

V.17 #4
AUGUST, 1928

The Quality Magazine

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NORMA SHEARER

Painted by Georgia Warren

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CONQUER Hollywood



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Confidence in her appearance enhances a woman's charm. Complexion beauty, which is properly accentuated at the dressing table and lasts all day without constant dabbing and worry, is the new feminine ideal—and one which appeals to "the man in the case"!

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THE season of 1928-29 will find Pathe taking the lead on the screen with the greatest output of pictures in its history. The famous rooster trademark, known to every picture fan in the world, will be your guide for the best in entertainment—the finest authors, the most popular stars, the most colorful and intriguing stories.

Two Tremendous Specials Coming Soon



WILLIAM BOYD

IN

"THE COP"

with ALAN HALE, JACQUELINE LOGAN,
ROBERT ARMSTRONG and TOM KENNEDY

A DONALD CRISP Production

Screen Play by Tay Garnett from the story
by Elliott Clawson

Ralph Block, Associate Producer . DeMille Studio Production

A big, human drama built around the exciting adventures of a "rookie" cop on his beat in a great city. Bill Boyd as the guardian of the law who gets his man. You must see the picture to find out whether he gets "the girl."

A thrilling melodrama set in a section of New York's West Side where there are too often guns on hip pockets, and yet where there are many hearts of gold. Remember the screen team that made "Chicago" a sensation—Haver and Varconi? Here they are in another story of romance in the underworld.

"TENTH AVENUE"

WITH

PHYLLIS HAVER

VICTOR VARCONI and JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT

A WILLIAM C. deMILLE
production

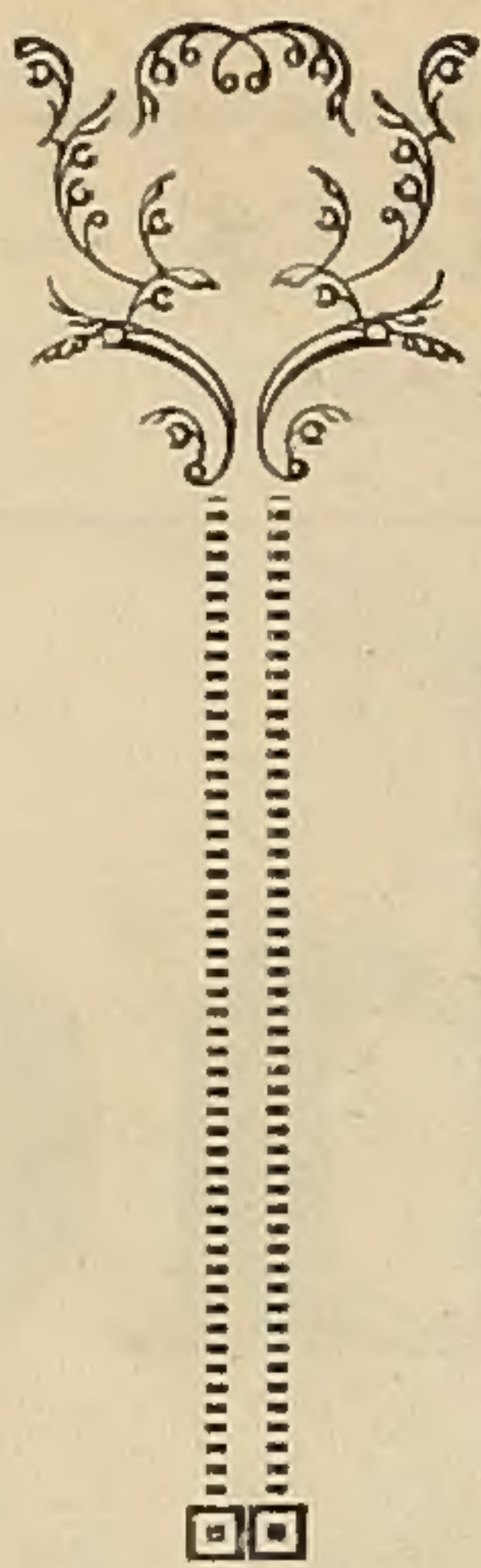
From the stage play by John McGowan & Lloyd Griscom
Continuity by Douglas Doty
DeMILLE STUDIO PRODUCTION.



Pathe

Watch for Amazing New R. C. A. PHOTOPHONE musical and effect accompaniment on certain forthcoming PATHE FEATURE PRODUCTIONS.

Norma Shearer, the Girl on the Cover, is at work on "The Little Angel."



SCREENLAND is published on the 5th of the month preceding date of issue.

SCREENLAND

August, 1928

"The Spirit of the Movies"

Title Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. VOL. XVII, No. 4

Eliot Keen, Editor

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in town!"**

Some time soon a great motion picture is coming to your town, Erich von Stroheim's "The Wedding March"—a throbbing story of love-mad, reckless Vienna into which von Stroheim as author, director and principal player has poured all his great genius. If your theatre is equipped for sound, Paramount is prepared to show "The Wedding March" with synchronized music score and sound effects that greatly intensify its realism. By all means see "The Wedding March" in Technicolor. —your Theatre Manager will give you the date.

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with
FAY WRAY
and all-star cast

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it's the best show in town!"

L. J. REISS

WANTED!

**MOTION
PICTURE
STORIES**

*which YOU
can write!*

How many times have you felt the urge to write a story for the screen only to despair in the realization that you were at a loss as how to proceed in putting your ideas into acceptable motion picture form? Many ideas—ideas that are worth *real money*—never get beyond the idea stage—are forgotten—all because you do not know how to go about it. Right *now* you may have an idea for a screen story which would put you on easy street, if only you could plan it properly and so gain the attention of a moving picture producer.

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Hollywood is literally hungry for ideas. Screen stories are in tremendous demand and there is no limit to what the producer will pay. And the most startling thing of all is that many of the biggest box office attractions in recent years were produced from ideas suggested by men and women—young and old—from all walks of life—who had absolutely no previous motion picture experience! This should *convince* you that you, too, can succeed in this fascinating, highly profitable, field.

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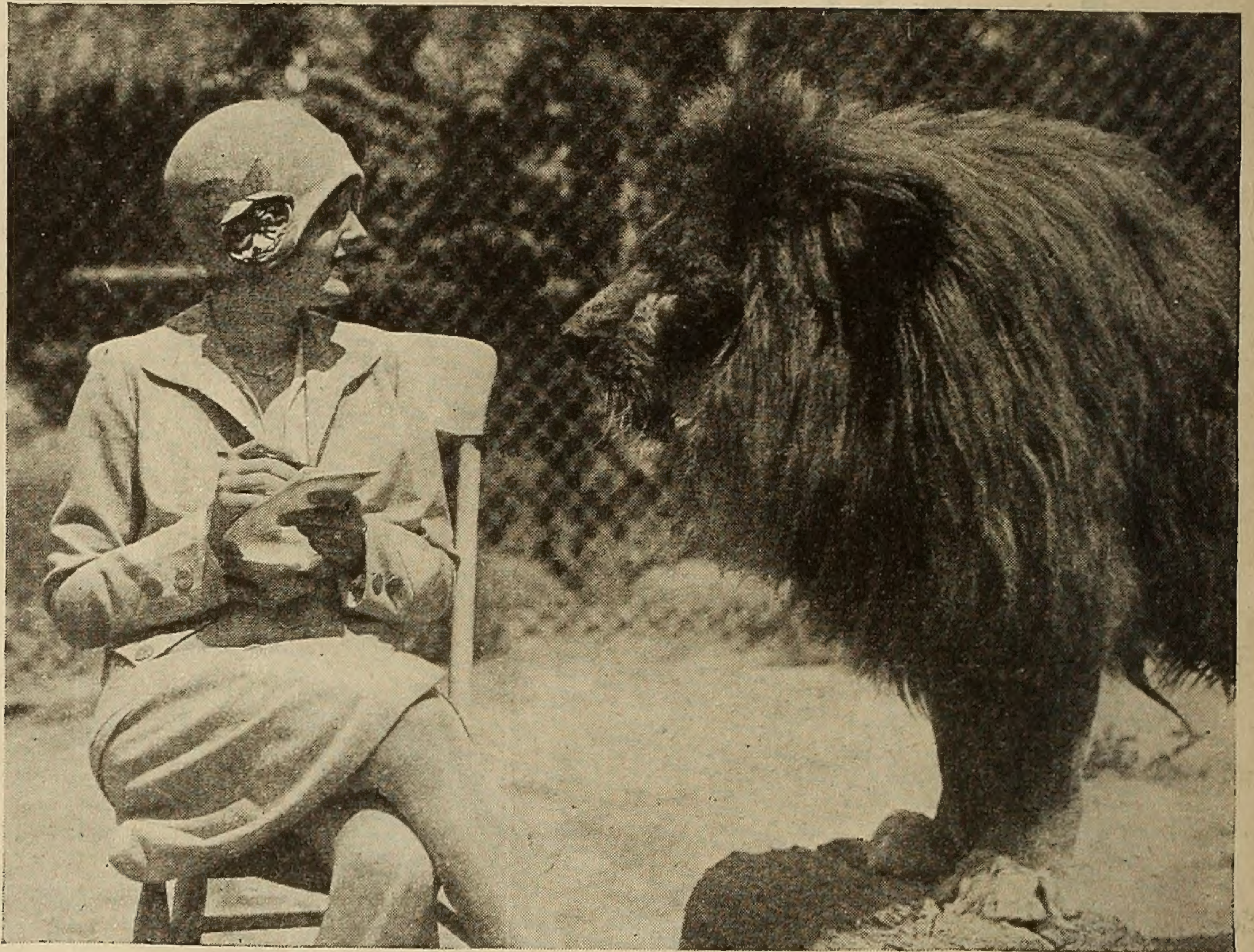
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Ask Me

An Answer Page
of Information
Address: MISS VEE DEE
SCREENLAND Magazine
49 West 45th Street
New York City



"I mane every word I say!" roared this lion when interrogated for SCREENLAND. Mary Astor is impersonating Miss Vee Dee.

FRANKLIN B. of Fullerton, Ky. Horses, horses! Will the fans please form in columns to the right and don't jam traffic, for

here comes Tom Mix and Tony with a neat little contract with F. B. O. and we won't lose Tony after all, for Tom isn't going to South America. This interesting pair have been making public appearances throughout the country and many a fond papa and sonny have been forced to spend a thrilling evening at their favorite theatre, cheering Tom and his pal Tony. Sally Blane plays opposite Tom in *Horseman of the Plains*. Who wanted to know about the western stars' horses? All right, here they come—Tom Tyler and *Flashlight*, Fred Thompson and *Silver King*, Hoot Gibson and *Palomar*, Ken Maynard and *Tarzan*, Newton House and *Colorado Kid*.

Vera of N. J. Just to help you with your home work and free your mind from worry over some of the stars and their 'kin folks,' I'll say Douglas Fairbanks is related to Douglas Jr.; in fact, I can say they are father and son and challenge the whole world to make me retract my statement. Here is another item for your home consumption—Clara Bow is not married nor has she black hair. Claire Windsor and Bert Lytell are divorced. William Haines is about the peppiest youth in the movies, yet I wouldn't call him 'pepful Percy,' no, I don't believe I would, in William's hearing. He gets his fan mail at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. You can reach Janet Gaynor at Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

L. G. P. of Lansing, Mich. So you have followed Kathlyn Williams ever since the days of *Adventures of Kathlyn*—that's loyal devotion and something to write home

about. Kathlyn hasn't been playing in pictures for some time but I hear she has one of the leading parts in *Our Dancing Daughters*. That will be joyful news for you. She is Mrs. Charles Eyton in private life.

Elsie H. of Fairmont Hospital, Kalamazoo. You're right, I'm a person of few words, but I keep those mighty busy, giving all the t.h.'s and o.f.'s the latest weights and measures of their favorite heroes. (Explanatory note: t.h.'s, tired housewives—o.f.'s, other fans.) Now that we're properly classified, I'll tell you about your favorites, Louise Brooks and Buddy Rogers. Louise plays opposite Victor McLaglen in *A Girl in Every Port*. She is one of Paramount's contract players and can be addressed at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal., where her latest film is *Beggars of Life*, with Wallace Beery. Buddy Rogers was loaned to Universal for *The Cream of the Earth*, and *Red Lips*, but is under contract to Paramount.

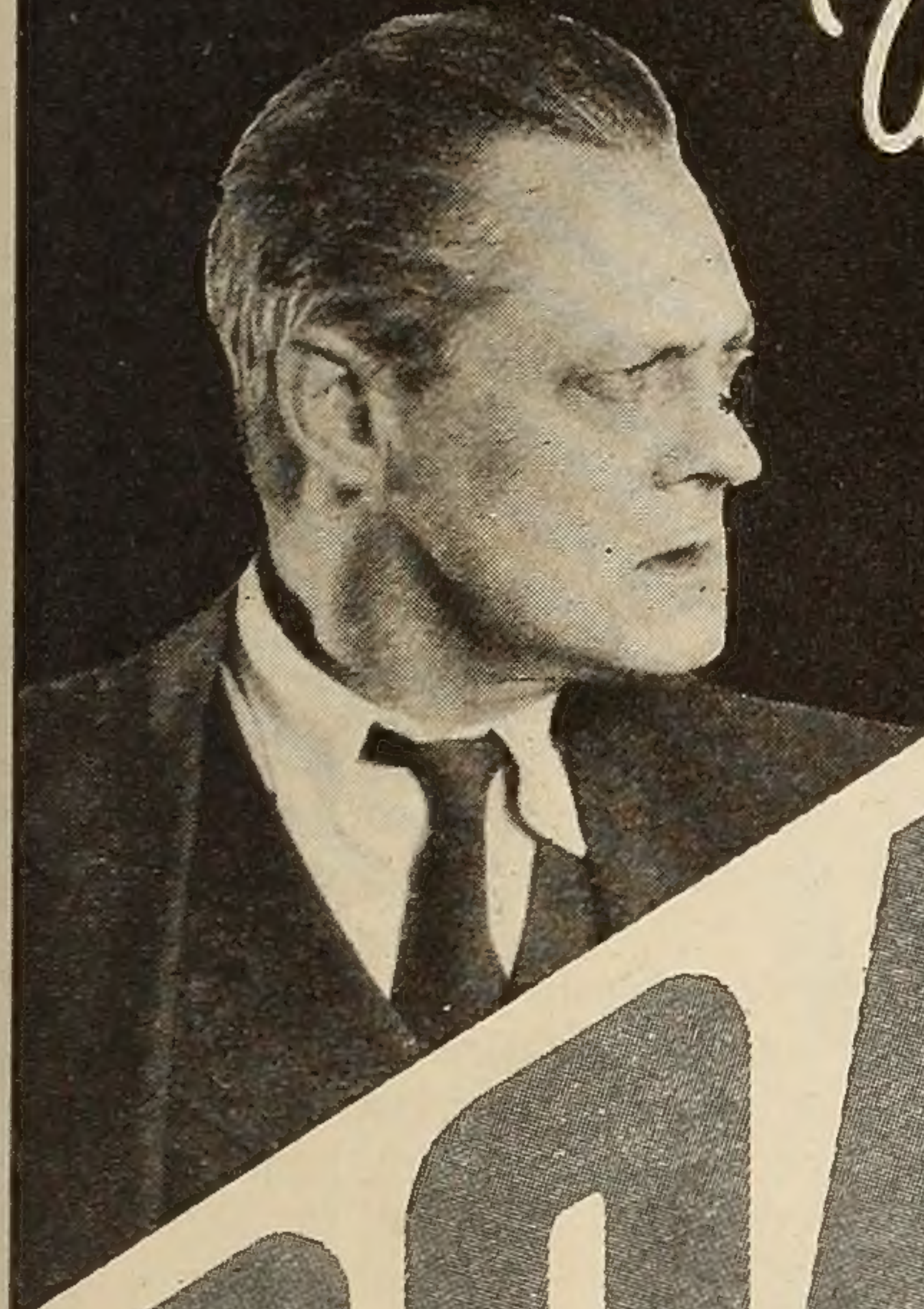
Bunny of Cleveland. What would Easter be without a bunny, also Cleveland and all points north and south? Yes, what would? You haven't been any bother to me so I'm going to be sweet and give all the information you asked for and that's not all. You'll see Gary Cooper with Colleen Moore in *Lilac Time*, and that's enough to make any bunny sit up and eat lettuce. You can write to May McAvoy at Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Belle Bennett is at Tiffany-Stahl Studios, 4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Rod La Rocque at Pathe-De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal. James Hall, Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Eleanor Boardman
(Continued on page 101)

Wilder than any of the Arabian Nights are the tales that might be told of some modern "Roadhouse" nights—and here is one of them you won't forget in a hurry! Lured by a voluptuous siren who acts as the "come-on" for a gang of crooks operating a popular roadhouse as a shield for their real business, *Larry Grayson* runs the gamut of drink, passion and wild abandonment until he wakes up to find himself on trial for murder!

Here is a picture that will open your eyes—because what happened to *Larry Grayson* could happen to *anyone*!

With *Maria Alba*, *Warren Burke*, *Lionel Barrymore* and *Julia Swayne Gordon* in the leading roles, "Roadhouse" is one of the most powerfully enacted stories of modern youth ever filmed!

William Fox
presents



Richard
Rosson
Production

with
Maria Alba
Warren Burke
Lionel Barrymore
Julia Swayne Gordon

ROADHOUSE

Just Published—

"THE STORY of the FILMS"

Edited by JOSEPH P. KENNEDY
PRESIDENT, FBO PICTURES CORPORATION

*The Intimate Story of the Unpublished Secrets
of the Movies, Past, Present, and Future!*

HERE at last is the book that gives the only *authentic* version of the origin, growth and development of the movies as told by the pioneers of the industry themselves—men of vision, who early recognized the immense possibilities of the motion picture, nursed it through its cradle days, ventured their all of capital and energy upon its future, and reaped great rewards as the infant grew to a giant.

Never before have the intimate secrets of filmdom been told so clearly, yet simply. One by one, men like WILL HAYS, ADOLPH ZUKOR, JESSE L. LASKY, MILTON SILLS, SIDNEY KENT, SAMUEL KATZ and a host of other outstanding movie personalities talk as face to face with you, answering practically every important question on how motion pictures are made, sold, and shown.

Written right out of a lifetime of day-to-day contact with the movies, "The Story of The Films" does more than merely answer the current questions and problems of production, distribution and exhibiting. It takes you back to the days of penny arcade movies and the "chase" pictures. It tells you of the early bitter struggles against a skeptic public. It weaves a fascinating, exciting story of the adventures—the failures and successes—of these great business frontiersmen.

**Pulsing with Life, Brimming
Over with Surprising Facts
About the Motion Picture
Industry**



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Please send me, on approval "The Story of the Films," vellum de luxe binding, gold stamped. Within five days after its receipt, I'll send you \$3.75, plus few cents for mailing charge or return the book. S-528

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Books for FANS

TESSIE MOVES ALONG

Rob Wagner has written
a brilliant novel of
the movies.

Reviewed by
Evelyn Ballarine

SUPPOSE you were one of the best known

writers in Hollywood; suppose through the years of constant association with movie folk, seeing the stars come and go, helping to discover screen material and making screen history in general, it occurred to you to use these incidents in a story. You might produce as charming a tale as *Tessie Moves Along*. At any rate, Rob Wagner, from the harvest of his years in Hollywood, has this little volume to his credit.

Merton of the Movies, by Harry Leon Wilson, was pure fiction, but how it told the story of Hollywood! Hollywood, the dream city; the magic land; the city of ambition, youth, beauty, and art. *Minnie Flynn*, by Frances Marion, was another vivid story of movieland.

Tessie moves along a pathway bordered by incidents which may have happened to your favorite star and shadowed by drama which breathes. As you follow her adventures, you, too, see Hollywood from the

fascinating viewpoint of an extra girl.

Little Tessie Boggs is a waitress in a famous 'eating joint' in the Bowery. A director looking for types prevails upon her to play a bit in his picture. Having been bitten by the movie idea, Tessie stays on, works

hard and studies, and becomes a star. There is a lovely romance running through the story. Tessie, the little girl of the slums, loves the prize-fighter whom she has never met and later as a successful star he is still her ideal.

Tessie Moves Along is a realistic tale of life in the motion picture studios. It tells vividly, dramatically, the struggle of an extra girl for fame, with its heartaches, its discouragements, its glamour, its promise of reward and finally of the achievement of a great success.

Rob Wagner's own sympathy and affection for Hollywood, gained through years of insight and observation, are revealed in his interpretation of the cinema city in *Tessie Moves Along*.



Bill Haines and Marion Davies in 'Show People,' when "the jester's motley covers an aching heart."

"KALIMA, SHE POSITIVELY DANCES TODAY!"

"Step right up, folks!"

"See the little lady do her famous dance that has made her notorious throughout the civilized world"...

Swirling color, blare of sound, gaping crowds... Carnival!

"Step right inside"... Then a few steps more—and you're back behind the tinsel to the strange, secret lives of these merchants of mirth—to the part of the carnival you couldn't pay to see.

To the rowdy, twisted, reckless ways of gyps and grifters, con men and hula dancers, and The Barker—scarred, savage, double-crossing terror of the outfit... smooth as marble and twice as hard—but just one soft spot—his boy...

Back to the strange drama of one woman who hired another to win the love of the man she feared!...

"Step right up folks. It's a great show!"

"The Barker" is one of the 18 BIG BROADWAY STAGE-HITS which First National will bring to you in film form this coming year.

COLONEL GOWDY'S BIG CITY SHOWS

The
"BARKER"
with MILTON SILLS
DOROTHY MACKAILL
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The PICTURES that TALK

SCREENLAND takes pleasure in announcing that Edwin Howard has been engaged to carry on this department devoted to the new and thrilling art of Talking Pictures. Mr. Howard has had many years of experience in screen productions; he is a reviewer of experience and, more particularly, has been associated with the development of systems for making movies talk. In an art that is so new, we are happy to have secured a man whose experience includes every phase of talking pictures.



Al Jolson in the famous pose of his 'Mammy' song. One of the first successes of the 'Talkers.'

By Edwin Howard

SOUND with the pictures is the latest enthusiasm of every

producer. While Johnny Hines is contemplating making his next picture with the sound record, Janet Gaynor comes from Hollywood to take a course in voice culture for a Fox talking production. "Talkers" is the name that the trade has adopted. Lon Chaney was told three times in one day in New York that his wonderful voice would be excellent for talking films. It is in the air. Every motion picture actress, producer, director and photographer is wondering what it is all about and perhaps worrying a little for fear that this new wave of sound may upset his private craft.

I have watched for years the development of talking pictures and have been associated with their progress, and it is very gratifying to me to find that the public enthusiastically backs up the enthusiasm of the pioneers.

A history of talking pictures is hardly necessary, for the developments are too recent. As every one knows, the advent of radio and loud speakers or, in other words, of Dr. DeForest's Vacuum Tube made possible the magnification of sound, so that a theatre could be filled with sound and also, this marvellous invention furnished a method by which the sound could be conveyed from the projecting machine to the screen.

The second invention which has contributed particularly to the present success of talking pictures is the photo electric cell, but this remarkable electrical instrument which turns light waves into electrical pulsations which in turn produce sound, is relatively unimportant compared to Dr. DeForest's contribution.

Make no mistake! The talkers are here to stay. There are many opinions expressed concerning them and all these opinions carefully weighed seem to establish the following status regarding them:

That talking pictures are liked if the sound is not too loud; if there is no distortion and—this seems to me the most important point—if the sound serves a real purpose. The Movietone News-Reel Features are absolutely wonderful. They fulfill the dreams of the most imaginative prophets. The other night we had the pleasure of listening to President Coolidge and Lloyd George from the same comfortable chair, though the speakers had made their utterances thousands of miles apart, within a period of three weeks. It was interesting to hear these voices. It brought the atmosphere of the event more convincingly than any photograph alone ever had succeeded in doing. Hardly one of these real incidents, recorded both phonetically and pictorially, failed to arouse the greatest enthusiasm. If all the years and

(Continued on page 84)

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER brings great news to you for the coming year.

 **JOHN GILBERT** and  **GRETA GARBO** will appear in a great romance, "The Carnival of Life", and **JOHN GILBERT** will be in

two other pictures and **GRETA GARBO** in three. "Show People"

brings **MARION DAVIES**

 and happy **WILLIAM**

 **HAINES** together in a mar-


velous special production. **MAR-**

ION DAVIES has three additional

pictures and **WILLIAM HAINES** has

four. "The Loves of Casanova" is

a surprise special from M-G-M.


 **LON CHANEY** will be in

"While the City

Sleeps" and three other


films;  **RAMON NOVARRO**

in "Gold Braid" and one more;


 **NORMA SHEARER** in

"Ballyhoo" and three other productions, and **LILLIAN GISH**


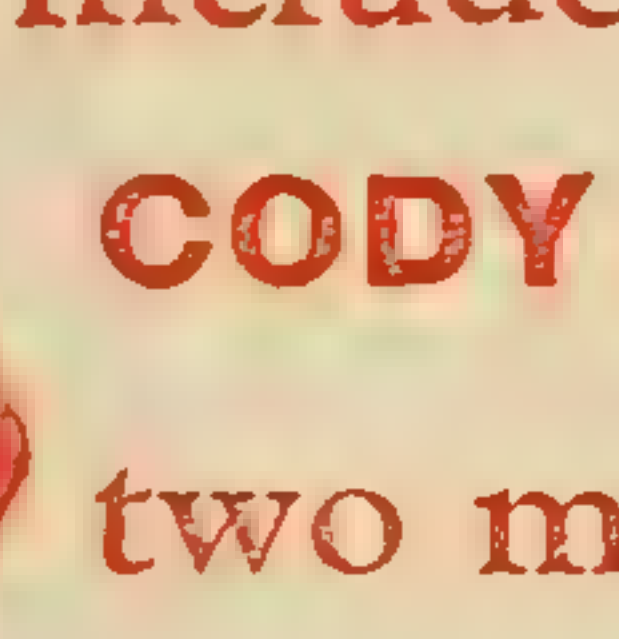
 in "The Wind".


 **BUSTER KEATON** appears in "The Camera


Man" and in another comedy.

 **DANE** and  **ARTHUR'S**

plans include "Camping Out" and three

 **CODY** and  **PRINGLE** offer the Broadway hit, "The Baby Cyclone" and

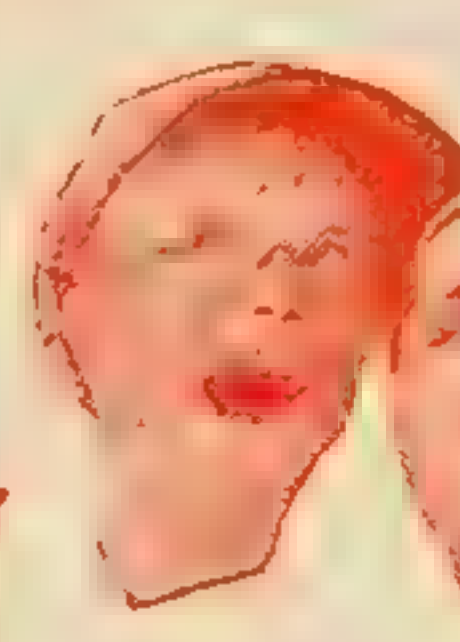
two more pictures.  **TIM** **McCOY** has six adventure pictures.

That amazing dog, **FLASH**, has  two thrillers. There will also be three

COSMOPOLITAN PRODUCTIONS and three **ELECTRIC LIGHT HITS** with big,

absorbing themes. Rounding out M-G-M's new offerings are its famous **HAL**

ROACH comedies: those rascals, **OUR GANG**;

 the laugh artists **STAN LAUREL** and **OLIVER HARDY**;

 **CHARLEY CHASE** and com-

ical  **MAX DAVIDSON**

 with **HAL ROACH'S ALL-STARS**. The M-G-M NEWS will again bring

you the world's happenings and, with M-G-M's GREAT EVENTS Series in **TECHNICOLOR**

and M-G-M's famed **ODDITIES**, there's the best entertainment in the world in store for you.

METRO

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NEXT SEASON!

(Be sure to ask your Theater Manager to make arrangements now)

Winners of the Ralph Forbes Memory Contest for May: Mrs. Berniece Jackson, 214 West Elm St., Ludlow, Ky., and Mr. Milburn Carl Smith, 520 South Rose Ave., Kalamazoo, Mich. Autographed photographs have been sent to the next fifty prize winners.

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Your hair—soft, fragrant, lustrous; alive with that youthful sparkle that everyone admires; you can achieve this charm tonight, with Golden Glint! Rich, generous lather cleanses your hair. You rinse—remove all trace of soap. Then you apply the extra touch—the “plus” that makes this shampoo different! Instantly—new gloss—new finish! All trace of dullness gone! Now your hair is worthy of the face it frames! Millions use it regularly! Nothing to bleach or change natural color of your hair. Just a wonderful shampoo—plus! At your favorite dealer’s, or if not, send 25 cents to J. W. Kobi Co., Dept. H, 617 Rainier Ave., Seattle, Wash. Money back if not delighted.

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A

PHILOSOPHER

At the

Pictures



“O tempora, o Torres, oh, boy! Raquel Torres came from Mexico to movie-land and the temperature went right up.”



A FEW months ago Tom Terriss, the director, returned from abroad and nothing would do but that we must listen to the wonder of motion pictures in Russia. As a good Republican we know that nothing can possibly be good in Russia and we smiled upon him with superior wisdom. (Find out why it is that every time we feel superior we are wrong.) Well, Tom was full of it. “They consider motion pictures the most important thing in modern life,” said Tom or words to that effect. And on he went, and he knows so darn much about these here now motion pictures that I decided that he was just blowing off, and giving the Russians some of his own ideas, for Lord knows he’s got them. The other day a Soviet film, *The End of St. Petersburg*, came to New York; and sure enough, it is way beyond us. I mean it is better than the motion pictures we make; as a picture, as an entertaining feature; and as a work of Art. Now all the critics are figuring out why it is better.

It reminds me of a conversation with Lon Chaney when he was here the other day. We were discussing a plot for a picture. Here it is. The New England village is a one-factory town, and the owner is practically a baron. He is a mild and loving man and so he lavishes upon his mill hands everything that he can think of: short hours, high pay, parks, homes, and so on. They are unhappy, dissolute and in a poor way generally, so the man goes away and comes back in disguise (trust Chaney for thinking of that) and he grinds the poor down and lengthens the hours of work and cuts the pay and raises the rents and shuts off the books and closes the parks, and then, the plot goes on, in a dozen cellars in this abused town the midnight oil burns, a great opera is composed by a tired worker, a painting springs from a hungry machine hand and a great leader rallies the workers to learn to think. Chaney figured how the love affair and the hero could be worked in also, but we now

are interested in this story because it is like Russia. When they all get to eating regularly, when they have found out who their great men are and who is going to get hold of the money, their Art will shrink to fit the vision that sits on a fat pocket-book. In the meantime they are pace-makers for the rest of us. Tom Terriss and others will bring their viewpoints and the first thing you know the lead will be ours again.

Perhaps it might be ours already. Mr. Symon Gould, who does a great deal for the movies in New York City, not long ago showed a film—(it was about the time that *Variety* had us all thinking of German direction)—and in this film was a scene made by David Wark Griffith. He had made the sequence ten years before and it had the very same psychological viewpoint that we were giving the Germans credit for. Perhaps there is in Hollywood a better man at motion pictures than any beneath the blue skies of all the Russias. I am sure that there is. In the meantime, remember that you produce better stuff when you know that you have to.

Once there was an Indian who heard that the whites slept upon feather beds and so he got him a feather and tried to sleep on it. But the feather tickled and prickled and lo the poor Indian could not sleep at all. The film producers do not fall into this error. When an *Underworld* is made, then *Dragnet*, *The Racket*, *Tenth Avenue*, *Ladies of the Mob*, and others are made also. *Wings* is made and its imitations are Legion if not *Condemned*. We do not, however, decry this custom but welcome it, for it keeps alive the competitive spirit, which is always beneficial. One artist is always spurred on by the work of another artist.



“They Snickered When I Got Up To Speak”

—But from the First Word, I Held Them Spellbound

THE banquet hall was crowded. Suddenly I heard the chairman's voice say—“We will now have a few words from Mr. Byron Munn.” It came like a flash of lightning! He was unexpectedly calling on me for a speech! No time to beg off—no chance to wriggle out of it!

As I started to get up, I heard a titter run around the table.

“Watch him make a fool of himself,” I overheard someone whisper, “He's so bashful he's afraid of his own voice.”

“He'll die on his feet!” came another whisper. “This is going to be funnier than ‘Abie's Irish Rose’!”

I knew they were laughing at me and expecting me to make myself ridiculous, but I only grinned inside. I stood squarely on my two feet and started in!

“But When I Commenced To Speak—”

Almost from the first word, the smiles of doubt and derision faded from their faces. They were incredulous—amazed! Instantly the atmosphere became so tense that you could have heard a pin drop! No snickers nor sneers now—nothing but breathless attention from every one of those hundred listeners! My voice, clear as a bell—strong, forceful, unflinching—rang out through the banquet hall as I hammered home each point of my message with telling strokes that held them spellbound! I let myself go—soaring to a smashing finale that almost brought them to their feet!

When I finished, there was an instant of dead silence! And then it came—a furious, deafening wave of applause rolling up from one hundred pairs of hands—spontaneous, excited, thrilling! Some-

body pushed forward and grabbed my hand. Others followed—and everybody started talking all at once.

“Great work, Byron old man! I didn't know you had it in you!”

“You sure swept them off their feet! You're a wonder!”

Was Once A “Human Clam”

After it was all over, Jack Hartray fell into step beside me as I left the hall. “Gee, that was a great speech!”, he said enthusiastically. You certainly raised yourself about 100% in the eyes of every person in that place to-night . . . And yet they used to call you ‘a human clam’—and the quietest man in the office!”

It was true, too. All my life I had been handicapped with a shy, timid and retiring nature. I was so self-conscious that it almost hurt. With only a limited education, I never could express my ideas in a coherent, forceful way. As a result I saw dozens of men with less ability pass me by into positions of social and business prominence simply because they were good talkers and knew how to create the right impression. It was maddening!

A Lucky Accident

At last I began to despair of getting anywhere—when I accidentally ran across a little book entitled, *How to Work Wonders With Words*. And I want to say right here that that little book actually helped me change the course of my whole life.

Between its covers I discovered certain facts and secrets I had never dreamed of. Difficulties were swept away as I found a simple way to overcome timidity, stage-fright and self-consciousness—and how to win advancement, popularity and success. I don't mean to say that there was any “magic” or “mystery” about it, because I went at the thing systematically in the privacy of my own home, simply applying 20 minutes each day. And the results were certainly worth it!

Today I hold the sort of position that I had always envied. My salary has been increased! I am

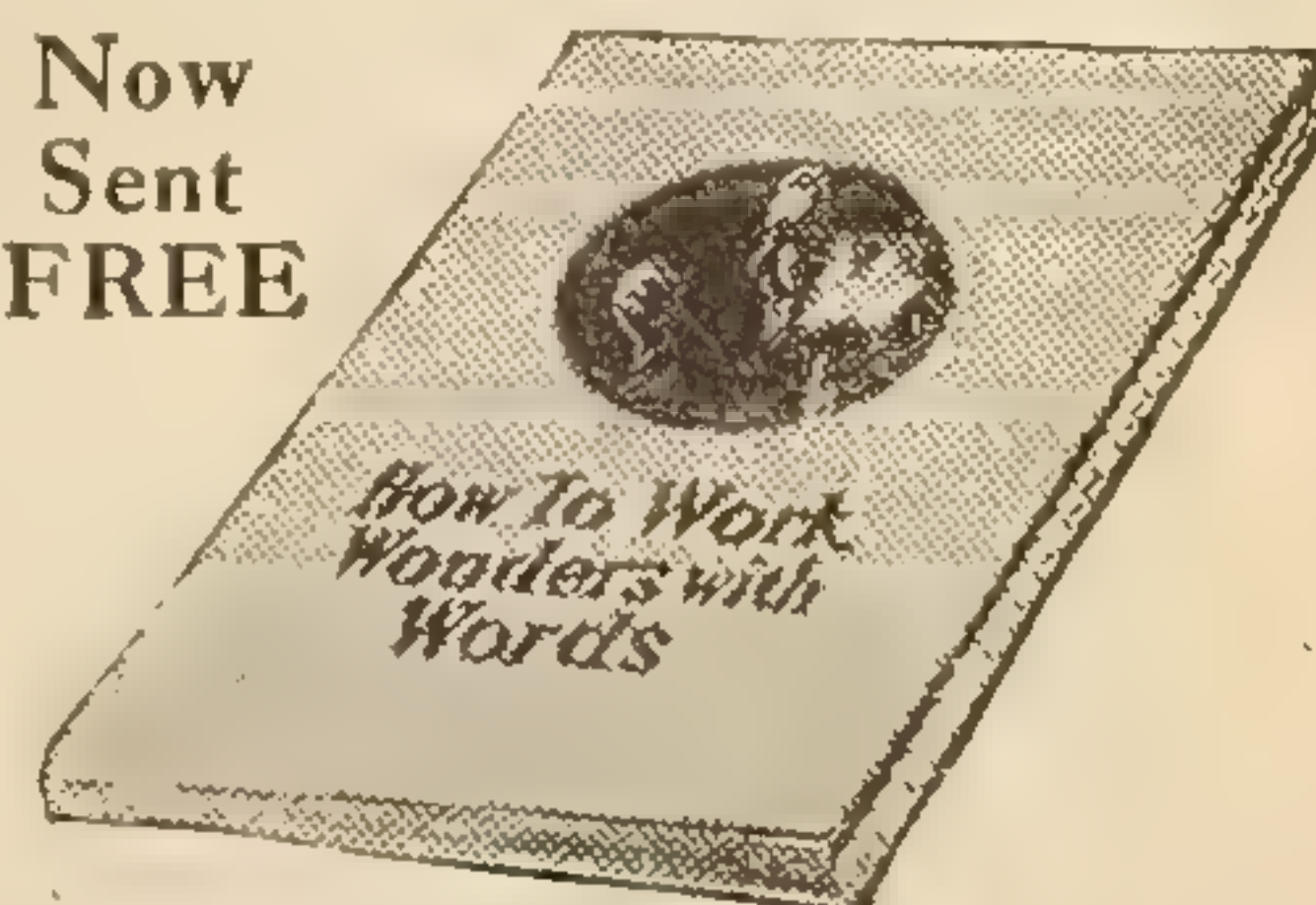
not only in constant demand as a speaker in public but I am asked to more social affairs than I have time to attend. To sum it all up, I am meeting worth-while people, earning more than I ever dared expect and enjoying life to the fullest possible degree! And furthermore, the sheer power of convincing speech has been the big secret of my success!

The experience of Byron Munn is typical. Not only men who have made millions, but thousands of others have found success after learning the secrets of powerful, effective speech. Being able to say the right thing in the right way at the right time has perhaps been responsible for more brilliant success than any other one thing under the sun! And the secret behind it all is so simple that it is astonishing!

Get This Amazing Book FREE!

Right now, we offer to send you absolutely free, a copy of *How to Work Wonders With Words*. This remarkable little book will show you how to develop the priceless “hidden knack” of Effective Speech that has brought success, social position, power and

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It will open your eyes to a new realization of what life holds in store for men who master the secrets of Effective Speech. See for yourself! There is no obligation. You can obtain your copy free by just sending the coupon.

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

What 20 Minutes a Day Will Show You

- How to talk before your club or lodge
- How to address board meetings
- How to propose and respond to toasts
- How to make a political speech
- How to tell entertaining stories
- How to make after-dinner speeches
- How to converse interestingly
- How to write letters
- How to sell more goods
- How to train your memory
- How to enlarge your vocabulary
- How to overcome stage fright
- How to develop self confidence
- How to acquire a winning personality
- How to be the master of any situation

¶ To honor a comedian, laugh at him. This page is to testify to the laughter which, like a Movietone attachment, accompanies his pictures, an obligato of happiness.



Buster Keaton

SCREENLAND

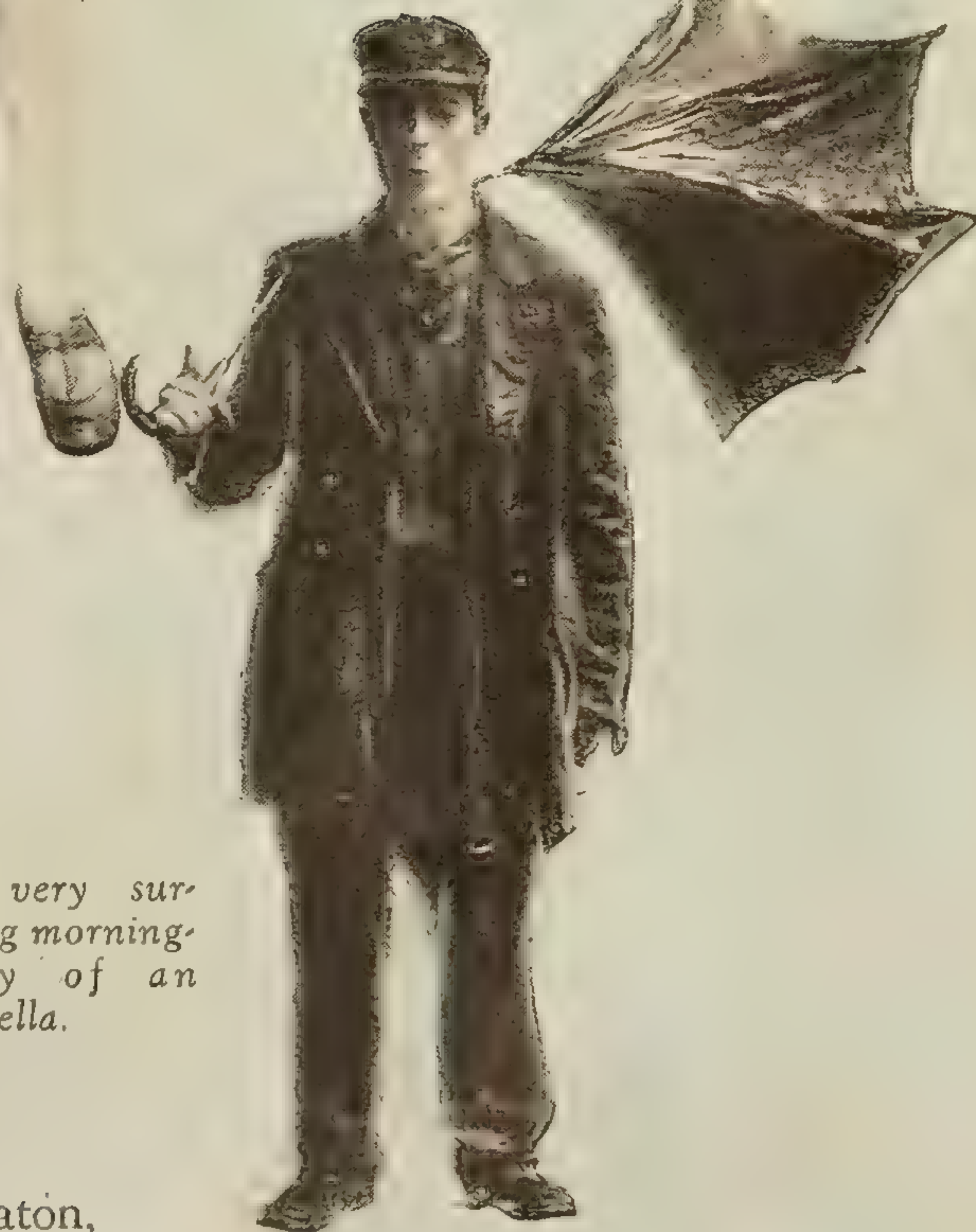
HONOR PAGE

The Melancholy BUSTER KEATON



☞ Buster carries Marion Byron, 'Steamboat Bill Jr.' and the house.

☞ Buster is meek and the meek shall inherit the mirth.



☞ The very surprising morning-glory of an umbrella.



THE latest picture of Buster Keaton, *Steamboat Bill, Jr.*, is a very amusing comedy and this page is to honor the clever little comedian.

It is not enough to act dumb or forever to bear the mask of stolidity; what wins our approbation and applause is the tumbler's skill and the whole-souled generosity with which he spends his talents. And, freely giving to us, wins for himself our sincere liking.

Drop In Any Time

An Editorial by
ELIOT KEEN



Neil Hamilton is working on 'Hot News' which will prove all that 'Beau Geste' implied—maybe.



John Barrymore, the greatest actor on the American stage, earns his screen popularity by such wonderful performances as 'Tempest' shows.

THE news about the actors of the pictures comes to us all. A Hollywood love affair is an amour international; a divorce rends the universe, and a baby in the picture colony humanizes millions. Then, after months of hearing about him, we go to see the talked-of one again, and it is like having a wandering boy return, or a hero back home after the parade.

We heard recently in a picture show: "He's getting heavier" about Neil Hamilton. The New York papers commented on Barrymore's wonderful appearance on the screen in *Tempest* in friendly fashion: "In wonderful shape, and young as ever." It is like having the actors come to call. After they have almost become names to us, one day they drop into the "Splendiferous" or "The Gem" on Broadway or Main Street and we look them over.

We meet them, and again warm to their personalities.

"If you haven't charm," wrote Sir James Barrie in Maggie Shane's dialogue, "it doesn't matter much what you have got." The picture-folk learn it, and with it they find success and the first lesson in the course is make-up.

Make up your face into a smile.

THE *Newest* PICTURE GIRL

☞ Nancy Drexel—blonde, eighteen, beautiful.



She WON A BEAUTY PRIZE

and they tried to give her

THE GATE

☞ Do you remember her as Dorothy Kitchen?



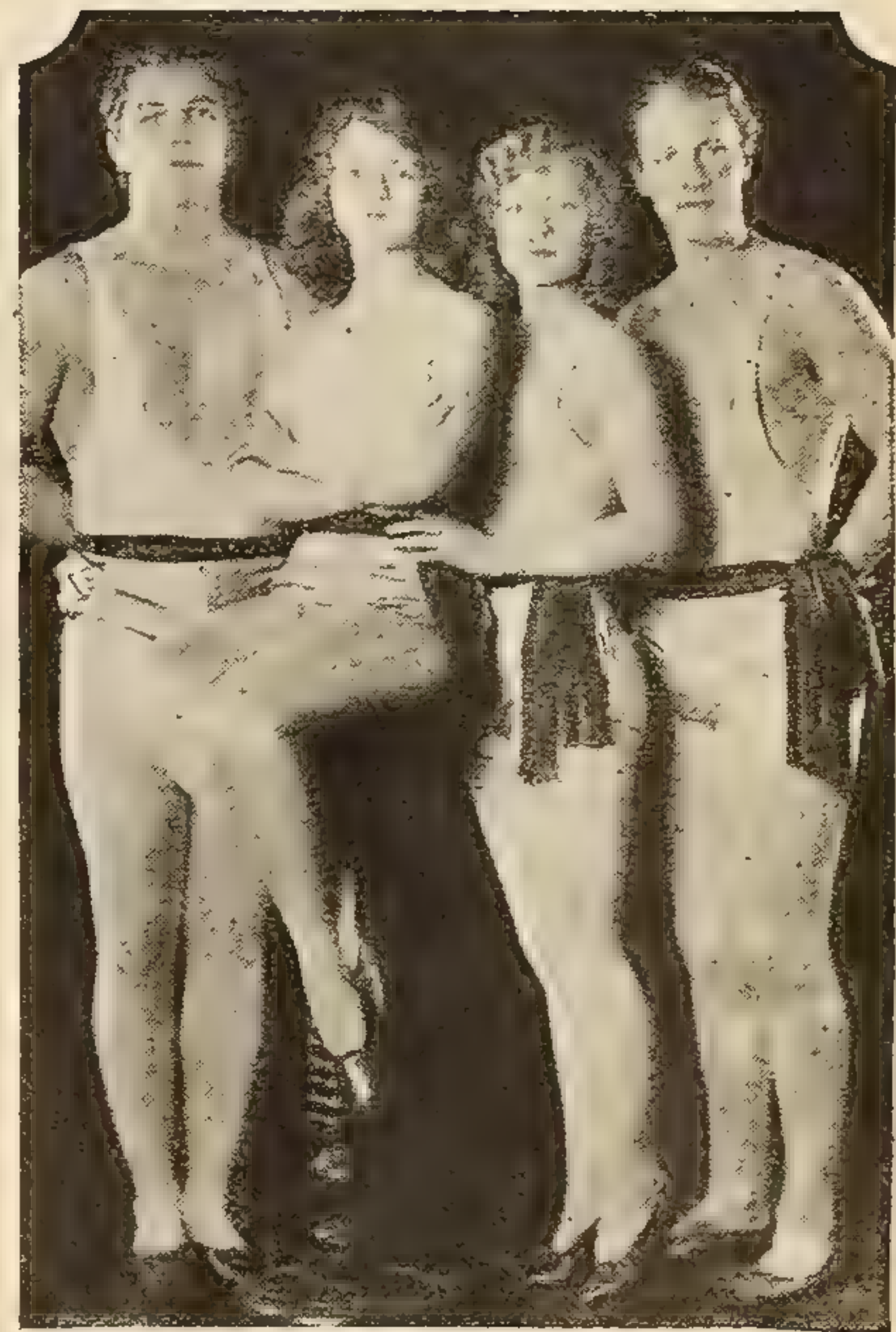
By

Frank Vreeland

NANCY DREXEL'S advice to the young girl about to enter a newspaper beauty contest with a promise of a Hollywood career, is the same as the advice of Punch to the young man about to get married. It is, briefly, 'Don't!'

Miss Drexel should know whereof she speaks. She spent some distressful months trying to work out her salvation as a beauty contest winner in the movies. It is only now, after a year and a half, that she seems finally to have shaken off the incubus of such a supposed honor. In fact, one of Miss Drexel's distinctions may be said to be that she is one of the few beauty contest winners who have ever made good and eventually achieved a leading role.

About 18 months ago Miss Drexel bade farewell to her friends in the Cathedral High



☞ Murnau chose her as one of his '4 Devils'—the others are Janet Gaynor, Charles Morton, and Barry Norton.

School in New York and left Manhattan with high and almost dizzy hopes. Was she not the triumphant survivor of a pulchritude tournament conducted by an Eastern newspaper? Was she not the proud possessor of a contract with a California film company which promised her employment at a pretty figure? Was she not about to set out for Hollywood? Was she not bound to make a great big thumping success from the start?

As to this last—Yes, she was not.

Arrived in the film belt, Miss Drexel's hopes slowly but consistently went glimmering, as so often happens with the fond hopefuls who descend upon it. At first she was given a few scanty bits to play, then the bits had become nothing but vague and watery promises of more work. The company paid her salary—for a while. Then everyone seemed to have a strange lapse of memory. They forgot, practically without an effort, that Miss Drexel was around, eager and ready for service to the great American public.

☞ In 'The Escape' Nancy shared honors with the star, Virginia Valli.

The contract, on the face of it, called for six months' service. But it was one of those double-action, back-firing contracts. Almost anything might happen under it—and did. After twelve (Cont. on page 98)



The

INNOCENTS Hollywood

By Delight Evans



☞ Janet is The Gaynor because of the new craze for youth and innocence in Hollywood.

☞ The movies demanded young beauty so Lois Moran swam right in.

☞ Catch 'Em Young, Keep 'Em Cute, and Collect a Fortune.
(Latest Producers' Slogan.)



☞ Mary Brian's old oaken bucket must be filled with Mary's movie earnings.

THIS is the Age of Innocence in Hollywood. It has come to this. Innocent Youth has bearded the old boy in his den and led him forth into the sunlight to play ring-around-rosie. He is gentle as a kitten and twice as playful. The cynical, tired old bozo who used to require at least a round dozen of red-hot mamas to make him sit up and take notice now hops around chirping: "You chase me!" to corn-fed cuties from Kansas barely out of bibs. He used to turn deaf ears to the subtle sirens. Today he

Conquer

James Trentham

Old Man Hollywood is being led around by the nose by Picture Loveliness — and Likes It!



Sally Phipps' eighteen-year-old smile made the movies sit up and beg for more.



'We Want Youth!' said the movie producers, and Sally Eilers answered the call.

gurgles with joy when a brand-new baby star lisps: "Da-da!"

Once Hollywood was all for Art. Now Art is just an old-fashioned boy. Artlessness is the fashion. Camera angles are old stuff. Curves have come in.

Hollywood, the golden city, has fallen. The fall of good old Babylon was nothing compared to this. You have heard of the wild boys of Moscow. Well, the wild women of Hollywood were reputed to be not far behind. But now—now a group of wide-eyed, wondering little girls comes along and quite casually lays siege to the film city and just as casually takes possession. It's almost as if Adolphe Menjou were to fall for Baby Peggy.

Imagine Old Man Movie submitting to cajoleries and caresses from pretty little girls who tug at his beard and

bounce on his knee and go through his pockets for candy. When they only find contracts they cry and cry as if their poor little hearts would break. But they don't break, because movie contracts are much better than candy for growing girls, as even the dumbest baby will tell you. O Mirth and Innocence! O Milk and Water! (Quotation.)

There is more danger in ninety-eight pounds of unalloyed sweetness and virginal

(Continued on page 96)



TOM MIX

☞ *The Greatest Cowboy of Them All Offers You a Camping Outfit FREE.*

☞ *It is traditional that cowboys admire harness of exquisite leather and Tom Mix carries the idea to a white chamois-skin suit, Spanish tooled leather boots and even diamonds set into his belt. No wonder Tony is proud.*



SCREENLAND has offered many prizes from many stars but never one which better represented the donor than this complete outfit which Tom Mix selected from the famous sporting-goods store of Abercrombie and Fitch, New York.

The representative of F. B. O. Pictures, for which company Tom will soon be making some new pictures, brought the great western star to make the selection while Tom

was in New York City playing in vaudeville at the Hippodrome. Even though the time between shows was limited, it proved to be sufficient, because Tom knew just what he wanted and it was easy to see he enjoyed picking out the different articles.

The equipment is light and practical and consists of:

- | | |
|---------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1 Hikelite Tent | 1 Boy Scout Axe |
| Mosquito Front and Pole | 1 Pack |
| 2 Blankets | 1 Candle Lantern (folding) |
| 1 Hikelite Cooking Outfit | 1 Match Box |
| 1 Camp Grate | 1 Poncho |

The tent is made of Tanalite, which is the best material for light-weight tents, and is dyed by the same process as

Invites YOU to CAMP

☞ No rider of the open spaces knows better the comfort of a good outfit than Tom Mix; and this light, portable equipment was his own personal selection. You can win it if you write the best answer to the following question. (Remember, by 'best' is meant the briefest and cleverest letter.)



☞ *The question you must answer:- Airplane pictures come and go, war pictures pass but Western pictures remain always a strong favorite with every motion-picture audience everywhere. Why is this so? What quality have they that other films lack?*

☞ Tom Mix and his ten-gallon hat looks over the camping outfit he purchased. The fire is put in for realism.

used by the Government. Guaranteed to stand the regular Government tests as to fastness. Tanalite is made of extra long staple sea-island cotton, insuring strength and lightness. The color is drab. The tent is waterproof which will last as long as the material itself—immune to mildew, not effected by heat or cold. It is for two persons, width 5 ft.; depth 7 ft.; height, front 6 ft.; weight, with waterproof ground-cloth sewed in, 5 $\frac{3}{4}$ lbs. The jointed pole weighs 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. A detachable bobbinet front for the above is included so that the mosquitoes will not be.

The blankets are best grade wool, soft and warm; color grey, with dark border; size 60 by 82 in., weight 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ lbs.

The grate is an "Arizona," which Tom must have selected for sentimental as well as practical reasons. The

cooking outfit is for two, and is the most compact ever designed.

It is an outfit worth working for, and the thought necessary to enter this contest will be beneficial whether you win or not.

Write briefly, think it out carefully, and address your letter to

TOM MIX
SCREENLAND Magazine Contest Dept.
49 West 45th Street, New York City
Contest closes August 10th, 1928

The winner will receive the outfit in time to go camping in September.

"You're

YOU'RE
WONDERFUL
WHAT I
MEAN!

It is the 'Open Sesame,' the Magic Incantation that uttered by a Clinging Vine turns the Strongest Oak into a Sapling---with the Accent on the Sap.



Little Alberta Vaughn and William Boyd. He is helpless but happy.

LONG before the deed is done, before the applause is heard, before the medals are hung on the chest and the newsreels take notice, there is usually a marvelous sentence breathed with eyes uplifted and trembling lips: "You're

Esther Ralston uses the formula upon Reed Howes, and then what happens? He becomes DOUGH in her hands—you know what I mean.

Wonderful"



☞ Sally Phipps and Nick Stuart. What can't a man accomplish with a little sympathetic jolly-ing? Nothing can stop Nick now.

☞ All over the world you can almost hear the hum of the cuties encouraging the bucks. They are called bucks because they take so much bucking up.



☞ Mary Brian and Jack Luden. She's his weakness, now.



derful!" in the monologue, the rest won't be hard to listen to.

Perhaps since we are all just a mass of vibrations, as Dr. Millikan says, we are keyed to these particular waves. In any event they are

☞ Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor and the adoration that convinced him he was 'a very remarkable fellow.'

the greatest words in the language. Don't you think so? I knew you would because — You're Wonderful!

Wonderful!" No other message has travelled so often to Garcia and never been delivered.

The male animal responds to this slogan as a tom-cat does to catnip. Every great accomplishment has been achieved to the music of it, and for its utterance alone women were given speech. They may say a lot of other things and I'll go so far as to say they do, but so long as they retain "You're Won-



☞ Louise all dressed up and wanted in every studio.



LOUISE FAZENDA---

The Prettiest Clown
in the World.

By Rob Wagner

☞ Comedy's hand-maiden has no beauty secrets—just funny falls and millions of friends.

☞ She scrubs the windows to let in the sun and gives her life to spread the sunshine of laughter.



☞ With Mack Swain in 'Tillie's Punctured Romance,' Louise does her stuff.

EVERY woman craves beauty, yet Louise Fazenda was born in ugly poverty, spent an ugly childhood amid ugly surroundings, and because she was considered homely according to the snobbish standards of adolescent youth, went through high-school ignored by the girls as well as the boys. And now in the fullness of her screen success, and at a time when she has grown into a really beautiful womanhood, she finds herself cast in a series of perpetually ugly characters. And all so that she may call forth laughter. It is very amusing, and Louise laughs too. But somehow behind her laugh one detects a hidden note of humiliation and sorrow.

Vaudeville presents many notable comedienness who appear in ugly characterizations, but invariably they are permitted to change their costumes, and in the end we always see them prettied-up and looking their best. Not so in pictures. Ugly characterizations are not suddenly metamorphosed into fluffy ruffles just to give the audience an eye-ful of the artiste's pulchritude. If the character is homely it is homely to the final fade-out. That's why there are so few women comedians on the screen. Women will not make the supreme sacrifice of their charms for even fame and fortune.

Only yesterday I was walking across the lot at First National with the one outstanding comedienne of the films when we passed a group of boarding school girl visitors gathered in worshipful admiration about the beautiful Billie Dove.

"That's Louise Fazenda," said Billie, proudly

pointing to the dumpy little old woman walking by my side. "You ought to get her signature."

"O, gosh!" exclaimed the youngsters as they turned again to beauty.

Louise laughed, but I'm sure I detected a note of sadness in her laughter.

There was a sting even in Louise's first success. She had been working extra in mobs on the Universal lot when one day she was engaged as one of only six girls in a southern story. Given a pretty frock with ruffled skirt she spent several days curling her hair in imitation of Mary Pick-



☞ No true comedy without pathos, says Louise.



☞ Miss Fazenda has a tremendous popularity which doesn't depend upon her beauty.



ford, and when she appeared on the set she had the exquisite thrill of feeling that she looked almost pretty. Suddenly the assistant director spoke up.

"One of the cast hasn't shown up and there's a five dollar ticket in it for any one of you girls who will do a black face."

The other girls dismissed the financial temptation with a laugh. But Louise was made instantly thoughtful. Five dollars! That was two dollars more than the regular ticket. And the Fazendas were

☞ The girl who has made the world laugh at her ugliness is really pretty—meet Mrs. Hal Wallis.

☞ The Fazenda home in the Wilshire district in Hollywood.



☞ Louise has only to lean against her limousine to be funny. That's what bought it.



very poor. Louise struggled between beauty and duty. My, how she wanted to wear those pretty clothes. It was like a Cinderella dream come true. But at last duty won, and turning in her pretty frock she made up as an ugly pickinniny. It was

the beginning of her career. She injected so much humor into the characterization that she instantly established herself as an artist.

Then to Mack Sennett's where she was compelled to watch the famous bathing beauties from behind the make-up of grotesque characters.

"I was very sensitive at the time," she says, "and whenever they referred to me in story conferences or on the set as 'the homely girl' I felt terribly hurt. My, how I envied the bathing beauties. My one dream was to be 'A blonde for a day.' I tried it; I bleached my hair. The next day I was cast as Mack Swain's mother! I was seventeen years old. But that was a long time ago, and I can laugh at it now."

Yes, she laughs. But don't think for a minute that she has outgrown her sensitiveness. I got this from several little episodes she told me.

"When I fell in love with Hal," (Hal Wallis is the Warner Brothers' publicity chief whom she married a year ago), "I naturally wished to look beautiful in his eyes, so when I was doing my ugly characterizations I sneaked in the back way and then hid . . . (Continued on page 88)



☞ Anita Page has a shade the best of it.

“SUNDAY morning sleep isn’t for these busy Hollywood people!” I telephoned to a very sleepy Patsy. “You know we have three parties today! Franklin Pangborn is calling for us at eleven. Agnes Christine Johnston is having a party down at her Santa Monica Canyon home and we are to have lunch under the trees and then go to the polo game. Jack Holt and Will Rogers are going to play, and maybe Frank Dazey, Agnes’ husband.

“Then there’s tea with May Robson and after that



☞ Jack Holt playing polo.

When the PICTURE FOLK Make *WHOOPEE*

☞ *Going the Limit in Work or Play is Part of the Picture Game.*

By Grace Kingsley

Kathleen Reynolds is giving a Gay Nineties costume party.”

“I don’t know half you said,” Patsy came back at me, “but I’m in the hands of my friends, I guess, as the politicians say, and I’ll wait for ‘Pang.’”

After a ride through the lovely Beverly Hills and then into the Canyon, we sought the Uplifters’ Club grounds, where we were to have luncheon.

“I don’t know what on earth the Uplifters find to uplift out here,” remarked Doris Kenyon, who, with her husband, Milton Sills, had already arrived when we got there, “but I’m sure they must find every inspiration to uplift in case they do find anything.”

It was very lovely under the trees, and all the comforts of home were combined, since the picnic table was close to the brick barbecue oven, and there a regular chef and waiter, all in spotless white, were cooking our chops and potatoes.



☞ Jack playing the same game reversed.

We found Frank Dazey arrayed in polo togs, as he was going to sub, and we knew that he was just hoping and hoping that somebody might at the last moment decide not to ride, so that he could have a chance at the ponies.

Ruth Chatterton came with James Creelman, the scenario writer, and she was looking very pretty in a cornflower-blue sports suit and small hat to match. She had driven herself and her escort down in her little roadster.

Doris Kenyon looked bloomingly beautiful in a pale yellow sports suit and hat, with a little bouquet of blue flowers on her coat.

She told us that her baby had been a year old the day before.

"I suppose you gave the child elaborate toys and probably a fifty thousand dollar U. S. bond, didn't you?" our hostess inquired.



☞ Florence Vidor, as beautiful as French vermouth and Gordon gin.



☞ Billie Dove, the First Choice of First National.



☞ Edouard Raquello. They like him in Hollywood.



"No," Doris laughed, "we gave the youngster a brand new shiny tin sink-strainer! Expensive toys are wasted in our nursery!"

Milton Sills told us he had known Isadora Duncan, and how much he admired her bravery and grit.

"I met her once when her finances were at a terribly low ebb," he said, "but she refused a very lucrative vaudeville engagement because the managers wouldn't let her do what she wanted, but wished her to perform some cheap popular dances."

Over at the polo game, Doris Kenyon went quite wild over the beautiful horses, as she always does.

Snowy Baker was riding and so was Jack Holt, both of course wonderful players. Will Rogers didn't play, but he (Cont. on page 94)



☞ Helene Costello and a little Scotch.



MANHATTAN NEW YORK



☞ Jean Hersholt and the rest of the family look over the city that is made up of his friends.

*Who comes from Hollywood
 Who does not miss it
 Then*

By Anne Bye

SUMMER stars—and some are not. But all of them are fresh from Hollywood, and you know how fresh that is. Here today and wan tomorrow—and how can they help it, with the pace they set when they visit Manhattan? Of course, there are exceptions. There is Phyllis Haver, whose mission in life apparently is being an exception.

Phyllis is not wan. Phyllis is blonde and beautiful and cuddly and impish, also irresistible. "You know," she said with that famous smile, "out in Hollywood we live like small-town folks. Early to bed, early to rise and you make all the best pictures. But New York—umm, New York is different. Here

☞ Glenn Tryon, a stranger in our midst—may his shadow never grow less.



Almost every chorus-girl on Broadway is a small-town girl who dances for the sheer joy of being a part of the big city.

musical comedy, *Say When*. Miss Marbury is New York's prize dramatic, social and political exhibit. And not only New York's, either. London, Paris, Berlin and Vienna all know and are proud of this American woman whose dramatic ability has been celebrated for years.

From gallery to orchestra pit and back again in the big Morosco Theatre, hundreds of people will be crowded. The *creme de la creme* of New York's artistic and social life will be packed into the playhouse waiting for the beauty of this new widely-heralded production to unroll before their eyes. Painters, sculptors, movie magnates, financiers, artists, writers, poets, business men and dreamers all will be drawn to the playhouse by the magic of Miss Marbury—the woman who gathers youth and grace to inspire a jaded world.

Can you picture it?

The director waves his baton. The audience hushes. Music sounds, soft and sensuous; then grows louder, louder—deeper, deeper. With a rich staccato tempo that had its birth in some dark, pulsing African jungle.

The curtain rises. A gasp goes through the theatre. Beauty. Youth and beauty.



Ned Wayburn and the class that Sally joined to win her place on Broadway.



Neither dignity nor traditions make for dancing grace, but Sally has bowed her head to hard work and kicked up her heels as well.

Girls, slim, wistful, evanescently beautiful. Little willow trees—timid on the edge of life's unexplored stream. Blonde girls. Red-haired girls. Small girls and tall girls.

But who is that one so dear and dark, with the long straight hair bound in a knot at the back of a proud head?

Why, that is Sally Anderson.

You remember little Sally, don't you? The girl who won the SCREENLAND contest. The contest that was given by Gilda Gray and by Ned Wayburn of the Wayburn Dance Studios.

Gilda Gray looked back over the bitterness and struggles of her own early days. And in gratitude for her success, decided to give some girl a chance to learn the great art of dancing. But the girl must be talented.

Miss Gray agreed to pay the successful contestant's fare to New

**MARBURY COMEDY
CAST COMPLETED**

Ellsabeth Marbury and Carl Reed completed casting their new musical comedy yesterday. Here are the principals:

Ruth Thomas, Alison Skirvorth, Beth Walker, Ruth Forbes, Alberto Digne, Gundo Mazine, John Gibbs Penrose, Peggy Fish, Patricia McGrath, Joyce Kilmer, Mildred Quigley, Nina Brandstein, Sally Anderson, Kathryn Hamill, Dorothy Jones, Mickey Bohnert, Peggy Keenan, Marion McLean and Kitty Keenan.

Miss Marbury announced that there will be no chorus girls. She will have fifteen girls and each will have a speaking part.

A clipping from the N. Y. American which announces little Sally's first job.

By Rosa Reilly

York and her living expenses after she arrived. And Mr. Wayburn, recalling the griefs and turmoils of his own threadbare youth—when he was a boy with dance desire in his heart and not an internationally recognized producer and master of dancing—agreed to let the young winner have a free scholarship at his studio.

Hundreds of contestants sent in their photographs. But Sally was the chosen one. Chosen by a unanimous vote.

Now it may surprise you to learn that Sally isn't at all the popular conception of a dancer. She has neither the blonde prettiness of Mary Eaton nor the languid grace of Claire Luce. Sally is a thin edition of beloved Isadora Duncan. Her hair is purple black. Her eyes are shining soft. And her body is glorious with unashamed beauty.

Sally lived in Jonestown, Mississippi, with her mother, in a pretty rambling white home surrounded by fragrant farm lands. A garden encircles the house. A garden where honeysuckle, magnolia and jasmine bud and bloom in the heavy, unstirred air. Sally's father was dead. But Sally's mother—still young and pretty—was happy in the companionship of her gentle, clever daughter.

Sally had always danced. Even as a child, when anybody played the piano, Sally would be found in the centre of the big living room dancing under the crystal chandelier, dancing queer little dances of her own improvisation. As Sally grew older she was sent to the neighboring town of Clarkesdale for instruction from the best dancing master. Jonestown, you understand, is such a tiny village that there is neither dancing master, theatre, nor movie there.

In that Southland girls, like flowers, blossom early. And when Sally was a mature sixteen she became very miserable. Every day she used to go over to Clarkesdale and take in a movie. It was the only place she was really happy. For she could dream there. Dream of the day when like Gilda Gray and Billie Dove she would become a famous dancer. But Sally didn't have the heart to tell her mother that she wanted to become a professional. For in Jonestown, anybody who becomes a dancer is considered not quite 'nice.' Chorus girls are thought by Jonestown folks to be at the bottom of the social ladder. People down there have especial pride in their ancestry, and can trace their families back many generations to the day when lovely ladies swept through the court at Versailles and when chivalrous gentlemen did battle for their ladies with flashing swords grasped in white bejewelled hands that bore no trace of labor.

But Sally got a great surprise when she explained to her mother how dearly she wanted to become a dancer. Instead of reproaching, the mother understood. But all the friends and relatives didn't. They called in a body to protest. They expressed themselves freely on the subject of a 'nice' southern girl having a career on the stage. Mrs. Anderson listened quietly. Gave them tea. And wished them good afternoon.

When all had left the house, Sally's mother took her

out into the garden and sat down.

"Did you ever hear the story of Saint Sebastian, Sally?" the mother asked out of a clear sky.

"No, I don't believe I ever did," the bewildered girl answered.

"Well, I'll tell you about him," said the mother, smiling.

Sally spread out her wide white organdy dress and sat down wonderingly as her mother's cool voice outlined itself in the heavy afternoon air.

"About three hundred years after Christ was born, there lived in Rome a young archer named Sebastian. He was chief of all the imperial archers at the court of the Emperor Diocletian. But the Emperor was a pagan. And Sebastian at heart was a Christian. When Diocletian discovered this fact, he became so enraged that he condemned the young archer to death. Late one afternoon, Sebastian was bound to a tree by two tall Ethiopian slaves.

And there at twilight while many cedarwood fires filled the air with flame and odor, the fair young man was shot to death by his own archers.

"You see, Sally, the Emperor couldn't understand Sebastian's desire to be a Christian. He couldn't understand why the boy wasn't satisfied with all the fetes and the luxuries of the court. But Sebastian knew that in Christianity he had found the only true beauty and happiness. And he was willing to die for his belief."

A fresh breeze swept over the garden for the first time that hot enervating day as the mother continued: "I don't want to crucify you on the cross of my own selfishness, dear. If you feel that your life is wrapped up in this dancing, and that you will never find happiness nor beauty here at home with me, then you must go. Is that how it is?"

Sally couldn't speak. But she nodded her head.

It was only a few months later that Sally won the scholarship. When she reached New York, she had another big surprise. For it wasn't the cold-hearted city she had expected. People welcomed her. They were kind to her in many ways. And then she began to realize, as so many have before her, that New York isn't a huge, mechanical city, but instead a vast communal chain of little indissoluble towns, each forged to the other by the mutual indomitable desire of its inhabitants to achieve success and happiness and beauty.

First the girl was taken to the SCREENLAND office to meet the editor, Eliot Keen, and then she was brought up to be introduced to Mr. Wayburn and to start her dancing work in his studios.

When the young southerner was ushered into Mr. Wayburn's office, which looks more like a continental salon with its spaciousness and its splendid furnishings, Sally was awed. For Mr. Wayburn is a commanding figure. He makes you feel his power. As he stood to welcome her, he seemed to the girl's untutored eyes a giant: six feet three inches tall he is; magnificently built; with dominance in every stride and gesture. As Sally looked up at him, she commenced to realize (Cont. on page 82)



Lucila Mendez's Spanish Shawl has been awarded to

**Miss Johnnie Walker Anderson
401 Mercantile Bank Building
Dallas, Texas.**

The contest was awarded for the best answer to the question:

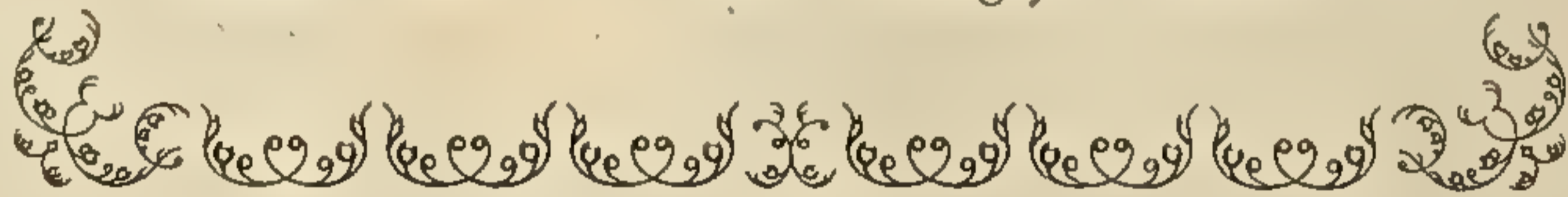
"Which affects your actions most; that is, which makes you most ambitious, affectionate or charitable—a story, physical exercise or a picture?"

Miss Anderson wrote in favor of the pictures with convincing personal incidents and the beautiful Spanish Shawl has been sent to her.

We quote a paragraph only from her letter:

"When I have been to a show like *The Way of All Flesh*, I am broke for a month. I give and give. After seeing that very picture a blind man stood below my window and every time anyone came into my office I had them give him a coin."

Miss Mendez joins us in expressing delight that her shawl has been won by Johnnie whose letter is so convincingly human.





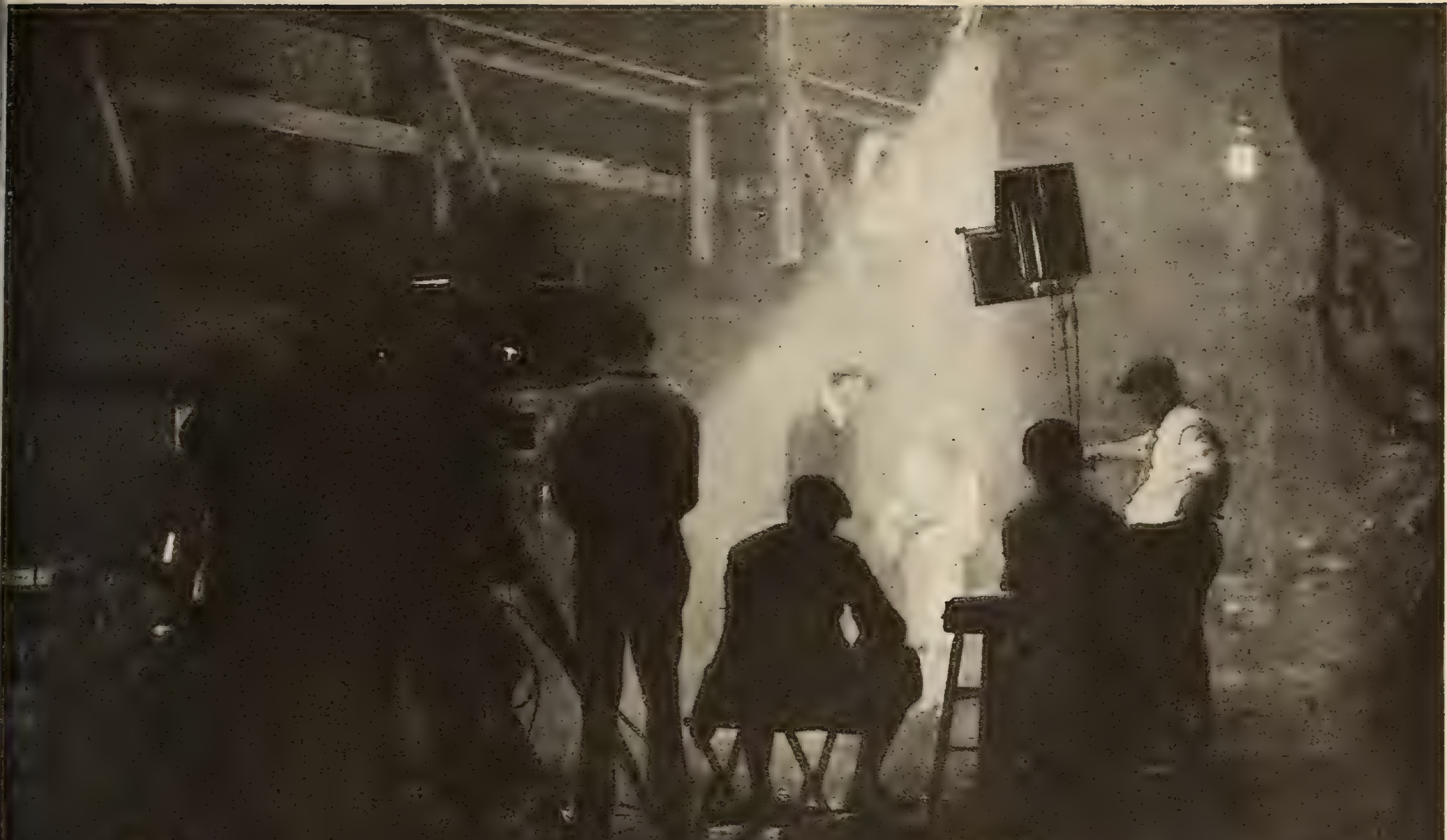
JOBYNA RALSTON found the habit of success with Harold Lloyd. She is wed to Richard Arlen and her next picture will be *Power*.

Photograph by Melbourne Spurr



THE 'Middies' at Annapolis have a treat in store for them. Jeanette Loff is going to make her next picture at the Naval Academy.

SCREENLAND



JEANETTE LOFF

TAGGED *for* GLORY

By Phil Gersdorf

YOU can learn screen technique just by watching the moving figures to catch the music cues!

Jeanette Loff has proved that it can be done, for with hardly any professional acting experience she sprang full-panoplied into the front ranks of filmdom from the obscure place of a screen accompanist. There's a very large IF, however—if you happen to possess a personality of mind and body that registers like Jeanette Loff's. Ay, there's the rub. But the technique, most of it, can be mastered in advance.

You see, Jeanette Loff had unusual gifts and graces, to start with. Born at Orofino, Ida., she grew up in a world of art, a home transplanted from Copenhagen, Den-

© Jeanette Loff's beauty illumines a fog scene taken at the De Mille Studio for 'Love Over Night,' with Rod La Rocque opposite.



© Jeanette Loff—five feet three inches, 105 pounds of golden-haired, blue-eyed beauty—can sing like a bird and play a half-dozen musical instruments. But her silence is also golden.

mark, at first to Idaho and then to the wilds of Wadena, Saskatchewan, where her father continued his profession of violinist. He is a Dane, and her mother Danish and Norwegian.

Jeanette cannot remember when she first began to finger out simple tunes on the piano-forte. The family unabridged and the atlas had to be propped under her, she was so little; and it was a laborious climb up and down from the piano stool.

Musicians' children commonly require little instruction unless destined for executants. At ten she was a sort of prodigy, and at sixteen she undertook to play the accompaniments at the local picture theatre.

(Continued on page 93)



☞ Polly Ann Young gets from Eddie Nugent just the respectful ceremonious treatment her costume calls for.

Has Every WOMAN Two Natures?

☞ She Changes Her Clothes With Her Moods And It's Your Own Fault If You Can't Make Her.

By Kitty Hubert

Is every girl really in duplicate—she and her shadow—two natures—one good, one bad? Not exactly. She has one that God gave her, but civilization has taught her a thing or two. That there is a little bit of bad in every good little girl no psychologist can deny. In fact, that's what makes her so good.

But there can be no doubt that a wise girl knows her material, and dresses to suit both of her natures. No twentieth-century charmer ever dresses like little Eva when she is feeling like Eve. She knows that as she dresses, so

will she be treated. And if she craves rough treatment she wouldn't wear a gingham gown with a sash, unless the sash had a sash-weight.

And all this is subconscious, of course. It's just the "Two Natures Struggling Within." The first thing you know she is flying down the beach, setting the curving combers to singing 'Mary Ann.' Beware then, Mister Aplomb and Percy Refinement, for the Eve-underneath has broken out and she wants an understanding playmate.

If, on the other hand, she feels pensive, and shy, and



☞ Norma Shearer and Ralph Forbes in 'The Actress' in the tempo and manner of petticoats and laces.

quiet, and reserved, and tender, and quaint, she would carefully array herself in a garment suggesting an old-fashioned garden, and cambric tea, and little lace mittens. And she would be as well protected as if she were escorted by a hand-picked posse consisting of Strongheart, Flash, Rinty, and Wallace Beery in a nasty temper. The worst any man could do to a girl in such a costume would be to stoop and kiss her hand, and even then he would feel like a dirty dog, and expect to be sued for breach-of-promise.

Dress your mood if you don't want to be misunderstood. If you wear a one-piece bathing-suit don't be surprised or hurt if predatory males surround you, and don't be disappointed if, instead of poetry on the tip of the tongue you get a sock on the approach of your boy-friend. He's human, too—you've got to make allowances!

For a while girls conceived the idea that mannish jackets and starched shirts would be an even more alluring costume. 'The Modern Woman'—you remember her. Her wrap-around skirt hangs limp and forgotten in the clothes closet. Those costumes are the skeletons in the closet of fashion. And in their place you'll find little frilly things and full, long skirts and quantities of tulle and lace. The girls are getting feminine again.

Oh, they still wear sports clothes. They haven't completely passed up the *tailleur*, but they're different now.

Norma Shearer, home from her glorious honeymoon in Europe, looking more patrician, more lovely than ever in her life, sat in her dressing-room at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios (it's all been done over, by the way, with new furniture and new drapes) and discussed these things. She had chosen a

(Cont. on page 86)

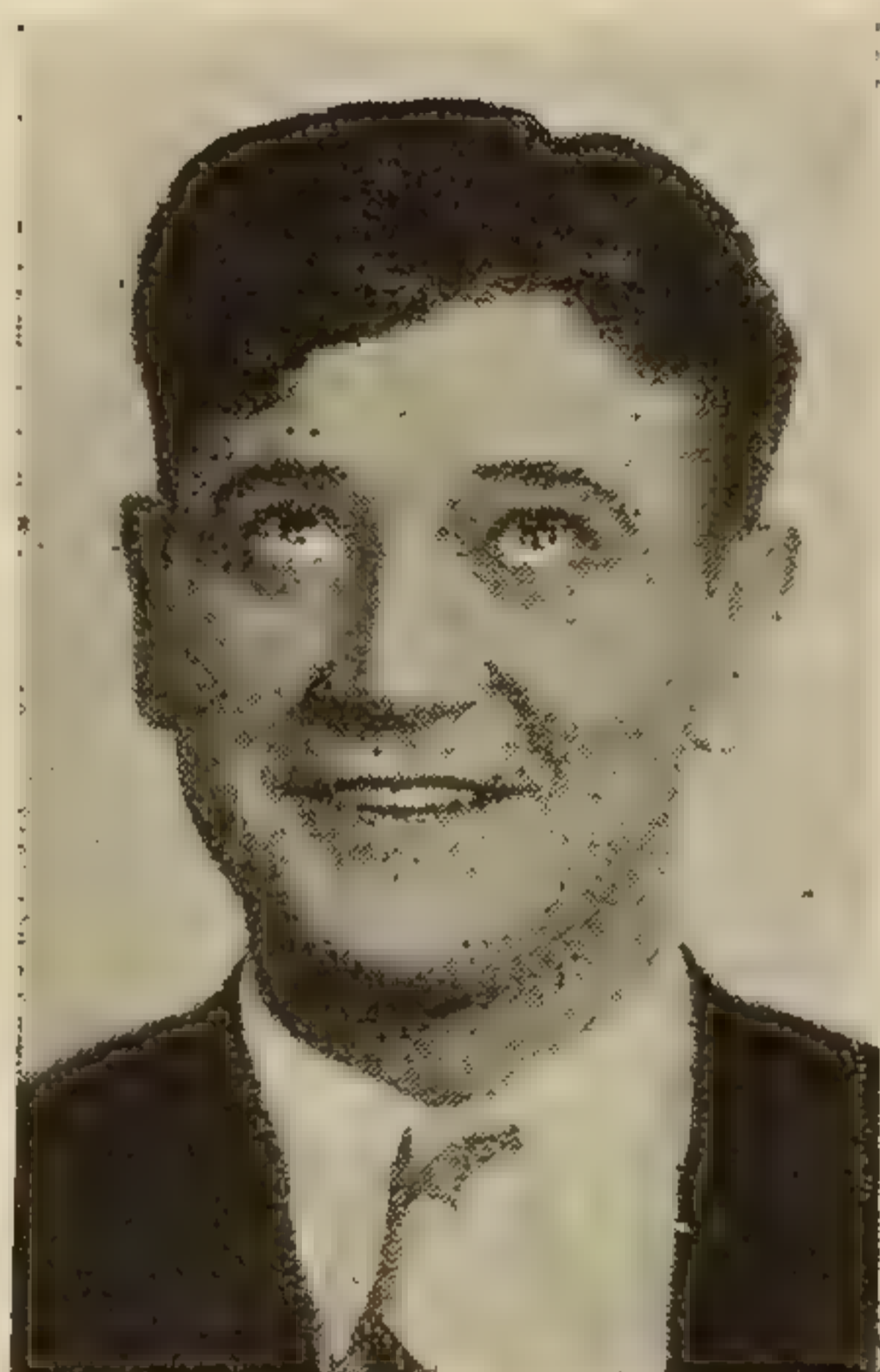
☞ Norma says you feel different in such dresses.



A DICTIONARY *for*

A-mer'i-can. Richard Dix

A native of America; orig., an American aborigine; now, a person of European descent born in America. Three cheers for the red, white, and Richard! He showed his Americanism in *The Vanishing American* and he will prove it again in *Red Skin*.



Richard Dix

ar'is-to-crat'ic.

Aileen Pringle

Characteristic of, or originating with, the aristocracy. That's why Elinor Glyn, an aristocrat herself, once chose Aileen to play a princess, in *Three Weeks*.



Nancy Carroll

at-trac'tive. Nancy Carroll

Having the power or quality of allurements, charm. Nancy has all that—ask Abie, whose Irish Rose when he saw her; or Richard Dix, opposite whom she played the love scenes in *Easy Come, Easy Go*.

ap-peal-ing. Charles Farrell

Webster says it means to call on one for aid and sympathy. Charlie has all the sympathy he needs when he looks at Janet in *Seventh Heaven*—in that goodbye scene before he went away to war. And in *Street Angel* when he brought home the bologna and they had their farewell feast.



William Haines

boy-ish. William Haines

Like, pertaining to, or after the manner of, a boy. That's why they call him Billy. Watch him teasing Anita Page in *Telling the World* or making love to Marion in *Show People*—just a play-boy, that's Billy.

curves. Joan Crawford

Bent continuously without angles. The only angles about Joan are those she precipitates in such movie dramas as *The Unknown*, in which she won the hearts of Lon Chaney, Norman Kerry, and a million other men.



Joan Crawford

cute. Sally O'Neil

Clever or shrewd; attractive by reason of daintiness or picturesqueness, as a child. Sally has only to walk on the screen flouncing her tiny skirts and tossing her Irish head, as she did in *The Mad Hour*, and all over the house you'll hear "Isn't she cute?"

de-light'ful. Marion Davies

Highly pleasing; giving delight. Marion Davies is always giving something—she is generous-hearted and democratic and this spirit shows in her pictures like *The Patsy* and *The Fair Co-Ed*.



Marion Davies

bash'ful. Harry Langdon

Very or excessively modest; shy; diffident; retiring; as a *bashful* child. That's Harry all over. Remember him in the baby carriage in *Tramp, Tramp, Tramp*?

flap-per. Alice White

One who, or that which, flaps. The high-school heroine, always late for classes but never for Class. Collegiate a la femme with rolled stockings and latest bob. The last word—she has it, in *Show Girl* and other films.



Alice White

re-fined. Irene Rich

Polished; cultured; free from vulgarity. Who can

the MOVIE FAN

play a lady the way Irene can? Remember *Lady Windermere's Fan*?

gay. Madge Bellamy

Gleeful, blithe, sprightly, sportive, frolicsome. Since *Summer Bachelors* Madge has been the tired business man's little ray of sunshine. When she flirts through *The Play Girl* and her other films strong men wilt and women wonder.



Madge Bellamy

grace. Dolores Costello

Charm; easy elegance; propriety. Yes, you feel that about Dolores—whether as a girl of the *Tenderloin* or the Baltimore belle, *Glorious Betsy*, she is always poised. Even the flood of *Noah's Ark* fails to sweep her off her pedestal.



Dolores Costello

beau'ti-ful. Vilma Banky

That which is beautiful—lovely, fair, pretty. Ever since *The Dark Angel*—through breath-taking bits in *Nights of Love* and *Two Lovers*—Vilma, the Hungarian Rhapsody, has brought us sheer beauty.

in-scru'ta-ble. Sojin

Incomprehensible; unfathomable. All the mystery of the Orient lies in Sojin's eyes. He has vilained through many films with presumably sinister intent but you can't be sure until the bodies are counted.



Sojin

bril'liant. Dolores del Rio
Sparkling; very bright; splendid; shining. Flashing smile of red, red lips and white teeth—lithe, swaying body—Mexican

romance incarnate—Dolores as Charmaine, Carmen, Ramona.

jo-vi-al. Johnny Hines

Johnny Hines is always in a good humor. His grin makes every one else grin, too. That's why his pictures like *Chinatown Charlie* bring in the mirth and the money.



Johnny Hines

chame'le-on. Lon Chaney

A person likened to a chameleon as for changeableness. What could be more changeable than Chaney—a hunch-back, a crook, a kind father, a clown in distress, a tough sergeant of Marines—all in the day's work!

mys-te'ri-ous. Myrna Loy

Enigmatical; incomprehensible. There's something about the slinky way she moves, and her slumbrous eyes, that invoke strange dreams. The mystery is how a nice home-girl like Miss Loy can manage to be so darned mysterious.



Myrna Loy

fire. Lupe Velez

The principle of combustion as manifested in light and heat—no, no! Liveliness of imagination or fancy; ardor of passion. (That's more like it.) In other words, Lupe, wild little spit-fire of *The Gaucho*, burns 'em up. She loves as hard as she hates. Watch out!

wom'an. Leatrice Joy

An adult female person. Leatrice is very much a person and also very feminine as you don't need to be reminded if you saw her sparkling through *The Blue Danube*. She's regular.



Leatrice Joy

DELIGHT EVANS' REVIEWS



☞ Dolores del Rio puts the moan in *Ramona*

RAMONA

☞ *Teepee for Two.*

RED man, why are you blue? *Ramona* is the answer. And Dolores del Rio puts the moan in *Ramona*. You'll have those squaw-man blues when you see her. Now let's get serious. This is a beautiful picture. Edwin Carewe has made a movie classic of Helen Hunt Jackson's famous novel about the California Indian maid and her love for a handsome brave. It is Dolores del Rio's picture. She is a poem with her shining hair and eyes, and her classic contours. She is also a fine actress, in case you are interested. I suppose she has technique—whatever that is—but it looks to me as if she acts because she can't help it. Her dancing, like her acting, has grace—and a few other girls left far behind. When Dolores casts those lustrous Spanish orbs in your direction would you say 'Mañana?' No; you'd say 'How! Now!'

Ramona is allowed to tell her story slowly, but this leisurely tempo is appropriate. Mr. Carewe has drawn out some of the episodes but he has made up for it by painting some marvelous pictures of California beauty. Warner Baxter plays *Ramona's* Indian lover capably and chestily, while Roland Drew is a charming *Felipe*. *Ramona* would be a tragedy, with few frivolous moments, except that a picture with Dolores del Rio in it can't be listed as tragedy. It's a treat.

☞ Dolores as '*Ramona*' and Warner Baxter as her Indian lover.



The NEWS PARADE

☞ *Hip, Hip!*

THIS started out to glorify the American camera-boy. It ended by glorifying Sally Phipps in a bathing-suit—which was all right, too. But the epic of the camera-man was left far, far behind—for no matter how much you like Sally, you must admit she's not an epic; she's too little. While it's a good break for her smile and her—er—suit, why not call that a picture (and a darned pretty picture, too) and make another re-

volving around the exploits of the intrepid news-reelers? Nick Stuart is the hero, awaiting his chance to shoot Sally's capitalist father. Not a bolshevik; but a brave camera-man intent on a scoop. Of course he gets his pictures—both of 'em. But not before *The News Parade* has turned first into a travelogue, and then into a serial, involving Earle Foxe and fisticuffs. Fun for the kiddies—and for the real camera-men.

Ⓒ Adapted from the Irish novel by Donn Byrne

HANGMAN'S HOUSE

Ⓒ *Bad Noose.*

HERE'S just the thing for that tired feeling. Why spend a depressed evening at home when you can go to see *Hangman's House*? This picture will make you thank your stars that your old man isn't an executioner. Or maybe he is. How should I know? In that case, you can thank your stars that your house isn't on fire. Or that your daughter didn't marry a bigamist. Or that a villain didn't shoot your pet horse. All these dandy accidents occur in the merry opus entitled *Hangman's House*, adapted, ever so faithfully, from the novel by Donn Byrne, who certainly must have been feeling good when he wrote it. It's a story about Ireland and the Irish; an Irishman, John Ford, directed;

so you see the real thing instead of the usual movie paste emeralds. Hobart Bosworth plays Judge O'Brien, 'the hanging justice,' who sees his victims in his own fireplace and before he dies marries his only daughter (June Collyer) to a rascal (Earl Foxe) when she really loves a lad played by Larry Kent (and why not?). The poor girl is harried and hounded until Victor McLaglen, also Irish, comes to the rescue and retribution overtakes the villain who, by the way, is of the blackest dye ever cast on the screen. A corking fire which consumes *Hangman's House* and the villain provides a cheery finale to send you home in a good humor. There is a good cast. If you liked the fog in *Sunrise* you'll like it in *Hangman's House*. It looks enough like the same fog to be its twin brother.

Ⓒ One of those pictures with a laugh and a tear

Laugh, Clown, Laugh

Ⓒ *Stop Tickling.*

WITH a ho-ho-ho, and a ha-ha-ha, and maybe a little tee-he-he. *Laugh, Clown, Laugh* is one of those pictures with a laugh and a tear. Directed by Herbert Brenon, it is the tale of a clown who couldn't help crying and a count who couldn't help laughing. Between them it is hard to keep a straight face. But *Laugh, Clown, Laugh* is a good picture. It is Lon Chaney's best, as far as I'm concerned. He plays the clown, and some of his scenes are enacted in clown regalia—painted grin, grotesque pantaloons, and all the rest of it. Yet Chaney is always convincing. He never over-acts. He is now automatically added to the list of Strong, Heavy Heroes—along with Emil and Ernest and Bancroft. Ah, there, Big Boy! You believe it when he falls in love. And you don't see why that silly heroine, Simonetta, doesn't prefer him to the slinky Count Luigi. She takes the cake—and the count. Nils Asther is wasted as Luigi. Loretta Young, a new picture girl, is the Simonetta. She may be your idea of young love in a garden and rose-in-bud and a sliver of moon in a spring sky. On the other hand, you may think Loretta is just too Young to be interesting. But there will be no two opinions about Lon Chaney, or I'm a bare-back rider.



Ⓒ Lon Chaney is always convincing as the clown of 'Laugh, Clown, Laugh.'

☞ Torrence and Keaton are the Tiffany of all comedy teams

STEAMBOAT BILL, Jr.

☞ *Throw Out the Laugh-Line.*

M-I-S, S-I-S, S-I-P-P-I! That's right. Old Man River, himself. He's the background for this comedy about an old steamboat named Stone-wall Jackson, her skipper, Steamboat Bill, and Steamboat's son, Junior. Senior is Ernest Torrence; Junior is Buster Keaton—and they are the last word in comedy teams. They are the Tiffany of all screen funny acts. Big Ernest and little Buster—both at their best, and you know how good that is. Burly father and scared little shrimp of a son just back from Boston with high-class ideas and a ukelele. Father smashes the ukelele and tries to remodel the ideas. But he doesn't get very far. Junior

proves that brain is equal to brawn, and he saves the day and the entire cast before he is through showing off. There's a wind storm that's the funniest ever filmed. Buster has always been one of my favorite comedians so I feel like saying 'I told you so' after *Steamboat Bill, Jr.* He is really very funny, and his acrobatic falls will make you wince. Ernest Torrence is a perfect foil. A little girl named Marion Byron proves that it is possible for a comedian's leading lady to make her presence felt—if she is as pretty and as pert as Marion. *Steamboat Bill, Junior* is a great show for seniors and juniors and everybody else.

☞ *This Revolution will not make anyone see Red*

TEMPEST

☞ *In a Teapot.*

ONCE there was a peasant who loved a princess. Once? Well, it happens once more in *Tempest*, to the satisfaction of all concerned. John Barrymore, for the first time in many moons of make-up, is permitted to be humorous and debonair, and you'll like him. He plays a Russian soldier whose devotion to duty earns him a promotion to Sergeant. He is getting along swimmingly — but unfortunately his general's daughter is, too. She's in bathing and he happens along and falls for her. This is *lese majeste*, to say the least. His infatuation proves his undoing, and if it hadn't been for the Revolution, in the role of Old John Nick-of-Time, Mr. Barrymore—I mean Sergeant Ivan



☞ John Barrymore as Sergeant Markov and Louis Wolheim as his pal in 'Tempest.'

Markov — would have been in a bad way. His pal, Sergeant Bulba, boisterously played by Louis Wolheim and his nose, saves the day, and the ex-peasant and the general's beautiful daughter are seen speeding away in their sleigh-built-for-two to seek happiness in a new land. It's as simple as all that. *Tempest* is hardly an important picture. The Revolution will not make anyone see red. But it is always good to look at, especially

Camilla Horn. This German girl shows beautiful eyes and lovely hair and good form. But she is cold, after the manner of movie princesses. John Barrymore doesn't look or act like a Russian peasant; he looks and acts like John Barrymore in a genial mood—which is much more pleasant.

☞ A charming romance of champagne days on the continent

The YELLOW Lily

☞ *Pre-War Stuff.*

IN this free country there is nothing like a picture about the gay goings-on of care-free royalty to give us a little pre-war lick. *The Yellow Lily*—no, not red; yellow—is a charming romance of champagne days on the continent when an Archduke could create a sensation merely by dancing with a beautiful bourgeoisie. These days an Archduke couldn't create a sensation no matter what he did. But this, good democrats—and republicans too—is real, old-fashioned romance. The *Blue Danube Waltz* is old-fashioned, too, but a few old codgers like myself still thrill to it. If you are fed up on collegiate capers see *The Yellow Lily* by all means. If you like Billie Dove or Clive Brook, or both, see it. If you admire continental direction by Alexander Korda, don't miss it. Something tells me you are going to see *The Yellow Lily*.

Now, please—don't tease. I don't know why it's yellow instead of white or red any more than you do. But I do know that yellow lilies neither toil nor spin, so they can't be so much different from the rest. Billie Dove is



☞ Clive Brook is a beautiful Archduke and Billie Dove a vision in *'The Yellow Lily.'*

the small-town Hungarian beauty who captures an Archduke's fickle fancy and, what is more important, holds it. At first she spurns him, which only spurs him on. Then she shoots him and finally runs off with him. Clive Brook is a beautiful, beautiful Archduke. Billie is a vision. Between the two they prove that love was love even when girls wore long hair and skirts and men said it with serenades.

☞ Chester Conklin and his walrus whiskers are ingratiating

The BIG Noise

☞ *Louder---and Funnier.*

SOMEbody referred to this picture as satire the other day. If this is satire then I am Mary Pickford, and I'd rather be Greta Garbo. *The Big Noise* is a comedy with a good idea that somehow never quite comes off. It gives itself away in a title when it says (in words to the same effect): 'The Big Noise is just a whisper.' Chester Conklin and his walrus whiskers are ingratiating as always, but otherwise the hilarity is absent. Mr. Conklin—now that he is a star I can't call him Chester—plays a man of the crowd who finds himself suddenly

famous. He gets his pictures in the papers and hears himself eulogized and begins to believe it when someone pinches him and he wakes up—to find that all his friends were of the fair-weather variety, and that newspaper clippings don't make a hero. Hollywood papers please copy. Alice White plays his daughter; the program says so. But Alice, where art thou? Anita Loos was the original author of this comedy but that is the only resemblance to *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*.

Easy Come, Easy Go



Nancy Carroll is the heroine in Richard Dix's film, 'Easy Come, Easy Go.'

IT takes Richard Dix to become highly involved with a dignified old bandit and a beautiful young girl. Being honest, he does his best to extricate himself from his mix-up with the bandit; but being young and virile he gets himself in deeper and deeper with the girl; and between beauty and bandit he's sunk. But you know Richard. Down, but not out. He blunders right on, upsetting a sanatorium and riding a tandem bicycle and sending innocent by-sitters into hysterics until he sees his chance to return the blondes—I means bonds;

Beauty and the Bandit.

or was it a pay-roll? Anyway, the Girl is a red-head. I'm sure about that because she is Nancy Carroll. Miss Carroll has all the traditional piquant charm that is supposed to supplement titian tresses. Some benefactor should put Nancy in natural-color movies. But to come down to earth: Charles Sellon deserves a hand in the proper place as the nice, fatherly old scalawag who causes all the commotion. Without this excellent character actor's contribution there wouldn't have been much of a picture.

A series of breathless adventures in a haunted house

SOMETHING ALWAYS HAPPENS

Who Can Stop It?

EVERY little picture has a mystery all its own. The latest is *Something Always Happens*, Esther Ralston's new comedy, which is a series of breathless adventures in a haunted house. Well, it may not be really haunted but what with black cats and cobwebs and clutching hands it might as well be. Esther is in search of a thrill and she gets it. So does the audience. Also shivers and a good case of the creeps. Frank

Tuttle has directed in amusing style though he never seems able to make up his mind whether his picture is mystery drama, farce, or burlesque. Whatever it is, it's good and exciting. Esther is ably assisted by Neil Hamilton, Sojin, Charles Sellon, and Roscoe Karns. And if anybody asks you—Sojin is not in the picture just for fun. He means business, as usual; and—*Something Always Happens*.

☞ Norma Shearer is a sensation all over again

The ACTRESS

☞ *The World's a Stage.*

REMEMBER when you were a kid and you went to your first theatre party? How you felt in that magic moment when the lights went down and the curtain went up? A hush—and the Play was on. There's no thrill quite like it. *The Actress* captures something of that first rapture in the enchanted world of make-believe. It is a story of the theatre and its folk—brave, gay, gallant. And it has all the glamor of the show-world and very little of its tinsel. It is a superb picture, directed delightfully by Sidney Franklin and acted by a splendid cast. Best of all, it is a triumph for Norma Shearer. It gives this gifted girl the role she has been waiting for so long. And how she plays it! Miss Shearer will be a sensation all over again when you have seen her as the delicious Rose Trelawney of the Wells

Theatre—Sir Arthur Wing Pinero's famous heroine.

Rose is all actresses and all women in one. Queen of the theatre, she falls in love with a young aristocrat, whose crochety old grand-father does his best to keep them apart. Almost he succeeds—but the charm of Rose is too much for him. Even his hard heart melts—and the lovers are re-united. The star's performance is sparkling yet subtle. She conveys perfectly the illusion of the actress in the woman. Rose is always acting even when her audience is limited to a family circle—until she is separated from her lover, and then the actress is eclipsed by the woman until, again, she finds happiness; and then, in the last scenes, she is once more the Actress—to whom applause is the breath of life. Here are a few Bravos for her!

☞ The latest low-down on the speak-easy racket

The ESCAPE

☞ Look
Around
Now.

☞ Virginia Valli's charming and intelligent performance makes 'The Escape' interesting.



IF here isn't Big Sister back again! I thought she had gone for good. She and her sacrifices! After a long and honorable movie-career, too long and far too honorable to suit me, she seemed about to retire to that little farm she was always babbling about. It was all right with me, her retirement. It couldn't come too soon. Now along comes *The Escape*, which is no escape for me. It brings back Big Sister to me. You can't lose her. This time she protects little sister from the city feller, and a low life among brutal bootleggers; and finally settles down on that little farm, and I'll bet little sister liked that! If Big Sister had been played by any other actress than Virginia Valli, I couldn't have stood it. As it was, Miss Valli's charming and intelligent performance made *The*

Escape interesting. She runs the well-known gamut of emotions you have heard so much about, practically ragged. Thanks to her I am reconciled to Big Sister. I liked little sister, too, as played by a newcomer with great big pleading eyes and winning ways. Her name is Nancy Drexel. George Meeker has a thankless role—that of a weakling whom the heroine regenerates. But George almost convinces you that weaklings are much to be preferred to he-men. I don't know how he does it. Finally, *The Escape* gives the latest low-down on the speak-easy racket. After watching Bill Russell as a hard-boiled bootlegger at work you won't drink even a bottle of pop before having it analyzed.

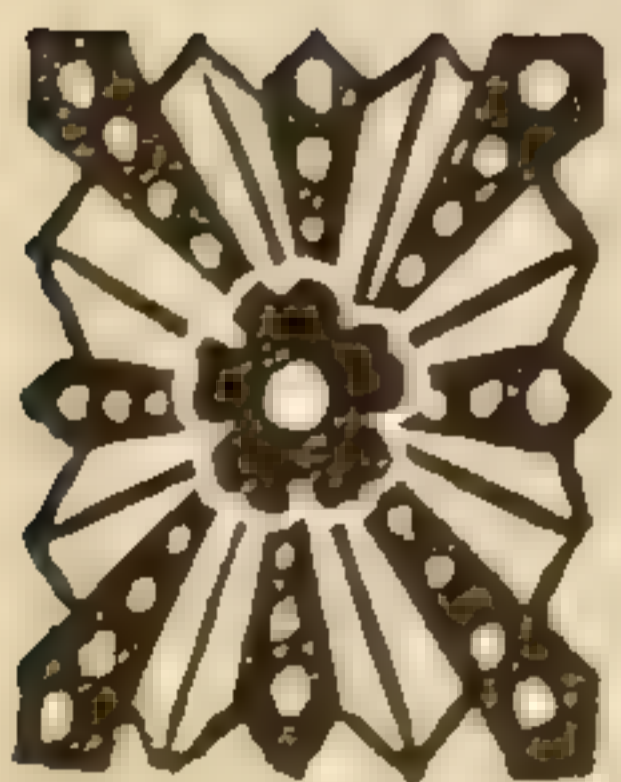


☞ When Marceline steps out of a summer afternoon she wears this day-time coat of white silk faille, with its long tuxedo collar and cuffs of coral matellise.



☞ This confection, of flowered chiffon trimmed with bows of ruffles edged with lace, is called a negligee.

Marceline Day



☞ The scarf collar wound about the neck to fall in long panels at the back features this smart coat of sand flat-crepe with its rows of silk-covered buttons adorning the sleeves.



DEBUTANTES are born, not made. Marceline Day is a debutante of the movies who understands that a real deb can be cute but she must also be correct. She knows what to wear and when to wear it, and the mood to match. She combines the appeal of youth with the smartness of a woman of the world. She has, in other words, a flair for clothes. That's why, when you see her playing a smart girl on the screen, you believe it, because Marceline is just such a girl herself. Modern but not sophisticated. Young, yet not gauche. Sweet, demure—but still indisputably the last word in Summer Girls of 1928. Marceline realizes that several swallows may not make a summer, but that chic

☞ The sad sea waves will snap right up when they see Marceline in this beach ensemble of rose-print crepe in floral design.



a La *Stoglie*

silk coats and the right sort of hats have a lot to do with it—and that a smart beach ensemble helps—oh, how it helps!

Here are Clothes—all on a summer's Day!

☞ A Trip to New York Means New Thrills and New Frills.

☞ The clothes of a perfect day, or evening—a futuristic lounging suit of black satin trousers and kimona top of white satin trimmed in the modern decorative manner.



SOME

NEW

SCREENPLAYS

YOUTH ASTRAY

WHEN your mother scolds you and your father hammers you, and even Grandma takes a crack or two at your deficiencies, just slip quietly out of the front door and go down-town and look over the new picture, *Youth Astray*, because it will give you the real low-down on what this "younger generation" stuff is all about.

This is a fine picture. Not only will it amuse you and thrill you but you'll learn something from it. It's the story of two kinds of parents, and two types of children who are just growing into manhood and womanhood. The boy, warmed and tempted by the fires of approaching maturity, gets himself pretty badly enmeshed with a passionate widow. And the girl—pretty and innocent—suffers because of it.

A sophisticated picture. Not for young things who still believe the stork theory of evolution.

THE FLYIN' COWBOY

When Tom Mix gets tired of all the froth and fury of film acting, I know one boy who will be ready to step into his saddle. And that's your old friend, Hoot Gibson.

Hoot is getting better all the time. He always was good so far as riding and shooting and loving goes. But now in addition to all that, he's getting some fine western material to work into his stories. In his new film, *The Flyin' Cowboy*, he does the best work the writer has ever seen him do. And she's proud to give this big cowboy a little hand.

Olive Hasbrouck is the gal in the case. She plays the role of an eastern girl who pretends to be indifferent to Hoot. And that's a mighty hard role to play—on or off the stage, if you ask me.

This is a "different" western. One you'll want to see. And one you'll be glad you've seen.

Reviewed by

Rosa Reilly



☞ *Eve Southern and Walter Pidgeon in 'Clothes Make the Woman.' A film that should not be missed by lovers of romance and beauty!*



© Hoot Gibson in 'The Flyin' Cowboy.' It's his best picture. Ask the bull.

CLOTHES MAKE THE WOMAN

The present Hollywood movie mode seems to be glorifying the gore of the Russian Revolution. And not a bad idea, either, in this case, for Tom Terriss, writer and producer, has given us an original story, excellently handled.

You will perhaps recall that some weeks ago a young woman landed in America who declared herself to be Anastasia, daughter of the former Russian Czar. She further declared that when her father and mother, sisters and brother were assassinated she was wounded, left for dead, and rescued by a peasant who assisted her to escape into Roumania where she later married him.

Not many believe her story. For most of us forget how time and trouble can carve the face into unremembered lines. And how even the finest mind can be twisted by horror into a pulpy blankness.

It was perhaps the claim of this young woman that gave Mr. Terriss the idea for this story. The scene is laid in Hollywood. A leading man is telling a director that he has a good idea for a story. He tells of a peasant who during a revolution rescues, instead of shooting a princess, as ordered. He rushes across the border to safety carrying the princess in his arms.

When the director asks him what became of the pair, he answers: "I am the peasant, but alas I do not know what happened to the princess."

The director then gets the idea of filming a picture around the events. And when he goes to cast the movie, by one of those queer quirks of fate, he actually engages

members of the Czar's family for the leading roles—members who, according to the picture, escaped just as the supposed Anastasia claims she did.

It's an enthralling idea worked out to a good, picturesque conclusion. A film that should not be missed by lovers of romance and beauty!

THE LIGHT OF ASIA

Nancy Miller and Katherine Mayo! What two conflicting types of womanhood! The first gives up her heritage of freedom and enters the harem of an Indian Maharajah as his third wife. The second, a novelist of international fame, goes to India and writes a book portraying the lives, sufferings and deaths of this country's thousands of girl wives and girl mothers.

Neither Christian nor heathen gods could keep Nancy Miller from marrying the man she loved and entering into the native life of India. And neither Christian nor heathen influences could keep Katherine Mayo from writing what she considered the truth about this dark and mystic country.

The Light of Asia is the story of this India about which we have read so much. And it is a picture which will be received with enthusiasm by people who think and read; by people who are a little weary of Hollywood's light film diet.

The picture was made in India and the cast is entirely native. The settings are magnificent. And the marriage scenes of Gotama and Gopa are (Continued on page 78)

JUST ROLLING ALONG



☞ *Loretta Young—
She's Not Only
Young but Pretty.*

By Eleanor Barnes

☞ *The skating days
had hardly ended
when the limou-
sine days began*



☞ *Loretta Young is
Sally Blane's sis-
ter. Do you see
the resemblance?*

LORETTA YOUNG is arriving. She is now on her way. Two big parts in two good pictures — *Laugh, Clown, Laugh*, and *The Magnificent Flirt*. So much in demand that First National, with whom she is under contract, hardly has a chance to use her in its own pictures, it's been so busy 'lending' her to other companies. Yes, this little girl has been getting a good hand up.

Has it gone to her head? Are her Leg-horns larger than they used to be?

"No!" said Loretta the other day in her dressing-room. "Wouldn't I be silly to take myself seriously? I'll never get high-hatty no matter what happens. Being the middle-one of a big family makes it almost impossible to go out into the world with any fancy airs. The first sign of importance and the rest of the gang stand up on their hind legs and yell at you.

"Big families are wonderful, though. There isn't one of us I could spare. They get behind you solid, but oh boy, if you think they stand for any dizzy ideas of self-expression, you're crazy!

☞ *Larry Kent and
Loretta Young in
an off-stage mo-
ment during the
filming of 'The
Head Man' at the
First National
Studios.*



determine who is lucky. (Sally is called Sally Blane in the movies.)

"Then, too, we're perfectly honest with each other. Maybe Polly Ann won't like the way I (Cont. on page 82)

"You learn to divide your luxuries when there is a flock of you. You learn to wait— if Sally wants to wear our prettiest evening wrap to a party and I want to wear it, we simply match coins to



LORETTA YOUNG. Once upon a time she was a child actress and now, grown to heroine size, she is again before the camera.

Photograph by Harold Dean Carsey

SCREENLAND



G EORGE BANCROFT, the 'smiling villain,' made crooks fashionable and now he is going to glorify long-shore-men in *The Docks of New York*.

Photograph by Hommel

SCREENLAND



J OHN GILBERT, the most interesting, en-
vied and talked about man in movies.

Photograph by Ruth Harriet Louise

ROBEY SCREENLAND **INC.**



GARY COOPER, a Montana rancher, has branded a number of pictures with his personality and made successes of them.

Photograph by Eugene Robert Richee

SCREENLAND

STAGE COACH

Idaho family when their college-trained daughter comes back with a New Yorker whom she has chosen as her husband-to-be. The material is there for the sort of thing that Booth Tarkington could have done wonders with; for the sort of thing that Frank Craven did in *The First Year*.

Unfortunately, however, neither Tarkington nor Craven wrote *Skidding*; Aurania Rouverol did. And Miss Rouverol, while revealing promise, is at present just a so-and-so author.

The Art of James Gleason

It is a little painful for us to disagree with the vast majority; there is nothing we like better than to goose-step along with the mob; but there are at least two instances where we disagree with popular opinion and can only wait for posterity to redeem us.

One was, if you remember, the legitimate version of *Abie's Irish Rose*; about the screen version, judging from the number of empty seats that are to be found nightly at the 44th Street Theatre, there seems to be No Argument. And the second instance where we disagree with *hoi polloi* and some of *hoi aristoi* is on the art, if any, of James Gleason.

There was first *Is Zat So?*, which put Mr. Gleason over with a bang. It had a sensational run on Broadway. Maybe it was caviar to the general; but it was just tripe as far as we were concerned. An amusing line or two, maybe. But if an amusing line is a whole show, then we are Aeschylus. And, if you promise not to tell anybody, we are not Aeschylus. We are not even related to him.

Well, time passed, and there came to town *Rain or Shine*, a concoction with Joe Cook making merry, and an alleged book by—guess!—James Gleason and

Maurice Marks. The show is a smash, and Mr. Cook is grand. But the book, the book! Whether Mr. Gleason wrote half of it only, and which half, is immaterial—it is at least one of the ten worst pieces of dialogue we have ever squirmed through.

Don't think that we're the type that asks a musical comedy book to have the plausibility (Cont. on page 100)



Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston

☞ Naomi Johnson, who plays the pert ZOE in 'The Three Musketeers.' She was given a screen test for the role of Magnolia in the film version of 'Show Boat.'

Chatter from Hollywood

By Martin Martin



☞ The set for 'Our Dancing Daughters,' lighted by the new incandescent lamps. Every extra shown is making plans to be the greatest star in pictures.

MERCURIAL POLA's latest temperamental outburst was received in Hollywood with discreet smiles.

Like most of her tirades, it was without malice—more of a flash of sparks from two high tension wires. The two wires were Pola and her director, Dr. Ludwig Berger.

Things were going serenely on the set until a certain scene was reached. Pola wanted to do it one way. Dr. Berger wanted to do it another.

Storm warnings sent assistants and cameramen to cover. Pola advanced upon the defiant director.

"I am Negri," she cried, thumping her chest.

"I am Berger," shouted the equally infuriated director.

"I am Berger"—"I am Negri"—back and forth it went. Finally the director turned upon his heel and left the set. Divining his destination Pola swept after him. As the story goes they both did a Charley Paddock to the front office where muffled sounds indicated that grievances were being poured into the ears of those professional diplomats,

the production officials.

Just as the extras and bit people were congratulating themselves on a day off, the two suddenly appeared, arm in arm, apparently the best of friends.

Since even a gossip writer has his moments of chivalry I won't say who won.

—o—

Before I leave Pola, she is on her last picture at Paramount. You probably know that. Her plans for the future are rather indefinite, but you may be sure she won't lack for offers. It is likely she will make a picture in Europe.

Through a friend at the studio who sometimes tells me 'low-down' information, I learn that Paramount already has picked Pola's successor in Olga Baclanova.

You may not know this actress, although she has appeared in three pictures for the company. One of them was Pola's *Three Sinners*, by the way. Another—now that I think of it they all deal with sin—was Emil Jan-

ning's *The Street of Sin*. Her latest role is in *The White Sin*, which was known as *The Perfumed Trap*.

My friend tells me the studio plans to drop the actress' first name, calling her merely Baclanova.

None of our foreign actresses has a more interesting background. Miss Baclanova was born in Moscow and became attached to the Moscow Art theatre at an early age. She was one of four applicants chosen from 400 for admission to the Moscow Art theatre musical school. And she was only 16 at the time.

After the Bolsheviks took over Russia, she played in the Art Theatre repertoire company, accepting food, clothing and a place to sleep in lieu of a salary.

Morris Gest, that doughty producer of spectacles, induced Miss Baclanova to come to America in 1925 to play in *Carmencita and the Soldier*. After that she played in *The Miracle*. She was the nun. It was while this play was being shown in Los Angeles that Paramount was attracted to Miss Baclanova. A movie contract followed.

—o—
All of us who have been working in Hollywood while Irving Thalberg and his bride, Norma Shearer, toured Europe, find some compensation in seeing them back at the studio just as we are preparing for our vacations.

They both look fine and everyone declares they are very happy. This isn't so easy with all the money Thalberg and Norma have, and with all the responsibilities resting on their young shoulders.

Mr. and Mrs. Hal Roach returned on the same train with the Thalbergs. They've been away a long time now. Every country along the steamship route circling the globe has been visited. It was a second honeymoon.

—o—
Two days this month have been scorchers. Hollywood dreads them. The stages are hot, so are the lights, and make-up is hard to make stay on.

At noon, under a broiling sun, I saw 1200 ex-service men dressed as Russian soldiers for Norma Talmadge's picture. They wore heavy coats, mufflers and full packs. You should have seen them peel these things off between scenes.

That same afternoon I saw poor Jeanette Loff at De Mille's playing a scene in bed covered to the neck with heavy blankets. It was supposed to be in the dead of winter.



☞ Wheeler is getting into the swing of 'Our Gang.'



☞ Jack Dempsey, John McCormack and our own Tommy Meighan on guard in Hollywood to see that nothing is put over on the Irish.



☞ Walter Byron, the new leading man from England, selected to play opposite Vilma Banky in 'The Awakening.'

At Paramount, Vic Schertzinger was shooting a scene of a gambling room. Glaring down from above one table were thirty 500 watt globes. They were as hot as stoves and the gamblers at the table were wilted to the last collar.

—o—
Nobody cares if Yale wouldn't let Charley Rogers make a picture on the Campus. Princeton is willing and the film that was to have been known as *Bull-Dog Yale* will be titled *The Sophomore*.

Charley, who isn't the least spoiled by his success, tells me he was thrilled to hear audiences applaud when he made personal appearances in New York with *Abie's Irish Rose*. He no sooner got back to Hollywood than he had to turn around and return to New York.

Mary Brian will be his leading lady. I think it is a wise choice. They are a fine pair of youngsters, these two—wholesome, unaffected and pleasing to look at.

—o—
"Women like clothes," a girl friend of mine tells me, "why not write about them?"

This seemed like a good idea so I took her to the Montmartre where many a piece of gossip is passed across the luncheon table and where one can see some of the most gorgeous clothes in the world.

I find that most of the stars dress simply, though. Billie Dove, closely trailed by her husband, Irving Willat, wore a two-piece sports costume with a plain red pleated skirt and a red and white silk print blouse. Billie should have lived in the days of kings and courts. She would have made history instead of movies.

Gwen Lee knows her colors. A blonde has a lot of leeway in dress—they do say in other things too—anyway Gwen was in a pea-green flat crepe frock trimmed with geometric insets of tomato color, and a black milan picture hat. Her companion was a good dancer; that's all I can tell you despite some inquiries.

The dark and capricious Natalie Kingston wore a flowered chiffon frock with full skirt and bodice trimmed with lace. A white picture hat completed her outfit.

Pauline Starke, now more concerned in being Mrs. Jack White than in making pictures, was as smart as you please in a white two-piece sports costume with middy collar and cuffs and marine motifs on sleeve and collar corners. She wore a white milan hat edged with black.

Which ought to be enough clothes to give you an idea of the styles. Credit for the description of the gowns goes to my lunch date.

—o—

Ronald Colman and I met in the locker-room of the Hollywood Athletic Club.

Despite the fact he had been engaged in a spirited game of squash he was still the contained fellow you see on the screen.

I have often wondered how Colman manages to maintain his reserve and atmosphere of mystery even in Hollywood where everybody's business is



☞ Le Roy Mason, discovered by Edwin Carewe and to be seen in 'Revenge,' with Dolores Del Rio.

everybody else's business.

He has lead an interesting life. But for a last minute decision, you would never have seen him. For his father, who owned an importing business, wanted Ronald to be resident manager in India, and Ronald was willing.

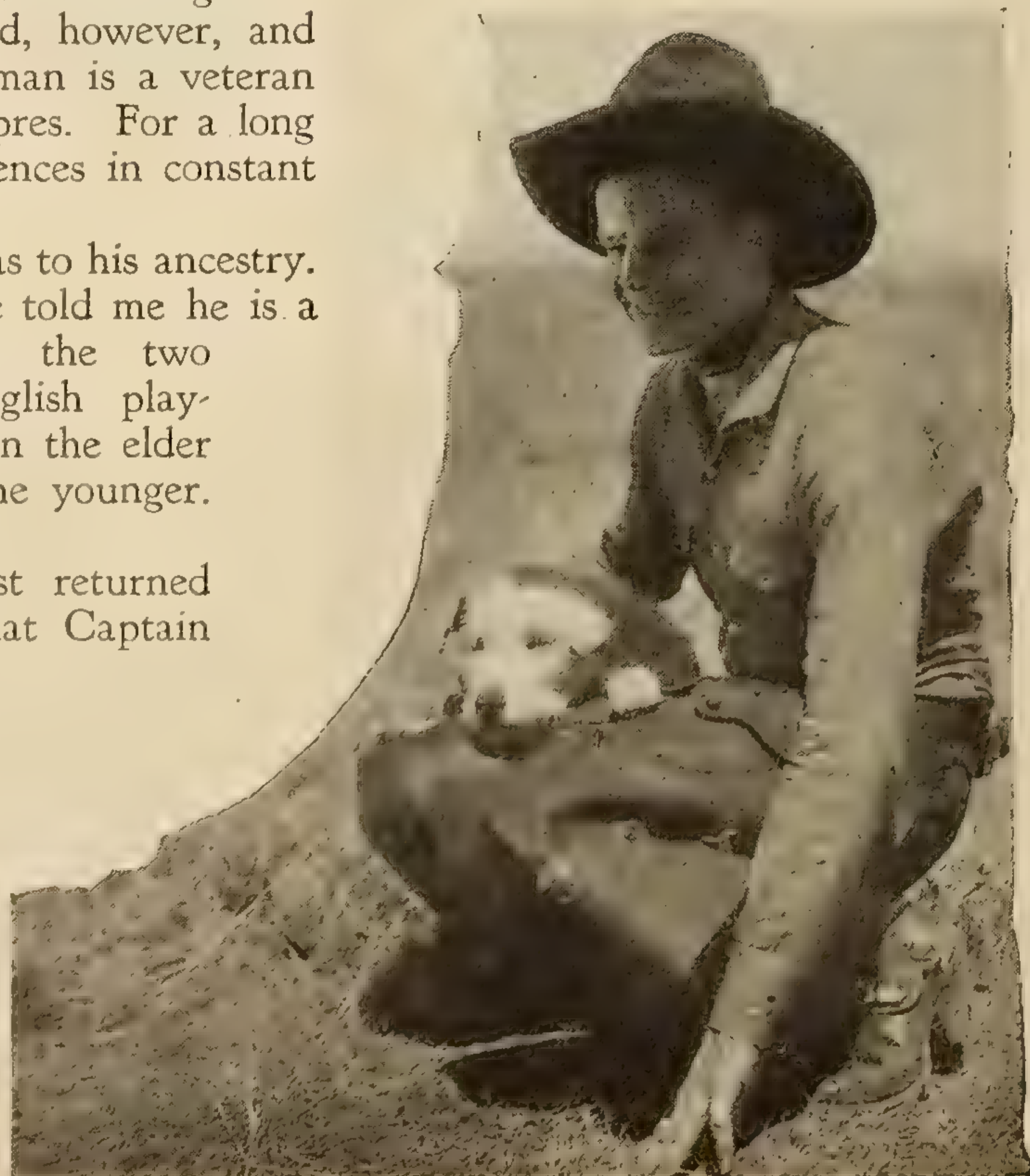
He changed his mind, however, and became an actor. Colman is a veteran of the first battle of Ypres. For a long time he played to audiences in constant fear of air-raids.

You may be curious as to his ancestry. After much coaxing he told me he is a direct descendant of the two Eighteenth-century English playwrights, George Colman the elder and George Colman the younger.

—o—

A star who has just returned from Paris tells me that Captain

☞ Rex Bell, a friend of every animal in the United States of America.



☞ Charles Buddy Rogers at work at Princeton on 'The Sophomore,' a picture of college life.

Alastair Mackintosh, former husband of Constance Talmadge, has quit a job in the United Artists Paris exchange to be Rex Ingram's production manager in a film called, *Three Passions*.

It will be made in Nice with Alice Terry and Ivan Petrovitch as stars.

—o—

Two other European travelers are due back in Hollywood soon. They are Mary Pickford and Doug Fairbanks. Doug looked conditions over in Europe and decided it

would be better to make his picture in Hollywood. I was sitting in Bob Fairbanks' office when he got a wireless telephone message from Doug in London. What a thrill! Talking across the ocean! We've read about it, of course, but the miracle seemed so much greater sitting in the room where a voice was being heard which was speaking across all those miles.

Mary Pickford is going to make another picture as soon as she gets back. All of us who know her are glad she has decided to try to bury her grief at her mother's death in work instead of travel. Knowing Mary's temperament, I would say this is her only way to peace.

The weary months preceding Mrs. Pickford's passing showed Mary as a woman of character. She holds the respect of Hollywood and is more than ever its queen.



☞ Fanny Brice is making a picture titled 'Her Man' and though not superstitious, she has her feet crossed.



☞ Here you are looking down on Universal City with the Burbank Studios of First National across the river.

Did you know that Gary Cooper was educated in England? It was new to me until he told me this month. Gary was a cow-boy, you know, riding the range in Montana for two years. He also was a cartoonist on a paper in Helena, Montana, and sold advertising in Los Angeles. He worked a year in pictures before he got a chance for a real screen test.

—o—

Walking aimlessly along Hollywood Boulevard, I made some interesting discoveries. For instance, I saw Lon Chaney, a shabby cap pulled down over his eyes, several packages under his arms, striding with determined steps toward Cahuenga Avenue. He was looking down and his brow was furrowed in thought. Chaney is a peculiar fellow—never mixes.

I saw a familiar face, but one which has been long absent from the Boulevard—J. Barney Sherry.

I wonder if you remember him. He played in Tom Ince's pictures for



☞ Billie Dove is a sailor and no double required.

almost 13 years. It's been seven years probably since Sherry was in Hollywood. The last his friends heard of him he was on the stage with Mary Boland in "\$5000."

What a laugh on Dick Grace! With my own eyes I saw the stunt flyer who crashes airplanes for a living — you saw a sample

in *Wings*—dodging about in the greatest concern when the signal turned and he got caught between two streams of traffic on Sunset Boulevard and Vine Street—right where the old Lasky studio stood before it was torn down to make way for business property.

—o—

You'd hardly suspect a screen villain of writing songs, but that is exactly what Earle Foxe does.

He is the author of the lyrics for "Dream House," a very popular radio piece, which is now being made into records by four companies. Lynn Cowan, the leader of a band in a Los Angeles suburban theater, wrote the music.



☞ I say, old bean Austin, you know—ripping, eh, what—what?



☞ The matchless ball team of Beauty, Grace, Symmetry and Loveliness, who are turning sport in California into art.

They keep on giving him another chance. I mean Eric Von Stroheim. Any other man would have been in the discard long ago, but Von has something they all want—genius. He is like a water-fall. If they can only find a way to chain his power, great pictures will be the result.

A canny banker, Joseph P. Kennedy, believes he can trust Von to make Gloria Swanson's next picture. Gloria also believes and I suppose Von believes himself. He starts out with the best intentions and is perfectly willing to agree to have his salary stop after a prescribed number of weeks, whether he is through or not. But in the past when the salary stopped he kept right on working—working until an impatient company at last hired another director and until Von as usual was broke.

He is Hollywood's most erratic genius. Yet he wins sympathy everywhere. The reason is his eccentricity is backed up by accomplishments. It's not merely temperament. Von's soul is completely that of the artist—one who is never satisfied with his work.

—o—

Paramount is going to make an Indian out of Richard Dix again. He played one in *The Vanishing American*, which attracted wide attention. The new story is called *Redskin* and Richard is seen as a Navajo tribesman. Thoroughly recovered now

from his illness, the star is anxious to start to work. He has cheerfully postponed *Moran of the Marines* in favor of the Indian story.

—o—

Joseph Schildkraut has been signed by Universal for the role of Gaylord Ravenal in *Show Boat*, the moving picture version of Edna Ferber's best-selling novel. This ends a three months' intensive search for a Ravenal, a search which has taken Harry Pollard twice across the continent and has included tests of almost every leading man on the New York speaking stage and in California.

Several times it has been rumored that Schildkraut had the plum in his grasp and almost from the start he has had a majority opinion of the casting experts on his side. Several tests, however, were necessary before Pollard was entirely satisfied. Another complicating feature was the uncertainty about *Magnolia* and that uncertainty still exists. Nevertheless, Pollard, with the last test, was entirely satisfied with young Schildkraut and Carl Laemmle had been for him from the start.

Joseph Schildkraut was born in Vienna but has lived almost his entire life in this country. He is an American citizen, having taken out his final papers in 1926. Because of his parentage, however, his nationality is almost an international alliance. His father, Rudolph Schildkraut, is a Roumanian, his mother a Hungarian, one of his grandfathers is Turkish and one of his grandmothers, Spanish. While the elder Schildkraut was at the head of the German stock company at the Irving Place Theatre in New York, Joseph was attending the American Academy



☞ Adolphe Menjou, who will perhaps make a George Bernard Shaw story into a picture.

of Dramatic Arts, from which he graduated into his American debut in *Pomander Walk*. In 1924 he returned to Berlin, where he attended



☞ The Hal Roach Comedy girls and the rising tide of approval that is beating against their stern and rock-bound coasts.

Hamburg College, and most important of all, became acquainted with Max Rheinhardt, under whom he appeared in a number of productions in Berlin, notably *The Prodigal Son*.

At the conclusion of the war, he returned to America and has played in New York in the leading roles in *Liliom*, *The Firebrand*, *The Highway Man*, *Peer Gynt* and *Pagans*. His work is almost as prominent in moving pictures. He played the lead with the Gish sisters in *Orphans of the Storm*, in *The Road to Yesterday*, *The King of Kings* and a dozen other pictures. His more recent pictures are with Leatrice Joy in *The Blue Danube* and Phyllis Haver in *Tenth Avenue*.

Young Schildkraut is five feet nine inches tall, weighs one hundred and fifty-five pounds and has black hair and black eyes. He is one of the very few men on the stage or screen who looks like an actor off-stage. And this was the quality which Pollard particularly demanded—that is, that Ravenal should make the same impression on the audience that the character in the book did on Capt. Andy when he first



☞ Olga Baclanova, who made Jannings move over in 'The Street of Sin' and let her onto the pedestal.

saw him on the docks at New Orleans.

—o—

Jobyna Ralston has been signed to play opposite Buck Jones in the first special he will make this year under his own trade mark. The camera will begin to click soon on *The Big Hop*, under the direction of James W. Horne.

Studios have been leased at Universal City and production offices established there this week. Most of the big interior sets for *The Big Hop* were completed while the cowboy star was away on a personal appearance tour. Upon his return to Hollywood a few days ago he was presented with a finished script and an organized group of technicians ready for action.

During the past three days tests of several renowned screen leading women have been taken to determine which one was best suited to act as a foil for Buck Jones. Miss Ralston was finally selected as the ideal type to support the romantic movie plainsman. Her extensive fan following and proven power at the box office left no room for doubt.



« Perhaps all romance does not begin in an old-fashioned garden—but it should. The wise director of 'Noah's Ark'—Michael Curtiz—chose this sylvan spot for a screen lovers' rendezvous, so that the scene breathes beauty and promise.

Dolores Costello and George O'Brien in
'NOAH'S ARK'

They SAY--

By Marion
of Hollywood

I MET the wisest of mothers the other day—Mrs. Brian. We talked of various things, and then Mary's mother asked me whom I would suggest as a very excellent voice culturist. "Voice culturist?" I questioned, "why do you ask me that, Mrs. Brian?" "Marion," answered the quiet Mary's mother, "we all know that the talking pictures are here to stay. I want Mary to take voice culture, and I want her to start in right away. It may be many, many months, or even years before she will have to be in talking pictures, but the time is coming, and when it does arrive, Mary wants to be absolutely perfect." Quiet, quiet Mrs. Brian! Whoever can tell where to place the credit for a child's success?

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There has been so much talk, talk, talk around Hollywood about Lita Grey Chaplin and Roy D'Arcy that I was tickled to death to meet Roy on the Boulevard to get some first-hand information. I didn't even beat around the bush, but came right out with it, spry as could be.

"Have you bought the marriage license as yet, Roy?" I asked. He gasped. "Didn't we both just get out of it? And do you think we are both going to jump right into it again?" he laughed. Then I eased down a bit and asked him if he and Lita are engaged, and back came that usual, disconcerting and altogether unsatisfactory response, "Ask the lady!" Since then I haven't seen 'the lady' to ask her, but I wouldn't want to be laying any very heavy bets that either Lita Grey or Roy is figuring on getting married so terrifically soon!

* * *

These actor people—I certainly cannot understand them, and I have an idea that all of them are children at heart, and will never, never grow up! One who has been trying his luck around these Hollywood woods a long, long time, and who has succeeded during the years in getting a small part or bit between the extra work, is entirely elated this month. A couple of weeks ago Ed Heim called him on the phone and told him to come down; informed him that some



«'When we three meet again!' These charming continentals renew European acquaintance in a Hollywood studio: Emil Jannings, Director Ludwig Berger, and Pola Negri. You know Emil and Pola rose to film fame together in 'Passion.'



«Sweetest little feller, everybody nose—O, well, anyway, young Kenyon Sills is one of the most photographed boys in the world. Here he is giving Mama Doris Kenyon an Esquimaux embrace.

money from a picture made about eight years ago, had at last come in! They had made the picture "on paper" — in other words, getting no salary, but the written agreement that when the picture was released the salary would be forthcoming. That was, as I say, about eight years ago, and the six dollars my actor friend just received wasn't the thing that made him smile so broadly and feel so happy. Oh, no, that wasn't it! That silly actor thinks it simply means a change of luck. He says he already

has had a most promising call from the casting director of one of the biggest studios, and it is surely on account of the lucky six. Gosh, I hope it is so—he deserves it, all right, and he certainly has starved through his share of days for the sake of his art.

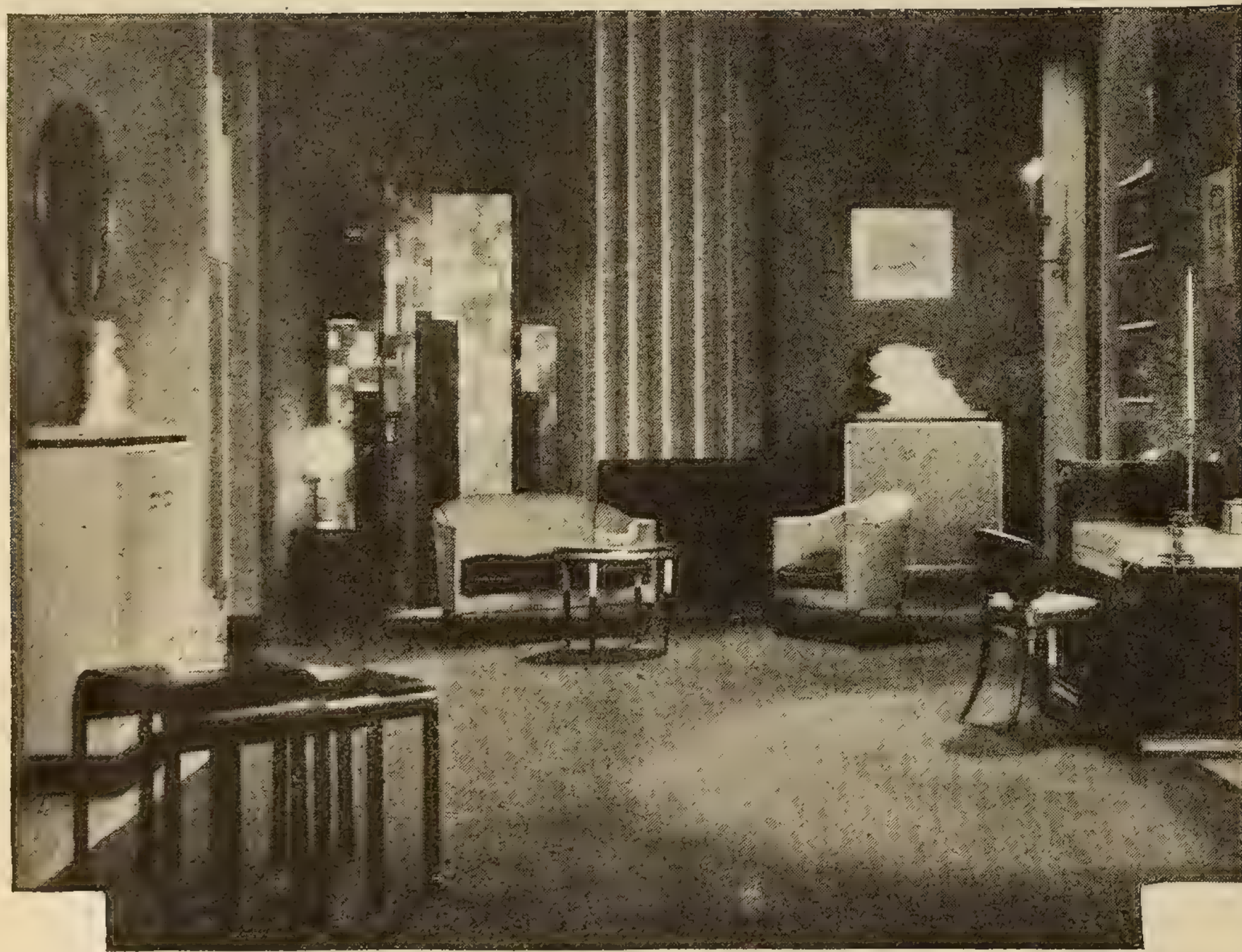
* * *

The newest of the Ullmans has arrived, and she's just a bit of pink and white baby girl. I can't help thinking

how our Rudy would have loved this third baby and first baby girl of his beloved George Ullman. The two little boys were spoiled enough by their "Uncle Rudy," but I almost fear to wonder how much he would have given in to the whims of a tiny feminine Ullman boss. Two years gone since the "sunlight" of the other side greeted him, and still to us in Hollywood, and I feel it must be the same all over the world, he grows nearer and nearer. Little will Baby Ullman ever realize how much she missed by not being here in time to know her two big brothers' "Uncle Rudy."

* * *

Second on our matrimonial list for the month are Marie Prevost and Kenneth Harlan. These romances that cannot seem to end even after they are ended, please me immensely. I suppose that if they did get married again it might be the same old story, but I can't help thinking that they must care something about each other to be seen time and time and again together even after the whole unromantic divorce business is over with! I saw them at the opening of *The Lion and the Mouse* at the "Warner Bros. Theatre in Hollywood" (that's the way they bill the theatre), and I want to tell you that they weren't very far from looking like sweethearts. Where's the harm in



☞ How'd you like to live here? This is a modernist's conception of a home-like living-room, designed by Cedric Gibbons as a set for *The Baby Cyclone*.

wishing that Cupid's broken wing will heal and let him fly around again as good as new?

* * *

Then there are Doug, Jr. and Betty Bronson. I remember some two or three years back, when Betty was making *Peter Pan*, how Doug used to be on the set morning, noon and night with *Peter*. After the day's work was over, we folks in Hollywood saw them together at the theatre, at dances, at parties. And, of course, everybody had them engaged. Then, just as suddenly as it began, everything was over, and each was seen with other beaux. Now, only a week or so ago, it was announced that they were to play the leads in this companionate marriage thing that Judge Ben Lindsey, himself, is to supervise. For that length of time I have been wondering if things would be patched up, but alas! all of another sudden it is an-

nounced that not Doug, but Richard Walling will play the lead in the picture. Then I hear that Doug's manager didn't want him to play opposite Betty, and on top of that, the very, very latest most confidential



☞ Chester Conklin must think he is back in that dear old Sennett period when he supports a beauty like Miss Allen.

news in the world comes out that Doug and Joan Crawford have been secretly married for two whole months. The news comes to me so directly that it seems hard for me to disbelieve, and yet I am an unbeliever and am afraid I'll have to continue unbelieving until I hear it direct from Doug's own lips. Of course, that leaves Betty and Richard Walling to give us something interesting!

* * *

If you folks could see Buddy Rogers after his return from New York and the opening of *Abie's Irish Rose*! You never saw any young man so tickled to death and surprised at the way the New Yorkers treated him. "Why, Marion," he laughed, sort of bashfully and really as if he didn't believe it himself, "they even knew me when I walked down Broadway, and pretty quick I'd have a bunch of people following me. They came to my hotel; they wrote me letters; sent me telegrams and all that sort of thing. Golly, it made me feel good, and I sure hope they weren't disappointed in me." At that I took another good look at him, and with the bit of needed added weight he had acquired, you fluttering fair hearts can take it from me that they were not disappointed. Then I asked him about Claire Windsor, and though there is no question but that they both enjoy each other's company, and are having a corking good time

together, neither one is really serious and I don't think there has even been a thought of marriage in their minds. Anyway, Buddy and the rest of the Paramount location troupe left so soon to shoot college sequences at Princeton for Buddy's first starring picture that there wasn't much time to do anything but get some clothes laundered and pack right back East again.

* * *

Robert Armstrong, 'C.B.'s' latest find, was telling me about his dog. Bob and his side-kick, Jimmie Gleason, were on a tour with their act, and happened to be playing in London. How many of you folks know what it is to be homesick? Well, if you *have* had a chance to get that *awful, awful* feeling, you can better imagine Bob and Jimmie, far across the Atlantic from home, no friends or anything, and the homesick-est boys that ever left the land of the free. Bob says he simply couldn't smile, and all he felt like doing was to stick his head in a pillow, and have a grand old cry. I know just how he felt! Then, instead of the cry, Jimmie blazed forth with an idea and in less than half an hour the two big homesick babies had bought a wire-haired terrier and were making more fuss over him than a cow makes over



☞ Nancy Carroll's fan covers a multitude of skin, otherwise we have no fault to find with it. As a movie heroine Nancy has more fans than she knows what to do with.

her first calf. By this time you have doubtless seen many photos of the spoiled pet, who has travelled all over Europe keeping a couple of men from crying and who couldn't be bought for 'love nor money.' Lucky dog, of course, and if that's the secret of cure for homesickness, remember, be sure to give Bob Armstrong credit for letting you in on it.

* * *

I don't want to make any enemies with the following little paragraph, and for that reason, I am going to tell the facts as they were told to me, and as I have observed. The facts are, that Cyril Chadwick's arm is in a sling; that two fingers of one hand are all 'did up.' In the presence of witnesses, I wish to announce that Sam Hardy has informed me the cause of the accident, to wit: "just a warning," says he, "that when you play a Sam Hardy game of hand-ball, you really have to know the game."



☞ If we wished with Bebe and we got our wish it would be that Miss Daniels gets a better break in stories from now on until Thanksgiving—and then we'll wish some more.



Now, on the *Excess Baggage* set, in the presence of one producer named James Cruze, Mr. Chadwick has informed me that two fingers of his hand were broken

by a fall down the steps in his own home on Highland Avenue. Possibly I should not say that Producer Cruze villainously gave me the wink, almost sobbingly shook his head, and turned away. In desperation, poor Cyril turned to me. With tears in his eyes, and his English accent pleasing beyond measure, he begged me to go to the phone, to call Mrs. Chadwick and so find out beyond a doubt how truthfully he spoke. Anyone knows that I couldn't do that to any English gentleman, and I want it distinctly understood that how the accident occurred is absolutely immaterial as far as I'm concerned. But—falling down the stairs—a hand-ball game two hours before—oh, well, let Jim Cruze be the judge!

* * *

☞ Mesdames et Messrs.: meet ze toast of Paris—Mlle. Lilli Damita, now the toast of Hollywood Blvd. and Ronald Colman's leading lady in 'The Rescue.'

I have had the loveliest time buying some things, absolutely unmentionable and just perfectly exquisite, with Marie Prevost, and I think maybe you'll hear some more later.

Taylor M. Joyner

White Bear Lake
Minnesota



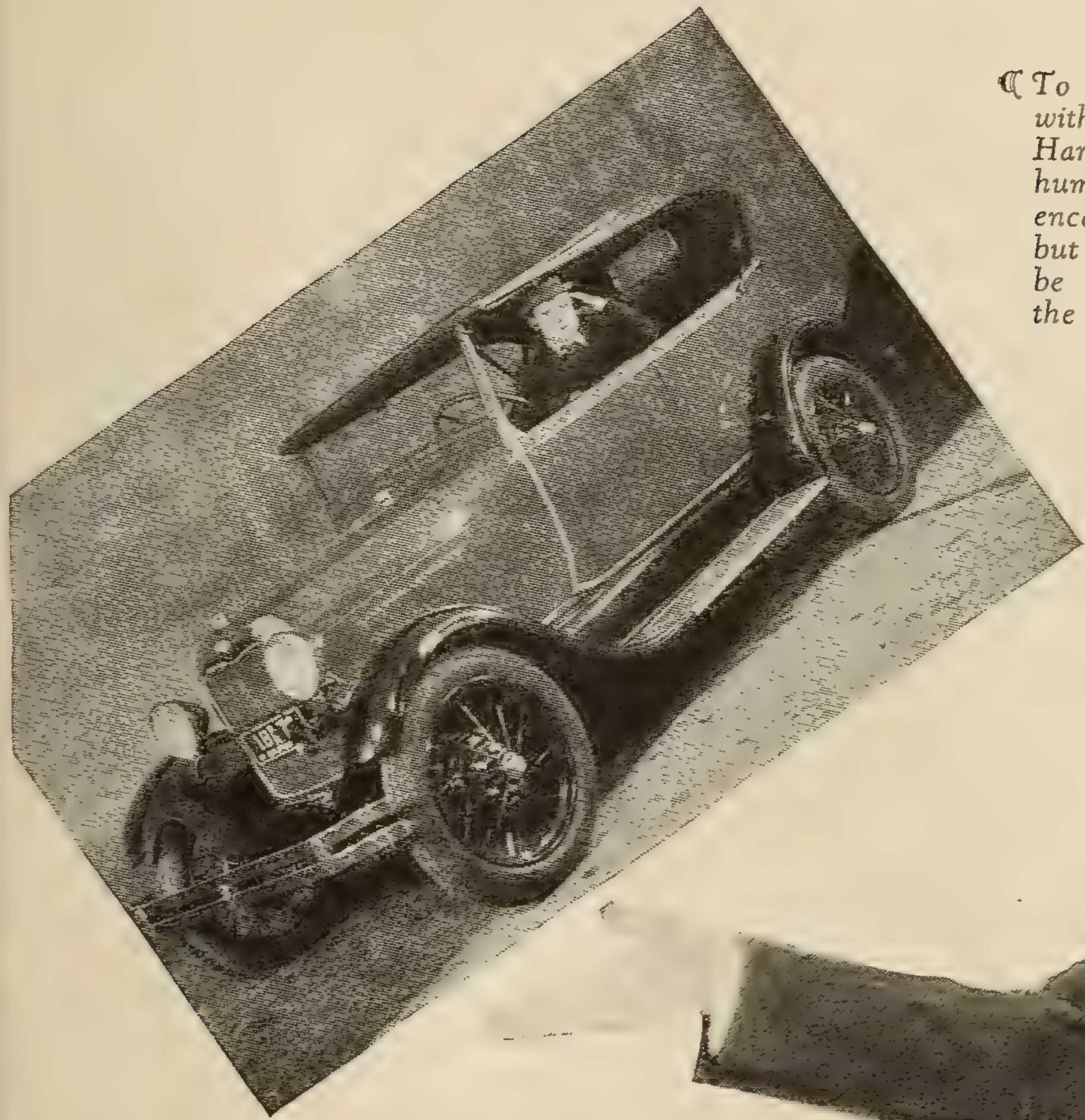
☞ The wistful Harry Langdon, of all the actors on the screen, has perhaps the most unique personality.

☞ The prize offered Harry Langdon for the best comedy gag resulted in a very popular contest.

IT IS regrettable that the idea for a gag which won the Harry Langdon contest may not be reprinted here, but it may be filmed, and such is the nature of comedy that when the surprise element is eliminated most of the laughter, too, has disappeared. However, it is possible to tell of the work of the readers who endeavored to consider every suggestion received and tell why Mr. Joyner's gag was selected as number one. In the first place, his reply was typewritten on one sheet of paper, it contained two hundred and eight words only and most convincingly set forth the pristine qualities of his idea and skilfully outlined his suggestion; and then concluded with a snappy sales-talk, so that the committee passing upon the suggestion were able to see the novelty, humor, and value of his offering.

While Mr. Joyner, in compliance with the rules, submitted only one gag, he thereby threw light upon a field of possibilities untouched by comedy. Should Mr. Joyner's idea be made into a picture by Harry Langdon and his efficient corps, it would exploit a new humorous setting and the possibilities of gags built around this main idea seem now to be almost limitless. It is the opinion of Mr. Don Eddy, General Manager for Harry Langdon, that this picture should be made. We look forward with great interest to seeing the comedy with which SCREENLAND is identified and which brings to the ranks of the humorists the name, Taylor M. Joyner

Wins Harry Langdon's FORD CAR



☞ To be carried away with laughter at Harry Langdon's humor is the experience of all of us, but Mr. Joyner will be carried away by the comedian's Ford.

☞ The high standard of the replies received demonstrates the universal appreciation of clever comedy situations. Many of the suggestions were excellent, but Mr. Joyner's was unanimously selected.

The method that has been followed in awarding the car was as follows: The Ford car originally purchased to be awarded to the winner of this contest is in Hollywood at the First National Studios, Burbank, California, and as White Bear Lake, Minnesota, the home of Mr. Joyner, is much nearer to Detroit, a check for the full amount of the car together with freight charges was sent to Mr. Joyner as the simplest way to conclude this contest.

SCREENLAND wishes to thank all the contestants whose fertile imaginations made this contest one of the most successful which we have ever held. But SCREENLAND is not alone in having derived benefit from this contest. If you were one who tried for the car you will find, if you have not already done so, that your interest in gags has enormously increased and that you enjoy a comedy film much more now than you ever did before you undertook to be a gag man. So it is in this world, the winner gets a new respect for himself in addition to the prize and the loser gets a greater joy through the result of his own efforts. Said Bacon: "Prosperity is not without many fears, and adversity is not without comforts and hopes."

☞ Harry Langdon, the boy from Council Bluffs, Iowa, gives the Ford car and a few graceful gestures.



spectacular to the point of barbarity.

Most interesting are the shots of the camels and the elephants as they walk through the processions or stalk through their daily duties around the narrow city streets.

As the film unrolls, you learn of Gotama, the King's son who gives up his princely prerogatives, his regal home and even his pretty nut-brown bride to "carry the light" to his "fellow men."

An unusual picture—magnetic, exotic, beautiful.

CARMEN

If you read your fashion magazines—and who doesn't—you'll learn that at last curves have come back into style. Which is all directly down Raquel Meller's spine—pardon me—alley.

You remember what a furore Raquel Meller created two years ago when she came to this country. She was called a "disease." What that is, I'm not exactly sure myself. But in the case of Raquel, it meant somebody who acted more than she sang and danced more than she acted—if you get what I'm driving at.

But this time Raquel comes back to us in a movie—neither as singer, dancer, actress or what not. And she comes back a little more divinely curved (if that is possible) than when she left.

Carmen with Raquel Meller, is the best *Carmen* I've seen or heard since Calve passed out of the operatic picture. This Raquel Meller is a veritable *Carmen*—a gypsy cigarette girl who loves and lies with unashamed frequency, and through her taunts and abandon drives her lover to murder.

This picture was made at Ronda, Spain, where Prosper Merimee laid the actual scenes of his book—from which both opera and movie were taken. Here the rugged mountain country, the sand-duned hills and the amazing little towns, provide this *Carmen* with so refreshing a background that it seems a new and different story.

Louis Lerch plays *Carmen's* lover—and plays it splendidly. Here's a new hero for you, girls, one with fire, passion, and marked dramatic power.

There's a superb bull fight, an astounding mountain battle, and a duel thrown in for good measure.

As you sit in your theatre, watching the movie and listening to the splendid *Carmen* music, give a thought to Bizet who composed the opera. For this music so indicative, so redolent of Spain, was written by a French-



☞ Louis Lerch and Raquel Meller in 'Carmen.' He is a new hero, with fire, passion and dramatic power. She is divinely curved.



☞ Jacqueline Logan and Rex Lease in 'Broadway Daddies,' wherein the lure of the night clubs gets second place.

man who never stood on Spanish soil until years afterward. A Frenchman who died in sadness, not realizing that he had created a musical masterpiece.

THE LIVING IMAGE OR THE LADY OF PETROGRAD

Pictures with unhappy endings remind me of girls wearing their hair off their ears. If they're awfully good—say like Billie Dove—they can get away with it. Otherwise, they're terrible.

Now *White Gold* was a grand picture, even if it did end unhappily. And there have been several others. But girls and boys, don't waste any of your quarters or half-dollars taking that same chance on

this new Russian movie, *The Living Image*. Unless, of course, you have a real interest in character actors and actresses. And then it will be more than worth your while to see this second-rate Russian story just to get a glimpse of Claire Prelia, and also of Roger Karl. For Claire cuts a distinguished and magnificent picture, and Roger does some exceptional work.

It's an introspective sort of yarn. Emmy Lynn is a young Russian matron in love with a youthful officer. But her elderly husband, Roger Karl, a general, shoots the lover, and takes his wife away to the blue Mediterranean to forget. So far, so good. But here's where the director burnt out a bearing. And from then on the picture goes almost grotesque. Faintings. Gaspings. Con-

vulsive neck clutchings. All these contortions waste a good bit of picture footage and spoil a movie that otherwise might have proved both thrilling and amusing.

RIDING FOR FAME

"Now, here in Cell 22, we have an interesting case. This is a girl who used to review pictures for SCREENLAND. She was normal in every respect, except that she couldn't do without Western movies. Seemed she just had to have them. Like opium. Or three lumps of sugar in coffee. Well, all of a sudden and for no reason, the movie people stopped making Western pictures. Didn't even give the girl a chance to taper off like they do in drug sanitoriums. And there you have the sad result. Be quiet, like a good girl, and I'll see if I can't find an old picture of Hoot Gibson for you."

Which sad look into the future brings me up to tell

you that I've seen Hoot Gibson in *Riding for Fame*. Hoot can't turn out too many horse operas for me. I'm all for the Lochinvars who come out of the Westerns. You know, the Romeos with the red blood corpuscles, who get all of a lather bustin' bronchos, shootin' low-down cattle thieves and savin' wimmin.

None of this diffused focus love-over-a-lily-pond for Hoot. In *Riding for Fame* you get action. Good comedy, too, from Slim Summerville. Especially in the scene where Hoot fights his regular quota of three villains.

If you like Bigger and Better Horse Operas as I do, you'll like *Riding for Fame*.

BROADWAY DADDIES

Think twice, girls, before you turn down the boy friend who is Honest but Poor for the flapper snatcher who is Rich but Rheumatic. It may, as the newspaper "personals" say, "be to your advantage."

That's the way it worked out for Jacqueline Logan in *Broadway Daddies*. She decided for Love instead of Lucre and turned down the owner of the Broadway night club for Rex Lease. And you know that all the proprietor of a Broadway night club has to do to amass a fortune is to keep the padlocks away for about a week.

Jacqueline was a chorus girl in this particular jazzorium. It had been going for fully two weeks without a padlock in sight so you can figure out the profits yourself.

But Jacqueline decided to take a ninety-nine year Lease on Rex. And what do you think? He was a millionaire all the time and she didn't know it!

Elinor Glyn said Rex the Wild Horse had It. So I say has Rex Lease. He is a newcomer but sacks of mail will be arriving at his door every morning with the milk from now on. So dust off the silver picture-fame, girls, for a new hero's photograph.

THE HOUSE OF SCANDAL

It may be a good comedy to some, but it's only another 'cop' picture to me.

A regular rash of pictures glorifying the American policeman has broken out on Broadway. Some good. Some indifferent. This *House of Scandal* would be an excellent comedy drama but for one fact—Dorothy Sebastian, the girl in the case, is in with a gang of thieves and nobody tells why or gives her an alibi so you have sympathy for her from the start.

A nice idea is behind the film. An Irish lad arrives in New York and goes crazy over his big brother's policeman's uniform. He can't wait, it seems, until he gets one for himself, so he tries his brother's on as the officer sleeps.

And then, of course, the trouble starts. A taxi accident, a beautiful young girl with a twisted ankle, a gang

of robbers, a jeweler and a lost necklace—all these form a chain of coincidences which make things look pretty bad for the handsome boy from the old country and his girl. In the end, naturally, the Irish boy wins his maid—but only after she has served a term in prison. Which is a pretty hard thing for any bridegroom to laugh off.

SUNSET LEGION

Here's a picture you're all going to like. For it's your old friend, Fred Thomson, doubling in black and white.

By day, Fred is a quiet cowboy idling around the town on a lazy white horse. But just wait until the sun sets! Then Fred steps out—horse and cowboy—masked in black.

Fred undertakes to clean up the town and get back the gold that was stolen by the bartender's gang. Turning from a lethargic gink into a fast-riding, wild-shooting Romeo, Thomson burns up the place and wins the gal—in the person of Edna Murphy.

As good a western as you'd ever want to see. With a climax that's going to surprise you!

THE DEVIL'S TRADEMARK

You've seen Belle Bennett in many roles. Most of them mother characterizations. But I'd be willing to bet you a new bathing-suit that you never thought she'd play the part of a reformed crook. Well, I never thought so either until the other day I went over to see her in the new picture, *The Devil's Trademark*. And I didn't like the idea at all.

We've all heard it said hundreds of times that the heritage of honest, God-fearing parents is the finest gift a person can have. And it's true. It's a sure stimulus and a quickening inspiration. But on the other hand we've all seen many children of positively worthless parents turn into splendid citizens. So it's doubtful if the theory that criminals transmit their

traits to their progeny is true.

The Devil's Trademark is laid around this theory of heredity. For students of criminology, for all people interested in abnormal kinks and quirks, the picture will no doubt prove absorbing. But for 'just folks'—I can't recommend it.

DAUGHTER OF ISRAEL

Nearly every person—be he Catholic, Protestant, or Jew—has the desire in his heart to see the Holy Land—Palestine with its yellow sands, tropic-blue waters, and vine-clad hills. Even if your feet can never touch that soil, at least your eyes can feast upon its loveliness. For in the new film, *Daughter of Israel*, many of the shots were actually taken in the Holy Land.

Then, too, you will see exotic, semi-civilized Constantinople, whose harbor has no equal in all the world for strange and wild loveliness.

LOT TALK

What the publicity men prate about.

A NEW record for fan mail receipts by a motion picture star of Hollywood was today established with the announcement by P. P. O'Brien, postmaster of Los Angeles, California, that during the month of May, Clara Bow, fiery-haired empress of the flappers, received 33,727 letters from all parts of the world.

Postmaster O'Brien is the authority for the statement that this is the greatest fan mail receipt ever recorded by his office.

Two records went toppling with O'Brien's compilation of his May report, for it was also revealed that the receipt of 19,945 letters by Charles "Buddy" Rogers set a new record for fan mail receipts by a masculine player in Hollywood. This does not except the mail received by Rudolph Valentino at the height of his career.

Fan mail receipts, according to Jesse L. Lasky, who as a producer has seen the industry grow from its very inception, are a true criterion of a player's 'box office value.' Individuals in every part of the world write in to praise, to criticise, to suggest, to assure of loyalty. By careful scrutiny of this tremendous influx of mail a film producer is enabled to judge public opinion of his product as with no other way.

The increase in Clara Bow's fan mail over the comparatively short time she has been a screen star as well as that of young Buddy Rogers, has been truly phenomenal. Before the picture *It* was released Miss Bow was receiving around 5,000 letters a month. Now she receives in ten days more than she did when first entering her career as a full-fledged star.

The manifest popularity of Rogers is one of the wonders of Hollywood. Three years ago he was a school boy of Olathe, Kansas. He entered the Paramount Pictures School of New York, played the lead in the 'graduation picture,' *Fascinating Youth*, then in *Wings*, then in *Get Your Man*, opposite Clara Bow and most recently in Anne Nichols' *Abie's Irish Rose*. In between this work for Paramount he played the lead with Mary Pickford in *My Best Girl*.

His receipt of 19,945 letters in May, according to Postmaster O'Brien, sets a new record for increase in quantity of correspondence as well as establishing a new high mark for receipt of mail by a masculine screen star.

One of John Barrymore's chief hobbies, sketching and painting, was once his means of livelihood. For the famous

screen star, whose latest picture, *Tempest*, is enjoying a run in New York, once was a newspaper artist and reporter, and there is nothing he gets more genuine pleasure out of than his easel and brushes. Many of Barrymore's sketches have brought praise from high figures in the art world.

Although he came of one of America's best-known theatrical families, John Barrymore as a boy yearned for fame in newspaper life. A son of the noted actor, Maurice Barrymore, and Georgianna Drew, sister of John Drew, young Barrymore attended an art school in London and later enrolled at the Art Students' League in New York. The famous George Bridgman also taught Barrymore for several years.

Before he was twenty years old he was working on New York newspapers, serving as a reporter and illustrating stories with his own drawings. But the call of the stage was too strong and he became an actor, rising to stellar heights in many productions and winning unchallenged recognition in the United States and abroad as the world's greatest Hamlet.

Barrymore is now making the most of a well-earned rest before starting another picture. He and his famous brother and sister, Lionel and Ethel Barrymore, recently enjoyed a reunion in Los Angeles, on the occasion of Miss Barrymore's visit to California in a stage production.

* * *

Every year Universal has at least one location trip picture. This year it will have three, and possibly more. *The Girl on the Barge*, except for the weather, which has been vile so far, is successfully launched on its locations on the Hudson River, Erie Canal and the Champlain Canal. So complete will be this location expedition that Edward Sloman will make the entire picture in the east, having engaged the facilities of the Jackson Avenue Studios at Long Island City for the purpose of making the interiors.

Show Boat, of course, will have to be very largely a location production. No stretch of the imagination of the production department can possibly visualize the snaky little Los Angeles River, which flows by the studio, bedecking itself to imitate the Father of Waters, which Edna Ferber says is the real star of *Show Boat*. Harry Pollard is busy right now picking out the best possible locations, the while he selects the cast.

A third location trip picture and one which takes a two-reel company further from the studio than any location trip ever contemplated, is that of *The Collegians* to

S C R E E N L A N D

the Grand Canyon. The opening picture of the third series of *Collegians*, is entitled *Calford vs. Redskins* and consists of an athletic competition between the college and a school of Hopi Indians. On one of his trips across the Continent, Carl Laemmle, Jr. had become very much impressed with the histrionic ability of the troupe of Hopi Indians which occupies the government reservation at the Grand Canyon and gives exhibitions of Hopi Indian dances, athletic contests and the arts and crafts of the tribe. Inasmuch as he is the production supervisor of this series as well as the author, he decided to make this first production at the Hopi Indian house at the Grand Canyon. The company was sent on ahead. And it is interesting to note that the same players are in their respective roles—George Lewis, Dorothy Gulliver, Eddie Phillips, Churchill Ross and Hayden Stevenson. In order to save practically two days' time, Junior, Nat Ross, the director, Dick Smith, comedy writer, and the assistant directors and cameramen, made the first airplane location trip in history.

"It is only a question of time until the studios adopt this fast means of transportation for general use," said Ross. "The time element, which is so important in figuring the cost of a production, justifies paying the higher rate for air travel. I save two days by taking the air route and arrive in time to make preparations for the players who come by train."

* * *

Never before in the history of vaudeville has an individual attraction obtained such extensive publicity, aroused such widespread public interest and swelled box-office receipts so heavily as has Tom Mix, F. B. O. western star, on a tour of the Keith-Albee-Orpheum circuit. Sensational results have rewarded the energetic and skillful exploitation of Mix in all the cities played by him and Tony. All welcomed the hero of two-gun celluloid drama with open arms and milling throngs. Press and public alike have paid homage to him and Tony with cheers, columns of type and capacity attendance. His tour was a triumphant procession that grew in importance and results as it moved on, one of the most successful and most outstanding events of its kind in theatre annals. Mix and Tony returned to Hollywood in June. Work on his first F. B. O. production is scheduled to start soon.

* * *

Andres de Segurola received a wire of congratulations signed by Antonio Scotti, Rosa Ponselle and other members of the Metropolitan Opera Company, congratulating their former colleague on his singing in the Vitaphone sequence of *Glorious Betsy*. At present Mr. de Segurola

is playing the role of an opera singer in M. G. M.'s *Her Cardboard Lover*, starring Marion Davies. He ought to find it a cinch to play his role in the current Davies film as he is portraying himself! The original name of the character according to the script was 'Senor Torino' but, inasmuch as he is supposed to be a great opera singer, it was decided to make the part more realistic and at the same time pay tribute to the former great star of the Metropolitan Opera Company by giving the character the name of the man who is playing it, 'Andres de Segurola.'

* * *

Hugh Trevor sold Richard Dix a lot of life insurance and in return Dix sold Trevor the idea of going on the screen. The result is that during the past year he has been very successful and been kept busy playing in pictures for M. G. M., Famous Players and F. B. O. His latest opus is the lead opposite Martha Sleeper in *Taxi Thirteen*, starring Chester Conklin.

* * *

Hundreds of French Blue Devils are swarming over No-Man's land at First National studios these nights. Star rockets light up the countryside, the boom of big guns is heard and the days of the final drive of the World War are being lived over again.

It is for Richard Barthelmess' new starring vehicle *Out of the Ruins*, from the Sir Philip Gibbs' story of France in the final days of the great conflict. Barthelmess appears in the opening scenes

as a Blue Devil, and fights in the trenches with his fellow soldiers. The greater part of the story, however, deals with a romance in which the charming Marian Nixon plays his leading lady.

John Francis Dillon is directing this dramatic story, and the combination of Barthelmess as star and Dillon as director is considered a fortunate one by First National officials, as their last effort together was *The Moose*, one of the biggest box-office pictures of the past year.

* * *

With Nathaniel Shilkret directing the Victor Symphony Orchestra, the Victor Talking Machine Company has started active work in its Camden, N. J., studios to synchronize its first Firnatone production, First National's motion picture, *Lilac Time*, starring Colleen Moore.

Another crew of Victor experts headed by Raymond and Charles Sooy is gathering special effects for the production, capturing the sounds of airplane motors at a New Jersey aviation field, trapping the rattle of machine guns and picking up other noises that will be laid into the mosaic of sound which will fit perfectly into the presentation of *Lilac Time* when it is shown on Broadway.



© Nick Stuart has a hose connected with a brewery—pardon—a reservoir when he plays tennis.

Just Rolling Along — Continued from page 52

wear my hair and she'll spend an hour or so experimenting with it to see how she can improve my looks.

"But we never get lonesome. When you have a big family you naturally make your home headquarters for your amusement and because we did want a nice place to bring our friends, so mother could get in on our good times too, we bought a new home.

"It's costing us much more than we thought it would, but Sally and Polly and I think it is worth it.

"When we get it all paid off, we're going to buy a swell big automobile and we're going to take turns driving it. We're going to check off our days to run it on the calendar, and we're going to have a mean-looking bus, a limousine with seats enough in it for all of us to go out in at once."

If you'd listen to this blue-eyed young beauty romancing about family fortunes, you'd feel like wishing for an Aladdin's Lamp so you could rub them her way.

"I think Georgianna—that's the baby—will be ready to go into pictures soon, too," said Loretta naively. "Georgianna has big blue eyes, oh, much bigger than Sally's or mine, and she's awfully cute. You'd like Georgianna," she continued—her manner indicating that perhaps Georgianna and myself could get together on Remy de Gourmont or other important topics.

"Georgianna—she's not old enough to go to school, but she's awfully smart. She understands everything you say to her and she isn't afraid of anybody. I know that if a director would see her and talk to her he'd be surprised.

"Families are funny, though," reminiscently pondered Loretta. "There are so many things they don't understand. Even

mother didn't understand at first why I should sit in front of the glass and make faces at myself for more than an hour at a time. It looked silly. Mother said: 'Why, Gretchen—for that is my honest-to-goodness name—you are going to get wrinkles frowning so much!'

"I explained that I was learning to express myself and my emotions through following Mr. Lon Chaney's advice."

Loretta is beautiful. Her hair, a soft, light brown, now reaches to her shoulders in ringlets, enroute to the fashionable mode of 'doing up' length.

She smiles a broad, generous smile, the frank Jackie Coogan smile that is more youthful than feminine. This smile is almost boyish in its simplicity. Her teeth, large, creamy and sparkingly healthy, give added animation to a face that seems to gaze upon life for the first time.

Her eyes, of course, were the big talking point before the camera and casting directors. They are blue of corn-flower shade, and they take on various hues as her moods and her modes dictate.

Loretta was once Baby Gretchen, a child star. She was educated in a convent, and when she came out she and her parents realized that she could no longer trade upon any reputation she had acquired as a child actress, and she had to begin all over again. So 'Baby Gretchen' was left far behind and a rather chubby, lively little extra girl began to be noticed around Hollywood. She started in six-year-old roles at the age of four. The only parts she remembers now came several years later—*The Primrose Ring*, in which she played a fairy queen, and *White and Unmarried*, with Tom Meighan.

At four, she was a six-year-old in size. At nine, she looked at least twelve. So

she hied herself back to the convent to wait until the awkward age had passed. Exercises helped to develop her body and helped to do away with some of the awkwardness.

"You know," she says today, "I like to think of emerging from Baby Gretchen like a butterfly emerges from its cocoon. The convent was the cocoon. And I suppose now I'm the butterfly—anyway, something fluttery! My sisters sometimes call me Dizzy!"

"One of my first bits was in Colleen Moore's picture *Orchids and Ermine*. Miss Moore noticed me, liked my work, and had them enlarge the part somewhat. She encouraged me and gave me advice, which was so helpful that I secured several other small parts. Then First National offered me a contract—not as a leading woman, but just as a little ingenue stock player. They happened to need one, and I was right there, under-foot!"

"Of course you know that my first big chance came in Lon Chaney's *Laugh, Clown, Laugh*. As it happened, I didn't get that through any influence whatsoever. I was working at First National and met Alice Joyce and her brother.

"You're like that dream girl Lon Chaney is searching for, for the lead in his next picture!" they told me. "Why don't you send him your tests?"

"First National Studio sent various film tests, and I was chosen for the role. It was a wonderful picture. Mr. Chaney was so kind, and helped me so much with my part. So was Herbert Brenon, the director. They told me I was a real actress, and no mistake. I fairly flew to Miss Moore to tell her that, and she said, 'Ah, ha! Didn't I tell you?' She's such a dear, and her faith in me meant so much!"

Sally Anderson Climbs the Ladder — Continued from page 32

why it was that in such a short space of time, Ned Wayburn has built up a tremendous following—a school which provides that bridge which otherwise is almost uncrossable; that bridge which divides a young person with nothing but dancing desire in his heart from a polished professional with an actual engagement upon the stage or screen.

Sally started her work the last day of January. Immediately she was thrown into more strenuous training than she had ever realized existed. She hadn't been in the limbering and stretching class an hour before every muscle, nerve and tissue in her body were aching. Aching like the cutting pain of a thousand wisdom teeth. Her hair fell down her shoulders. Good honest sweat exuded from every pore. She was ready to faint with fatigue. *But she had to keep on.* Hour after hour after hour! And then it was that Sally understood that you can't turn yourself from a graceful girl into a competent dancer by sitting on your haunches in a hammock under the harvest moon. Nor by frittering your time away in a night club dancing with some perfervid youth in a borrowed dinner jacket.

Ned Wayburn works the heart out of you. And if you haven't the proper stuff you don't last long. He has no time to waste on delicate, dancing diletantes. It takes a strong mind, a strong back and a strong faith in yourself to keep up the

pace he sets for you. And if you can't keep up his pace, you haven't got one chance of a professional career. For he knows his business. And he has learned it by training hundreds of the best-known professionals of the day. Lina Basquette, Gilda Gray, Ann Pennington, too many other picture players.

Hour after hour, day after day, week after week—heart-ache, back-ache, perspiration and tears. Limbering and stretching, on the mat and on the bar. Tap and step dancing, soft shoe dancing, musical comedy dancing, acrobatic dancing—and then last of all the difficult American ballet work.

But it wasn't all work. Sally had lots of fun. Her pal at the school was Dagmar Peterson, from Portland, Oregon, who won a scholarship also. Although the girls had to get up early and work or study all day until five-thirty in the afternoon, they sandwiched in plenty of thrills. It was a thrill just to have lunch at one of the big Broadway drug stores and watch the folks who came in to snatch a quick bite. Many actors, musicians, students and teachers rush to the crowded store between rehearsals or classes.

Then, too, these northern boys seemed to like Sally pretty well. Chorus girls always have attracted New York men and when you consider Sally's sweetness and refinement you can understand why she had many 'bids' to teas at the Biltmore in

the late afternoons, and to dinner dances down in Greenwich Village's charming, exotic restaurants. "Boys up north," Sally said; "seem more serious—more ambitious, I mean, than the boys down home." But don't you all tell anybody that because Sally might get in wrong with the boy she left behind her.

The first week the little Jonestown girl was in New York she gained five pounds. And her arduous four hour instruction in the early morning hours gave her such an appetite that she ate anything. Up at seven in the morning. To bed at ten o'clock at night. With a day full of work and a couple hours of play behind her. That was Sally's life in gay New York town.

Months passed. And Sally was commencing to show signs of unusual talent. For she worked harder than a ditch digger.

But one day discouragement seized her—just as it seizes us all. She was standing in the main foyer of the big school looking around. Her scholarship had nearly expired. Her money from Gilda Gray was nearly gone. And while she had improved tremendously, she didn't know whether she was ready for a stage position yet or not. Maybe more rough corners had to be knocked off.

As she stood there her heart failed her. It seemed an impossible task for her to make the theatrical grade. The school was

(Continued on page 89)



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The Pictures That Talk

Continued from page 8

efforts of inventors to make talking pictures, resulted only in these news-reel sounds, the result would have more than justified their labors

The Vitaphone makes a circular disk record while the picture is being filmed and the synchronism is obtained by having the phonograph and the picture projecting machine locked together in unchanging relations, duplicating in this sense the camera and the sound recorder which are also definitely connected. Vitaphone, the first in the field, is entitled to credit for its pioneer work and particularly for the unequalled artistic fervor which inspired these producers to record the orchestration. While enjoying a Vitaphone picture, one is entertained by the finest of symphony orchestras recorded by the proved methods through which all phonographic records are made, and reproduced in perfect synchronism.

In the early days of talking pictures, New York saw many abortive attempts; even the device made by Mr. Edison casually wandered out of step and educated the public to the meaning of the word synchronism. At every Vitaphone or Movie performance one hears his neighbor say, "the synchronism is very good." It is the only thing about talking pictures that the public so far understands.

There are, however, very many moot questions in this new art. The principal one is one of psychology. Do you want to hear the voices of the screen characters? Mr. Menjou heard and saw *Tenderloin* and steps across the boundary line from Paramount to Warner Bros. to say concerning the effect that when the third degree examination is given Dolores Costello, "It was tremendous, and after that all the captions seemed dull and flat."

My own experience has been that the effect Mr. Menjou so highly applauds was not obtained by words but by the dramatic quality of sound. It is along these lines that the producers of phonetic films must direct their thought. There is a drama to sound that is definite. It is controlled by as rigid laws as those which dominate the visual drama.

It is not the words they say but how they say them.

In this line the possibilities are limitless and each possibility adds to the entertainment quality of the film. When we can derive from the theatre the same enthralling, fascinating, stimulating emotional quality of sound that dramatic incidents in life give us, our entertainment will not only be more pleasing, but the scope of the art will be greater. Let us conceive for a moment a few of these possibilities:

Visualize a moving picture sequence of a bed-chamber and a thief stealing in; the flashlight flits across the room and discloses the sleeping face of the heroine. The thief's figure is silhouetted against the

window and the lighted street; the sleeper moves; the thief steps backward to hide behind the curtains and we see a stand with a vase of flowers slowly leaning toward its fall. The thief moves backward an inch. The stand goes over; the theatre is filled with the sound of this crashing glass. The heroine awakes and a piercing scream of horror sounds the terror of the scene through every inch of us.

If you saw *The Thirteenth Chair*, by Bayard Veiller, you will remember the early scene where in the blackness of the theatre, the dramatic shriek of the heroine caused the cold stiffening of your back hairs. That is dramatic art and that is now possible for the motion picture. It was not what she said, but how she said it. Or think of the infinite possibilities that lie in the hand of Charlie Chaplin who, while our greatest mimic, is also a talented musician. Imagine Charlie as the strolling player with violin under his arm; how deftly would he weave pathos with humor by means of this wonderful new art.

The Lion and the Mouse, one of the first of the Talkers, is having tremendous success wherever shown. Lionel Barrymore, who has had a legitimate stage experience as noble as *The Royal Family*, becomes, because of this one film, the talk of Hollywood.

Again, you see, it is not entirely what he says but it is how he says it.

If we think of sound as just something for the ear then sound attachments become like beautiful scenes in pictures which are secured for the pleasure they give the eye. But if we consider the sound only as messages of thought then we see that a new world of dramatic thrills has been left upon our doorstep.

The foreign countries use between forty and fifty percent of the pictures made by one company and the problem of the difference in languages is as great as the problem confronting the favorites whose English is not quite correct.

As in the old days we sat quite happily around the victrola and listened to the phonograph record, so now we will listen to the record of the voices of the screen. The picture will tend to lose action and the art of cinematography is due for a jolt. This does not mean that a step backward must be taken for Talkers. The art of a picture with sound is a different art with changed standards and we shall go forward to a finer, better form of entertainment in this new medium than we have known before.

There will be a greater opportunity for talent, for imaginative writing and for inspired direction than ever before. There are four hundred theatres already equipped with eager audiences awaiting the Talkers.

In view of the general interest in this subject, Mr. Howard will next month give criticisms and suggestions on "The Talkers" for Screenland.

I Was Afraid of This New Way to Learn Music

— Until I Found It Was Easy As A-B-C

Then I Gave My Husband the Surprise of His Life

“DON'T be silly, Mary. You're perfectly foolish to believe you can learn to play music by that method. You can never learn to play the piano that way . . . it's crazy. You are silly to even think about it.”

“But, Jack, it's”

“Mary, how can you believe in that crazy music course? Why, it claims to teach music in half the usual time and *without a teacher*. It's impossible!”

That is how my husband felt when I showed him an ad telling about a new way to learn music. He just laughed. His unbelieving laughter made me wonder. I began to feel doubtful. Perhaps I had been too optimistic—perhaps enthusiasm and the dream of realizing my musical ambitions had carried me away. The course, after all, might prove too difficult. I knew that I had no special musical talent. I couldn't even tell one note from another—a page of music looked just like Chinese to me.

But how I *hated* to give up my new hope of learning to play the piano. Music had *always* been for me one of those dreams that never come true. I had longed to sit down at the piano and play some old sweet song . . . or perhaps a beautiful classic, a bit from an opera, or even the latest jazz hit. When I heard others playing, I envied them so that it almost spoiled the pleasure of the music for me. For *they* could entertain their friends and family . . . *they* were musicians. And *I*, I was a mere listener. I had to be satisfied with only *hearing* music.

I was so disappointed at Jack. I felt very bitter as I put away the magazine containing the advertisement. For a week I resisted the temptation to look at it again, but finally I couldn't keep from “peeking” at it. It fascinated me. It told of a woman who had learned to play the piano by herself, in her spare time, and at home, without a teacher. . . And the wonderful method she used required no tedious scales—no heartless exercises—no tiresome practicing. Perhaps I might do the same thing!

So finally, half-frightened, half-enthusiastic, I wrote to the U. S. School of Music—without letting Jack know. Almost as soon as I mailed the letter I felt frightened. Suppose the course proved to be horribly difficult . . . suppose Jack were right after all!



Imagine my joy when the lessons started and I found that they were as easy as A. B. C. Why, a mere child could master them!

While Jack was at work, I started learning. I quickly saw how to blend notes into beautiful melodies. My progress was wonderfully rapid, and before I realized it, I was rendering selections which many pupils who study with private teachers can't play. For through this short-cut method, all the difficult, tiresome parts of music have been eliminated and the playing of melodies has been reduced to a simplicity which *anyone* can follow with ease.

Finally I decided to play for Jack, and show him what a “crazy course” had taught me. So one night, when he was sitting reading, I went casually over to the piano and started playing a lovely song. Words can't describe his astonishment. “Why . . . why . . .” he floundered. I simply smiled and went on playing. But soon, of course, Jack insisted that I tell him all about it. Where I had learned . . . when I learned . . . how? So I told of my secret . . . and how the course he had laughed at had made me an accomplished musician.

One day not long after, Jack came to me and said, “Mary, don't laugh, but I want to try learning to play the violin by that wonderful method. You certainly proved to me that it is a good way to learn music.”

So only a few months later Jack and I were playing together. Now our musical evenings are a marvelous success. Every one

compliments us, and we are flooded with invitations. Music has simply meant everything to us. It has given us Popularity! Fun! Happiness!

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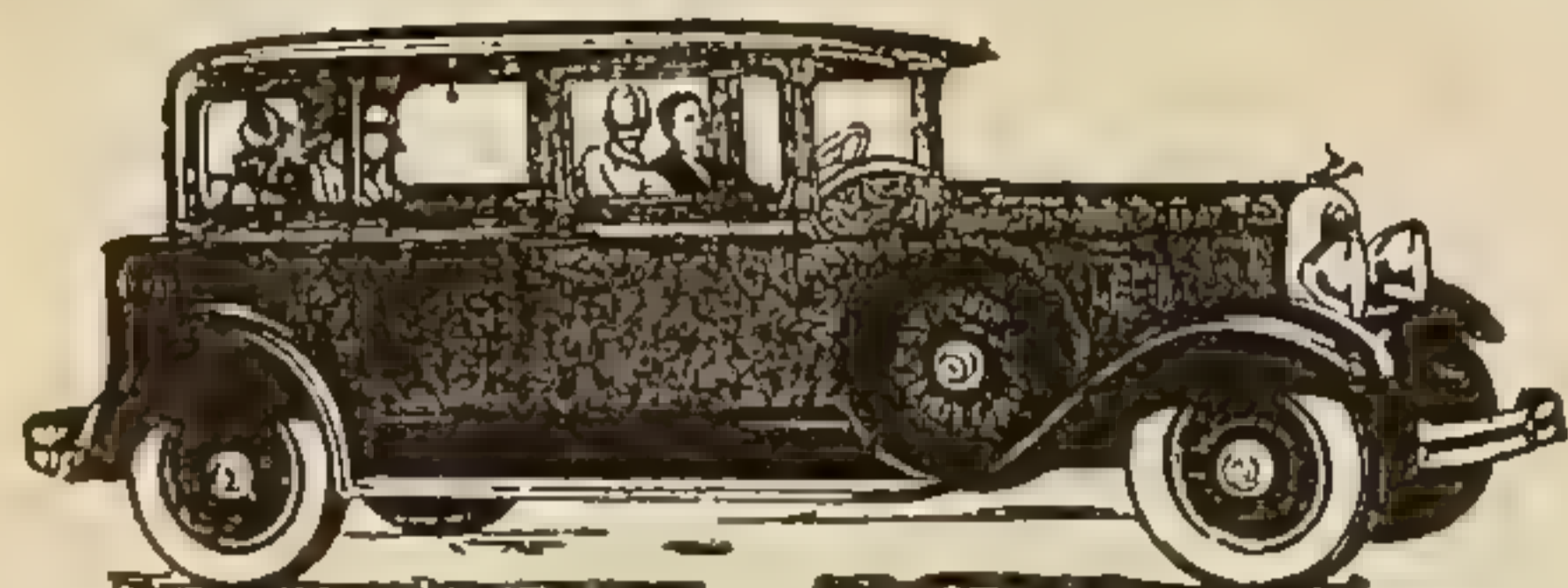
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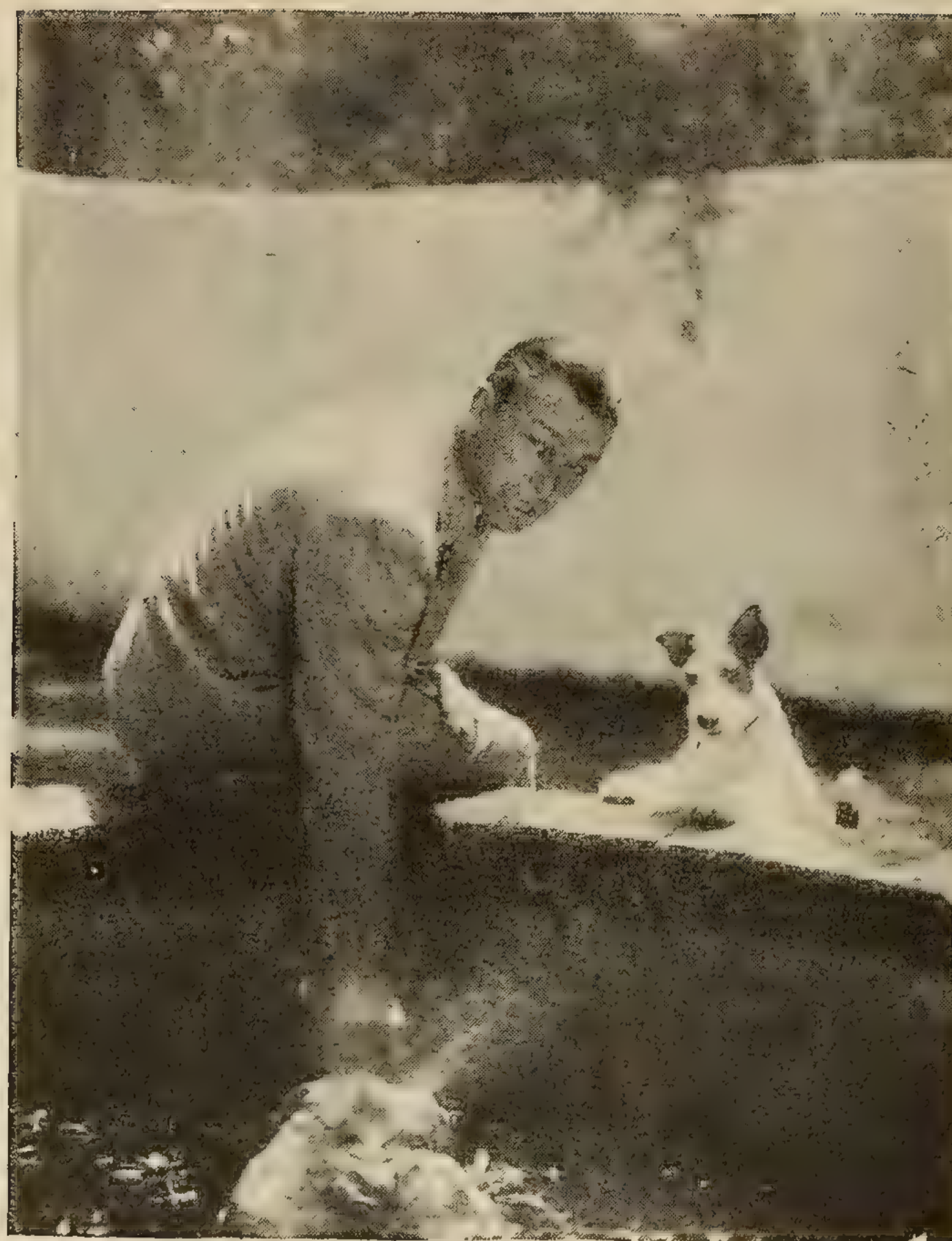
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Has Every Woman Two Natures?

Continued from page 39

tailed suit, but she wore with it a soft blouse with a pleated jabot down the front. It made a soft line about her face. Her hat draped over one side of her face. She was the very picture of femininity, yet as chic as a Parisienne.

"I felt the urge for and the charm of feminine clothes when I had my first fittings for my costume in *The Actress*," she said. "Oh, I had lifted my voice about the liberation of women. I had looked wise and declared that mannish clothes showed the trend of the times. 'Women are free now,' I had said. 'We will have none of styles that hamper our freedom. We do not want to look feminine. We dress simply for comfort.'"

"And then I tried on the clothes I was to wear in the picture and I didn't want to be free. I didn't want to be a modern woman at all.

"It was my feminine nature asserting itself.

"I shall never forget one frock. It was of pale pink organdie with a fitted bodice and a dream of a skirt, all ruffles and petticoats and lace. And the hair was done high on the head with a sweet little tiara of pearls.

"I looked at myself in the mirror and found that I was transformed. Not only did I look different but I felt that way, too. I used to come in from the set and dread to change into my own clothes.

"Costumes in a picture do more than any other one thing to create the mood of the characterization. They are more lasting than music. A melody spurs you up to do one scene, but a costume carries you through an entire sequence. I didn't have to learn to walk like the women of those days did. I just walked that way naturally, in those clothes. It would have been im-

possible to make a false gesture. You can't be anything but dainty and feminine when you're wearing ten petticoats. You wouldn't dare cross your legs or put your hands on your hips. Such an anachronism would be as shocking to you as to the onlookers.

"Gwen Lee and I used to talk about it on the set and laugh at the way that our manners changed immediately that we were in our costumes. We didn't want to be free women and simply dress for comfort.

"The talk about woman's being liberated began to seem quite silly to me. Heaven knows the women in those days got what they wanted. They made their husbands toe the mark and they worked alone and subtly. Woman should never be gregarious. They lose their charm when they travel in groups. Men are perfectly splendid in mass formation. You cannot look at a troupe of soldiers marching without feeling a lump rise in your throat. Can you imagine 500 women marching down a street?"

"Women are individualists and when they dress alike and act alike and think alike they have lost their power.

"As I told you I used to hate to put on my own clothes after I had been wearing the costumes of *The Actress* all day long and then it dawned upon me that there was no use in wearing mannish clothes, that I could be both smart and feminine at the same time.

"On the heels of this came word from the fashion creators that the afternoon frock was as important in style displays as the sports type. That was something decidedly new. For the last five years you haven't dreamed of having but one or at the most two afternoon gowns and even these were tailored and straight. And sud-

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denly you found yourself selecting picture hats and chiffon and lace and you didn't wear your sports dress all day long.

"And when you went to an evening party you found that women wanted to be feminine if the clothes they chose was any indication. Bouffant frocks? Why, the dance floors seethed with them. There was some talk of the tailored dinner dress. It was evidently the dream of some designer that women meant it when they said they wanted to be free and dress for comfort only. And what happened to the tailored evening dress? Why, the poor thing found itself so dolled up with lace and embroidery and beads that you couldn't recognize it when you saw it.

"In New York Irving and I attended a college dance. I thought that I was back at the studio. I even thought that I might be very flattered and that the girls were copying some of the costumes I wore in the picture. They looked like an old-fashioned garden. There was lace and tulle and taffeta and chiffon. And they all looked feminine and little and young and dainty.

"Nor are women the only ones who feel the reaction of clothes. Men become gallant and brave when they dance with a young thing whose skirt is a mass of tulle. They have to protect a woman with a ruffle at her throat but if she wears a high collar and a tie—well they'll let her struggle along for herself. But women don't want to struggle along for themselves. They can, mind you. They're capable of anything but it's much more interesting if the men don't know it.

"A complete change had come over the girls and boys at that college dance and it was just because the girls had on dainty, old-fashioned frocks! The boys forget that these were the same girls who had, just that morning, beat them a set of tennis!

"The whole thing is this. We've reached a happy medium. We'll never bind ourselves up in corsets and we'll never return to the fainting era but we can certainly be both feminine and athletic.

"In Europe you see the new trend everywhere. At the races, for instance, smart women are not wearing sports clothes. Let me describe one costume that I saw on one of the loveliest creatures I've ever looked at. She wore a deep rose chiffon dress. It was simple yet soft with a low girdle and a draped skirt with a fluttering uneven hem line. Her hat was large, a picture model, of creme-colored horse hair

braid so that you could see her hair through the crown and the brim was covered with rows and rows of narrow lace.

"And parasols? You see them everywhere abroad. They're just frilly little nothings that don't keep the sun off at all but look pretty.

"Mind you I'm not begging for hoop skirts. I can't see myself going on a shopping tour in ten petticoats. We've advanced beyond that stage. But there is the happy medium. Just because you wear a tailored suit is no reason that you must try to imitate the men in all their clothes. There are a dozen of little feminine touches that you can employ.

"For instance, in the matter of blouses. They may be of silk. They may be soft with pleating or lace at the throat and the wrists and hats can be draped to take away any harsh lines.

"Liberties galore are taken with sports clothes. The skirts flare, the hem lines are uneven, the sleeves are interestingly trimmed and they may be in pastel or vivid colors. The sombre, neutral shades have no place in the mode.

"And as all these things change, woman changes, too. Styles in figures invariably change with styles in clothes. Being under weight is no longer an accomplishment. It's a drawback if you want to wear smart clothes. For in Paris the cleverest costumes are made for women with curves, not generous ones exactly, but definite curves, nevertheless.

"And don't let's forget, as long as we're finding out just how feminine we are, that the hair-pin trade has taken a sudden jump and the barbers who specialize in bobs are starving. We sat in a theatre in New York and saw rows and rows of funny, little wispy knots on the nape of every woman's neck. But even when we have long hair we've reached a happy medium. We won't have puffs and ridiculous curls. We'll have a simple coil but the hair will be soft around the face.

"But let me show you the clothes I bought in Paris and New York and you'll see just how very feminine we're all becoming."

That, of course, was an orgy of 'ohs' and 'ahs,' while some of the boxes that had just been delivered were unpacked and contents not only noted but gasped over.

So there seems to be nothing for it but to do away with these mannish frocks and buy bolts and bolts of ribbons for furberlows and frills

Louise Fazenda — Continued from page 23

from him on the set. Hal was always chivalrous enough to say he could see the real Louise beneath the grease paint, but gee!" And she laughed.

Of course Hal was right, for Louise is really very beautiful. Not according to the candy-box formula, but with a spiritual quality that shines forth through her most grotesque make-up. This is evidenced by the devotion of her fans who write her letters of downright adoration, and by the further fact that she is without doubt one of the most beloved girls in Movieland. Everybody from stage carpenters to executives—and most remarkable of all, the women!—pay her tribute.

Here's another naive confession that betrays a repressed sensitiveness to the ugliness of her artistic life. I was asking her

what she did on her days off from the studio.

"I'm just like the London cabby," she laughed, "who spends his holidays riding in his friend's cab. Go to the beach for a rest? Not I; I dress up in my prettiest and most feminine frock and go right back to the studio. And then when someone says: 'Why, Louise! I wouldn't know you!' I get a thrill that goes singing through my veins like soda pop!"

That's the price she pays.

"What are the compensations?" I asked.

"Laughter!" she exclaimed with a radiant smile. "If I hear the cameraman and extras laughing at my work I get the thrill of my life, for I know then I am succeeding in the thing that's expected of me. I forget all about the ugliness of my screen life—if I hear them laugh!"

Sally Anderson

(Concluded from page 82)

crowded. Competition was terrific. Hundreds and hundreds—from three-year-old children up to sixty-year-old men and women. The majority of them were young girls, however. Most of them beautiful. And many rich.

Daily Sally was seeing miracles happen before her eyes. For sixty percent of all the classes came for health rather than for careers. And daily Sally saw girls with sallow complexions, terrible twisted postures, lusterless eyes and lusterless hair, transformed into pretty women. The lasting kind of prettiness which comes only from vibrant health.

Sally felt down-hearted when she thought of the competition she had to overcome, the difficulties she had to conquer. And she went to her boarding-house sad.

The next morning Sally was called into Mr. Wayburn's office. She went in a little fearfully. Perhaps he would tell her she wasn't good enough. Perhaps after all she would have to go back to Jonestown and be satisfied with teaching. The thought was awful.

Ned Wayburn was at his desk by the window, overlooking Broadway. As the girl walked over, he rose and took her hand:

"Sally, you've done well."

"Thank you, Mr. Wayburn," she answered still fearful that he was only trying to soften the blow.

"I have watched you carefully," the producer continued. "You have talent. You work hard. But your scholarship expires at the end of the month, I believe."

"Yes, sir, it does," the girl faltered. "And I'm afraid I'll have to go home. I've saved a little money from what Miss Gray gave me and from what my mother sent me. I could live a while longer here but I don't like to ask my mother to send me more for tuition. You see, she's a widow—"

"I understand." The big man patted the little girl's shoulder. "Suppose I get you a position in one of the summer musical comedies. That would give you enough to keep on studying. You could take private lessons in the mornings."

"Oh, could I? Would you really do that?"

The man studied the girl thoughtfully. "Do you know, I believe I could find you a place in Miss Marbury's new musical comedy."

The girl's face whitened: "You don't mean Elizabeth Marbury, the great—"

"The very same." Wayburn smiled.

But Sally didn't. She couldn't move. Nor speak. But her soft eyes carried in their depths so much gratitude they startled the man.

The gentle little southerner walked out of the room. She vowed to herself that she would become a good dancer, that she would make herself worthy of all the help and inspiration she had received from Gilda Gray and Ned Wayburn. And she vowed, too, as she hurried down the hall, that she would help some other small town girl to accomplish the wish of her heart; that she would keep rolling that ball of brotherhood and sympathetic understanding which the dancer and the producer had started.

All dreams don't die at twenty. And as Ned Wayburn stood alone looking down Broadway where lights like fireflies were springing up in the soft, summer dusk, he thought of the day when he too would achieve the wish of his heart. When he would build a vast theatre of his own.

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In New York—Continued from page 27

I want to be the one actor in the world who never poses for a picture with his pup."

Mr. Tryon is unique in other respects. He admits he always wanted to be an actor, but he also liked to eat regularly and he realized that thespians sometimes experience dull seasons. So he deliberately learned a trade so that he could keep his acting career going in case of hard times. Once when he was stranded with a number-three company in South Bend, Indiana, he easily found work as a machinist until he made enough money to send him back to Broadway where he resumed his profession.

When he was playing a bit in a Broadway show called *A Very Good Young Man*, he admired from afar a beautiful girl who also had a bit. She was programmed as *Girl at Table*. Her name was, and is, Eleanor Boardman.

You may recall that Glenn played opposite Janet Gaynor in *Two Girls Wanted*. When he first met Miss Gaynor on the set she said: "Why, Mr. Tryon, I'm afraid you don't remember me!" He was obliged to admit that his only recollection of her was as Diane in *Seventh Heaven*. "I was an extra in one of your Hal Roach comedies," said Janet. "And I always flattered myself that you noticed me!"

After his hit with Laura La Plante in *Thanks for the Buggy Ride*, Glenn was made a star. *Painting the Town* was his first. His next will be a serious venture called *Lonesome*. He says he plays "that fool kid next door," in most of his own comedies. He is married to Lillian Hall, a beautiful girl who used to be in pictures but who retired when she married. Glenn Tryon is easily the most amusing of all comedians off the screen—and incidentally the most personable. If he ever makes a personal appearance, don't miss it!

"Retire? Not as long as they give me parts such as I have in the new Jannings picture and *The Magnificent Flirt*," smiled Florence Vidor. She stopped off a few days with her small daughter, Suzanne, on her way to spend the summer abroad. "I know how that rumor started. I was dissatisfied with the roles that were being given me, and I said that I would leave the screen rather than continue making indifferent pictures. Then came the chance with Jannings in the film version of *The Patriot*; and when I return I will play with Richard Dix in *Barrie's Admirable Crichton*—which was filmed once before by Cecil De Mille as *Male and Female*. I'm not retiring!"

Her engagement to Jascha Heifetz, famous violinist, is still being rumored. I wanted to ask her if it were true but somehow one doesn't ask impertinent questions of the cool and correct Miss Vidor!

If you like him for his perfect profile it isn't John Barrymore's fault. And don't expect him to sympathize. He'd laugh. This famous playboy of stage and screen laughs at practically everything. Did I say laugh? A cynical half-smile would be more accurate. He seems to think the John Barrymore pictures are, for the most part, simply awful.

"Didn't I look absurd in that blond wig for *Don Juan*?" he remarked. "Love scenes on the screen are ridiculous for the most part. A kiss given within sight of an audience has no glamour or thrill."

Mr. Barrymore's loyal audiences differ with him—but not to his face. Nobody differs with Mr. Barrymore in Mr. Barrymore's presence—not at an interview, anyway. The proper conversation of a Barrymore interviewer is "Yes, Mr. Barrymore" or "What do you think?"

He had been in New York a week when he consented to be interviewed. He hadn't come to New York to be interviewed, nor to appear at the premier of *Tempest*, but to take an electrician back to California with him. The electrical wizard will officiate at Mr. Barrymore's open-air production of *Hamlet* at the Hollywood Bowl in September, and also at the Greek Theatre at the University of California in Berkeley. Barrymore's *Hamlet* was played 101 times in New York City five years ago or so, breaking the record of Edwin Booth and the hearts of all the susceptible femininity. In London the Barrymore *Hamlet* scored the most notable success a Shakespearean play has had since 1600. So you can imagine what it will do to California. It will be enacted in the moonlight—under the stars—

"It should be pleasant, I think," said Hamlet, "to watch the play and be able to smoke and sip Scotch at the same time."

He plans to return to the stage in a year. He is more enthusiastic about *The Last of Mrs. Cheyney*, his next film vehicle, than he has been about any of his other pictures, if that means anything. He would like to have some comedy scenes in every part he plays, if possible. I reminded him that his first pictures, years ago, for Famous Players, were such farces as *The Man from Mexico* and *The Dictator*. He said he had seen some of them run off lately and they were not nearly so funny—intentionally. "In those days all the scenes were long shots," he reminisced. "But I like comedy, and that's why I want to do *Mrs. Cheyney*. No, I don't know who will be my leading woman. I would like to have Greta Garbo!"

All the Barrymores are famous for their wit and John is said to be the wittiest. His sister Ethel had recently confounded a new and brash member of her cast who greeted her as "Ethel" with the retort: "Don't be so formal; call me kid." Nobody asked Mr. Barrymore if he had seen *The Royal Family*. Nobody dared. They say that John is downright enthusiastic about fishing and sailing in his yacht. But I don't know anything about that. All I know is that he is growing a moustache and is supposed to be scared to death of interviewers.

Tom Mix, a white ten-gallon hat, and a cream colored suit, stepped off a train at Grand Central into what looked like all of Young America. Hundreds of Boy Scouts and girl scouts and other girls and other boys yelled and cheered and pushed as Big Tom came through the gates—brown, weather-beaten, with the stride of an old cowboy, and a kindly, pleased smile. He had asked that nothing be done to celebrate his arrival. He came east to play one week in vaudeville, at the Hippodrome, the movie palace that is the kids' paradise. He was all tired out from a strenuous tour. But New York knew he was coming, and New York laid itself out for him as it does for a favored few such as Lindy and the three German musketeers. At Tom's hotel there were more crowds waiting for a glimpse of him. To oblige the newspaper photographers he went up on the roof to

pose for some pictures with Joe Cook, Jr., son of Joe the comedian, an old friend. Tom taught Joe Junior a few tricks with the lariat. Then at last he went down to his rooms for a little rest. But no sooner had he laid down and dozed off than an alarm-clock began to tinkle. Then another—and another. A dozen alarm clocks, set fifteen minutes apart, had been secreted in the room by practical-joking friends. Nobody laughed harder than Tom.

Tony? Why, of course Tony came along. He shares Tom's personal appearance act; but when I talked to him and asked him if he prefers vaudeville to pictures, he said: "Neigh, neigh." That's how Tom feels about it, too. Both stars are eager to get back to Hollywood, "where we belong," says Tom. Tony, who is seventeen years old, by the way, was beginning to get cranky, according to his master. He wants to be back in his own little California stable.

* * *

Try to get her to talk about herself—just try! Evelyn Brent, the mysterious and exotic, is just one of the girls. She is no more inclined to talk about herself and her career than any well-balanced successful business woman. Screen acting is Evelyn's job, and she loves it, but she refuses to look upon herself as God's special gift to the industry. Now that she is an important personage in the film world, she is inclined to smile and say: "It was luck." Of course we all know it wasn't. Evelyn was ready when her big chance came, that's all.

I tried to pin her down. Instead, she'd say: "You watch out for little Loretta Young. She's coming along." Or "I'm so glad that Josephine Dunn got the big part she deserves. I like that kid." Emil Jannings came in for a big slice of praise. "He's a very great actor," says this generous-hearted trouper. "You don't realize how great he is until you work with him. He will delay his departure from the set when his own work is done and stand on the side-lines, when he might be resting in his dressing-room, to help along some humble player of bits." Needless to say, *The Last Command* is one of Miss Brent's favorite pictures.



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"I seem to be identified with underworld parts because I was starred in a series of crook pictures once, and then was in *Underworld* for Paramount. As a matter of fact I have played lots of other parts, too. I like any kind of role unless it's one of those innocuous movie 'good women.' Deliver me from them!"

Evelyn Brent has beautiful curly chestnut hair, brooding brown eyes under eloquent eyebrows, and a mobile mouth that isn't really sullen at all except when the director dictates. There are no frills about her. She is frank and straight-forward. She likes clothes but she must wear simple things, especially when she is acting, because she can't bear to be hampered by furbelows. And she loved the painting on the **SCREENLAND** cover. She is the kind of a girl who looks like a high-powered vamp, but who turns out to be a good scout. And she deserves the parts that are coming her way—the girl in *Interference*, for instance. Clive Brook will co-star with her again in this film version of the stage play.

* * *

Jean Hersholt has not only one severest pal and best critic; he has two. And he brought them both along when he made his first trip to New York. Introducing, for the first time to eastern audiences, Mr. and Mrs. Hersholt and Junior. Junior, a handsome lad, is only thirteen, but he's as big as his dad. He is a movie fan and tells his father just exactly what he thinks of his screen performances. "Father was fine in the first part of *Abie's Irish Rose*," says Junior, "but I didn't like it so well when he got old. He isn't old and I don't like to see him play old men. He ought to play his own age for a change!"

Jean Hersholt smiled. He has a very winning smile. "I should please you, then," he said in his soft Danish accent, "when I play the heavy in *The Girl on the Barge*. I, too, am tired of playing old men. I want to do a he-man for a change!"

You'd like Hersholt. This ace of character actors is a charming, modest gentleman. His wife is young and pretty. Mr. Hersholt, you know, was very well-known on the Danish stage. When he first came to this country his talents were not appreciated. He took a job as assistant director and had a chance to pinch-hit for the regular megaphone man. Hersholt turned out to be so much better that his services as a director were retained. He directed for some time and acted only occasionally. Then, little by little, Hollywood producers realized that here was a really fine actor. He made his mark in *Stella Dallas* and *Greed*. Universal signed him as a star, and has profited thereby by loaning his services, for a handsome consideration, for *The Student Prince*, *Abie's Irish Rose*, and, most recently, *The Battle of the Sexes*. Hersholt has worked with some of the finest directors in pictures but he is frank to admit that of them all he most admires the "old master," D. W. Griffith. In the Griffith picture Hersholt plays the business man-husband who is vamped by the delectable Phyllis Haver.

You must see Hersholt off the screen to appreciate what a master of make-up he really is. It seems incredible that this good-looking man, in his late thirties, could turn himself at a moment's notice into Ramon Novarro's old tutor, or Charles Rogers' father, or Pola's Italian patron of *The Secret Hour*. Of course, Hersholt's make-up box doesn't hold the secret of his success. He would be a great actor even without it. He can cry in a second by conjuring up some sad memory, while directors work over other actors for hours. He sees

nothing remarkable in this. "If I couldn't express the emotions with facility," he says, "I would not be an actor!"

* * *

There are a few magic names in the picture industry—Griffith, Pickford, Chaplin, Fairbanks—and Sennett. The one you hear the least is Sennett. Mack Sennett is a big Irishman—and he is retiring. But he was coaxed out of his shell at a swell tea given in his honor by First National Pictures, and he told everybody about his big new picture, *The Goodbye Kiss*, which will open on Broadway soon. It's the first picture Sennett has personally directed in several years, and he is enthusiastic about it. He introduces three new stars, his discoveries: Sally Eilers, Matty Kemp, and Johnny Burke—the latter a comedy recruit from vaudeville.

Sennett is picturesque. He has keen blue eyes, massive shoulders, a booming laugh. He used to be an actor himself, in the old Biograph days. But now he prefers to direct. He has probably picked more beautiful girls than any other man alive with the possible exception of Flo Ziegfeld. Consider Gloria Swanson, Mabel Normand, Phyllis Haver, Marie Prevost, Alice Day. The Sennett studio also sponsored Chaplin, Charlie Murray, Ford Sterling, Chester Conklin, Louise Fazenda, and Harry Langdon. Sennett made a million or so and he could retire; but he knows he never will. He still gets a kick out of producing pictures.

This master of movie comedy and picker of pulchritude says: "I select girls by looking at their—"

"Yes, Mr. Sennett?"

"At their eyes. It's an old saying, and a true one, that eyes are the windows of the soul. Especially women's eyes. If a girl has soul, it will show in her eyes. And that's what movie audiences want of their girl stars—soul!"

This, from the gentleman who has presented to the world more modern Venus de Milos all equipped with perfectly good arms, than any other man, was something of a shock. "I mean it!" said Mack Sennett. "Gloria Swanson isn't appearing in bathing-suits today, is she? I picked her for those unusual eyes of hers that the world later raved about. My latest discovery, Sally Eilers, is very young, fresh and sweet—she is very pretty, too, but her beauty was not the reason I picked her. I saw a soul in her eyes."

Mr. Sennett must be right. Results prove it.

* * *

Those cute little sisters, Viola Dana and Shirley Mason, were in town. Viola is going into vaudeville—and she is also, it is said, going back to her husband, "Lefty" Flynn. Shirley came here with her husband, a scenario writer in quest of material for a film story.

* * *

Everybody in the world thinks he can write for the movies, says Paul Bern, but only a few qualify. Mr. Bern should know. He is the scenario editor and supervisor for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and selects all the stories which are later filmed by that big company. He comes to New York regularly to see the new plays. He skims all the better new books. And he listens to "the idea of the century" from friends and strangers because he is a delightful and kind-hearted gentleman, and also because sometimes, somewhere, he just *might* find a real idea.

Just in case you are contemplating sending him your own pet brain-child to read, be warned that Mr. Bern only buys

material which is practically sure-fire for the screen. He knows his films and their needs. A big company such as he represents can't afford to experiment. Therefore, Mr. Bern must know whether a certain book or play is going to make a good picture. He is right nine times out of ten. He was a director before he became an editor. *Open All Night*, one of the most charming comedies ever filmed, was his picture. He hopes to direct again some day. Mr. Bern combines intellect with showmanship. He is as much of a fan as you and I. He likes Greta and John and Norma and Marion and Joan and Billy. And they like him. Everybody likes him. If a vote were taken for the most popular man in Hollywood, Paul Bern would probably win.

* * *

After a honeymoon in Europe as the bride of a motion picture magnate, Norma

Shearer called on us at SCREENLAND to tell us about her trip. She saw London and Paris and Florence and Berlin and Algiers—and she likes New York best of all. In Germany she visited old Heidelberg and all the haunts where Kathi and the Student Prince used to meet. She left Norma Shearer locked in her dressing-room in Culver City while Mrs. Irving Thalberg took her European jaunt; but as soon as she sets foot on the Metro-Goldwyn lot she will be Miss Shearer again.

"I've had to learn to walk a tight-rope, ride bare-back and perform on trapeze for pictures," laughed Norma. "And now for *Ballyhoo* I have to learn to dance just like a professional. That's why I like pictures—you're always learning something new!"

And that's why I like Norma Shearer—she's always new, and fresh, and radiant. Somehow Hollywood has never rubbed the bloom off this little peach.

Jeanette Loff—Continued from page 37

Being an ardent movie fan, she followed the exciting actions of her screen heroes and heroines with more than merely professional 'cue' interest. Whilst the 'little brain' at the back of the small shapely head directed the movements of the swift fingers over the keyboard of the theatre piano, the eyes and the actively conscious faculties were glued to the screen, absorbing the methods, 'business' and posing of every player of prominence. This work continued nearly a year, and to it Miss Loff attributes the rudiments of her screen training.

When she was seventeen her family moved to Portland, Oregon. Ambitious for her future, they entered her at Ellison and White's Conservatory of Music to study pipe organ and voice culture. Their hopes were more than realized—in two years' training she became a good singer and an accomplished organist—yet how little did they realize what the future really held in store!

The road to immediate employment was again through the movie theatres. There are many first-class houses in the Willamette metropolis. Organists of skill and repertoire are in demand. With her new education Jeanette proved herself just as capable of handling the great pipe organs as she had been in handling the Wadena 'tin-pan.' Throughout a year she played professionally at several of the most important screen palaces, getting the screen credits, the bows, and the handclaps with which the local patriots applaud the solo numbers. Now and again she sang at concerts and (she has confessed to the writer) even took a 'teeny-weeny' fling at the legitimate. It must have been a brief and tiny one, for dramatic companies are not indigenous to Portland and it was probably a case of helping out a 'stock' manager by doing a small part.

What determined Jeanette's career was what she saw on the screen straight in front of the organ console. She reasoned: "Why can't I smile, pout, frown, emote, mince, gallop, make love or register mirth or hate just like those folks?" Remember, she's no ugly duckling. Her friends—and her mirror—told her she was beautiful. Her soft curves, china-blue eyes, and corn-tassel hair seemed 'naturals' for screen registry. Jeanette threw up the certainty of the weekly organ stipend, and went to Hollywood to seek her fortune.

It is characteristic of this small independent Nordic youngster that she did not disdain the very bottom rung, but on her first entry accepted all the extra jobs she could get. It happened that tiny beautiful blondes were very much in demand in Hollywood. Especially were they wanted in the so-called 'horse-operas.' It also happens that Miss Loff as a free Western girl of the 'great open spaces' has a firm seat on a horse and can act natural in the saddle. It thus eventuated that Leo Maloney chose her as leading lady of one of his 'horse-opera' series, i. e., wild Westerns. Small golden blondes look awfully good against rough, black-haired cowboys!

A well-known Pathe director from the De Mille lot saw Jeanette cavorting in one of these affairs, and spoke to the Boss. "She's a comer, I tell you. Just the type we want, and she can act, too!"

They tested her and hired her, and sold Rod La Rocque on the idea of having her as his opposite in *Hold 'Em, Yale!* 'Twas a right cunning idea. You see La Rocque had been suffering the bedevilements and embraces of a torrid little Mex.—(Lupe Velez)—all through a picture entitled *Stand and Deliver*, so to hand him a quiet-mannered and demure little golden beauty as his professional play-fellow in his next picture was really doing him a favor, at which he readily caught.

By the time *Hold 'Em, Yale!* had been completed, Jeanette Loff was quite on her own. She didn't need any artificial propping. She became the inevitable choice for the girl in Rod's next, *Love Over Night*, and now she is playing the featured girl in Pathe's Naval Academy picture, *Annapolis*. They sent her from Culver City to the East to do it. And four other big featured parts are marked out for her. All in a year! Going some, isn't it?

Jeanette Loff is self-contained as a robin. She asks no special favors, and grants none. She has a certain natural sweetness. Neither her real musical attainment nor the fame and pretty clothes with which De Mille Studio showered her, has made her priggish or superior.

Whatever she does or does not do, it is a safe wager that this brilliant newcomer won't be eclipsed (like some of the 'silent stars') by the onrush of synchronous sound into the historic art of movie pantomime.



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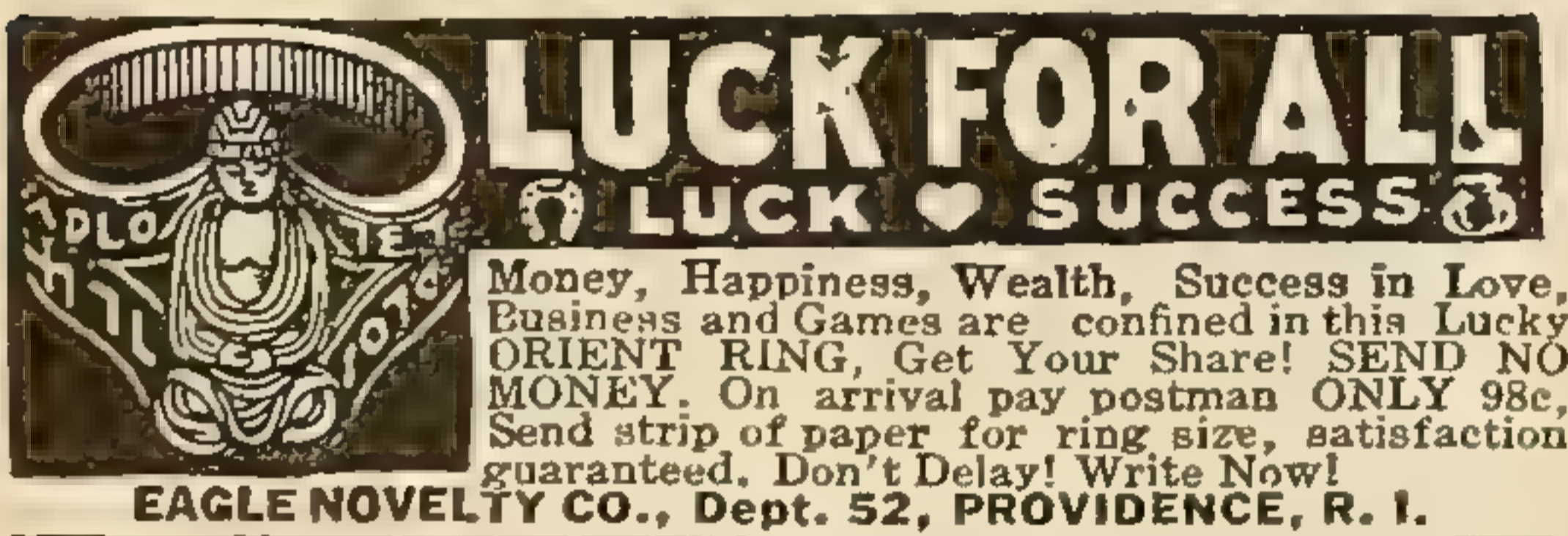
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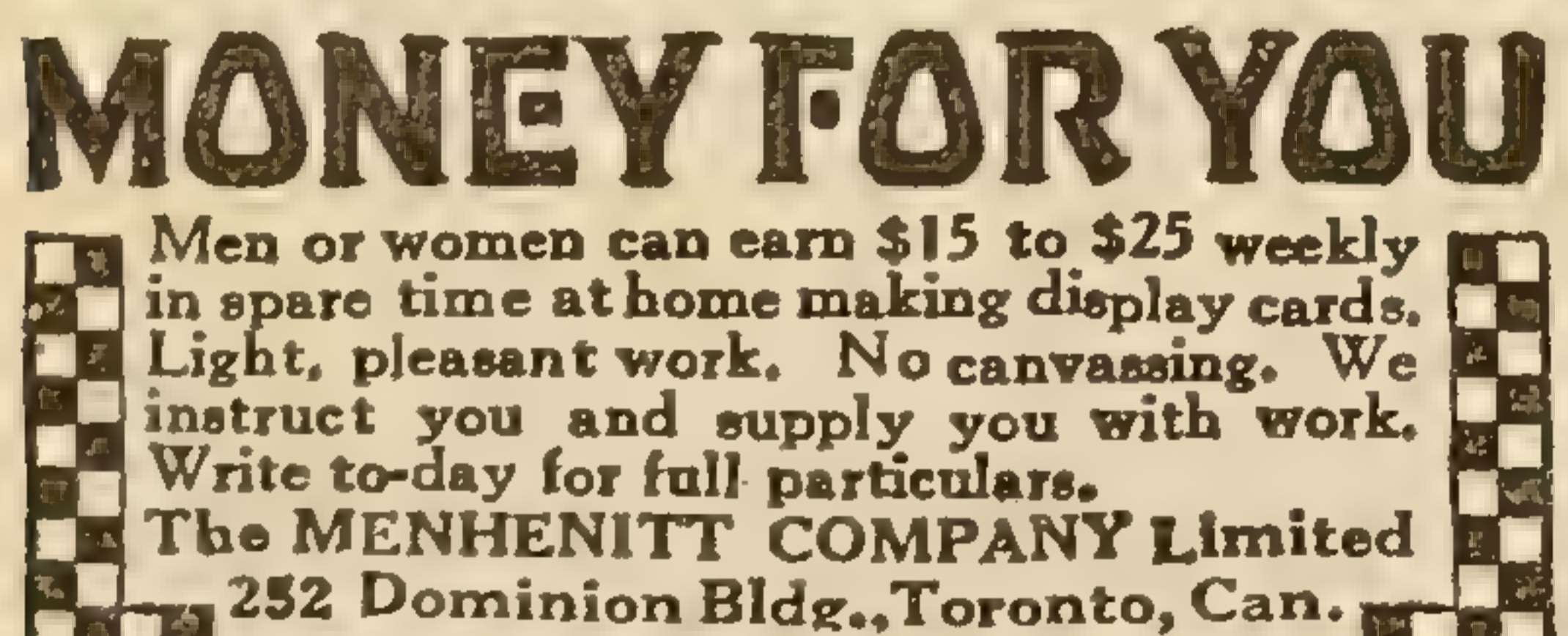
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Grace Kingsley's Gossip — Continued from Page 25

more than compensated by coming over to chat with us, telling us about his own polo ponies and grounds.

"They spent all their time when I was away," he drawled, "keeping my polo grounds in condition, and forgot all about my ponies!"

Jack Holt owns some polo ponies and has wonderful luck with them, having an instinctive knowledge, somehow, of how to care for horses.

The play was very spirited, and two horses had their legs badly wrenched, which made Doris Kenyon hide her face and want to go home but after we learned the animals would be quite all right in a day or two, she consented to stay.

It grew very chilly at the grounds, and we were delighted at the prospect of tea with the radiant May Robson.

May hadn't yet moved into her own cosy home in Beverly Hills, as it had been rented while she was away, so she was staying with Mrs. Jeanette Reid, a wealthy Beverly Hills friend of hers, and there at Mrs. Reid's home we found a lot of interesting people gathered in the drawing-room.

"Miss Robson is exactly the sort of person in real life that she is on the stage," remarked Patsy, "just as full of radiant humanness and hard common sense and bubbling, caustic humor."

We were chatting and Miss Robson told us about a cheap restaurant near a theatre where she had gone to lunch one day when playing recently in the east. She ordered a stuffed pepper, but found it impossible to eat it. She told the waitress, and the waitress grabbed the fork from Miss Robson's hand, jabbed it into the pepper, took a taste, and exclaimed: "My Gawd, dearie, don't you eat a bite of that!"

Marie Dressler was there, and sang two or three songs. She was just getting ready to go back to New York, where she was to aid in a bazaar or something for her pet project, a woman's home in New York for working women, after which she was going to Europe.

Jimmie Borroughs played and sang for us, and so did Franklin Pangborn. "Pang" could be a musical comedy star, I'm sure, if he cared to. He has a most beautiful voice.

A lot of other people drifted in, but we were long overdue at Kathleen's party, and so we bade everybody goodbye, and were on our way.

"THE family album come to life!" exclaimed Patsy, as we met Kathleen and caught a glimpse of all those funny old costumes which she and her guests were wearing.

"Thought very snappy in 1890!" exclaimed Kathryn Perry, as she whirled about so that we could get a good view of her ballroom sleeves, pompadour and long, trailing skirts.

Thereafter we found that Kathryn every so often backed up against a wall and unfastened the hooks on that tight belt of hers. And then of course the very best looking men—including naturally her husband, Owen Moore—had to hook her up again.

"I'm surely glad I didn't live in those days," gasped Kathryn. "However did those women breathe—much less ever get up pep enough to elope with anybody or do anything at all?"

The poor men had to go to all lengths to make themselves look funny, since, as Patsy remarked, "a man's clothes don't

change much. If he adds an inch to the tail of his coat in a decade he thinks he is being terribly radical."

Owen Moore looked very amusing nevertheless in a riding suit with shiny boots, a red, pre-prohibition nose, and cut-away tail coat of the sort that used to be considered smart as a sports coat.

Roland Drew's costume was the most remarked of the men's. He wore a checked coat and vest trimmed in braid, striped trousers and gray shoes with pearl buttons! But he looked awfully handsome, just the same.

Mrs. Tom Mix wore a Gainsborough hat, a tight-waisted, long gown and long embroidered white gloves, which she did not remove even at the dinner table.

Funny old crayon portraits of sternly bearded men and timidly fluffy ladies, wax flowers under glass, worsted "Home, Sweet Home" signs, and other oddities, not to mention "tidies" on the chairs, decorated the place, and the tables were furnished with red check table cloths, "castors" containing vinegar, salt and pepper cruets, and — toothpicks, wooden one, in little glasses!

The menu consisted of chicken pot-pie, large pumpkin pies, pickles and huge layer cakes, all set on the table at once. It was excellent fare, however, and not in the least to be despised, as all the guests seemed to think.

Ike St. John was bartender, and handed out near-beer over a bar. He was dressed all in white, and looked ruddy and jolly.

Mary Ford, wife of Jack Ford, the director, was there, and called our attention proudly to the fact that the bun at the back of her neck was all her own hair.

She told us that Jack was in Spain, but that she was improving the time in his absence by building a den for him as an addition to their home. It is to be entered by means of a secret panel opening from the dining room.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Dillon were there, and Ona Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Tod Browning, and a number of others.

You played roulette if you wanted to, or cards, or danced to the music of a huge music box which you wound up every few minutes if you wanted it to keep on the job.

Kathleen Reynolds is the widow of the late Lynn Reynolds, you know. She used to be Kathleen Collins, and I think she is going back into pictures, though she has a comfortable amount of money.

She looked perfectly darling in a white dress, big pompadour and one of those meaningless meline pan-cake hats stuck right on top of her coiffure.

Roland Drew danced the old-fashioned waltz and the polka with Kathleen and did it very nicely, though I can't think where either could have learned those dances since both are so young.

"That party was the most fun of anything I've seen in a long time," cried Patsy as we left. "Sorry we weren't in costume. I know 'Pang' would love to have gone as Chimmie Fadden!"

"DEARIE, a season of costume parties seems to be setting in with unusual severity!" cried Patsy, as she dashed into my house and laid before me an invitation from Eduardo Raquello to attend a Polish party.

"Polish food, Polish costumes, Polish music, handsome Polish men—what could be sweeter?" she went on.

"You know Blanche Mehaffey is giving a party that same night," I reminded the impetuous Pat.

"Oh, that's all right," said Patsy, "we'll easily make them both."

Lively doings were already in progress, when, escorted by John Davidson, who used to be in pictures with Cecil B. De Mille, but who has been on the stage of late, we entered the circle of light flooding the grounds around the beautiful hillside home of the artist, Eduard Kaminsky, Polish painter, who, with his wife and Raquello, was giving the party.

Estelle Clark, who was in *The Crowd*, you remember, had cooked all the supper herself. You know she is a Polish girl, too, but her name is so absolutely unpronounceable that she had to change it. There were some four courses to the dinner, including some funny little meat balls that have to be sewed up with white thread and which are called golompki, so that one would have thought that Estelle would be tired, but instead we found her gaily dancing with Eduardo Raquello, who, you know, is Polish too.

It was a Polish folk dance, with the partners swinging each other in vigorous fashion for a moment, only to part and circle about in lively steps of their own. Eduardo is very graceful, and the lively Estelle was a fit partner for him.

Both wore peasant costumes, and looked exceedingly handsome.

Carrying out the idea of the costumes, and of the Polish atmosphere, there was straw over the doorway into the dining-room, as though it were a peasant inn, and there was a legend which meant "The Sign of the Red Dog," with a picture of a dog.

The food was served in buffet fashion, and even the soup—called barshtch—was somehow managed in one's lap!

It happened to be Claire Windsor's birthday, but Eduardo had not found it out in time to prepare a cake for her, so Mr. Kaminsky gave her one of his paintings.

"Great luck, I call it," remarked Patsy.

Victor McLaglen after dinner tried to do the Polish dances with Estelle Clark, but didn't manage very well, but Claire Windsor's efforts were happier.



Jack Holt can't decide whether he'd rather play polo or make westerns so he does both.

Louise Fazenda was there and insisted that Eduardo teach her some native words. She learned to ask the question, "Do you speak Polish?" and thereafter asked the question of all the foreign guests in turn, who brightened visibly as they answered "Yes," but wilted again when they saw Louise grin, as they realized that when she got through with her question she was finished so far as the Polish tongue was concerned.

"I've just met the handsomest man I ever saw," gurgled Patsy, as she pointed out to me an Italian actor who lately came into the pictures, Francisco Maran.

There were scores of people, including Mr. and Mrs. George Fawcett, Don Alvarado and his wife, Vera Reynolds, Audrey Ferris, Fritz Ridgway, Carl Laemmle, Jr., Natalie Kingston, Tullio Carminati, Sylvia Quartero, and a lot of others.

Some Polish musicians played their native music, and after dinner Eduardo led us all out into Mr. Kaminsky's studio, where everybody had a try at the dances.

"For a joyous, harmless lot of fun, give me these foreigners!" remarked John Davidson as we sped away.

Over at Blanche Mehaffey's house we found some of Raquello's guests, including Claire Windsor, Don Alvarado and others.

After being greeted by Blanche and her mamma, almost the first person we met was Count de Segurola, who kissed the hands of Patsy and myself, while he told us that all the pretty girls in the world were at this party, and that his "trinity of love was music, women and flowers."

Speaking of flowers he told us how, when he first arrived in California, he had gone to order ten dollars' worth of carnations for Gloria Swanson.

"I asked to see the blossoms," explained the Count, "and they kept bringing them in, basket after basket, until I halted them. 'But I just said ten dollars' worth,' I told the attendants. 'They are for just one lady, and I don't want her smothered.' 'Well, this is ten dollars' worth,' they answered, showing me a whole field of carnations."

We said hello to Sally O'Neil and to her escort, Al Hall, an aviator, who had just taken her up in an airplane that day; and to Ray Hallor, Isabel O'Neil, Mollie O'Day, Buster Collier, Johnny Harron, Ben Lyon, Pauline Garon, Finis and Loris Fox, Hugh Allen, Charles Delaney, Danny O'Shea, Mabel Normand, and a lot of others.

Blanche played the mandolin for us, seated on her sofa comfortably, but that wasn't all the music, since there was a Hawaiian orchestra playing, and you danced if you wished. Or you could play cards in the card room if you liked and could manage to keep your mind off the party!

We didn't find Dolores Costello at her house when we arrived, that night after the opening of *Glorious Betsy* at the new Warner Brothers Theatre in Hollywood, the reason being that she had had to stop and accept the congratulations of so many people on the splendid work she had done in the picture. But her nice, charming mother, and her cute sister, Helene, greeted us.

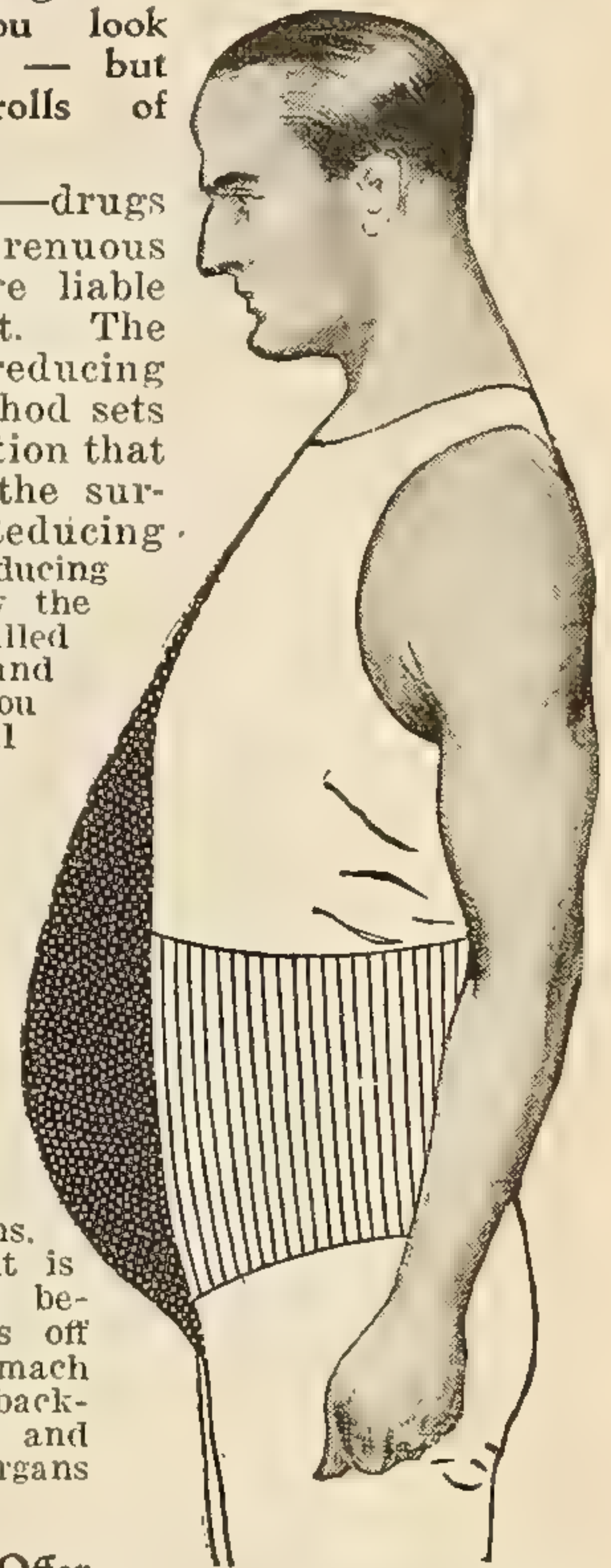
The Costellos live in a handsome house of Italian and Spanish architecture, in a lovely little canyon in Beverly Hills—one of those houses that you come upon unexpectedly all through Southern California, and all the more beautiful because of that same unexpectedness.

Up in Dolores's room, where we went to remove our wraps, we found Mrs. Conrad Nagel, who was very happy over Con-

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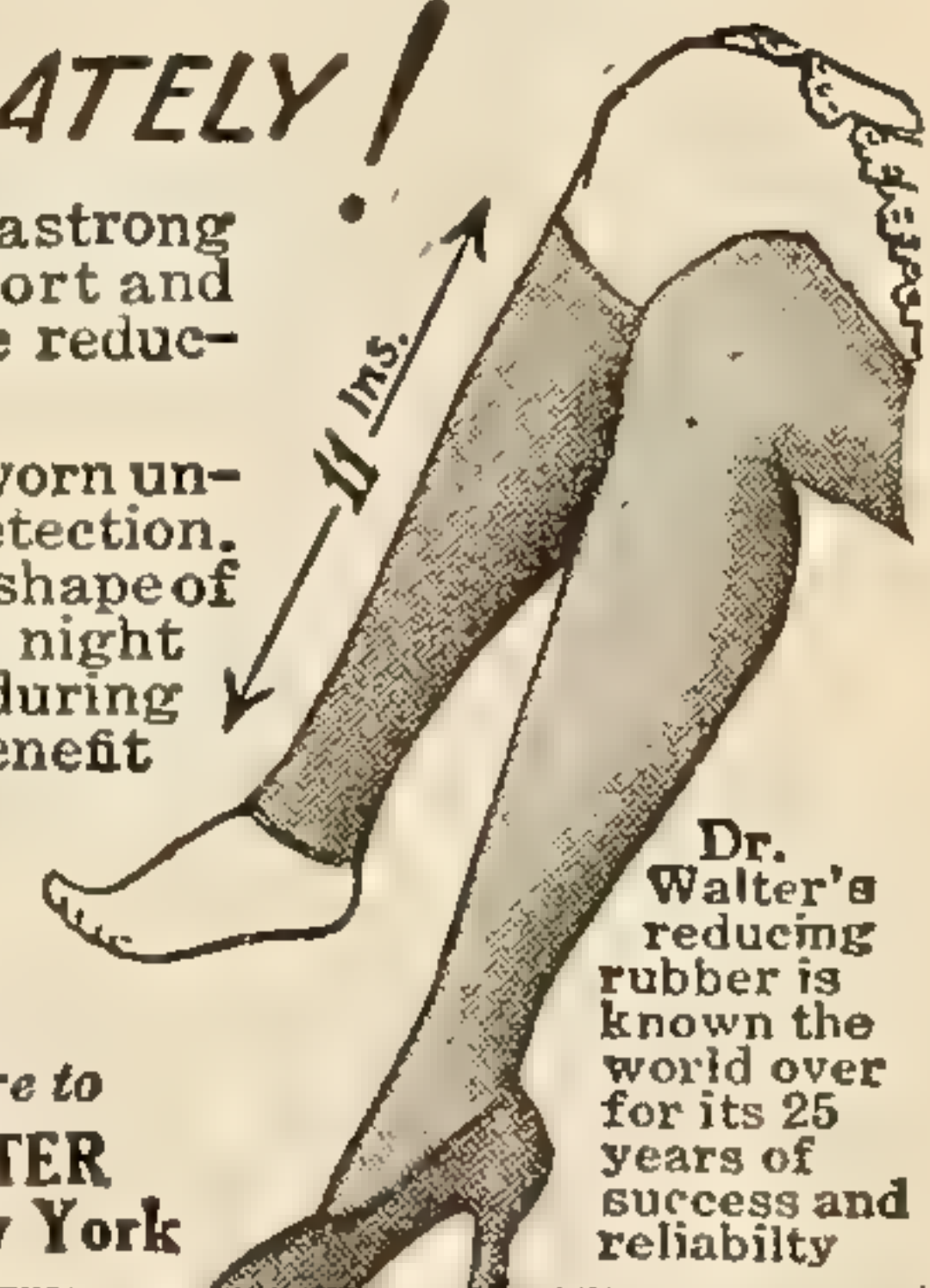
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rad's pleasing work in the picture. She is very pretty, and we asked her if Conrad had wooed her as he did Dolores in the picture, and said that if he did no wonder he had won her.

Arthur Lubin had arrived before us, and was aiding in the receiving. Indeed, Patsy and I confided in each other that Arthur and Helene seemed very much devoted to each other.

Helene always wears black, the reason being, she says, because as a child in the convent their dresses were always black, and she feels uncomfortable now in anything else.

"Personally I suspect," whispered Patsy, "that it is because the color is so becoming to her."

Allan Crosland, Dolores's director, came soon, followed not long after by Dolores, who had managed to get away from her crowd of fans at the theatre. She looked very lovely in a white gown.

We had supper soon in the dining-room, and Patsy spoke of the ethereally beautiful Venetian glass candelabra which adorned the table; but Helene, it seems, doesn't like Venetian glass, and is forever on the point, she told us, of paying the butler to smash it!

Michael Curtiz brought Bess Meredyth, to whom he is engaged, and there were Darryl Zanuck, Virginia Foxe, his wife, and several other guests.

At the theatre we had seen just everybody, including Charlie Chaplin, who had brought—whom do you think?—Florence Vidor!

The Innocents Conquer Hollywood

(Continued from page 17)

charm than one hundred and twenty pounds of experienced allure. Hollywood isn't robbing the cradle. The cradle kids are robbing Hollywood. Shy slips of femininity are capturing most of the fat parts in the big pictures. Extreme youth and unsophistication are in demand. The heroines of Hollywood are no longer 99¾ per cent pure. They are one hundred per cent pure.

The big bets in filmland are girls of twenty or under. The nineteen-year-old Janet Gaynor suddenly startled the world with her passionate portrayal in *Seventh Heaven*. Now a dozen other little girls are in *Seventh Heaven* with her. She encouraged Fox and other companies to search for new talents—new charms—new youth—Innocence!

No longer does Hollywood believe "You must live to act." Now it's "You must act to live." Little girls whose only kicks have come from playing charades in the family parlor back-home, unenlivened by even an occasional game of kiss-the-pillow, are now called upon to portray anguished emotions; and they respond with all the savoir faire of a stock company character woman. Why not? It's just their job. Innocence accepts without asking questions.

Anita Page never suffered—except from a small brother. He used to tease her until she wished she were a great, big movie actress 'way off in Hollywood away from it all. Now she is a movie actress, in Hollywood, but because she is only eighteen she still lives with that small brother and submits to his teasing and to her mother's advice. And likes it. Metro-Goldwyn is going to star Anita soon as

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a reward for being a good girl and a nice little actress in *Our Dancing Daughters*.

"Beautiful as sweet, and young as beautiful, and soft as young, and gay as soft, and innocent as gay"—in other words, Alice and Marceline Day. They were among the first of the wholly-innocents to conquer blase Hollywood. With their mother beside them they stormed the citadel and it eventually fell to the dewy charms of the Day sisters. Now two little Days have snug little contracts and stand a good chance of becoming real movie queens—as long as they retain that girlish complexion. And inasmuch as neither of them uses a speck of make-up except on the lot, it looks as if innocence is safe in Hollywood. But what about Hollywood?

"If ladies be but young and fair, they have the gift to know it." Especially Loretta. This youngest of all Young girls followed her sisters, Sally and Polly Ann, into pictures. Only sixteen, so very young that for the role of the much-loved Simonetta in *Laugh Clown, Laugh* she had to have her little legs padded, she is such a hard worker and so confident the movies hold a career for her that nobody in the world can stop her. And who would?

Once the Ogre of Hollywood ate little girls, they say. Now he pats them on the head and pets them and makes them feel at home. Then he seasons them with sugar and spice and everything nice in the way of good parts and stories and directors, and serves them up to an appreciative public, who love 'em tender and beg for more. That's why there are Wampus Baby Stars—a fresh crop each year.

June Collyer is one of the newest sensations, in her own quiet, lady-like way. June never attended a party unchaperoned in all her nineteen years. The movies claimed her because she was the ideal innocent who had been abroad and made her debut in New York and behaved like a little lady because she is a little lady. June moved to Hollywood to go in pictures, but she saw no reason for changing her mode of life. She has remained quiet and well-bred, on and off the screen. She is an example of the new age of innocence. Her employers know they can count on June not to elope with an electrician, or do the Deauville Dip in public, or dye her hair. Or even if she did—they know she'd do it like a lady.

Once, youth had to be served. Now it helps itself. Look at Lois Moran. She has had everything pretty much her own way since she first went in the movies. No wonder. Lois has everything the movies want. She has Youth—she has real sweetness—she has unadulterated innocent charm. Her favorite indoor sport is a good romp with her little adopted sister, Betty. Lois has been a vegetarian all her life, and she and George Bernard Shaw offer the only argument I know in favor of spinach.

Sally Eilers is just eighteen. Like most pretty, healthy girls of eighteen, she has a beau. She goes to the movies with him and they hold hands. Just a boy-and-girl romance like hundreds of other kid romances that you don't read about. But Sally's little romance has found its way into the papers because Sally is in the movies—and her boy-friend, Matty Kemp, is in the movies, too. Mack Sennett directed this eighteen-year-old girl and nineteen-year-old boy in the love scenes for *The Good-Bye Kiss* and soon saw that his youthful stars were taking his direction seriously. They are young and charming. Hollywood loves a real romance and laughs at imitations. It knows a nice,

wholesome crush when it sees one, which is so seldom.

Most beauty-contest winners never win anything else. Nancy Drexel is an exception. She has won a swell Fox contract. You may have noticed Nancy in *The Escape*, as Virginia Valli's weak sister. In her weakness there is strength. She has the face of a naughty angel, set off by the screen's most reproachful eyes. Nancy always seems to be asking a mean old world how it could possibly be so cruel to just a little bittle girl like her. Nancy will get along. She is eighteen or so—the age when most girls are wondering where their next date is coming from. All that worries Miss Drexel is her next part. If they are all as good as the one she drew in *Prep and Pep* Nancy need look reproachful no longer, but I hope she does. She looks so darned cute.

A nick-name is a sure sign of popularity. It doesn't matter so much what the nick-name is. A girl called "Peanuts", for instance, is almost certain to be a knock-out. Only a corking girl would be called "Peanuts." And so it turned out. A very pretty, pleasing and impish child, playing in the Music Box Revue in Hollywood, earned that nick-name. Everybody liked her, so it was no surprise when she was discovered for the screen and given the lead opposite Buster Keaton in *Steamboat Bill, Jr.* She couldn't be programmed as "Peanuts," so you know her as Marion Byron. And I'm sure you wish you knew her better.

Mary Brian is one of the youngest players in pictures, outside of Our Gang. Mary has been on the screen several years now, having started in *Peter Pan*, as Wendy. Having arrived at the ripe old age of eighteen, Mary has attained the distinction of playing high-school girls, as in *Harold Teen*. Some day she may play a college girl, but that won't be for a long time yet. Mary is just as nice and unspoiled and modest today as she was when she first stepped inside a studio. Next to movies, she likes painting. She paints just about everything except her face. She is really a promising artist in crayon and in oils—not banana. Hollywood has been good to Mary and Mary has been good for Hollywood. She is only one of the many wise, good, and hard-working nymphs of screenland.

If you'll think it over, you'll admit that the Innocents have lasting appeal. There is Mary Pickford, leader of them all. Mary's chief charm is innocence. Fine, mature actress that she is, it is still her girlish wistfulness that strikes home. Lillian Gish has been the chaste heroine of many movie dramas, and she still draws the crowds. They want to see Innocence triumph. May McAvoy, Betty Bronson, and Lois Wilson are always in demand. They know that Innocence pays.

What about the boys? Is it fair to leave them out? A thousand ringing "No's!" Let them in. Come ahead, boys. It's all right. We're decent. Well, then—here they are. And what are you going to do with them now they're here? They flatly refuse to play drop-the-handkerchief, and they say that if anyone yells "Innocent!" at them, they'll go home. All I can say is, there are almost as many fresh boys in Hollywood as there are girls. Consider Charles "Buddy" Rogers. And Nick Stuart. And Barry Norton. And Matty Kemp. And David Rollins. And Ray Hallor. And Rex Lease. And Hugh Allan. All good, clean boys, but don't let them hear you say so.

Hollywood has gone innocent, all right, but it hates to admit it.

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The Newest Picture Girl

(Continued from page 15)

weeks with the company Miss Drexel found herself going through the exit for good without having looked around for it herself.

Then began the same period of storm, stress and straining for recognition that other girls have had to endure—the same period that Miss Drexel would have had to pass through if she had come to Hollywood merely as an unknown lassie without the pomp and circumstance of a beauty carnival. Wars have been fought over scraps of paper that meant just about as much as her certificate of first prize in that contest.

There followed a run of small parts in several Hollywood studios, none of which seemed to realize that they had a prize on their hands. Then finally she got a bit in Emil Jannings' first American made picture, *The Way of all Flesh*. An almost infinitesimal bit it was, but not sufficient to escape the microscopic eye of Winfield Sheehan, vice-president and general manager of Fox Film Corporation. Sheehan, who is instinctively drawn to all youth that has an unaffected, winsome quality, found Miss Drexel striking a responsive chord in him that reverberated in the form of a contract. And since she joined the Fox forces, Miss Drexel has come to feel that beauty contest winners eventually come into their own—provided they work hard enough and forget their earlier front-page glory.

She is at least pleased that she has acquired such an important slice of studio wisdom while she is still young. For she is only 18 years old, having been born on April 6, 1910. You can readily see that Miss Drexel is still at that age where she is quite candid about such birthdays.

She might be even boastful, considering the things that Fox directors, among them F. W. Murnau, are predicting for a miss of her 'teens. But Miss Drexel isn't built that way. Her specifications call for shyness, even diffidence. She speaks in a low, unassuming voice, unlike the fruity voices that suddenly ripen in some players along with their first contract. She is possessed of an almost child-like bewilderment that such an honor as a contract should have happened to her, after the months she spent trying to find a little elbow-room in the various studios.

Yet under that diffident guise this fluffy, golden-haired child has quite a streak of granite determination. She evidenced that in the pertinacity with which she clung to her motion picture career, despite accumulating enough initial rebuffs to discourage a mule. She evidenced this resoluteness still earlier in the stage career that was her first introduction to the cash customers.

Like several stars who have achieved cinema note, Miss Drexel started her professional life as a dancer. This terpsichorean training has been of much benefit to her, as it has to the others, because it has enabled them to snap into a graceful and plastic pose before the camera at the twitch of a director's fingers. She first exhibited this accomplishment as one of the children's ballet in the musical comedy, *The Royal Vagabond*—the show that first put Mary Eaton's twinkling toes at a premium.

After this first taste of stage fame, Nancy's mother decided that she still had quite a way to go before becoming a Pavlova, and in the meantime it would be just as well for her to acquire a good,

working education. But Nancy had other notions which were being carefully and secretly nursed in her small head.

A few years later she heard that Lee and J. J. Shubert were about to revive *Floradora*, and were planning to introduce a juvenile sextette to put new life into the famous high-stepping six. Nancy was quite convinced that she was destined by history to be one of that juvenile sextette.

So she set out to beard the Shuberts in their private offices. She was able to scamper away from family control for two important reasons—her mother happened to be shopping on this day, and her brother was attending the movies.

Little Miss Drexel, dressed in her best, sailed into the Shubert headquarters with the utmost aplomb. Before anyone quite knew she was around, she had slipped past the outer guardians with the eel-like agility of a trained dancer. Before she herself quite knew it, she was in the inner sanctum of J. J. Shubert himself.

Now, J. J. Shubert is quite an awesome person even to some of the most hardened personages of Broadway. Strong men have been known to turn pale and perspire in his presence. Little Miss Drexel, for all her scant dozen years, saw no reason for turning pale, and perspiring would have been unlady-like. It was another instance of the blind courage of youth.

She stated her case firmly but politely—she always believes in being polite to everyone, including producers. And doubtless much to his own astonishment, J. J. Shubert engaged her for the juvenile sextette.

The Shuberts were so captivated by the charming showing which she made in *Floradora* that they engaged her again for their musical version of *Quality Street*. But after that, mother again became active. Nancy had been appearing before the footlights at night while attending school in the day, and mother decided that this double load might harm a growing child—perhaps stunt the girl's growth. And her mother figured that she would rather have a healthy, normal youngster than the most talented of the Singer Midgets.

So Nancy was tied down to her education again. Still she nursed that cosmic urge toward professional life. And when the beauty contest was announced, she felt that Heaven was flinging manna in her lap and it would be positively criminal not to tear off a big hunk. So she entered

—only to find that the manna could turn sour, like other easily plucked fruits.

Perhaps all the while the reader has been wondering just who this Nancy Drexel is, and whether he has ever really seen her on the screen—or whether his eyelashes caught and he missed her brief flitting through *The Way of All Flesh*. No, there hasn't been a mistake. The reader did see her, but in another incarnation. Here's the big secret about Nancy Drexel: her name used to be Dorothy Kitchen.

She was known under that name in all her previous screen manifestations. When she was corralled by Fox, it was decided to change her name to Nancy Drexel, because it was shorter—and the astute producers were foreseeing the day when her name in electric lights might run into money. Also, perhaps, there was a haunting thought that it would be nicer to wipe the slate clean for a girl who had begun her screen career under the dubious auspices of a newspaper beauty contest.

With Fox she played opposite Tom Mix in *The Broncho Twister*, based on a story by Adela Rogers St. John. In this she was pursuing the natural trail that seems to point toward fame for so many of Mix's leading ladies, following in the footsteps of Clara Bow, Billie Dove and Olive Borden. She also received seasoning in the two-reeler class under Gene Forde—and the two-reeler class, it is now being recognized, is one of the most fertile fields for helping budding talent to sprout.

Miss Drexel is regarded by the directors who have handled her to be a natural actress of a high order. In addition, this diminutive player has that other vital requisite for a film fame: she photographs without any worries for the cameraman.

No less a director of discernment than Murnau foresees fine possibilities for her. Murnau's judgment is coming to be regarded as a trade-mark of success in Hollywood, since he picked Janet Gaynor from a print of *Pigs (The Midnight Kiss)*—shipped to Germany, and his direction of her in *Sunrise* added much to the glamorous Janet's standing.

In a similar way Murnau was struck with Miss Drexel's work in her early pictures, and when he was casting for *4 Devils*, his latest picture, this demure miss was one of the first to be tagged for the company.

She plays a role that gives her wide scope for a great exercise of talent, not only emotionally but physically. For she is a trapeze artist in the picture. The grace and dexterity acquired from dancing was of immeasurable aid to her in looking charming while putting drama in the air or tying her supple person into a bow-knot.

She enjoyed her role immensely in *4 Devils*, just completed, despite the fact that it entailed some arduous stunts. She had to report as early as 6:30 on many a morning at the studio, in order to practise her tricks on the flying bars under the guidance of circus experts.

The long hours of drilling and the constant shots before the camera cut her hands with innumerable blisters, and put a strain on her shapely arms. And yet she liked it.

"It's really a lot of fun," she acknowledged toward the close of the picture, "more fun than I've had in a picture in a long while. And I'll be sorry when the picture's over and we can't do our trapeze exercises any more."

She still cherishes a lurking fondness for Broadway. She is much taken with Hollywood, but now and then she feels life won't be complete unless she can pay an occasional visit to Gotham.

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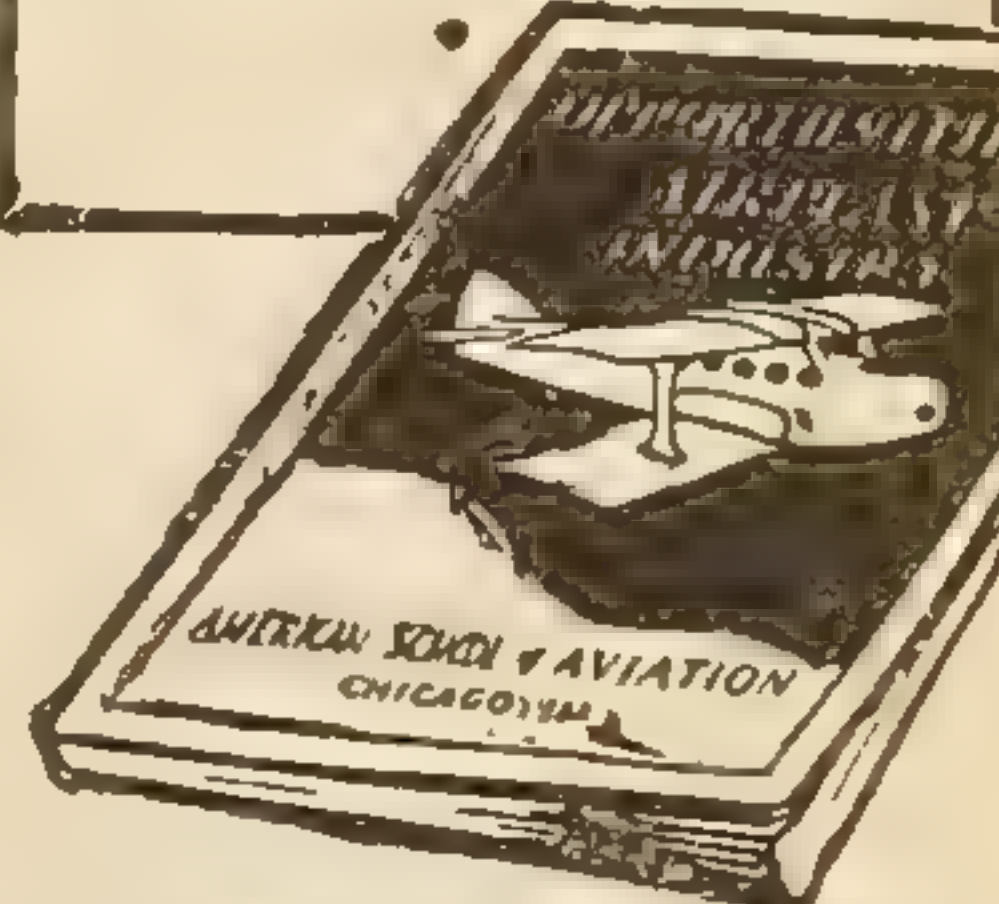
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(See Pages 90 and 96)

The Stage Coach

(Continued from page 65)

of Dreiser or the deftness of Molnar; but we do expect—except in a burlesque—something besides ham dialogue of the Laura Jean Libby period. And we didn't get it.

And there is the case of *The Shannons of Broadway*, recently departed from the shores of Manhattan after a nine months' run. Who wrote it? James Gleason, none less.

Here again Gleason displayed, in the midst of unbelievable gaucherie, an ability to contrive one scene and a smart crack. But it was perfectly possible—indeed the feller on my right did it—to snore soundly through his first act and not miss a thing. Indeed, in spite of the one good scene, we are inclined to think that snoring through the three acts could have been accomplished without a vital loss. Mr. Gleason may have needles of pure gold in his system, but as far as this dyspeptic critic is concerned, he hides them in Woolworthian haystacks. And being constitutionally lazy, we doubt that it's worth the trouble.

The Art of the Astaires

It has long been our contention that all you needed for a hit musical was the Astaires. Of course, we have never denied that music and lyrics by the Gershwins hurt any—but give us the Astaires, especially Adele. Oh, we like Fred, too, but not That Way.

As a matter of fact, we have been That Way about Adele since *Lady, Be Good*. That's a few years ago, but we have been constant. And, in reply to those cynics who don't believe in the Happy Ending, you may have noticed that Adele finally capitulated and was married the other day—to Another Guy.

It is our contention that *Lady, Be Good* was better than their present vehicle, *Funny Face*. But the Astaires are so good that it doesn't matter. We should go to see them in *Abie's Irish Rose*.

Let us, for a moment, consider Adele. She is the grandest of the musical comedy gamins. She has a charm that is like the charm of Gloria Swanson at her best. When she flips a wise-crack, it sounds as though she had just thought of it. And when the situation calls for her to be cute, she is cute, not cloying. When she does a burlesque dance, we defy Queen Mary or President Coolidge not to warm up. We could go on like this, but you get the idea.

Fred Astaire is not the ordinary musical comedy hero, either. The Arrow-Collar man has something on him, and so has the Prince of Wales. Fred's hair, like our own, is not of the varnished brand usually offered; it is, indeed, more or less vanished. But when Freddie starts to dance, all is forgiven.

Watch him putting over a song. Now the songs in *Funny Face* happen to be cued in with the deftness of a bull in the proverbial china shop. Further, Freddie's voice is something less than Jeritza's. What he does after singing a number is to dance it over. Nobody, we venture to say, would go out humming a song after Fred's mere singing of it. Nobody, we believe, can stop humming a song after Fred has danced its rhythm into your blood. And, as an occasional lyric writer, we'd rather have Freddie sing one of our numbers than Jeritza. We think we'd make more money in the end.

The Art of Jed Harris

The scarcity of new shows led us to going to see a try-out of *The Front Page*, Jed Harris' new production. You can, on our guarantee, go to see it. More anon.

Ask Me — Continued from page 4

and James Murray can be reached at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Eleanor, who in private life is Mrs. King Vidor, is enjoying a vacation abroad with her husband. Richard Barthelmess was married to Mrs. Jessica Sargent at Reno, Nevada, a short time ago and after a brief Honolulu honeymoon, will be at work again at First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Only Carol, N. Y. Thanks for your praise of my popular page. My heart is gentle and my bark no worse than my bite, no matter how snappy the lines, if you know what I mean. Elinor Faire and William Boyd have been married about 3 years, I believe, but I haven't the exact date or place. Elinor was born in Richmond, Va., Dec. 21, 1904. William was born in Cambridge, Ohio, in 1898. He will play opposite Lupe Valez in *La Piava* for United Artists, according to current reports.

Whoisit from Inglewood, Calif. You can search me; I know your face but I didn't get the name. William Collier, Jr., was born in New York City, Feb. 12, 1902. He has black hair and brown eyes, is 5 feet 10 inches tall and weighs 150 pounds. His last two films were made at Columbia Pictures Corp., 1408 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. *A Night of Mystery* and *So This is Love*. Shirley Mason and Johnnie Walker were in the cast of the last-named picture with Buster.

Bobby De S. of Spring Valley. You'd like to know 'why Jack Mulhall has to lead in the worst set of pictures released?' But does he? I know several films that could leave Jack's a mile behind but I'm not telling. In well-chosen English, I don't see nothin' wrong with 'em; they're all right with me. Jack was born in New York City, Oct. 7, 1898. He is married to Evelyn Winans. *The Butter and Egg Man* is Jack's latest picture, and no wise cracking on the title. You can write him at First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. My records show that Ricardo Cortez was born in Alsace-Lorraine, France. I don't know his 'off-stage' name, if any; but why worry about that?

Peggy of Taylor, Texas. How can you call me 'your dear Mr. Answer Man' when I always have the last word, and usually the first too? I may answer you in a masterful manner but that is one of my disguises. For the benefit of all fans, I'd like to say, please don't expect an answer to your letters in the next issue, for that's impossible; but you'll see your name in due season. Charles Ray's latest film is *The Garden of Eden*, with Corinne Griffith, produced by United Artists, 7200 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Donald Keith was born in Boston, Mass., in 1903. He is 5 feet 9 inches tall and weighs 140 pounds. Jack Gilbert will be 31 years old July 10. Happy birthday, Jack.

Cutie, Mexico City. So another little Mexican maid has movie yearnings! Well, I wouldn't advise you to go to Hollywood on hope, but I can't help admitting that Mexican beauties are considered very good this season in the film city. Of course Dolores del Rio started it all. This young lady went in the movies at the suggestion of Edwin Carewe, a director who with his company was down in Mexico on a location trip and were entertained at the home of Senora del Rio. She came to Hollywood, made film tests, and almost immediately sprang into fame. I think her first film was *Joanna*—anyway, it was one of her first; and from then on she soared. Of course you have seen her in *What Price Glory?* *Carmen*, *Resurrection*, or *Ramona*. Dolores is now divorced from her Spanish husband, Jaime del Rio, but she says she has no intention of marrying again. She lives with her mother and is wedded to her art. Lupe Velez was discovered by Hal Roach, and appeared in two-reel comedies until she was given the lead opposite Doug in *The Gaucho*. Her second big picture was *Stand and Deliver*, and now I hear she is playing a Parisienne opposite William Boyd in *The Love Song*, for United Artists. Still another of your country-women is Raquel Torres, who has been signed to a long-term contract by Metro-Goldwyn on the strength of her work in *White Shadows in the South Seas*.



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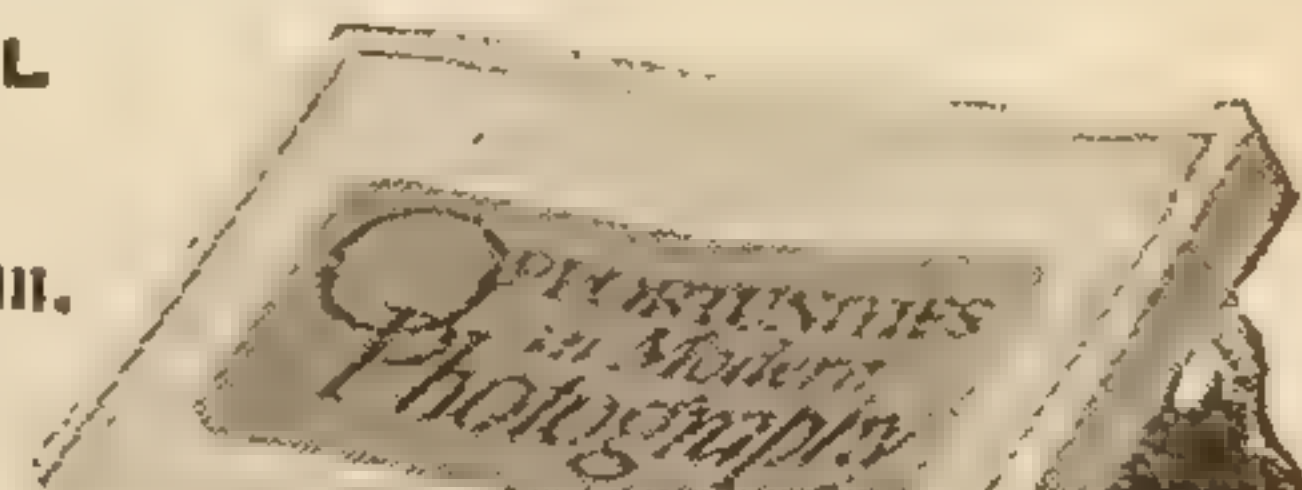
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Marriette of Detroit. You are a great movie goer, are you? At last I've found a shoulder to weep on for we're both doing all we can to keep the howling wolf from the movie doors. Dolores Costello is 22 years old and not married. She weighs 108 pounds. Her latest release is *Glorious Betsy* with Conrad Nagel. Dolores is now working on Warners' big new drama, *Noah's Arc*, with George O'Brien borrowed from Fox to play opposite.

Your Everlasting Admirer, Clifton Heights. That's bravely said and I hope you know what you're talking about; but, Senorita, be moderate in everything, including moderation. James Hall played opposite Bebe Daniels in *Swim, Girl, Swim*. Jimmy is in his 28th year, and is 5 feet 10 inches tall. Bebe is 5 feet 3 1/2 tall and weighs 110 pounds and is 27 years old. Donald Reed is 26. You can address him at First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. He appeared in *Mad Hour*, with Sally O'Neil, Alice White and Larry Kent.

Olivia C. from Baltimore. So you are following the example of other readers of my department by writing to me. That's fine, for with me it's no questions, no job and I'd be forced to go into the movies and I'd rather work. Write to Dolores Del Rio at Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal., and ask for her photograph as we do not send out pictures of the stars. Colleen Moore is 5 feet 3 inches tall. Greta Garbo has golden hair and blue eyes. Ralph Graves has not retired from the screen but is very active

in the picture industry. He often writes the story, directs and acts in the same film. *Reno Divorce* with May McAvoy and *That Certain Thing* with Viola Dana are two of his latest pictures. You can address Ralph at Tiffany-Stahl Studios, 4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Hope M. of Lakewood, N. J. You'll be surprised when I tell you who is to play opposite Greta Garbo in a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer feature, *War in the Dark*. The clear-eyed young gentleman crook who has been leading the movie detectives such a merry chase but reforms in the last reel—you're right, it's Conrad Nagel. How does that combination suit everybody? All right, M-G-M, go ahead and shoot.

Yours Sincerely, Colton, Calif. Another movie fan without a name. I could call you several but space forbids. Here is a call for the F. B. O. Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. Jean Arthur, Lola Todd, Tom Tyler and Bob Custer draw their pay checks from that studio. Vilma Banky is under contract to Samuel Goldwyn Productions, De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal. Patsy Ruth Miller is playing in *Hot Heels* at Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal. Zasu Pitts appears in *13 Washington Square* produced by Universal. May McAvoy recently completed *The Lion and the Mouse* at Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood.

Marjorie C. of Delawanna. No matter where you go, you'll always have Richard Dix's picture with you, because you love it so. Now, that's something to chirp about. News like that will cause many a box-office to take on a fresh coat of paint and get ready for the next Dix release, or words of the same meaning. You ask 'if Richard likes dark or light girls?' You're safe, Marjorie, I think he likes 'em both. His latest film is *Warming Up*. Address him at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. James Hall will be 28 years old Oct. 22. His next picture will be *Hell's Angels*. He is a Paramount featured player, loaned to Fox for *Four Sons* and the aforementioned film in which he plays opposite Greta Nissen.

Helen of Los Angeles. You are a gay little flatterer with your chatter about lovely answer ladies, wonderful department and the thrill you get out of SCREENLAND. Yes, I get a kick out of it too. Clifford Holland was born in Kenosha, Wis. He is 6 feet 2 inches tall and weighs 182 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes. He can be reached at Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal. I believe he is running in single harness but if I'm mistaken, speak up, Clifford, and tell us the lady's name. Grant Withers is not married.

Patsy of Pontiac, Ill. Will I state if Donald Reed and William Haines are married? You bet my bald barber's best hair tonic, I will. That sounds like the 'I will' to the most correct marriage license. Donald Reed is married and has a little son. William Haines has never had the time or inclination to marry. That's the only reason I can think up.

Anxious of L. I. You are not alone, I have my moments when I can't find an apple in the sauce, so cheer up and let's give the apple a big hand. Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks are spending a short time in Europe but you can address your letter to them at the Pickford-Fairbanks Studio, Hollywood. Reginald

Denny is working at Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal. Harold Lloyd can be found at Harold Lloyd Productions, 1040 Las Palmas Ave., Hollywood. Vilma Banky is to have a new leading man, an English actor, Walter Byron, who will be seen with her in the future. Address Vilma at Samuel Goldwyn Productions—De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.

A Little San Francisco Girl. No end of nice things you say about my department but what do you think? They say that silence is golden but who wants to keep still? Louise Lorraine can be addressed at Tec-Art Studios, 5350 Melrose Ave., Hollywood, Cal., where she is at work in Johnny Hines's new film, *The Wright Idea*. Bert Lytell will get your letter at Tiffany Productions, 833 No. Seward St., Hollywood, Cal. Gilda Gray can be addressed at 22 East 60th St., New York City. Claire Windsor and Antonio Moreno are playing in *The Clash* at Tiffany Productions, 933 No. Seward St., Hollywood. Address Viola Dana and Anna Q. Nilsson at F. B. O. Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. Dolores Del Rio is in *The Red Dance* for Fox, and in *Revenge*, for United Artists under the direction of Edwin Carewe.

A Mary Astor Fan, New Orleans. I'm keen about your two-in-one letter. In this age of face-lifting and trying to keep two jumps ahead of our permanent wave, one just can't know all the newest crinkles in stationery, can one? Mary Astor was born in Quincy, Ill. May 3, 1906. She has auburn hair, dark brown eyes, is 5 feet 5 inches tall and weighs 120 pounds. Her real name is Lucille Langhanke. She was married to Kenneth Hawkes on Feb. 23, 1928. Louisiana is represented in the film colony by Leatrice Joy and Robert Edeson, both stars claiming New Orleans as their birth-place.

Anne from Chicago. You've been following my column every month, closely watching your chance to hold me up for some information; that's all right, Anne, if it's only information you want. Marie Prevost is divorced from Kenneth Harlan. Marie has a fine role in Cecil B. De Mille's *The Godless Girl*. You can address her at Pathe-De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal. Joan Crawford is not married. She was born in San Antonio, Texas in 1905. Her real name is Lucille Le Seuer. Write her at Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

A Faithful Reader, Delaware, Ohio. At last I've something to brag about and love it. Another letter like yours and I'll ask for a raise—I may get the air but even that couldn't keep my sense of humor down, for I'd still be your favorite along with Norma Talmadge, Billie Dove, Raymond Hatton and Lindbergh—lucky Lindy. How's that for a sky line? Norma Talmadge was born May 2, 1897. Why don't you send the lovely book you've made that contains all of Norma's screen activities, film reviews, pictures and what not? Aw, go on, be yourself and send it to her. Where is Joyce Compton? That's what I'd like to know. Betty Bronson is 21 years old. Raymond Hatton was born in Red Oak, Iowa, but he doesn't say when. Billie Dove's lovely eyes are dark brown and Miss Vee Dee's are always dodging this or that, sometimes they're blue, oft times black. It depends upon what strikes them.

Variety from Calif. You're safe, Frances; my gun isn't loaded and the hisses and cat-calls from the fans will not be heard, for I won't print a word you said. Now you throw one. *Beau Sabreur* was released in March, 1928. Kathryn Perry was the auburn-haired girl and Dione Ellis the blue-eyed blonde you saw in *Is Zat So?* with George O'Brien. You want to know the names of all the horses in pictures—I'm sorry I can't keep up with all the horses, they're too fast for me.

Blonde Dot, Utica, N. Y. Something tells me your mirror doesn't lie to you, so why should I? Why did Madge Bellamy suddenly turn blonde? If I don't know what to say now, I never will, so let me spell it out on my fingers—Madge knows best, I don't. It is said that Mary Miles Minter is living in Paris and is reported engaged to Joseph Diskay, the Hungarian tenor. Mary is not making any pictures. Conway Tearle has been signed to make two pictures for one of the smaller companies. His latest film was *The Isle of Forgotten Women* for Columbia Pictures Corp., 1408 Gower St., Hollywood, Calif. Marguerite Clark is married and has retired from the screen.

Sunshine of Brooklyn. Just 18 years old, single and still optimistic. That's a good line; hang on, you'll catch something yet. Is John Gilbert a snob? I'll rob the baby's bank if he is! Jack is 30 years old but before you read this, he will have another birthday on July 10. His melting glances and kisses are for screen purposes only so there's a dead line on that. Logan, Utah, is the birthplace of your hero. Address him at Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Ruby of Florida. Where in Tampa have you been not to know all about Richard Dix? He has been in love more times than a cat has lives, and ever tottering on the brink of matrimony on the screen, but Richard always says 'no' in real life. His baseball picture, *Warming Up*, has Jean Arthur as leading lady. Not a restful nap in that film, so shine your nose and powder your shoes and give the diamond a glad hand. Marie Prevost can be reached at Pathe-De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Blue Eyes from Springfield, Mo. Here's the good news about Ronald Colman. He is about to surrender to the screen charms of a fair lady from Paris, a blonde with dark brown eyes, 5 feet 3 inches tall, weight about 115 pounds, and 22 years old. Just another preferred blonde to add to your starry constellation. Meet Ronny's new leading lady, Lilli Damita, a French dancer who has been playing leading picture roles in Berlin. Mr. Colman has been married but is separated from his wife.

Bubbles from Ottawa, Ont. Clara Bow may be a 'peach' at jazz but I've never stepped out with her so we've both missed something. *The Heart of a Follies Girl* was a Billie Dove release with Larry Kent playing opposite. Clive Brook plays with Billie in *The Yellow Lily*, and what could be grander, more ultra-ultra than that, I ask you? Lloyd Hughes is married and has a young son. Lloyd has brown hair and gray eyes.

Mae of the Great White Way. I'll look for you when next I hit the trail, for I'd know your face any place. You think



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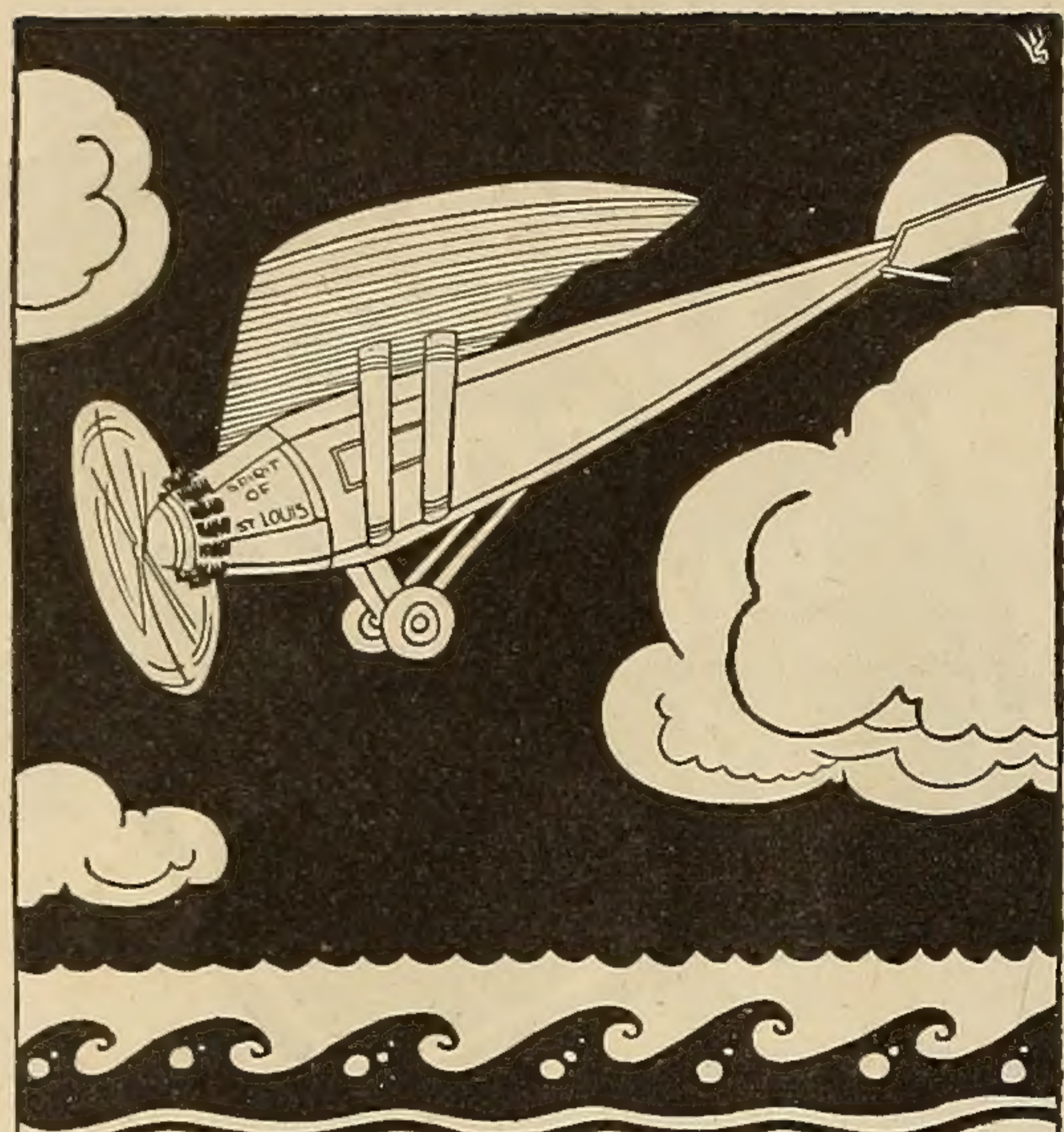
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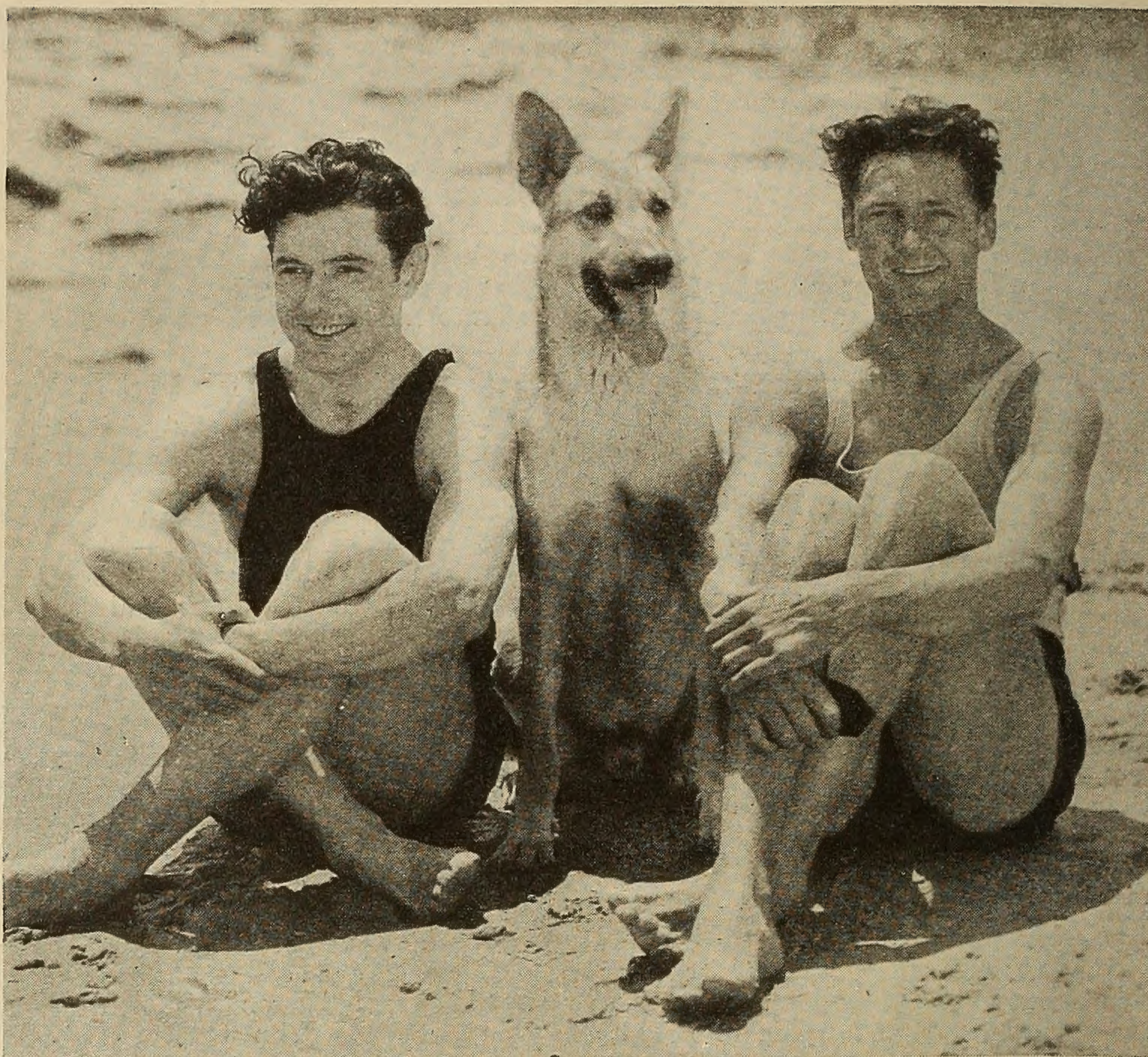
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☞ Why the girls of Santa Monica can never seem to learn how to swim—I mean they honestly can't: John Mack Brown, Flash, and Charlie Farrell.

Malcolm McGregor is the real thing, do you? Joan, his 7 year old daughter, thinks so too. You can address him at 6043 Selma Ave., Hollywood, Calif. Alberta Vaughn plays with William Boyd and Sue Carol in *Skyscraper*, and is back with F. B. O. starring in a series of two-reelers.

So Long Theresa, Newton, Mass. So you're the girl who never goes home from the movies. What a life. Your letter was a bundle of happy surprises. Your friend's sister's boy friend looks a lot like Billy Haines and that's no joke, but who wants to? Alice Day plays with Billy in *The Smart Set*. His next film is *Show People*, opposite Marion Davies. This wise-cracking chap, who comes from Virginia, suh, was born Jan. 1, 1900. He is 6 feet tall and weighs 172 pounds and has brown hair and eyes. I'm telling you about William Haines, not the boy friend. You ask do I send pictures of myself to any of my writers? If I did, my career would be cut short and I favor the — well, so long Theresa.

Keitha, Findlay, Ohio. Will I care if you write me again? Go on, try it and see if I care. Norma Talmadge played with Ronald Colman in *Kiki*. Bebe Daniels is 27 years old, so take off the extra 8 you've added and let Bebe be her age. May Allison was born in Georgia but I don't know when. She began her picture career in 1915 but hasn't made any films for some time, I believe. She has golden hair and blue eyes, is 5 feet 5 inches tall and weighs 125 pounds. The latest is that Miss Allison has turned author and will write stories for Fox Films.

The Novak from Detroit. Your letter gave me no end of a thrill. I feel like joining your clan. Hoot, mon, hoot! You expect to get results with your two cents when you write to the stars for photos,

don't you? Take it or leave it, you're not going to waste another fortune on John Barrymore and Vilma Banky. Thanks for the timely suggestion about adding a Bee to my name but I refuse to get stung. How can I give you a brief outline of Evelyn Brent and all her relations, take a jump and skip a paragraph, but keep right on and not miss anything? What is this, a game of hop-scotch? Evelyn was born in Tampa, Fla. She is 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs 112 pounds. Her eyes and hair are brown. She has been in pictures for a long time but the past two years have given Evelyn good breaks, *Underworld*, *Beau Sabreur*, and *The Last Command*, films that have put her on the top of the ladder. Alice Day is playing in *Phyllis of the Follies* at Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal. You will find Alberta Vaughn's address elsewhere in this department.

A James Murray Fan, Auburn, Me. When others fail, you turn to me, do you? Here is a case for an M. D., not Vee Dee, but I'm a good loser so thanks for the well-meant flattery. James Murray was born in New York City, Feb. 9, 1901. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 178 pounds and has light brown hair and green eyes. He played with Lon Chaney, Marceline Day and Betty Compson in *The Big City*.

H. I. of Hegewisch, Ill. You're right, Helen, this country is not going to ruin, it's going to the movies. You can write to John Mack Brown at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Rex Lease is a free-lance player. He is appearing in a Rayart picture, *Phantom of the Turf*, with Helene Costello and Forrest Stanley. June Collyer's real name is Dorothea Heermance. She was born in New York City, Aug. 17, 1907. She plays with Nick Stuart and Ben Bard in *Me Gangster*, a Fox production.



*At play or at work on the set . . .
 admiring eyes follow the lovely
 blondes of the screen . . .*

America's own fair beauties. Gorgeous creatures with golden tresses from Britain, Scandinavia and the Continent, thronging Hollywood, its boulevards and gathering places.—the stars of the silver screen. As they dance or golf, heads turn and eyes follow for off the set or on, they form the center of attraction.

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A bottle of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash is kept close at hand.—At intervals applications are made and golden hair lives on in all its glory and vigorous youth. Just the

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It is easy to use—no skill is required although hundreds of hairdressers, especially New York's famous French hairdressers, have known and recommended Marchand's for years. It is not a dye—results are secured quickly and evenly, and are not effected by washing or shampooing.

If your hair has already begun to darken, Marchand's Golden Hair Wash will safely restore its natural beauty.—Don't let it go. Write today for a copy of "The Care and Treatment of the Hair" which will be sent free of charge. It contains REAL information. Fill in name and address below and mail to Dept. C., Chas. Marchand Co., Candler Building, New York.

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