelmess and I are the closest of friends," admitted Bill. It is a strange story. The first time I



☞ *Bill and his friends Richard Barthelmess and daughter.*

saw Barthelmess I hated him. I had gone to take my first screen test and was nervous about it. The ethics of the stage are that when anyone is trying to get a part, no one watches him. I didn't realize this wasn't the case in the movies, so when he insisted on standing behind the camera with a saturnine look on his face, I burned up.

"A week later the director, meeting me at the Lambs Club, offered me a part in *The Bright Shawl*.

"I want to enter motion pictures very badly, but of all the people in the business it would have to be with that heel," I complained.

"Since then I have learned that Barthelmess expressed the same feeling when told of my selection to play the part.

"The first time we met was on the boat to Cuba. It was a rotten boat and there was nobody to talk to. On the first night I met Barthelmess pacing the deck. He stopped. 'Rotten boat,' he said disagreeably. I muttered.

"Want to walk?" he asked.

"I muttered again.

"We had made three complete circuits of the deck in silence when Barthelmess slowed down before his state-room. 'Want a smoke?' he asked surlily.

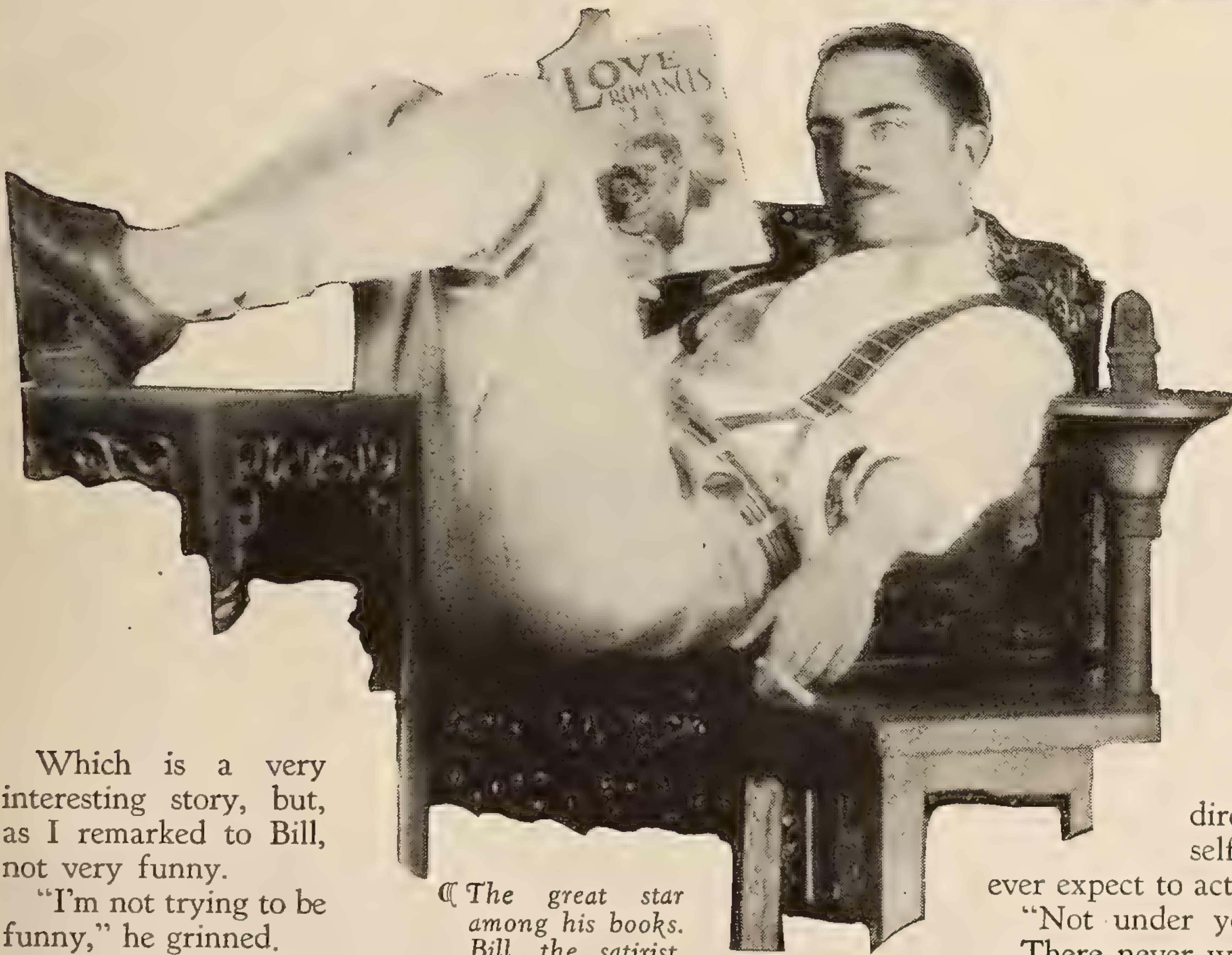
"I muttered.

"So we entered the state-room and one—smoke—led to another until it was really three days later when we came out again.

"Since then we've been great friends. There's nothing like a — good cigar to dispel misunderstanding."



William Powell in 'The Last Command.' His racing, maddening, menacing thoughts make this sequence alive with action.



The great star among his books. Bill, the satirist, at it again.

Which is a very interesting story, but, as I remarked to Bill, not very funny.

"I'm not trying to be funny," he grinned.

So I suggested we talk about marriage.

"Let's not be morbid please," he said.

But here's what I wormed out of him presented in convenient court record style.

Q. Have you ever been married?

A. Yes.

Q. Did your wife mistreat or betray you?

A. No.

Q. Well, why couldn't you get along together?

A. We were married.

Q. Am I correct in inferring then that you do not believe in the institution of marriage?

A. Oh no, I believe in it all right, but you have just stated the chief difficulty yourself.

Q. What do you mean?

A. It is too much like living in an institution.

Clever, what? To appreciate his mental agility remember we were in a crowded restaurant, where mutton comes faster than mots.

In half a day on the set, one could record dozens of verbal lunges and parries in which William Powell participates and almost invariably dominates. I heard Josef Von Sternberg, now directing Powell and a ready wit himself, banteringly inquire: "Do you ever expect to act in pictures?"

"Not under your direction," snapped Bill.

There never was a man more adept at limericks, but most of them are not for mixed company. Bill convulses his fellow workers a dozen times a day reciting his newest verse to a well known theme.

Here are two of Bill's epigrams: "A favorable criticism is the truth accidentally written by a liar."

"A motion picture director is a man who hears no evil, sees no evil and speaks no evil—of his own work."

As I have remarked, the tang of his wit is diminished when detached from the circumstances giving rise to it and the personality of the author. Bill is quite worried over the whole matter. "At least I've said nothing objectionable," he said. "I could have told a couple of stories—Lew Cody's stories. But I didn't. I suppose you might say—you remember the quotation, 'He died for purity.'"

TABOO



DID you ever try to break a superstition? Did you ever face a set of iron bound rules that you knew perfectly well wouldn't hold water if put to a good test, yet which cramped your own life almost to extinction? If you have been lucky enough not to be touched by a taboo there



William Boyd begins a new tradition in 'Skyscraper.'

Greta Garbo. The wise ones have a hard time explaining how this tall girl became one of our most popular stars.

are many who have been maddened by them. There's Columbus for one. He maintained, as you all know, in the face of threatened torture that the earth was



Emil Jannings made character parts into hero roles.

☞ *You Mustn't Do That--Don't Do That--Have you met these taboos? Some of the picture players have had to overcome many ridiculous beliefs.*

By
Helen
Ludlam

Drawn by
James Trembath



round and not flat, and that there was a New World somewhere in the wilds of the Atlantic. Because he disagreed with the able minds of the day who could understand just so much and no more, and looked with skepticism upon anyone who thought beyond them he was declared a devil and flung into irons. But a woman's intuition and spiritual perception saved him. Queen Isabella felt
(Continued on page 92)

☞ *Mary Pickford, still the standard of measurement of stars.*



☞ *Anna May Wong is held back by a mighty taboo. Who will overcome it?*



Grace Kingsley's

☞ Lovely Marietta Millner told us about her trip around the world and the picture she made in the Orient.



☞ Sally O'Neil and Mollie O'Day flitted about with various partners to the music of the radio.



PICTURE people seem to know better than anybody in the world what Sunday is for!" exclaimed Patsy, the other Sunday morning, as we prepared to sally forth to a whole day of calls that yet would be no wear and tear on anybody because everything would be so quietly and nicely done.

As a matter of fact many of the picture folk go to church in the mornings, but the afternoons and evenings are for enjoyment.

Starting off we traveled over to the Miramar Estates Country Club in the heart of the wildly picturesque mountains near Santa Monica, where beautiful Spanish and Italian villas and their colorful estates dot the hillsides, and winding roads uncoil through the green country side.

Eduardo Raquello was taking us to the breakfast which Sydney Arundel and Claire Windsor were giving for Lois Weber and her husband, Captain



Gantz. There we found already a number of guests gathered, including Cecil De Mille and his wife, Carmel Myers, Charles Rogers, Jose Mojica—the grand opera singer on whom Mary Garden is supposed to lavish her affections these days—Emil Jannings and his wife and Ernst Lubitsch and Mrs. Lubitsch.

The breakfast was served in the big glass-enclosed dining room of the Club House, which overlooks a wonderful vista of valley and sea, and the tables are on different levels, so that everybody may look at the view.

One jolly crowd at a table adjoining ours included Car-

☞ Leatrice Joy was having charades and asked us to drop in.

mel Myers, Claire Windsor, Buddy Rogers and some others,

Picture GIRL



For street wear, Loretta Young prefers this attractive frock of cornflower blue satin. Piquet-edged petals of the satin make a charming frame for Loretta's face and hands.



This smart dance basque frock was designed by Dot Grayson of pale orchid georgette over a flat crepe foundation. A narrow edge of rhinestones are its only trimming.

into an evening one by taking out the movable georgette sleeves.

A smart ensemble is a lace blouse and flat crepe or satin skirt with coat of the same material and I noticed that the favorite costume for bridesmaids was the bouffant skirt of variegated tulle.

NEW SCREENPLAYS



WE AMERICANS

WE Americans is a good picture. A simple picture. But a picture that will touch your heart. It makes you proud of your country. It gives you the high and happy satisfaction of knowing that you belong to the youngest and the strongest civilization in the world. Every man, woman and child in America should see it. Particularly those snobbish ones who speak so glowingly of Europe without ever realizing or caring about the glories of their own United States.

The picture starts out with three foreign families, Russian, German and Italian, who emigrate to America seeking freedom from oppression, seeking warmth and light and air. But sorrow touches them in this new land. As they grow older and their children come to manhood and womanhood, they find they have lost touch with the younger generation. They have nothing in common with their children. And regretfully they watch the young folks go on their separate ways.

Particularly fine was the story of the Russian couple, George Sidney and Beryl Mercer. Their daughter, Patsy Ruth Miller, leaves home and sets up a studio for herself. The grief of the mother is beautifully enacted. She is like an animal in her pain—dumb, unknowing, unable to

☞ The Russian family watch the returning boys with only the memory of their own to comfort them. Beryl Mercer and George Sidney in 'We Americans.'

their sons to war.

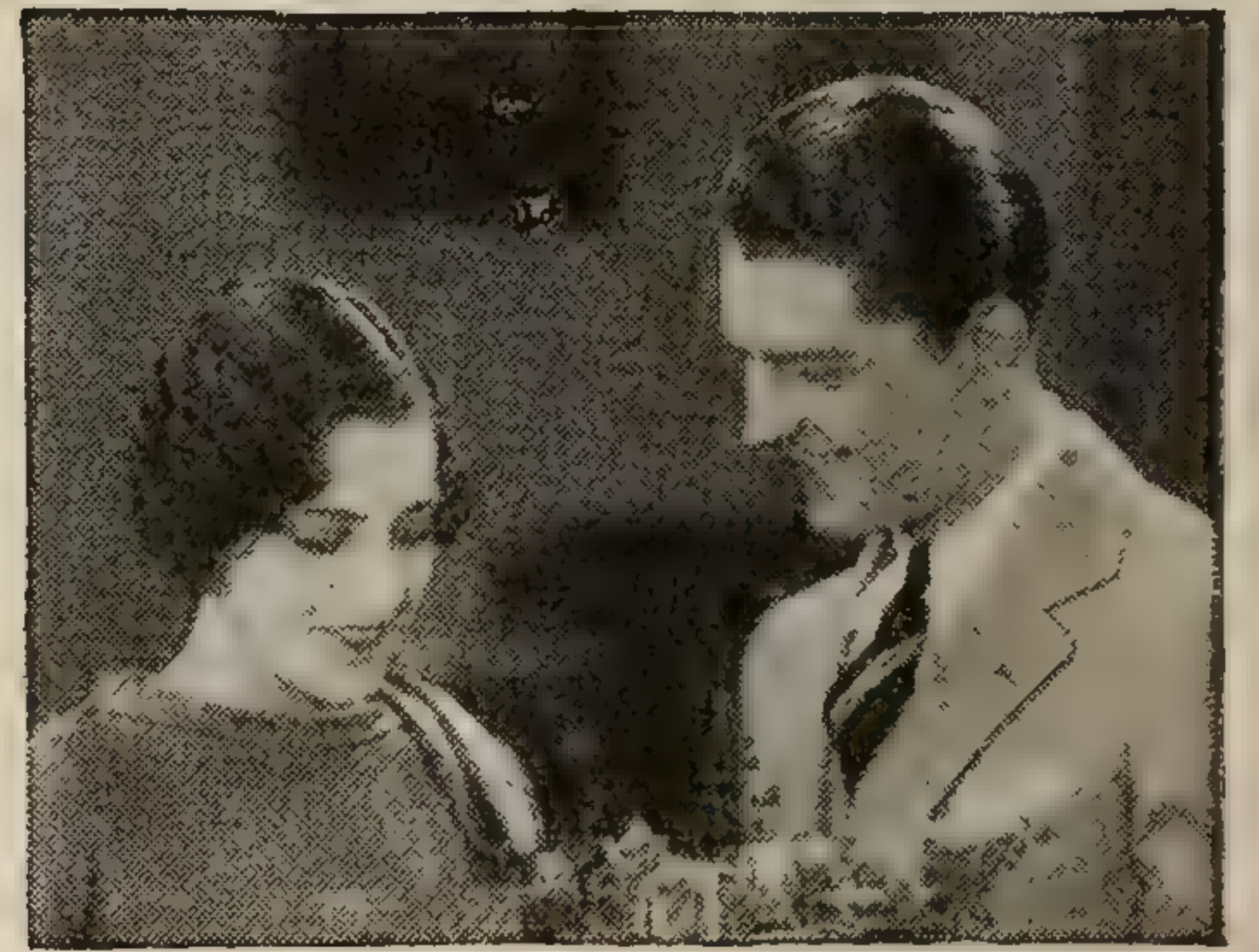
One son, Eddie Phillips, comes back without a leg. And Beryl Mercer's son, George Lewis, never comes back.

It's a grand picture really. It makes you know the true meaning of patriotism, of loyalty. It makes you realize what Voltaire said so long ago—a man who is true to his country has no need of ancestors. Patsy Ruth Miller learns the beauty of that phrase when she becomes engaged to John Boles, a blue-blooded New Yorker, who comes down to her Ghetto home and takes her—unashamed of her humble heritage.

George Sidney does the finest work of his career. He is in the Jean Hersholt class now. Beryl Mercer makes you cry—because *she* doesn't. Her 'mother' characterization is unsurpassed. Patsy Ruth Miller was lovely and distinguished in every scene. And played with great emotional appeal. They were all fine, down to the tiniest character part. Even the Swedish woman who had only a bit to do, performed it like an artist.

A simple picture. But a picture to gladden the heart. A picture which I am grateful for having seen.

Reviewed by
Rosa Reilly



☞ If you need pep and enthusiasm see Martha Sleeper and Hugh Trevor in 'Skinner's Big Idea.'

alleviate her misery by speaking. And then a schoolteacher visits her. He says: 'What have you to offer your children? Of course they are ashamed of you. Can you read English?'

The mother shakes her head.

A little later you see them, the three middle-aged couples going to school, learning to read and write. It is a revelation to them. And then—the war breaks out. And these foreigners with scarcely the first layer of old world prejudices and old world ignorances scraped off of them, these foreigners give their dearest possessions to their new country—they send



CZAR IVAN THE TERRIBLE

☞ *You will understand the Russian Revolution after you have seen 'Czar Ivan the Terrible.'*

A magnificent picture which drips blood and brains at every turn of the camera. Heads hacked off at the drop of an eyelid. Butchery on butchery. Torture succeeding torture. Adultery, degeneracy, religious fanaticism cloaking a core of sensuality. Intrigue, jealousy, hate, love, lust, death—pursuing each other in vicious circles across the snow-drenched plains of medieval Russia.

If you see this new film—and you must see it for your own development—you will understand the recent Russian Revolution. You will understand even how an oppressed and infuriated people could drag out their pleasant weak-minded Czar and murder him in cold blood, together with his strong-featured German wife and their helpless pit-



☞ *If movement and action are what you crave Buck Jones in 'Branded Sombrero' is for you.*

ful children. It was because of the despairs, the heartaches, the tortures of hundreds of years which rolled up into a gigantic uncontrollable knot of torment. Finally bursting and shattering one-sixth of the world's area.

Really to understand this film you must go back to the Fifth Century. At that time Russia was overrun by the Goths and the Slavs. For four hundred years they fought among themselves. And then seeing the futility of ever governing each other, they sent over to Scandinavia and asked for help. Accordingly three brothers journeyed to Russia and took over this business of government. Soon these three were followed by their faithful nobles. So once again the Gothic Slavic Russians were tinged with another blood. A little later from the east, the Tartars swept, conquering and killing as they went. Passing on to a country already clotted with many nationalities all the color, the barbarism, the passions of the East.

This then was the heritage of Czar Ivan the Terrible who reigned over Russia in the latter half of the Sixteenth Century. What a monster he was with his tall, gross body, his thick, dirty fingers, and his glorious, searching eyes. Ivan would crush the throat of a man and then march solemnly into Mass without even bothering to wipe his hands. Even as he crossed himself his hands were crusted with blood. But he was more than a monster. He was a clever business man too. From England he summoned nobles to buy his flax and to see the wonders of his country. He enlarged his borders, fought his enemies, ravaged his loves, swilled his wines, hogged his foods, scalded his jesters, and strangled his wife.

Nothing was sacred from his pudgy, profane hands. Not even the beautiful love of the little serf girl, Fima, for Nikita, the inventor, a peasant lad who even in those days built himself a little airplane, a set of wings which permitted him to fly slight distances across the snowy fields.

Nothing frightened the Monster-Czar but the old nobility of Russia, the old Bojars they were called, who lived in princely splendor while their serfs starved and hungered and died.

A bloody, merciless saga this picture is—and yet, I think it is one of the most intelligent films that was ever made. It is a milestone in the moving picture, marking an achievement of realism over phantasy. You never for one second doubt the truth of the scenes that flash before your eyes. When you see a man's head hacked off, you

know he is dead. When you see a girl ravaged, you know her virtue is forever lost. No pink and white cherry blossoms of sentimentality appear in this tragedy. But instead across the screen roar the realities of life, love, hatred, death and eternal damnation.

Leonidoff of the Moscow Art Players interprets the role of Czar Ivan. And there is no finer character work than he does. Safnat Askardva enacts the role of the Tzarina. And such a portrayal of lascivious, sensual, wide-mouthed passion you have never witnessed. Klukvin, the young peasant who wanted to fly is marvelous. Inspired almost is the light in his eyes. And Garrel, as the little serf girl, Fima, is just what you would expect, a young, clumsy country girl treading her way from stable to kitchen and back again, with no thought in her mind of kingly cruelties, but with a prayer on her lips for her marriage day with her betrothed, Nikita. This betrothed who falls through a trap door and dies in agony upon the many-toothed prongs of a torture machine—this betrothed who falls and dies without ever once possessing his beloved.



Leonidoff, of the Moscow Art Players, gives a magnificent characterization of the Czar Ivan the Terrible.

TRAGEDY OF YOUTH

Now listen here, all you young misunderstood wives, there's only one sure cure for an indifferent husband and

that's a little portion of saucy competition. Every husband in his heart holds with that old adage: 'What's the use of chasing a street car after you've caught it?' And every husband in the world freshens up considerably and visits the florist when another man commences to admire the girl wife. Of course, you've got to be clever and subtle with this competition stuff. Don't lay it on too thick or you're apt to find yourself holding the bag with friend husband hopping the fast train for Reno. Moderation in all things, dears.


If the telephone has just rung and the boy friend says he's detained at the office on important business and can't get home for dinner, for Heaven's sake, dry your eyes, powder your nose and go out to see that new picture *Tragedy of Youth*. This film will show you just what to do and how to do it—to regain that school girl popularity. Only, of course, I wouldn't advise you to go as far as Patsy Ruth Miller did and get rid of the husband entirely. This picture will hand you a great little laugh. And do you know there's one thing I've noticed about this life: tragedy can't generate and grow in a home where there's plenty of laughter. So let's (Cont. on page 90)

Announcement

SCREENLAND

July issue

CLARA BOW the most popular girl in all the world will offer through SCREENLAND for July a gift to one of her fans. The gift is now on its way from Hollywood and the photographs of Miss Red Hair taken especially for this contest are, we are advised by our West Coast representative, the most attractive pictures that Clara has ever had taken. Perhaps the reason for this is the spirit in which she makes this offer. 'You see,' said Clara, 'my love goes with it.'



DOROTHY MACKAILL is to be separated from her usual partner, Jack Mulhall, and will be featured in *The Whip*.

SCREENLAND



ESTHER RALSTON is a good trouper. She can always be depended upon for her performance in any picture. *Half a Bride* is her next.

Photograph by Eugene Robert Richee





BARRY NORTON'S good work in *What Price Glory* and *The Legion of the Condemned* won for him a part in Murnau's *4 Devils*.

Photograph by Autrey

SCREENLAND



DOROTHY SEBASTIAN is engaged to Director Clarence Brown but he isn't going to direct her in *Our Dancing Daughters*.

Photograph by Ruth Harriet Louise

SCREENLAND

ible Thursday evenings and Saturday matinees at the Civic Repertory Theatre, creaks even more. He finds Le G.'s *Hedda* a little more modern than the play warrants. Second to none in our respect for the aged professor, we venture to disagree.

Here, we thought, was an extraordinarily fine presentation of Ibsen's neurotic heroine. If she wears short skirts or long, the distinction to us is totally unimportant. People had libidos, we are reliably informed, even when petticoats were a sine qua non of feminine apparel. Ennui existed, we have read, simultaneously with corsets and bicycles.

And to be fair to the old duffer—Ibsen, not Woollcott—if his tale creaks a bit, it is only that we have heard too often his climatic lines. You strain a bit, as the third act nears its close, waiting for the pistol shot that *Hedda* fires, and you are impatient for the Judge's 'People don't do such things.' Surprise no longer exists for you. But the shrewd lines and situations remain as true today as they did when the Scandinavian cut loose on a startled world. And as true as they will still be, life being what it is, a hundred years from now.

So, if we were you, we'd run down to Fourteenth Street for a thrilling time. Le Gallienne we thought perfect as the *Hedda*; but Leyssac's *Tesman* and Alma Kruger's *Aunt Julia* are not so far behind as spring after winter.

The Beggar's Opera

Nora Bayes is gone, and the cause of decent enunciation has lost one of its best-loved apostles. We sold our first song to Nora, so we had a good excuse for listening to her more often than most. Others may have lived who showed more gold in their voices—none ever gave her audiences a better break. Whether you sat in the front row of the orchestra or in the last row of the balcony, you knew every word that Nora uttered. And it was the gallery, as always, that made her a goddess.

Nora was not only insistent that everybody hear her. She was artist enough to know the difference between the oral and the written word. Any tough combination of consonants she picked on immediately as unsingable. And if Nora couldn't sing it, she told you what you could do with it. And even words that sang well, and yet might prove deceptive to the ear, so that they formed a wrong image, were out. Nora, in brief, knew what she wanted; which is why her audiences knew that they wanted Nora.

What, you may ask, has this to do with the revival of *The Beggar's Opera*? Well, we saw it the other night, sitting in the fourth row and on the aisle, as becomes a critic. And out of the two-score songs, we caught the words and the meaning of only one. The music was lovely, the lines delightful—but the lyrics? Who knows? The *Opera*, so far as this



«Wherever you find Harriet Hoctor, now premier danseuse of 'The Three Musketeers,' you will find beauty and grace.

auditor was concerned, might as well have been in Sanskrit or French. Only, by hearsay, did we know the tongue was English, but the enunciation was l o u s y. Y e s, you heard us.

What John Gay's grand little show needs is to be produced by people who know the difference between opera and pantomime.



«New York gladly welcomed Margaret Lawrence fresh from a triumphant Australian tour, in 'The Behavior of Mrs. Crane.'

Volpone

In a month that pays some tribute to such old masters as Shakespeare, Ibsen and John Gay, there are still some laurels left over for old Ben Jonson.

Here is his *Volpone*, presented by the Guild, and coming to us through a strange route, indeed. Here is Ruth Langner's revision of Stephan Zweig's adaptation. From England to Austria to America—and what a worthwhile thing has come from this melting pot!

Here, with a glorious cast, is Jonson's sardonic sneer at the whole pack of animals that make up the human race. From *Volpone*, the Fox, to *Canina*, the Bitch, here is his bitter caricature of the world as it is—the world as it was—and the world as it always will be. A bitter pill, my lords, for those who think the race makes progress, but a pill worth swallowing.

And if the Guild does it lightly, the venom remains. Lunt, Digges, Westley, Gillmore, Leigh, Cossart and Carnovsky are at their best in what must be ranked among the finest things in town.

CHATTE R *from*



Charles Rogers takes a close up of Nancy Carroll on the 'Abie's Irish Rose' set.

Hollywood

By Martin Martin

old Biograph days, Griffith directed all of Mary's films. Mrs. Pickford specially asked to be taken to the theatre so she could see at least one more of his pictures.

—o—

I was interested to hear from Griffith that he discovered the 'fadeout' while making *The Last of the Mohicans* with Mary Pickford and Owen Moore.

ONE of the most beautiful stories in the history of motion pictures was the devotion between Mary Pickford and her mother.

The death of Mrs. Pickford has saddened us all in Hollywood. She was universally respected as well as beloved. Back in the old days, D. W. Griffith tells me, Mary and her mother were the same as they have been since Hollywood knew them.

"I remember Mrs. Pickford once related to me an instance of this close bond," Griffith said. "She and Mary had had a little tiff such as happens in all families. They parted for the night in not quite the usual friendly affectionate mood.

"It began to rain hard during the evening and by midnight there was a downpour. In the worst of the storm, Mrs. Pickford told me, she heard the door bell ring. Getting up, she went downstairs and discovered it was Mary. All the way from her home—this was after Mary's marriage to Owen Moore—the daughter had come to make up with her mother. When they parted again an hour later, the tiff was forgotten.

"I think that is a sweet story, don't you?" Griffith asked.

As I write, everyone is so upset at the United Artists studio that nothing is certain about Doug and Mary's future plans. I believe Doug will postpone starting his sequel to *The Three Musketeers* for about three months now. This probably means that he and Mary will go away somewhere so she may rest and forget for a while.

There is need for Mary to rest. It has been months since I have seen her at the studio. About six weeks ago, while driving down the long paved road by the ocean, I saw Mary and her mother in the Fairbanks car. Mrs. Pickford was wrapped warmly and looked ill even in the brief moment I saw her.

One of the last motion pictures Mrs. Pickford saw was Griffith's *Drums of Love*. The picture was being previewed at a beach theatre. In the



A lighting effect worthy of Eisenstein. Dolores Costello, Helene Costello and their mother.



Clyde Cook must be getting tall at Warner Brothers studios.

"For a long time," he relates, "I had complained of the abruptness of the endings of the motion pictures of the day. We were just about through with the Cooper novel—Mary and Moore were standing on a knoll—when I got an idea.

"Taking a cigar box, we arranged it so that by closing the lid we could shut the light out gradually from the camera.

"When we saw the result on the screen, the fadeout had been invented."

Griffith also was the first to use miniatures and to shoot through a frame of painted glass. Do you remember the burning of Richmond in *The Birth of a Nation*? That was one of the first miniatures ever used. Griffith had tried the idea out in a few smaller pictures but never on this scale.

Not only miniatures but shots through painted glass were used in *Intolerance*, he says.

"I was very lax in patents," he confessed. "Every time I use a fade-out now I have to pay a certain amount for a device, the original idea of which was mine."

—o—

In some manner the rumor got out this month in Hollywood that England is considering offering a title to Charlie Chaplin. Despite an official denial by the British Government and embarrassed disclaimers from Charlie the report enjoyed wide vogue.

As is usual in such cases, even the details of the matter had been worked out. Charlie would go to England to make pictures and the knighthood would be his reward. Charlie points out with considerable reason that he has invested a fortune in his studio here and is tied up by motion picture contracts with United Artists, so he can't very well leave, even if he wants to.

—o—

An insight into the character of Chaplin is to be had in the following incident which occurred on the set of Norma Talmadge's new picture, *The Woman Disputed*.

Henry King was scrutinizing a group of extras. "I want a little man with an overcoat," he exclaimed to an assistant director.

From the background stepped a man who answered this description. But King looked startled. It was Charlie Chaplin.

"Will I do?" asked the comedian.

Charlie went through it, an extra whose scene may never emerge from the cutting room although it is likely to for purposes of exploitation.

A \$5 check was made out to Charlie for his services as atmosphere.

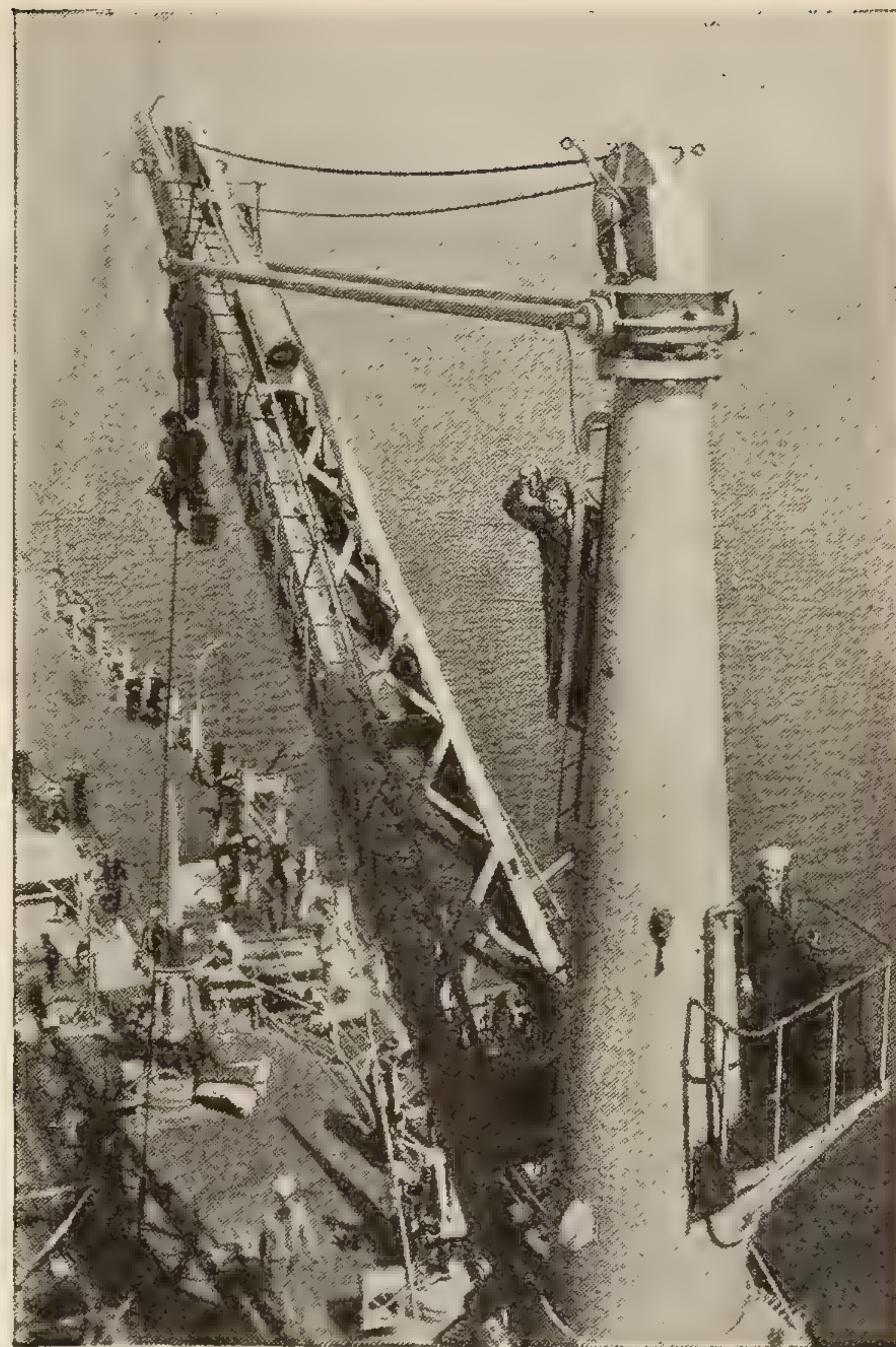
—o—

Albert De Mond writes for *The Buck Privates* "I'm gonna be married and I'm as nervous as a pullet about to lay its first egg."

—o—

Perhaps you and I are the only two people in the world who have

Edna Marion shows us what is smart for June brides. It is a creation of satin, tulle and lace, fashioned on the bouffant lines. The tight basque bodice is of ivory satin, finished with a yoke and sleeves of real lace. The skirt has deep tiers of tulle.



Barbara Kent and Dorothy Gulliver on the U. S. S. California. Join the Navy!



never tried to write a story for the movies. I was talking to Colleen Moore after she got back from a rest at Palm Springs and she confesses to have tried her hand at authorship.

She is very cryptic about the subject of the story but from its title, *Yes, I wouldn't be surprised if it turned out to have a Hollywood background.* Colleen says its for sale to the highest bidder.

—o—

Some rushes I have seen in the projection room at the First National studio convince me that Arthur Lake is going to make a big hit in *Harold Teen*. By the time you read this Arthur probably will be in the midst of Fox's

picture on commercial aviation.

It interested me, and likely will you that Universal made Fox agree to pay \$25,000 if Lake is killed or permanently injured in any of the air scenes.



☞ Dolores Costello and Conrad Nagel while making 'Tenderloin.'

Right now Arthur is taking flying lessons along with Sue Carol who will play the feminine lead in the picture.

—o—

Bernie Fineman at Paramount startled me with the declaration that the biggest part of the year has been awarded to an absolute unknown.

It turned out to be Jewel Barnes, a six-ton elephant who is a part of the cast in Adolphe Menjou's *Super of the Gayety*.

—o—

We who pay our sixty-five cents and settle down to enjoy the story and acting of a motion picture, scarcely ever realize the difficulties of the smallest item in making the film.

For instance, with all the years I have spent around the studios I didn't know until this month that the secret of how to photograph a diamond has long baffled cameramen.

John Nickolaus, head of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer laboratory, tells me that pinpoints of light from the facets of the stone almost invariably have caused 'fog' or halation in the film.

With Cedric Gibbons, art director for the studio, John designed a special stone this month, cutting so that plane surfaces predominated, in this manner reflecting light away from the stone instead of into the center of the lens.

To the naked eye the new stone appears dull and



☞ Irene Rich and her daughters Frances and Jane.



☞ The old clipper ship used in Ramon Novarro's picture 'Across to Singapore.'

flat, but I saw a shot of it in the projection room and the film recorded a full depth and brilliancy without any reflection or distortion.

—o—

Here's one by George Marion, Jr. for *Partners in Crime*.

"It was an underworld law that gangs should not molest the sporting goods store of Mortimer Merton (Sing Sing '08.)"

—o—

The business acumen of Joseph M. Schenck neglects nothing. While the mem-

bers of the United Artists were preparing for the nationwide radio broadcast which you undoubtedly will have heard long before you read this, Schenck had all their voices insured.

If they were too hoarse to talk they collected.

On page 91 there is an item about the \$25,000 policy on the original Harold Lloyd horn-rimmed glasses. These are only two of the many freak policies in Hollywood.

—o—

Dolores Del Rio is back from Mexico with an exciting story of near shipwreck off the coast of her native land. She was with Edwin Carewe's company on location for *Revenge*. The yacht Carewe chartered went aground off Mazatlan, but the only casualty was one camera which was swept overboard. I think Dolores looks a great deal better and happier since



☞ Mary Duncan gets her break in Murnau's '4 Devils.'

she returned from this little trip. Working on two pictures—*The Trail of 98* and *Ramona*—at the same time was a pretty heavy strain on her. We're all glad to see her back. Dolores is a favorite in Hollywood.

I don't know why but for some time I have thought of Bill Desmond as a sort of a has-been in the movies. You never see his pictures in the big first run houses and in a city it is easy to forget about the other smaller theatres.

Bill tells me, and shows the letters to prove it, that his fan mail still runs to 1,000 letters a week. That shows how far I was wrong. Universal will make a serial with Bill as soon as the studio reopens. They will call it *The Mysterious Rider*.

One rainy afternoon this month—yes, we do have them in California—a half dozen of us were sitting in the publicity office of the Paramount studio. My eye lit upon the biography of Wallace Beery.

Did you know that he ran away from home when he was only 16 to become caretaker of elephants for

Ringling Brothers? Or that he competed in California road races against Teddy Tetzlaff and other drivers of that calibre? Or that Wallace once was a baritone in musical comedy? Of course you know that his first film part was a Swedish housemaid in a two-reel comedy, but did you know that he took a company of actors to Japan to make motion pictures or that he once was western representative of Essanay pictures at Niles, California?

The biography of Jack Holt was right underneath that of Beery. Here are some interesting things about him: He is the great, great grandson of Chief Justice John Marshall, the finest legal mind this country has produced. His first job as a civil engineer was to check dump carts during the building of the Hudson River tubes. He went to Alaska with a surveying crew, became stranded, got a job packing

☞ Tom Mix leaving for his Argentine adventure.

government mail and eventually saved up enough to buy a ranch in Washington. Jack used to be a stunt man, did you know that? He was nearly killed jumping his horse off a fifty foot cliff into the Sacramento River.

What with Edwin Carewe looking for 100 bears and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for as many kangaroos as they can get, it's a wonder an expedition isn't formed to hunt these animals in their native haunts.

Eddie is going to use the bruins in *Revenge*, which originally was Konrad Bercovici's story. *The Bear-Tamer's Daughter*.

M.G.M. is planning to build a story for Tim McCoy around the climax of a kangaroo hunt in Australia. It's a very hard thing to find the kangaroos, however. The circuses refuse to loan theirs on the ground that the California climate isn't healthy for the animals. It's the first kick I ever heard from man or beast, but everything's got to start sometime.



Don Gillum

It's staggering, really, the money that is hurled at movie people.

Constance Talmadge tells me she turned down \$100,000 for a ten week's tour on the Orpheum Circuit while Virginia Valli refused a similar offer of \$30,000.

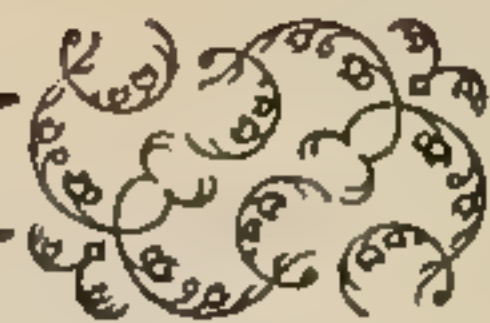
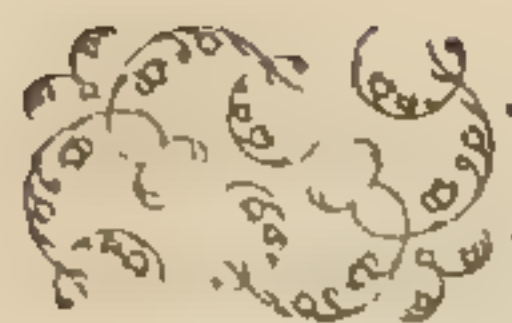
What a lot of money! But neither one of these girls has to worry. They saved it as they made it. It's a pity everybody in Hollywood don't do the same thing—including me.

Lilyan Tashman is on hand to state that while exercise is a valuable thing, it may have its drawbacks.

While she was engaged in a fast tennis game at the home of Norma Talmadge, Lilyan slipped and sprained her ankle so severely that she had to give up a role in a picture.

☞ Yola D'Avril a First National kick-ette.





☞ Marie Prevost bleached her hair to be a 'Godless Girl.'

Photograph by Melbourne Spurr

the first half hour of the first day's shooting so that there didn't have to be any waste film or any days of re-taking to set Paramount back! No wonder everyone in every studio all over Hollywood can only say about Mary Brian—'Isn't she the sweetest kid that ever lived?'

* * * *

Columbia, Mo. 9BOe 124 and Santa Ana, Calif. 6BVX, RD4, Bx 314 — Red Head Clara Bow has asked me to write you a little message to tell you that she received the radio note, to say that it thrilled her 'to death' and tickled her 'just heaps,' and to be sure to let you know that you are to hear from her the moment she feels a bit better and well enough after her operation to tend to her correspondence. She does want you to know, though, that she received it and that it gave her very much joy at a time when joy was a most welcome thing. From Clara, then — thanks a million!

* * * *

Two-tone beards, according to Lane Chandler, will have to be the style in Hollywood! He has had to let his whiskers grow for a 'picture,' and if you wouldn't vow it is trying to play a good trick on him I don't know what you would call it. His mustache, and the field of stubble all around the upper part of his face is a distinct lightish red color, and

THEY SAY

By
Marion of Hollywood

A PAIR of very good looking legs almost caused a riot in Hollywood this month. It was told to me by the colored gentleman who runs the shoe-shine stand in the barber-shop where it happened, and before he had told me half the story I thought he would have died a-laughing! It seems that there was a ballet dancing sequence in progress for one of the current films, and the fair ladies had to dance in short ballet skirts, sans shoes or stockings. Evidently it was news to at least one of the dancers, for at about nine o'clock, according to Sambo, a little bambino rushed into the barber-shop, hopped up into the chair, and oh my! oh me! called for a shave of the legs. Of course, I'm not saying that Sam will never get over it, but he swears he will never, never be the same again!

* * *

You know sweet Mary—and no one knows how sweet Mary Brian really is until they do know her—who is playing in Ray Hatton and Wally Beery's newest comedy? Doubtless you've seen pictures of her—hair flowing, and with raggedy clothes of the mountaineer type. Mary doesn't wear shoes or stockings for her picture, either, and when you see the great bruises on her right leg and ankle, be sure not to think that it is just 'put on,' 'cause it's real and as real as it can possibly be. They only pulled her down the cellar stairs for the picture, and the only 'kick' Mary has is a rejoicing that it happened during



☞ Now that the talking movies are looking for talent James Hall and William Austin come out in the open with their natural gifts.

then, just as if a line had been drawn and someone had taken a brush and some paint, the entire lower part of the whiskers are coal black. Imagine his embarrassment when all the girls think he is dyeing his eight days' growth! It's almost as bad as the way he is accused of having his hair marcelled.

* * * *

Whilst tripping the light fantastic at the famous Cocoanut Grove the other night, whom did I spy as we waltzed by the tables but young Ricardo Cortez, returned from his trip abroad and seeming happy as could be to be back again among us. Looked slick, too, in his nice 'tux'. No, Alma Rubens wasn't there and it seemed like a case of business, because there were just four of them at the table—all men—and they were deeply engrossed in talk almost every minute of the time.

And by the way—Evelyn Brent was there *without* friend Gary Cooper. It's all right, though, it's all right! Gary, of the deep blue eyes, assured me that it was merely a business-before-pleasure affair.

* * * *

I received a letter the other day from a little girl in Indiana. She asked me why it was she couldn't get a chance to have a scenario read that she had written, and how it happened that from most of the studios, a submitted manuscript came back unopened. I wonder how many of you who have had the very same trouble, happened to read in the papers this month about the trouble Mary Pickford is having right now because a writer accused Mary of receiving her manuscript, of returning it as unusable, and of then going ahead and



☞ Molly O'Day who supported *Barthelmess* so wonderfully in his greatest hit is with him again in 'The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come.'



☞ Mike Donlin is assisting Richard Dix to make 'Knocking 'Em Over' a baseball picture.

us were there at all. But now he brandishes a spoon, and eats alone, and has a line of talk that almost puts his after-dinner speaking Dad to shame. I've warned him already that he had better begin practicing up on polo, because Pop Silks won't have much use for him if he can't gallop the field like all young Lochinvars should.

* * * *

Here's something I'd like to see settled, too! What about Connie Talmadge and Buster Collier? Why, about three years ago I remember seeing them together all over Hollywood and Los Angeles—theatres, studios, dancing, sports and parties. Then Connie had to go and spoil everything by getting married to someone else and not even giving us a chance to think. Now here they are, going together again, and making us wonder right over again if Connie is ever going to be Mrs. William Collier, Jr. Well, maybe it's their own business, and we ought to keep strictly out of it, but it would be kind of nice to know, wouldn't it?

* * * *

Guess who called me up the other day just to say 'hello?' Warner Baxter's little mother! Yessir, I have met Warner the day before—the first time I had seen him in four or five months—and had told him how well he looked. Warner had told his Mom about it, and his Mom immediately called me up to thank me for making them both feel happy. I give up—you simply cannot beat these Moms!

* * * *



☞ Real thoroughbreds in 'Silks and Saddles.' Richard Walling up.

using that writer's idea as the basis for *My Best Girl*? There's the answer in a nut shell. The producers simply cannot take a chance on getting into such legal scrapes, and so they have decided that the only thing to do is to not read any manuscripts which are submitted to them. Too bad, isn't it, the way things have to be worked?

* * * *

If young Kenyon Silks doesn't quit growing I see no other alternative but that I'll have to have the law on him! Why, just the other day, it seems like he was wearing great long baby dresses and lying in his crib, gazing round the ceiling like as if he didn't know the rest of

I agree absolutely with Anna Q. Nilsson that hers is the most mis-spelled name in the movies! Anna says that it is either spelled with two S's and two L's, or two L's and one S, or, rightly, one L and two S's, but the last syllable 'sen' instead of 'son.' So, all you folks who want to write her over at First National for a picture of herself, here's the way to remember it. You know the first name Nils very well, like this fellow Nils Astor; then you know how to spell what your Dad calls your brother-son. After that, you merely put together that first Nils and the son, and presto, you have Anna Q's name—Nilsson. There you are—step right up to the head of the movie spelling class.



☞ *The Dodge Brothers' hired help for broadcasting. Mr. A. K. Schoepf, Mr. Fairbanks, Mr. Schenck, Mrs. Del Rio, Mr. Barrymore, Mr. Chaplin, Mr. Griffith and Mrs. Schenck.*

you know yourself that Monte's going to get back here from those South Sea Islands in time for that opening if he has to swim the ocean."

"You bet your sweet life he will, and I'm telling you the place around here can't get to seem the same with him away."

And there you have it! Monte Blue has gone and left them for a few months, and they can't get along without him! From the boy who lets me in at the front gate to the old fellow who lets me out of the back lot, they are simply talking about the day when Monte will return. Pretty nice to be missed like that, isn't it?

Dorothy Dwan is certainly what I would call a wise little acre! Dorothy has inherited some money, and she has at the same time put Satan far away from behind her so that he cannot push her into the great automobile salons, or the tempting jewelers' stores. Wise little acre! She has invested in real estate, and there the money, will rest, untouched, until it doubtless doubles itself. Ah, Dorothy, would that we all as sensible could be!

* * * *

Something very interesting has been called to my attention this month regarding a dark-haired, young Hollywood actor whose real name is Robert McKinney, but who goes by the screen name of Russell Ritchie. Doubtless you have read a great deal about this romantic bandit, 'Billy, the Kid,' whose gun carried many a notch of death, and on whose head was placed a tremendous reward. Have you heard that Metro-Goldwyn has bought the screen rights to the life story of this adventuresome 'Kid,' and that they are to make just as adventuresome and thrilling a motion picture production out of it? Oh, yes, and the funny part of it, or the coincidence is, I should say, that this young Hollywood actor's Dad is one of the two men who finally succeeded in capturing the poor, misguided, 'Billy, the Kid.' I happened to meet the actor a day or so ago, and he tells me that when he was a tiny boy nothing pleased him better than to listen to his Dad's stories leading up to The Kid's capture; to hear how they captured him a number of times, only to have him escape, and then to take in every word of the tale of how the youthful bandit's last words were regret that he should have been caught with his hat and boots off, hiding away in the home of his sweetheart. You have to hand it to Hollywood—always bringing forth some dark horse to make them ever more picturesque than they already are!

* * * *

I figured that the trouble over at Hal Wallis' Warner Brothers studio was just that the place has been practically closed down these last four months, with scarce a production going on, and making everything and everybody rather restless and a bit uneasy. But still, with picture after picture starting, and people breezing around full blast, there remains that feeling of unrest exactly as it was two months ago. Then, all of a sudden, I rounded Stage Number Eight, and caught the following conversation between two set watchmen:

"Well," said the pleasant looking grey-haired one, "Have you heard for sure whether he *will* be back in time?"

"I can't say that I've heard definitely yet, but, of course,



☞ *Thelma Todd and a Joshua tree not to be confused with the porcupine bush.*

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'rmental. Won't you send that other actor away, 'cause he hasn't got my 'sperience in the movies, and anyhow, after Christmas I uxec' to be much fatter'n him. You

gotta admit a good acter's bound to show some temp'rment, 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.

* * *

Figures may come and figures may go, but I think I'd feel pretty near satisfied with one like the fair Mae Murray's. Mae has been tripping the light fantastic this month at the Metropolitan Theatre, and while she was there, more gentlemen tripped and almost fell trying to get a front seat in the house than I've seen in a long, long time. Many folks deny that gentlemen prefer these blonde creatures of loveliness, but after Mae's demonstration out here I'm inclined to agree with the innocent little Lorelei Lee.

LOT TALK

from
Hollywood



THE New York office of Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford announce the postponement of production on the new Fairbanks picture owing to plans of Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks for a two months' stay abroad. They will sail from New York on the S. S. Saturnia. The strain and shock of their recent bereavement in the loss of Mrs. Fairbanks' mother has told upon them severely and the trip is projected in the hope of benefit from the rest and change of environment. After their return to Hollywood, production will be resumed on Mr. Fairbanks' sequel to *The Three Musketeers*.

* * *

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Barbara Kent will play the juvenile leads in Columbia's *Modern Mothers*, the dramatic story of a famous actress whose publicity-made past comes up to haunt her future. The only other player selected so far is Helene Chadwick, who has been chosen to play the mother role. Fairbanks and Miss Kent are classed among the screen's leading juveniles and have appeared in some of the outstanding productions of the past year. Although comparative newcomers to pictures, they have a following equal to the biggest stars

* * *

The studio grounds of Columbia's Hollywood studios were transformed into tropical gardens and beach stretches this week, for *After the Storm*, the George B. Seitz production which stars Hobart Bosworth and features Eugenia Gilbert and Charles Delaney. The locale of the story is divided between a three-masted schooner and the town of Singapore. The picturesque and notorious port



☞ Dolores Del Rio's next picture will be 'The Red Dancer of Moscow.' It is a revolutionary picture and that goes as it lays

☞ The home of Dolores Del Rio in the Mexican manner.

was reproduced on the lot under the direction of Bosworth himself. The veteran actor has circled the globe more than once on old tramp steamers and clipper ships and is an authority on the harbor cities of the world.

* * *

Ben Lyon's contract with First National has been taken over by Howard Hughes, president of Caddo Productions (United Artists).

For some time, it is said, Caddo Productions have planned to place Mr. Lyon under contract after his First National agreement terminated in July, but after his good work in *Hell's Angels*, Howard Hughes decided not to wait but made arrangements to take over the contract immediately.

The talented young star is one of the original list of stars and players signed by First National almost five years ago, and has risen in that time from an unknown juvenile to one of the most popular players of the day.

During this period he has made more pictures than any other player on the screen, amounting to twenty-five in all. Among some of the best known are *Painted People*, *The White Moth*, *Wages of Virtue*, *Lily of the Dust*, *So Big*, *Flaming Youth*, *Blue Beard's Seventh Wife*, *The Pace that Thrills*, *The Tender Hour*, and *For the Love of Mike*.

* * *

"The children of widowed mothers always turn out well," said Abe Lincoln years ago. The advent of motion pictures proves that Abe was right once more. The majority of the successful screen players are widows' children.

Jacqueline Logan descends from the line of General Logan, but her own mother brought her up alone. Alice and Marceline Day have a widowed mother who made many sacrifices to educate the two children.

Dorothy Dwan's mother is the widow of an army officer. Dorothy made a name for herself playing opposite Tom Mix, and has recently graduated into Technicolor films for M-G-M release.

Louise Fazenda's mother is a widow, as is that of Billie Dove, Blanche Mehaffey, Joan Crawford, Gertrude Astor, Madge Bellamy, Mary Pickford, Lillian Gish, Gloria Swanson, Lois Moran, Margaret Livingston, Elinor Fair, Janet Gaynor, George Lewis, Warren Kerrigan and Robert Armstrong.

"The fact that a child has no father to provide spending money as the playmates have, early in life teaches the frugal spirit" says Dorothy Dwan's mother. "Also, the sharing of responsibility during the school days builds solid character and dependability."

* * *

Tiffany-Stahl announces that it has just bought the rights to *The Million Dollar Doll* by A. M. Williamson and *Every Inch A Man* an original by Jerome K. Wilson

and his wife, Agnes Pat McKenna. These are the latest additions to a splendid line-up of plays and novels by famous authors recently secured by this company. Among them are *The Twelve Pound Look* by Sir James M. Barrie; *Ramsey Milholland* by Booth Tarkington; *The Indiscretion of the Duchess* by Sir Anthony Hope; *The Gun Runner* by Arthur Stringer; *The Luck of Geraldine Laire* by Kathleen Norris; *The Yellow Passport* by Abraham Schomer; *Put and Take* by Edmund Goulding; *Helen of London* by Sidney Gowing; *The Floating College* by Stuart Anthony, and four Jack London stories.

* * *

Tom Terriss has been assigned to direct *The Albany Night Boat*, an original story by Ben Grauman Kohn, who will collaborate with Terriss in writing the continuity. Terriss has just completed *Clothes Make the Woman*, in which Eve Southern is featured.

* * *

The distinction of having the first news reel camera girl belongs to Kinograms, the news reel released by Educational Film Exchanges, Inc. She is Angela Murray Gibson of Cassleton, North Dakota. She is a typical western girl and it was a representative western series of news reel shots that won her the position of Kinograms correspondent.

Miss Gibson's courageous work in photographing the plunge of fear-maddened steers, and kicking, bucking bronchos that appeared to be about to topple over on the daring camerawoman at a rodeo held near her home town, made even the hard-boiled Kinograms editor sit

up in astonishment. They plainly showed that the Kinograms girl had bravely stood her ground grinding away for dear life despite the warnings of the cowboys, right in the thick of flying hoofs, charging steers and blinding dust.

Miss Gibson was born in Scotland and studied motion picture work at Columbia University, New York City, going to Hollywood later to get first hand experience. She has been doing motion picture photography work for two years. One of her educational subjects is now being used in some of the schools in this country.

* * *

Approximately 2,000 sight-seeing tourists are turned away from the gates of Hollywood motion picture studios each week day.

This figure is based upon the records kept by the gatemen at the various studios. The estimate checks with the figures for tourist traffic compiled by the Los Angeles board of trade.

Less than a quarter of one percent who try to 'crash the gate' manage to persuade the alert gateman to let them pass.

Bribes, threats, cajolery, lodge grips and pass-words are all tried—vainly. The gateman and the visitor from Iowa



Victor Fleming once cranked a camera for Douglas Fairbanks. Now he is a Paramount director and has just completed 'Abie's Irish Rose.'

may be brother Elks or pally Rotarians in their off hours but when the gateman is on the gate, he is deaf to prayers.

Because a first-class motion picture studio, like the Paramount studio in Hollywood or the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio in Culver City is the modern equivalent of Barnum's "Greatest Show on Earth," every person in California, visitor or resident, not connected with studio work, would give his or her eye-teeth to get inside those mysterious high walls.

Experts have estimated that every visitor costs the studio in the neighborhood of \$100. Visitors distract actors from their work, interrupt the intricate and highly complicated organization which has been built up for the making of motion pictures and occupy the attention of people who are receiving large salaries to produce pictures.

Through bitter experience studios have learned that two or three visitors, admitted to the studio in a spirit of hospitality, can cost their hosts a good many thousand dollars before their apparently harmless tour is over.

Visitors do get into studios, of course, but the vast majority of those who try, fail. Occasionally some one comes with introductions which cannot be ignored. Important persons from the east, visiting in California, are invited by studio officials to be the studio's guests. Once the gate is passed and the visitor accepted, the iron reserve melts into charming and gracious hospitality. Every effort is made to make the visitor feel at home and obtain a thorough grasp of the complicated mechanism of motion picture making. But a guide is always in charge of the party and distractions are minimized.

Californians themselves, particularly the people of Los Angeles, have never lost their curiosity concerning studios. Owing to the difficulty of obtaining admission, very few have ever been inside the walls of a studio. Once in a while they catch a glimpse of a company working on location. Sometimes, above the walls of the studio 'lot' they see the tops of imposing sets which pique their curiosity. Frequently at night, when some director is making night-shots, they see the sky stabbed with milky rays as the giant sun-arcs illuminate a set.

Many a visitor from the east, with friends in Los Angeles, has been bitterly disappointed to find that these friends have as little chance of getting inside the jealously guarded portals as the man from Iowa.

Quite recently, when Ernst Lubitsch was directing night scenes for *The Patriot*, which is Emil Jannings

latest Paramount starring vehicle, he used more than a thousand extra players on an enormous out-door set which represented a snowy square in Petrograd. The interest and excitement on this set which was increased by the crowd, communicated itself to the surrounding city. During the course of the night, thousands of would-be spectators, who could see nothing but the lights in the sky, gathered outside the lot. They could see nothing—there was nothing to be heard—they knew from experience that

their vigil would go unrewarded. But such is the fascination of motion pictures that they came, stood long hours in the streets, talked motion pictures—and went home.

So intense is the curiosity concerning the mysterious realm inside the studio walls that many people will resort to almost any expedient to obtain admission. Some manage to get work as extras and thus get in for a few hours. Accustomed to every form of excuse, the gatemen are not easily swayed. The word 'No' has worn a groove in their tongues from constant repetition to the thousands of wistful visitors who pause, baffled, before the massive gates which, to them, represent the entrance to a world of Arabian Nights wonders.

* * *

Universal has purchased the screen rights to Owen Davis' stage success *Cupid at Vassar*. Laura La Plante will star in this production which is regarded as particularly suitable to her type of light comedy.

Miss La Plante now has several pictures on her schedule for next season. *Home James* has already been completed under the direction of William Beaudine. *That Blonde* will probably be the next picture she will make under the direction of Fred Newmeyer. *One Rainy Night* and *The Last Warning*, an adaptation of Thomas F. Fallon's mystery play, will probably be made under the

direction of Paul Leni.

* * *

Big pictures—from the standpoint of elaborate settings and large casts—are the order of the day at the First National Studios just now.

Never have the great stages been so filled with magnificent sets, the wardrobe department working at greater speed, nor the studio populated by a greater number of noted players.

With a hundred or more pretty young girls surrounding her, Colleen Moore has started work on *Heart to Heart*, a story that contrasts the small town with the big city, presenting the star in an entirely new character-



Lina Basquette knows that the screen takes care of its children.

LINA BASQUETTE when a child of ten danced with Nigel de Brullier in 'The Romany Rose.' She has recently played the title role of 'The Godless Girl.'

28

zation, with tense emotional scenes and an element of self-sacrifice strongly emphasized. William A. Seiter is directing this picture, produced by John McCormick.

Richard Barthelmess has some of his greatest scenes for *Roulette* where early episodes in Russia contrast with modern event in New York City. The dual characterization by the star is said to be exceptionally fine while the scenes are realistic and highly dramatic. A Cossack attack on a Russian village, a New York home, a touch of the underworld and a great court sequence are all included in this film, an Alfred Santell production.

Corinne Griffith is about ready to begin *The Divine Lady* with a brilliant series of scenes and settings; with Naval sequences showing the old time men-o'-war in action; court scenes and events in the lives of Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton. Frank Lloyd will direct this great story.

Milton Sills has some elaborate settings in his picture, *The Hawk's Nest*, with a gilded Chinese cafe, strange moments in stranger settings in the shadowed precincts of the underworld. Benjamin Christianson is directing and Doris Kenyon plays the feminine lead.

Billie Dove finished her work on *The Yellow Lily* this week with intense scenes in a great Hungarian prison. For sheer brilliancy this film, which Alexander Korda directed, has seldom been equalled. Miss Dove starts shortly on a new picture, *The Heart of a Princess*.

Harry Langdon is busy on his new and unnamed comedy, while Ken Maynard is engaged with a Northwest Mounted Police story, *Code of the Scarlet*. Johnny Hines is soon to begin a new one.

Charlie Murray has started a comedy that deals with small town politics in a highly humorous manner. It is *The Boss of Little Arcady*, which Eddie Cline will pilot to completion.

Jack Mulhall begins *The Butter and Egg Man* under the direction of Richard Wallace. Here is a real metropolitan comedy from a noted stage play.

One of the most elaborate of all is *The Whip* with Dorothy Mackaill and a big cast of featured players. This is from the famous English drama of the race track, with big crowds, the thrill of speeding horses and all the attendant excitement.

First National Studios have never been busier.

The Legion of the Condemned, Paramount's newest was aviation story featuring Gary Cooper and Fay Wray is upsetting the box office records of theatres throughout the United States. It is exceeding the grosses of such productions as Harold Lloyd's *The Kid Brother*, *Beau Geste*, the best picture of 1926 according to a nation wide poll, *Chang*, acclaimed the greatest picture of its type ever made, and, *The Last Command*, Emil Jannings second American-made production which recently broke the house record for a week's run at the Rialto Theatre, New York City.

Opening at the Rialto, New York City, the *Legion of the Condemned* on that day did \$1200 more than the previous high record for the house held by *We're in the Navy*

Now. At the Strand Theatre, Minneapolis, its gross for the first week was \$300 higher than that of *The Kid Brother*, \$4,000 better than *Chang*, and \$3,000 above the takings for *The Last Command*.

At the Tower Theatre, St. Paul, it duplicated its metropolitan performance outgrossing by \$1,000 the receipts for *Beau Geste* and increasing box office receipts from \$1,000 to \$4,000 over the admissions received for such outstanding box office successes as *The Way of All Flesh*, *Underworld* and *Beau Geste*.

* * *

Petite Alice White, First National Pictures player, has announced her engagement to Dick Grace, famous stunt aviator. The two worked almost side by side on the same studio lot for weeks without meeting. They were finally introduced one day by Chester Conklin and soon Alice was wearing a new ring. The wedding date is not yet set.

* * *

The hobby of making hooked rugs is all right, as Thelma Todd, First National player, admits, but she also remarks that it is inconvenient, since one cannot bring a rug of 12x16 feet in size to the studio to work on between shots! She has made several such rugs in the last year, however.

* * *

While he hasn't succeeded in deceiving the well-known studio gateman as yet, Richard Barthelmess has fooled some of his friends at First National with his make-up for one of two brothers he portrays in his new stellar picture, *Roulette*. As the redheaded twin with a scarred face he is almost unrecognizable.

* * *

Gladys McConnell, who appears in a prominent role in *The Perfect Crime* an FBO drama based on the well known novel *The Big Bow Mystery* by Israel Zangwill, has the distinction of being hostess at the first aerial breakfast party—incidentally the first hot meal in the air—ever served, on a Ford plane of the Maddux Air Lines' Network in California, with eleven newspapermen as guests.

* * *

That the transmission of a ten foot motion picture by wire from Chicago on April 4th has no particular significance for news reels, is the opinion of Ray Hall, editor of Pathe News. The experiment has been hailed as offering great opportunities for the shortening of the time between the taking of the picture and its exhibition on the screen.

"The American Telephone and Telegraph Co. is to be commended for its enterprise in the transmission of this motion picture," said Mr. Hall, "but the application of the method to news reels is still very far off, if indeed it will ever be feasible. The Pathe News has conducted experiments for a number of months along similar lines. Negatives have been transmitted for us, but they have not been reproduced upon the screen since they were too crude. Our experts have discovered that the transmission of ordinary negative without enlargement is impossible under present methods because the light beam is

WHEN 'Underworld' arrived, SCREENLAND gave George Bancroft the Honor Page and not the least important the public gave him its golden approval. He is one of the big men in pictures now.

George Bancroft smilingly observes the rising tide of his popularity.



too wide to permit reproduction of detail. This especially affects news pictures where crowds are shown, or in long shots covering considerable territory.

"Some experiments have been made in enlarging single pictures from the negative, one after another. This leads into difficulties as to proper registration of motion picture film, as well as the loss of photographic quality through the necessity of re-photographing too many times. The greatest handicap of all is the amount of time consumed in transmission. By the enlargement method it would take 27 times the amount of time to transmit, as is necessary in sending close-ups, such as the one transmitted from Chicago. It took nine hours to get that picture on the screen. It is obvious that the loss of time thus shown would be a grave factor, since an air mail recently made the trip from Chicago in four hours and twenty minutes.

"Close-ups are rarely of use in a news reel, as they do not tell the story. A close-up is merely an illustration of a caption. Any method of transmission of motion pictures by wire to be useful to a news reel must first give detail in medium and long shots, secondly give a material saving in time over air mail delivery, and thirdly have good photographic quality. The methods used in the transmission of this pioneer picture from Chicago will have to be very materially simplified and improved before they will be applicable to the news reel and the handicaps are very great."



© Cecil B. De Mille at work on "The Godless Girl." (She is certainly the kind of a girl that gets talked about.) Pev Marley stands beside him and over at the left is Clarence Slifer, assistant cameraman and SCREENLAND contest winner. Next month he tells in SCREENLAND how they made the picture.

Under Henry King's direction, screen players lose their real life identities during the filming of a picture and become, in his eyes and mind, the actual characters they portray.

Thus in *The Woman Disputed*, the latest Norma Talmadge vehicle for United Artists, the star and members of the supporting cast are always addressed by their character names. Miss Talmadge is "Elsie," an Austrian street girl; Gilbert Roland, leading man, is "Paul," one of her sweethearts; Arnold Kent is "Nika," the third member of the triangle, and so on for the rest of the cast.

"When we are making a scene, I think of the actors in the terms of the story," says King. "They are living their roles, and I believe the director should see them only in their characters. It would never even occur to me to speak to Miss Talmadge as Miss Talmadge while we are on the set."

The Woman Disputed is in the second month of production.

Douglas MacLean, the star of the film farce *Soft Cushions* of the past season and of many another smashing success, has returned to Paramount.

He just was signed by Al Christie to star in two feature productions, to be released during the coming season of 1928-29. The star made *Soft Cushions* with his own producing organization, but it was released by Paramount.

As light comedy and farce, such as MacLean displayed in *The Hottentot* and *Going Up* is the particular forte of this star, it is likely that Christie will present him in the same type of films for the new season.

The first of the new comedies is expected to be filmed next summer. Several stories and plays now are under consideration for MacLean, and the titles are expected to be selected by the first of May.

* * *

The world's first hotel with an airport attachment will be built by Pola Negri, according to announcements made in Los Angeles by her architect, Richard M. Bates, Jr.

Plans for the novel departure in hotel and club accommodations are well under way and the \$300,000 apartment-hotel which the Paramount actress will build on property in the exclusive Wilshire district is intended to provide housing space for planes of 210 tenants.

The building will be of six stories, with 210 rooms.

* * *

Sam Wood, Metro-Gold-

wyn-Mayer director, has signed a new long-term contract with that company, Louis B. Mayer announces, and will direct Norma Shearer in *Ballyhoo*, Beth Brown's story of carnival life, as soon as the feminine star returns from Europe. Wood has just completed *He Learned About Women*, starring William Haines, and his other recent pictures include *The Fair Co-ed* and *The Latest From Paris*. He has earned a reputation as a pioneer in the development of new film talent, since he directed Karl Dane and George K. Arthur in their first co-starring pictures, *Rookies*, brought forward Johnny Mack Brown in *The Fair Co-ed* and Anita Page in *He Learned About Women*, and is believed to have made a new 'discovery' in the person of Eddie Nugent, former property boy who recently signed a contract as featured player.

* * *

Staking his reputation as a showman and a film producer for fifteen years, Jesse L. Lasky, first vice president of Paramount Famous Lasky Corporation has gone on record that Anne Nichols' personally supervised film version of her famous play *Abie's Irish Rose* is the greatest motion picture ever made.

"The inspiration that made Miss Nichols turn over her play into the greatest theatrical property the world has ever known has carried on many-fold into the screen version," Lasky stated. "I make my claim for the picture after carefully weighing all facts that enter. I know that the public expects me to say that the picture is good. But I go farther than that. I say that, in my judgment which is based on fifteen years of motion picture production experience, *Abie's Irish Rose* has the greatest entertainment value, and it, through its message of universal tolerance, will do the greatest good of any motion picture made to date."

Mr. Lasky paid unstinted tribute to Miss Nichols, and also praised whole-heartedly the direction of Victor Fleming and the acting of Jean Hersholt, Nancy Carroll and Charles Rogers, the principals.

Jerry Hoffman, Hollywood correspondent for the New York Morning Telegraph, was present at one of the audience-test previews of the picture. In his review, he said: "Anne Nichols' *Abie's Irish Rose* is the greatest box-office picture made in years . . . Anne Nichols supervised the making of every scene in 'Abie' and without detracting any of the glory from Victor Fleming, one can't help but marvel at the tender care Anne has given her offspring in this new stage of its life. If there remain any records to be shattered . . . the picture will shatter them."

* * *

After weeks spent in the careful selection of a cast, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's picturization of *The Bellamy Trial*, has started under the direction of Monta Bell. Bell's last film was John Gilbert's *Man, Woman and Sin*. Leatrice Joy has the chief feminine role in *The Bellamy Trial*, and the complete cast includes George Barraud, Margaret Livingston, Anita Page, Eddie Nugent, Margaret Seddon, Polly Ann Young, Jack Raymond, Kalla Pasha and Cosmo Bellew.

* * *

Carmel Myers has been signed by Tiffany-Stahl to play the feminine lead opposite Ricardo Cortez in *Prowlers of the Sea*, suggested by a Jack London story. John G. Adolphi is handling the megaphone.

* * *

Upon his return to Hollywood after a brief visit to New York City, C. C. Burr makes the announcement that *Black Magic* is the title of Johnny Hines' next feature comedy for First National Pictures. The forthcoming offering is from an original story of the same name by Jack Townley, a well-known Los Angeles newspaper man who has written a number of screen successes.

The nature of the story of *Black Magic* is being kept a secret by both comedian and producer, and it is stated that the story is unusual for a screen fun-maker and will give Johnny Hines a different characterization from any that he has recently attempted.

While no announcement has been made at this date as to the supporting players, C. C. Burr is angling for a number of prominent names to fill the various important

roles in the picture. - At the present time the comedian's scenafio and gag staff are busily engaged gagging the story and supplying the comedy sequencés. The direction of the picture will be in the charge of Charles Hines.

* * *

Hoot Gibson, Universal's cowboy star, commences production on his next picture soon. *Clearing the Trail* is the title of the story. Reeves Eason will direct.

Dorothy Gulliver, Wampas baby star, will play the leading role opposite Gibson and Fred Gilman, former cowboy star, will play an important part. Other members of the cast include Philo McCullough, Captain Anderson, Andy Waldron and Duke Lee.

This is the third Hoot Gibson picture for the coming season. The others now completed include *The Danger Rider* and *Burning the Wind*.

* * *

In celebration of the rise to movie stardom of one of their former colleagues, the girls now appearing at the Winter Garden in *The Greenwich Village Follies* gave a tea in honor of Nancy Carroll recently after a matinee. Miss Carroll has the principal feminine role in the film version of *Abie's Irish Rose*.

Three years ago Miss Carroll was appearing at the Winter Garden in *The Passing Show* of 1925. Then she left New York to make her home in Los Angeles, where her great beauty attracted the attention of some of the leading motion picture producers who offered her contracts. She appeared in a number of small roles in various photoplays, until ready for more important roles.

After giving a screen test to more than 500 applicants, Paramount selected Miss Carroll for the role of *Rosemary*.

* * *

After more than five months in the South Seas, the unit which has been engaged in filming *Southern Skies* is back at the California studio. W. S. Van Dyke, director of the new picture, Monte Blue, who has the masculine lead, Racquel Torres, Robert Anderson and twenty other members of the company arrived in Los Angeles recently. A practical working studio was constructed on the island of Tahiti last December, and, using this as a base, sequences were filmed here and in the surrounding waters, with natives as extras. Monte Blue had a narrow escape from death during the making of a scene off Curtis Island when he dove from a cliff and landed on a jagged coral reef.

* * *

With a supporting cast made up almost entirely of former stage celebrities, Lon Chaney has begun work on his new picture, *Easy Money*. The story is one of underworld adventure, with Chaney in the part of a detective. The cast includes Lydia Yeamans Titus, Richard Carle, Clarence Lyle, Polly Moran, Wheeler Oakman and Carroll Nye.

* * *

On April 23 *Ben Hur* completed a run of a solid year at the Madeleine Theatre, Paris, a record quite without parallel in French cinema history. The best previous long run was that of *The Big Parade*.



☞ Ruth Elder, the girl flyer, will appear in the Paramount production of Ziegfeld's 'Glorifying the American Girl.'

Under Southern Skies—Continued from page 19

thought of that fire, you know."

"You just seem itching to do some work. You can shoot up a rocket, if you want to, Mister!"

Before the mate of *Muru* could dig a rocket out of the locker room, the mysterious fire was tossed up wildly, and then died completely away. Again the dark sea, gleaming with phosphorous, the silver moon and the yellow lights of the *Muru*, were the only things to be seen.

"Shoot 'er up anyhow," the captain ordered.

Into the sky, like a streak of white fire, the rocket sped, and then fell, a shower of sparks, into the sea. There was no answering gleam from the place where the fire had been.

"Evil spirits—big fellow devils," said the crew in explanation.

"A meteoric phenomenon," said the mate, a constant reader of books guaranteed to improve the individual.

"Some derelict vessel set a-fire by spontaneous combustion," was the captain's thought.

"Must have been the cook on the *Flying Dutchman* emptying the galley stove over-side," the boatswain explained, as he stowed away the signalling apparatus.

"The silver ship of Aflaton and Aristu," thought the young pearl trader homeward bound, and his thoughts turned to England and to the girl who was wont to read Flecker's verse to him. He could almost smell the yellow roses in her garden, and her words were clear in his memory.

"And a great cry rang around the sky

Of glorious singers sweeping by

And calm and fair on waves that shone
The silver ship sailed on and on."

And, the *Muru*, stubby little freighter, reeking of petroleum, coal, copra, and the smell of the native crew, steamed on and on. The mysterious light was soon forgotten.

Four months earlier, Dr. David Lloyd, who had acquired a degree in medicine and a taste for Scotch Whiskey at the University of Edinburgh, from the same sea lane in which the *Muru* steamed had watched smaller lights weaving to and fro over the surface of the water. But it was with more eagerness that he had watched the many lights flash along, nor did his mind bother to grope for an explanation. He only reasoned that lights meant human beings, and human beings meant food and water. As his deserted schooner, sails flapping uselessly around the yards, had drifted closer and closer to the shore, Lloyd had made out the significance of the many lights he saw. They were torches held by natives spearing fish.

The sound of surf beating on a coral reef came dimly to his ears—a familiar and a welcome sound, one that he had not heard since he had been shanghaid aboard the schooner at Hikuero, a pearl lagoon far north in the Polynesian group. A painful bruise on his head still reminded him of the incident. He could remember his quarrel with the wealthy pearl-trader, Sebastian, about the rights of the natives, the quick push which had thrown Sebastian

into the water, and also the clever ruse—the lie that men were sick aboard—that had lured him out to the vessel. Men were aboard, lying in negligent postures on the deck when he climbed over the rail but before he could do so much as glance at them, he had been struck on the head and consciousness had gone out of his mind like water running through a broken dam.

When Lloyd had regained consciousness he found all the sails spread and the schooner, with her wheel-lashed, making good headway over the tranquil sea. Hoping that at least one of the many men whose bodies lay asprawl upon the decks was alive, Lloyd had gone from one to another. All were dead. He had been lured aboard a cholera ship, the entire crew of which had died. As he thought things out, he saw whose hand was behind this. Sebastian,



Marie Prevost, with blonde hair, her own, made up for "The Godless Girl."

smarting under the insult of the ducking Lloyd had given him, had conspired to get rid of him in this way, knowing that no single man could sail the huge schooner.

The ensuing weeks were ones of horrible desolation and loneliness. Lloyd cleared the decks of the dead men, and then, realizing that nothing he could do would enable him to sail the schooner, which normally was sailed by a score or more of men, he cut the stays and allowed the sails to come flapping to the decks. For weeks the

schooner had floated here and there over the Pacific at the mercies of whatever current chanced to grip its keel. Now they had brought the vessel and Lloyd to an uncharted island.

For hours Lloyd strained his eyes toward the spot from which he had first seen the gleam of torches over the water, waiting for the first streak of daylight and the illumination of the island. The blackness of the tropical night turned to a misty gray, and a faint streak of salmon color heralded the rising of the sun. Lloyd could see a white foam of breakers and beyond them a towering mountain, clad in dense verdure a mass of green paint squeezed from a tube on to the palette of God. A moment later the schooner grounded with a sharp grating sound on the coral bottom, and Lloyd, eager for the feel of land, ran out onto the bowsprit and cast himself into the water, striking out for the beach. After a sharp struggle with the surf, Lloyd felt his feet touch the bottom, and a moment later he cast himself onto the beach, sifting the sand through his fingers ardently.

After his first joy at the sight and feel of land, Lloyd began to search for the natives whose torches he had seen. Toward the interior the towering mountain, covered with brush and rank tropical growths, cut off Lloyd's view, and he decided to scale the mountainside.

Weak from want of proper food and lack of water, Lloyd made a long job of the scramble up, and did not reach the crest until long after mid-day. From the top he could see that the island was of volcanic origin, and that to the west and north it was high and mountainous, while to the south, pleasant valleys and lowlands spread out to the sea. From the most southern point of the island smoke was rising, and Lloyd made up his mind on that direction. He started down the mountain, but found that his way was cut off by a precipitous cliff. As far as he could see, the cliff extended to either side of him, and there was nothing for him but to attempt a descent. For a time he went down cautiously, clinging to tree roots, and sliding where there was only loose earth and shale. Within a hundred feet of the base the cliff suddenly became rocky and sheer, and try as he might, Lloyd could find no easy way to reach the bottom of the valley. He tried to retrace his steps, but the loose soil made his journey like that of a bullock on a treadmill. A dozen feet or more below the spot where the cliff sheered off steeply were the tops of cabbage palms, soft and feathery to the eye, and as the sliding soil carried him closer and closer to the brink of the cliff, Lloyd decided to chance a leap onto the top of one of these. He leaped and the next moment was convulsively grasping at the fronds on his way to the ground. His momentary hold on the fronds, and the mass of the leaves through which he had to slide, broke the force of his fall, and he landed on the grassy floor of the valley unhurt.

A stream flowed along the valley bed, and Lloyd scooped up some of its sweet water in the palm of his hand. Refreshed

IF Clara Bow is a favorite of yours you will want the remarkable gift which she will offer free in the July Screenland. Of course it has "IT".

by his drink, although still faint from hunger, Lloyd made good progress down the valley and soon found himself at a place where the brook hurled itself over a huge boulder into a deep pool on the other side of the rock, forming a sparkling little waterfall.

As Lloyd approached the waterfall there was a slight cry, and he heard splashing. Looking down into the still waters of the pool from the top of the waterfall, Lloyd could see the sinuous bodies of a half dozen native girls swimming under water. The sunlight, filtering through the green fronds of the palm trees, and the light miasma of the waterfall, fell in clear, greenish shafts into the still water, causing the sleek brown flesh of the girls to glow luminously. Lloyd watched them fascinated, as they turned, like a school of fish, and still swimming under water, made off on their way downstream.

A path followed the brook, and Lloyd took this path in the hope of finding a village. He was puzzled by the behavior of the girls whom he had routed from their bathing pool. They had taken alarm and fled like shy wild creatures. The Kanaka girls whom Lloyd had known at Hikuero had never acted in that way. White men were to be pleased and placated; feared a little, and fondled a great deal more for the store of cheap treasures which would reward the properly amorous maiden. These girls had fled. Lloyd wondered if the island on which he had landed was one perhaps never before visited by a white man.

Coming around a bend in the trail, Lloyd was surprised to see a horde of natives before him. At their head was an old chieftain, close by him, her body still glistening wet from the water, was the most beautiful of the girls who had been frightened by Lloyd. She was talking excitedly to the old native, while the other natives peered over the shoulders of the chief with great interest at Lloyd. To his relief the white man noted that none of the natives were armed, and also that they seemed more surprised than warlike. At last after a close inspection, the old chieftain advanced cautiously to Lloyd's side and put out a tentative hand, touching him. Feeling that his cheek, despite its whiteness was of the same flesh as his own, the headman called back this startling news to his villagers and they flocked around Lloyd touching him, as if in wonder, and all the while chattering together like a band of monkeys.

Lloyd, confused by the crowd and weak from hunger, fainted. In a moment the simple Polynesians, muted their chatter, and sought to find out what it was that had made Matta Loa, the white man, ill so quickly. Fayaway, the daughter of Mehevi, the chief of the tribe, suggested that it was perhaps hunger which has made this strange white person faint, and Mehevi ordered two of his stalwarts to pick up the white man and carry him to the village. In the village they placed him on a mat in Mehevi's hut, and Fayaway forced coconut milk down his throat. Lloyd, unconscious, swallowed it automatically, and strengthened by it, awoke.

"Matta Loa," she asked in her musical native tongue, "from what island do you come?"

Lloyd, too exhausted to make answer, did not try to comprehend her words, but pointing to his stomach, made his complaint of hunger in the pidgin English which was employed in conversation between white men and Kanakas at Hikuero.

"Big devil stop and walk around fella stomach belong me," he said.

Fayaway smiled. She did not understand his words, but his gesture—a hand pressed against his stomach—was eloquent. She brought another bowl full of coconut milk and put it in his hands. Lloyd drank greedily.

Beckoning to some other girls who sat in the back of the grass hut, Fayaway, called out, "Omi-Omi." Lloyd understood this. He had often seen the omi-omi administered to divers who had bruised themselves at Hikuero. Filling the palms of their hands with coconut milk the girls began to massage his body. One girl rubbed his thighs, another his stomach, a third massaged his chest and armpits, while Fayaway gently rubbed his forehead, neck muscles and chin. Lloyd felt waves of drowsiness steal over him as the girls continued their omi-omi. Fayaway's beautiful face, brown and satiny of complexion, like milk chocolate, and her laughing black eyes seemed to recede further and further. Soon Lloyd could see only the high-light on her eyes, and then he fell asleep.

When he awoke, Lloyd felt strong and refreshed. He was alone in the hut, but he had scarcely risen from his couch than Fayaway brushed in through the doorway and began to speak to him. Lloyd silenced her, and then slowly and painfully, attempting to recollect the few words of Polynesian he had picked up at Hikuero, he began to question her.

"What name has this island?" he asked in Polynesian.

"It is the island of Mehevi—who rules over it."

"Have other Matta Loa been here?" he asked.

"The Shark god has never sent one before thee," her tone implied her wonder at the fact that he should think that other white men beside himself existed.

"Do the big canoes without paddles pass by the island of Mehevi?" Lloyd questioned.

Eagerly Fayaway answered him. "Yes. Twice we have seen canoes as big as the mountain pass by. So big were they that they had fires in them to cook food for the Shark god and his friends. We could see the smoke of the fires."

Lloyd smiled, well pleased with her answer, and then as she bent and looked inquisitively at his nickle plated belt buckle,

he removed it, and put it in her hand, at the same time pointing to her reflection in its polished surface. Fayaway looked and looked, and then divining that this person mirrored in the belt buckle was herself, she exclaimed rapturously, "Little Fayaway! A little Fayaway! I shall take her with me wherever I go. What present shall I give thee in exchange for this, Matta Loa?"

Lloyd grinned, and said in English, "I'll collect later—after I've eaten."

He had not long to wait for food. In the afternoon, at a solemn conclave of the village worthies it had been decided that the Matta Loa was an emissary of the gods, and must be treated with respect and honor. A feast had been planned. The women had gone into the fields to dig taro roots, vegetables and berries. The boys had gone clambering up the palm trees to collect nuts, palm leaf salad, and palm toddy. The men of the village had gone hunting and fishing. The huntsmen had gone with bows and arrows to hunt down the wild pigs that roamed through the island's jungles, while the fishermen had gone to spear and angle for fish in the lagoon, and youths, expert in diving, had gone diving for oysters. Soon all the food that they had need of for the feast had been collected.

A conch shell blew the signal for the feast, and Fayaway, leading Lloyd by the hand took him to where the feast was to be held. A strange sight presented itself to Lloyd. Fire and torches illuminated a round patch of ground, stamped hard and firm by countless generations of dancers. Around this space sat the men and women of the village. Serving them with food were the youths and maidens who ran here and there busily waiting on the feasters.

As he ate of all the delicious native foods set before him by Fayaway, Lloyd's ears were entranced with the rhythmic music of the native drums, and his eyes by the wildly flung legs and bodies of the dancers. The men of the village danced war dances in his honor, and the maidens danced their ritual dances of love and passion. Finally when a group of maidens had finished a whirling, merry dance, a hush fell upon the native audience and transmitted its air of expectancy to Lloyd. Fayaway got up from her kneeling position at Lloyd's feet and taking a bouquet of hibiscus flowers from another girl, began to dance.

(Cont. on page 84)



William Haines and Polly Moran stage a necking party for the amusement of the Metro lot.



"—they increase your smoke enjoyment"

A Trick Worth Knowing

Even his stenographer noticed it and commented about it.

"Since you began eating Life Savers between smokes," she ventured slyly, "I notice you don't have the frazzled nerves you used to have after a day of hard smoking."

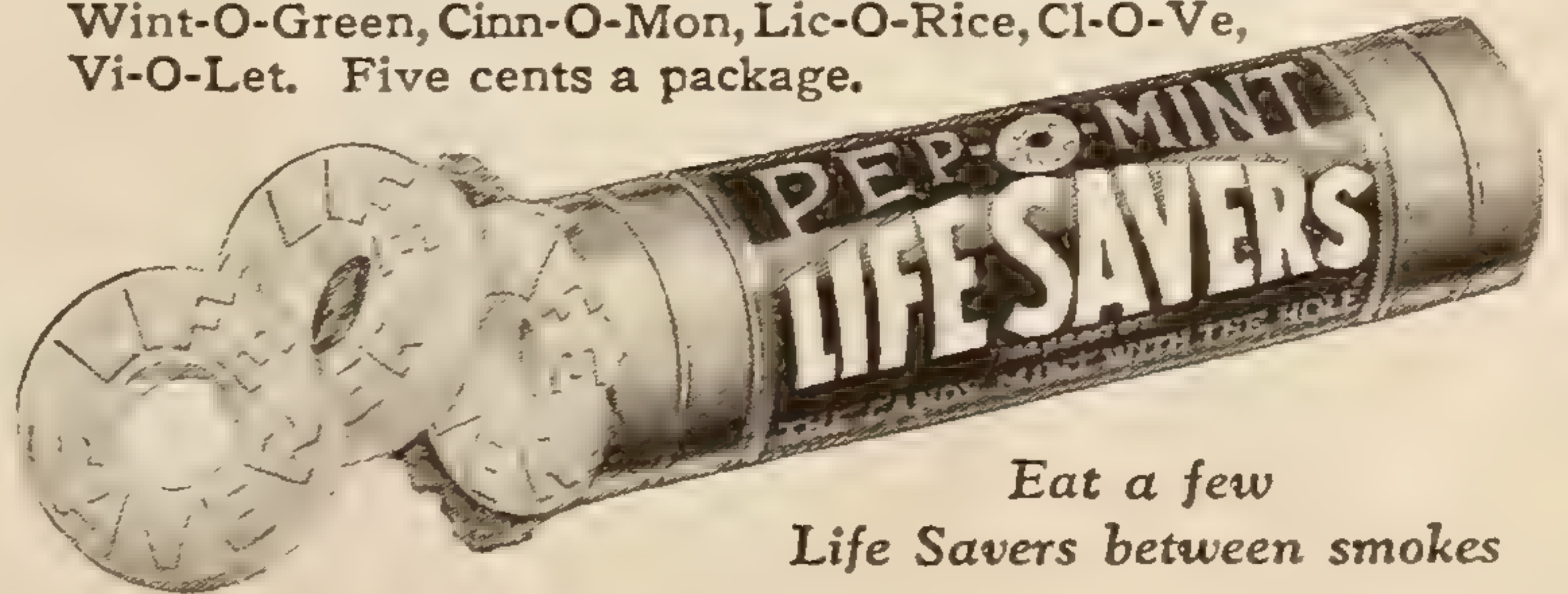
"They certainly are great between smokes," he grinned. "I wouldn't be without them. Have some?"

* * *

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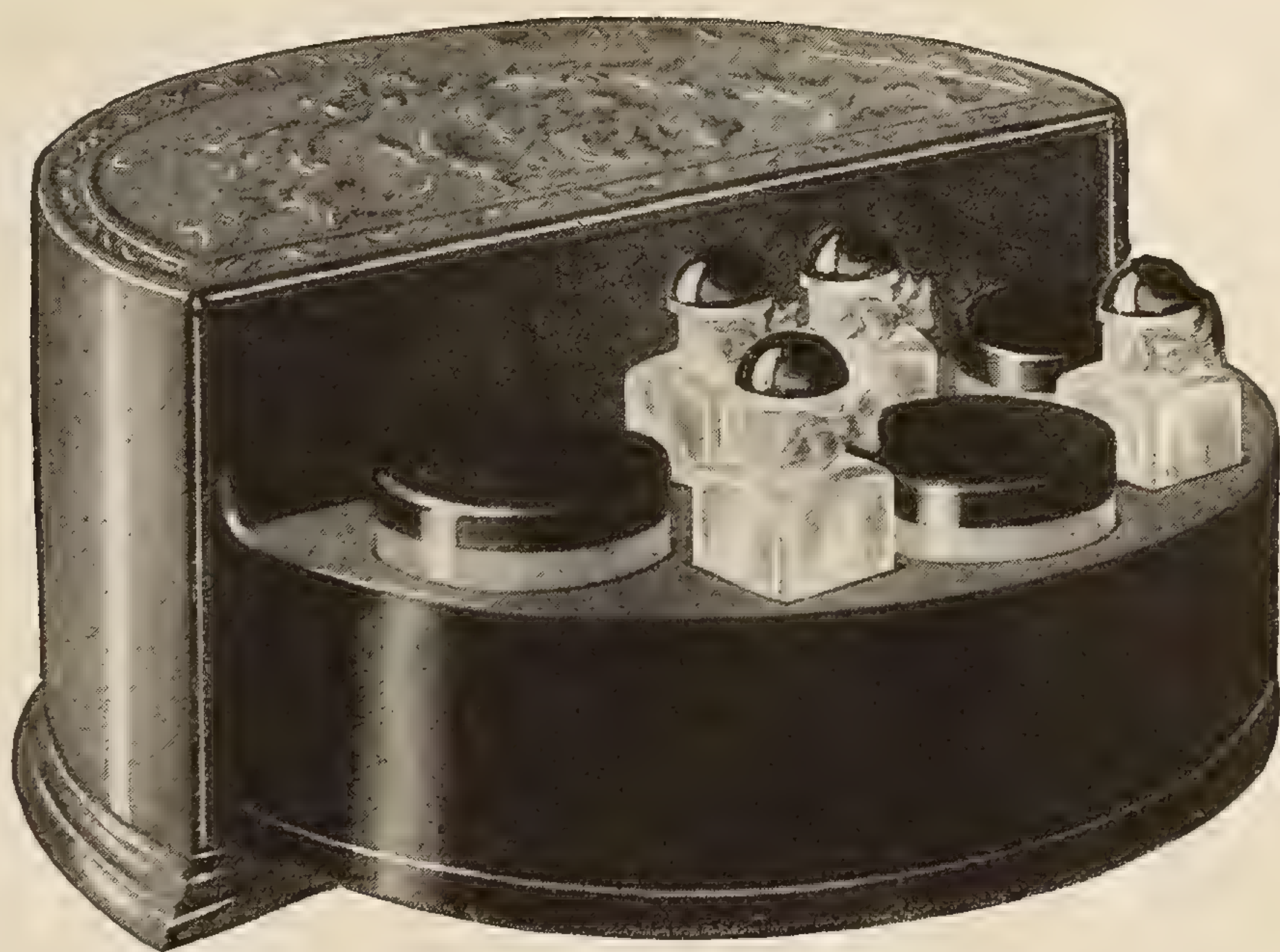
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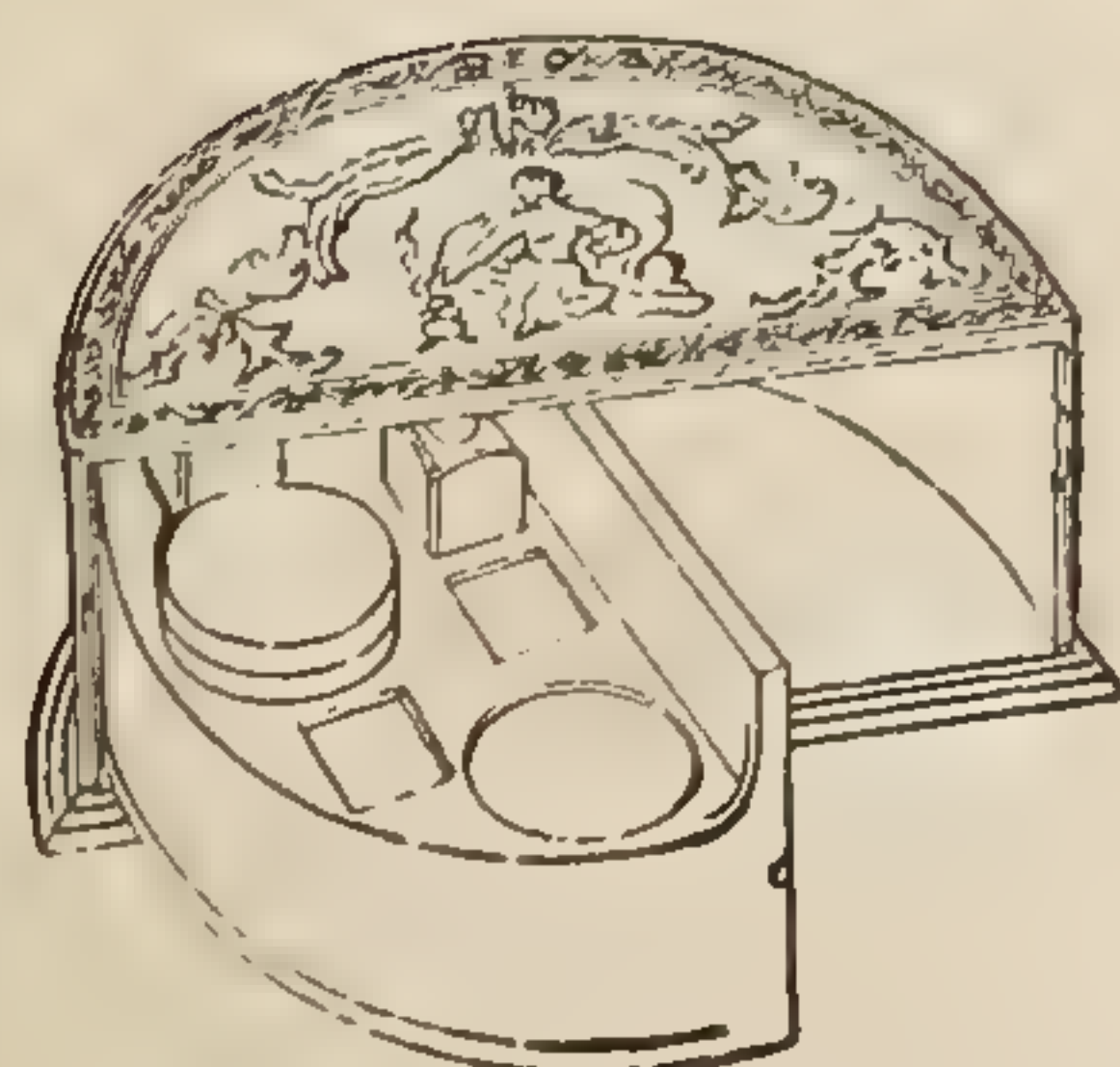
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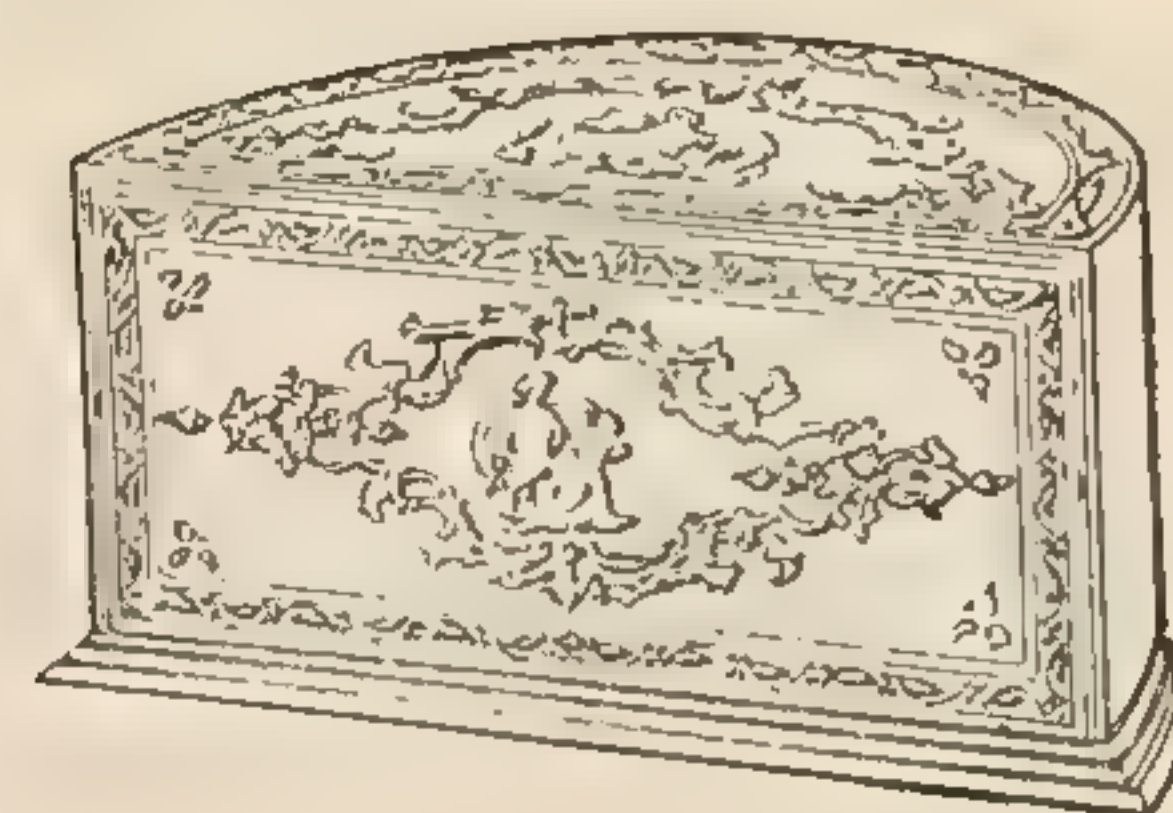
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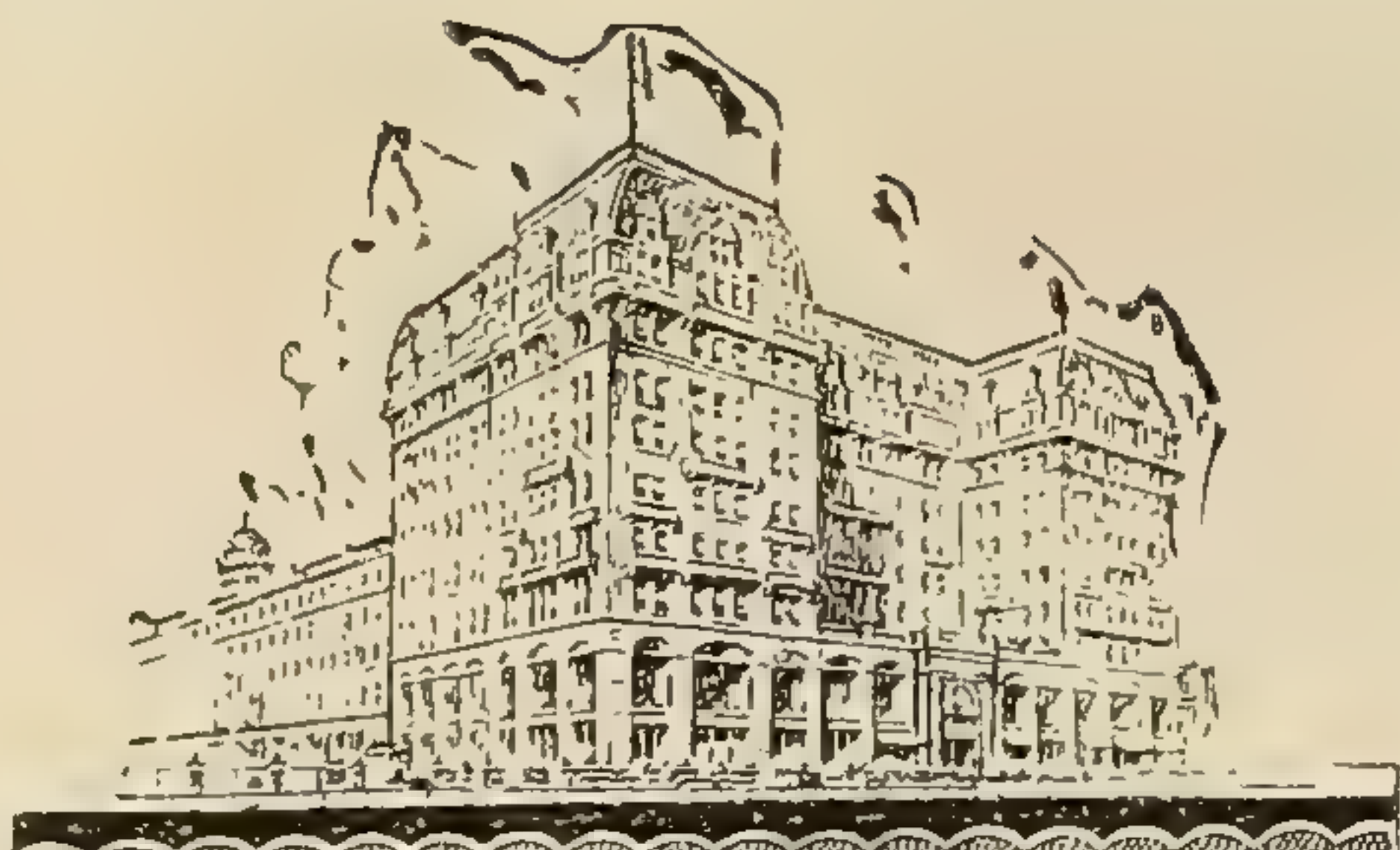
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In the torch light she moved as light and agile as the flame of the torches. The light picked out the sensuous beauty of her body—the rippling muscles under her satin-smooth skin, her swelling breasts and rounded arms—with all the witchery of firelight and its attendant shadows. Several times Fayaway's eyes caught Lloyd's glance as she danced and held his attention for a moment. As he watched her, Lloyd felt longing and desire such as no white woman in all his checkered past had ever roused in him.

When Fayaway ended her dance and threw her hibiscus blooms into his lap as a signal mark of honor, Lloyd looked at her with longing. Primitive and intuitive, the men and women of the village could see what lay behind Lloyd's glance at Fayaway and they rose threateningly. Mehevi, the chieftain, waved them back to their seats, and then explained to Lloyd that Fayaway was the vestal virgin of the village, the chief's daughter, *tapua* to all the young men, and only to be married to the son of a chieftain.

In the days that followed Lloyd speedily became a favorite in the village. He learned the dialect spoken by them, and by questioning found out that these natives had never before seen a white man, and believed him to be a god of some sort. However, the fact that they invested him with divinity, did not prevent them from being friendly and familiar with him. For to their primitive minds a god was a friend, neither more nor less; one called to the gods for aid only in such cases where one's friends could not help one. Even so, the villagers did not consider this new god, the white man, to be of importance enough in their hierarchy to mate with Fayaway, the princess of the island.

One day, while swimming in the lagoon, Fayaway called Lloyd to one side and asked him to go with her. In her canoe they went to a little-visited part of the island and wandered about in the cool jungle. A flying fox attracted Fayaway's attention, and climbing quickly into the tree where the little animal slept, Fayaway captured it. As she cuddled it close to her, Lloyd climbed up beside her, and whistled to attract the little creature's attention. Fayaway had never before heard anyone whistle, and begged Lloyd to teach her how to do so. As she measured his mouth with her lips to see if her mouth were held in the proper position to whistle, Lloyd had all he could do to restrain himself. Sitting together, high up in the tree, her warm body close to his, Lloyd had an almost overmastering impulse to forget the *tapua* imposed upon him and Fayaway by the primitive *mores* of the Polynesians. Fayaway, to whom a kiss was unknown, did not feel the same stirring of passion which troubled Lloyd. For in the South Seas the natives do not kiss. To show affection they rub noses together, or place the palms of their hands on the necks of the adored ones.

As he hesitated for a moment, resisting the impulse which drove him to clasp Fayaway in his arms, a thunder of sound shook the air. The Kanaka telegraph, a hollowed wooden log, covered with skin covering at both ends, was being beaten to summon the villagers together. Some dire calamity had overtaken a member of the tribe. Fayaway and Lloyd hurried as fast as they could to the village, and there found that Maupau, Fayaway's young brother, had been overtaken by cramps while swimming and had drowned. Mehevi and his wife were frantic with grief, and the other Kanakas were also weeping at the loss of the princeling.

Lloyd, all his doctorly instincts aroused

at the sight of the dead boy and the grieving natives, took the nickle plated belt buckle from Fayaway and held it over the drowned boy's mouth. A slight moisture collected on the polished surface, and Lloyd set to work to resuscitate the lad. After an hour's hard work the boy's eyes fluttered and he breathed painfully. Mehevi, in gratitude, took Fayaway's hand and placed it in Lloyd's hand. The *tapua* had been lifted. Lloyd took Fayaway in his arms—and they were married. That is the native way.

From that day on Lloyd's life on the island was as a life in paradise. A special little hut of woven grass and palm fronds was made for him and Fayaway beside the more imposing hut of the chief. Food was easy to procure, and Fayaway did what she could do to keep Lloyd's single coat and trousers in repair. All day long they either hunted or fished or sported about on the island and in the waters of the lagoon. It was a simple and a beautiful life. Yet Lloyd tired of it.

One day when it had been decided in the communal eating house that they were to have oysters for the next day's mid-day meal, Lloyd watched one of the men who was engaged in shucking oysters. As he idly watched, it suddenly dawned on him that he had never seen pearl adornments in the island. Even as this thought occupied his mind, Lloyd saw the man take a large pearl from one of the shells and throw it away. Raking through the shells, Lloyd found one pearl after another. Soon he had a handful of precious gems in his pocket.

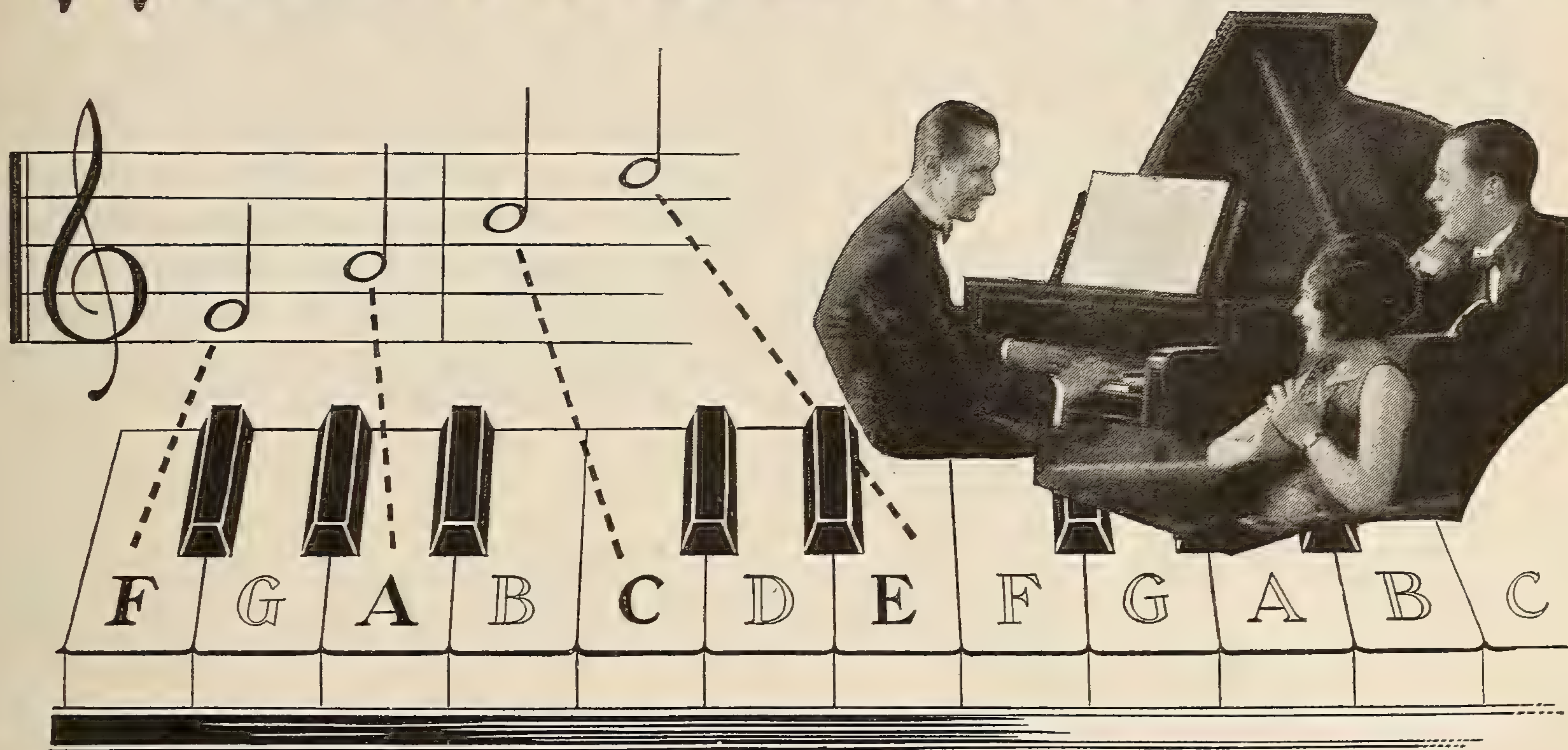
The very preciousness of these pearls made Lloyd restless and homesick. He would sit for hours on the beach, envisioning the pleasures which these pearls could buy him. Clothes, motors, the fairest of white women, a sumptuous house, the respect of the friends of his youth, all these things he could purchase with the pearls. Sick of drinking the tepid water of the island, Lloyd would allow his mind to dwell on sparkling wines, ice cooled, and upon long amber colored glasses of beer, frothy and cold, and all the other liquid delights which he could taste of at a London bar. He longed with a longing akin to nostalgia for the taste of spiced food, for the sourness of pickles. All the food on the island was either sweet or mealy. In the same way he longed for the little troubles and vexations of civilization. All was happiness here, or tragedy—no little troubles arose during the island day to break the monotonous happiness of the place. Even the rain was gentle and warm, and the blue sea rarely stormy. Even Fayaway's constant happiness, her always affectionate smile began to pall on him.

"Damn her," he was used to think to himself, "she never cries nor scolds. One decent tear would be worth a thousand of her silly grins."

Fayaway kept on smiling and loving him, and only as his coolness towards her became highly apparent and he began to spend long hours on the mountain top, his eyes sharpened for the sight of a steamer, did she become apprehensive. Even then, however, she did not weep or bewail his neglect. She tried all the harder to be merry and happy and pleasant for the delight of her *Matta Loa*.

Finally, Lloyd built a beacon of brush wood on the mountainside. Then, patiently, he learned from Mehevi how to make a fire with rubbing sticks and practiced it until he was able to do so as easily as a native. He might, he reasoned have to light his beacon quickly.

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When he had learned this, and the beacon was built high, Fayaway and the natives saw him but rarely during the day time. The path up the mountainside to the beacon was worn smooth with his journeys up and down. All day long he would sit watching the sea, hoping for some sight of sail or smoke to herald his release from the sameness of the island paradise.

At dusk when it would be time for him to return to the village a great temptation to light the beacon would steal into Lloyd's heart. Always it seemed to him that somewhere in the far darkness of the horizon there must be a vessel with a lookout alert to see his beacon fire. All the way down to the village he would crane his neck toward the sea, hoping that the last few minutes of day light might vouchsafe him a glance of some passing vessel.

One night after such an all day vigil Lloyd's face was haggard and care-marked. Fayaway, in an effort to draw him away from the strange devils which seemed to her to rule his mind, cuddled near to him, in kittenish mood, and began to play with the cloth of his coat, always a strange and interesting phenomenon to her untutored eyes. Her hand passing near a slit in his jacket, Fayaway snuggled it inside, caressing his shoulders. Lloyd looked down, and seeing that she had widened the rent in his coat, he jumped up, furious at her for having torn such an important reminder of civilization as his cheap canvas jacket.

He groped for savage words in Polynesian—there are none.

"Damn you," he said in English, "can't you let one alone. Do I always have to put up with your darn trifling?"

Fayaway did not understand him, nor the reason for his anger, but the note of fury was unmistakable. She clung to him but Lloyd thrust her roughly aside, and in the dark began the ascent of the mountain. There must be a ship tonight! Somewhere on its bosom the sea held a ship this night, and that ship must see his beacon light! It was unthinkable that on such limitless stretches of sea and in such fathomless depths of darkness there could be no ships hidden from his eyes. He climbed steadily.

At the beacon, Lloyd took out the sticks and tinder which he had concealed in a little dry place under a stone, and began to twirl the fire sticks. Soon a little glow lit the tinder under his hand. He bent his mouth to the embers and began to blow, the embers shot up in tiny flames, and carefully shielding the tinder flame with his hand, Lloyd brought it to the beacon. The dry brush he had so carefully piled caught fire quickly and in a moment a great sheet of flame swept up into the sky.

The heat of the fire seared Lloyd's back as he stood facing the sea waiting for some sign to tell him that the ships which must surely be somewhere in that void of sea and darkness had seen and were answering his signal. No answering light went up.

"God, can't you see it?" he called out to the darkness, "Can't you see it?"

Fayaway had crept up the mountain behind Lloyd. She was anxious to know what took Lloyd from her in such haste and in such anger. She had watched the beacon blaze up, and thought at first that it was some sort of votive offering which Lloyd was burning to his gods, but then his cry, although in English, could not be mistaken. The longing and the despair were too evident. Fayaway understood, Lloyd was calling to his gods, begging

them to take him away from her. Tears coursed down her cheeks. In desperation, she ran to him.

"Matta Loa, Matta Loa, what have I done to thee," she implored, "What have I done to thee that you wish to leave me."

The firelight threw its light and coloring upon her. Lloyd was surprised. He had long ago forgotten how beautiful his wife was. Now in the flaring light of the great beacon she stood revealed in all her beauty. The firelight gilded her body, making it glow like polished bronze, deepening the shadows of curve and hollow and bringing into gleaming relief the contours of her figure. It flashed on her sad face and eyes, and showed clearly the tears which ran down her cheeks.

"You've done nothing to me, Fayaway," Lloyd answered. "Nothing that has not pleased me, and yet I want to go home—you understand, home to my own village."

"But this is your home—Fayaway's home is your home. Do I not cook your fish and taro root, Matta Loa? Do I not put thatch on the roof, and pile sweet smelling leaves for your couch? I make your home for you, Matta Loa. Is there another girl on another island whom you would rather have to cook your food and pile your couch?"

Lloyd, looking into her tear-wet eyes, thought upon what she had just said. No one before Fayaway had given him devotion, no one before her had bothered to build his hut and pile sweet smelling grasses for a couch for him. She was right, his home was where Fayaway lived. It could be in no other place. The white women he could buy with the price of the pearls would not make a home for him, nor be happy at his coming and saddened at his going. Cool and frothing beer and sparkling, iced wines did not make such a home for his body and such a haven for his spirit as Fayaway's love would build.

Fayaway, studying his face, noted the trend of his thoughts, and going close to Lloyd put her arms about his neck pressing her warm body close to him. Lloyd's arms went around her, and he bent his head to kiss her neck. "I am homesick," he said, "for a home that never was, that never will be for me, except with Fayaway."

Then, remembering that the fire still burned, and that perhaps somewhere on the night-hid sea was a vessel to come and take him from his new found happiness, Lloyd gently released himself from Fayaway's embrace and began tearing down the beacon, throwing the burning pieces of brush-wood over the cliffs into the sea below. Fayaway helped him at this work, laughing all the while.

When only a few glowing embers remained, and the darkness closed in around them, warm and scented with the odors from the valley below them, Lloyd and Fayaway embraced. As they stood close together, far out to sea the *Muru* released her signal rocket. They could see it go up, like an arrow of white flame, and then dissolve into a silvery shower of stars.

"What is it?" Fayaway murmured in superstitious fear.

"Do not be frightened, Fayaway," Lloyd answered, smiling. "It is a sign from my own gods, telling me that they are pleased that I should always stay with you."

The *Muru* steamed on about her scrubby business, while Lloyd and Fayaway went down into the valley, their arms about one another.



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Grace Kingsley's Gossip

Continued from page 37

other polo players were already riding their horses about.

"If you want to think you've died and gone to Heaven," said Eduardo Raquello, quite solemnly, "You want to come quickly from Poland, as I did, and take a tour around Beverly Hills and Hollywood and Flintridge, of a Sunday afternoon, visiting those picture stars who are keeping open house. You'll have such a good time and see so much beauty that you'll be thankful not only for pictures, but for so much opportunity for happiness and content."

That speech brought us right up to Leatrice Joy's pretty English house.

Leatrice was having charades that day, and asked us to drop in. Lois Wilson and her newest non-professional beau, whose name I cannot remember, were there, with a number of other people, and the charades were already under way.

Lois Wilson came in with a terrible make-up on and her hair all stringing about, with a soiled kitchen apron adorning her form.

John Boyle, the cameraman, guessed what the play Lois was representing was—I forgot to tell you they were acting out the names of plays—and we all laughed when he called out—

"Why Men Leave Home!"

Gloria Swanson and her husband, the Marquis, were to come later for tea, but we had to travel from Leatrice's away over to Flintridge, to James Cruze's lovely, hospitable Spanish home, so we reluctantly started on our way.

"Lois, Leatrice and Gloria are great friends," remarked Patsy, as we threaded our way carefully through the Sunday traffic, along Beverly and Hollywood Boulevards, and out through the valley to the foothills of Flintridge, at the very edge of which foothills dwell James Cruze and lovely Betty Compson, his wife.

Like the warm, golden sunshine itself were Jimmie's and Betty's greetings as we drove up. Jimmie was clad in white as usual, and looking ruddy, clear-eyed and sunburned, and Betty looked exquisite as usual in some sort of floating, chiffony dress which suited her daintiness to perfection. Betty always seems to wear that sort of clothes. They sort of merge into her personality.

Inside was a pleasant 'coolth' after the heat of the valley, and of course, one always, at Cruze's house, makes straight for the big, beautiful patio, with its lily ponds, its wealth of cool ferns and its colorful array of cyclomen, of which Cruze and Betty are both very fond. Beyond is a big lawn and a swimming pool, the latter hidden by a high wall.

Jimmie laughed as he told us how some lady tourists entered his grounds quite unasked and began picking his camellias.

"I went out and asked them to please desist," he said. "But, one of them answered, 'I'm a friend of Mr. Cruze's!' 'Ah, lady,' I told her, 'I'm only the keeper here, but I must see that orders are obeyed.'"

We found Edward Everett Horton reclining comfortably in a big chair in front of the fire-place out in the patio. Of course there was no fire in that fire-place now, but in the raw days of early spring and fall, it is very comfortable to feel its glow after a long ride.

Eddie Horton is going back on the stage for a while at least, although he may work at pictures during the day. He said he

was all worn out, on account of having been pulling weeds over on his little ranch in La Crescenta all day, but he looked so brown and fit we couldn't feel sorry for him.

Lovely Marietta Millner was there, charming and exquisite with her red brown hair and her big, soft brown eyes and perfect features.

Miss Millner told us about traveling around the world, especially in the Orient, making a picture, and how she loved Japan best of all, particularly that out-of-the-way city, Naha, where Japanese are still real Japanese, and of how she loved their ceremonial tea-parties.

"I tried to learn a little of tea ceremonial, but I never realized how clumsy we westerners are until I saw that exquisite little Japanese woman perform it. Besides it takes a whole life time to perfect one's self in it."

Gaston Glass was there. Gaston had just had a birthday party the night before, and he told us how his highly accomplished Japanese cook had made a chocolate portrait of him on the birthday cake!

Louis Wolheim was there, too, and Max Constant, Jack Paget, Bodil Rosing, and a dozen others.

Paget had brought Ann Nichols' sister, Elsie Nichols, who uses the name of Elsie Dwayne on the screen. She is a pretty blond girl. She has been playing in her sister's comedy, *Abie's Irish Rose*, and she told us how she had been bridesmaid at four Jewish weddings—the only Irish Catholic bridesmaid ever to take part in a wedding of anybody playing in *Abie's Irish Rose*!

George Melford brought Louise Gorey, formerly of the Follies, now of pictures, and we found her possessed of a most gorgeous sense of Irish humor.

In the dining room a buffet supper was spread out on a huge side board and everybody butted for himself.

After supper, when it grew too cold to stay outside in the patio, we came into the big living room and card rooms, and Betty Compson, perched on the arm of a huge sofa in front of the fire, played her ukelele while Jimmie Cruze sang wild songs of the sea. All of us who could find room crowded onto the sofa, with Jimmie leaning against the sofa and lifting his voice till the welkin—whatever that is—rang.

Garrett Ford, the writer, brought his fiancee, Mary Stewart, whom he married the very next day, and there were Rex Dunn, a noted musician, who has been over in the Hawaiian Islands, putting the natives out of business with his symphony orchestra, and Arthur Guy Empey, who wrote *Over the Top*, and *A Helluva War*.

Empey is a jovial, wholesome young Irishman, with a fund of droll stories. He told how Jack Pickford had written him a letter when our country got into the war, in which he said: "You've written a great book on the war—" meaning *Over the Top*—"about the army. I'm joining the navy."

Jim Tully was there—the 'tramp' author—and his wife. He is rather short, stocky, red-haired, full of pep, sharp in repartee, and brilliant when he starts telling a story. I think that despite all his apparent bruesquerie and a certain mental arrogance, he is a sensitive person underneath.

His wife, it seems to us, is quite the one for him—serene, practical, with a quiet sense of humor, and a sort of motherliness

which must mean a great deal to her genius husband.

We left quite late, but not yet was our delightful Sunday finished, as we were due at Henry Kolker's house, where he and his perfectly adorable wife were giving an after-theater supper party for Joseph Schildkraut and his wife, Elise Bartlett.

The Kolkers live on the side of a Hollywood hill, and after we had ascended the winding stairway to their picturesque house, we found Joseph Schildkraut and Elise sitting on the broad bench before the fire in the huge fire-place of the living room, chatting with some other guests.

We knew that Mario Carillo was there somewhere, and presently his voice sounded from the dining room above, calling us up to eat the spaghetti which he had a reputation for knowing how to make better than anybody else in Hollywood. He learned to cook in the Italian army, he told us.

We sat about the table and listened to Carillo's stories of the time when he was in command of French and Italian soldiers down in Egypt. One story he told us concerned a certain outlaw bandit sheik, who was making a great deal of trouble, robbing and killing on the desert. Carillo, who was Captain, caught him once and was about to despatch him after a trial, when orders came from Cairo that he was to be allowed to go, as he was really a friend of the government.

"I told him, though, if I ever caught him again, it was goodnight," said Carillo. "And he impudently replied that if he got the drop on me, it was to be curtains for me. I did catch him a few months later in the very act of committing more crimes and was about to hang him, when he went down on his knees to me and with tears begged to be shot instead. It seems that a Mohammedan who is hanged cannot get into heaven, for some mysterious reason. So I let him have his way, he turned his head to pray for a moment, smoked a cigarette, and then paid for his crimes like a man."

Rolling homeward, we passed by Pauline Starke and Jack White's house.

"Why, there's a light!" exclaimed Patsy.

As she spoke guests were leaving, and we bowed up to the front door to say Hello to Pauline and Jack.

"Oh, do come in and see grandmother's presents!" cried Pauline.

Pauline had given a birthday party that very day to her grandmother, a perfectly darling and lively lady whom it would be hard to call old, so witty and bright and red-cheeked is she! Indeed, even at that 2 o'clock morning hour, there she was, still, bright as a dollar.

"OH, Irene, Alice and Marceline are giving a party! And when the Days give a party, you stay partied!" exclaimed Patsy.

"Sounds exactly like a song title—'Irene, Alice and Marceline'—I'm going to write a song about them!" declared Vernon Rickard, who was having tea with us, and who is hiding his good looks these days behind the radio, but who will soon blossom forth in Warner Vitaphone pictures, as he is making a number of them now.

Alice and Marceline Day, and their nice, jolly mother, Irene Day—who seems ever so much younger, sometimes, than her two rather staid daughters—were giving a house warming at their new Beverly Hills home, which is a sort of Italian villa, with a big, charming walled garden and lawn, flanked by a swimming pool, where Irene, Alice and Marceline expect to hold many an out-door garden fete as soon as the weather is warm enough.

Patsy, Vernon and I were a little early, so we had a chance to chat with our hostesses. We took a little stroll through the grounds, by the light of the electric which can be switched on, and were shown just where the flowers and the new fountain are to go; also the sort of little castle effect—at least that's the way it looks from the street—where buffet suppers and luncheons can be kept warm and served in the garden.

The doorbell began to ring a good deal, and so we went inside the big living room, where we sat down in huge chairs before the great fireplace in which a fire was burning cheerily as an added welcome to the guests.

Carl Laemmle, Jr., and his director, Nat Ross, were almost the first to arrive, and Carl told us that he thought he would have to go back to college for a half term.

"Not to study—Heavens, no!—but to get some more atmosphere for my collegiate stories. I find it rather hard the last few months to keep in the spirit of them."

Carl, Jr., is so kiddishly good-looking, I wondered why he didn't play in some of them himself. Maybe he will, he said. But he is planning to take his players to Europe, and of course that would keep him quite busy enough without acting.

He isn't certain when he will go, though.

"All my interests are here," he explained. And as he said it his eyes rested, we thought, on Alice Day, to whom he is supposed to be engaged, though neither will admit it.

Connie Keefe came in with Mollie O'Day, and Sally and Isabel O'Neil came a little later. Isabel had been ill, so she didn't take any part in the dancing, but Mollie and Sally flitted about with various partners, to the music of the radio.

Don Alvarado came with his beautiful wife, Ann Alvarado, and Mal St. Clair brought his charming wife. Both of them looked like fashion plates.

A little later on Claire Windsor arrived, and Richard Dix, who is supposed to admire Marceline Day very much, dropped in for a little while.

Alice and Marceline looked lovely, in rather simple evening gowns, without any furbelows. They kept the entertainment ball rolling in an unobtrusive sort of way.

"Everybody adores those two girls," confided Patsy. "They are just like two convent misses, and yet they are jolly and charming in their nice, quiet little way."

Doris Arbuckle was there, and Marceline Day came over to exclaim kiddingly that she, Alice, Doris and Loris Fox, Finis Fox's wife—who is, by the way, very pretty and cute—used to punch cows together in Montana!

We looked for Tom Mix and his wife, but they didn't arrive.

"I told Tom I'd love to have him, but he couldn't bring Tony, his horse, so maybe that's why they didn't come!" laughed Mrs. Day.

After the buffet supper, everybody gathered in groups to chat, or danced or played bridge.

Alice Day was teaching young Carl Laemmle how to play bridge when we left.

"And young Carl doesn't like cards either. So his learning at all is to my mind entire proof of devotion," remarked Patsy, as we left.

"Connie Keefe," I wondered as we drove along, "seemed quite devoted to Mollie O'Day—"

"Oh, no, that's not serious," Vernon told us. "I know who Mollie likes."

But he wouldn't tell us, darn it all!

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New Screenplays—Continued from page 52

off with the tear stuff and on with the merriment. Nobody loves a weepy sister. Weeps went out with barrooms and hoop skirts.

THE LAW OF FEAR

For all lovers of good old fashioned melodrama — and that's just what three fourths of the plays on Broadway are today—step right up to the box office and buy your ticket to see Ranger, the dog, in his newest film, *The Law of Fear*.

This movie, unlike most dog pictures, has an excellent story behind it. It tells the tale of a bandit who is a peaceful rancher by day and a mysterious fiend by night.

Plenty of action; Plenty of fights; Plenty of horses; And fine scenery.

SATAN AND THE WOMAN

If you were born in a little town and had to live out your life there; if your home happened to be on the wrong side of the railroad track; if you were left out when all the invitations were passed around to the country club dances; if loneliness and misunderstanding and heartache have been your portion, this is the picture you want to see.

Claire Windsor plays the part of the granddaughter who lives in a poor quarter of the town, unacknowledged by her grandmother who lives in state on the gloomy hill side. Claire scores another success in this unusual picture and looks very lovely in all of her scenes.

A MODERN DU BARRY

The three most intriguing words in our language after 'I love you' are 'Paris at Midnight.' And in Maria Corda's new picture *A Modern Du Barry*, you will see Paris in all her dusky midnight splendor. One shot after another of genuine scenes of Paris night-life will make you long to pack your little trunk and hop the first boat for France.

Maria Corda stars out in life as odd job girl in her aunt's hotel. She is betrayed by a salesman! Picked up—just as she is about to drown herself in the Seine — by a distinguished white-haired man, fed and given a job. And then her amours progress into higher and higher society until the young King of Andalia falls in love with her.

Such clothes, jewels, yachts and palaces. Kings, financiers, counts and princes all pursue Maria. And to tell you the truth she isn't worth the chase. For if she's not laughing, she's crying. I never saw a woman laugh so much nor cry so much in any film. Restraint, control, are foreign words to Maria in this picture.

The excitement grows hotter and hotter. An enormously wealthy man falls in love with her. And after upsetting half the world trying to win Miss Corda's somewhat freely given affections, he handsomely withdraws at the climax when he finds Maria 'really loves' her king. The financier lifts the mortgage off of Andalia, pays off the army, stops the revolution he started and permits Maria to become the King's lawful, wedded wife.

Carol, himself, of Roumania, never performed a more foolish act than did this movie King when he took on Maria's sobs and giggles for life.

Jean Bradin, as the King, gives a splendid characterization. He will make a lot

of our own leading men watch their steps. California will see him sure.

THE CLEAN-UP MAN

A pretty fair western. The old, old story of the mysterious rider who is really one of the town's leading citizens.

Ted Wells is the star rider. And with the exception of Wally Wales, handsomer than any hard riding cowboy I know. Worth looking over, girls. Something new in the ranks!

SKINNER'S BIG IDEA

It's all very well to be a noble philosopher. But when a woman finds a great bunch of gray hair growing out in her part, and when a man notices his hair receding from both temples—there is no philosophy in the world that will make middle age seem more endurable.

If you are not as young as you would like to be, go to see *Skinner's Big Idea*. It will cheer you up. For it shows that so long as there are gymnasiums, beauty parlors, sunshine and fresh air, middle age is only a name to frighten flappers. You don't believe it? Well, drop into your favorite theatre some day and look over *Skinner's Big Idea*.

Skinner is played by that handsome old timer, Bryant Washburn. Well Bryant gets the grand idea that some new pep and enthusiasm is needed in his business, so he decides to fire his old employees. But the junior partner steps in. And hires a pretty show girl to liven the party up. Martha Sleeper is the girl in question. And what a knockout Martha has turned out to be. In the first place she is beautiful. In the second place she is distinguished. In the third place she knows how to act. Why, Martha just puts that picture over. But the whole cast is good. William Orland, James Bradbury, Robert Dudley, Ole M. Ness (there's an actor for you), Charles Wellesley, Hugh Trevor (a fine looking boy, all right) and Ethel Grey Terry all combine to turn out an amusing picture. No super-special. It's neither caviar nor cabbage. Just a good, amusing, unpretentious picture that will send you home with hope in your heart.

NAMELESS MEN

Claire Windsor, as fragile and as fragrant as ever, devotedly loves her handsome, scapegrace brother, Ray Hallor. But Ray commits a robbery and hides the money. Resulting in his being apprehended and sent to jail. There he sits on the edge of his bunk, night after night, listless and hopeless, thinking with Shakespeare: 'My grief lies onward and my joy behind.'

But his despair is lightened when Antonio Moreno joins him in his cell. He thinks Tony is a crook, but in reality Moreno has had himself committed to prison so he can learn where the money is hidden. After some months in the same narrow prison room, Moreno is freed. And he goes to a little town to await the day when Hallor shall be at liberty also. There he meets Hallor's sister and falls in love with her. In a romantic, wide-veranded hotel, surrounded with beautiful trees and gardens, love scenes take place between these two which are both charming and touching. Love scenes, however, in to which Eddie Gribbon, a pal of Hallor's, doesn't fit at all. Eddie is a great comedian

and he steals the picture right out from under the noses of your two favorites, Tony and Claire.

The climax of the film is a terrible gun battle on board a boat. Gribbon is killed. And he dies game. Claire is rescued and—Oh well, you know how these pictures always end.

This is a picture which will hold your interest. And the most absorbing part of it all is the beginning which shows the gruesome daily life within gray prison walls. Watch the different faces of the prisoners. Each one tells its own sad and sordid tale.

BRANDED SOMBRERO

Come on now you Buck Jones fans, here's a picture that will make your eye balls roll around so fast in their sockets that you'll get a 'hot box' before the movie is half over.

If movement and action are what you crave, pack into the theatre, sit yourself down, and watch Buck Jones conquer the village belle. Into the jail it takes him; then after a fast freight train on his high-stepping horse; and at last the big peak of the evening is where he captures the 'bad man'—and how!

Strong movie meat for hungry western fans.

A WOMAN AGAINST THE WORLD

A murder movie. Full of suspense. In which Gertrude Olmsted and Harrison Ford get unsympathetic roles. And where Georgia Hale and Lee Moran walk off with the acting bouquets.

A chorus girl is found murdered. Harrison Ford as Schuyler Van Loan is arrested on his wedding night and taken away from his bride, Gertrude Olmsted, and brought to trial. Gertrude leaves him flat and procures a divorce. Ford is convicted of murder and sentenced to hang at midnight on March 31st.

A thrilling movie which keeps you keyed up until the last shot rolls by.

HAROLD LLOYD'S GLASSES

HAROLD LLOYD is a sentimental person. \$25,000 insurance on a pair of horn-rimmed glasses! 'The idea!' you may say. But those spectacles are the first pair he ever wore in motion pictures.

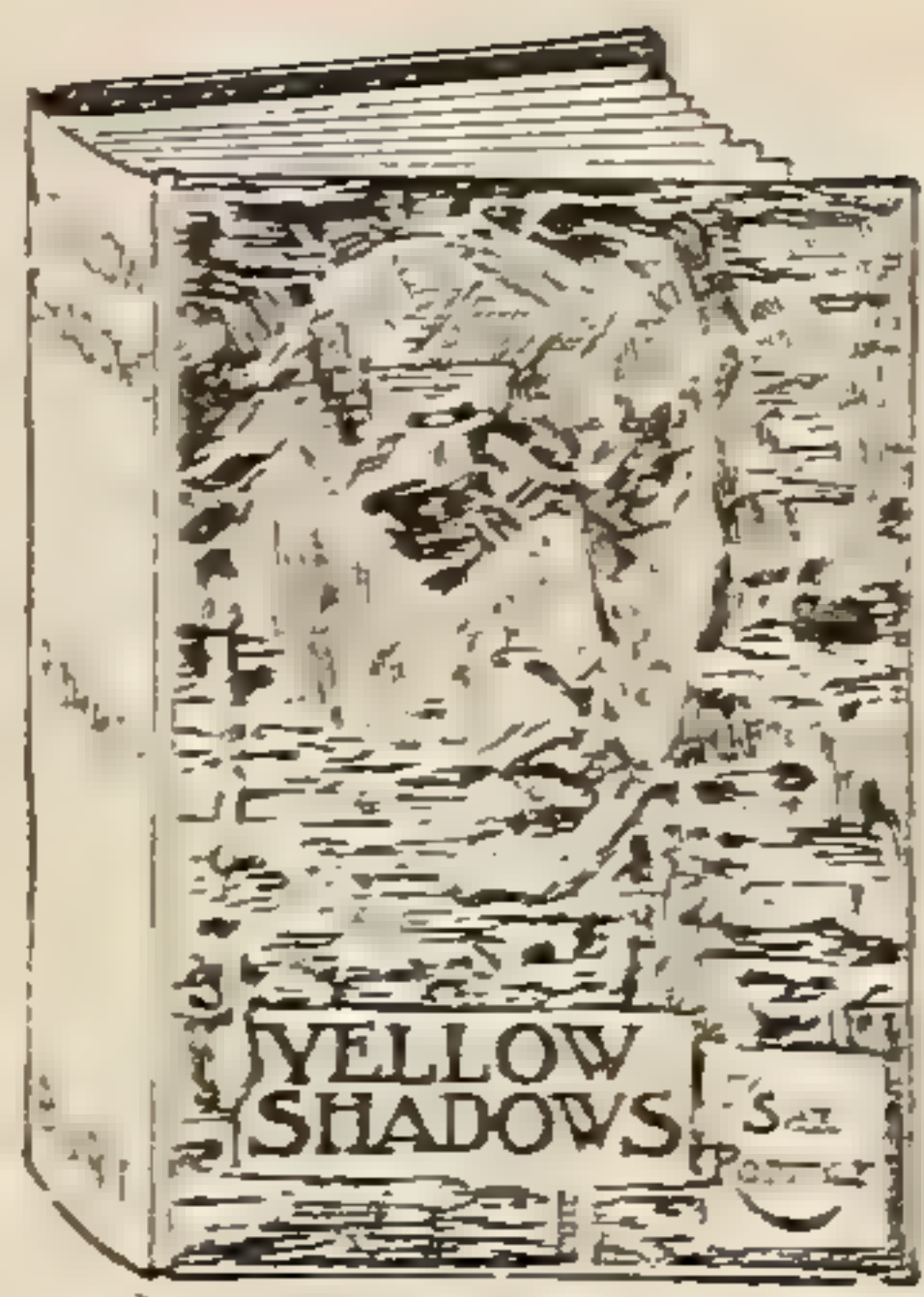
In one of his rare leisure moments, Harold talked to me recently about his career and how he came to use the glasses. If you remember, Harold's present screen character is the third he has assumed.

His first was called 'Willie Work' and he wore an extravagant make-up which was popular about fifteen years ago.

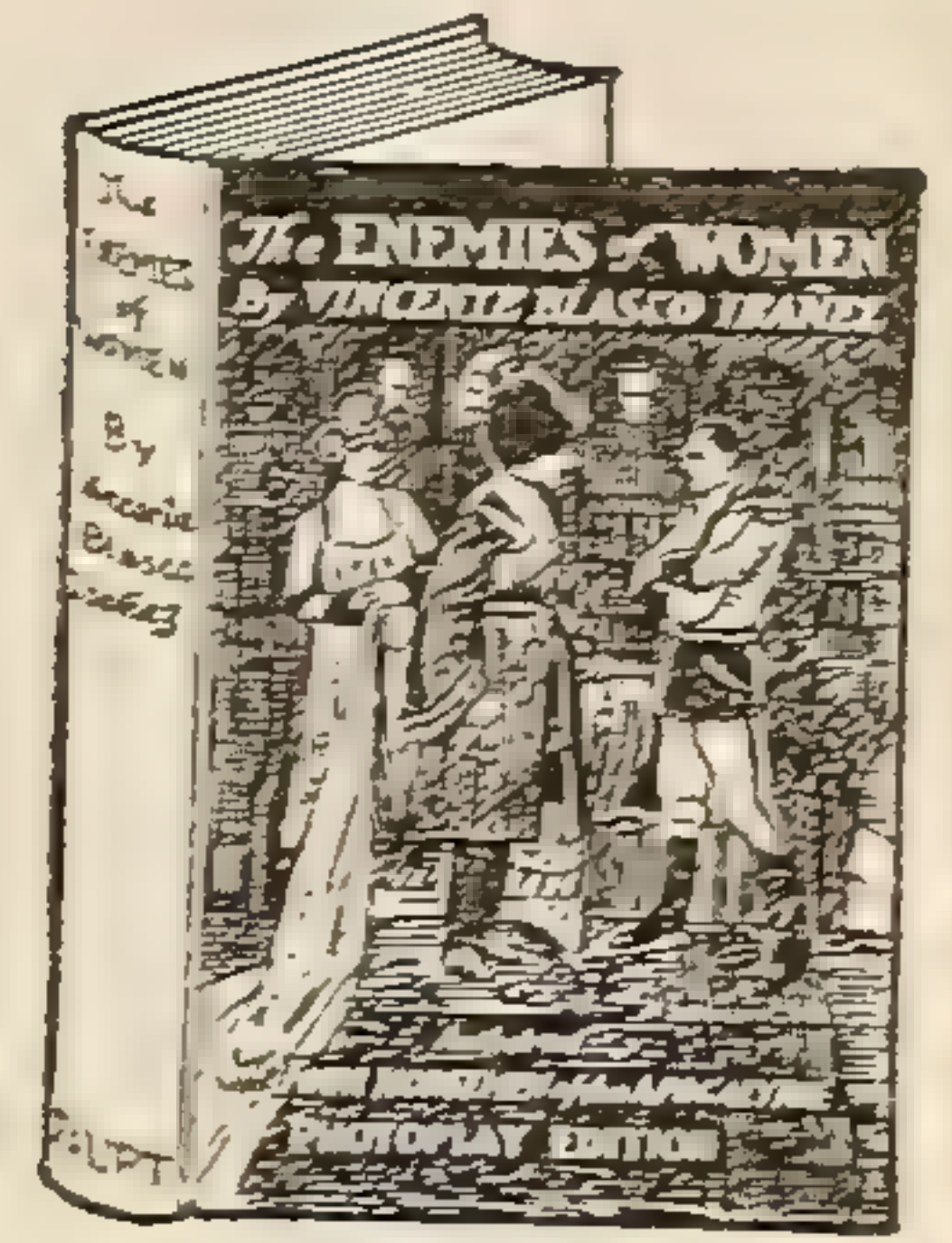
His second was 'Lonesome Luke.' This character was somewhat similar to Charlie Chaplin's—little dots of mustache, clothes too big, shoes on the wrong foot.

It was Lloyd's ambition to create an original character, coupled with a hint that he got from some unnamed burlesque actor who wore horn rimmed glasses, that lead to the establishment of the Harold character of today.

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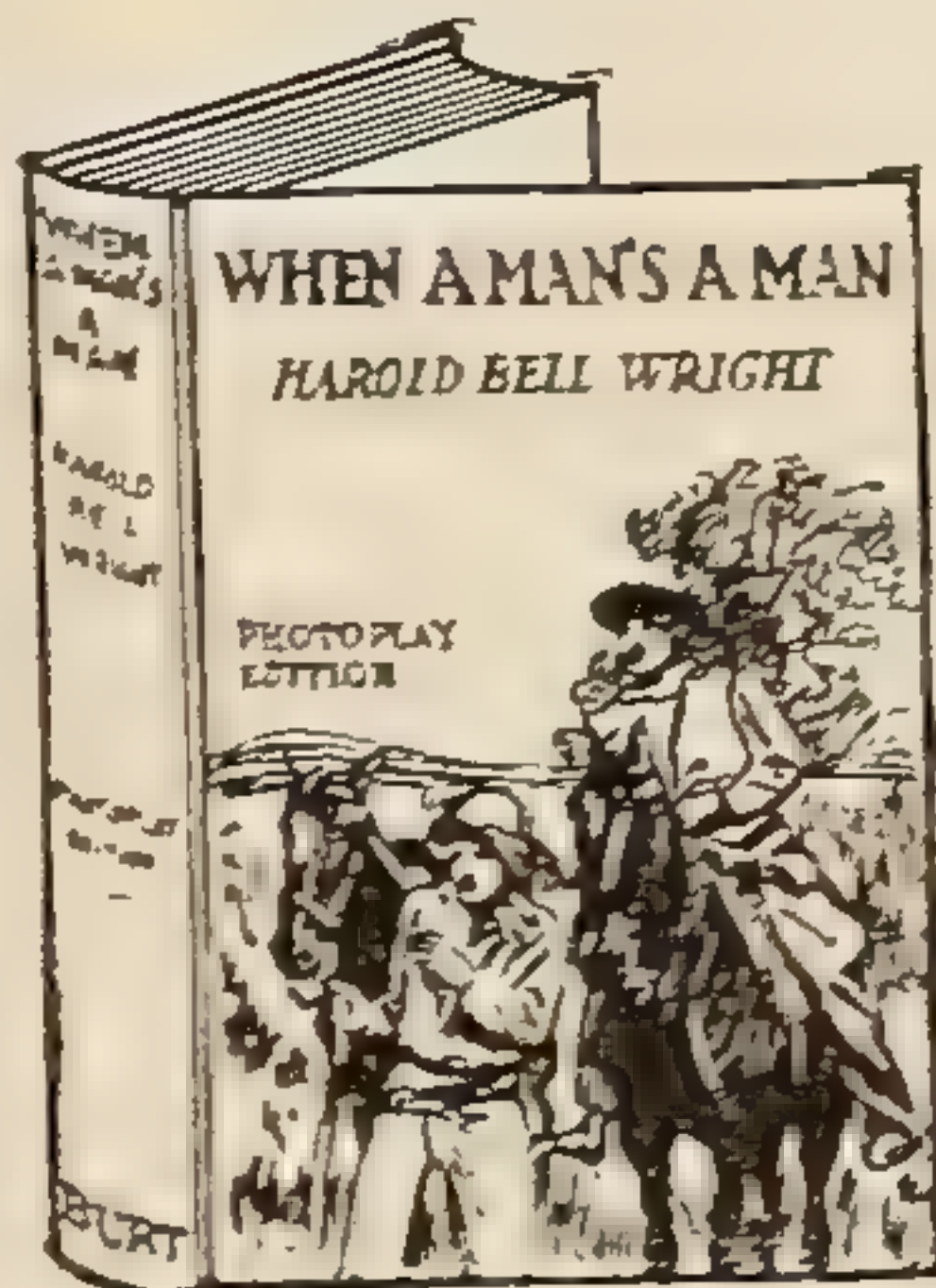
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Taboo!—Continued from page 35

there was something in existence beside the world they lived in. So strong was her faith that she was ready to take a chance on a visionary like Columbus. So she sold her jewels and financed his trip herself. And in case you haven't heard about it Columbus actually came across with a New World.

Ah, where would we be if it weren't for our women and our Columbuses?

Just as Columbus smashed the cherished taboo of the existing world at that time so can we, in our own lives, break the superstitions that strive to choke our belief in something we can see but others can't.

A taboo which blocks our path to success and happiness. If we know that we have something to give and let anything stop us we are a lot of saps.

One thing is important though. We must be sure that we have something to give and then try to present it a little better than anyone else.

The world has no place in the front ranks for mediocrity.

Taking the careers of the screen people you will see what I mean.

About fifteen years ago when a man with a handsome Grecian profile, blond hair and the body of an Apollo tried for a job in pictures he was out of luck. He was given a sour look by the casting director. A young man in those days had to have black curly hair and dark eyes to be good in pictures. Acting didn't count at all. But it counted whether you could ride, swim and play tennis and golf. You might never be called upon to do any of these things but you were blacklisted if you didn't say you could do them.

The casting director would clear up these points for you in a bored manner between two yawns, or snappily without giving you more than a scathing glance, according to his type. Never did he use his brain. He was not casting director for that purpose. Of course even the average casting director had his intelligent moments, but generally speaking he was the perfect machine carrying out the orders of his world.

Every dark, curly haired and dark eyed young screen actor was then in clover. But all rules are made to be broken by some adventurous soul who sees beyond them into the possibilities of the future, and so, eventually, Bill Farnum came along with curly hair to be sure, but it was not very dark. He was as blue eyed as the noon day sun and had Herculean proportions. He crashed the dark haired, dark eyed screen taboo in *The Spoilers* and set a new standard for the screen hero. The perfect hero must now be strong and tender. The blue eyed menace was over, but in its place loomed one quite as ridiculous. It was, that if the hero couldn't hurl all the villains over the cliff with one hand and hold the girl quite easily with the other, he wasn't a hero at all.

Then came Valentino with his sleek, suave, graceful manner, and his smile that smoldered into the hearts of men and women alike. He marked a new epoch in pictures which permitted a wider choice of players. But with the slender, esthetic Valentino as the vogue, what a gate crash-

ing Jannings had on his hands. Of course we come inevitably to Jannings who can do every sort of hero with equal grace. By no stretch of the imagination could Jannings be called a handsome man. Distinguished yes, but not handsome. What did that matter to him? He does everything in so convincing a manner that no one cares whether he is handsome or not. If he had a part to play where the man should be handsome he easily arranged it. Look at him as the Archduke in his palmy day in *The Last Command*.

But Jannings is a type alone and has not fallen into the rut of matinee idol. He is too versatile an artist for that.

Blond heroes have had an uphill road so far. Why the producers have been unable to see a blond hero is a strange thing. But they are beginning to come into their own. Conrad Nagel was perhaps the first who became prominent, but he has made good in such a variety of parts that he cannot be thought of just as a hero. Jimmy Murray is on the up grade but he is not a decided blond. Bill Boyd then seems to be the man of destiny. Bill is almost a tow head and I don't have to tell you that his eyes are blue; but they are dark blue enough to give them solidity on the screen. Bill has been stepping right along but when he bursts forth in *Skyscraper* I predict a sudden increase in his fan mail. He's there with the cave man stuff that every gal likes once in her life anyway, but there is tenderness too, and his fists know how to double up when he needs them. So perhaps Bill Boyd will be the first blond hero.

The girls have had just as hard a struggle against the menacing taboo. For years, really its influence lasts even to this day, heroines had to have blonde curls because Mary Pickford had them. It was as though everyone thought it was Mary's curls that made her dear to us; but it doesn't seem possible that everybody could be so stupid. If it was just Mary's curls I should think there would be more Marys. But there is only one.

Mary's curls however, caused many a raven haired beauty to drip bitter tears into her morning coffee and the world perhaps lost many talented, lovely young actresses because of the bigoted idea that heroines must be blonde. A few to be sure defied the scourge. There was Mary Fuller, Clara Kimball Young, Alice Joyce and Norma Talmadge, but three of these girls married men powerful in the producing world and while they were both very popular, Norma Talmadge and Alice Joyce lastingly so, they didn't noticeably smoothe the way for other dark haired girls. Later, Betty Blythe landed the Queen of Sheba, but that was a special picture and Fritz Leiber, who played King Solomon was a very tall man. Also although Betty made a tremendous personal hit, her success didn't open the doors for further leading parts either for herself or others. But it did weaken the taboo on that particular point and gradually dark haired girls have been accepted until now there are several favorite raven haired lassies. Dolores Del Rio, Patsy Ruth Miller, Estelle Taylor, oh and a dozen others.

Their advance was so gradual, however, that there was nothing sensational about it.

Rob Wagner,—whose knowledge of the film colony dates back to the days when pictures were only infants, super productions were single reels and actors were cowhands,—writes every month for SCREENLAND.

The other taboos still held good. A heroine must be blonde, she must have curly hair, she must be blue eyed. The vamps must be black haired, dark eyed and sticky looking. Vamps couldn't be blonde; heroines couldn't be brunette.

It took a girl with the fearless, independent spirit of a Columbus to brush aside, and not even conscious that she did so, almost every taboo that Hollywood held sacred. I mean Greta Garbo.

She landed, a frighteningly tall, angular girl with blonde hair as straight as an Indian's, a large mouth and rather large teeth. Also she wore an ugly checked suit. The only quality she had according to Hollywood beauty standards was slimness; she did them one better in that. She was met at the boat by a few horrified press men whose hearts were in their throats until they took her to be photographed. There wasn't any doubt in the minds of those press men after that. Greta knew her eye work they'd say. And when she got out to Hollywood it was discovered that she was a singularly poised young woman. The taboos of Hollywood didn't cause a ripple in the fair brow of this young Swedish girl. Not understanding English she was unconscious of most of the rules, and if anyone attempted to explain them to her they seemed too trivial for serious consideration. She was an actress and she knew her stuff. What else could matter? When she felt like it and if she felt like it she curled her hair. That is if she felt the part that way. But you will notice that Greta's hair remains as individual as she is. No cramped, set, marcel waves for Greta. Every hair stands out, a separate tongue for the crying down of the conventionalized coiffure. And heaven knows it is a relief.

But see what a wall Greta walked through, indolently and gracefully. Would Phyllis Haver ever have landed the part of Roxie Hart in *Chicago* if Greta hadn't smashed tradition? Maybe she would but we doubt it. Phyllis has been doing some pretty good trouping for a long time but she was always a 'good' heroine until after Greta's success. Then Phyllis came into her own as an adventuress.

Perhaps you are thinking, 'What about the red-heads?' Ah yes, the red-heads. Well, my children, the red-heads don't count. No, they don't count because, as perhaps you have noticed, the red-heads can get any where, any time—if they want to. If you haven't noticed you might turn your attention to Clara Bow, whose red locks and laughing lips crash every gate long before she gets to them.

You'd think the producers would have had a lesson by now and be less positive about what, as they think, will 'go' in pictures. There is Anna May Wong for

instance. As fine an actress as the screen can boast. A lovely, fragile mystic creature gracing every part she ever played. Yet when they have a real chance to let her reap the reward of her years of splendid work they turn it over to someone else. Their reason being that they are afraid the public would protest against a real Chinese girl playing heroine even though the story calls for a Chinese girl.

And although Anna May can produce thousands of fan letters to prove her popularity, many of her fans resenting hotly the fact that she does not have a star part, the producers still tuck their tongues in their cheeks and shift from one foot to the other in doubt and dilemma. Anna May's taboo is harder to overcome, I think, than that of any other actress, but she is gaining ground. UFA has signed her up and she will have commenced her first starring picture with them by the time this is being read. An original story she tells me it is, written expressly for her and she is the heroine.

Some day, all taboos will be consigned to the ash can as ridiculous and cramping. Even this is a particularly slack season for them except that men can't be bald if they want to go on the screen, which seems amusing when one considers all the fine wigs there are to be had. And if you are clever at make up who is to know the difference. Look carefully at the beards of some of the beardless men in pictures. In Jannings' closeups can you tell that his mustache isn't real? Can you tell Jean Hersholt's? Or Tully Marshall's? Harry Warner? Yes, and I have always held against him that ugly, bristly, crudely put on beard that he wore when he played the most enviable of all heroes, the Christ.

So what's a bald head when there are wigs? Of course a squint eyed heroine isn't so exciting, but other things being equal she wouldn't be altogether impossible. The taboos for the girls at present are that a girl must have wide apart eyes and she must be thin, but la, in a few years the buxom lass may be all the rage, and then where is the taboo?

So dry your eyes little girl or boy, no matter what it is you want to do, remember this. If you are determined and sincere and are willing to work there is no limit to what you can do. Once upon a time it was said that no one would pay fifty cents to see a movie. The other night people paid five dollars a seat for the opening of Harold Lloyd's new picture *Speedy*. And the house was packed.

Nothing is impossible. If the mind can conceive an idea, there will be fingers to carry it out sometime, somewhere. There is no taboo that can stand against sincerity, hard work and selflessness.

They Hitched Their Wagon to the Stars

Continued from page 17

how she loved him, and oh, how he loved her—all under Frank Lloyd's expert direction. He was new to films, and Director Lloyd took particular pains with him. So did Clara. She held out her little hand to the big fellow. He took it—and held it. Gary and Clara made potent scenes together for *Children of Divorce*—divorce was right. He left her. It wasn't his fault. The company decided to make him a star. Gary was thrust right into big leads. *Beau Sabreur*—*The Legion of the Condemned*. Gary is

now the whole show of his films. The heartless producers divorced Clara and Gary so that each could shine brightly alone.

Clara had still another movie boy friend—Charles Rogers. A different type entirely from the rugged Gary. Charles is shy, and very, very young, and adoring. But Clara loved him just the same. She loved him for the purposes of such pictures as *Wings* and *Get Your Man*. But he isn't her Buddy any more. Clara hasn't seen him since Mary Pickford lured him away to be her

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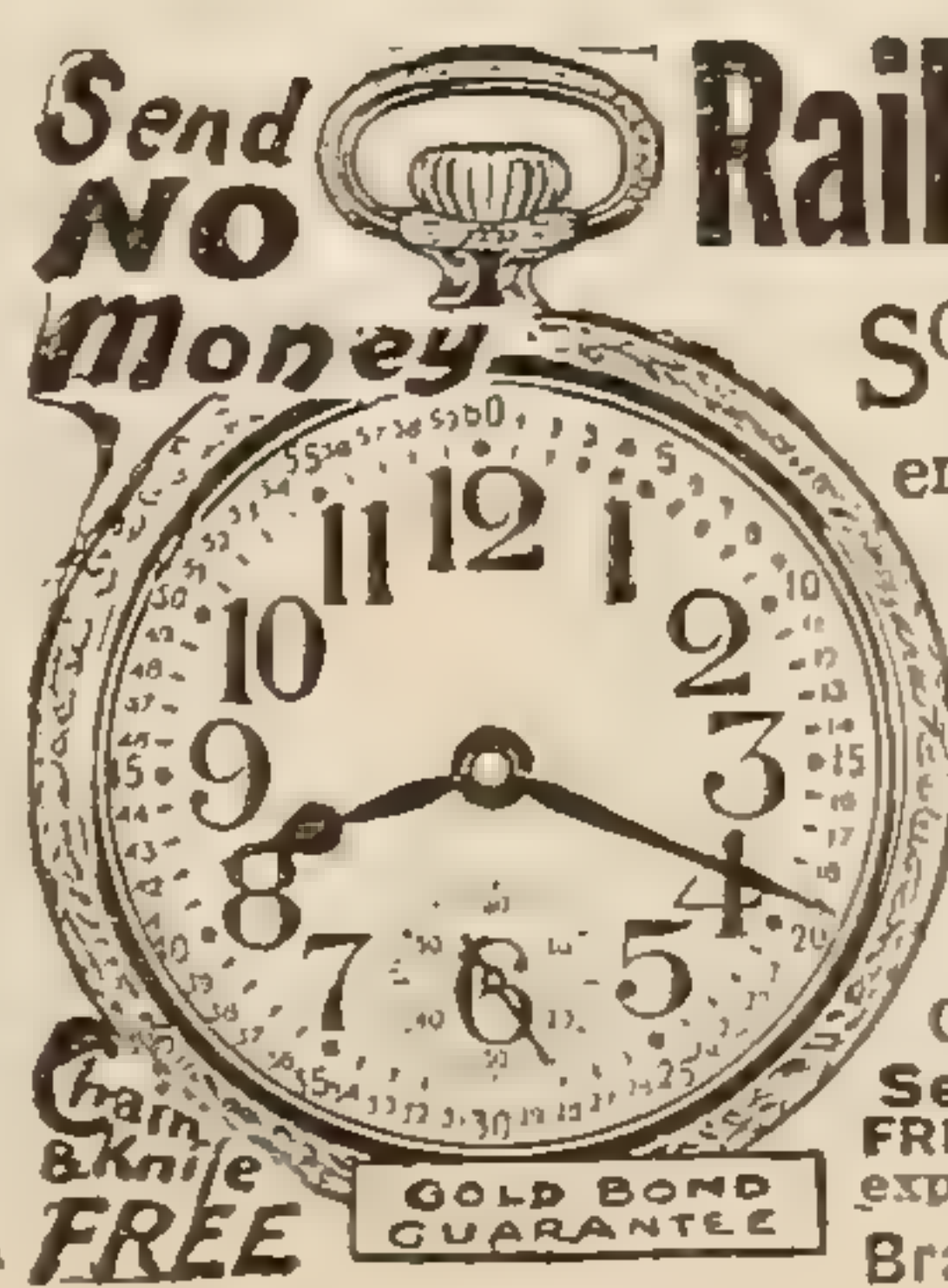
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best beau in *My Best Girl*. Never mind, Clara—a girl like you will always pick winners. You're a magnet for handsome leading men. There's Lane Chandler.

If a beautiful, red-headed star can't seem to hold her man, what can you expect of a suffering cinema flower like Lillian Gish? Playing opposite Lillian is love's labor lost. A Gish hero doesn't always get his girl—not by a couple of kisses. You really can't blame her leading men for staying away, when you consider that Ronald Colman couldn't capture *The White Sister*. Dick Barthelmess played opposite in *Broken Blossoms*, which turned out for him to be busted buds, as far as movie romance was concerned. But its compensations included stardom for Richard. Lars Hanson didn't have such a good time as the hero of *The Scarlet Letter*. Jack Gilbert was reunited to Mimi too late to do anybody any good. The course of true love never did run so very smooth for Lillian's screen heroes. Just the same, they liked the job. Not only was there considerable prestige attached to paying unrequited court to the screen's Duse, there were fat contracts forthcoming.

The White Sister sent Ronnie straight to stardom with Vilma Banky. And now, alas, Vilma, too, has loved and lost. Samuel Goldwyn has played the cruel father and separated the two lovers. Vilma is looking for a brand-new leading man. Don't spoil my story by reminding me that Vilma hasn't very far to look. She has a leading man right in her own home who is wild to play opposite her for pictures any old time. Ask Rod—he knows.

What a charming combination Connie Talmadge wore in *Breakfast at Sunrise!* Don't misunderstand. I'm referring to her very becoming leading man in that picture—Don Alvarado. The intense young Latin was just the type for Connie's blonde loveliness. But—she was soon forced to find a new autocrat for her cinema breakfast-table. Don Alvarado was lured away—to beat the *Drums of Love* for Mary Philbin. You love them—and they get a better contract.

I did think Alice Terry could count on Ramon Novarro—didn't you? He was the great lover of her (screen) life, you know. I didn't see how she could ever live without him—especially after *The Arab*. Somehow she survived the separation; and a kind fate reunited them in *Lovers*. Everything went well for a while, and then fickle Ramon left her again—this time to make love to different women all the time. He has to; it's in his contract.

The Duncan sisters shared the screen affection of Nils Asther in *Topsy and Eva*. He loved them, though after the fashion of a big brother. But it was good enough for them. Then he rode away, on important contracts. Now he's the handsome hero of *Sorrell and Son* and *Laugh, Clown, Laugh*. Loretta Young is the latest lucky girl to listen to his love-making—until Herbert Brenon calls 'Cut!'

You wouldn't guess it from her pictures, perhaps, but Colleen Moore has known what it is to suffer, all for a man. Only in Colleen's case it isn't one man; it's men—the little minx! Seems that all Colleen has to do is to play around with a certain young man and all the other girls in Hollywood begin to cry for him. And, if the other girls cry long and loudly enough, their cries will be answered—especially when backed up by their producers' financial arguments.

In Colleen's case, or cases—there was Ben Lyon. He loved Colleen—who could doubt it after *Flaming Youth* and *So Big?* It began to look as if the attachment was

lasting. Then word got round that Ben was the newest and snappiest thing in screen juveniles, and everybody began bidding for his services. Before long Ben had ceased to be any star's support—except his mother's. Colleen bore up bravely. She went right to her husband and said: 'John we've got to find me a new leading man.' She should have told him to find a half-dozen, to use one at a time.

There was Donald Reed. He loved her, too—in *Naughty But Nice*. After Colleen had introduced Donald to the public, the public said: 'Where has he been all our lives?' and 'We want more!' Result: Donald was seized to play the hero in *The Mad Hour* and other films. Playing with Colleen is a great experience for any young actor. She is not only an inspiration as to technique, she is a practical help. She will always stop to explain a scene. She has unlimited patience, and has never been known to lose her temper. A good job for a bright boy, a lead with Colleen. And if every leading man she gets runs away as soon as the picture is finished it's because the prestige of playing with her has boosted him into the front ranks and all the other girls want to play with him, too.

Bebe Daniels gave Larry Gray his chance. Gloria Swanson helped. Now Larry is so much in demand that neither Bebe nor Gloria is playing with him these days.

When you consider how much in demand a personable young man is in the Hollywood studios, perhaps you can't blame the boys for loving and leaving. Gloria tested dozens of the available actors for the big part of the Sergeant in *Sadie Thompson* and finally gave the role to her own director, Raoul Walsh. Now Walsh is in the peculiar predicament of being in demand not only as a director but as an actor.

Jack Mulhall was assisted into the limelight by two fair ladies: Corinne Griffith and Colleen Moore. Corinne's *Classified* and Colleen's *Orchids and Ermine* gave Jack the necessary impetus. First National decided to take him away from Miss Griffith and Miss Moore, present him to Dorothy Mackaill, and let romance run its course. Jack kept up the good work. He made ardent love to Dorothy. And his reward of merit is lone-stardom in *The Butter-and-Egg Man*. It only goes to show what a little inspiration—or three or four little inspirations—can do for a fellow.

They owe it all to the little women. Did you ever hear of Johnny Mack Brown before he played with Marion Davies in *The Fair Co-Ed?* He was a football star from Alabama. Marion's collegiate comedy was the right setting for young Mr. Brown. Marion's own zest made his part all the easier. Now the boy with the triple name has graduated and you'll be seeing more of him. No wonder they like to play with Marion—and no wonder they all leave her! A part with Miss Davies always leads to bigger things, though perhaps not so much fun.

Conrad Nagel's career has taken a new lease on life. Conrad has been in pictures for a long time. Suddenly, with his appearance opposite Marion in *Quality Street*, he took on a new interest. He showed more vim and vigor than usual. The quiet, sedate Mr. Nagel seemed to unbend as he acted with the rollicking Miss Davies. Not long after, he had an offer to renew his contract with Metro-Goldwyn—a contract unique in the film industry in that it agrees to share his services with Warner Brothers for Vitaphone films. So Conrad comes to the 'speakies' in *Tenderloin* and *Glorious Betsy*—pleasant work for an actor who was

a hit on the stage. Marion gets a new leading man. Variety is the spice of life!

Vidor took Jimmy Murray out of the extra mob only to put him in *The Crowd*. But he did him a favor at that. Opposite Mrs. Vidor—Eleanor Boardman—young Murray was splendid. Everybody said: 'Here's another great team!' Then the company took her new leading man right from under her nose. Jimmy is making love to other ladies now.

Laura La Plante may look like the muse of Mirth, but she, too, has had a secret sorrow. She, too, has swallowed her sobs and settled on. She, too—and I guess this settles it, all right—has loved and lost. She knows what it is to have a perfect leading man—two, in fact—snatched from her. You remember how happy she seemed to be with Reginald Denny? As Mr. and Mrs. Skinner, they were a blissful young couple. The Denny-La Plante union was a huge success—in fact, so profitable that their company decided that if they were such wows together, they would make good separately, too. So it proved. Laura bore up under the blow of losing her best leading man—with the sympathetic assistance of her husband, William Seiter. He promised her he'd help her to find another she would like just as well—and he kept his promise, because he's her director. Glenn Tryon turned out to be another perfect foil for the La Plante charms. Here, at last, was one screen romance that would survive the wear and tear of everyday shooting. But no, Glenn is of stellar stuff himself. They just had to star him. Laura isn't worrying. She knows her husband will keep her supplied with suitable leading men.

There's a broken heart, they say, for every boob—I mean bulb—on Broadway. That goes double for Hollywood, where girls love handsome boys only to lose 'em. Of course, as I always tell the girls, it's all for the best. If they didn't change leading men often, the public would complain. Darby and Joan make a pretty pair in a poem but not in a movie. We want our lovers young, and subject to sudden change. The girls who have loved and lost are good sports. When they go to see the very latest model in male talent making love on the screen, they can always chuckle and say: 'He made love to me first!'

What's Doing in Times Square

(Continued from page 4)

Clara Bow stopped traffic at the Paramount in *Red Hair* and this week Florence Vidor is there in *Doomsday*. For their anniversary program, which was repeated the second week, Roxy offered *Dressed to Kill*, with Edmund Lowe and Mary Astor in the leading roles. The next two weeks *The Jazz Singer* played there. *Children of No Importance* is at the Fifty fifth street theatre this week and *Tartuffe, the Hypocrite*, a Jannings picture, plays the Fifth Avenue.

Lon Chaney in *The Big City* held the Capitol for two weeks, Dick Barthelmess in *The Noose* played the Strand and then came Rod La Rocque with Lupe Velez in *Stand and Deliver*. *Ivan the Terrible* has held the Cameo for several weeks and continues to thrill. The old standbys are still with us such as *Sunrise* at the Times Square, *Wings* at the Criterion, *Uncle Tom's Cabin* at the Central and those of more recent date. *Four Sons* at the Gaiety, and *Mother Machree* at the Globe.

Altogether a very entertaining picture month and a prophetic one.



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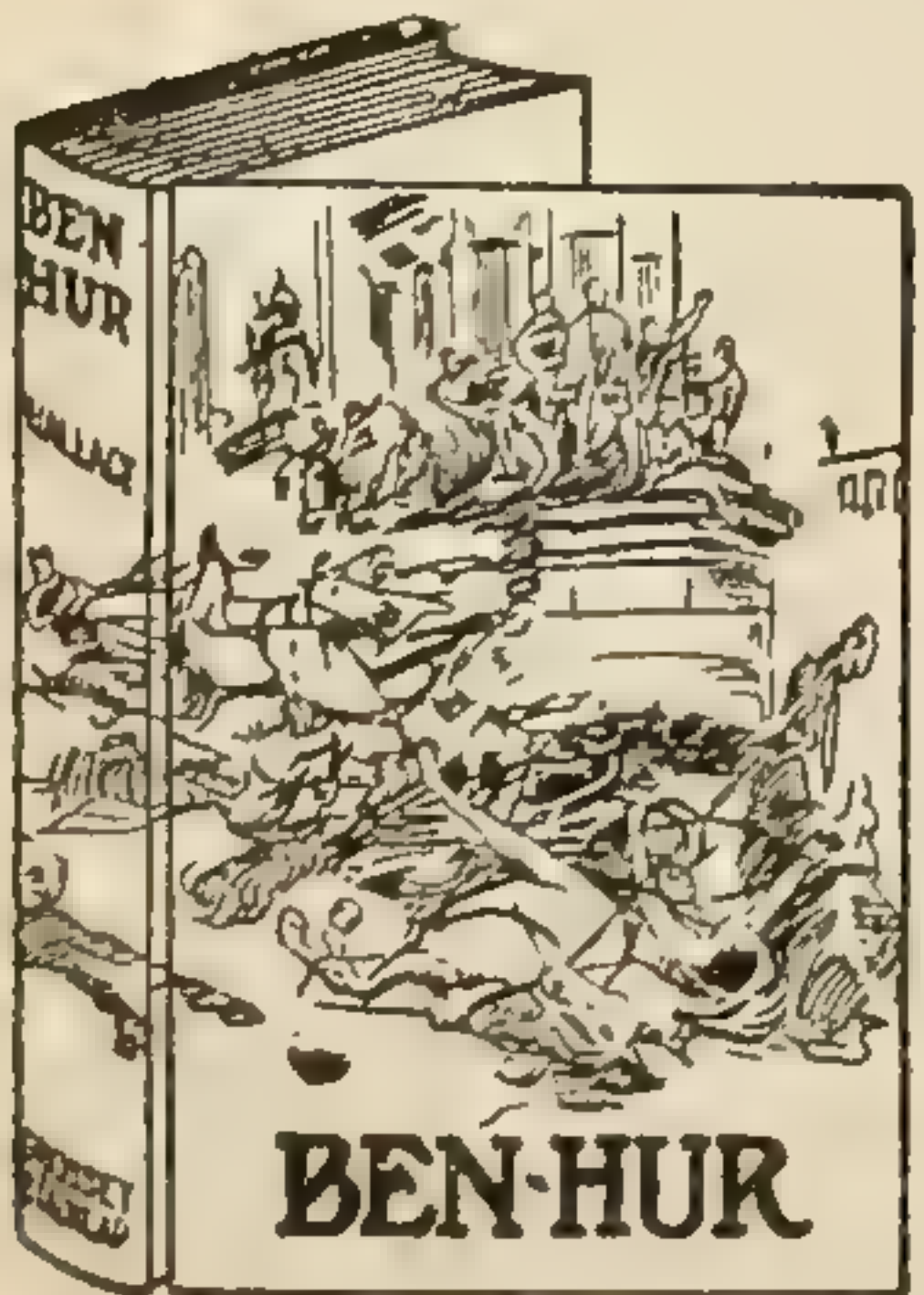
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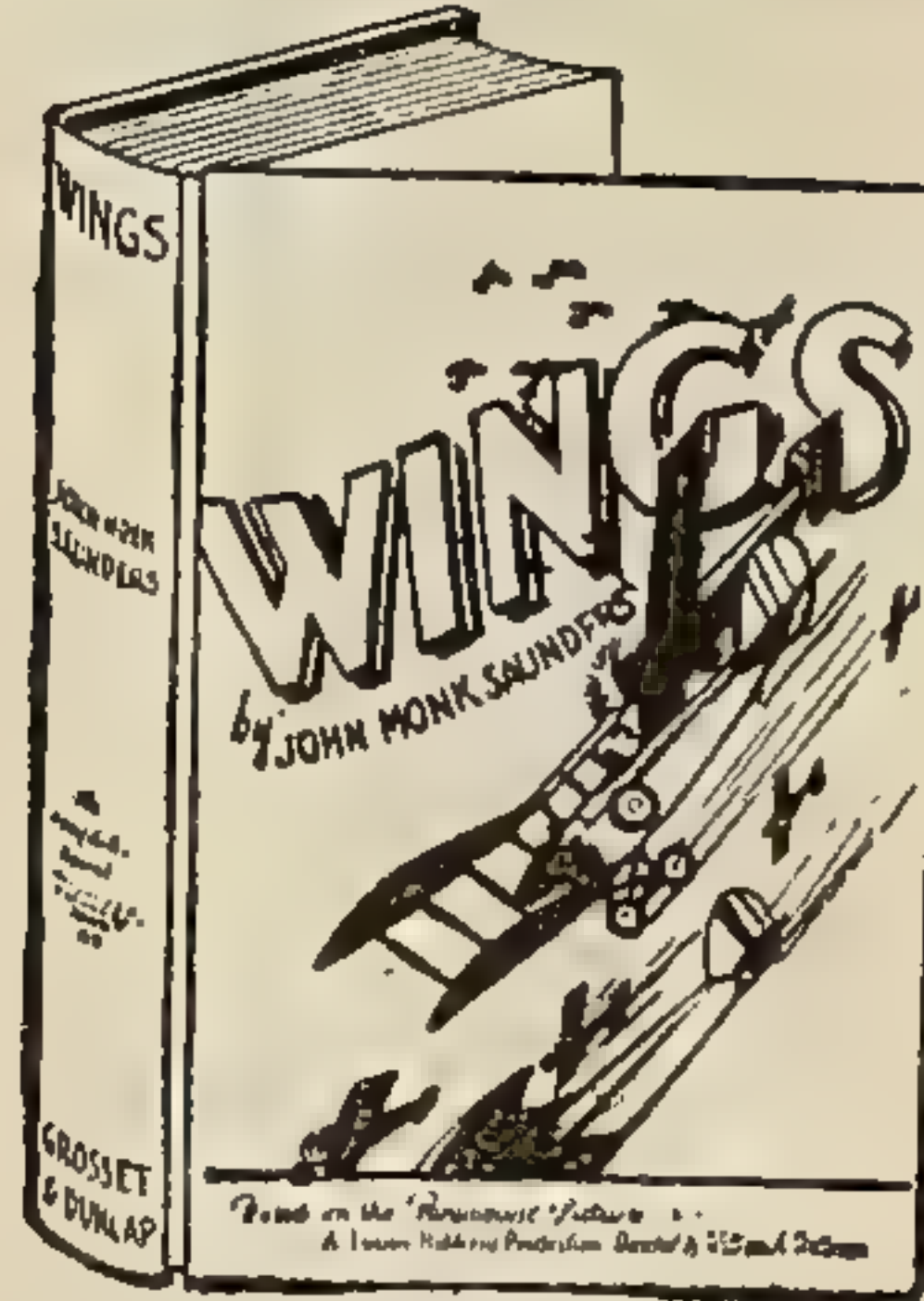


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Uninteresting Thoughts

(Continued from page 8)

reminds us of an instantaneous mot from the wisdom of Irvin Cobb. He and another Mauve Decade boy were in a theatre and two girls several rows in front kept turning around and looking back at the two famous ones and there seemed to be something a bit flirtatious about their glances. Cobb's friend commented on the mystery and wondered if the looks were meant for them, but supposed not. "No," said the jovial Cobb, "they probably think we're a couple of out patients from Grant's Tomb."

It takes forty years or so to know how charming youth is.

* * *

In Scribners recently *The State of Riverbank* by Roman Laim packed hints. We quote the introduction: "The saga of Shantytown, the community beyond the pale, which the ordinary laws of property, marriage, even of life and death never touch. Not only communism and anarchy but also polygamy, polyandry, free love, companionate marriage are tried daily without benefit of sociologist."

We remember *Tess of the Storm Country* and feel that a story along modern lines could well be screened with Shantytown as a setting.

The Lens Hath a Million Eyes

(Continued from page 23)

and you certainly have a pictorial eye; why don't you try these here moving pictures? There's a company started out in Edendale, the Selig Polyscope, I think it's called."

Bosworth looked at me suspiciously. Then glancing around to see that he was not overheard he whispered:

"Sh-h-h! I have, but you mustn't tell! I'm working under an assumed name. Perhaps you wouldn't believe it to look at me, but I've got T. B.—or at least, I had. I've been over in the desert painting and starving out the bugs. The doc says I'm all right now, but that I must give up acting and live out doors. Moving pictures permit me to do both. You must come over and see me. But don't tell the villagers, for you know what the stage people think of moving pictures—nothing could be lower."

My first visit to the studio of this lowly and despised art was a more important event in my life than I ever suspected, for it was ultimately to lure me from my palette and start me in a new profession, that of celebrating this new art in the magazines.



A characteristic pose of Hobart Bosworth's. With him are Linda Loredo and Charles Delaney in 'After the Storm.'

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At a time when no great stage actors would stoop to play in pictures Bosworth was naturally a great asset to the Selig Company, in spite of his anonymity. It was not long, however, before he permitted them to proclaim their triumph to the world. Liking the young enthusiasts who were then struggling with the new medium and clearly seeing a future that none of his confreres felt, he cut all his bridges behind him and proudly blazed the way for his fellow artists of the stage. Sneered at by the culture hounds of the day, he has lived to see the greatest of them seeking—and often refused—the glories of the silver screen. And his beautiful estate is the reward of his courage and confidence.

Nor was Bosworth's transition as easy as it is today. I recall his great struggle of adjustment.

"Frank," he said to his director, "this is perfectly awful trying to act without an audience. I get no reaction from that clicking box. It is like talking to one's self."

"Hobie," replied the patient fellow, "if you'll just forget me and the camera and realize that a million eyes are watching you through that lens you'll have the big-

gest audience you ever played before."

A million eyes! From that moment Hobart began to shine. It may seem strange to the fans that are familiar with Bosworth only in 'father' parts to know that he began his career as a romantic young hero. In those days he was the Jack Gilbert of the screen. But here I am reminiscing on my own hook.

"Rob, do you remember when that tall chap named Dave Griffith came out here with a bunch of kids—Mae Marsh, the Gish girls, Mabel Normand? And—and do you remember that comical chap, Mack Sennett, that used to play hired-men parts? Queer, that while Griff was nursing a bunch of coming stars our studio was incubating directors—Bob Leonard, Al Green, Henry Otto. And do you remember a little fellow that came to work extra for us at two dollars and a half a day and was destined to become one of the greatest directors of them all? But Sid Franklin had brains and a wonderful nervous energy in that little body of his. And do you remember—"

But when Hobie and I get to remembering the kindest editor will lose his patience.

The Newest Picture Girl—Continued from page 15

Billy Haines brought her over to be introduced. You could see at once that for all her youth she had poise. No little giggling, ga-ga girl Anita Page! Somebody warned her that she mustn't fall in love with Billy and she answered, 'Oh, but I started to do just that when I first saw him on the screen!' which isn't a bad comeback for a youngster who might well be much too awed to say a word.

When she told me goodbye she remembered my name and when I saw her a few days later she still had not forgotten it. That girl will get a long way in pictures with a memory like that!

Now let's get down to the business of sorting out the rumors and seeing what is real and what isn't. Her home was in New York and like every other blonde youngster in the world—brunettes and red heads, too—she wanted to go in pictures. And, having a wise mother and father, no objection was made. She did a few bits around the studios. Her agent called her one morning to report for a screen test for an independent company, Kennelworth Productions.

The test was good. She played the leading role in the picture and was told that immediately afterwards the company was moving on to California and that she would have to go along. It was en route, in Chicago, that she and her mother discovered that Harry Thaw was financing the company. This caused much agitation in the family; however there was nothing to do but to go on to California and see what could be done about it.

When the troupe arrived in Hollywood there seemed to be very little activity in Kennelworth Productions and Ann and her mother rejoiced that weeks slipped by and no work was in sight. It was a splendid time to break the contract and it was done at once.

So then mother and daughter held a family conference. Would the Thaw angle react against Anita? What was the next move? They decided that there was nothing to be done about it but to see. Certainly they had not known. They could not be blamed for that. Anita got busy and secured a test through the casting director at Paramount.

Mal St. Clair saw the test. He liked it and wished that he had a part to suit the child. Then when he heard that Sam Wood was looking for a leading woman for William Haines in *He Learned About Women* he suggested Anita to him. She was called to M.G.M. and given a test which secured her the part. So St. Clair and Wood can share joint honors for her discovery.

And there you have the story—the true story—that Hollywood took such delight in gossiping about. She is seventeen, which clears up that little matter.

As for Anita herself (her real name, by the way, is Anita Pomares) she is one of the most delightfully refreshing youngsters you've seen. Just listen to this.

The scene is the studio wardrobe. Anita is trying on a dress to be used in the picture. Says the fitter, "Does that look all right?"

Says Anita, "Well, I'd like the blouse a little fuller but you just have it anyway you think best. I don't know what photographs right and I want it just the way they want it."

The fitter, who has heard 'em shout to the heavens that everybody in the world should be killed because a sleeve is a half inch too short, swoons.

Anita is that way on the set, too. "I'm only learning," she said "I want to do anything they tell me to do. I've always wanted to act but so has every other girl in the world. The cups I won in two beauty contests aren't good for anything but to clean. I'm so green at this game and I try to watch everyone else work and listen to every word Mr. Wood says.

"The trouble with me is that I overact. Oh, I just act all over the place. I can feel things all right, but I haven't the technique yet and I'm just learning about timing. But everyone is so nice to me. If Mr. Wood shouted at me I'd die, but he's so patient and Billy is so good and gives me such a wonderful chance in his scenes. I suppose everybody tells you all this."

I asked her about how she felt when she was having the test that was to either get her the part or leave her stranded in California.

"No," she said, wide eyed, "I honestly wasn't a bit afraid. I always try to think



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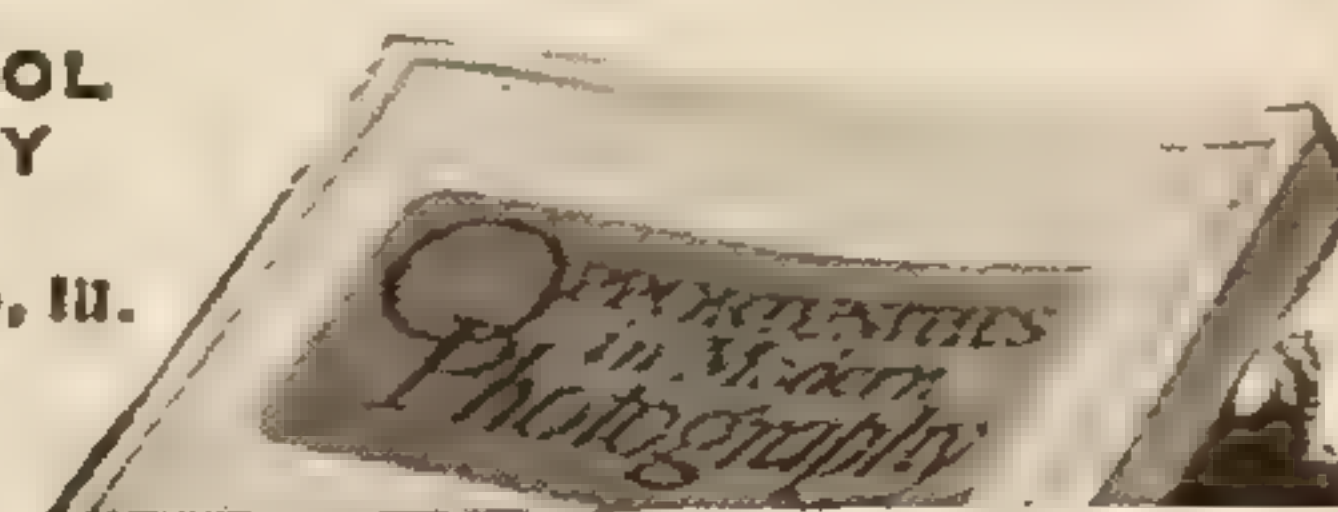
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that it isn't very important; for if I'd stopped to realize what it meant to me I couldn't have done a thing. So I kept thinking that it was just a game and that it didn't matter one way or the other. Honestly I'm not a bit afraid of the camera."

"And what did you do when you were told that you had gotten the chance of your life?"

She giggled, such a young, infectious giggle. "I'd always read about girls pinching themselves to see if they were awake," she answered. "So I did that because I thought I should, but it didn't make me realize it a bit more. I didn't cry or scream or dance or anything. You don't do anything hectic when there are big crises in your life. You just sit still and try to take it all in and aren't able to. At least that's what I did."

"I have the funniest feeling about it all, anyhow. I'm really leading a dual life. At the studio I've somehow gotten to be the feminine lead opposite William Haines in *He Learned About Women*. And somehow there is a contract and I'm to do a lot more pictures. I have a dressing room all my own and the hair dressers and wardrobe people fuss over me and are all so nice to me and I meet all the big stars that I've watched on the screen and I am a part of this great industry that is so glamorous and wonderful."

"Then I get home at six o'clock and there is my mother and dinner is ready and she tells me that I shouldn't have left the house this morning without my coat. She reminds me when eight o'clock comes that I've got to get ready for bed if I'm to be fresh for work in the morning and she comes and tucks me in and kisses me good night and it's just as if what had happened at the studio that day hadn't happened at all."

"My mother is beautiful. She's so young. She was only seventeen when I was born. My father is coming out here in a week. My little brother, he's only four years old, is out here, too, and he isn't a bit impressed that I'm William Haines' leading woman."

There's a remarkable paradox in Anita Page's character. She looks like a child. She has such a childish heart, yet it would take a good deal to disturb her innate poise. She has all the attributes of a show woman. There's nothing that could keep her from letting you see her fascinating eyes and dimple in her cheek. She is like a little fluttery bird, amazingly bright and airy. There is certainly nothing dull about Anita. But the poise keeps her from being awed by all the startling events that have made up her life in the last few months.

The very fact that she overacts, rather than underacts shows that she has the stuff of which actresses are made. It is so much easier to tone down than it is to build up. You can learn repression. You can't learn to throw your entire soul into a scene.

I asked her how she felt when she saw herself on the screen and again she showed herself never lacking for a comeback when she said, "Oh, I think Mr. Daniels' photography is wonderful."

And then she continued, "I don't believe it is really I. I watch the rushes every night and I can certainly see what is wrong with what I have done. Rushes are a great help in learning to act but I will never be able to learn what my camera angles are for I'm so amazed that Mr. Daniels can make me look like that on the screen. He's marvelous and I keep telling myself, 'That isn't you, Anita it's just awfully good photography.'"

So much for what Anita thinks of herself. Her director, Sam Wood, was not loath to tell what he thought "and," he

added, "you can go ahead and print it because it won't turn Anita's head a bit. She's not that kind of a kid.

"She is pretty, she is young and she has a sophistication that is natural to inexperienced youth without the swagger and cockiness that so often spoils it. She photographs well, but that can be said of no less than three thousand girls in Hollywood today.

"The thing that won her the contract and the lead with Billy Haines is the fact that her screen personality is unlike that of any other leading woman on the screen and is, at the same time, appealing.

"No one will ever be able to watch a picture of hers and say, 'This girl looks like Norma Shearer,' or 'Isn't that a remarkable likeness to Greta Garbo?' Anita Page on the screen looks like no one but Anita Page and that's why she will go a long way.

"Besides all this, she has the God-given gift of the ability to act. She is quick to catch the fine shades of feeling in a scene.

I don't have to tell her what to do more than once."

Billy Haines, in characteristic manner, said, "She's a swell little kid" and then, when he saw that Anita had heard, "But she must learn to give more respect to the star of the picture and not steal scenes from him."

And Anita giggled and assured me that Billy was only kidding, that she couldn't steal a scene from him if she tried because she didn't know enough and that I mustn't pay a bit of attention to anything I heard him say.

She slipped her arm through mine and walked to the end of the set with me.

My last glimpse of her was as the sunlight caught her shining hair and made a tone poem of it. Her eyes shone and she called out as I left, "I can't tell my dear public how much I love it, because I haven't any public yet. Oh yes, I did get one letter but it didn't count because it was from a girl I used to know in school."

Ralph Forbes — Continued from page 24

she was the only member of the family to contemplate such a career.

Like most parents who know the hardships of a certain phase of life, his mother determined that he should not follow in her footsteps. They decided first that he should become a barrister, but the tedious law books and the musty offices could not chain as blythe a spirit as Ralph's. He simply refused to be a lawyer, so they decided that he should become a naval officer.

"I should never have been able to make the ship on time," said Ralph knowing that I would readily believe this since he had been the better part of an hour late for the interview.

So Ralph set out to seek his own career. He naturally thought first of the stage, but knowing how his mother dreaded this he decided upon the cinema. The English companies were so new that they were anxious to sign such a personable young man who was also the son of Mary Forbes.

I've been living for the moment when I could tell you the name of Ralph's first picture. He played the lead in *The Fifth Form of St. Dominic!* Fancy that for a box office title! Try it over in your American electric lights! Imagine what an American exhibitor would say when a salesman tried to sell him a production with a name like that!

And when I howled as he told me this title Ralph proved that he was not as Americanized as he would have you think by seeing nothing funny in it at all and saying, "But it was really an awfully good picture!"

The English cinema did not hold him long and his mother, now convinced that he would be an actor whether or no, said no more about it when he went on the stage.

In America he found his greatest success in such productions as *Havoc*, *The Flame*, *Stronger Than Love* and *The Green Hat*. In the last named he made his farewell stage appearance for the lure of American pictures had found him ripe for *Beau Geste* in which he was introduced to American fans.

Beau Geste introduced him, *The Trail of 98* will put him at the top.

"The English have luck as well as the Irish," he said. "Imagine my getting a break like that. Nobody could see me in the part at first. I'd been doing dress-up roles and they couldn't picture me in fur caps and makinaws and top boots.

"That location in the mountains of Colorado was an experience that I shall never forget. It certainly made us realize the enormity of the picture and we went through hardships that were as intense, although they did not last as long, as the hardships undergone by those who really went over the trail.

"I was glad for the experience and I was glad for that part because I hate the thought of being a type. Most directors hear my accent and immediately think of an English role, but an actor must not be a type. If he is a real actor he knows the difference between playing and acting a part.

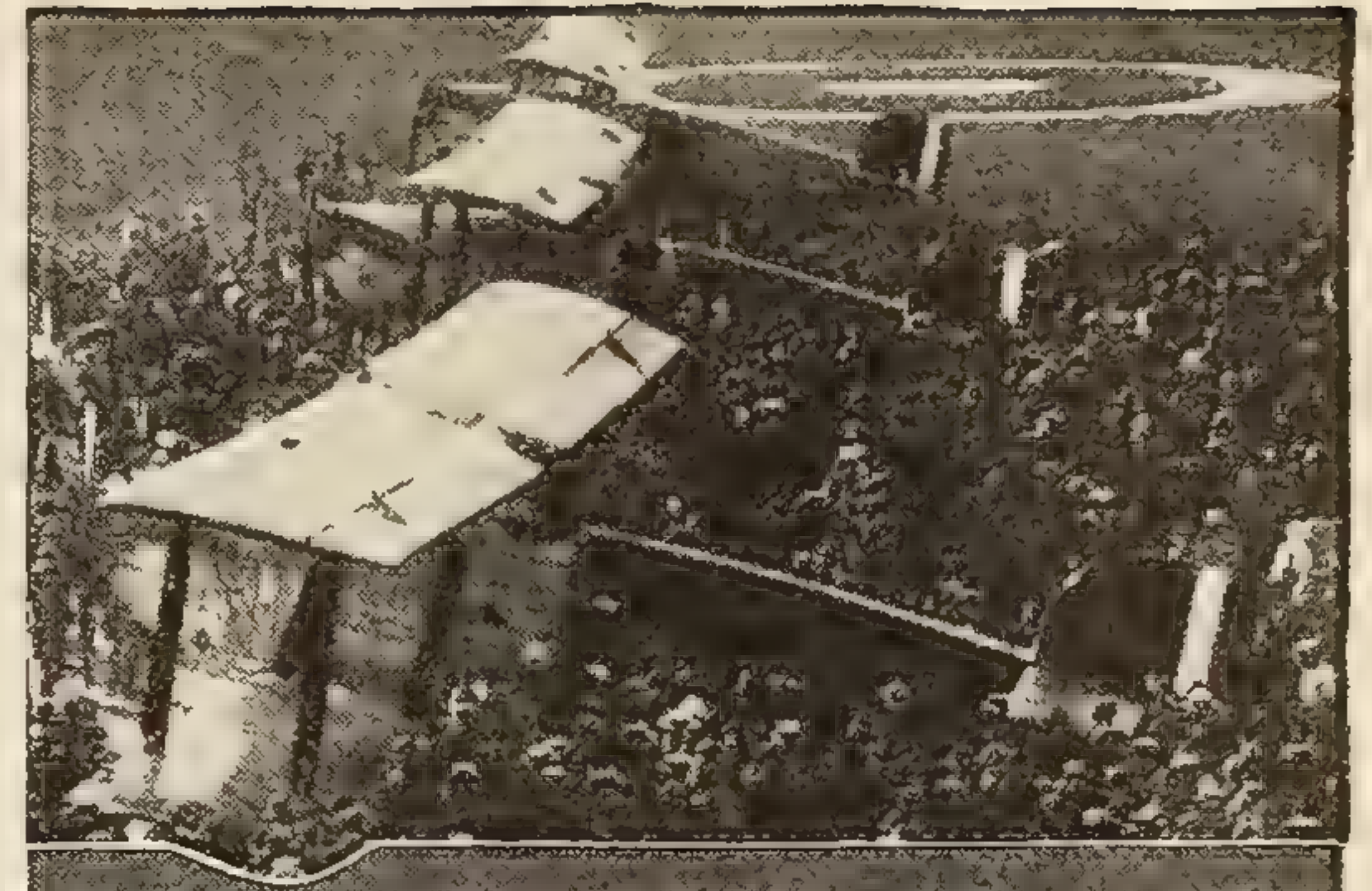
"Anybody can act. By acting I mean going through all the strenuous emotions, registering love, hate and fear in the stereotyped manner. By playing a part I mean really living it, throwing yourself into it so completely that you cease to be yourself and take on the personality of the role you play. When you can do this you are no longer a type, but an actor.

"People don't do the dramatic things in the dramatic moments. They do simple, foolish ordinary things when a crisis is at hand. They're dramatic when they're conscious of themselves. It is difficult to be natural on the screen. It is easy to act."

America has been Ralph Forbes' promised land and he loves it. "I enjoy the bustle and hub bub of America," he said. "We work harder over here than we do in England. There seem to be more things that want doing and somehow the days expand so that we are able to get them all in. It only took twenty days for us to make the last picture in which I worked, *The Dog of War*. Such a thing is unheard of in England. Perhaps we work more carefully but I'm afraid that we are too meticulous, that we devote too much time to detail. Here we work for broad effects and we get a certain intensity and virility that is the very essence of drama."

Ralph Forbes usually talks like that, in generalities. His chat is unusually free from stray bits of gossip and comments about his fellow workers and he tries to shy from the topic of women.

"The difference between English and American girls? Oh, I say, do you think that's quite a fair question?" he asked. "I like American girls, however, because they're so frank and honest. There isn't much mystery about them it's true, but they have something better than mystery, and



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that is the ability to be pals with men. English girls stand rather in awe of men because they haven't the chance to know them like American girls have.

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And with that he refused to follow the subject further and insisted that we talk about books, particularly his favorite authors, Galsworthy and Swinnerton, and the time was gone before I knew it.

The seriousness with which Ralph takes his work, his anxiety to play a part rather than act it will assuredly take him out of the type class. Not just a very handsome man who can wear a uniform divinely, he is schooled in the technique of acting and definite as to his goal, the son of Mary Forbes bids fair to become one of the most popular young idols of the American cinema.

In New York
(Continued from page 31)

They kept on trying until, finally, she rebelled. She decided she wouldn't play any more of those hit-or-miss parts. She did a brave thing—a daring thing for a mite scarcely five feet high. She said to her folks: "We're going to Europe. Yes—I'm going to take a vacation. Forget all about pictures, take a long, deep breath, and when we come back—we'll see!"

Betty is the gentle boss of the family. So—after seeing that Grandma would be looked after, not that she wants looking after what with hundreds of friends and a special friend in Blanche Sweet's spry young grandmother—Betty, mother and sister packed up, Europe-bound. They spent glorious weeks seeing England—and Paris—and the South of France. Betty bought hats from Reboux and gowns from Jenny. She loved London. And of course, there was Barrie.

When you ask her what she thinks she will do when she gets back to filmtown, her eyes take on that unfathomable look and she says: "I don't know. But I feel freshened and beautifully free." She confided that she hopes to play girls of her own age as she feels they should be played—not as smarty flappers or hoodlums, but as interesting, human, believable girls—but nice. It can be done. Betty is just such a girl, herself.

Virginia Lee Corbin, one of the most beautiful blondes in—or out of—pictures, came to New York on a mysterious mission. She wasn't on a vacation. She wasn't sailing to Europe. She wasn't merely shopping. And then it came out—she was about to burst into vaudeville as a full-fledged star in a great, big act. Virginia Lee is only nineteen. It's easy to check up on her age, because she was only four or five when she was a child star of the Fox 'kiddie' films, notable among which was *Jack and the Beanstalk*. Then she began to grow, and until she was past the awkward age she retired from pictures. When Mother decided she was old enough to come back, Virginia found herself cast as

a flapper. She was tagged by the producers, and she was never allowed to play anything else. It began to get on her nerves—she was too ambitious to like the idea of going through life as a perpetual flapper. So, when the Keith vaudeville offer came, she left California flat and came east to rehearse. She and her company are opening soon at the Palace Theatre on Broadway, N. Y.—mecca of all vaudevillians. Miss Corbin will sing a little and dance a lot. She's always loved to dance.

No matter how big a hit she makes on the stage, however, I don't think she'll ever forget pictures. She loves them, they gave her her start, and she'll go back some time. Her pretty blue eyes are a little wistful when she says the movies are her first love. Virginia, by the way, has a pair of the prettiest orbs in pictures. They have long curly lashes, and a trick of narrowing humorously when she laughs. And she laughs a lot, this nineteen-year-old. Her mother, who is very young too, is partly responsible for Virginia Lee's happy outlook on life in general. They both love the movies, and when they came to New York the first thing they did was to take in all the movie theatres, between rehearsals for Virginia's act.

One of the most interesting self-made men in the movies is Fred Kley. You may never have heard of him, but everybody inside the movies knows him well. He has been in the picture business for fifteen years, starting with Dustin Farnum in *Squaw Man* days, and continuing with Cecil De Mille and the Lasky Feature Play Company through the years until Cecil De Mille formed his own company. Kley went with De Mille on condition that he remain only one year. Having amassed a very comfortable fortune he intended to retire—and he almost did, to the extent of becoming president of a bank, vice-president of a corporation, and a few other things. He was still thinking seriously of retiring in earnest when an old friend of his, James S. Douglas, came into his office with a great idea. According to Douglas, the Argentine was a swell place to make pictures. Why not join him, take a western star down there, and make a few more million dollars? Douglas gave such impressive reports of the possibilities of picture-making in South America that Mr. Kley began to listen. Finally they decided to try it out by signing up some western star, a camera-man, an executive staff and complete technical equipment and making Buenos Aires their headquarters.

And then it was that Fred Kley had another great idea. Tom Mix's Fox contract was expiring. Why not try, at least, to sign the greatest western star of them

all? One morning at 10:30 Kley visited the Mix mansion for 'a half hour's talk.' At four-thirty that afternoon he and Tom happened to remember that they hadn't had any lunch! But what did that matter? He had sold Tom the idea, and it was all over but the signing. Mix, his wife, Victoria Forde, and baby Thomasina will leave for the Argentine in June—as soon as Tom and Tony complete their vaudeville tour. Tony? Oh, of course Tony is going to South America too. Fred Kley, having signed his star up for F.B.O. release, has already left for Buenos Aires to smooth the way. And everybody is wishing him success.

Anna May Wong! The very name conjures up poetry and romance. And the girl it belongs to lives up to it. Anna May is probably the best-known Oriental girl in the world. She gets letters every day from all over the world—and you'd be surprised at the distinguished signatures of some of those letters. Her charm seems to be universal. Her hotel suite in New York was banked with flowers; and when she sailed away to Germany on a midnight boat, her stateroom was crammed with steamer baskets and books and—more flowers. Anna May Wong is in a class all by herself in the movie world; and some of her Occidental sisters must envy her popularity. One reason for her success must be her humbleness. She has neglected to acquire the airs and trappings of stardom. She remains a wise, quiet, mysterious little Oriental. And she is never too busy to dress up in one of her many gorgeous robes for your delectation.

When her mother and father were told of the handsome film offer from Europe, they refused to let their daughter go. Then one of Anna May's seven sisters and brothers spoke up and said: 'If you will permit her to go, I'll go along.' So it was arranged for one of the sisters to accompany her. Anna May Wong was born in California, but her family is true to the traditions of old China, and the land of her honorable ancestors calls her with a strong call. If she can, she will come home by way of China. While she is in England, she will meet Thomas Burke, by way of an introduction by their mutual friend, Charles Chaplin. The author of *Limehouse Nights* and the little American movie actress who might have stepped from his fascinating pages are friends already, for each knows and admires the other's work. The picture she will make in Berlin will be called *Schlamm* over there. Its author is Karl Voelmuller, who wrote *The Miracle*. Its Singapore setting insures its being picturesque, and it has a great part for Anna May. We wish her good luck!

Ask Me—Continued from page 11

Brainless of Tampa, Fla. Even in my wildest moments, I wouldn't call you that, but why wait months before using the perfectly good addresses I give you. Think of the stars and the letters they didn't get from you! Eddie Phillips played with Marion Nixon and George Lewis in *The Fourflusher* at Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif. Eddie's latest film is *Honey-moon Flats*. Promise not to tell a soul but here is some news for you—by the time you read this, George Lewis will be married. Shouldn't wonder if his famous smile turned the trick. Donald Keith played opposite Helene Costello in *Comrades* made at First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.

Tuffy of Wichita, Kansas. Just to show you what a good girl scout I am, I'll put in a call for your long-lost cousin, Helen Lee Worthing, and will let you know where she is, so watch out for the announcement. Colleen Moore's real name is Kathleen Morrison and her married name is Mrs. John McCormick.

June from New Albany, Ind. How old am I and are my eyes blue or black and is my hair naturally bobbed? Well, now I know how the screen stars feel when asked about their lighting effects. You make me feel like a star without the worry. Sally O'Neil was born Oct. 23, 1908. She has

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black hair and deep blue eyes. Sally has been filming *The Mad Hour* at First National Studios, Burbank, Calif. In the cast with her are Alice White, Donald Reed and Larry Kent. Don't tell me that cast won't cause a stampede at your theatre. Lawrence Gray played opposite Sally in *The Callahan's and the Murphy's*. Larry is not married and his birthday is July 27, 1898. Ramon Novarro was born Feb. 6, 1899.

Sue, Hapeville, Ga. I go sailing along, sitting pretty, thinking I've made quite an impression, when up bobs Sue, with an S. O. S. Are you sure you get my line? Now follow me while I repeat the well-worn tale. Ben Lyon is 27 years old and unmarried, which means his future wife is still looking for him. Buster Collier was born 25 years ago and even at that advanced age is still a single man. Sally O'Neil is not married, which is, no doubt, a bit of good news to all male fans. Barbara Kent was born Dec. 18, 1908 in Gadsby, Alberta, Canada. Charles Delaney doesn't say how old he is, but he's old enough to have signed a marriage certificate.

L. C. L. of Louisiana, Mo. How old is Stella Dallas? Are you trifling with my sense of humor? For full particulars about Stella, write to the author, Olive Higgins Prouty, who put Dallas in the book. But wait a minute, perhaps you mean Belle Bennett who played Stella so beautifully in the picture by that name—if you do, I take off my hat to you and will pass the thought to Belle. Myrna Loy was born in Helena, Mont. She is 5 feet 6 inches tall and has green eyes and titian hair. Laura La Plante was born in St. Louis, Mo., Nov. 1, 1904. She is 5 feet 2 inches tall and weighs 112 pounds. Her hair is light brown and her eyes are gray. Colleen Moore was born in Port Huron, Ohio, Aug. 8, 1902. She is 5 feet 3 inches tall and weighs 115 pounds.

Haydee of Montreal. So you think I'm one of the magazine's best bets, do you? Now I ask you, what could be better? I'm glad to tell you about Ralph Graves, the actor and director. He was born in Cleveland, Ohio, U. S. A., on July 23, but he did not tell me the year. He has brown hair and blue eyes, is 6 feet 1 inch tall and weighs 170 pounds. His latest film is *Bachelor's Paradise* with Sally O'Neil, for Tiffany-Stahl. You can address him at Tiffany-Stahl Studios, 933 No. Seward St., Hollywood, Calif.

Dixie Lee, Topeka. You are right about these baby-grands, they are so terribly irresistible—but they are growing and going up, these juniors, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., William Collier, Jr., and Francis X. Bushman, Jr. Buster Collier has an interesting role in *The Tragedy of Youth*, playing with Patsy Ruth Miller, Warner Baxter and Margaret Quimby. You can reach him at Tiffany-Stahl Studios, 933 No. Seward St., Hollywood, Calif. Francis X. Bushman, Jr., is one of the *Four Sons* that is doing a smashing business on Broadway, N. Y. City. James Hall, Charles Morton and George Meeker are the other three boys of Mother Bernle, who is played so delightfully by Margaret Mann. One of Doug., Jr.'s, last films was *Dead Man's Curve* for FBO, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Calif. He has been signed to do a picture for Tiffany-Stahl, temporary title, *Power*.

Phil of Camas, W. Va. Do I pronounce the last name of the famous Bow like the o in cold? Yes, I do. But

Clara's not cold. Warner Richmond had the role of Captain Fulton Thorp in *The Heart of Maryland*. Lars Hanson played opposite Lillian Gish in *The Scarlet Letter*. There isn't a sweeter girl in pictures than Colleen Moore and she is as charming off the screen. Warner Baxter and Roland Drew make an interesting background for Dolores Del Rio in *Ramona*. Virginia Valli and Percy Marmont are the stars you mention in the picture, K. That's an old one, Phil.

Em of Cambridge, Mass. You want to see me in pictures, do you? Now what have I done to deserve such a fate? And who ever told you that my eyes are like violets? Not even with rose colored glasses can I make my eyes behave like violets. No, I never heard that Joan Crawford was engaged to James Hall. You see, James has a wife. You have heard that Joan's eyes are gray and I've told you they were brown and you want the truth or you'll just fade away. Bend over and I'll tell you all about it—but what's the difference so long as they are beautiful? I don't find the names you mention in *Winning of the Wilderness*, but Joan Crawford, Tim McCoy, Edward Connelly, Roy D'Arcy and Tom O'Brien were in the cast. Tim McCoy is 5 feet 11 inches tall and weighs 170 pounds. He is married and has three interesting children. You perhaps saw one of his boys, that cute little Mike, in *Young Hollywood*.

Algèr Vee, Ontario. Shake hands across the line, Vee, I thought I was the only living soul with a name like that. If you'll keep this a secret, I'll tell you I've had offers to change it but try and make me do it! I don't try to keep up with the latest style in divorces or 'who has been the most married' in the film colony, for I'm no sleight-of-hand performer and I never take these rumors seriously. Kathryn McGuire was the girl friend of Colleen Moore in *Naughty but Nice*. Kathryn is Mrs. George Landy in private life and I hear she is to be known in pictures as Kathryn Landy in the future.

Dakota Sue. We've had several calls for Seena Owen and here she is with Marie Prevost, Harrison Ford and David Butler in *The Rush Hour*. Seena was born in Spokane, Washington, but I don't know the date. You can address her at Pathe-De Mille Studios, Culver City, Calif. Alice Calhoun is free-lancing at present but she gets her fan mail at 626 South Lorraine Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.

Alice, of Fort Hamilton. Hold it while I bring up Bill Boyd! For the number of questions to the square inch, you win over all records. William Boyd is the devoted husband of Elinor Faire. They have no children. Bill was born in 1898 in Cambridge, Ohio. He uses his own name in pictures. His last two films are, *Sky-scraper* and *The Night Flyer*. He answers his fan mail, does he? That's fine and here is where I see you get a letter from your favorite. *King of Kings* is a picture for all religions.

Irish Annie, Avon-By-The-Sea. A million dollar figure, laughing brown eyes, long wavy brown hair and a heart of gold—you forgot the eye-lashes. A wonderful description, but I'm no movie queen. Gwen Lee is 5 feet 7 inches tall, Greta Garbo is 5 feet 6 inches, Esther Ralston is 5 feet 5 inches, Gertrude Astor, is 5 feet 7½ inches, Eleanor Boardman is 5 feet 6 inches, and John Gilbert is 5 feet 10

inches tall. Now that I've answered your questions, are you still thinking of having me fired? Don't waste your powder.

Patty Ray of Hazard and M. E. P. of Louisville, Ky. I'm glad to meet both of you and hope you won't get your information mixed. But this department is all for one and one for all and may the best man win. I think if you write to S. George Ullman, 1410 Broadway, N. Y. City, you may be able to get a picture of Rudolph Valentino. Lois Moran can be reached at the Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Calif., where she is playing in *Love Hungry*. I don't go about with my heart on my sleeve, but Mary Pickford is always welcome to either one as far as I go. Billie Dove is 24 years old. Clara Bow is not married and if you don't believe me, ask Clara. *The Gaucho* is the latest Douglas Fairbanks Picture. Sally O'Neil is 20 years old. Her real name is Virginia Noonan. Address Norman Kerry at Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif. You can write to Elinor Faire and William Boyd at Pathe-De Mille Studios, Culver City, Calif. Mary Brian is playing in *Partners in Crime* at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Calif. Vilma Banky gets her fan mail at Samuel Goldwyn-De Mille Studios, Culver City, Calif. Patsy Ruth Miller is not married.

Marceline, Belle Plain, Minn. So SCREENLAND is about the 'newsiest' book you know of, is it? I know you mean well and I thank you for the compliment. Marion Nixon and Marceline Day can be found at Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif. Doris Kenyon at First National Studios, Burbank, Calif. Kathleen Key at Warner Bros. Studios, 5942 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. Just to show you we know our news like nobody 'no's,' here is a slice. Eileen Percy, formerly one of the best-known leading screen ladies, has been given a prominent part in William Haines' new picture, *He Learned About Women*. Miss Percy has been very ill and this is her first screen appearance since her recovery.

Miss Question Mark, Ky. Who started this battle of wits? With so many strong competitors in the fray, I'm sunk. As far as I know, the child that played with Corinne Griffith in *Three Hours* wasn't any relation to the star. Corinne has no children. She was born in Texarkana, Texas, Nov. 25, 1897. She has brown hair, blue eyes, is 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs 120 pounds. Marion Davies was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., Jan. 3, 1898. You ask if Marion ever lived in your town, because the people say she did? I'm not surprised at that, for larger towns than yours have claimed Marion and what town wouldn't?

Paps and Pops from Wisconsin. But where is Mops? Any time you find him let me know as the last time I heard from him, he was scouring the deck of a big battle ship. I have given the addresses of the stars you want, so many times that my typewriter just naturally knows how to write them unaided. But not to disappoint you, here they are. Buster Collier at Tiffany-Stahl Studios, 933 No. Seward St., Hollywood, Calif. Colleen Moore and Sally O'Neil are at First National Studios, Burbank, Calif. Olive Borden and Lawrence Gray can be found at Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Calif. Bebe Daniels and Richard Arlen at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Calif. Marion Davies gets her mail at Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Leona R., of Elgin, Ill. I'll bet you make every second count in your town for didn't I hear that time is made there? It warms my heart to think you get results from my page. Lars Hanson's last film was made at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif. Ben Lyon is playing in *Hell's Angels* at the Metropolitan Studios, 1040 Las Palmas Ave., Hollywood, Calif. Ralph Forbes is married to Ruth Chatterton, the actress. If you have such good luck in getting the stars' pictures from the addresses I give you, why don't you keep up the good work?

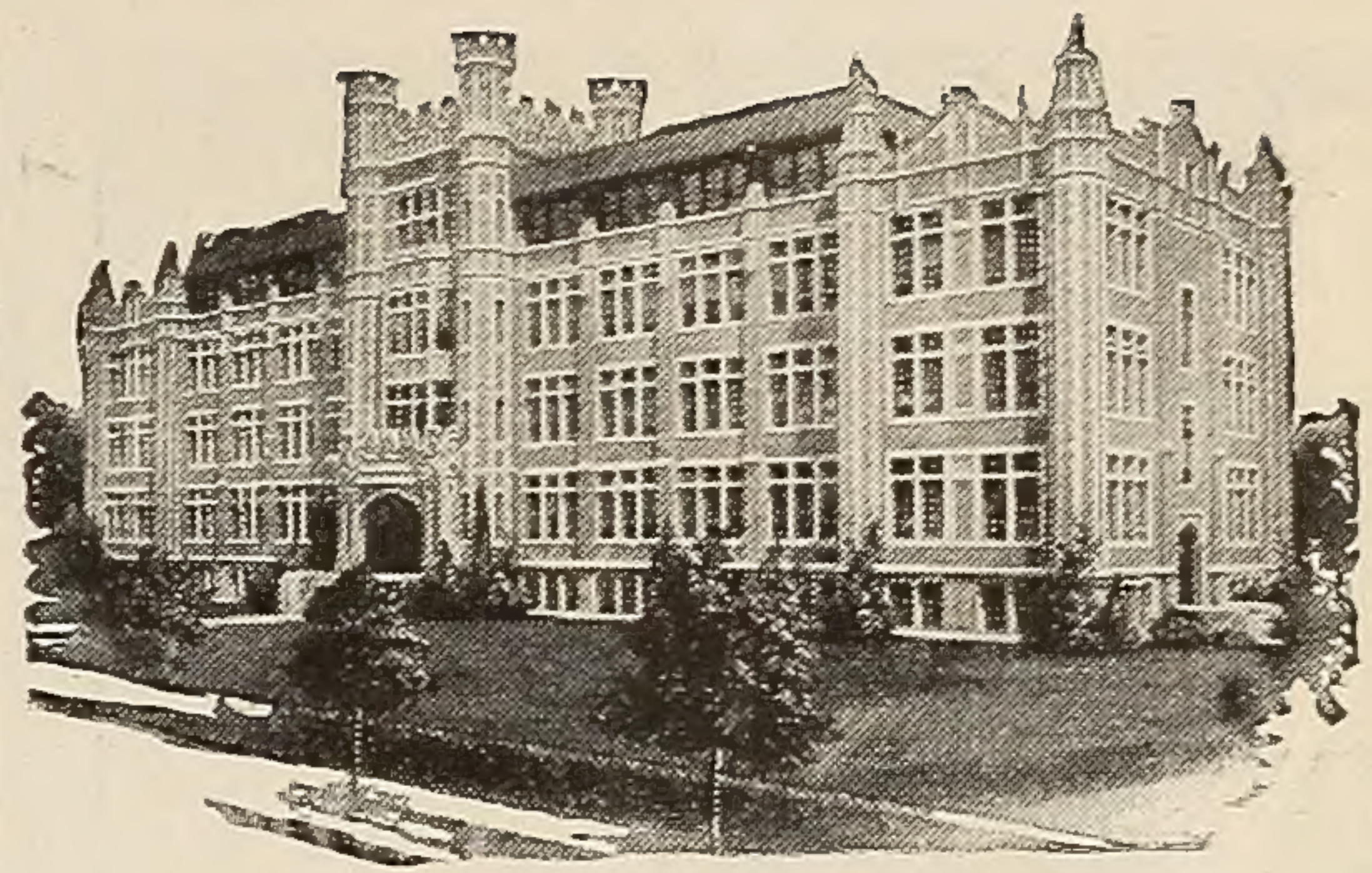
Phyllis of St. Cloud. So you think the east is the best when the sun's in the west—that has started more than one unfinished argument. You'd be surprised. You ask, why must June Marlowe always play in pictures of the wide open spaces? Would you like to see June all huddled up in a little trick apartment in a big city, with her style all cramped and everything? By way of a change, June jumped from *The Life of Riley* to *The Foreign Legion* and if I'm any judge of June Marlowe fan letters, your favorite is making all jumps count. And here she is with Dorothy Sebastian and John Harron in *Their Hour* a Tiffany-Stahl Production. You can write to her at Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif. Janet Gaynor, the adorable *Diane*, of *7th Heaven* was born in Philadelphia, Pa., in 1907. Her latest film with Charles Farrell is *The Street Angel*. Natalie Kingston is also in the cast.

Sally Brown of Bay City. Do you know anything about Brown-Betty? You don't know what you've missed. My mind seems to be running to food in this issue, but one can't live on stars forever, can one? William Boyd, Elinor Faire, Victor Varconi and Theodore Kosloff played in *The Volga Boatman*. Now if R. Murry of Newark will kindly step forward, I'll give him the information he or she craves. Viola Dana, Helen Foster and El Brendel are in the film version of *Naughty Nanette*. Richard Barthelmess, Gardner James and Dorothy Dunbar played in *The Amateur Gentleman*.

Gretchen of Mass. Do I remember when *Big Ben* was a watch? No, that was long before my time. Larry Gray and William Collier, Jr., are not married but Lowell Sherman was or is married to Pauline Garon. No doubt you mean, Daphne Pollard, world famous comedienne, who has signed up with FBO for a picture and will have an important role with Gertrude Olmsted and Gertrude Astor. Daphne is known through-out the amusement world, having been a favorite with Paris and London audiences and in vaudeville in our country.

An Admirer. You did not give your location and I like to know where my friends hail from. I'm not a screen star. No doubt I could act with the best of them, but how? You want to know the requirements of a screen actress. I'd say, personality plus, but what an awful lot of plus you must have. No, I don't think there is a chance in the world for Ronald Colman to marry Vilma Banky—not as long as Rod La Rocque is her devoted husband. Vilma can be addressed at Samuel Goldwyn Pro., De Mille Studios, Culver City, Calif. Ramon Novarro's address can be found elsewhere in this department. Not hurt, are you? I want to be sure you read all of my valuable information.

H. R. H. of Middletown. What is home without a Clara Bow fan? Try and find one! No home is complete without that



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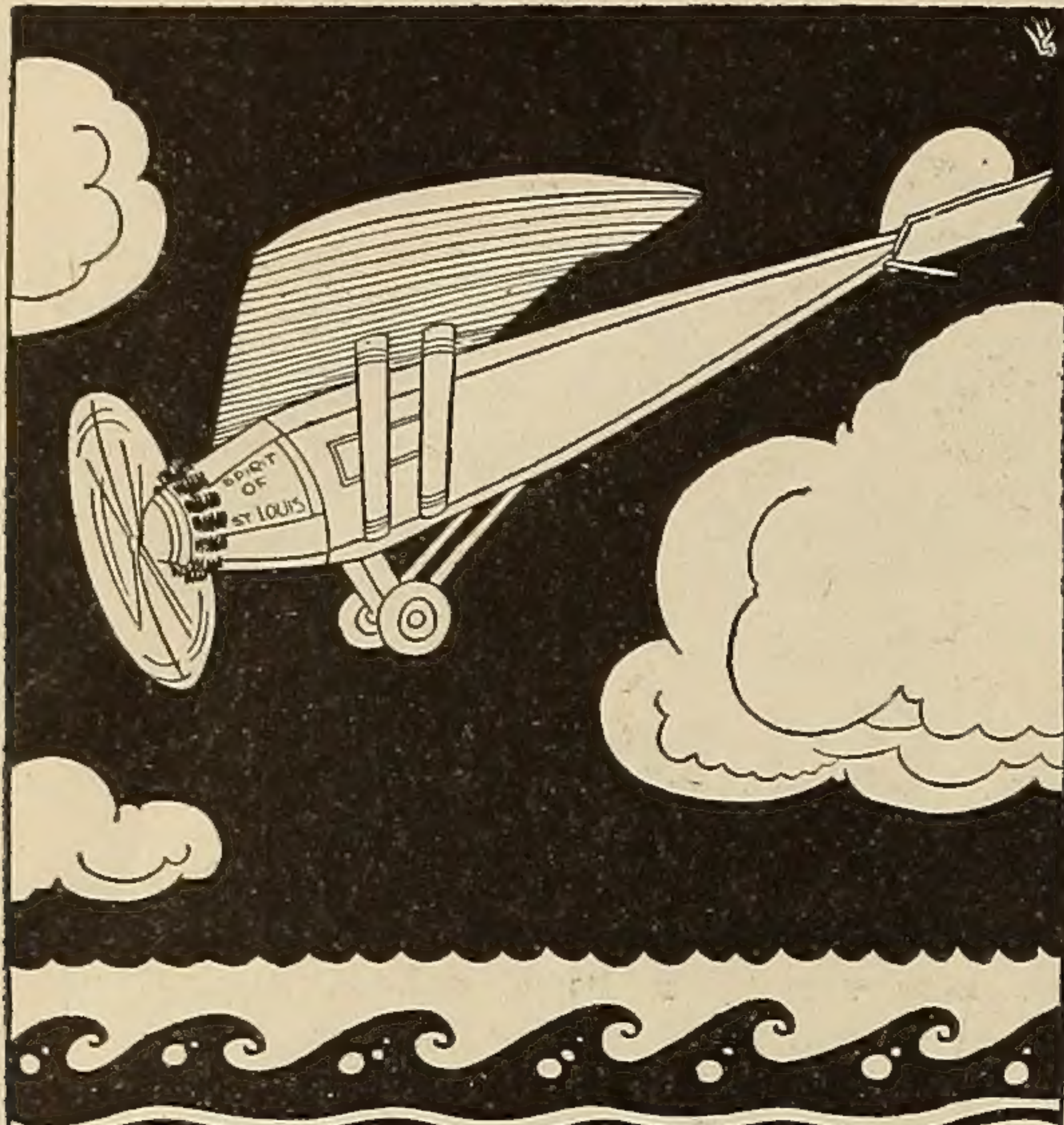


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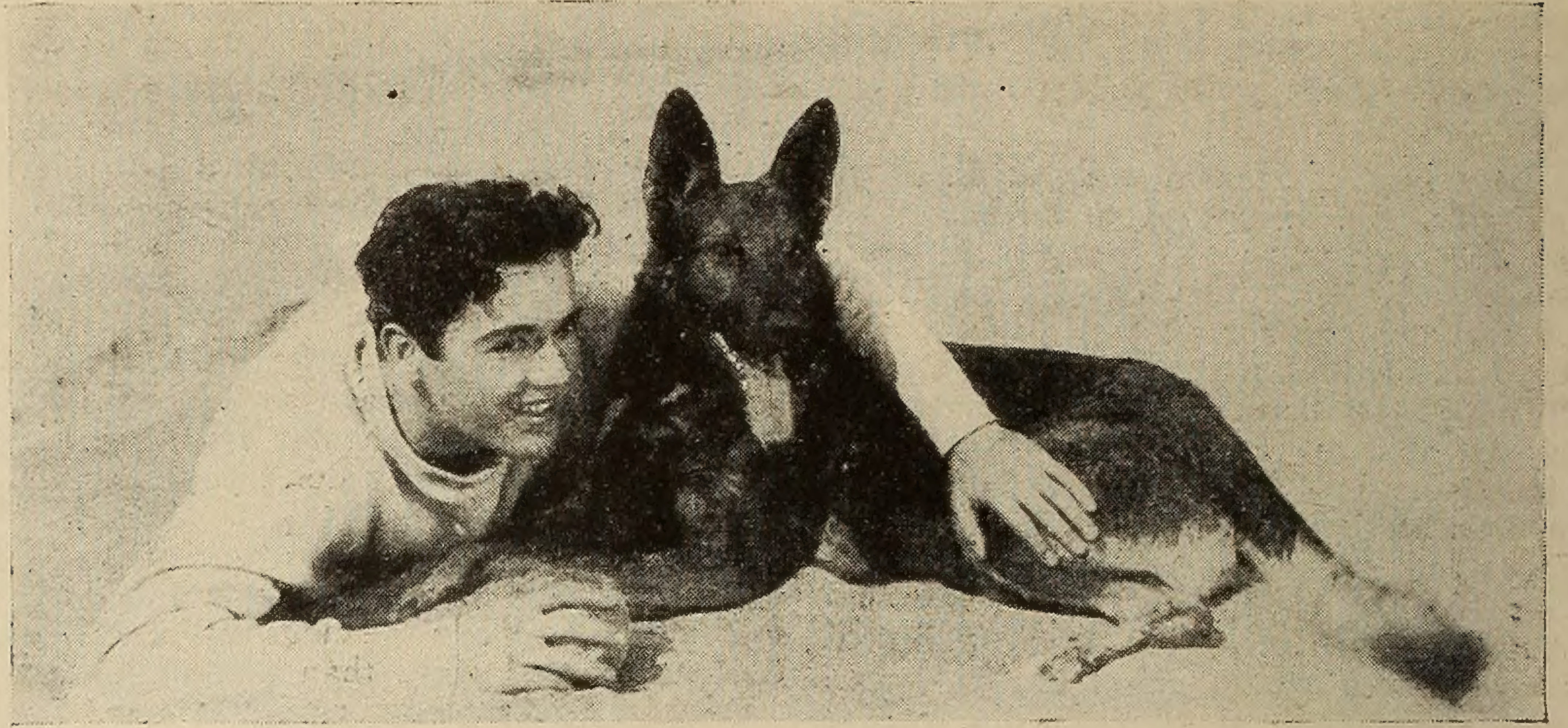
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Charles Rogers and Baron, his German police dog. Buddy's next is Abie in 'Abie's Irish Rose.'

little appeal, be it ever so royal, H. R. H. The only way to reach Clara is by mail. I wouldn't advise a trip to Hollywood. You can write to her at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Calif. Lane Chandler is her leading man in her latest picture, *Red Hair*.

Harriet B. Hyde, Manor, Vt. No, I won't forget you really live in Florida and that you have gray-green eyes, but where in Florida do you live? Arlette Marchal was the brunette in *Blonde or Brunette* with Greta Nissen. You can address Greta at Metropolitan Studios, 1040 Las Palmas Ave., Hollywood, Calif., where she is playing in *Hell's Angels*. Pauline Frederick has not retired. Her latest picture is *The Nest*. Richard Barthelmess has not married again but lives with his little daughter, who's his very best pal.

F. S. G. of Detroit. My word! Who ever told you that Madge Bellamy was the wife of Larry Gray? Madge is married but not to Larry. Madge hails from the Lone Star state. June 30, 1903 was her birthday. She has brown eyes, light hair, is 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs 110 pounds. Is 5 feet 7 inches too tall for a girl to be in the movies? No, that won't keep you out.

Milly of Circleville, Ohio. Your favorite, Evelyn Brent is gaining new friends with every picture—her fine work an outstanding feature of each film. You like her 'dash and fire'—Evelyn knows her weapons. She was born in Tampa, Florida in 1899. She has brown hair and eyes, is 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs 112 pounds. Her best films are *Underworld*, *Beau Sabreur* and *The Last Command*.

May Fern, St. Louis. As far back as 1922, Ralph Forbes played a small part in a motion picture starring Clive Brook—this all happened in England. Mary Brian comes from Texas. She was the original Wendy in the film version of *Peter Pan*. Mary has blue eyes, brown hair, is 5 feet 2 inches tall and weighs 105 pounds. Betty Bronson was born in Trenton, N. J., Nov. 17, 1906. She has blue eyes, brown hair, is 5 feet tall and weighs 100 pounds. And Betty is the *Peter Pan* we all adored.

Patsy Ruth, Minneapolis. For the benefit of all inquiring fans, the fact that Colleen Moore has one blue and one brown eye, does not fuss her in the least, for she goes right on making pictures. *The Private*

Life of Helen of Troy is the latest film of Ricardo Cortez, made at First National Studios, Burbank, Calif. Leatrice Joy was at one time Mrs. John Gilbert.

Melancholy Babe, Bellingham, Wash. How can you be a constant reader of my department every month, the living image of Clara Bow, and still be so blue? Something is not hitting on all six cylinders, so maybe I'm 'it'? If you will read this column carefully, you'll find Clara's address elsewhere. Mae Murray and Hope Hampton are both on the stage just now so I'm not able to give you their permanent addresses. The handsome chap who played with Mary Pickford in *My Best Girl* was Charles Rogers.

The Original Florida Cracker. My stars, what a noise! Greetings to Uncle Sam's boys on the high seas. Clear the deck, fall in line or overboard but don't sink the ship. After all the messages you send Billie Dove, how could I skip you? I want you to know I'm no skipper. I'll tell the Editor you want a speaking likeness of Billie Dove in SCREENLAND so keep your eyes open. As a starter how is page 60 of this issue. Billie was born in New York City, May 14, 1904. She is 5 feet 6 inches tall and weighs 114 pounds. She has dark brown hair and hazel eyes that in some lights appear gray or blue. Billie's last two films are *The Love Mart* and *The Heart of a Follies Girl*.

Mary of Keystone State. Are you one of the Liberty Bells? If I told you all about the stars you mention, I'd be telling the 'same things over and over again.' Why don't you try writing your favorites, ask for a picture and assume an air of nonchalance (whatever that is) and see what happens. You can address Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks at the Pickford-Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, Calif. Jobyna Ralston is at the Pathe-De Mille Studios, Culver City, Calif. Write to Clara Bow at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Calif. Ramon Novarro at Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Calif. Address Harold Lloyd at the Harold Lloyd Productions, 1040 Las Palmas Ave., Hollywood, Calif. William Haines can be reached at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif. Percy Marmont was born in London, England. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 155 pounds, has brown hair and gray eyes. You can write to him at Gotham Productions, Fine Arts Studios, 4500 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.



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