

SCREENLAND

JUNE, 1927

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Harold Lloyd
has a
PART
or
YOUR
DOG

SCREEN HINTS
on
How to
make
LOVE

♡
"BROTHERS"
by
Jim Tully



MARIE PREVOST, Painted by Jay Weaver

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your breath away*



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and laughs!
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laugh day when
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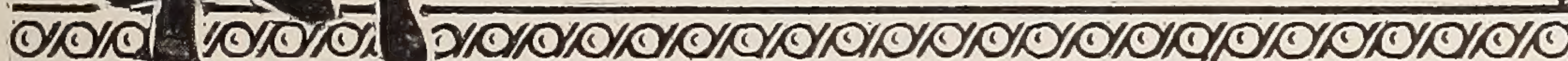
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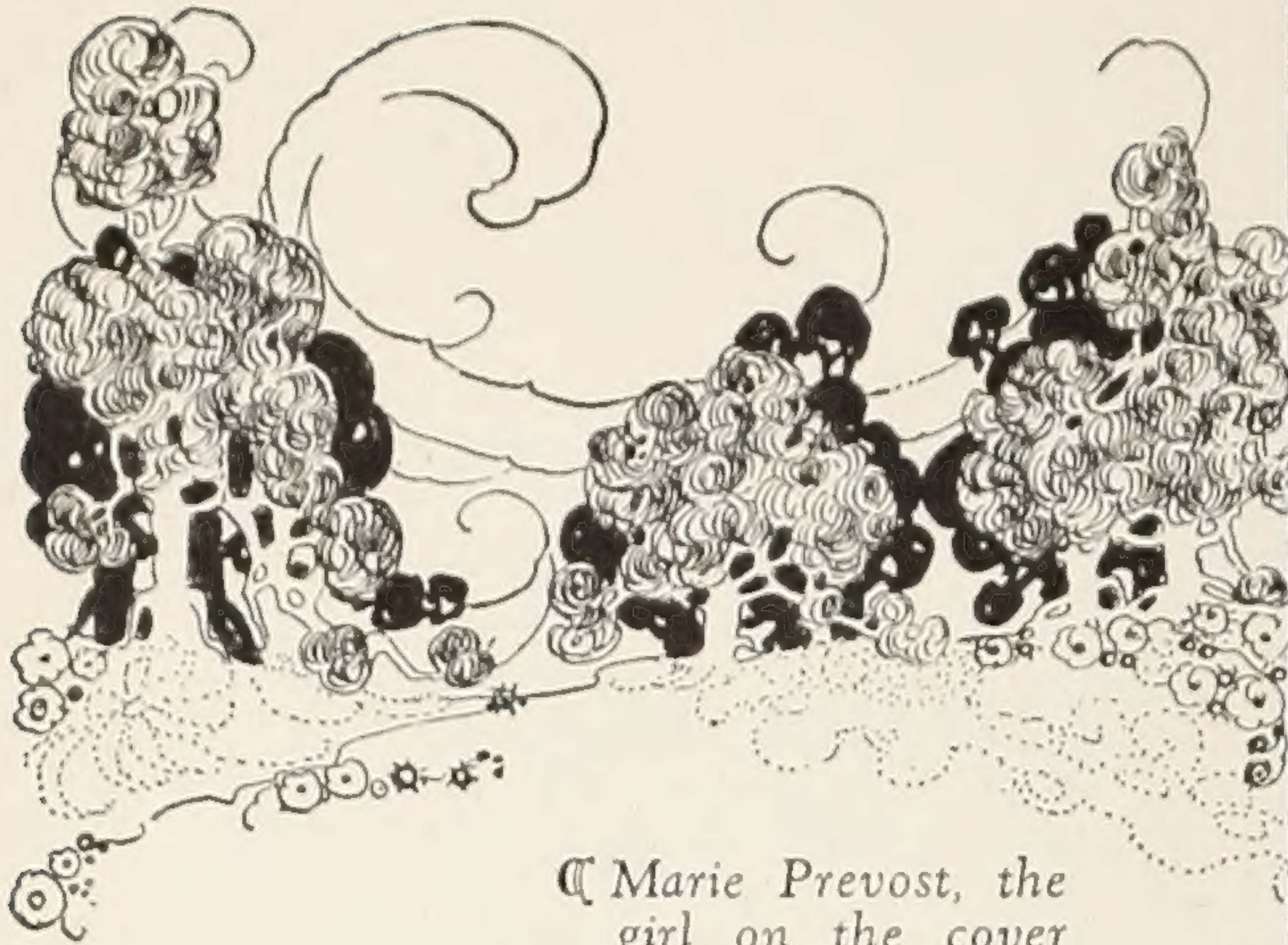
Ask at your local Theatre when it will be shown.



Pathépicture

TRADE MARK





Marie Prevost, the girl on the cover and her "wind blown bob".

M. CASA

SCREENLAND

Title Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

June, 1927

"The Spirit of the Movies"

VOL. XV, No. 2

Eliot Keen, Editor

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Walter G. Springer, Publisher

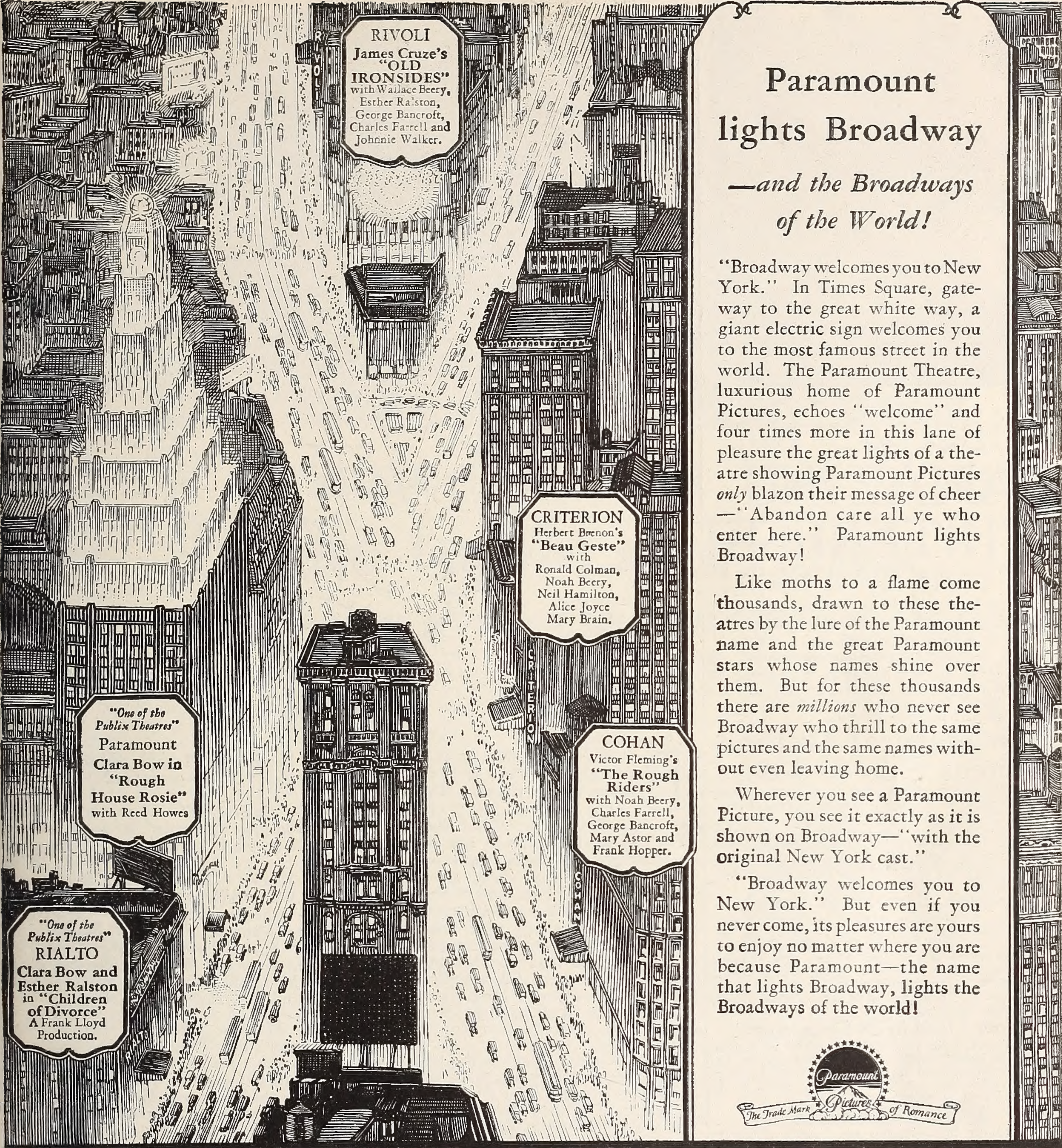
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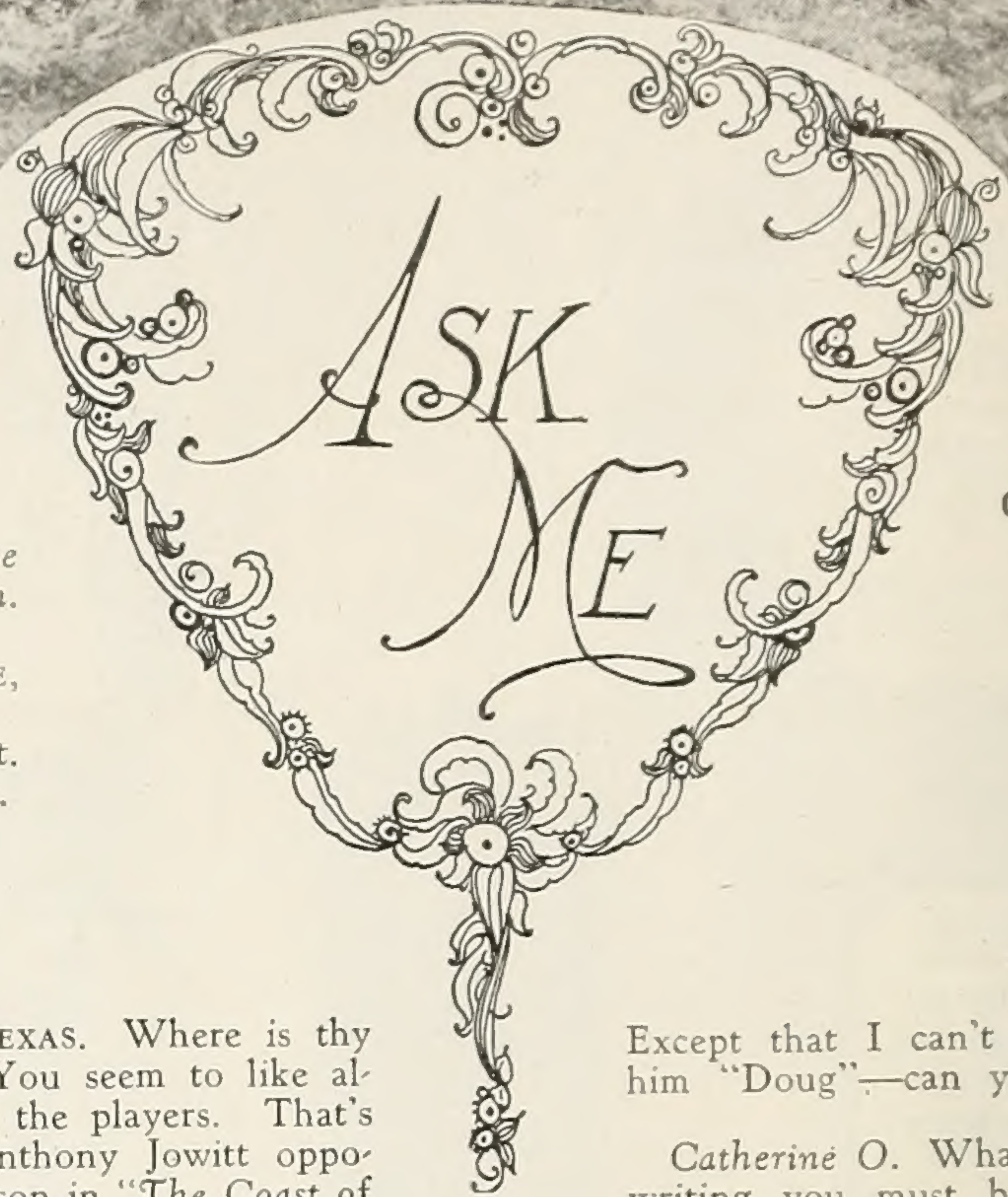
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Will you try this amazing treatment? Test it to whiten hands, face or neck. Apply in three minutes at bedtime. See what a remarkable improvement just three days make. Send no money—simply mail coupon. When package arrives pay postman only \$1.50 for the regular large-size bottle. Use this wonderful cosmetic six days. Then, if not simply delighted, return it, and I will refund your money without comment. Mail coupon today to (Mrs.) GERVAISE GRAHAM, 25 W. Illinois St., Chicago. (Canadian address: 61 College St., Toronto)

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Name.....
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City and State.....



An Answer Page
of Information.
Address:
MISS VEE DEE,
SCREENLAND,
49 West 45th St.
New York City.

Q Victor McLaglen asks as he rests on his honors—"What price glory, now"?

BEE OF TEXAS. Where is thy sting? You seem to like almost all the players. That's fine. Anthony Jowitt opposite Gloria Swanson in "The Coast of Folly". Dorothy Sebastian was born in Birmingham, Alabama, not so very long ago; let's say about twenty-two years ago, and see what Dorothy will say. Greta Nissen is a decided blonde; one of the beautiful pure Scandinavian types of beauty. She isn't married or engaged. I can't send you her picture but perhaps Greta can. Address her at Paramount Studio, Astoria, Long Island, N. Y. I believe her brother, Eric, acts as her secretary.

Nelda, Kansas. Yours is the kind of letter I like—especially the part where you say I seem nearer to you through my pages in SCREENLAND than the stars. Of course you mean the studio stars; I understand. Thank you. Ronald Colman was married to Thelma Ray, an English actress; but they are divorced. Richard Dix isn't married and never has been, although Richard is reported engaged regularly. Dix works at Paramount's Astoria Studio. And how.

Gerry. Yes—Douglas Gilmore is now with Paramount and works at the Lasky Hollywood Studios. You probably did see him on the stage; he first played the reporter in "Lightnin'" with Frank Bacon; then he was Elsie Ferguson's leading man in "The Varying Shore"; with Helen Hayes in "We Moderns"; and in "Top Hole". Metro-Goldwyn sent him to California, where he played in "Paris" and "The Taxi-Dancer", both with Joan Crawford; and also on the stage in "White Cargo". Now he's devoting himself exclusively to the films. Born in Chicago and educated at the University of Chi. And I can't think of another thing to tell you about Douglas.

Except that I can't imagine calling him "Doug"—can you?

Catherine O. What a lot of letter-writing you must be going to do. I'm game if you are. Here goes. Evelyn Brent, Clara Bow, Bebe Daniels—Lasky Studio, Hollywood, Cal. Sally O'Neil, Conrad Nagel—M-G-M Studio, Culver City, Cal. Alberta Vaughn, F. B. O. Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. Laura La Plante, Universal Studio, Universal City, Cal. Madge Bellamy, Fox Studio, 1400 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

La Marquise Forever! Aren't you emotional! Sic Transit Gloria Swanson, whatever that means. Keep your eyes open for your idol; after her long sojourn in the east she has returned to your dear California to make pictures for six months. "Henry"—or la Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudraye—went along, of course. This noble pair is as devoted as ever. For "The Love of Sunya"—don't you know yet that Gloria is now a United Artists star, having left Famous Players far behind? And that reminds me—Gloria's former bosses have decided to change the official name of their famous organization to Paramount-Famous-Lasky—just to give this poor Answer-woman a little more work, maybe.

Jello. Where did you ever get the idea that John Gilbert is retiring from pictures? Can't a poor star—poor, comparatively speaking you understand—indulge in a little attack of appendicitis once in a while? Jack left the M-G-M Studio for several weeks' rest after his illness—believe he dashed up to Canada; but he is back on the "lot" now making "Twelve Miles Out". A nice, thirsty title, isn't it?

Court Jester. So you consider me the



They Grinned When the Waiter Spoke to Me in French

—but their laughter changed to amazement at my reply

WE had dropped into Pierrot's for dinner — Pierrot's, that quaint French restaurant where the waiters speak nothing but French. Jack Lejeune, who boasted a smattering of French, volunteered to act as interpreter.

"Now tell me what you want to eat," announced Jack grandly, after we were seated, "and I'll 'parley' with the waiter."

With halting French phrases and much motioning of hands, Jack translated our orders to the waiter. Finally Jack turned to me.

"What's yours, Fred?" he asked.

"Virginia ham and scrambled eggs," I replied.

Jack's face fell. He knew that my order would be difficult to translate into French. However, he made a brave effort.

"Jambon et des———et des———" but Jack couldn't think how to say "scrambled eggs." He made motions as if he were scrambling eggs in a frying pan, but the waiter couldn't get what he was driving at.

"I'm afraid you'll have to order something else, Fred," he said finally. "I can't think of the word for 'scrambled eggs.'"

Everybody smiled — everybody except me. With great ceremony I beckoned to the waiter. "I'll explain my order to the waiter," I said. A chuckle ran around the table.

"Fred can't speak French, can he?" I heard a girl whisper to Jack.

"No—he never spoke a word of French in his life," came the answer. "But watch him. This will be funny. He'll probably give an imitation of a hen laying an egg."

A Tense Moment

The waiter addressed me. "Monsieur a fait son choix?" he asked.

There was a pause. All eyes were on me. I hesitated—prolonged the suspense as long as possible. Then in perfect French I said to the waiter: "Oui. Donnez-moi du jambon aux oeufs brouillés—jambon de Virginie."

The effect on my friends was tremen-

dous. The laughter stopped. There were gasps of amazement. In order to heighten the effect, I continued for several minutes to converse in French with the waiter. I asked him all sorts of questions—what part of France he was from—how long he had been in America, and many other queries. When I finally let the waiter go, everybody started firing excited questions at me.

"Fred! Where did you learn to speak French like that?" "Why didn't you tell us you could talk French?" "Who was your teacher?"

"Well, folks," I replied, "it may sound strange, but the truth is I never had a teacher. And just a few months ago I couldn't speak a word of French."

"Quit your kidding!" laughed Jack. "You didn't develop that knowledge of French in a few months. I thought it took years to learn to talk like that."

"I have been studying French only a short while," I insisted. And then I told them the whole story.

How I Learned French Without a Teacher

"Did you ever hear of the House of Hugo?" I asked.

Jack nodded. "That's that famous Language Institute over in London, isn't it?"

"Yes," I replied. "They've been teaching languages for over a century. Thousands of Europeans have learned foreign languages in a surprisingly short time by their 'at-sight' method."

"But what's that got to do with your learning French?" asked Jack. "You haven't been over there taking lessons from the House of Hugo, have you?"

"No, I couldn't go to the House of Hugo, so the House of Hugo came to me," I replied quizzically.

My Friends Look Startled

"Here's what I mean," I said. "The authorities of the House of Hugo got together recently and decided to condense their knowledge of language instruction—their experience in teaching French—the secrets of their wonderful method into a course of printed lessons—a course which anyone could study at home."

"This course turned out to be the most ingenious method of learning French ever devised. It was simply marvelous. It enabled people to learn French in their own homes, in an incredibly short time."

"I can scarcely believe it myself, but just a

few months ago I didn't know a word of French. Now I can speak and understand French when it is spoken to me. And I didn't study much—just a few minutes a day. There were no laborious exercises to do—no tiresome rules—no dull class-room drills. It was actually fun learning. Everything was so clear, so simple, so easy. Honestly, the Hugo 'At-Sight' French Course is the most remarkable thing of its kind I have ever seen!"

Try It 5 Days FREE

This story is typical. You, too, can now learn French at home—quickly, easily, pleasantly—just as thousands of others are doing by the celebrated Hugo "At-Sight" Method. Twenty-four fascinating lessons, carefully planned. The most ingenious method of learning French ever discovered. Whole generations of language-teaching experience in all the leading European cities are behind this French course.

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No money is necessary now. We shall be glad to send you the complete course FREE FOR 5 DAYS so that you may see it and judge it for yourself. Within the free examination period you have the privilege of returning the course without cost or obligation, or keeping it as your own and sending only \$2 as a first payment, and thereafter \$2 a month until the full price of \$12 has been paid.

You are the judge. Simply return the course within 5 days if you are not fascinated and delighted with it. If you act promptly, a valuable French-English Dictionary, containing 45,000 words, will be included without additional cost.

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American Representatives of Hugo's
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Over-fat people suffer a handicap, today more than ever. People know that obesity is largely due to a gland disorder. Exercise and diet, carried to extremes, may correct the result for awhile. But the right way, the easy way, is to correct the cause.

That way is Marmola Prescription Tablets. They are based on many years of scientific research. They act to correct the cause of excess fat. No abnormal exercise or diet is required.

Marmola has been used for 19 years. The use has grown, by users telling others, until people now are taking a very large amount.

You can see the results wherever you look. You can learn them from your friends, if you will. Excess fat is not nearly so common as it was.

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The Pleasant Way to Reduce

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Forever!**

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I enclose \$1.00 for a package of NU-ART and understand you will also send me without charge, as a special offer, a large jar of NU-ART Massage Cream and a six months supply of Antiseptic Astringent.

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Address _____
City & State _____

queen of all answer ladies? Well, I should hope so; I'm the first and, as far as I know, the only one. Lillian Gish's films for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer have been, in order of their release: "La Boheme", "The Scarlet Letter", "Annie Laurie", and, now in the making, "The Wind". Miss Gish will, sometime in the future, appear in the screen version of Channing Pollock's war drama, "The Enemy". Lillian isn't married; and she has never confided her salary to me, one way or another; but I hear it's somewhere in the neighborhood of ten thousand a week—and a very exclusive neighborhood, too. Don't we wish we lived there?

Rose Marie. Don't you go singing that Love Call around Richard Arlen or you may hear from Jobyna Ralston. She's now Mrs. Arlen, you know. Richard's real name, I think, is Richard Van Mattiford. He's under contract to Famous Players and is seen in "Wings" and perhaps in "Rolled Stockings", although both Buddy Rogers and James Hall are also mentioned for the latter lead. Jobyna left the Harold Lloyd company upon completing "The Kid Brother" to sign with Paramount-Famous-Lasky. The new Mrs. Arlen is Eddie Cantor's leading lady in "Special Delivery".

Alhambra, Cal., Fan. So your chum lives on the hill across from Tony Moreno? I suppose, being a good little fan, you find lots of excuses for admiring the view from her front porch. Tony is married to Daisy Danziger; they have returned from Europe where he made "Madame Pompadour" opposite Dot Gish.

Audrey. So it took an actor from Eng-

land to work up your enthusiasm for leading men. Well, Clive Brook is stimulating I'll admit, in his own quiet charming way. He's married to Mildred Evelyn, formerly an actress in England; they have two small children. He was born June 1, 1891. Clive will next be seen in "Underworld"—the rôle Ricardo Cortez was to have played opposite Evelyn Brent. Ricardo, incidentally, has signed up with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for the lead in "Anna Karenina", according to latest report.

V. M. D., Cleveland. Fred Thomson is coming ahead by leaps, bounds, and hurdles—on Silver King. It's Fred's real name, and also Silver King's. Fred is all-American. He's a champion athlete, college graduate, war hero, and his hobbies are Mrs. and Master Thomson, Silver King, all outdoor sports, and the Boy Scout movement. A regular scout—you said it.

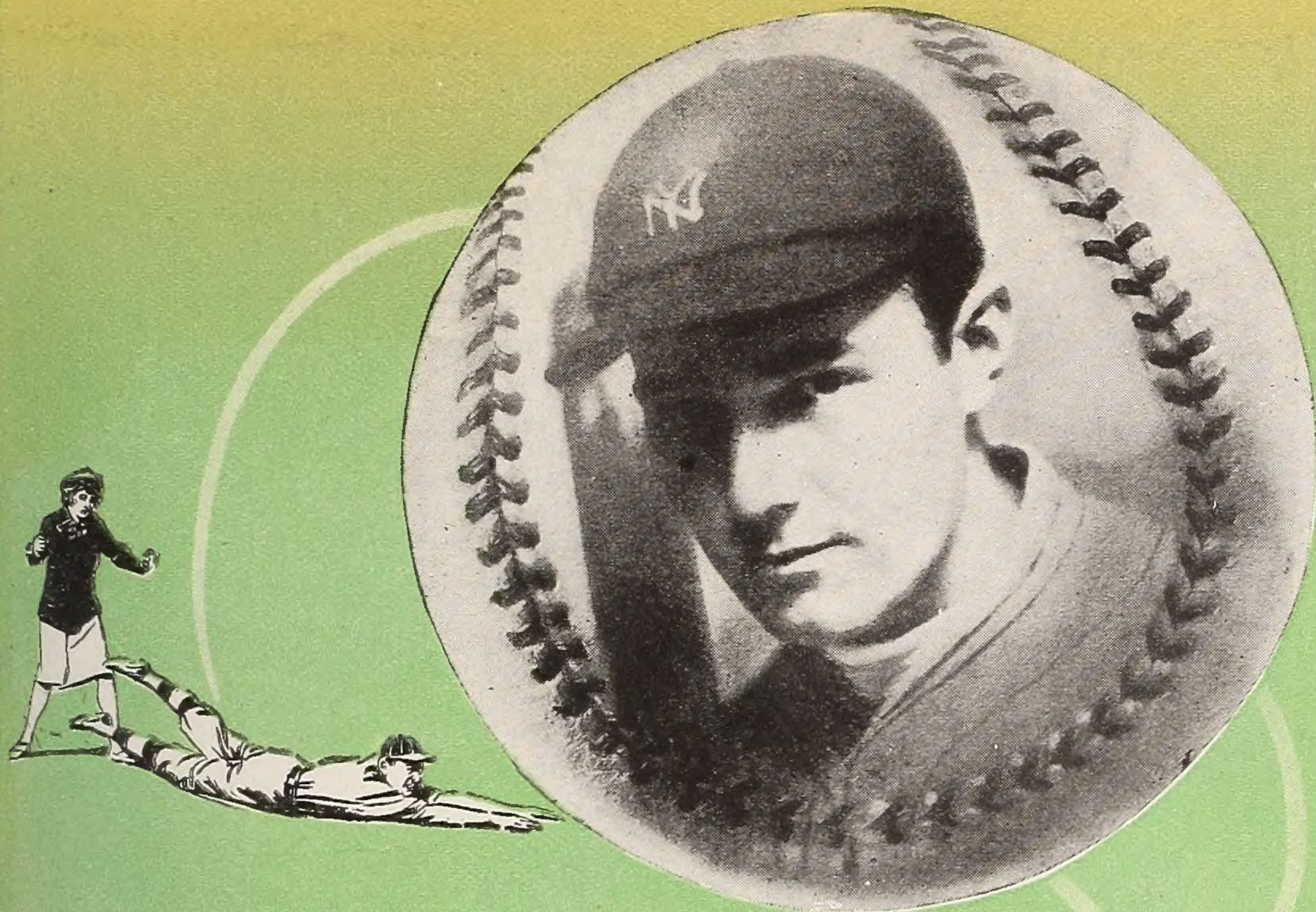
Anxious Anastasia Reilly Fan. What are you so anxious about? The young lady in whom you're so much interested seems to be doing very well, thank you, as one of the leads in a musical comedy called "Yours Truly", now running in New York, with Leon Errol starring. Miss Reilly has never made any film appearances that I have any record of. But she is playing at the Shubert Theatre, New York, if that will help relieve that anxious feeling.

Mary Margaret. Patricia Avery has been called the "Wampas Baby Bride" lately because it was discovered that she has been secretly married for almost a year to Merrill

(Continued on page 104)



☞ "Dynamite", Universal's canine star, is making "Fangs of Destiny" supported by Edmund Cobb and Betty Caldwell. Francis Ford at the megaphone.



WILLIAM HAINES in SLIDE KELLY SLIDE

LISTEN to that roaring grand stand,
SPRINGTIME'S here, Oh boy!

BASEBALL, romance, love and laughter

REMEMBER William Haines in "Brown of Harvard"?

THAT was one glorious football picture!

AND now this happy, handsome star appears in

THE epic picture of the great National pastime

WITH lovely Sally O'Neil and — wow!

MIKE Donlin, Tony Lazzeri, and the

MEUSELS (Irish and Bob) themselves.

FOLLOW the crowd!



Slide Kelly Slide

With WILLIAM HAINES, SALLY O'NEIL, HARRY CAREY

An Edward Sedgwick Production

An original screen play by A. P. YOUNGER

Titles by JOE FARNHAM

Directed by EDWARD SEDGWICK

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

"More stars than there are in Heaven"



Where are eyes the keenest?

North, South, East, West?

These rare prizes will decide it!

WHAT a difference there is in eyes—and between merely looking at things and actually seeing them. Thousands of people miss half the enjoyment M-G-M pictures could give them. They do not *see*—and, of course, can't remember—anywhere near all that producers put into settings and players into their characterizations.

Here's a test that'll help you discover how keen your eyes are. If they're as sharp as we hope, they'll win one of our prizes for you! Send us your answers to the six questions below. The possessor of the keenest woman's eyes shall receive the favorite "Aileen Pringle" choker necklace. The sharpest male optics will win the silver-topped "Lew Cody" cane used in "On Ze Boulevard."

To the 50 next best, we'll give our favorite portraits specially autographed. Luck and keen eyes to you all—North, South, East, West!

(Signed)

Filson Dingle
Lew Cody

Here are the six questions!

- 1** In what recent M-G-M picture does Lon Chaney play the role of a son, a father and a grandfather?
- 2** With what type of picture has Reginald Barker been long identified?
- 3** Give your estimation of William Haines' work on the screen with particular reference to "Slide, Kelly, Slide." (Not more than 50 words.)
- 4** What M-G-M picture has for its background the Citizens' Military Training Camps?
- 5** Name six M-G-M pictures which will be shown at your local theatre in 1927. Give name of theatre and manager.
- 6** In what M-G-M picture does an imaginary island figure and what was the name given it?

Write your answers on one side of a single sheet of paper and mail to **Competition Editor, 3rd Floor, 1540 Broadway, New York.** All answers must be received by May 15th. Winners' names will be published in a later issue of this magazine. **NOTE:**—If you do not attend the pictures yourself you may question your friends or consult motion picture magazines. In event of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded a prize identical in character with that tied for.

Winners of
the Joan Crawford Contest of March:
HARRY D. BROWN, Mayor
Gillispie, Illinois
SADIE M. MOORHOUSE
815 Pacific Ave., Osawatonic, Kansas

SCREEN NEWS FROM *Broadway*



Freckles

Secretly and Quickly Removed!

YOU can banish those annoying, embarrassing freckles, quickly and surely, in the privacy of your own boudoir. Your friends will wonder how you did it.

Stillman's Freckle Cream bleaches them out while you sleep. Leaves the skin soft and white, the complexion fresh, clear and transparent, the face rejuvenated with new beauty of natural coloring.

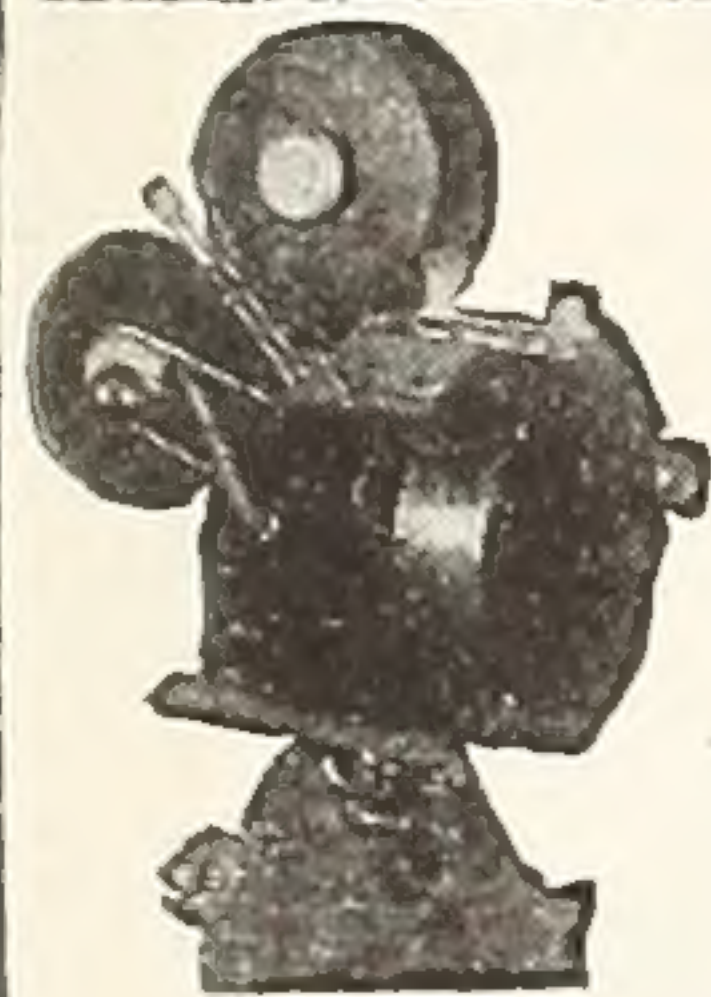
The first jar proves its magic worth. Results guaranteed, or money refunded. At all druggists, 50c and \$1.

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Freckle Cream 50c
Removes Freckles | Whitens The Skin

The Stillman Co., 8 Rosemary Lane, Aurora, Ill.
Send me your FREE make-up and skin treatment booklet.

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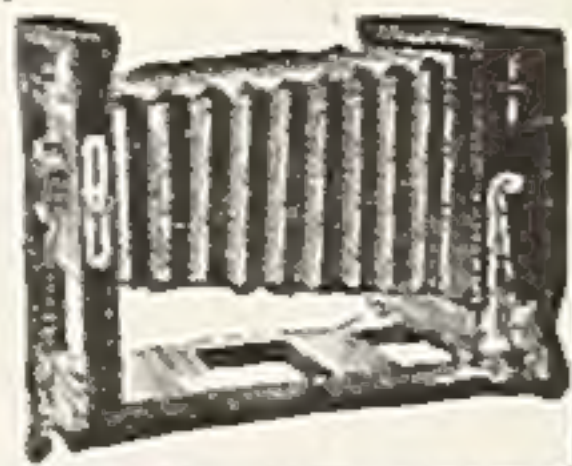
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FARGO ART CO., 12 John St., New York, Dept. 9



Ramon Novarro and Norma Shearer are now making "Old Heidelberg".

GONE, but not forgotten! And they may be back within five months. Who? Why, almost all of the stars and directors who have been working at the eastern studios of the Paramount-Famous-Lasky Company. The Astoria film factory is closed, with the understanding that all future productions will be made on the west coast. However, it's just possible that the magnates may change their minds, and that another six months or so will see the big plant humming again. New York hopes so, that's certain.

Two of the most famous of the directors refused to continue with the company when the westward-ho movement began. They are Herbert Brenon and Malcolm St. Clair. Mr. Brenon purchased his contract from Paramount for some fabulous sum, and will produce independently under the auspices of United Artists. His first film will be the best-seller, "Sorrell and Son", by Warwick Deeping. The sequel to Mr. Brenon's "Beau Geste"—"Beau Sabreur"—will probably be directed by James Cruze. Brenon will go to England to confer with the author of "Sorrell and Son" and may film some of the scenes in the original locations. St. Clair's future plans have not yet been announced.

Richard Dix, when the order to move west was issued, tried to buy his contract for one million dollars. Another company offered Richard the million for his release from Paramount and also promised him \$7500 a week salary. But Paramount refused to let him go—with good reason. He's just about their best box-office bet: So Mr. Dix has gone to California to begin work on a new picture, "under the same management".



The Paramount-Famous-Lasky exodus leaves only a few companies working in and around New York City. Robert Kane will continue to produce his First National releases here, with Ben Lyon and others starring. George Walsh will keep on working in the east, as usual. The huge Cosmopolitan Studios in the Bronx—where Marion Davies made all her big costume films, and where Gloria Swanson produced "Sunya"—have been purchased by Warner Brothers, and will be the home of Vitaphone. Space will also be rented to other companies. In other words, New York City seems to be out of the running right now as a film centre; but it's all happened before, and the wise boys are predicting a come-back already.

There was one Famous Player who flatly refused to go west. She's one of the Paramount School Girl Graduates—Iris Gray, and she was just beginning to make good in vamp roles when the call came for California. Did Iris pack her trunks? She did, but only for a honeymoon trip. The actor to whom she was engaged had to open in a new musical comedy any day, and if Miss Gray had left for Hollywood, their marriage would have been postponed indefinitely. It was a case of marriage versus career; and marriage won. Iris is now Mrs. Frank Lynch, and very happy, thank you. "High Hat" is her farewell to filmdom.

Jeanne Eagels, famous as the original Sadie Thompson of "Rain", and now play-

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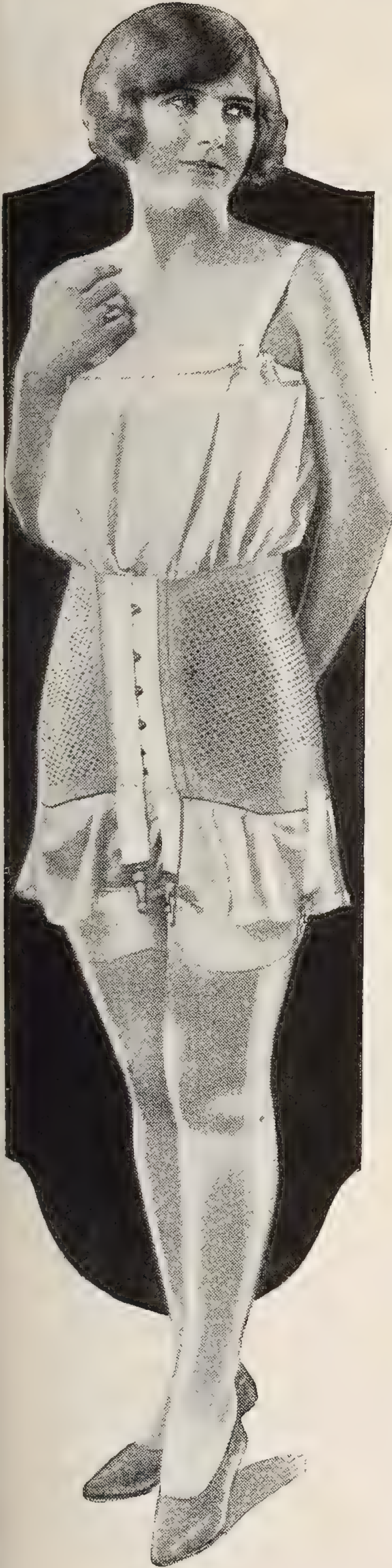
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"Ullman's story is well worth reading." — WARD MARSH,
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This publishing hit is being offered by SCREENLAND and by no other magazine at the publisher's regular price, \$2.00.

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Mary Ann Jackson and her gang discussing the scandals of "The Jimmy Smith's"—their next Pathe picture.

ing in "Her Cardboard Lover", may soon become a screen star, they say. Metro-Goldwyn made tests of Miss Eagels and the results are said to be gratifying. But didn't Jeanne appear in a picture a long time ago, failing to set the film on fire? Even if she did, came "Rain"—and a new celebrity was born.

No, sir—the old town just doesn't seem the same. No sooner had all the Paramounters departed, bag and baggage, for sunny California, than Gloria decided she must make her second independent production on the coast. And before we knew it, we were attending her farewell tea and reception at the Ritz, and then the same afternoon, seeing her off at the train. Her send-off was what you'd expect in honor of such a popular young lady—crowds, flowers, fans, clicking cameras, reporters—not to mention the Marquis, several maids, and three Chow dogs. Gloria went regretfully—yes, she did too, Hollywood! She hated to leave her palatial bungalow atop a skyscraper. She'll miss her country house in Croton. And she promised to be back in six months—just as soon as she completes that picture. Albert Parker, who directed "The Love of Sunya", will wield the megaphone again; while John Boles, Gloria's discovery, will once more officiate as leading man.

Broadway is saying: "Keep your eye on Helen Chandler". Helen is one of the big street's favorite children. She scored an amazing success in "The Wild Duck" several seasons ago. Allan Dwan gave her a small part in "The Music Master" for her screen debut—and she stood out. Then the same director offered her another part in "The Joy Girl" and Helen left the cast of the stage play, "The Constant Nymph", to go to Florida for exteriors with the Dwan company. So you see she likes pictures. And it looks as if pictures will like her.

Can it be that Lois Wilson will have to get her sunbonnet out of moth-balls after all? After all her rebelling against sweetly simple roles? At any rate Lois is now starring in "The Gingham Girl", for F. B. O.—right after stepping out in satins and sables for "Broadway Nights", too! One of her strongest reasons for leaving Paramount, her friends say, was that she preferred working in New York. And then came this starring offer, and Lois had to pack up and leave for California. You never know your luck, in pictures. But she was reconciled when she thought of seeing her parents again, and of re-unions with old film friends. Besides, her chum, Gloria Swanson, had to go to Hollywood about the same time. There's always the silver lining if you look for it.

F. W. Murnau, the German director who made "The Last Laugh", and who recently

completed "Sunrise", his first American film, for William Fox, has sailed for Europe. But he will be back, for he's signed a five-year-contract to make more films for Fox in California. At a luncheon given in his honor before he sailed, the famous director said he enjoyed making pictures in America, and observed, among other things, that "camera angles" are important only if they help to tell a screen story, not if they hinder the dramatic progress of a photoplay. Incidentally, "Sunrise", although it has a cast of only three players—George O'Brien, Janet Gaynor, and Margaret Livingstone—is said to be the most expensive production ever turned out by the Fox studio. No wonder he likes working over here! Just the same, the genial German will make one more picture in his native land before returning to us.

Blanche Sweet and Marshall Neilan—let's call him Mr. Blanche Sweet just to be different—and Bess Meredyth made New York merrier while they were here. Miss Meredyth, in case you don't know, is one of filmdom's champion scenario writers. Yes—just for a vacation. The Neilans gave a tea party and invited all their old friends, and made some new ones. And everybody left exclaiming over Blanche, who today might be mistaken for a brand new Baby Star if you didn't know who she is—one of our best actresses, and first known, back in the good old days, as "the Biograph Blonde".

There have been first nights and premiers and openings. And then there was the Roxy. "The Cathedral of the Motion Picture" opened its doors to one of the most brilliant audiences seen on Broadway in a blue moon or a new electric sign. The long-awaited opening night brought thousands to the doors who didn't have tickets—who couldn't buy tickets for love or money or anything. Those on the outside looking in helped to make the occasion more exciting. In fact, when la Marquise de la Falaise de la Coudraye stepped from her limousine, she took one peek at the surging mob, as the flashlight cameras boomed, and it looked for a moment as if the star of the evening would run home, scared to death. But she recovered and kept on going—into the most successful evening of her career. It was her first independent production, "The Love of Sunya", which inaugurated the new theatre. As for that theatre—you'll have to see it when you come to town, that's all. A few adjectives such as gorgeous, beautiful, and impressive might help to explain it to you—but only a visit can really reveal it. The handsome, smartly uniformed, exquisitely polite ushers alone are worth the price of admission. And you simply mustn't miss that disappearing orchestra!



© The new 1927 size Jackie Coogan in "The Bugle Call".



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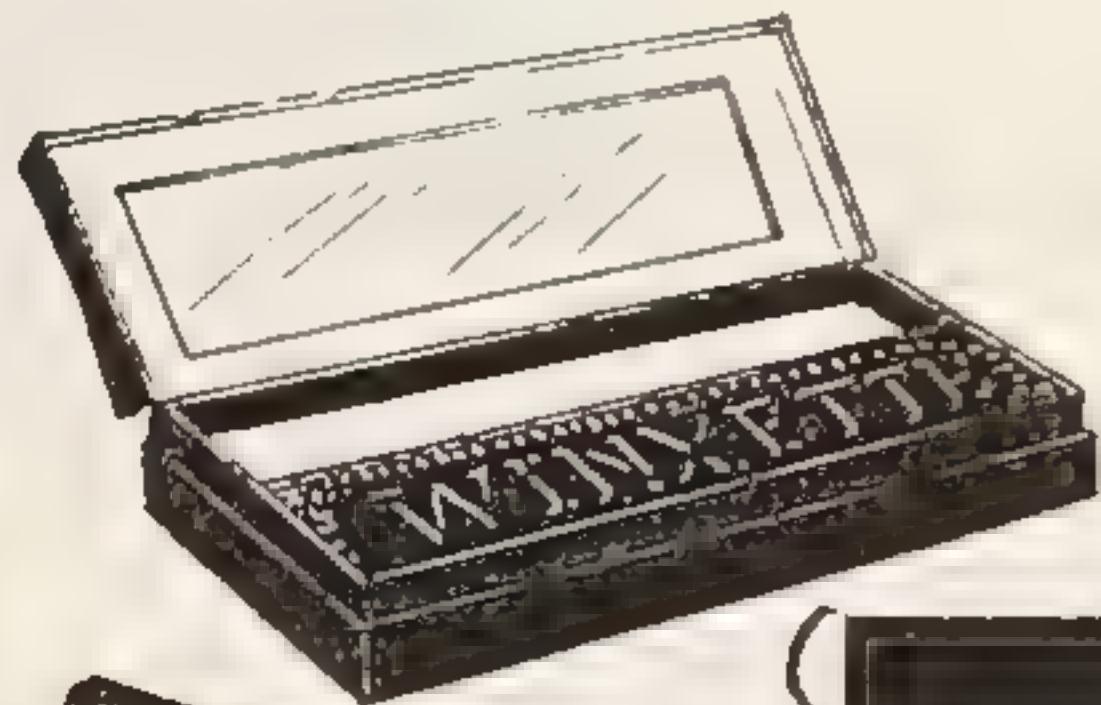
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Books for FANS

Why DIRECTORS DON'T DO Mystery Films

By William Johnston
Author of
"The Affair in Duplex 9B"



Photograph by Campbell Studio

William Johnston, author of mystery books and short stories who knows his suspenses.

NOTHING delights me more than trying to solve a mystery. I read all the mystery novels issued and I have written nearly a dozen myself, so you can see I am pretty well up on mysteries, but there is one mystery I never have found the solution for.

Why do film producers and film directors fight so shy of screening mystery stories?

I could name a score of mystery novels, by prominent authors, well-written, full of suspense and action, offering an abundance of intense situations, stories that would hold audiences spellbound, tales that afford every facility for character parts and for the highest degree of artistry, widely read books that if filmed would uphold the highest standard of the screen, not one of which has ever been seriously considered by scenario editors or producers.

As a writer of mystery novels with a wide acquaintance in screenland, I naturally have discussed the subject frequently both with scenario editors and directors. All I ever can get out of any of them is the unsupported statement:

"The public does not like mystery stories."

Doesn't it? An unsolved murder mystery every time will shoot newspaper circulation up by leaps and bounds. Any newspaper editor will tell-you that it never fails. Any book publisher will tell you that mystery novels are read by business men, bankers, lawyers, everybody. Two presidents of the United States that I happen to have known personally were voracious readers of mystery

yarns. E. Phillips Oppenheim has been writing three novels of this sort every year for many years and finding readers by the million.

Maybe the reason is that film directors take the toplofty attitude assumed by some book reviewers toward mystery novels—that they are not real literature. In reviews of my books I not infrequently find the phrase "For a mystery story it is well-written." As if it was not as easy to write good literature in a mystery novel as in any other kind of a novel. Did not that great master of English, Edgar Allen Poe, write mystery stories? Has not every great novelist tried his hand at it? As a matter of fact it is only one author in a thousand who ever succeeds in mastering the peculiar technique of the mystery story.

Some day some extra-intelligent director is going to wake up to the possibilities of this vast, almost untouched field of mystery fiction. He is going to take cognizance of the great popular interest in mystery. He is going to study mystery technique until he has mastered the art of translating it into screen action. It would not surprise me, if after he has put over one or two successful mystery pictures and counted up the profits if he does not organize a company to produce nothing but "mystery pictures", and whoever does it will make a clean-up.

When that director does wake up I want to be at his bedside. There are at least four of my own mystery novels I would like to call to his attention. My book "The House of Whispers" did not make a bad picture, but there is still a better one in

"The Tragedy at the Beach Club." The flapper detective in that book, "The Terrible Kit" would be a screen knockout. I cheerfully recommend, too, to the attention of intelligent directors this latest book of mine, "The Affair in Duplex 9B." It is full of good character parts.

But I am not selfish about it. If any director wishes to explore this new field, and fails to find material in my mystery novels, if he will drop me a line, I'll send him the names of ten good mystery novels I didn't write and make him a good-sized bet that any of the ten he picks out will make a box office success, if he does his job as well as the author has done his.



©Doris Kenyon (Mrs. Milton Sills)

Bigger Anyhow—

The July issue of SCREENLAND will be better we hope; but certainly it will be bigger. The margins of the pages will be wider and will give a nicer presentation to your favorite's photograph.

Getting better, improving, smoking up, that's

S C R E E N L A N D



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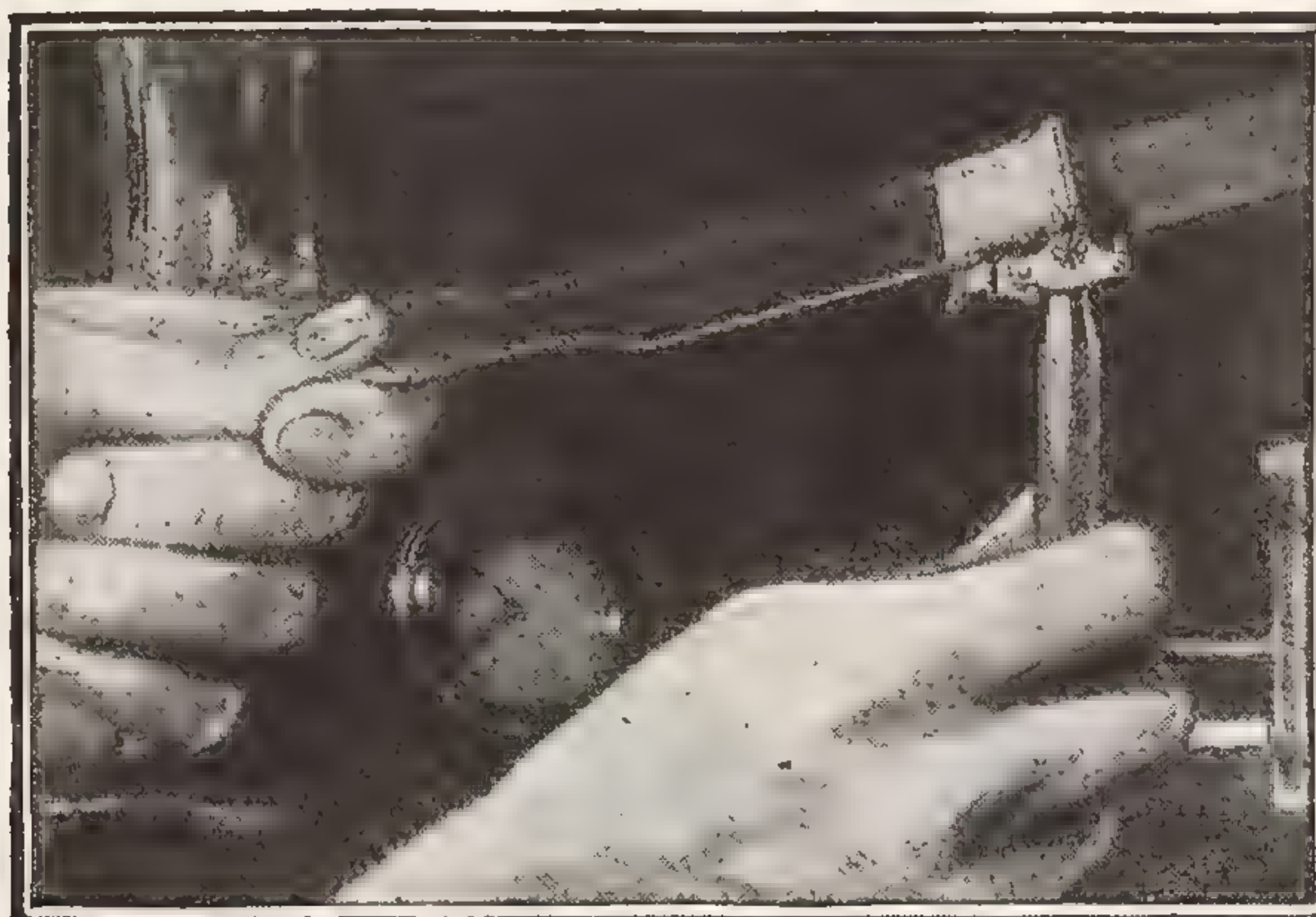
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What's Doing in Times Square

By Helen Ludlam

☞ Anne Nichols signing away the screen rights of "Abie's Irish Rose" to Jesse Lasky for one million dollars.

ROXY's beautiful theatre is sheltering the exotic Jetta Goudal in "White Gold". For some reason it has a very alluring sound—people want to see it, and they aren't disappointed by the way, when they do.

Roxy has a sign on Broadway that is as individual as his theatre. Just the name Roxy in gigantic graduated letters and a flash like lightning pointing to the theatre which stands on the corner of Fiftieth and Seventh Avenue. The letters are in white lights and the flash in red.

John Barrymore is at home in two theatres on Broadway. A couple of weeks ago he was receiving at three. But "The Beloved Rogue" after holding the Strand for two weeks wandered about to other houses on the Gay White Way and you find it popping up all the time. The others are "Don Juan" still captivating audiences at Warners and "When a Man Loves" at the Selwyn. They do say however, that the great open spaces have been calling so imperatively for a sight of "Don Juan" that it will go out to meet them, so by the time this sees print it will probably have happened.

The Capitol Theatre is always a good place for entertainment aside from the picture—they frequently have a soloist there, Miss Celia Turrill, who I understand sang often at Covent Garden, London. Be that as it may be, she has a very beautiful voice, rich in quality and feeling and it floats out to you in pure tones as sweet and clear as the water of a mountain brook. The Capitol ran "The Show" with John Gilbert and Renee Adoree this month, also "Tell It To The Marines" with Lon Chaney, Eleanor Boardman and William Haines. This week Sally O'Neil is capering about in "Frisco Sally Levy". The Strand had "See You in Jail" with Jack Mulhall one week and this week "The Notorious Lady" with Lewis Stone, Barbara Bedford and Ann Rork is

the attraction. The Paramount accommodated "Casey at the Bat" with Wallace Beery one week and now it is "Afraid to Love" with Florence Vidor and Clive Brook. "Starke Love" a gripping and primitive picture of the Ken-

tucky mountains caused a riot at the Cameo with every paper in New York giving it marvellous editorials and now a reissue of "The Count of Monte Cristo" with John Gilbert, Estelle Taylor, William V. Mong and Renee Adoree pleases packed houses. "The Fire Brigade" is burning things up at the Loew's State while the perennials such as "The Big Parade", "Beau Geste", "What Price Glory" and "Old Ironsides" reel majestically upon their way.

It seemed to me yesterday that Broadway was a little more difficult to navigate than usual and I finally discovered that a crowd had gathered. This doesn't necessarily mean that anything interesting is going on—Broadway has nothing on Main Street when it comes to curiosity. So the unusual crowd didn't pique my interest until I got within a block of the subject of their regard and directly in front of it. Something in the difference in atmosphere attracted my attention—rather as the changing sky line intrigues the interest of the European commuters. Some workmen were putting up a gigantic sign for the opening of "The King of Kings". It is a land mark at that particular point in Broadway, coming as it does at Forty-sixth Street and just at the point where Seventh Avenue crosses the famous cow path so that it is visible for several blocks on four intersecting streets, and the objective of seven directions. Which is certainly a fitting location for a film, the theme of which draws all men unto it.

As though to counterbalance the spiritual flight of Broadway directly next door to the home of "The King of Kings" "Camille" opens at the Globe.

BETTER than his BEST!

DOESN'T seem possible to extract more laughs in a single evening than you got from Johnny Hines' "Stepping Along," "Brown Derby," "Rainbow Riley," "The Live Wire," and other world-wide hits But you'll do that very thing when you see his new one—"ALL ABOARD."

Johnny on the Desert—Johnny as a Sheik! Alone on the Sahara with a lonely little Sarah!—And when he goes big-game hunting, there's a Kick in every Camel—a Roar in every Lion!

"'ALL ABOARD' has more good gags in it than a slot machine has nickles," says the N. Y. Telegraph, "and each one of them is good for a wonderful laugh. This looks like just about the best picture Johnny Hines has done!"

*Make a note to see it . . .
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PRESENTS**

by **MATT TAYLOR**
Directed by
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Johnny HINES

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☞ As subtle as the color of a shaded blush—Esther.

☞ As a cigarette girl — sophisticated and alluring.



Things UNSEEN

By Eliot Keen

☞ The great spiritual message in the "King of Kings" causes a mighty stir in one's emotions.

IN a great picture the greatness lies in the invisible spirit. "The King of Kings" is made of actors, people, sets and something else. And this atmosphere which permeates this work of art lifts each scene and you as well to a sense of supernal beauty.

Great directors put this quality into their work and have ever since the day the conquering spirit of mighty adventure carried "The Covered Wagon" triumphantly throughout the world. "The Big Parade" gave us the horrors of war as Stallings knows it but through it was the mighty uplifting spirit of purpose. Forward they moved, to death perhaps or to hideous suffering but you gloried in the greatness of the spirit that carried them onward and you felt humble before that irresistible force.

Always the greatness lies in the thing unseen.

In every day life we all go onward day after day and each man is accompanied by an atmosphere of his own making.

If your heart is kind and if within you there is the sterling metal of honor unafraid there goes with you, unseen, a quality that warms even the handclasps of strangers.

HORSES! HORSES! HORSES!



☞ Little Olive Borden, enthusiastic equestrienne, believes that nowadays to make a film go over it must have a horse in it.



☞ Flivvers own the Highways — Taxicabs have the cities because the horses have all gone to Hollywood.



☞ Rex the wonder horse goes through his parts without a rider—a star in his own right.



☞ Colonel Tim McCoy in "War Paint"—the reason screen sheiks have never been effeminate is that no man can be a lover on the screen unless he is a great rider.

☞ Who knows but what the possession of a good horse is as much help to an actor as sex-appeal. Gary Cooper and "Flash".



Gardner James and his wife Marion Blackton gave a party where everyone worked.

Priscilla Bonner started to rake leaves but they persuaded her to make curtains instead.

Patsy Ruth Miller really wore overalls — can't you imagine how cute she looked?

GARDNER JAMES' WORK PARTY

By Grace Kingsley



Parties and pets make a new house feel homey — says Patsy the Party Hound.

“CAN you imagine a set of people to whom work is more fun than fun is?” demanded Patsy.

You see we had gone up to the “Work Party” which Gardner James and his bride, Marion Blackton, were giving at their new home in Hollywood. Everybody who was invited was supposed to do something to help about fixing up the new estate, and everybody that morning had drawn lots as to what work each would have to do.

Gardner James' new home is near John Bowers' house, and of course John came over to help.

“I do hope,” confided Patsy, “that Marguerite de la Motte won't have to pull weeds, because there is sure to be some poison oak about, and (Cont. on page 82)

The MOVIES:



James
Tremblay

Many a timid sheik has taken a cold date to the pictures and come out bravely whispering "You've got 'It'".



When Colleen Moore went riding she carried along a pair of roller skates.

CUPID, that fat little fellow with his bow and arrow, who used to hang around the young folks, especially in spring, will have to take a back seat—at the movies. He has a lot to learn. But I wonder if those darling new ushers at the Paramount and the Roxy will let him get by?

"Where's your pass?" they'll demand—in their nice, polite way, of course.

"My pass? My good fellows, is it possible you don't know who I am?" (He always was a snooty boy.) "I'm Cupid!"

Just then the ushers will look over his shoulder and see someone else approaching, and bustle forward. "Run along, little boy, and don't bother us," they'll call back at him. "Here comes Mr. S. Menace, and we must escort him to the Royal Loge!"

There will be nothing left for Cupid to do but jump into the marble fountain and grab the duck's neck.

Serves him jolly well right, too. He thinks he can still take us in with all his foolish talk about Psyche this

A Boon to BASHFUL LOVERS

By Delight Evans

☞ Ben Lyon's technique is the "adoring" line. Perhaps it takes Billie Dove to inspire it.



☞ Just a little suggestion. Doug Fairbanks Jr. taking Marie Prevost for a ride—and how!



☞ William Haines grabs his girl and gives her severe huggings and kissings.

and Psyche that. He should take a look at Greta Garbo. A little more speed, Coupe, old kid, or you're through.

When I think of your old-fashioned methods—!

You depended on the moon to come out and light the way for your lovers—played it over the water, or over the garden wall, never even egging them on to hold hands until you imitated a nightingale. Sometimes you were daring enough to rock the canoe to give the heroine the excuse she had been pining for—to clutch

the hero's hand.

But more often you just let them sit there you heartless thing—never worrying about the girl's catching cold or anything. Just an old-fashioned boy, that's you! If you really want to learn, though, maybe it isn't too late yet. A lot of lovers still depend on you, I suppose; so it's only fair to recommend a course in love-making that will make you throw aside your bow and arrow for good, and take up match-making in a really light-hearted way. This way, Cupid—and Boys:

First, you call up your Girl. If you haven't got a Girl, grab the other fellow's. You might do that anyway, just for practice. You take her to the movies; sink, with her, into a comfortable, soft chair— (Cont. on page 100)

☞ Greta Garbo blew out John Gilbert's match—Do you know what that means?

"Rehearsing

MEANS

Artistic

RUIN"

says

John Gilbert

☐ *There is no method for a genius except his own.*

By

Mary Bosshard

PLACE: The anti-room of John Gilbert's dressing room at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios, Culver City, California.

Time: Afternoon—(Fauns are conspicuous by their absence.)

Characters: Said Interviewer and Said John Gilbert.

(As the curtain rises it may be seen that the two principal characters have been chatting of this and that and are now in the midst of a more or less heated conversation.)

The Interviewer: (In a voice awed at the very mention of that grand old institution, the stage) Ah, but the constant repetition of the lines makes the actor attain a fuller understanding of them. Night after night he learns, he grows, he achieves. He truly lives with his character and is able to bring out finer shadings, more subtle re-actions, fuller meanings—

(The Interviewer grows incoherent as a vision of such scholars as Booth and Barrett pass before her mind.)

Gilbert: I never have a rehearsal before a big close-up. I always do my best work the first time. After the first time the action grows cold. It lacks fire and spontaneity.

Interviewer: Never have a rehearsal?

Gilbert: One doesn't rehearse life. If—to use a trite example—you were to receive a telegram saying your mother was dead you wouldn't dash in and rehearse your emotions, now would you?

Interviewer: (Grudgingly admits that this is right, but



☐ John Gilbert "off-stage". A quiet, studious gentleman.

wants to put up some kind

of an argument so. . . .)

But after all that isn't an analogy. In order to impress an audience with a dramatic situation the situation must be timed, it must tell. No art can be utterly realistic.

Gilbert: Why not?

(The Interviewer realizes that there is no reason why an art cannot be utterly realistic. She made the last remark because she had heard a lot of other people make the same remark. She has not yet realized that she is talking to an absolutely original person. But because she is a woman, as well as an interviewer, she finds that she cannot keep silent.)

Interviewer: But there must be study. There must be a finished performance. Isn't spontaneity and freshness, after all, rather amateurish?

Gilbert: I wonder if we're talking about the same thing. The camera must catch a mood. It must show life. I never want to play the role of a hero. I never knew a hero and it is not my desire to show on the screen a character beyond the limits of my imagination. By the same token I object to "great lovers". I never knew a great lover. If there were one he would probably be a bore. I want to do roles that live and breathe and sweat—

(The Interviewer starts at the last word which is, so she has been told, not used in polite dialogue.)

Gilbert: (Who has seen the start) Certainly sweat—why not—people do, you know, although they call it by another name. They do other ugly things, too. I want to give not finished, scholarly performances, but real ones, that are fresh and spontaneous and living.

Interviewer: (Feeling rather limp at the intensity of the last speech.) But people do beautiful things, too.

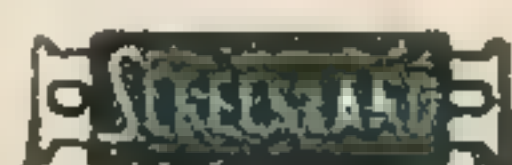
Gilbert: Certainly. Who said they didn't? Life is beauty and ugliness, joy and sorrow, contentment and misery. I want to do all of this on the screen—all of it—but I can't do it with constant repetition which takes away all the verve, all the sparkle. Doing the same part night after night, night after night. How it would pall! Take "The Big Parade", for

(Continued on page 98)



JOHN GILBERT'S masterpiece "*The Big Parade*" still goes marching on. While John himself makes "*Twelve Miles Out*".

Photograph by Ruth Harriet Louise





The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

THE GOOD SHIP MARY LANGDON

in

"Crimson Flash"

*"Change as ye list, ye winds; my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee."*

J. GAY



AN exquisite portrait of MARY PICKFORD
by the Parisian photographers Manuel
Freres. Mary is about to begin her new film
"Five and Ten Mary".

SCREENLAND



BEAUTIFUL EDNA MURPHY plays the feminine lead opposite Johnny Hines in his next picture "*All Aboard*".

STEELE

JOHNNY HINES'

SAXOPHONE

☞ *The comedian of "All Aboard" offers his jazzy horn for the funniest letter.*

THINK of it. A beautiful saxophone may be yours just for a letter. Johnny Hines had just completed his screamingly funny comedy "All Aboard" when we approached him with the idea that many of his friends would like to compete for a prize. And although every one in Johnny's company is a personal friend of the merry star, there was a feeling of relief when we left the studio with the sax



☞ *Once a comedian, always a comedian. Johnny Hines and his golden pipe.*



☞ *Johnny Hines developing sax appeal. It was just after this spirited occasion that Johnny decided to give his horn away.*

Johnny Hines and the beautiful saxophone which he is offering to the writer of the funniest letter.

which Johnny offers to his fan friends.

It has been Johnny Hines' work for years to make people laugh; to respect and enjoy laughter and to develop a little wit of their own. And so Johnny Hines offers his saxophone to the writer of the funniest letter.

The letter should not be too long and should be about Johnny Hines or Johnny Hines' sax and his noteworthy attempt to encourage jazz art. So write what you feel on this subject in a humorous letter and the sax will be sent to you if your letter proves to be the funniest.

Address—JOHNNY HINES

c/o SCREENLAND

49 West 45th St.

New York City

This contest closes June 15th, 1927

SEND YOUR

DOG'S photo

to

Harold Lloyd



☞ The youthful Harold Lloyd looked out on a friendly world with the same good natured smile that has won him a million friends.



☞ Harold Lloyd and his wife, the screen favorite Mildred Davis, who has just completed "Too Many Crooks". It marks her return to pictures.

Harold

at

HOME

By

Marion Brooks Ritchie

I THINK I'll have to call them the boy and girl who kept on playing together. After I had visited the mansion home of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Lloyd, and we had spent a long, long time on a tour of inspection over all the extensive grounds of the estate, and I was back again in Hollywood, the beauty of it kept me wondering, sort of dreamy like.

We started from the house, the five of us—Harold, Mildred Davis, little Mildred Gloria, Prince, (of course) and myself. It was what you might call a "homey" band of escapaders, because for some unknown reason we seemed to be adventuring. Maybe it was the spring air; maybe it was Harold's enthusiasm or Mildred Davis' approval

☞ Harold Lloyd is a dog lover and has many thoroughbred St. Bernards and Great Danes. Here is Prince, a blue ribboner.



Q *Harold is looking for a dog for a comedy part and he will select the photograph of the dog that seems to him best suited to the role.*

\$300 will be sent to the person submitting the photograph selected and instructions will be sent to him later on when the studio is ready for the dog.

IN the event the dog's services are required longer than three weeks he will be retained at a salary of \$100 per week.

of everything he said or did; or perhaps it might have been that dog and baby following up the rear. I really do not know. But for some unknown reason it suddenly occurred to me—and with a start—that the Harold Lloyd's have been married now for four whole years! It doesn't seem possible.

We trudged along. "Trudge" hits it to perfection—we just trudged along. We walked to where the tennis court and swimming pool will be. We passed through the orchard, where the peach and pear and apple trees are blooming till they can't hold up their heads. And strangely enough, it all seems sort of hazy to me now as I sit writing at my desk. It's green and bright and clean and very beautiful. So very beautiful that it has reached its spell on me, and only because of a

Q *Little Mildred Gloria Lloyd, the cutest kid with the funniest papa and the prettiest mama in Hollywood.*



IF you own a dog you can enter this contest. Here is what you have to do to win the \$300.



Send a photograph of the dog with your name and address on the back of the photograph. If you send more than one photograph be sure that your name and address is on the back of each.

Q *The pup that claims he has "It".*



Q *Dogs all over the country are practicing up on registering curiosity, hate, surprise and love.*

IT is not necessary—

To know the breed or pedigree, age or tricks of your dog nor is it essential to tell his color as the print will show how he photographs.

No Photographs will be returned and no correspondence will be entered into with regard to this contest. If you have a dog that you believe is suitable enter his photograph in this contest and you may win \$300.00 at least.

Address—**HAROLD LLOYD**
c/o SCREENLAND
49 W. 45th St., New York City

Contest closes June 15th, 1927.

boy and girl, with a dog and a child, who had kept on playing together.

Peanuts are funny things to blend into the scenery of Spring. I know they are, and yet I smile when I think of them. Mildred Davis was telling me about them while we laughed and talked and made the rounds of the estate.

They had had an afternoon off, together—Harold, Mildred, the baby and Prince. They took the flivver, discarded the chauffeur and nurse-maid, and went to the movies with peanuts, pop-corn, ice cream cones and candy! Nobody knew who they were; they giggled and ate, and ate and giggled. I'm still wondering how they got that great big Prince into the theatre, and how they found room enough to sit him down under any chair after they had sneaked him in. I say "sneaked him in," but whoever could sneak a dog like Prince anywhere is more than my imagination understands. They were the boy and girl, you know, who didn't forget to keep on playing, and together.

We reached the kennels of the Lloyd estate. You never saw such kennels—perfectly designed and housing every kind of dog from little mutts to the most beautiful Great Danes. I hardly had glimpsed a bit of a Scotch (Cont. on p. 97)

She Was Good ONCE

A STUDIO STORY

By Marceline Day



“TELL you Jeanette Dian was never an actress and never could be an actress,” and Hal Wallace snapped off the tape with a decisive twitch. Hal was an electrician at the Simpa Studios and as he twisted the end of the insulation on the wire, he thus definitely gave his estimate of the often revered former star of the organization.

The property man was in a reflective mood and with the air of carefully stoking his thinking apparatus got it and his pipe under way. Placing the roll of grass mat in a position adjacent to the wall, George lowered himself to a discussion which, while it had little chance of being deep, gave indications of being deliberate.

“Well, I remember Jeanette Dian in ‘Hearts that Strike’ and the girl was good. And when I say she was good

once, I mean there was never a plastered lily of a star this side of the Rocky Mountains who could show her a trick.”

The electrician dropped his wire, stood up and slipping his pliers into his blue overalls, gazed at the property man in amazement.

“Do you mean to tell me you

① Jeanette slipped to her knees and, unmindful of on-lookers, clasped the unconscious boy in her arms.

(Cont. on page 95)

A HOODOO HERO

By Clive Brook

THE cynics may scoff and the jesters may sneer, but no matter what you may say to the contrary, the public is right when it demands suffocating clinches and burning kisses at the climax of every picture. For the secret dream of every maiden, and the hope of every man, is concerned with one of those grand romantic love affairs that will sweep them completely off of common ground and deposit them blissfully on some sunlit slope of Arcady.

This is the brief account of a young actor who had

never been in love and what happened to him when he unexpectedly felt a strange tug at his heart one day.

Robert Lane had everything in the world to make him a brilliant success on the screen and the one thing—keep him from it. That one thing was a strange kind of jinx that sometimes attaches itself to an actor in Hollywood.

Nearly every studio has someone like Robert Lane on the lot under contract, an actor who has youth, personality, manly good looks and sincere ambition. He may do fairly well in a few pictures and

(Cont. on page 93)

By Rosa Reilly

Chang

The men who made "Grass" have found a greater picture this time in the jungle of Siam.



WITH the Siamese Jungle for a backdrop, with the sickening tropical sun for Kleig lights, with monkeys for comedians and CHANGS for villians, with a courageous, half-naked native for the hero, Merian Cooper and Ernest Schoedsack, two young Americans, have achieved the unachievable. They have created a picture—a tremendous melodrama made in the jungle—in the heart of mother India—with a native cast of three hundred people and with thousands of animals.

This isn't an animated news reel nor a travel picture with the lily-white heroine picking her dainty way across a tropical path. Nor does a young Adonis save her in the nick of time from a cobra, a tiger or a leopard. The blood in this picture races beneath brown skins but it is no different from yours or mine.

Cooper and Schoedsack didn't make a journey around the entire world to bring back to us a whacking lot of

Ernest Schoedsack above, and behind him Merian Cooper the two American lads who with an idea in their heads and the world at their feet have proven that a film, rich in travel lore, may tell of struggle and also a tender message of love.

sentimentality.

This picture is the Jungle with its myriads of orchids and passion flowers; with its black magic and its white magic; with its weird moods and awful terrors. This picture drips with love and hate and passion and fear. And

over it all are overflowing life, superabundant fertility and man's never-ceasing struggle for existence.

Life is a struggle for existence—we know that—whether it is in the depths of the Siamese Jungle or in an Arctic igloo. The hard-working father out in Peoria has the devil's own time meeting the interest on the mortgage on his home in the fashionable country club district. Here in New York—more often than not—people find it mighty difficult to dig up at the first of each month the huge sum necessary to pay the rent on a wholly inadequate Park Avenue apartment. Struggle. Struggle. Struggle. Yet we, in our comfortable homes, do not comprehend what the word STRUGGLE really means.

Try building a home for yourself in the Jungle where trees, vines, saplings, grass, weeds, bushes, flowers, ferns, mosses, and tendrils grow so thick and so high that you must HACK your way through them with giant strokes of a sharp axe or knife. Try building a habitation where hundreds of snakes coil themselves invisibly upon the branches of the trees; where tigers stalk and leopards slink, where soft-padded feet prowl the night through filling the air with the moist live stench of their cruel breath; where each tree and green river has its ill-omened Spirit, where each single step into the green twilight forest must be accompanied by a never-dying philosophy that can accommodate itself to a thousand daily defeats. That is struggle. That is life. That is the Jungle. And that is what Cooper and



Schoedsack have enwrapped in the fragile tape of celluloid that will come to us as "Chang".

The story of Cooper and Shoedsack is itself a romance. These two boys give the lie forever to that vast majority of whiners who go through life snivelling: "Nobody ever gave me a chance".

Cooper and Schoedsack never had an opportunity pushed into their laps. They rolled their own. So if you are lolling in your little corner thinking what a dispirited world this is, get hold of yourself, sit down and listen a min-



☞ Bimbo the monkey and Ladah the girl child of the little family whose romantic defense forms the theme of Chang.

ute or two to a saga unequalled in modern pictorial times.

Cooper and Schoedsack are both adventurers, war heroes. By chance they met in Poland in 1919, saluted, drank a cup of coffee, spoke a



☞ Chantui, Nah, the son, and Kru the husband, setting a very primitive form of deadfall which they still use in Siam.

☞ Shoedsack's life would have been forfeit save for "sure shot" Cooper always behind him.



few polite phrases, saluted and passed each other by.

But fate hadn't finished with them. Two years later, by chance again, they were thrown together on a tiny, ninety-eight foot boat, off the coast of Arabia. Owing to the fact that their vessel ran on a sandbar and lost its keel, they had to take the inside passage up the Red Sea—inside the

reefs. They could not put enough sail on the little ketch to cruise outside in the rough water. So throughout long moonlit nights, anchored in the reefs of the Red Sea, these two boys lay and dreamed of making the perfect adventurous picture.

And they have succeeded beyond even their own dreams. But that did not come in a day—nor in a year. First, with little money and less equipment, they journeyed to Persia and in spite of inhuman obstacles, accompanied and photographed the wild tribes of the Baktyari on their migration across

(Continued on page 79)



☞ Kru and a royal Bengal tiger forever removed from his motion picture activities.

Jim Tully's *STORY*

Q *The story of Tom and Owen and Matt whose reputations are daily growing Moore and Moore and Moore.*



Q *Owen blends many of the qualities of Tom and Matt in real life—and on the screen. There are few actors better qualified for the role of romantic gentleman than Owen Moore.*

Q *Tom as a fireman. His characteristic Irish smile has played many a part for him.*



Their father, John Moore, owned a farm in Ireland, which he was forced to mortgage when the long drought came. The mortgage was foreclosed, and then John Moore held a sale. When all was over he left for America with a few hundred dollars, his wife, and six children. He arrived in Toledo, Ohio, with his family, and later became a sexton at a church and brought up his family in the ways of America.

When Tom was in his early teens he ran away with a small theatrical troupe. Owen soon joined him. Together they toured the Middle West. That fall they returned to Toledo the heroes of their small world. It is unique in the screen world that three brothers should acquire and retain the same popularity in all countries. They gave no indication of popularity with audiences in the early years.

There was strong parental objection when the youngest Moore boy decided to become an actor also. Tom waited until Matt became of age, and sent him a telegram with instructions to join him.

Matt arrived in a small Michigan town where the Alvin Stock Company was playing. It was a new world to him. He had never been on the stage. But that did not worry either of the Moore boys. Tom sent Matt to see the afternoon performance. After the show he was rehearsed once in the part he was to play that night.

Matt had memorized the part in three hours. He went on the stage that evening and promptly forgot it. Tom prompted his younger brother through the part and somehow or other he came to the end at last. When the play was over the owner of the show exclaimed to Tom:

"I thought you told me your brother was an actor!"

"Well he is," replied Tom. "But he's been playing in Yiddish in New York and he's not used to English yet."

In the second and third acts of the play Matt was a Bowery tough. In the first and last acts he was the village postmaster in love with the heroine.

The three brothers were now safely launched on the stage, and remained with small traveling or stock companies for several years. Their father had died, and their mother now aging, watched the careers of her sons with interest.

THEY were born in County Meath, Ireland. Each has a distinct screen personality which America loves. Tom, Owen and Matt Moore are among the highest salaried men in films. Tom and Matt are free lance players. Owen is under contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Their combined salaries for a week amount to between seven and eight thousand dollars. They have traveled a far, hard road to attain such opulence.

“Brothers”



☞ Tom is the irascible, debonair laughing type — the Irishman of fiction. Here he is in “The Song and Dance Man”.

She lived to see her three boys become famous in the films and to have them near her in Hollywood.

Her heart took in all the film world. She literally ran an amateur casting agency for players out of work. Her sons were constantly besieged by her to help this or that player obtain work.

Mary Pickford was later to love her as a daughter unto the end. It is possible that Mary's love for Mrs. Moore kept her matrimonial ship afloat with Owen at the helm for a much longer period than otherwise.

It was Miss Pickford who asked Mrs. Moore, when the latter was very ill, if she would allow a Christian Science practitioner to call upon her.

“Yes,” replied the daughter of Ireland, “I'll do anything if it will help me get up so I can go to Mass.”

At last strange news came to the Moore family. Owen had “gone into pictures”. In those early days it was not considered proper for an actor to enter films. It was a period when screen players talked of the “legitimate stage” with awe. No matter how accomplished a player might become before the screen, he was not of the elite unless he could boast of a legitimate career.

Owen wrote interesting letters about films. One letter told of his having come under the observation of a twenty-eight year old man by the name of David Wark Griffith. The latter had been a small time actor for many years before accidentally vaulting into the film saddle of fame and fortune. This was eighteen years ago — a long time, as the history of films is measured. Owen Moore was several years younger than Griffith.

It is interesting to record that but few of those who had entered the new work were over thirty years of age. The films were, at the time, a harbor of stage failures,

or rather, of youthful human craft that had not found a safe anchorage.

Owen Moore soon became leading man for the Biograph Company, of which Griffith was a director. He was the first film player to be given “screen credit”—that is, to be called by name on the screen.

Even Florence Lawrence, a popular actress of the time, was known as “the Biograph Girl”. Mary Pickford succeeded Miss Lawrence and fell heir to the title.

During the time Owen appeared with such people as Mary Pickford, Mack Sennett and Flora Finch. The latter was to become famous playing opposite John Bunny, the first really great film comedian. Miss



☞ Matt is the youngest of the three Moore brothers. Because of his quiet nature he is usually taken for the oldest.

Pickford's career is a household word. Mack Sennett, a one-time blacksmith and later a theatrical vagabond and singer, is now a millionaire producer of film comedies, with a mighty

sense of the ridiculous and no sense of humor.

Miss Pickford, then Gladys Smith, was slightly more than seventeen when she appeared at the Biograph Studios. Her hair was in golden curls and her eyes were innocently unaware of the far and golden road she was later to travel.

Griffith was casting for “The Violin Maker of Cremona”, an early sentimental story. He had his cameraman, Billy Bitzer, make a test of Miss Smith as she walked before the camera holding a violin. (Cont. on page 86)

How a movie company survives a rainy day "on location".



Lars Hanson, Pauline Starke and George Fawcett, artists in drama and expression.

The MAKING of "Captain Salvation"

By Katherine Albert

"WHAT! you've never been on location?" That phrase has been my nemesis for the past year. It has wrung in my ears wherever picture folk gather. For it seems that everyone has been "on location" at least once.

It really amounts to a social error in Hollywood not to have been. I began to be sensitive about it.

Well, I've been on location! It's like going into escrow and once or twice during the trip I thought it was all in vain as I felt sure that I would never get back to Hollywood to tell the story.

You probably believe as I believed that a location trip is a neat little pleasure jaunt away from the studio, where everyone assumes a holiday mood. If you've ever been in

the south you'll know what I mean when I tell you if you cherished any such illusion you thought like Carter's niggers. And, as every good southerner knows, Carter's niggers included in the disgraceful mental habit of believing that "buckeyes was biscuits". If you don't know what buckeyes are and how ridiculous it is to confuse them with biscuits, cross the Mason-Dixon line and find out. But don't go on location!

I was told out at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio that John Robertson and company were "on location" at Catalina Island filming some of the exterior scenes for "Captain Salvation", a vivid story of the sea, the locale being the Nova Scotia coast and the period being 1840-50. I was invited to go along and

(Cont. on page 102)



Off Catalina the cameramen took the dory scene with George Fawcett, Pauline Starke and Lars Hanson.



☞ Marceline Day and Lars Hanson in "Captain Salvation" the romantic tale of the sea.

☞ On Catalina Island the "Captain Salvation" troupe lived again the picturesque days of long ago.



Alma Bennett has been signed for Ben Turpin comedies after her success with Harry Langdon in "Long Pants".



Thelma Parr, a recent Mack Sennett discovery, proving that the old master still has his batting eye.



Marion McDonald came to the Sennett Chamber of Beauty from Boston, Mass.

What of the 1927

EACH girl a pearl, each pearl a queen,
I count them over one by one—
My Rosary, My Rosary."

So might sing the Mighty Mack, Monarch of Pulchritude and Patron of the Supple and the Svelte. Each year sees his standards of beauty raised a little higher and each day his comedies gain a little slap to the slap sticks. He rents girls, he hires girls, he brings them out and he signs them

up but never crosses one of them off of his book of friendship. Here are some details about the girls shown

ALMA BENNETT

Ben Turpin was desolate when Mack Sennett announced that Madeline Hurlock would be featured in her own comedies a month ago. After three years as his leading lady, Ben simply couldn't get used to the idea of



☞ Mack Sennett, the impresario of dozens of beauties, calls upon the most famous of Sennett girls — Gloria Swanson at her studio.



☞ Mary Mabery the U. of C. delegate to the University of Comedy.



☞ Madeline Hurlock to be the lead in "The Romance of a Sennett Bathing Girl" now being pictured.

☞ The girls who brought one piece suits to every beach in America are still setting the styles in figures.

Mack Sennett Girls?

being vamped by anyone else but Madeline.

And then along came Alma! Fickle Ben quickly wiped the tears off his shoulder and permitted himself to be vamped by the dark-eyed beauty to the satisfaction of Mack Sennett and everyone else concerned.

A call for a vamp for Ben was sent out, similar to the call that brought Madeline Hurlock into the Sennett fold three years ago and started her on the way to stardom.

Beautiful Alma Bennett was the answer. Alma is a recruit from dramatic pictures, having been featured in "The Lost World" and many Cecil deMille productions, as well as playing a leading role in Harry Langdon's latest comedy "Long Pants".

Miss Bennett is under contract with Mack Sennett now and is playing leading lady for Ben Turpin in a new comedy about a millionaire daddy. (Cont. on page 96)

Delight Evans's REVIEWS

☞ A "he" picture all right.

SLIDE KELLY SLIDE



☞ The most realistic young love ever filmed.

HAS everybody here seen Kelly? If not, why not? Kelly must not be missed. If you can give any good reason for non-attendance, get in touch with me. I have a standing date with Kelly, and as a special favor you may come along. Peanuts, Pop, Hot Dogs!

If you are a baseball fan in the first place, you'll like "Slide, Kelly, Slide". If you aren't, Bill Haines and his team will make you one. I never was so excited over the National Game myself, but now—just try to keep me away. Here I always thought baseball couldn't be as exciting as football or prize-fighting or Marines—especially on the screen. I was wrong. Baseball is a riot. Edward Sedgwick, director, A. P. Younger, author, and William Haines, star, must be fans themselves. They couldn't have done such a good job if home-runs left them cold. There are real ball games and real ball players in the picture. It glorifies the Game in general, the Yanks in particular. It's about Jim Kelly, the freshest bush-leaguer who ever hurled 'em over the pan. He twirled himself into the big league, and "Slide, Kelly, Slide" became the slogan of the fans. But success went to Jim's head; he thought he owned baseball; he stopped sliding

and slipped. Of course—it's a part that's made to order for William Haines. And how he plays it. His teamwork with Junior Coghlan, the most lovable movie kid since Jackie Coogan, is great trouping. You'll sniff at some of those scenes. Why do they call that marvellous youngster Junior, anyway? He deserves a full-sized name. He plays Kelly's adoring protegee whose childish faith helps to make a man of the wise guy. Hokum? But it's the way it's done! Maybe you'd like to hear about Bill's scene with Sally O'Neil. It's the porch-swing scene, probably the most realistic young-love ever filmed. No Barrymore-Costello idyll, you understand; but a love scene just the same. Bill is up to his old tricks; he meets up with Dorothy Sebastian, whose smile, brief, but flashing, is one of the things you'll remember about "Slide, Kelly, Slide".

Here's another of the features that seems to have been made with an eye to luring mere males to the movies. It's filled with regular guys, real ball-games, masculine psychology, and things like that. A he-picture, all right. But don't let's worry, girls. As long as they give us William Haines, what do we care about fashion shows, anyway.

The TELEPHONE Girl

☞ Wrong number!

HELLO, Central—give me Herbert Brenon. Hello, Mr. Brenon? Well, well, how are you? I feel awful—I just saw your "Telephone Girl". No, Central, I'm not talking about you. But really, now, Mr. Brenon; where did you dig up that story? You didn't? Folks, he says it wasn't his story at all. It was an old stage play by William deMille, entitled "The Woman": about the candidate for Governor whose past threatens to rise up and smite him at a crucial moment; yes, that one. In that case, I suppose we can't very well blame the director, can we? And come to think of it, you did squeeze something out of the plot, at that. You gave Madge Bellamy the best chance of her career in that one scene in which the nasty, mean old politicians are trying to force her to tell the telephone number that will gum up the whole gubernatorial campaign for Warner Baxter. And she won't, although her future happiness with Larry Gray is at stake. Three cheers for the Telephone Girls! There's no need to get huffy, Central. As I was saying, Mr. Brenon, I haven't seen Madge do much acting since her Ince days—through no fault of her own, of course. Now, after kidding us into believing that blonde flappers are her



☞ A cruel politician tries to force the operator into telling an important number. (Madge Bellamy, Lawrence Gray and Holbrook Blinn).



☞ The beans are almost spilled for Mrs. Robinson (May Allison and Holbrook Blinn).

forte, the little minx plays a plain, sensible part and causes a landslide for herself—and the Governor. She wears the same severely simple little dress in every scene, instead of the fluffy creations she has been donning; she is entirely surrounded by troupers who act, and act; yet the impression she leaves is of extreme beauty, chic, and first-class emotion. In other words, all Madge ever needed, all those years of comparative obscurity, was—not a henna rinse or a French dress-maker—but a good old-fashioned chance. Don't you think so, Mr. Brenon? What? hel—where's my party, Central? He did not hang up on me. You cut me off—you Telephone Girl, you!

The Rough RIDERS



☞ That long, hot march is so moving that the audience is in an agony of pity before it's over.

“D EE-LIGHTED” and “Bully” are the two adjectives to use in describing “The Rough Riders” when your friends ask you if it’s worth seeing. And if you can imagine a Roosevelt grin at the same time, all the better. This picture is a monument to Teddy and his hard-riding boys in the little fight with Spain a few years back. It’s an “epic” of the days of ’98, when women had waists, men had mustaches, and courtships were conducted on bicycles-built-for-two instead of in chummy roadsters (“The Rough Riders” also presents the first known snapshot of a girl walking home from a buggy ride.) It’s rousing melodrama, tender romance, and slapstick comedy in one. It’s more typically American in theme, treatment, acting, titles, than any film I’ve ever seen. The music score features such old favorites as “Dolly Gray”, “A Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight” and “Break the News to Mother”. You’ll hear cautious humming around you if you listen.

Roosevelt, played by Frank Hopper, is the heroic central figure; but the story of “The Rough Riders” chiefly concerns itself with the romance of one girl, Dolly, and two boys—a daredevil and an angel, deadly rivals, each aspiring to Cuban heroics for her sake. The angel finds death in a brave charge against the Spaniards and his own cowardice; the daredevil risks his own life to carry his dying rival back to camp. That long, hot march is so moving that the audience is in an agony of pity before it’s over. The performance of the two boys will get you: Charlie Farrell’s as the daredevil, and Charles Emmet Mack’s. The latter’s death scene is all the more poignant because it was that fine young actor’s last scene before any camera. It was a fitting farewell.

Whether you like it or not, there’s another one of the comedy acts played by Bancroft and Beery—Noah, this time. True to tradition among “epics”, the big boys carry on in the same old way. I think I must be growing old along with their gags.

Venus of VENICE

☞ In your gondola

ALL those things you have heard about Venice are apparently true. Take it from "Venus of Venice". It's a paradise for beautiful young girls—preferably pickpockets; it abounds in rich and fascinating and easily imposed-upon heroes. And its gondolas are just too cute for anything. This new Constance Talmadge picture should be called "The Diving Venus of Venice". Yes—she swims home. When the villian pursues her, she simply walks, not runs to the nearest window and does a neat dive into the handy canal. So that is Venice.

Naughty Carlotta has long been the despair of the Venice police force, who never seemed to think of equipping themselves with water-wings when on her trail. She has everything her own way until Tony Moreno turns the tables on her by doing a little thieving of his own. He does a good job of heart-snatching—and our Venus decides to reform. First, she has to square it with her former accomplice, whose name, of course, is Marco. And it involves a lot of explanation, let me tell you—and a couple more dives. It's only at the Carnival that things are cleaned up—both ways. When Connie-Carlotta does her next, and final dive she is accompanied by Tony, who



☞ Constance Talmadge has everything her own way until Tony Moreno springs a surprise.

believed in her all the time. Madcaps in any vicinity are advised to adopt Connie's Carlotta costume—it's equally effective for street or canal, walking or swimming. A girl never knows. The surprise of this comedy, however, is Julianne Johnstone. She plays one of those fiancées who arrives on the scene unexpectedly and inopportune. Usually her advent makes no difference whatever to the story. The hero and heroine proceed just as if she weren't there, and so does the audience. But when the beautiful Julianne appears, you wonder—if only for a second—if she won't win the hero back after all. That's how attractive she is. She reminded me of Renee Adoree and Claire Windsor, all at once. Try that before your own mirror sometime.

☞ Gilda knows her Broadway—and she'll show you around.

CABARET

☞ Hey, Hey—Here's Cabaret!

BROADWAY! If you've been there you know what it means. If you haven't, you've dreamed about it, and you're probably saving your pennies to pay it a visit. But now you can put it off a little longer. Broadway is here—right before your eyes. Jump right in and have a good time. Gilda Gray will help you. From the time she makes her dazzling entrance as the star of a night-club show, all the way through a sizzling melodrama of crooks and cabaret girls to the grand finale in which she out-dances all the other dancing stars

of Broadway, N. Y., and Broadway, Movieland—Gilda is the life of her own party. And now's the time for all good men to come to the aid, too. And because she's swell to her mother and father, sweet to her little sisters, and loyal to a weakling brother, the ladies will like our heroine, too, thus ensuring a pleasant time for all. For the first time that I can remember, you're taken behind the scenes of Broadway by an insider instead of a tourists' guide. Under Gilda's guidance, you're inside looking around, and you don't feel like a boob in a big city. You



☞ Gilda Gray does the "Black Bottom"—and how!

belong. This intimate, confiding air is what makes "Cabaret" different from all the other white-way pictures. You're on speaking terms—first names, too—with gunmen and cafe owners, detectives and chorus cuties. You're even mixed up in a murder. Now, now, don't run. Detective Tom Moore knows who did it, and he's after 'em with his own little gun and a grin. Chester Conklin and his mustache and Charles Byer and *his* help things along—Mr. Byer, by the way, is a gentleman you'll enjoy hating, he's so good. Robert Vignola's direction, plus a cameraman who knows his shots—all kinds—make "Cabaret" a vivid, jazzy frame for the star. And now that we have dutifully discussed the highlights of the picture, let's get together for a good frank chat. What's that? Why, of course she dances. She does the Black Bottom, and the Charleston, and there's a close-up of the world-famous shimmy that will shake you out of your seat. Hey, hey!



☞ Also a close-up of the world famous shimmy that will shake you out of your seat.

EVENING Clothes

☞ A Perfect Fit

YOU'VE seen Adolphe Menjou in evening clothes before—but this suit fits him better than any he has worn in a long time. The first gent of the screen has found his ideal tailor—Luther Reed. The result of this combination is not only sartorial perfection; it is good entertainment. From the French, yes; but if you'll notice, the movies seem to be losing their awe of that dear Paris, and this is only one of many recent efforts which nobly refrains from ooh-la-laing on a large scale. A friend of a friend of mine who really went to Paris says that the Parisian atmosphere is practically perfect; so you can go ahead and enjoy yourself openly. Adolphe plays a Marquis—yes, yes, the same kind of Marquis as Gloria's, not the DeLuxe Theatre's. At the outset, M. Menjou wears a beard—not one of those



lovely, becoming ones, but a real beard just like any other old beard. Virginia Valli takes one look at it and marries him; then she's oh, so sorry. Naturally, he gets rid of the beard, also most of his fortune, habits and inclinations to win her back. And now—as a reward for your patience—the scene shifts to Paris, Louise Brooks trips in, and dull care is swept away. I didn't care if Adolphe ever regained his wife. That's what this French air does for me. Between Adolphe's faultless manners, Lilyan Tashman's gown, and Louise's new bob and svelteness, I was all set to enjoy Paris. But "Evening Clothes" begins to wear a little thin. You'll feel just awful when you see the best-dressed man of the boulevards parading in the rain with a sandwich board

☞ Adolphe plays a Marquis—and wears evening clothes.

round his neck why, even that hard-hearted wife of his cried her eyes out—there, I've given away the ending. You'd guess it, anyway.

☞ Hard-boiled. That's what times were in the days of Louis XI.

The BELOVED Rogue

☞ That Adorable Scalawag

JOHN BARRYMORE must have had hysterics when they told him the title of his latest picture, if I know John. (I don't.) And what the late Francois Villon would have said if he had heard himself called a beloved rouge couldn't be printed today. The picture, praise be, doesn't live up to its title. Mr. Barrymore refuses to be roguish; he is content to be just a knave—a knave of hearts—ah, there, John! Certainly there was nothing in the least roguish about the times of Louis the Eleventh—not so you could notice it. Picturesque is a good word; hard-boiled is better. The fact that Francois stayed alive at all spoke volumes for his speed and his wit, especially as soon as Louis took a fancy to him. Conrad Veidt's Louis the Eleventh is not the kind of a king that little children would choose to tell their troubles to. John's Francois has more escapes from death, probably, than any other screen hero of the season except John's Chevalier. Francois is a scalawag—a rascal—a devil—just about everything like that but a rogue. He loves a high-born maiden, Charlotte of Vauxcelles, alias Marceline Day, and more Marceline, it seemed to me, than Charlotte. She loves him; but she's the royal ward, he's only a poet—you know. He scales castle walls, is shot and tortured, and all but fades out when to the rescue come those brave boys—not the U. S. Marines this time, but the King's soldiery. Huzza, huzza! At that, there's a kick to it. If you like Barrymore, you'll like "The Beloved Rascal"; but if you don't, this exhibition isn't likely to convert you. It's historically inaccurate, what's more. Well, that doesn't make much difference to me, either, to be honest with you. Shake!



☞ Mr. Barrymore portrays Villon as a Knave—of Hearts.

☞ "There's always a boy that's lonely for a girl that's lonely too."

A FRAID to LOVE

☞ *Who's Afraid?*

I DECLARE we might just as well postpone that European jaunt another year. Here's Florence Vidor and company, to show us London and Paris via the honeymoon route. That leaves us practically nothing to look forward to. But I can't hold it against Miss Vidor. I'd like to see anyone grudge her anything. I know; I never used to appreciate Florence. But I'm making up for lost time now. She can play the most ridiculous parts—such as this young, reduced English gentlewoman who lets her family lawyer persuade her to marry a perfect stranger—Clive Brook, and isn't he!—to save his fortune from an adventuress; and she can make you believe it's being done every day by the best people. That patrician calm is the first requirement for the heroine of a slightly snappy farce. So farce, so good. But after the honeymooners get to Paris—accompanied by the siren, Jocelyn Lee—and participate in some rather amusing moments, it ceases to be quaint and becomes just silly. "Afraid to Love" is in something over seven reels, and you know darned well that even well-behaved heroines can't register the hesitation blues that long.



☞ Florence Vidor shows her sporting blood by marrying a perfect stranger—Clive Brook.

☞ *Glorious Gloria.*

The LOVE of SUNYA

☞ *Let Us Look Into Our Crystal Ball*



☞ Miss Swanson demonstrates that she is an actress, first, last and always.

I SEE—I see—what is it I see? Oh, yes—I see a great star, all alone in the cold, cruel world; no bosses to guide her; standing or falling by her own merit. The crystal clears. What does it show? Does she succeed, or does she fail? In plain language, friends, the crystal seems to tell me that Gloria is going to put it over. "The Love of Sunya" isn't a great picture, not even a very good picture; but for a first independent attempt, it's praiseworthy in that it tries honestly to tell a story instead of stringing together a series of close-ups of the Star-Boss. The story isn't striking but it does afford Miss Swanson a chance to demonstrate that she's a real actress, first, last, and always. Though her original act of five, count 'em, five distinct characterizations has been cut down to three, these serve to accentuate her versatility. She's the charming modern girl, the temperamental prima donna, and the neglected wife in turn, in this tale of reincarnation and prophecy. It isn't a one-star show, though, by any means. All of the supporting players have their chance to show what they can do: John Boles, the new leading man; Flobelle Fairbanks, Doug's niece, making her debut; Pauline Garon, Ian Keith, Hugh Miller, Anders Randolph, John Miltern, and Andre de Segurola, the opera singer—all "names". But Gloria's leads all the rest.

The

Show



☞ *Walk Right This Way,
Ladies and Gentlemen!*

☞ *This looks so
comfortable—
but try it!*

CAN you resist a side-show? When did you? Yes, I'll bet you did. But I'd like to see you stay outside and sneer when Jack Gilbert is the "barker". "The Show" is not the biggest and best on earth, but it beats all the side-shows I ever saw just the same. There's a spider woman and a be-heading and a Gila monster and what do you want? Tod Browning, who just loves to mess around the underworld on the screen—remember "The Unholy Three"?—takes you on this tour of a Budapest side-show, where John is the spieler, Lionel Barrymore a tough customer, and Renee Adoree is Salome, all that the name implies.

As a Hungarian rough-neck, a blood-brother of *Liliom*, Jack was never rougher, or more exciting. He's a bad, bad boy; women fall for him in droves, and he never even stops to pick them up. That's the Gilbert I like to see, don't you? The cynical sinner. After he fell a willing victim to Greta's wiles in "*Flesh and the Devil*" I was afraid he would never be the same bold, bad man again. But Mr. Browning has saved him from an awful fate. I hope he always beats up girls and takes their money. He's the only man on the screen who can get away with it. In "The Show" he almost loses his head—in the Big Decapitation Scene that is the sensation of the side show; but Renee saves him. Later on, he and Lionel are chased by the Gila monster; and if this scene doesn't give you the creeps then and there, and a nightmare later, you're shock-proof.



☞ *As a Hungarian rough-
neck Jack Gilbert was
never rougher or more
exciting.*

NEW SCREENPLAYS

Reviewed By

Rosa Reilly



The craft that first makes Boston Light shall win for sister ships the right to be the tea fleet of China.

From Foo Chow Harbor to the Port of Boston Town!

The Daughter of Joy and the English Fiance; Boyd and the English woman he loves; the British Captain; the hard boiled mate; the urchin who shipped before the mast—and who chewed tobacco fore and aft; these, and wind and sky and sea and sail are there for you in a gallant tale, with intrigue, knife play, thirst and typhoon to blow you from your every day 1927 moorings.

Ray Bloomer is pastor of the flock Billie Dove is supposed to belong to.

THE YANKEE CLIPPER

THE Yankee Clipper sails again! Out of Boston Harbor for China and the turquoise seas. Off to wrest the tea trade from the hated English rivals. Down across the Spanish Main. Around the Horn. Up across the stormy Pacific. And into quiet waters. Quiet waters of Foo Chow where the Daughter of Joy sings her lute-sad songs to the men who sail and brawl and fight and love under all flags.

The captain of the Yankee Clipper is a young New England skipper, William Boyd by name. But the romance of his heart cannot get under full canvas. He loves Elinor Fair but she, the daughter of the rival English sailing master, is engaged to a fellow countryman.

On the speed of the Yankee Clipper hangs the fate of the China tea trade. In Foo Chow, Boyd and the English Captain get their cargoes and their orders from the wrinkled old Oriental who is emperor of the tea market.

Go down to the sea with the Yankee Clipper and hoist your sails to a spanking good dramatic breeze.

Yo Hoo and several cans of good moving picture!

SENSATION SEEKERS

EXTRA! EXTRA! Big sensation in Universal movie. Huntly Gordon does not get the gal!

It's Billie Dove, too. It was an awful shock to me because I like to see these bad-good-men like Huntly get along. But this time he simply would not reform. I thought for a time he might, considering what Billie Dove is—one of those girls any man might reform for. But it was not to be. Huntly just got his Scotch-Irish up, and that night on his yacht when waves and wine were running high, wide and handsome he—well, I shudder even now when I think of it.

Uncle Carl Laemmle should give Huntly a nice boy scout medal or something for playing in one of his movies



☞ Marie Dresser's dream of sending her boy, Malcolm McGregor, to college is shattered.

good picture and after I saw it I rushed right out and tried to buy a picture hat like Billie wore the night she wrote Huntly and told him she would marry him. Oh yes, it's like that. Keeps you guessing.

MADAME WANTS NO CHILDREN

The best entertainment of the month!

Risque?

I should say not. Madame does want children. Madame is only young and thoughtless and

(Cont. on page 78)



☞ William Boyd, Captain of the Clipper, loves his sailing rival's daughter, Elinor Fair.

where he loses a gal like Billie Dove. You might gather from the title that *Sensation Seekers* would open with the Great American Ballroom Set where the tired housewife is forgetting the cares of the day and yearning to get away from it all. Nope. Lois Weber is directing this picture and if you will remember *The Marriage Clause* which she produced you will know that Lois doesn't do things that way.

There is a cabaret scene later on, however. It's one of those wicked "Black and Tan places" and there is some silhouette entertaining with a kick in it. Then there is a minister, young, curly-headed. Played by Ray Bloomer. He is the pastor of the flock Billie is supposed to belong to. Only she doesn't. That is, not until—well anyhow, as I was saying it is a



☞ Helen Foster and Rex Lease supply the sweetheart background for Ranger's splendid picture.

Goldie Flynn



Elinor King



By Paula Gould

A WEEK ago, Goldie was an unknown little chorus girl in the Fred Stone show "Criss Cross" in New York. She danced and she sang with thirty or forty other little girls. But Goldie was a bit different. Because Goldie dreamed. Beautiful golden dreams about the day she would become a famous stage star, or better yet, a screen star. But that day seemed very far away, and sometimes Goldie became a bit discouraged. Not so discouraged that she stopped studying, or working, or striving with all her might toward that coveted goal, however.

Then, it happened.

One evening, Joseph P. Kennedy, the president of Film Booking Offices, attended a performance of "Criss Cross". An uncanny knack of detecting embryonic screen talent made him go back stage and talk with Goldie. The next day a screen test was taken; she passed her examination 100%, and the day after that, a five year contract was signed.

It all happened so quickly that the little chorus girl is still dazed. Already in Holly-

wood, she writes me that she keeps pinching herself to realize that it isn't all a dream, and that some wretched clock might strike at midnight, and she would find herself again in the chorus doing the "Black Bottom".

But the beautiful realized dream would not break with the signing of the contract. Oh, no. President Kennedy had other plans up his sleeve for Goldie.

First of all, her name must be changed. A name befitting the personality of the gorgeous creature she was to be. Names, names, names! Irish names, American names, fancy names and plain names, colorful names and colorless names. All were suggested, and discarded. Finally, Goldie herself sug- (Cont. on page 57)



GOLDIE FLYNN, one of the "ponies" in a Broadway show — BEFORE she was discovered.



AND now as ELINOR KING, coiffured and manicured, she is ready for her screen career.

Photograph by Hal Phyfe

© STYLLAND



JETTA GOUDAL exotic and individual finds
a sympathetic role in "*White Gold*".

SCREENLAND



L OVELY MARY PHILBIN and her crown-
ing glory. You will see both in "*The Man
Who Laughs*".

Photograph by Freubel

SCREENLAND



EACH new picture makes DOLORES COSTELLO'S popularity stronger. She is busy working on "*A Million Bid*".

SCOTLAND

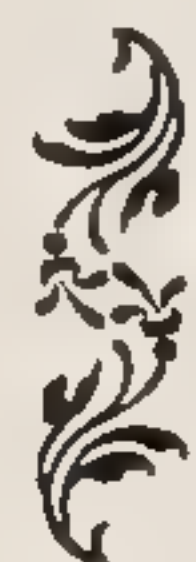
Reviewed in This Issue

"HER CARDBOARD LOVER"

"THE SPIDER"

"THE NEW YORKERS"

"SPREAD EAGLE"



world. Years ago, we wrote a ballade whose refrain gave the successful formula for a melodrama: "Lights out—and a shot in the dark." That the authors of "The Spider", Fulton Oursler and Lowell Brentano, ever read our refrain, is doubtful—but they certainly know their insects. This show has about forty shots in the dark.

It is a show that is not so much written as it is staged. This one was staged by Albert Lewis—and a sweet job, too. The show opens with the International News Reel, and these first few minutes contain lots of shots, but no audible ones. After that the reverberations are deafening and continuous.

If you saw "The Bat" and "The Last Warning", you have a slight idea of what you're in for. Only, however, a slight idea. For this combines the best features of each. We were requested by the management not to give away the secret, and tell you who the murderer is. To tell the truth, that isn't our only reason. We simply don't want to get mixed up in any murder cases. If we told you, one of the gang would simply bump us off. And then where would criticism of American drama be, we ask you?

"The New Yorkers"

Our advice about this intimate review—though intimate is really a mild word: this one is so personal that it's offensive—is to buy the sheet music of "Slow River" and "Floating Through the Air" and let it go at that. These two songs, words and music, sounded pretty good to us. The sketches, however, with a rare exception, are compounded of the

© Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt appear together once more in "The Second Man", the last Theatre Guild offering for the season.



© Mary Eaton, the dancing star of "Lucky".

nasty little words that small boys are wont to put on a fence. And nothing short of fumigation will ever make you feel the same.


We are the last one to kick about morality. We heard the cuss words in "What Price Glory" and gave three rousing cheers for the show, cuss-words and all; we saw "The Captive" and thought it was a fine, poignant drama, and ours is only bitterness against the Puritan attitude that forced its withdrawal. Also, we have read Freud and Rabelais and never once thought of committing suicide.

But the fact remains that it takes a master to handle such subjects. Rabelais' sense of humor and irony is a rare thing. It lets him see the fun in sex as well as in other things. Still, even his famous catalogues of synonyms for various things are apt to grow a bit wearisome. And mere words, even though forbidden, are apt to be boring. And what we are trying to say—though you may have wondered—is that there may be and (Continued on page 78)

Blossom Time


at the

TUDIOS



☞ Carmel Myers wearing an interesting wrap of beige twill. Flat furs are all the rage these days and this trimming of unborn calf is particularly smart.

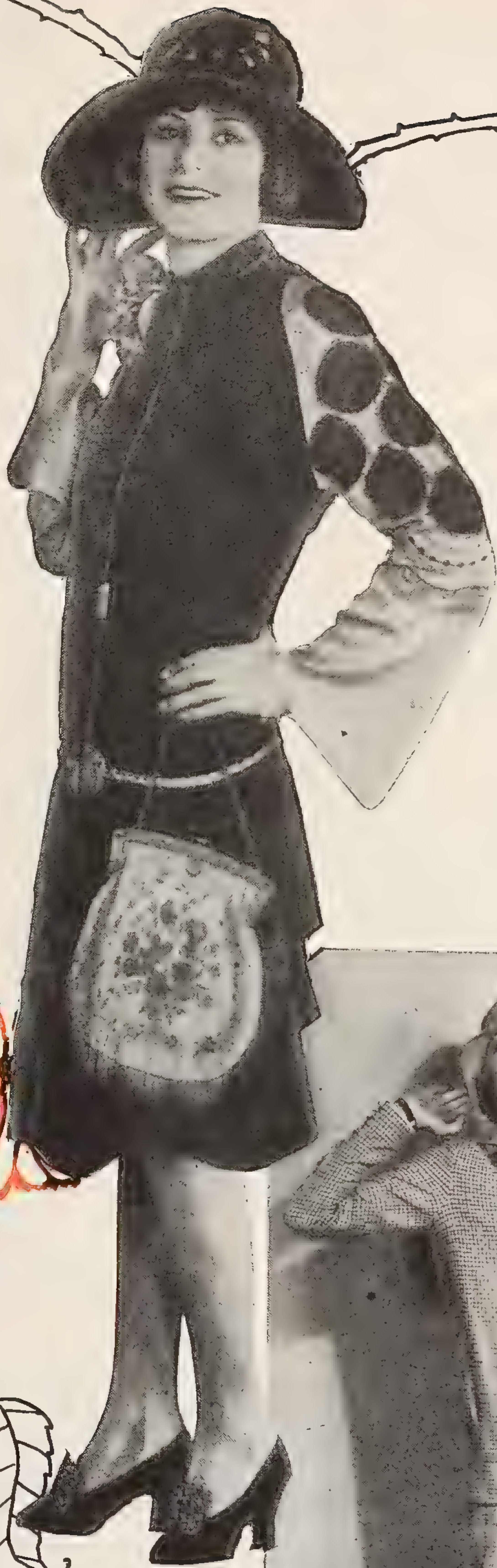
A STUDIO lot is a garden filled with beautiful girls, and as individual as the flowers are their modes of dress. Long before you recognize the spirituelle features of Vilma Banky you will think of the delicate petals of almond blossoms fluttering in a warm spring breeze as she floats toward you in lucious pink chiffon. You will think of black dahlias as a graceful, buffant costume passes only to find the glorious dark eyes of Estelle Taylor laughing up at you from the heart of it. Like a brilliant tulip Sally O'Neil flashes by in a scarlet yachting suit while Greta Garbo, a shaft of light in ivory satin and tulle has the purity of a gardenia and with that flower's unmistakable siren call.



☞ For golf, Gertrude Olmsted prefers this charming green and white costume with pleated skirt, patch pockets and darker green kid belt.

☞ A beautiful woman deserves beautiful clothes. The picture girls get their deserts.

☞ Louise Lorraine looks lovely in a black frost crepe with skirt of three scalloped tiers and decorated sleeves.



☞ At a recent Hollywood opening Gertrude Olmsted appeared in this stunning evening wrap of silver cloth shot with lavender. The two velvet flowers are lined with silver cloth.



☞ The frock is purple chiffon designed by Andreani.



☞ A two piece sport suit of black and white check worn by Gwen Lee is featured by a black kid belt, black shoulder flower and buttons.

CHATTER *from* HOLLYWOOD

By
Martin
Martin

IT WAS mid-afternoon when we in Hollywood heard the first scant details of the death of Charles Emmett Mack in an automobile accident in Riverside.

I was at Famous Players-Lasky, talking to Bebe Daniels, when an extra sidled up: "Have you heard? Charles Emmett Mack is dead," he said. Immediately he went on, spreading the news among the troupe.

Within an hour, long before the screeching newsboys on Hollywood Boulevard were telling the sad story, every studio in the colony knew that Charley Mack had been killed.

It is uncanny the way news spreads.



Richard Barthelmess and his four year old daughter at her fancy dress birthday party.

Hollywood is like a great hall, the work of some super-architect, in which the acoustics are so finely developed that a whisper in one end reverberates in the other.

Everybody loved Charles Emmett Mack. I remember when the Lasky company had gathered together as many of Roosevelt's original "Rough Riders" as possible, and the actors who were to duplicate their fights on the screen were present as interested listeners.

After members of the company had recited stirring exploits, the actors also were called on to make speeches. Some spoke quite a good bit about themselves. Finally Charley Mack's turn came. He got up and said: "After

Sally Rand the "Queen of Queens" of the Cecil B. De Mille lot.



the things I have heard here it makes me almost ashamed to try and imitate you on the screen. But I will try. Thank you." And then he sat down.

And he meant it too. That was his quality—sincerity.

A queer parallel seems to have run between Mack's portrayals on the screen and his fate. In "The Unknown Soldier" he was killed and in "The Rough Riders" he met the same fate. Casting directors picked him to play the boy who died because of his wistfulness.

He was a diffident man in real life. Few remember that he was once a prop-boy for D. W. Griffith, who gave him his first chance in "Dream Street".

Mack clicked. He went on up. You remember him in "The Unknown Soldier"; "A Woman of The World" with Pola Negri; "The Devil's Circus" with Norma Shearer, and "The Rough Riders" would have made him if he had lived. He had just finished "A Million Bid" with Dolores Costello before he started the ill-fated picture on which he met his death.

As it happened the script girl on the same picture had been killed in another automobile accident only a few days before.

The coincidence made a profound impression upon Hollywood where superstition is deeply imbedded. "There will be a third," they say. "Those things always come in threes."

If I heard that once I heard it twenty times during the course of the afternoon. Nothing more has happened. But when I reminded one prophet of that he said: "Just wait; you'll see. There'll be another death in that picture."

—o—

For some months the people who tell me things have insisted that the engagement between Bebe Daniels and Charles Paddock, world's champion sprinter, is ended. I believe that is so, but Bebe refuses to confirm it. She scoffs at the rumor that James Hall is the lucky man at present. (Yes, Hall is the same fellow that Joan Crawford

was said to be engaged to a couple of months ago.)

Undoubtedly Bebe has more accidents than anybody in pictures. The other day, in a fencing scene, she made a lunge then returned to guard so swiftly that the hilt of her rapier caught her eye-lid tearing it clean through.

She was out for days waiting for the wound to heal slowly so as not to leave a scar, and the second day after her return she fell off a balcony narrowly escaping broken bones.

Bebe is as vivid off screen as on. She has a quick nervous laugh which begins and ends abruptly, causing you to look at her suddenly to see why she stopped.

At present she is very much interested in Spanish houses. She is building three at the Beach in addition to remodeling a section of a Lasky dressing room building in Spanish style.

At this studio none of the stars are allowed to have bungalows. Consequently Bebe tore off the outer wall of the lower story of a dressing room building and is having a four-room Spanish style suite of rooms fixed at her own expense. When they are completed she plans a wall and a tiny patio in front—that is if the studio will allow her to encroach upon about a foot of sidewalk. And there will be three small cacti planted. It certainly will be a queer looking building with a little Spanish bungalow exterior on the lower floor and the second story of dressing rooms for a roof.

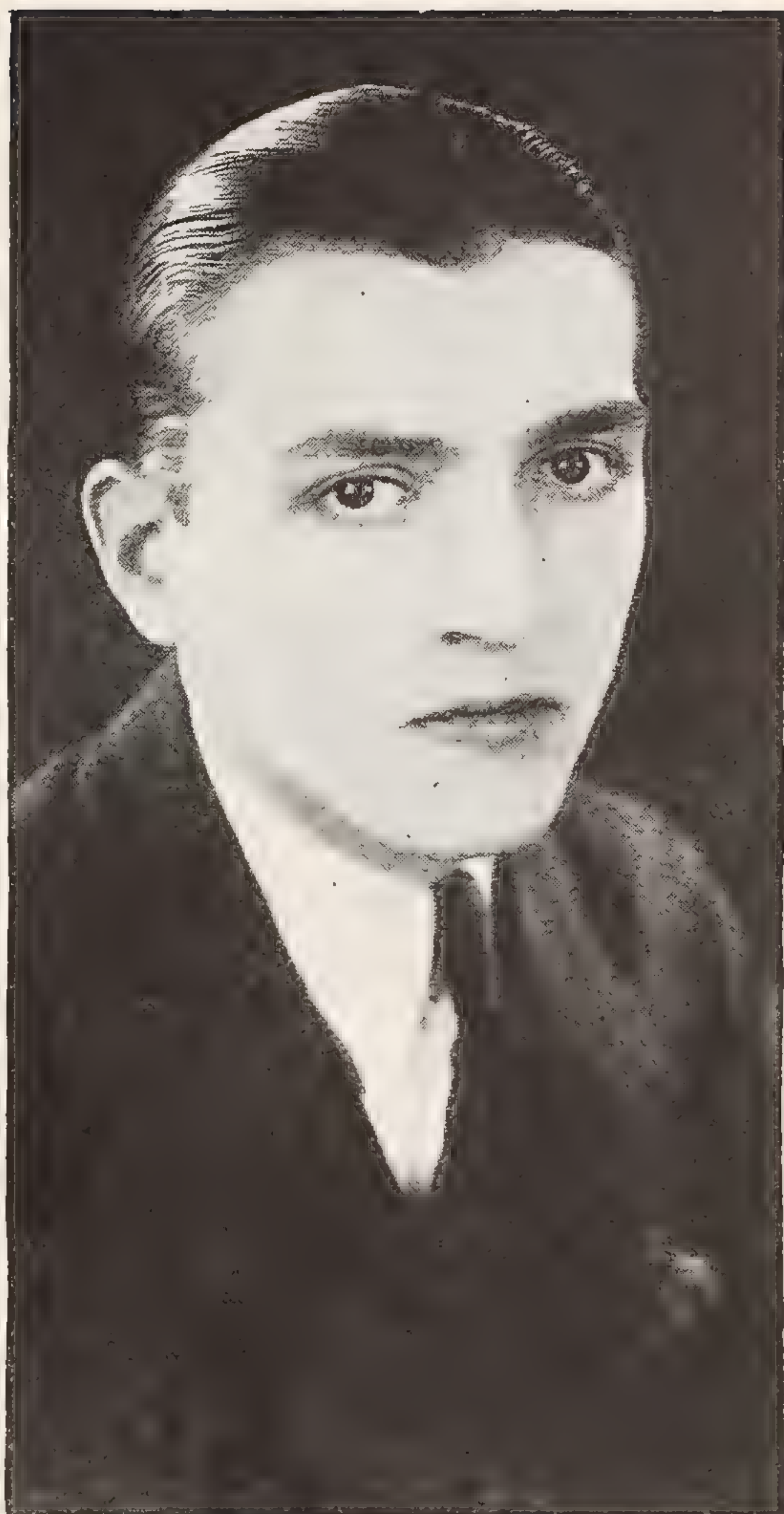
Continuing her hard luck to her architecture, Bebe has discovered that the beach house she planned to occupy herself had a balcony which cannot be reached except through a bathroom or by ladder from the patio.

In Bebe's own words: "Isn't that dumb?"

o—o

Patricia Avery, baby star, is a secret bride, has been in fact since April 3, 1926, I discovered this month. Her husband is Ben Pye, art director for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, who is at present in Colorado with Clarence Brown on "The Trail of Ninety-Eight."

Their acquaintance began thirteen years ago in grammar school, but was interrupted by another marriage of Patricia's, which most



☞ Charles Emmet Mack, whose sudden death bereaved all Hollywood, and a scene from his last picture "The Rough Riders". He has gone on the long, long journey.

people in the film colony never knew of either. Pye got Patricia her first job in motion pictures and it was not acting but a stenographic position in the research department at M. G. M.

One day studio officials decided Patricia would be good as an actress, so, after a successful screen test, she was signed on a contract. At present writing, however, she intends to free-lance as soon as this contract is completed.

☞ When Anna Q. Nilsson was asked if Babe Ruth made a hit in "Babe Comes Home" she said "Hit? It's a triple."

Patricia, by the way, is related to John D. Rockefeller.



☪ Ruth Hiatt and little Mary Ann Jackson, the cutest kid in pictures.

☪ Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks at the ground breaking ceremonies for the new United Artists theatre in Los Angeles.



☪ George O'Brien in training for "Is Zat So".



☪ Dorothy Gish and Will Rogers making "Tip-toes" in England.

Dolores Del Rio steps from one important role to another. It has just been announced that she will play opposite Douglas Fairbanks in his new picture to be called, "The Gaucho." It is a story of South America.

o—

Harold Lloyd collects dogs about as fast as a rabbit multiplies. He now has thirty-two, the latest being a St. Bernard boasting the name, "Hercu-veen Bravo."

This dog, along with six great danes, furnished canine melody for the trainmen when Harold and Mildred Davis returned from the East this month.

There was a touching scene at the station where the film couple saw their baby daughter, Mildred Gloria, for the first time in six weeks.

Mildred Gloria tearily asked her mother: "Will you go home with me to-day?" And then Mildred wept and Harold got tangled up with the rope of Hercu-veen Bravo" and there was general confusion.

"Never for anybody in the world will I leave this baby again," Mildred told me. "When I go the next time she goes with me."

Don't get the idea that Mildred Gloria was neglected in her parent's absence. She was with her grandmother, Mrs. Davis, and had a nurse to take care of her too.

Mabel Normand has recovered very slowly from her illness which brought her close to death last month. As I write she still is at the hospital but expects to return home soon. Lew Cody has been devoted during her sickness, having practically disappeared from the places we used to see him in Hollywood.

All the players whom we have not seen for years seem to have come back to Hollywood this month—Richard Dix, Lois Wilson, Gloria Swanson.

Gloria had even put her house up for sale, but fortunately nobody had purchased it, so she just moved in with husband "Hank" and her two children.

She will make pictures at the United Artists Studio where Norma and Constance Talmadge, John Barrymore, Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks and Corinne Griffith also have headquarters.

Corinne, by the way, is to have Walter Morosco, her husband, as manager of her company. The story is that she insisted on this provision in her contract.

Walter is no mere hanger on to his wife's glory, however. He is a capable scenarist and director and is very popular around the film colony.

Lois Wilson comes west to play her first role as a free-lance for F. B. O. Richard Dix, of course, followed the Lasky immigration to Hollywood.

—o—

And speaking of returns, there is the promised return of Roscoe "Fatty" Arbuckle to the screen. Roscoe has been working as a director for a number of years, but now he tells me he has signed a contract with Abe Carlos to make a series of feature length comedies, the first of which will be filmed in Germany this coming summer or fall.

In the meantime, Roscoe will tour the Pantages circuit of vaudeville houses.

The news was a surprise to everyone . . . in fact I understand even Joe Schenck, who has carried Roscoe over many bad spots in the past, knew nothing of the contract until it was signed.

For those who don't know, Roscoe has been a director at the Educational Comedy Studios, has directed a part of "The Red Mill" in which Marion Davies starred, and a part of Eddie Cantor's new picture.

From all reports he is not a very successful director of feature length comedies, having a tendency to revert to slap-stick a little too strongly.



Adolphe Menjou now and a few years ago. It takes years of practice to handle a cane the way Adolphe does.



Mrs. Arbuckle, who acted on the screen under the name of Doris Deane, is to accompany her husband on his tour and to Germany, I understand.

And Roscoe says he has to gain sixty pounds. That is how much he has lost since you saw him last on the screen. How did he do it? Simply by dieting, and by playing indoor baseball with Buster Keaton and his studio team.

—o—

"Marry again? Never! My fans want me single," declared Adolphe Menjou to me some months back.

But between me and you I'm not so sure about that, Adolphe is certainly acting the part of a faithful swain to Kathryn Carver, former artists model, who is cast opposite the French star in his new picture. Once she was in a few pictures under the name of Kathryn Hill. She is blonde with the bluest eyes in Hollywood.



Pola Negri follows her success in "Hotel Imperial" with a picture named "Barbed Wire."

They SAY

☞ *There is plenty of gossip in Hollywood but the rumor that flies fastest is the word that some player has scored with the public.*

HIS name is "Hughie," and if you don't know who he is, you simply can't be knowing all you should around these parts. As far as I'm concerned, Hughie is a very, very old time-worn friend of mine! He's seen 'em come and go, all right; he's been the door-man at the Ambassador Hotel for years and years, and those he's helped into their cabs would fill a "Who's Who" book. I think his Irish soul is full as full can be of emerald blarney just for the sake of the movie folk. The line he pulled a couple of weeks ago when Marcus Loew was leaving our land of sunshine and roses is a classic. Says he: "Good-by, Misther Loew, good-by. Good luck and goo health to ye; bad cess to the divil, and may he always be a day's march behoind ye." That's it, Hughie—take care of your screen friends in all of your prayers; and there'll be trouble brewing sure enough if that same divil doesn't keep himself even

farther removed from your good old Irish self!

* * *

If Emil Jannings' face is still sort of stinging and somewhat red when you see "The Way of All Flesh" on the screen, simply blame it to the wallop given him by the little hand of one Phyllis Haver. Of course



☞ Charles Spencer Chaplin is establishing himself in a New York studio to complete "The Circus."

it was in the action of the scene, and all that, but it was a beauty, and even Phyllis was worried to death that she had really ruined "Emiel," as she calls him: "Emiel" couldn't understand what the apologizing was all about until Phyllis came up to him and went through the motions of the slap all over again. First she pointed to his face, then went through the swing of her arm to his cheek, and last but not least spoke one of the two words she knows of "Emiel's" language: "Verletzt? Verletzt?" After Emil understood that Phyllis was trying to ask him if she had hurt him, in such fast talk that she didn't know what it was all about, the big European told her that such a chit of a girl couldn't possibly even disturb one little whisker of his face! We do have a lot of fun out here.

* * *

Shh-hh-h—don't breathe it to a soul, and I for one wouldn't even go so far as to mention what set it was on or the name of the picture it's in, or anything that would so much as give you a clew, but I heard, I heard—sh-h-h—that there are three-hundred men in Hollywood wearing uniforms for a certain production with—sh-h-h—with corsets on underneath! Whadda you think of that? They put 'em on Floradora sextets once in a while, and on folks supposed to be back in the "gay nineties," but for honest-to-goodness men



☞ Ann Christy leading lady in *Christie Comedies*—no relation to the boss.

By Marion of Hollywood



☞ Sally Phipps the debutante of the Fox studios.

—oh, golly, please don't ever mention to a soul that I spoke about it without blushing. But that's not all—you should see them try to sit down, sort of gingerly-like, and on the very edgiest edge of a substantial looking chair. Hurray, hurray! Here's wishing them luck for the rest of the days in their terrible, terrible bondage!

* * *

I remarked to a friend of mine yesterday that there's at least one 1927 bride and groom who I'm sure are going to be true as gold forever after. The reply I received was something to the effect of how I could feel so pretty certain of what I was saying when Mr. and Mrs. Donald Keith have been married only four short weeks. Go ahead, any of you folks

who like to wonder about whether they will or whether they won't "make a go of it"—think anything you want to! But I was talking to Donald, and from the way he spoke to me even if it is only four short weeks, I'd wager my only worldly possession that it's forever and ever with them. It's not just that Donald said how eager he is to get home at evening time to his sweet bride; it's not just that he said they want to buy a place of their own, or that they both hope for maybe a little Keith or so in the not too-distant future. But it's the way he said it that counts—the way he said it. So really and truly, it doesn't seem to me there will be much chance of Lizzie changing tables on any kind of wager I could make on Mr. and Mrs. Donald Keith. Here's luck, you two, and keep your romance banner swinging high up in your dream clouds, always.

* * *

Here's something I'd like to know, too! What about Clara Bow and Gary Cooper? Clara hasn't been feeling quite so well these days, and for that reason I haven't been able to corner her and get the latest, but Gary—I did get Gary cornered on the "Arizona Bound" set, and from all that I could judge he's much more "Clara Bound" than Arizona ever had a chance of getting him. Oh, I didn't find out an awful lot, at that—he walked the floor and paced the set, back and forth, back and forth; he smiled a bit and, yes, he blushed a bigger bit, and admitted that he and



☞ Bebe Daniels.



☞ The yodel master teaches Wallace Beery to yodel in "The Big Sneeze".



☞ Sally O'Neil and William Haines in "Slide Kelly Slide."

Clara stepped around somewhat. In fact, perhaps it is four months since the first cupid's arrow sped. But has the Bow still aimed his way—aha, there's the burning question! Listen, Gary didn't dare commit himself. I give you my word, he didn't dare commit himself, whether he would or not. Come on, you big six-footer—Clara's only a bit of a four-foot girl, and never a time, you know, when faint heart won fair maid!

* * *

That rascal—that little rascal—Chester Conklin is back amongst us again, pulling his nonsensical lines and just generally making us feel clever clear through. Of the many things he tells us, one thing I do believe is that no one knew him no matter where he went. He told me that "McFadden's Flats" was playing at the Strand while he was in New York and that he decided to take a peek at it one afternoon when he had a couple of hours off. But the street was lined up, and he decided he'd have to see Mr. Joe Plunkett, the manager. He approached a doorman. "I'd like to see Mr. Plunkett," he said, "I'm Chester Conklin." The fellow merely gave him a disdainful look. Up to another door-man went Chester. "I'd like to see Mr. Plunkett," once again, "I'll have to tell you that

☞ Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., as "L'Aiglon," the son of Napoleon.



I'm Chester Conklin." "Well, said Chester to me, "He gave me the dirtiest look I ever got and then asked me if I was trying to tell him that I was Chester Conklin, the fellow playing in the picture on his screen. 'Yes,' says I, 'I'm the guy.' And then the fresh fellow threw back his head and simply haw-hawed. Believe me? Why, I had no more chance of making that man believe I'm myself than anything in the world. I went out and got in line!" Which, as I've told you before, is very true, because Chester doesn't look the least bit like himself, and as like as not some day a director will grab him with his



☞ Julia Faye finished with "Turkish Delight" her new picture, tends to mocha and java for comfort.

make-up off and try to make a leading man out of him! Chester, you little rascal, have a care!

* * *

And talking about coming back from the big city, Gloria Swanson is here with all her retinue. Methought she had left us for good, but here she is, opening up her great Beverly Hills home and says she's going to be one of us for keeps. It seems a tremendously long time since the whole family was here, and I'll bet I'd never even know little Gloria. That kid certainly was a cute baby, little as anything and all kind of wondrous looking with her big eyes. Gloria used to bring her

to the studio with her once in a great while, and I always thought it was because she couldn't resist wanting to show her off. Believe me, I don't blame her. Anyway, here's welcome to the whole family.

* * *

How is it that when a fellow's true blue and fine that it shows right through and you can't help knowing it any more than if he had a placard pinned right across his chest? Up on location making this new Rex horse picture, Theodor Von Eltz had Fred Jackman working everybody night and day, night and day, because he wanted to get home. He simply had to get home. Although Von talked with Mrs. Von over the phone, wired her, and had a letter from her every day, I never in my life saw a man so nervous. He said there was something wrong at home; he said he knew there was something wrong at home, that his wife wasn't telling him everything—he could read it between the lines in her letters, in her voice over the phone, even though she assured him to the contrary. They worked, all right—night and day—and finished in just about half time. I met Von on the Boulevard last Saturday. "Well," I said, "were you satisfied when you got home?" "Was I?" answered Von. "Do you know that my little girl was sick with double pneumonia when I came and that we almost lost her? Can you imagine many women like Mrs. Von Eltz who would have gone through all that without a



Here is Warner Baxter's famous recipe for

CHILI-BEANS

- ½ cup Crisco
- 2 large onions
- 4 pods garlic
- 2 lbs. ground round steak
- 1 large can tomatoes
- 2 or 3 heaping tablespoons Gebhart Chili Powder
- 1 lb. red beans
- Salt and pepper to taste.

To boiling Crisco add chopped onions and garlic. Cook until slightly browned and then add ground meat and cook 20 minutes, stirring occasionally. Add tomatoes which have been heated separately and strained (puree of tomatoes is better). When the above combination starts boiling add chili powder and allow to simmer on slow fire two hours. Add cheyenne pepper if one likes a real hot dish.

word to me? But I knew there was something wrong, and when there is then there's only one place I have to be, no matter what is or isn't done."

* * *

If any of you folks happen to visit us out in Hollywood this month and find a young man over on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot hopping around sort of joyful and unusual-like, don't be alarmed or even surprised. It's only that fellow called Bill Haines who's feeling chipper because he has a visitor from down Virginia way. Nope—you're wrong—it's not an old-time sweetheart, but just an old-time feminine admirer of his. She's only Bill's Mom, and she actually thinks Bill is pretty good! He says there is not a chance of her going back again—he has made up his mind and Mother Haines has got to stay in Hollywood with William. No use talking, I agree with Bill that mothers know their stuff, and you can't blame him for wrapping his arms around that little Mrs. Haines and holding her tight to keep her here with him.

* * *



Betty Bronson and her favorite flower, the lowly nasturtium.

Maybe it's in the Hollywood air; maybe it's that romance about the picture business which you can't get away from. Anyway, whatever it may be, I don't think I ever wrote a line which makes me feel happier or more content all over than that Joseph Schildkraut and his wife, Elise Bartlett, have waved adieu to to the divorce courts. Could there be any better news for the month?

New Screen Plays

Continued from page 51

silly as every one is before the steady things of life teach us sense.

This little comedy, charming, delightful, beautifully directed, is taken from a novel by Clement Vautel, the well known French satirist. Maria Corda plays the leading role and her husband, Alexander Korda directs it. You'll want to remember this couple because now they are making pictures in America and you'll be seeing them often I hope.

And the hero, Harry Liedtke. Well, he suits me! And I'm hard to please. Not only is he superb looking, in a distinguished interested way, but he is a consummate actor. They know their business. Trude Hesterberg who plays the mother of Maria is as gay a matron as I've seen in a long time. And Maria Paulder, Harry's light of love is a clever, humorous woman. Just watch that part where she sends Harry away—and learn a lesson. Not one woman in a million has the sense to smile when she sends a man away. No, we love to grovel and whine and plead and beg. Well, when a man wants to go—he's going and not all the hysterics in the world can keep him back. As Oscar Wilde used to say: "Women are too fond of that word 'Always'." And it's true. "Will you always love me? Will you always be true to me?" Always this and always that. Don't be dumb. Wake up. Do a Maria Paulder on the boy friend the next time he gets snorky—and watch him come back.

WHITE FLANNELS

HURRAY, HURRAY! Louise Dresser, my favorite screen actress, is in town. Warner Brothers brought her last week in a story called "White Flannels". All Louise does is walk away with every picture she's in. But why isn't she in more? I haven't seen her since the "Black Eagle".

What a girl she is! What a flesh and blood woman she is! And how she plays the mother in this "White Flannels"! I'm getting so tired of these sticky, sweet over-



Clive Brook and his daughter Faith at his Beverly Hills home.

sentimental mamas that I would like to step right up to the stage and hand Louise Dresser a clothes basket full of orchids. She plays a mother as a real mother is. So honestly does she portray the role of a miner's wife that the tears come. She insists upon sending her boy to college. But her dream is never realized. Higher education does not reach up to expectation and he is expelled.

Louise Dresser is just so good in this picture that she lifts it from where it really belongs—second rate material—to a plane where it will prove strongly appealing to every movie goer.

Come on, Warner Brothers. Let's have some more Louise Dresser films. And I don't mind at all seeing Jason Robards play the hero. That's the boy I said you'd be asking for fan photographs this time next year. Well, if he has any spares now, I'd like to add to my collection. And there's only one in it now—guess who?

THE OUTLAW DOG

Omar Khyyam seems to have needed a loaf of bread and a jug of wine, to say nothing of a book of verses and other things to complete his paradise. But I'm not so choicy. All I want is a picture with a dog in it—and my happiness is complete.

"The Outlaw Dog" has all of that and more. Ranger, himself, has the title role, of course, and Helen Foster and Rex Lease, supply the background of young sweethearts—which every dog must have.

Helen and Rex are fellow telegraph operators in two lonely railroad stations in the adventurous west. And if it hadn't been for Ranger, there might have been serious consequences for—but I'm not going to give away the secret, go to see the picture yourself.

Spencer Bell as "Snowball" Black carried away all the acting honors. He is a real negro comedian with a sure, fine sense of what is humor and what is not—a distinction not all white comedians seem to grasp.

The Stage Coach

Continued from page 69

undoubtedly is humor in sex and even in sex perversion, but there isn't in the way Jo Swerling has handled the subjects. The matter is made a little more obnoxious by Mr. Milt Collins, who handles most of it.

In brief, a nice, clean evening may be boring, but an evening at the "New Yorkers" is just a little disgusting. And we'd rather be bored.

"Spread Eagle"

Here is what we like to call an intellectual drama. It has an idea in it, which is, of course, liable to prevent its being the success that "Abie's Irish Rose" is. Nevertheless, it's a show which deserves a longer run. It has a theme that should be called to the attention of the citizenry. And it is barely possible that the citizenry—which is a word we just made up to represent you and me—attending "Spread Eagle" may have a perfectly grand time at the show and may decide, as a result of its attendance when the next war comes along, to remain

just plain citizenry, letting who will wear the uniforms. And if that be treason, you know what Patrick Henry said you could do about it.

Here is a mythical war with Mexico, which may not be so mythical pretty soon. And it shows grimly, plainly, and unhesitatingly how a war may be fostered. For the purposes of the play, the authors have caused an ex-President's son to be slain. That is cause enough for any war. Indeed, we remember one or two—oh, not American wars, of course—fought with less pretext. And the authors show also the skilful maneuvering of Big Business for the war.

Of course, this is a mythical case. And, obviously, such things don't happen. Yet we remember reading somewhere in a tract by one of those radical writers—and, of course, he didn't fool us for a minute—that England used to get a couple of missionaries murdered every time it wanted to protect British interests. And, of course, nobody wants Mexican intervention to pro-

tect our oil interests. And if we ever do go to war with Mexico, you can bet your bottom cent the reasons we give will be sentiments that nobody can really attack.

And don't let anybody ask you why we're helping Nicaragua put down a revolution, either. It's a cinch that the government has good and sufficient reasons, which are probably unwise for the general public to know at the present time. And, besides, all the reasons haven't been thought up yet.

But what we started to do was to discuss "Spread Eagle" and not give you our patriotic ideas. Well, then, it's a grand show. It has smart, crackling dialogue; it has curtain lines that are wisely theatrical and effective; it has one of the best performances of the year—that of Osgood Perkins as Joe Cobb—and it is staged deftly. Our hats are off to the American flag, the authors—Geo. S. Brooks and Walter B. Lister—the stager, George Abbott, and the producer, Jed Harris.

Chang—Continued from page 35

mighty mountains and frozen plains—for grass. They were the first white men ever to make that migration. This they did alone, unassisted, with no quarter being given them by any man. Here was a priceless scenario which unfolds twice each year when these tribesmen with their wives, children and flocks, ford icy rivers and fight through glacial barriers to get to—GRASS.

This was what those boys called life. They knew if they could translate it to the screen they would have the perfect picture. And they did almost. It was a glorious long-shot. But it did not have that close-up of hero and heroine in actual struggle. That is what we want to see when we go to a picture for that is what our every day lives are. Their picture GRASS was a tribal effort rather than a personal conflict.

Together they took their picture to Jesse Lasky; explained to him just how they had missed in Grass the personal element. They unfolded to him an even greater effort. And so high did their own belief run, so vividly did they describe their dream that Lasky made it possible for them to attempt a realization of it. And this time they have come home with the greatest pictorial epic of modern times, the picture "Chang".

Look on your map at Siam. It seems just a meager little lemon colored square stuck on the Indo-China peninsula. Why do you suppose Cooper and Schoedsack picked this spot out? Because millions of years ago, when the earth first stirred—the Jungle was. And to-day the Nan country of north-east Siam is just as it was then—at the first crack of creation. This Nan country is the last out-post of civilization, untouched by modernity, undominated by the white race.

Alone, accompanied by no expensive movie entourage—with no electricians, costume designers, musicians, property men, scenarists or carpenters, Cooper and Schoedsack got on the boat at New York and headed for Marseilles, France. There they took a smaller ship which carried them—



Barbara Kent in "Flesh and the Devil" established herself forever. This is one of the famous scenes.

after many days—to Singapore, that famous city of India. Again they transshipped, and finally reached Bangkok, the capitol of Siam.

Bangkok is the little Venice of the east, built as it is on an alluvial plain with thousands of tiny picturesque waterways, winding through the ancient city. Strangers in a strange land, these boys entered this old town. But they were welcomed—and given most cordial permission by the prime minister to proceed into the interior to make their picture.

Siam is governed by a king, Rama the Seventh, and it is one of the last three absolute monarchies in the world. Abyssinia and Afghanistan are the other two. Rama the Seventh, is a charming cultivated man with high ideals regarding his duties to his people. He was educated at Eton and Oxford and has visited in this country which he admires enormously. In one of his elaborate palaces—Dusit by name—the Rama received Mr. Cooper.

As Cooper entered the palace he found it surrounded by guards with halberds. Then the Chamberlain, escorted by an officer, came out. Cigars, cigarettes and soda water were served by court attendants—on their knees. A few moments later Mr. Cooper was taken in to the Rama himself who received him alone.

With the King's good wishes following him, Cooper got on a Pullman—yes a real compartment train, built by the Germans—and travelled four hundred miles on a single track railway to the interior—to the little town of Meng-Prae. Schoedsack had gone on before. Here the railroad ends. The telegraph ends. The mail service ends. Here the world ends. And that cruel, throbbing, mysterious jungle begins.

From Meng-Prae to Nan proper—a distance of over a hundred miles, Cooper and Schoedsack had to travel on ponies, with thirty or more carriers transporting their materials. This trip consumes six or seven days in the dry season and is over mountains and across hills. Treacherous rivers must be forded and tortuous rapids must be ridden.

When night fell, these boys camped—as do all travellers—in the Buddhist temple—the Wat it is called—in whatever village they happened to be. After their army cots were set up, they calmly tied their mosquito nets to a mud, gilt or plaster Buddha and dropped off to sleep.

Finally Nan was reached. And there in the bush—separated from the world by every known means of modern communication—these men started their picture.

The first thing they had to do—and it is something we amateurs never understand—was to learn the ways of the Jungle people and the Jungle animals. Before you can tell a story pictorially you have to know what you are "shooting" about. So from the village clearing Cooper and Schoedsack went into the Jungle—trapping, shooting, studying, watching. Day in and day out, week in and week out they "shot" these experimental pictures. And at the end of four months the stage was set, the actors were ready.

Here for thousands upon thousands of years the forefathers of these three hundred Jungle actors had been working out their strange destinies and surviving in the warmth and wonder of the sun. In addition to the actors themselves there were hundreds of animals and reptiles and birds: tigers, leopards, bears, snakes, lizards, deer, goat, dogs, pigs, monkeys, and last of all



Ted Wells a new sombrero boy. In "A Made to Order Hero" he will show his stuff.

from three hundred to five hundred Chang. And enveloping everything, like the loveliest of multi-colored mists, millions of butterflies.

Imagine this picture if you can—two sun-burned, heat-wrinkled men in the secret fastness of a lush world—where the blood in life's arteries runs cruel and hot and fast. Tall, spare Schoedsack—blinking with malaria, sometimes almost in delirium—crouches behind his camera. Red-headed Cooper stands at his side with a high-powered rifle always at his shoulder. Much depends upon that rifle. One bad shot on Cooper's part and the chances are the leading man and a dozen or so extras would be lost forever—to say nothing of the two Americans themselves. But this Cooper's fire is as sure as everlasting life. Over all, sapping all, is that terrible tropical sun with its temperature of one-hundred and ten degrees Fahrenheit.

The difficulties of directing this picture were almost insuperable. The natives knew nothing of film technique, never so much as having heard of a movie in all their lives. Added to this was the fact that all orders had to be given through an interpreter. These people speak a dialect of Siamese, a tonal language of five tones. And naturally neither Schoedsack nor Cooper had had time to familiarize themselves with this method of communication.

Nevertheless, the drama which these boys have brought back to us is drenched with romantic beauty, passionate lusts, primitive hatreds, and saturating all is that never-ending combat which has existed from the time of the first inhabitant on this earth—MAN against NATURE.

It isn't fair to tell you the story so I will give you just a hint of how the picture goes. The hero, Kru, is a courageous, clever, quick-witted native of this Nan country. He lives with his wife, Chantui, and his three children in his native village. But the pioneer spirit is calling him. He wants his own place, his own rice field, his own home. Like our pioneer grandfathers—those glorious men who started out in their covered wagons to conquer our wilderness of the west—Kru leaves his village and goes out into the Jungle to carve himself a home.

Carve is the right word. The vegetation in this Siamese Jungle is so superabundant that no sooner have you cleared yourself a tiny fragment that the Jungle closes in on you. But Kru—real pioneer—with the ability of the Jungle man to adapt himself

to hardships — manages to establish a clearing.

Then he builds a house of bamboo—high up on piles so that he is protected from leopards, tigers and the other treacherous animals. The sides of his home are of woven bamboo, the roof of grass and palm leaves. Everything is tied together with strands of split bamboo. Kru wouldn't know a nail if he saw one.

Finally the house is all finished. Even to a pen down below for the goat and her kids. So Kru goes back to his native village to get his family. Chantui, his wife, is light brown in color, pretty, with heavy black hair which she wears very much like the slender models in our New York shops—combed straight back with a huge wad on the neck. She isn't a savage at all but is altogether appealing, totally feminine. She wears a sleeveless bodice and a tight skirt clear to her ankles. It's really a full skirt or sarong—which she wraps in at one side closely around her. Her figure is lovely. Hard work and none too much food keep her from that gross appearance which all too often afflicts more civilized beauties. In her arms she carries the baby of the family, a healthy boy about a year old. The other children, Ladah, a tender, soft-eyed girl about three years old and Nah, a fun-loving boy, complete the Jungle household. But I forgot—there's Bimbo—a great big monkey, almost as tall as Nah, and pure white. He's what you call a Gibbon. Bimbo never leaves Ladah or Nah. Hand in hand he accompanies them in all their travels—stopping only to search an errant flea.

Kru's days are much the same. In the morning he goes out to his one rice field—the sole crop in this country and man's sole economic support. The path is so narrow that he touches the Jungle with either hand. To a white man with high-powered guns, the wild is a fearful enough spot. But to Kru, half-naked, with only his broad knife or his old gun for protection, the Jungle is a place of awesome terror. Suppose a tiger comes. What can Kru do? Even if he hits the tiger with a bullet from his gun, it won't stop the tiger's charge. Besides, Kru doesn't hold with killing tigers. Because he believes that this animal is the horse, namely the abode or vehicle of a Great Spirit. And if he kills the tiger, the Great Spirit will have no horse and will come and take Kru for his horse.

Always wary Kru threads this Jungle path. His eyes can't penetrate the Jungle fastness but those cat eyes within the Jungle can see him all too well.

Now it might interest you here to learn a little about these deadly enemies of Kru's. There are three kinds of tigers in this Siamese Jungle. The first feed naturally on smaller game. They are tigers in full strength, and are not much feared by the natives as they stick pretty closely to their animal depredations. The second class is the buffalo killing tiger. He too is in full strength but is getting a little old. Still he is sufficiently strong to kill buffaloes and domestic animals belonging to the villagers. All Siamese Jungle animals have a natural fear of man and they do not stay in man's vicinity unless they are man-killing animals. The third division—the man-killer—is a tiger that is old and weak, or one that has been injured so that he has lost his strength for killing buffaloes. There is only one soft, easy thing left to prey upon—MAN. (Of course, if a tigress is a maneater, she will teach her young to kill from birth.)

In addition to these, Kru has still another dangerous enemy, the leopard. A leopard to Mr. Cooper's idea, is much bolder, more



«Natalie Kingston blooms again in "Lost at the Front".»

daring and courageous than a tiger. He has not the tiger's strength nor killing power but for each tiger that will come near a village, twelve leopards will dare.

The colossal task of photographing these scenes is scarcely conceivable to us as we sit at home among our books. Cooper and Schoedsack aren't shooting faked tigers, nor enfeebled old zoo beasts, but young, cruel animals fresh from the Jungle. Cooper stands on a high platform near the camera so that he can shoot straight down on Mister tiger. And more often than not Schoedsack is flat on the ground or in a hole under the ground, protected only by a few logs, as a leopard charges right over his head. And added to all is that terrific blanket of steaming heat crushing out every particle of human and animal vitality. But the picture must go on.

The question of light presents another great drawback. Of course, there isn't any artificial light whatsoever. And the Jungle vegetation is so thick that scarcely any natural light penetrates it at all. And it is impossible to get the men or the animals out into what sunlight comes through—so fiercely hot and enervating is its glare. Even the gay little comedians—the monkeys—refuse to budge from their shady perches.

But heat or no heat, light or no light, Cooper and Schoedsack must carry on.

They show you Kru, plowing his rice field with a water buffalo instead of a horse. This is his only beast of burden, his entire fortune. Towards evening he starts for home with a few fish he has caught to vary the monotonous diet of glutinous rice and fruit. Across his path a python crawls. That doesn't bother Kru much. A python isn't poisonous but it can give a dangerous bite or a blow with its tail. But if it had been a deadly cobra, Kru's day might have had a different ending. But no mischance occurs. Kru reaches his happy family safely, ties the buffalo under his house to one of the piles and mounts the tall ladder up to his high-pitched home.

Bimbo hangs by his tail from the ceiling directly over the cook pot. Ladah and Nah are drinking cocoanut milk—which they

share with the kittens—from a big cocoanut. Chantui serves the rice which she has cooked by roasting it in a stalk of bamboo.

After supper, just before the tropical sunset when the sun seems to slam itself below the horizon in the flame of a split second, the family go outside to make everything secure for the night. Kru brings the goat and her kids into the pen. Ladah brings in the puppies. Nah looks after the cat and her kittens.

The peace of Buddha rests upon the little household. The baby nods in his cradle, the other four lie all together in one improvised bed, one parent on each side—the children in the middle. The father sleeps with one arm around Ladah. Even in her dreams the mother clings to Nah. Bimbo hangs over them all by his tail—musing on a flealess world.

Suddenly Bimbo awakes. His animal instinct warns him of danger even before sickening, blood-curdling cries tear the night. Kru rushes out, his old gun in his hand. Fearfully Chantui grabs her children—and follows.

But—too late. The Jungle has demanded its own. A cruel, slinking,——— but I can't spoil this for you.

Daily, hourly, every minute and second of the day, Kru fights this never-ceasing battle against the Jungle. One moment Kru will be victorious; in the next flash, the Jungle has dealt him a back-breaking defeat.

In this sinister and deadly Jungle the tireless combat continues . . . One night, Kru wakes up violently. The floor in his house is shaking up and down—like a leaf in the summer breeze. From the Jungle comes that horrible volume of sound—never heard before in Kru's life time, nor even in his father's days. Like a poisonous dream there shoots to Kru's cunning mind the meaning of this sound . . . THE CHANG. THE CHANG. THE CHANG he shouts to his family as he runs down the wavering ladder. What good a gun against five hundred trumpeting beasts with the battle lust in their wicked little brains? THE CHANG. THE CHANG. THE CHANG!

For the first time in Bimbo's whole life he is left behind, about to be crushed by the falling house. Even the baby doesn't whimper as Chantui plunges into the night air, followed by Ladah and Nah.

Into their scooped-out wooden canoe they jump and start for their native village. A curious sound floats across the water—the mixture of a bleat and a whimper: "Don't leave little Bimbo, don't leave little Bimbo. . . ." but this tiny wail is drowned in that maddening clamor of furious beasts after their prey, like millions of giant war gods, hurling bloody thunderbolts.

Boom, Boom, Bam, Bang, this maddened army advances. Faster, and Faster, Closer and Closer, in terrible, tumultuous Jungle rythm. A vast path of utter desolation follows in their wake. Nothing can survive this mightiest of herds which sweeps through the Jungle like the throb of a million animal Tom-Toms.

And where is Cooper all this time? God alone knows. And Schoedsack? Schoedsack is down in a hole in the ground, under these thousands of huge trampling feet. Just a few Jungle logs between him and certain death. Yes, jungle wood is strong. But one misstep—one tiny miscalculation—one mischance of the Jungle gods—and Schoedsack is———Out in Beyond. A thrill? Well, say.

This then is the story Cooper and Schoedsack have brought back to us—the greatest natural drama that has ever yet been filmed—the Jungle man's supremacy over the Jungle.



Miss Anderson's statement:



NOTICE TO READERS

A Chicago representative of this magazine and representatives of over 100 other publishers witnessed a successful and satisfactory demonstration of these wavers.



KAUFMANN & FABRY CO.
Commercial Photographers

Maison de Beaute,
Chicago, Illinois.

I, Edward J. Cook, hereby certify that these are actual photographs taken by me while Miss Evelyn Anderson's hair was marcelled with Maison Marcellers. The one at the left shows Miss Anderson's hair as she entered my studio. That at the right shows the Maison Marcellers in place. The center photograph shows Miss Anderson's hair as it appeared 30 minutes later.
(Signed) EDWARD J. COOK.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 24th day of March, 1926.

EMMA W. STOLZENBACH, Notary Public.

When I arrived at the Kaufman & Fabry Studio, my hair was straight as you may see in the picture above. I had very little faith in any of the so-called hair-wavers and expected I would have to visit my hair-dresser before keeping my other posing appointments in the afternoon. To my delight, as you will see from the center photograph, it was not necessary. My hair was perfectly waved. I have proved to my own satisfaction, that Maison Marcellers will save time, money and the bother of waiting to have one's hair marcelled. They can be worn any time which means that you may be doing useful work while the hair is being waved.

(Signed) MISS EVELYN ANDERSON.

Now You Can Marcel Your Hair Yourself at Home in 30 Minutes

The Maison Marcellers give most beautiful results—equal to the expert work of finest beauty parlors—in 30 minutes at your convenience, for two or three cents instead of dollars. Be sure you read every line of this wonderful offer.



Marcelling your hair with the Maison Marcellers is both simple and fascinating. First you moisten the hair with water. Then the hair strands are brought through a specially designed loop and caught in place with a metal pin. The hair is thus held in "waves" from 15 to 30 minutes until dry, when you take the marcellers out—and there is the most beautiful marcel you ever saw!

With our Marcel Fashion Chart to guide you, it is a simple matter to get any type or style of marcel you want with the Maison Marcellers—side part, center part, horseshoe wave, Ina Claire or shingle "bob," pompadour, etc. Detailed drawings show how to apply the Marcellers for each style. The Style Chart also contains suggestions for selecting the kind of marcel most becoming to your type of beauty.

out of the beauty parlor! No going around with a week-old marcel; no straight and straggly locks to detract from the beauty that is rightfully yours. Just a few minutes with your Maison Marcellers once or twice a week—that's all you need. Soon your hair will be trained to hold the kind of marcel you like and you'll have a lovely, natural wave all the time!

Now Is When You Need It Most

The summer social season is on. With the many games, beach parties, sports and outings that most girls attend at this time of the year, the need for looking one's best is greater than at any other time. And "looking one's best" these days means keeping your hair marcelled in a beautiful becoming way. No other feature is half so important to looks as your hair. Nothing can do more to enhance your loveliness than a beautiful marcel; nothing can detract more from your looks than straight, straggly, unkempt hair. Every girl owes it to herself to make the most of "woman's crowning glory."

The diagrams will give you some idea how the Maison Marcellers work. Although they produce the most astonishing results, still their application is the simplest thing in the world. With each outfit is included a Style Chart showing the newest and most fashionable types of marcel. All you need do is select from the chart the style of marcel you like best, follow the simple directions for that particular kind of marcel and soon you have all the Marcellers in place. Then you can finish dressing or read while the hair dries. In 20 to 30 minutes you take out the Marcellers and—there is the most beautiful marcel you ever had in your life!

Yes, it hardly seems possible to marcel your hair so naturally and beautifully with so little fuss and bother—but mirrors don't lie! Your trusted mirror tells you that there is the kind of marcel you've always wanted—that wonderful, wavy marcel which makes the most of your natural beauty. And your mirror will go on, day after day, week after week, telling you this same glad news!

No Hot Irons Ever Touch Your Hair This Way

Never in the entire history of hair and beauty culture has there been anything like this amazing new invention. It does away with the old-fashioned curlers and so-called "wavers." It does away with the dangerous curling irons that sear the hair and dry the scalp. It does away with all the muss and bother of the old-fashioned water waving combs.

If you have had a "permanent" wave and are now experiencing the usual trouble keeping your hair in shape; if your hair is unusually hard to wave; if you seem to have more trouble with your hair than any of the other girls you know, then you'll appreciate the Maison Marcellers all the more. For, regardless of the kind of hair you have, they will positively give you the most beautiful marcel you can imagine. We guarantee this without any reservations and let you be the sole judge.

Get Your Set of Maison Marcellers for Only \$2.98

As this is the most revolutionary invention of the kind ever produced, we believe it will be but a short time

before hundreds of thousands of these Maison Marcellers will be beautifying women all over the country. As a special introductory inducement we have been offering Maison Marcellers at a surprisingly low price. To safeguard purchasers who order immediately we guarantee to honor all orders received from this advertisement at \$2.98 for the entire outfit. This includes a new and authentic marcel fashion chart and a complete set of Maison Marcellers.

By taking advantage of this special offer right away you will be getting, for the cost of two or three marcel, everything you need to keep your hair beautifully marcelled the whole year round. And your hair will not only look better all the time, but be kept in a much healthier condition due to the elimination of the harmful artificial heat.

SEND NO MONEY—Just Mail the Coupon

Even at this special price, you don't have to pay for this marcelling outfit in advance, nor do you need risk a single penny. All you do is to sign and mail the coupon. In a few days, when the postman brings your outfit, just deposit \$2.98 with him (plus a few cents postage). And when you put in your first marcel, you'll say it was the best purchase you ever made in your life, for your hair waving troubles are ended. Every time you use this outfit, you'll get better and better results and you'll never have to spend your good time and money for marcel again.

After you have tried this marvelous new marcelling outfit for five days, if you are not delighted with results—if it doesn't give you the most beautiful marcel you ever had and improve your hair in every way—simply return the outfit to us and your money will be refunded quickly and cheerfully. But don't put it off. Be among the first to take advantage of this special introductory offer. Fill in and mail the coupon today!

MAISON DE BEAUTE

124 W. Illinois St. Chicago, Illinois

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Gentlemen:

Please send me your newly invented Marcelling Outfit, including Marcel Style Chart and set of Maison Marcellers. I agree to deposit \$2.98 (plus postage) with the postman when he makes delivery. If the marcellers do not put a well defined wave in my hair I will return the outfit within five days and you are to refund the purchase price without argument or delay.

Name

Address

Note: If you expect to be out when the postman comes, enclose \$3.10 with your order and the Marcelling Outfit will be sent postpaid.

Here is news—good news—glorious news! You now may have, in the privacy of your boudoir, such a marcel as only the finest beauty parlors could give you heretofore—the newest, smartest, most fashionable marcel direct from Paris. And at practically no expense! Look at the photographs above. They are actual photographs of a marcel produced by an amazing new invention. This is only one of the many different styles of marcel you can easily have with this new waving device. For it will give you any kind of marcel you want, regardless of how you wear your hair—shingle bob, Ina Claire, horseshoe wave pompadour, center or side part. And this, too, whether your hair is easy or hard to wave, whether it is soft and fluffy or coarse and straight, whether it is long or "bobbed."

Think what a saving this will mean to you in dollars and cents! Instead of \$1 or \$1.50 every time you want a marcel, now you can have one for two or three cents! But the saving of money isn't nearly so important as the added loveliness it means. With a set of Maison Marcellers you can always look as if you just stepped

Gardner James' Work Party---Continued from page 21

Marguerite catches it if she looks at it!"

The guests arrived about eleven o'clock in the morning, and each was given a pair of overalls and a smock, both men and women. These they donned, and then they drew lots for the work.

Patsy Ruth Miller drew a job of shoveling dirt for the fish pond, but traded off with Percy Marmont, who had drawn a slip telling him he must make curtains, and Percy declared that was altogether out of his line, but he put on a sunbonnet and gave us a funny imitation of a woman sewing.

Commodore Blackton was head carpenter, and put in a couple of windows.

The house is a pretty bungalow on top of a hill, with a lot of ground space about it.

John Bowers did some heavy shoveling, and looked exceedingly handsome in his farmer's outfit.

He sang as he worked, "A farmer's life is the life for me," so loudly he scared the goldfish in the bowl which had been set outside the door.

Patsy Ruth Miller chided him for not letting the goldfish get their natural beauty sleep.

"It's perfectly awful to keep those goldfish up!" she declared.

Patsy looked awfully cute in her overalls, which were a lot too long for her, however, so that she had to roll them up.

Priscilla Bonner was there, and also looked very cute in her outfit. She sewed curtains, and proved herself as clever a seamstress as she is an actress, which is saying a whole lot, as everybody knows.

Marion Blackton, Gardner's wife, made the sandwiches, and after a while Patsy Ruth gave over making curtains to help her.

Dan Van Trene, a director newly arrived from New York, was there, and aided Gardner James in shovelling dirt for the fish pond, and also in putting shakes on the roof.

Even the dignified Henry Kolker got into his overalls, and helped plant some flowers in the garden.

Everybody worked like mad for two hours, and then began to cast longing eyes toward the lunch; so Marion relented, and everybody changed back to his or her reg-

ular clothes, following a shower bath, and gaily ate the excellent food prepared for them.

After lunch, Patsy Ruth Miller and Marion played the piano, and the boys gathered around and sang.

"And," said Patsy the Party Hound, "a good time certainly was had by all."

"SPEAKING of everybody in the world passing by you when you sit at the sidewalk cafe tables in Paris!" exclaimed Patsy. "That stunt hasn't a thing on attending a party at the home of the Duncan sisters. If everybody isn't here tonight, I don't know my Blue Book!"

The Duncans are living in that supposedly ill-fated house where Mary Miles Minter once lived when she was quarreling with her mother, where the unhappy Max Linder dwelt during his stay in Hollywood, and where later somebody tried to shoot a certain beautiful actress; but they say, do the Duncans, that they adore a little excitement that way, and that they don't believe in hoodoos anyhow.

"I think a hant is a great thrill!" exclaimed Rosetta.

The whole house was alight at all events when we arrived, and the Duncans brought to their social hospitality the same warm, radiant, genial, spontaneous spirit that they bring to their stage entertaining—a spirit that reaches right out and takes everybody to their hearts.

Johnny Hines brought May McAvoy, but we hear there is really nothing at all serious between them, even though they do go about together a great deal.

Lois Moran danced for us,—a marvelously graceful dance, a sort of waltz. She wore a sheer black lace dress, and looked too lovely for anything. Then she danced a sort of idealized Black Bottom—even making that dance graceful.

"Oh, look at John Considine holding his eye in!" cried Rosetta Duncan.

Mr. Considine went over and sat down by Lois as soon as she had finished dancing, and we wondered if his interest wasn't at least partly professional, as he seems to be signing up all the talented people for United Artists that he can find.



Colleen Moore and Donald Reed in "Naughty but Nice".

Fannie Ward, looking as though she had just refreshed herself at whatever fountain of youth she patronizes, was there with her husband Jack Dean, who is looking quite distinguished these days in that little French beard he is wearing.

"But I do hope the style doesn't spread to Hollywood, so that all the male picture stars come on the screen looking like French duelists," remarked Patsy.

"Mr. Gillette hopes so too!" exclaimed Rosetta.

Ben Lyon was so disconsolately far away from New York and Marilyn Miller that the only comfort he could find was in talking about Marilyn apparently.

"He is such an awfully nice boy that I am sorry he is going away so soon," said Vivian Duncan.

Jetta Goudal was dressed in her usual individual fashion,—this time in a lace dress, long and with wide panniers on the sides, so that she had rather a hard time navigating through the crowded rooms, but managed somehow to appear graceful.

Belle Bennett has allowed her hair to grow dark, and looks exceedingly nice that way. Of course she was with her husband, Fred Windermere.

"What a lot of girls are letting their bobbed hair grow!" exclaimed Patsy, as we looked about at Claire Windsor, Carmel Myers, and some of the other girls.

"I think it is awfully mean," confided a certain director's wife. "You see it does give us old girls a chance to look young to have our hair bobbed, while young ones can look young anyhow."

"Well, did you ever see anything look handsomer or younger than Lois Weber does?" demanded Patsy, indicating Miss Weber who had come with that nice husband of hers, Capt. Harry Gantz. "She has never bobbed her hair!"

Claire Windsor came to the party alone, and Patsy suggested that she and Ben Lyon really ought to go to parties together, letting it be socially stipulated that they were simply two lonely souls. Bert Lytell, Claire's husband, is away on a vaudeville tour, you know.

That awfully good-looking Gilbert Roland was there, flirting quite impartially with all the young actresses, and making a very favorable impression on everybody.

"Talk about your sweet young married couples," confided Pat, "Where did you ever find anybody nicer than Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Hughes?"

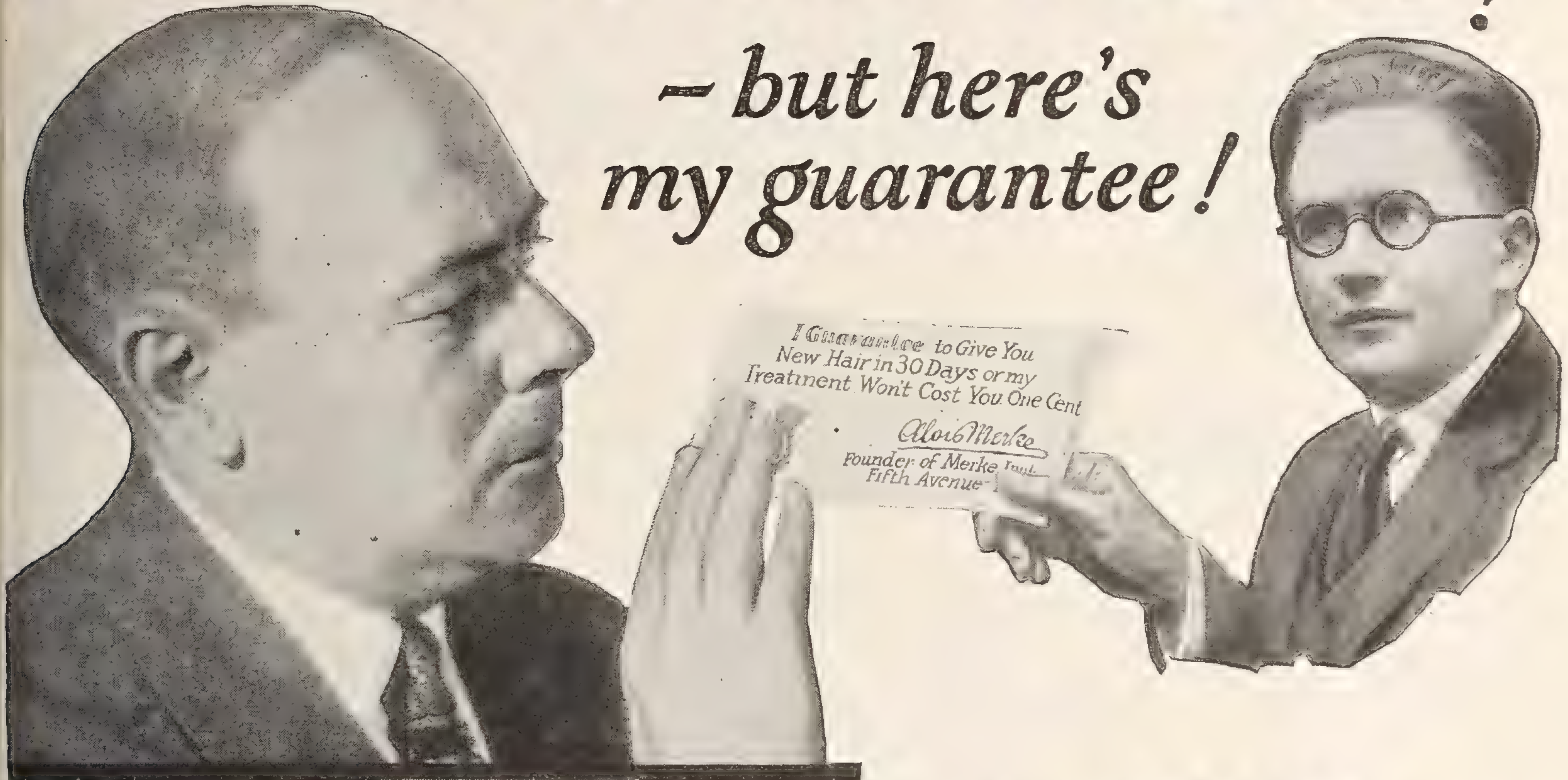
Charlie Farrell as usual danced quite kindly and dutifully with every lady he saw



Betty Bronson practices her morning eye exercises on James Hall.

Doubt if You Must!

*- but here's
my guarantee!*



New Hair For You in 30 Days - or I Pay All Costs!

ARE you skeptical about hair treatments? Do you laugh at claims to banish dandruff—stop falling hair—grow new, healthy hair? Are you really beginning to doubt that *anything in the world* can save you from baldness?

All right! Doubt if you will. I don't blame you! But will you do *this* for me? Will you give me a chance to *remove* your doubts? Will you let me *prove* my scientific treatment can grow new hair without risking a cent of your money?

I don't care how fast your hair is falling out! I don't care how many expensive treatments you have tried unsuccessfully. I don't care how skeptical you are right now! Here's my contract in black and white. I positively GUARANTEE to banish dandruff—stop falling hair—grow new hair in 30 days—or I will pay all costs myself! And what's more, you alone are the judge!

My Secret!

I've proved that in most

cases of loss of hair the hair roots are not dead—but merely dormant, temporarily asleep. Ordinary methods fail because they treat only the surface skin, not the roots.

You can't make hair grow by massaging the scalp with an ordinary tonic any more than you can make a tree grow by rubbing the bark with growing fluid. You must get to the very roots themselves. You must stimulate action and life by stimulating the dormant roots that contain the life.

And that's what my system does. It wakes up the cells that have been sleeping and inactive. It gives them the nourishment they need and stimulates hair growth. My system gets right down into the roots, right down to the cause of the trouble and goes about correcting approaching baldness in a scientific, sure way. The fine thing about it, too, is that this treatment can be taken without the slightest discomfort or inconvenience in any home in which there is electricity.

Already my method has given new hair to hundreds of others. Men and women who were fast losing their hair have been astonished at the rapidity with which this

new scientific system has restored it to new life and health. And I am so downright positive that it will do the same for you that I am entirely willing to let you try my system for 30 days at my risk. Then if you are not more than delighted with the new growth of hair produced, just tell me so. Tell me my system has not done what I said it would. And the 30-day trial won't cost you a cent.

Mail Coupon for Free Booklet

There are a few cases of loss of hair that nothing in the world can help. But since I've grown hair for so many hundreds of others, isn't my method worth finding out about—isn't it worth trying for 30 days without risking a penny?

Don't be a Doubting Thomas! No matter how thin your hair is now—no matter how many other methods you have tried without results, just send for the 32-page book telling about this new, scientific way of growing hair. You'll find in it, besides a complete explanation of my method, scores of reports from others which will be an indication of what this treatment may mean to you. Just fill in and mail the coupon below—NOW! Allied Merke Institutes, Inc., Dept. 676, 512 Fifth Ave., New York City.

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Please send me in plain wrapper without cost or obligation a copy of your book, "The New Way to Grow Hair," describing the Merke System.

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"Having used your Thermocap Treatment for 30 days, I find a new growth of hair coming back on bald spot. It is growing in very fine. The Thermocap is a treatment that every one who is losing his hair should buy."
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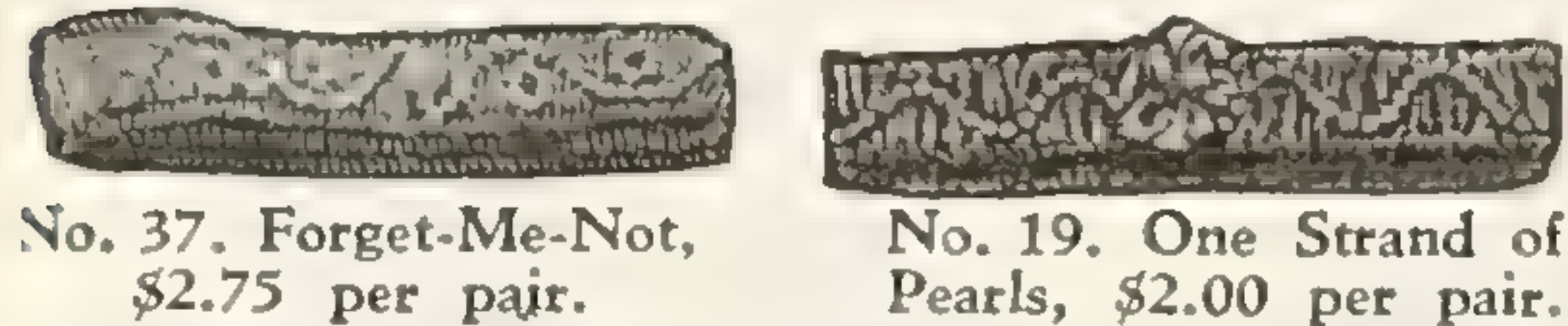
Dandruff Leaves Entirely

"I want to tell you how wonderful your treatment is. The first week my dandruff left entirely, and by the third week a new growth of hair could be seen all over my head."
—Mrs. H. S., Port Angeles, Wash.

Smarty :-: Smarty :-: Smarty
Going to a Party? You bet I am! And see these Jeweled Garters I am wearing?



No. 17. (The Pearlastic worn in the picture) One strand with Alternating Pearls, \$2.50 per pair.



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being momentarily neglected, in that truly nice and gallant way he has.

Out in the dining room, source of the nice buffet supper, we found John Bowers. He had just dodged out of the kitchen, and wouldn't really come to the party because he was clad in his golf clothes and was nursing a two days' growth of beard. You simply had to go and find him, because he refused to show himself.

Rosamond Pinchot, who may join the picture colony, and who has been having some tests made at United Artists studio, is staying over after the closing of Max Rinehardt's "Miracle," in which she played the Nun a part of the time. Aside from the fact that she is perhaps too tall, she should do very well.

"Jane Winton just can't get along without an author or two on her beau staff!" cried Patsy, as we glimpsed the radiant Jane coming in on the arm of Charlie Kenyon, her favorite current author.

Indeed we found this party quite well graced with authors, since there were also John Colton, author of "Rain," and the very youthful and handsome Poland Banks, who is making a sensation with his scenarios, and who came bringing Grace Gordon, one of the rising young actresses of Hollywood.

Jack Dempsey is having a very nice social time these days, going about with Estelle Taylor, his wife. But his social life is to cease in a few days, since he is to go away to a training camp. They didn't dance very much at the party, either together or with anyone else, but sat in a corner, where they entertained the dozens of people who came over to talk with them.

Don Alvarado flirted as only a Spaniard can, flitting from flower to flower.

"This looks as though it were going to become a high-brow party!" cried Patsy, as Jan Rubini and Mme. Aldrich came in.

Rubini played his violin exquisitely for us, and didn't disdain even to play for the romping Rosetta and Vivian to sing, and of course he played for Mme. Aldrich.

Then Mme. Juliet who had come from the Orpheum, did some of her clever imitations for us, Johnny Hines danced his most comical dances, and Herbert Rawlinson warbled some of his funny songs to his ukulele playing.

"What a wonderful audience those Duncan Sisters are!" exclaimed Patsy. "They applaud every other artist as though they weren't themselves the cleverest things in the world."

Harry Crocker came, but had to go home early, as he was getting up at the shriek of dawn to go to work.

Lovely Billie Dove came with her husband, Irvin Willat, and both seemed very gay and most devoted to each other.

Even though they were our hosts, we wouldn't let Rosetta and Vivian Duncan off, and they sang a lot of new songs for us, with a Floradora bit, in which Rosetta wore a derby hat and a long-claw hammer coat over her dress with the most comical effect, and Vivian donned a table cloth for a long skirt over a big bustle, the funniest thing they did.

Nearly everybody stayed until five o'clock in the morning, and then, as everybody was passing out of the gate, Johnny Hines, who had, by the way, taken May McAvoy home several hours before and returned, seized one of the Chinese lanterns adorning the front verandah, swung it, and cried out, like an old-fashioned watch of the night—"Five o'clock and all is well!"

"WELL, of course I wouldn't miss one of Victoria Mix's parties for anything in the

world!" cried Pat, as we ascended, in our car, the winding road which leads to the Tom Mix mansion on the top of the hill.

Mrs Mix was giving a farewell party in honor of that dear, delightful Mrs. Clarence Brown, who is leaving for Paris shortly.

We found the party—which, by the way, was a Cat Party, so the men came later—overflowing the house—some in Mrs. Mix's vast, beautiful French boudoir, others in the charming drawing room below, and still others in the big living room, outfitted with Tom Mix's trophies of war and hunting, where both men and women gather at the Mix parties.

Vilma Banky, was lovely in a charming white lace frock. She has never bobbed her hair, by the way, and when we asked her why, she explained:

"Oh, I am always finding some director who wants me photographed with the light shining through my locks!"

Asked if she enjoyed her stay in Canada, Miss Banky said no, she hadn't—she had gone there for a vacation, to go sleigh-riding and skating as she did in her native land—and it simply rained and rained all the time, so she couldn't go out of her room in that Vancouver Hotel.

We found a group of girls sitting on the floor in the drawing room, among them Florence Vidor, who is looking very well again after her illness. She said that she had really "enjoyed poor health," since she had received a glorious lot of attention in the hospital; and as she simply couldn't work if she wanted to, she had had a good rest.

"Helen Chadwick ought to be working in the pictures these days, surely," confided Pat, "She is looking so very young and so pretty."

Naturally a lot of directors' and stars' wives were present to greet Mrs. Brown, including Mrs. Monte Blue, Mrs. Mary Carew, Mrs. Victor Schertzinger, Mrs. Douglas MacLean, Mrs. Chester Franklin, and others. Later their famous husbands arrived.

We all adjourned to the big dining room



Ann Rork and her cameo pin which according to the latest Hollywood fad replaces the flower.

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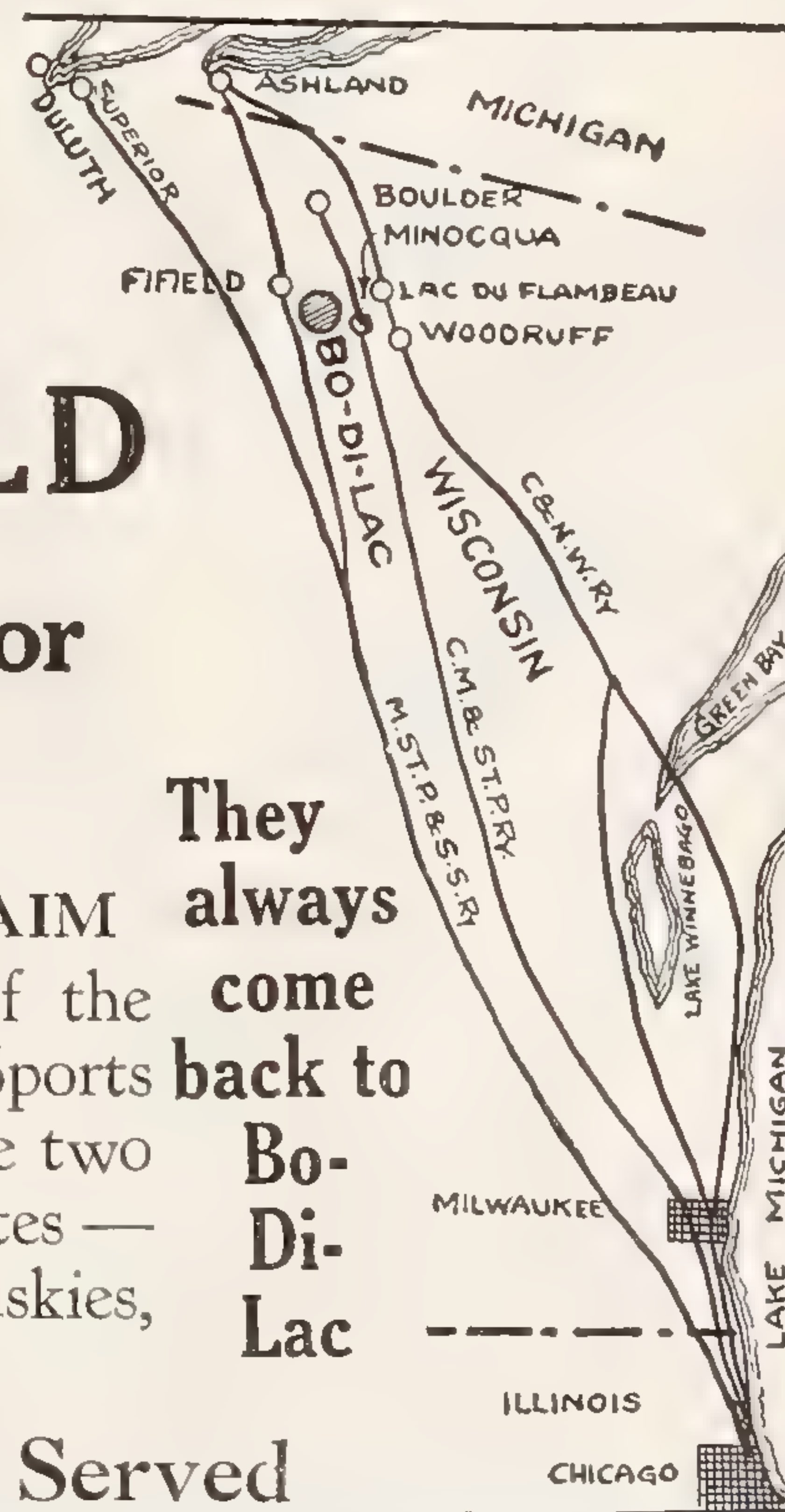
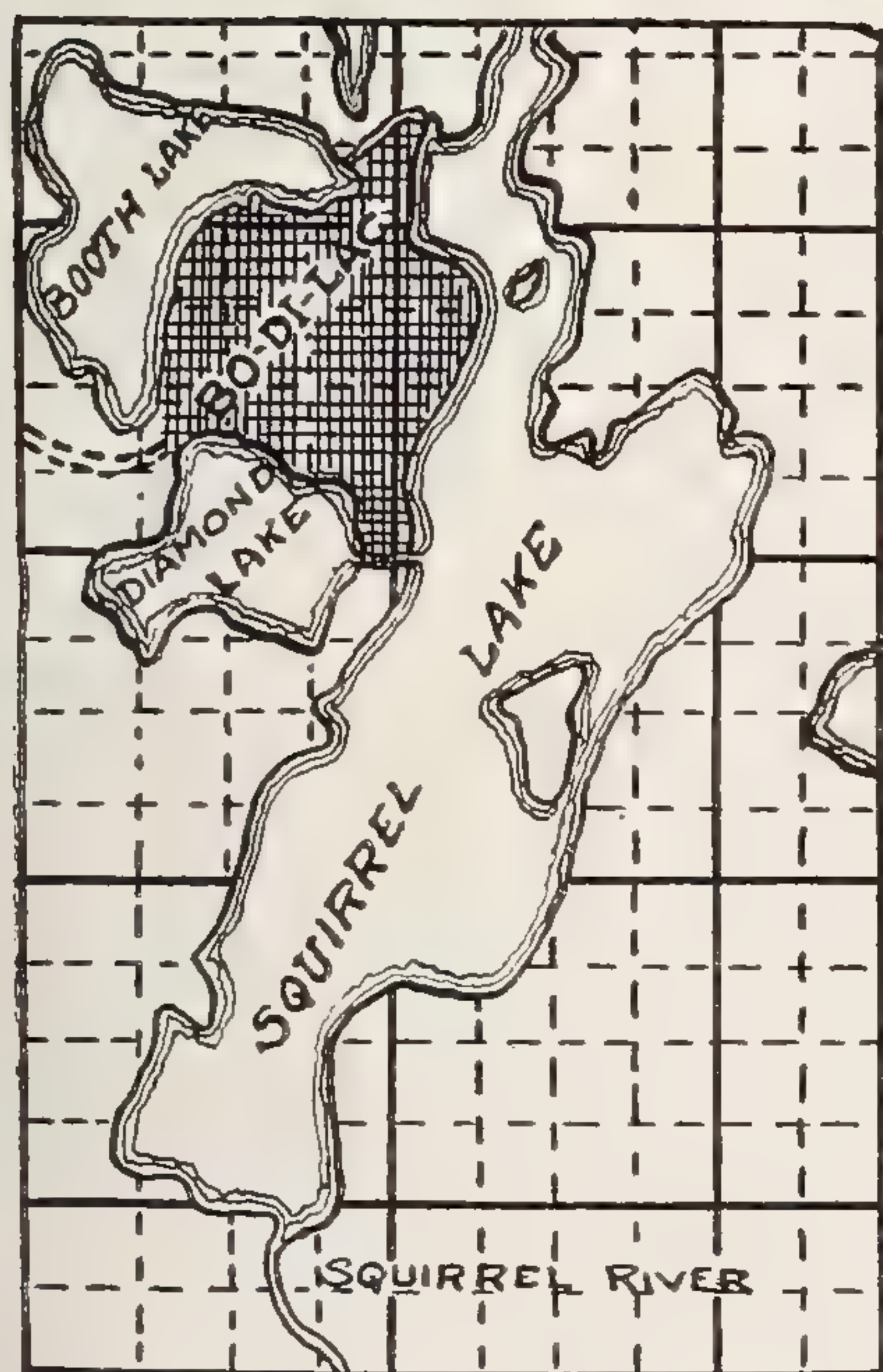
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for supper, where Mrs. Mix's army of servants waited on us at little tables.

I found myself seated with Hope Loring, Mrs. Mix and Faith Maclean.

"But please," I admonished, "don't call me Charity. I simply won't be!"

Mrs. MacLean told me how she was now a motor-boat widow, as Doug insisted on going down to Los Angeles harbour every day to run that motor-boat of his.

"And he won't let anybody else touch it," she explained. "He insists on running it himself. I must say he looks very handsome in his blue cap and uniform."

Hope Loring told us how she had been the promoting cause of Faith marrying Doug—how she had even been present at the proposal.

"But I was certainly punished!" exclaimed Hope. "Faith stayed all night with me that night, and I didn't get a wink of sleep, because she insisted on talking about Doug all night long."

After supper, we went into the downstairs living room where Tom Mix was already present in his best bib and tucker to greet the men guests, who were arriving fast.

Tom's eye was badly hurt not so long ago, you know, when some shot got into it, but it doesn't really look as bad as one would expect.

"That's lucky," we said.

"Oh, God's arm always seems to be around my shoulder," answered Tom, not flippantly, but with genuine feeling in his voice.

Johnny Hines was among the men present, and he proposed to teach everybody the Black Bottom. Estelle Taylor, who had come rather late with Jack Dempsey, was one of the pupils. Johnny also whirled Mrs. Mix in the dance, but as Vicky wore a demurely long skirt, we told her that quite clearly she should be dancing the minuet.

Even Tom Mix came in later and tried to learn the dance.

Upstairs a fortune teller held forth, and a long line of actresses, including Claire



Pauline Starke the menace of "Captain Salvation".

Windsor, Kathleen Key, and others, sat patiently in front of the door awaiting their turns.

"This is the second time I've been told I'm going to be married within a month!" exclaimed Vilma Banky. "And the month's almost up!"

"Brothers"—Continued from page 37

After successfully passing the test the young girl was chosen to play Giannina, the violin maker's daughter, at the then high salary of five dollars a day. When success came, the name of Gladys Smith was changed to that of Mary Pickford.

Mary was the daughter of a worker on a Canadian river boat who had perished in an accident. While playing tag with other children on the streets of Toronto, Canada, she was discovered by an advance agent for a theatrical company. Her vivacity and beauty appealed to her discoverer who has now passed forever out of the picture.

However, it was through him that Gladys Smith at five years of age began her career on the stage, and as a consequence, has remained ever since, the economic mainstay of her family.

The Smith family has long since been lifted from poverty to opulence, and the poor Toronto widow is wealthy in her own right.

It has often been said that Mrs. Smith dominates her daughter. Such is not the case. I was present once when Mrs. Smith entered Mary's reception room and said, "Daughter, I'm offered a hundred thousand dollars for the house at the Beach."

And Mary said quickly, "Mother dear,

don't be silly—there is no need of you selling it—besides, it will be a pleasant place for you this summer."

Mrs. Smith turned away dejectedly and said slowly, "But I only paid sixty-five thousand for it."

A slight profit of thirty-five thousand dollars had apparently made no impression upon the cinema queen.

Mary Pickford married Owen Moore, her leading man, while they were still with Biograph. When the finale of that romance came, Miss Pickford established her residence in Nevada to facilitate the obtaining of a divorce.

One must live in Nevada for six months before a decree can be obtained, unless, of course papers can be served on the opposing party within the limits of the state. Then a divorce can be had immediately.

While still in New York, Owen Moore was said to have been offered one hundred and fifty thousand dollars "just to travel through Nevada." It is said he agreed providing the check would be made payable to a certain charitable organization he would name. At any rate, he passed through Nevada later, and papers were served on him. Mary Pickford was given a quick divorce and married Fairbanks.



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Larry Semon says Eddie Cantor ought to have been a stork.

In the meantime Tom, following Owen, was becoming successful in pictures, while Matt remained on the road and barnstormed about the country with small theatrical companies.

For several years after his two older brothers had become well known, Matt was not interested in films.

At last, being bored on a rainy day in a small Kansas town, he entered a motion picture theatre to pass the time. He saw his brother Owen on the screen and suddenly his prejudice vanished. He resolved to enter films.

As he was earning but twenty dollars per week, and was not always able to work steadily at that amount, he was three years in saving enough money to pay his fare to New York.

On the way east he stopped in Toledo to visit his mother. There they went to see Owen in a picture. In the picture was a young man who was playing a sort of juvenile "heavy". Matt felt that he could do as well in similar roles. The next day he went on to New York. Owen met him and introduced him to his director. Matt was immediately engaged, and strangely enough, took the place of the young actor whose work he had seen in Toledo.

Owen was playing opposite Florence Lawrence in the picture. Matt was cast and made-up. He had one of the principal parts. Motion picture technique confused him—the lights, camera and lack of audience, as well as the radically different effect of the sets. After he had rehearsed his first scene a few times, all the other members of the company left him and had a conference in the corner. Later he learned that no one was satisfied with his work. . . except Florence Lawrence. She insisted that he be retained. As it happened, he made a hit in his role, and was considered a "find".

He remained with this company, a branch of Universal, for just six weeks. Owen was, of course, the leading man. As Matt had no wardrobe, Owen supplied him with

clothes. It was soon discovered in the projection room that the brothers resembled each other on the screen. The cut of their clothes being the same the resemblance was accentuated. Matt was fired.

However, he immediately went to work with Universal, where he remained in comparative obscurity for many months. Producers at the time felt that two brothers in films were enough. It required two years before he got a foothold, and another year before he could get from behind the shadows cast by his more famous brothers. Meanwhile, he kept working continuously—and learning. He remained with Universal until given a leading part in "Traffic in Souls", a film directed by George Loane Tucker, who later became famous as the director of "The Miracle Man". This picture was the vehicle in which Lon Chaney, Thomas Meighan and Betty Compson rose to fame and fortune.

Matt then directed, wrote, cut, and co-starred with Jane Gail in domestic comedies for one year.

His next important role was that of playing opposite his sister-in-law, Mary Pickford, in a film entitled, ironically enough, "The Pride of the Clan". There followed a picture with Elsie Ferguson called "Hearts of the Wild".

Matt's finest screen work was in "The Narrow Street" and "The Unpardonable Sin", both Marshall Neilan productions.

His most sensational picture was made a year ago and entitled "The Cave Man". It was directed by Lewis Milestone, a young Russian Jew who is considered by many critics to be the most promising of all the younger directors.

Milestone arrived in this country at fifteen, and unable to speak a word of English, he worked at everything that offered the scantiest livelihood. After six years in America he was still a house to house canvasser of photographs.

He became interested in motion pictures and after many months succeeded in obtaining a position as a drudge in a film lab-

They Laughed When I Sat Down At the Piano But When I Started to Play!—

ARTHUR had just played "The Rosary." The room rang with applause. I decided that this would be a dramatic moment for me to make my debut. To the amazement of all my friends, I strode confidently over to the piano and sat down.

"Jack is up to his old tricks," somebody chuckled. The crowd laughed. They were all certain that I couldn't play a single note.

"Can he really play?" I heard a girl whisper to Arthur.

"Heavens, no!" Arthur exclaimed. "He never played a note in all his life. . . . But just you watch him. This is going to be good."

I decided to make the most of the situation. With mock dignity I drew out a silk handkerchief and lightly dusted off the piano keys. Then I rose and gave the revolving piano stool a quarter of a turn, just as I had seen an imitator of Paderewski do in a vaudeville sketch.

"What do you think of his execution?" called a voice from the rear.

"We're in favor of it!" came back the answer and the crowd rocked with laughter.

Then I Started to Play

Instantly a tense silence fell on the guests. The laughter died on their lips as if by magic. I played through the first few bars of Liszt's immortal *Liebesträume*. I heard gasps of amazement. My friends sat breathless—spellbound!

I played on and as I played I forgot the people around me. I forgot the hour, the place, the breathless listeners. The little world I lived in seemed to fade—seemed to grow dim—unreal. Only the music was real. Only the music and the visions it brought me. Visions as beautiful and as changing as the wind-blown clouds and drifting moonlight that long ago inspired the master composer. It seemed as if the master musician himself were speaking to me—speaking through the medium of music—not in words but in chords. Not in sentences but in exquisite melodies!

A Complete Triumph!

As the last notes of the *Liebestäume* died away, the room resounded with a sudden roar of applause. I found myself surrounded by excited faces. How my friends carried on! Men shook my hand—wildly congratulated me—pounded me on the back in their enthusiasm! Everybody was exclaiming with delight—plying me with rapid questions. . . . "Jack! Why didn't you tell us you could play like that?" . . . "Where *did* you learn?"—"How long have you studied?"—"Who *was* your teacher?"

"I have never even *seen* my teacher," I replied. "And just a short while ago I couldn't play a note."



"Quit your kidding," laughed Arthur, himself an accomplished pianist. "You've been studying for years. I can tell."

"I have been studying only a short while," I insisted. "I decided to keep it a secret so that I could surprise all you folks."

Then I told them the whole story.

"Have you ever heard of the U. S. School of Music?" I asked.

A few of my friends nodded. "That's a correspondence school isn't it?" they exclaimed.

"Exactly," I replied. "They have a new simplified method that can teach you to play any instrument by note in just a few months."

How I Learned to Play Without a Teacher

And then I explained how for years I had longed to play the piano.

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oratory. While performing all sorts of menial tasks he found time to study film and film-making for the next three years. He was eventually given a chance to learn to be a film cutter.

A cutter is unknown and underpaid. His salary is very small in comparison with other salaries paid in film land. He is nevertheless, one of the most important spokes in the cinema wheel.

The cutter must have a sense of story continuity. He must be able to weld the film story into proper sequences after it leaves the director's hands. And it may be added here that many a director has been helped by an unknown film cutter.

For often as many as a dozen pictures will be taken of the same situation. The cutter must choose the best from the point of view of action, drama, and facial expression of the players.

It follows that the cutting room is the greatest training school imaginable for a future director. So far as I know, Lewis Milestone is the only director who took advantage of it.

Milestone left the cutting room to become a scenario writer for Universal. He was later engaged by Warner Brothers to write one script. If it proved successful he was to be given a chance to direct.

While writing the story he was told to "go out on the lot" and do some retakes on "How Baxter Butted In". The director of the picture was ill. All the actors had been called for the scenes.

Not knowing the story, he realized that he was placed in a dangerous position so far as his future was concerned. If his retakes were not up to the standard set by the director, his chances of becoming a director would be given a severe set-back. Undaunted, he talked the story over with the assistant director and went on the set.

Matt Moore was featured in the picture. He was displeased when he learned that an unknown scenario writer was doing the retakes instead of the original director. Milestone saw Moore's expression. He told Matt that he could not help the situation and that it was also distasteful to him. Matt was quick to see that Milestone was in the more difficult position. Impressed by the manner in which the young Russian Jew went about his work, Moore being under contract with Warner Brothers at the time, requested them to allow Milestone to direct his next picture. The Warners agreed.

Milestone was given orders to look for a story in which to star Matt Moore. After a long search he discovered "The Cave Man" a story bought with the rest of the Vitagraph property.



Ⓒ Maria Corda now playing in "Private Life of Helen of Troy".



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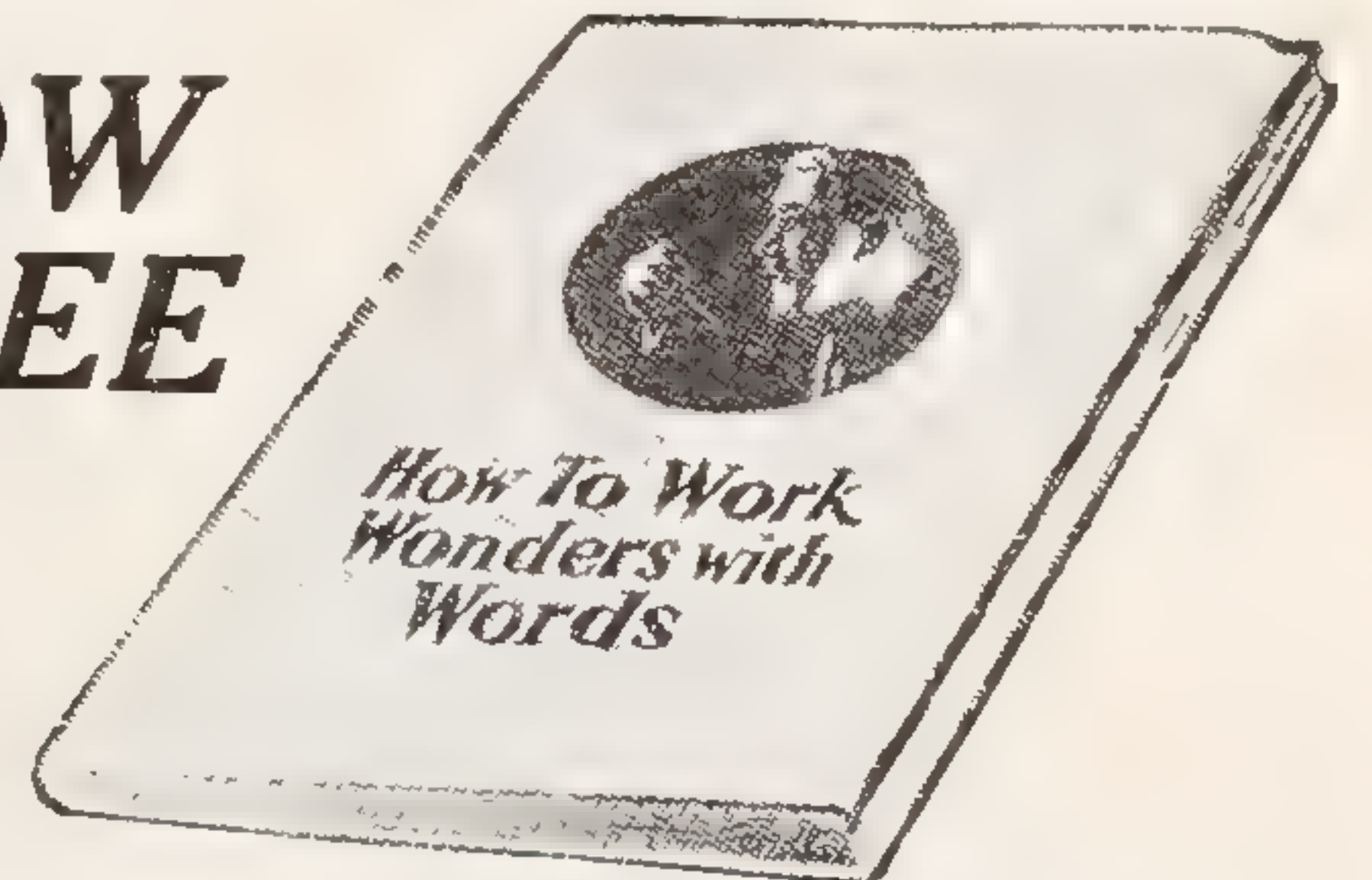
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At one time Tom Moore, anxious to play the lead in this story, had offered ten thousand dollars for it. Milestone told Matt that he had found a story which had appealed greatly to his brother. After talking the matter over with Tom, Matt decided to make the picture.

There was one sequence which really had to be taken in New York. Warner's refused to send them east for merely one sequence . . . but Milestone and Matt felt that it was necessary to go.

Matt hit upon a scheme. In both of their contracts they were allowed a four weeks vacation each year without salary. Neither of them had taken their four weeks off. So Matt talked to the firm and explained they both wanted their vacations when all the sequences but the New York scenes were taken. He wanted to go east and Milestone could go with him. They could shoot the sequence there. They would do it on their own time and pay their own expenses. Would the firm furnish the props and cameraman if they managed to get to New York? Warner Brothers agreed. Fortunately in this sequence only Matt appeared. All that was needed was a team and a coal wagon. Matt paid both fares to New York . . . such was his interest in the picture.

Upon reaching New York they went to the Lambs Club. Here they encountered Thomas Meighan, an old friend of Matt's. Meighan was to leave for Florida to make a picture as soon as he could find a director. Matt excused himself from Milestone and went upstairs with Meighan. There he "sold" Milestone as Meighan's next director. As they returned to the hotel Matt asked Milestone if he would like to direct Meighan.

Milestone was astonished at the mention of so great an opportunity. Matt told him he had arranged everything, and that he would leave with Meighan the next morning for Florida. This meant that Matt had to direct the New York scenes himself.

Matt is the youngest of the three Moore brothers. Because of his quiet nature he is usually taken as the eldest. He is self-conscious, even bashful, off the screen. He has become quite wealthy.

Tom is the most typically Irish of the three. He is impulsive, sentimental, romantic and a spendthrift. His Japanese valet always travels with him and keeps his eye on the finances. When they become low he often says:

"Time to go to work, Meestah Moore."

Tom Moore has been married to two of the screen's most famous and beautiful women . . . Alice Joyce and Renee Adoree. Owen is now married to Katherine Perry. Matt has remained a bachelor.

Owen is usually considered more carefree than he really is. But his nature is cautious like Matt's. He is the wealthiest of the three brothers.

Both Tom and Owen have a characteristic of saying two words, then pantomiming five, then saying another word and thus complete a sentence. It is absolutely necessary to watch as well as listen to them, otherwise it would be impossible to understand them. This is doubtless due to the many years in pictures.

There is a strange bond between the brothers which few people understand. Undemonstrative toward each other, they are nevertheless very close.

Once after Owen and Tom had been in New York for a year they returned to Hollywood and passed a table in a fashionable restaurant at which Matt was seated.

"Hello Matt," they both said quietly in unison.

"Hello Boys," was the even more quiet



Bebe Daniels—madcap Bebe whose next picture is "Senorita".

reply as the two brothers passed on without stopping.

No touch of jealousy or envy has ever disturbed them, no matter which of the three happens to be the most successful at the time.

Each brother has his own individual following on the screen. Even directors are divided as to which is the best actor. Their work is distinctly different.

Tom is the irascible, debonair, laughing type—the Irishman of fiction. His best work has been achieved in Rupert Hughes' well known film stories, and in such films as "A Kiss for Cinderella". Beneath his carefree screen manner is a flawless artistry which can hold in restraint or release a fascinating and effusive personality.

Matt is a past master at depicting timid and embarrassed young men in all sorts of amusing situations. His restraint rises from technical skill and makes no sacrifice to strength or subdued intensity. He has at his command movements of rare precision, telling glances and half-smiles which express with minute detail the necessary screen emotion.

Owen blends many of the qualities of Tom and Matt in real life—and on the screen.

The Moore boys have now been before the public, either on the stage or screen for more than twenty years. Opinion may be divided regarding their qualities as actors, but their appeal over the world is beyond question. Let no man mistake their shrewdness. They are keen observers and deep students of life. After two decades their popularity is greater than ever before.

They have the affability and magnetism of Irish politicians. In the garrulous film capitol of Hollywood they know when not to talk. Harsh in their criticism of each others work, they are likewise generous in their praise. Unusual, being brothers, they never quarrel. If a crisis approaches in either of their lives, it is threshed out by the council of three.

This detached quality of regarding each other despite ties of blood they doubtless inherit from their mother. She would never side with her sons because of relationship. Once Tom and Matt came home one evening with Marshall Neilan. Mrs. Moore had gone to bed. Matt and Tom and Micky were talking. Finally Tom and Micky got into a heated argument that lasted over an hour. Mrs. Moore came to the head of the stairs. It was two o'clock in the morning. She called down the stairs in her rich Irish brogue . . .

"Tom, Tom . . . Micky is right!"

So too are her three sons capable of honest judgment of each other—a judgment that springs from deep loyalty.

They have, through long training become the most successful salesmen of personality in America today. Theirs is the ultimate of sophistication—how to remain naive.

The Hoodoo Hero

(Continued from page 32)

then flop in one, possibly not through his own fault entirely. Or some director may not like his type and the prejudice spreads. If several directors objects to having him in their cast he is suddenly up against a stone wall. The studio jinx has attached itself to him and though he may weep for a chance to show what he can do and vow that he has the stuff of which film heroes are made, the jinx leers over his shoulder and frightens directors into their shells.

Robert Lane fell into the clutches of the jinx through a role unsuited to him. For six months thereafter he lost out on every part that he made a bid for. His tall frame took on a slight stoop and tiny creases of worry began to show at the corners of his brown eyes. He would report at the studio every morning, an unlighted pipe clenched in his teeth, and the Great Dane hound that followed him everywhere would regard him with a serious, unwavering stare. Everyone in the studio considered it a duty to deliver that time-worn lecture which all failures must submit to; about bucking up, showing some spirit, getting out and selling yourself, things are never as bad as they seem, and when luck is as bad as it can be, it has to change because it can get no worse. To all of which he listened respectfully and agreed with. In the evening he and the Great Dane both would slink away from the studio and go home to think disconsolate thoughts.

When Lane had been an actor with no part to act for nearly a year and rumors were growing into realities that his contract as a member of the studio stock company would not be renewed, he met Janet King.

Janet King was the sweet girl type. Everyone liked her on sight. No one ever fell madly in love with her, yet she was a successful leading woman, a girl of twenty-two, with a splendid attractiveness more effective than perfect beauty, a lithe, graceful little figure, and a determined purpose in establishing a career that one would scarcely associate with her demure blue eyes and chestnut-gold hair.

She had been signed by Peerless Pictures Studio for the feminine lead in an aeroplane thriller, and Lane's first sight of her came one day as he was making the rounds of Director's Row, a journey from room to room that bore no results.



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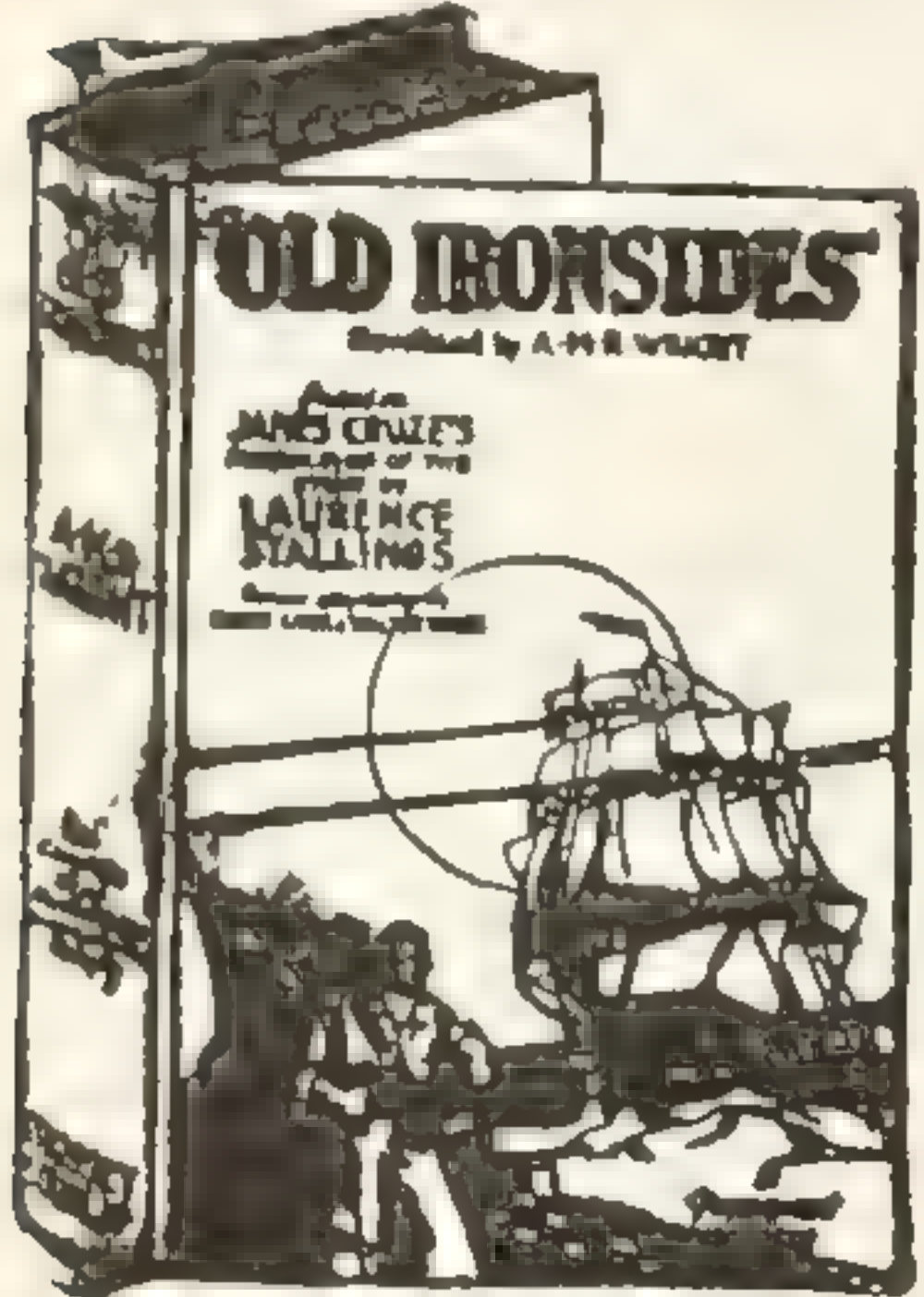
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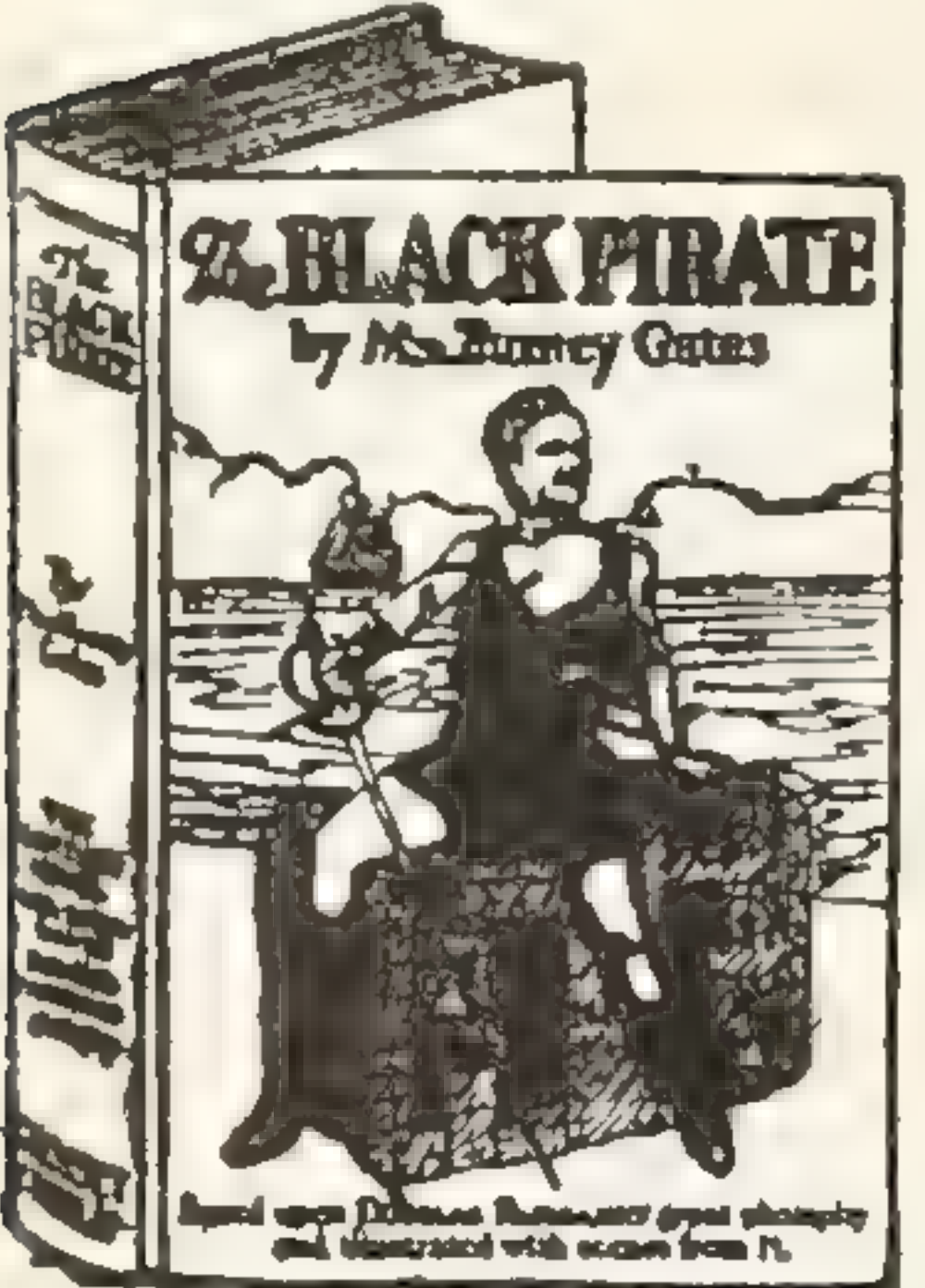
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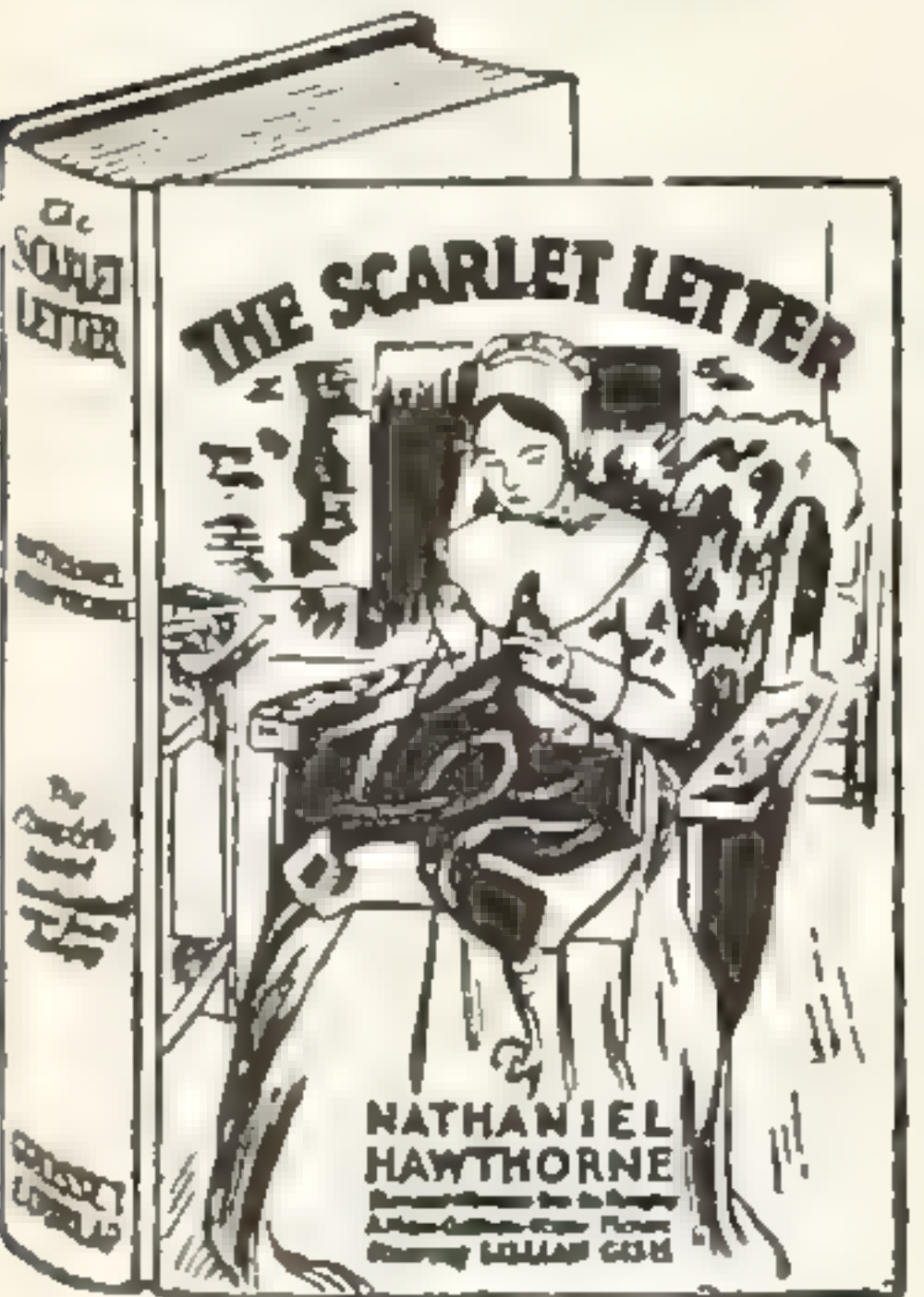
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The White Sister	F. M. Crawford
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He swung into the office of James Bellman who was to direct the air production, and there she was seated across a desk from Bellman "talking story." He glimpsed a pretty profile shaded with a half-moon of gold-brown hair, and was about to excuse himself for the interruption when Bellman, who had scarcely observed his entrance, said something arresting.

"We need a young daredevil pilot," Bellman remarked. "One who isn't too particular about his life. If I could find a leading man to fill the bill my casting troubles would be over."

In the instant before speaking the thought flashed through Lane's mind that he was fairly disgusted with life anyhow, that he didn't much care whether he was killed in a plane crash or died of ennui; that he had been a flyer in France and emerged safely from several risky bits of fighting, and, last, that he wanted to know Janet King a whole lot for some reason which wasn't quite clearly defined as yet.

"Mr. Bellman," he said, "Pardon my overhearing you. I want that part more than anything else in the world right now. Give me a chance to take my jinx up in the air and drop it overboard."

By God, sir, you've got to give me a break! Do you hear? You've got to! Or, I'll——!" And he shook his fist for emphasis.

Bellman and the girl both looked at Lane for a moment.

Neither spoke. The girl smiled faintly and arched her brows in a questioning way. Then Bellman frowning thoughtfully introduced Lane to Janet. After which he remarked:

"I hadn't considered you for this role, Lane. I've always felt you lacked something—I can't just put my finger on it. But I'll think things over and maybe——. Well, see me in the morning."

"Thank you," said Lane abruptly and walked out cursing all directors and the motion picture industry generally under his breath.

But he waited near the studio gate for Janet and when she appeared he planted himself directly in her path.

"Miss King," he said with a grimness that was the last spark of defiance in his system, "I want to play opposite you. I want that part and you can get it for me." And of a sudden he softened and added, "Please, Miss King. This is the breaking point if I fail. It's my last chance."



Lois Moran and "Beppo". He boasted of evolution until he reached Hollywood.

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☞ Marceline Day, her mother and sister Alice on location.

She was winsome and merry as she answered, and perhaps very tender with sympathy, too.

He could hardly believe his ears, but what she said, was:

"You already have it. Don't worry, Mr. Bellman said you had just shown the first spark of spunk in a year. And now you may take me somewhere for dinner."

That night as he drove home after bidding Janet goodnight, Lane's heart sang with a new feeling of courage and delight.

"I love her," he repeated with a fierce joy to himself. "Damn my soul, how I do love her!"

Everyone who has seen "Comets" knows the rest of the story. The breath-taking crashes in mid-air were not faked. The plane that fell in flames was manoeuvred

by a young airman whose dauntless feats took him time and again into the very shadows of Death's wings. When he at last was safe back to earth he found himself crushed in the arms of the sobbing heroine. The love scene that ensued was as touching and perfect as the screen ever has revealed.

Did you know that in the final scene—the wedding—an ordained minister officiated, that the license was a real one, and that Director Bellman, although he was off to one side behind the cameras, was the best man? That happens to be the case.

For, from the moment Robert Kane had first set eyes on Janet King, the studio jinx had fled howling with disappointed rage. And Robert and Janet are firmly convinced that the public knows what is good when it demands love for a climax.

She Was Good Once

(Continued from page 32)

never heard the story of 'Hearts That Strike'? Where have you been? I thought everyone knew the story of how Jeannette came to get by with that."

In the strife and hurry of a motion picture studio there is often time for a lengthy narration if it describes the life that goes on beneath the electric suns. Here is the story.

An elaborate set with lights, lights everywhere and streams running down small tar paper troughs, paper mache rocks, and canvass hills surrounded William Picknay, the director.

The director was obviously unhappy and his mood of frustration was evidenced by his groping hands and the displeased expression on his face. Once he spoke to his star apparently repeating an oft-repeated sentence.

"Now, Jeannette not like that. You are supposed to care about this man. This is not a dance. Don't think about your gestures. Grab hold of him."

Jeannette seemed disposed to argue the point but before she could more than open her mouth, Picknay roared.

"Supposing you do turn your face away from the camera for a second. I suppose the motion picture industry would be able to survive." Of course he was exasperated and tired but he had not given consideration to the enormous egotism of a pretty girl. Jeannette Dian glared at him and rose from her seat beside the hero.

"Nobody can speak to me like that, director or no director. You can make your own closeups. I——" She turned and started for her dressing room. Refusing even to pass the director and camera man she made her way directly across the lines of cables, the paper mache rocks, the cut out boxes, the powerful lamps and other

interesting objects. Jeannette was very angry.

And now comes the unexpected, the uncalculated happening which often breaks and sometimes make actresses. As she sailed off the set, head high in the air, one of the flying panels of her dress caught securely on a hook protruding from a scaffolding which held a baby spot. And in far less time than it takes to tell it or before anyone could draw a breath, the baby spot, the scaffolding and Jeannette crashed in a heap upon the defenseless head of one Ed Martin, assistant director, who was unfortunate enough to be standing in the danger zone. A shriek of dismay was heard from Jeannette as she stared at the blood dripping from Martin's wounded forehead.

Kind hearted little Jeannette forgot all about her wrath and the hatefulness of directors. She could only think that here was a boy, quite a nice boy too, who was lying unconscious because of her. She slipped to her knees and without a single artificial gesture, she clasped, comforted, caressed and consoled the injured young man. So unconscious was she of the others around her and so stricken with guilt that she hardly noticed the sudden illumination of the set and when she at last arose distraught to demand, "Can't someone do something for this boy?" she was astonished to find the cameras clicking and directed upon her.

Thus ended the scene. "Cut" yelled the director. The ingenious Mr. Picknay dressed his hero to resemble the assistant director and because the hero was an actor he was able to assume the character that the assistant director seemed to have.

"Hearts that Strike" was at last completed. Jeannette Dian never returned to the set, but her fame as an actress grew to a stalwart flame.

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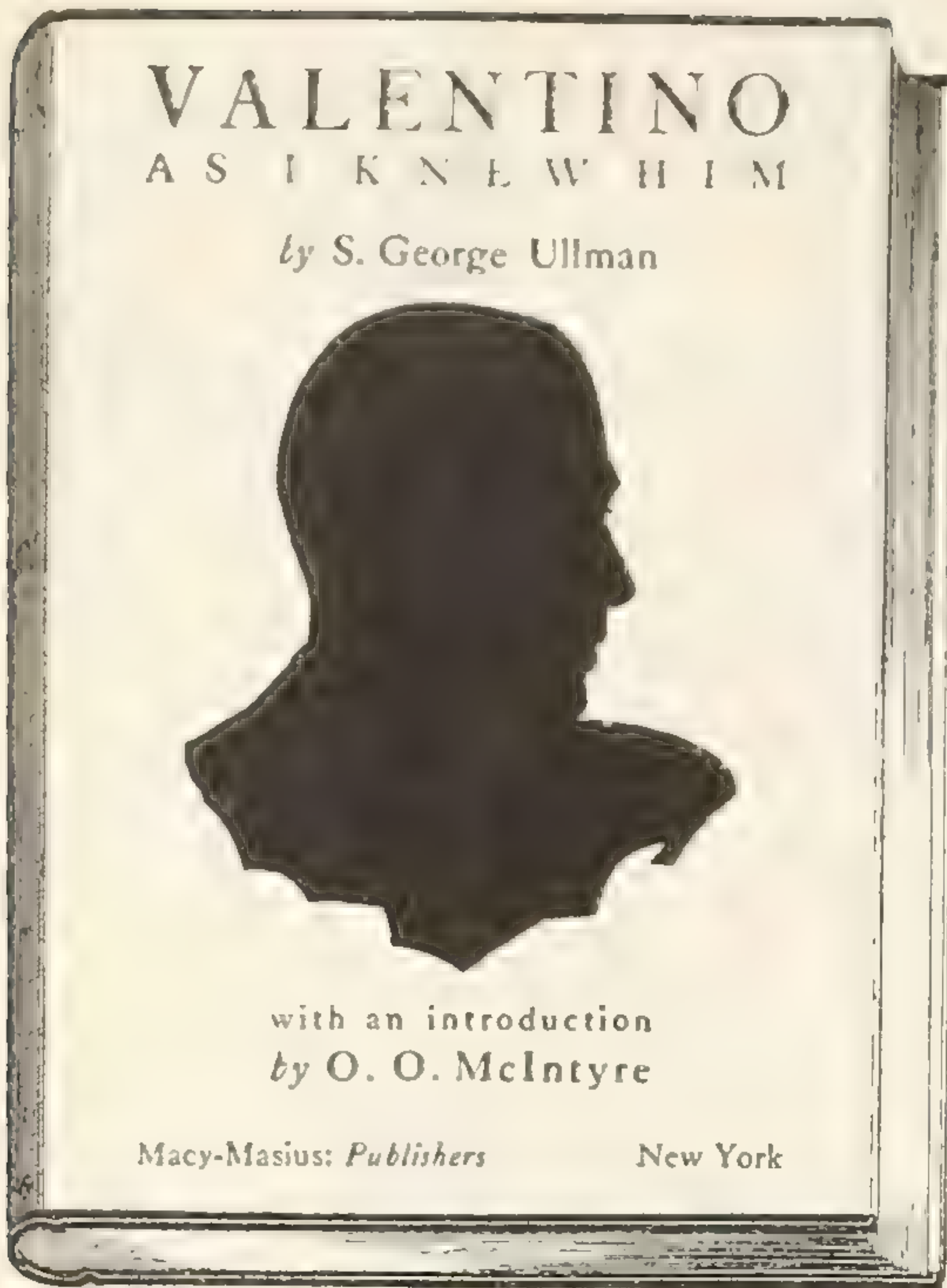
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Ben Lyon and Yola D'Avril rivaling each other at hand ball.

Mack Sennett Girls—Continued from page 41

Alma's name in the comedy is "Cherry".

* * *

THELMA PARR

Thelma Parr was born in Grants Pass, Ore., October 19th, 1906. Her early childhood was spent in Portland. Her family moved to California in 1920, and Thelma was sent to school at Notre Dame in San Francisco and also to the Academy of the Immaculate Heart in Los Angeles.

She received a classical education and is a talented pianist, as well as an artist of ability. Several of Miss Parr's sketches have been exhibited.

Thelma Parr is a direct descendent on her mother's side of Thomas Paine, eminent political writer and freethinker of the American Revolutionary period.

It was while Thelma Parr was doing extra work around Hollywood that she obtained a few days' work at the Mack Sennett Studio. Sennett, ever on the lookout for new beauty noticed Thelma in the studio "rushes" that night, and sent for her. The result of the interview was a contract to play leads in Mack Sennett comedies.

* * *

MARION McDONALD

Every little extra girl in Hollywood harbors the secret thought that she is a second Gloria Swanson. But here is one who even looks like the famous star. And a further coincidence is that she has just signed a Mack Sennett contract.

The resemblance of Marion McDonald to Gloria Swanson has been remarked by everyone who has met this new Irish beauty just come to Hollywood. Her photographs keep the studio casting director wondering whether he is handling pictures of the new girl, or old ones of Gloria still in the Sennett files.

Marion McDonald came to Hollywood from Boston, a graduate of the Mary Cliff Academy there. She played a bit in a Mack Sennett comedy that attracted the producer's attention, and a contract was awarded the new beauty.

* * *

MADLINE HURLOCK

"The Romance of a Sennett Bathing Beauty" is the title of a seven reel feature comedy drama that Mack Sennett will produce this year. It is to be the story of a little girl who begins her picture career at \$7.50 a day in a bathing suit, and rise to fame and \$15,000 a week.

She will be a composite personality of all

the girls who have passed on to fame and fortune via the Sennett bathing suit. No one is better qualified to tell the story of this girl than the man who has observed her at first hand. Mack Sennett's movie cinderella promises to be a human, interesting and believable character. All the little human weaknesses of femininity will be depicted in the girl's rise; how she discards her Kansas lingo to adopt an English accent; how the Ford is turned in on a Buick, the Buick on a Lincoln and the Lincoln on a foreign car; how her domicile gradually changes from a single apartment to a fashionable flat, to a house in Hollywood, to an estate in Beverly Hills. And so on.

Madeline Hurlock has been chosen by Sennett to play the girl in "The Romance of a Bathing Girl". When Miss Hurlock signed a new contract with the comedy producer a few months ago, he promised to feature her in this full-length comedy drama—the first to be made by Mack Sennett in five years.

* * *

MARY MABERY

Mack Sennett had an idea not long ago that youth and beauty might be found elsewhere than in the musical choruses and beauty contests. He sent one of his scouts to the Universities around California to see what he could see.

He saw Mary Mabery at the University of California, Southern Branch, which is not very far from the Sennett comedy studio. Mary was studying to become an instructor of athletics in high schools and universities. She held nearly every athletic record at the college. Contrary to popular belief, her athletic prowess had in no way impaired the beauty of her figure. She qualified in every respect to wear a Mack Sennett bathing suit.

It was not hard to persuade Mary herself to sign a contract to act in the movies. But her mother was not so easily brought around. Mrs. Mabery had spent most of her life on the English concert stage as balladist, under the name of Clara Frances. She was finally prevailed upon, however, to let her daughter try pictures during the summer vacation. By the time the Fall school term opened, even Mamma was sold on the idea of a movie career for Mary, and the U. of C. lost one of its prettiest and most intelligent students.

There is at least one Sennett bathing beauty now who can really swim.

Harold Lloyd at Home

(Continued from page 31)

terrier—Harold's Christmas present from the office gang—when Gloria, all excited, took me by the hand. She pulled me hurriedly along, and with a "Look, oh Look!" brought me up in front of what I since have learned has been rightly dubbed "The Thundering Herd." Yessir, there they were—a beautiful Great Dane, with ten of the cutest, hungriest little pups imaginable. I have to admit that I was just as fascinated as was the entire house of Lloyd. And Harold Lloyd knew every single, solitary spot of every one of them by heart!

We were watching Prince. You know, he's the pet of the household, and gets away with almost anything. Whatever he does is perfectly okeh with Harold, and Prince believes that he should be the only member of the kennels to be petted and pampered. So when Harold took a little Thundering Herd up into his arms, Prince was jealous as could be. He sidled up to Harold and tried to have him put the puppy down. He caught him by the sleeve and shook his arm and whined. That little pup was getting attention which belonged to nobody else but him. If dogs do cry, then Prince was surely sobbing out his heart before the baby pup was out of Harold's arms and safely in his mama's nest.

So we left the kennels and walked on over the brow of the hill, from where we could see the blue Pacific. Imagine us again, trudging along, with Prince carrying a tired, sleepy-eyed baby Gloria on his steady shoulders.

We reached the house—a mansion built on laughs. In a very cozy room, we had some tea and cakes, and joked and fooled before I left.

I'm home now. The Harold Lloyds have no idea how beautiful their great estate has come to be as far as I'm concerned. I see it filled with peanuts, cracker-jack and ice-cream cones. It's green and bright and clean and very, very beautiful, for standing in the door, you know, I see a boy and girl who never will forget to keep on playing.



Who wouldn't want to lead a dog's life if this is a sample. May McAvoy and "Aspirin".

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Rehearsing Means Artistic Ruin

(Continued from page 24)

instance. That could never have been done on the stage. The screen was its only medium. Remember the scene in the shell hole with the German boy? We did not rehearse that—not even once. We did it just as it came, as we felt it, as we would had we been those people instead of ourselves. I remember that during the scene the film ran out. No one spoke. We lay there in the shell hole and waited until more film was put in the camera and we could go on. It was the same with the chewing gum scene. That was one of the longest scenes ever taken and we did not rehearse it. We simply did it as we felt it to be right.

Interviewer: (Still unwilling to admit that anybody but herself can be right). But you can't prove a theory by an example. That was one time where it happened to work out right—well two times—but I can't see how it can always work. I remember seeing Bernhardt do rehearsing, weeks of study, performance after performance in order to perfect it. That tragic, pitiful death scene.

(At the word "death" Gilbert's face changes. Something infinitely supreme passes across his vision. Perhaps he is contemplating death, but it is not the death that the interviewer—who, as her conversation has shown has a very trite mind—had commonly supposed to be death. There is a naive fearlessness in Gilbert's face, a universal death, neither tragic nor defiant, simply inevitable. The interviewer is impressed although she does not show it, as interviewers consider it highly unethical to be impressed at anything. She realizes, however, that here is a living example of Gilbert's theory. At a chance word he has

done a real bit of acting. Spontaneously he has reacted to a word. His face mirrors death. If a camera were there a great scene might have been immortalized. He has done this without a rehearsal, without weeks of study, although the interviewer hates to admit it, being a woman as well as an interviewer.)

Gilbert: One of the greatest scenes I've ever watched was in Chaplin's "The Gold Rush". It was the opening shot. Here was this long line of men struggling up the mountain side. They carried many things on their backs. They were in an agony of struggle. At any moment a foot might turn and they might be plunged into the bottom of a precipice that lay before them. They struggled. They suffered. Immediately after this agonizing shot, along came little Charlie. He carries nothing on his back. He is whistling. He is gay. He twirls his cane. He is a symbol of humanity and its immunity to the knowledge of danger. His foot turns and he almost falls into the precipice below. A bear rounds a corner. He does not see it. In the face of all this danger he maintains a naive fearlessness. I liked that because it is a symbol and it is real. Humanity is pathetically fearless. If we could conceive of all the things that the future might hold for us we would never know a moment's peace.

Interviewer: You're growing irrelevant.

Gilbert: I'm not! I'm just telling you about a spontaneous scene, something fresh and real.

(The Interviewer suddenly has an idea—even if she is an interviewer. She remembers Gilbert's expression of a moment ago when she mentioned death. She will put his theory in practice. She will become a



John Gilbert the most famous doughboy of the screen and the Pup Parade.

director. The protagonist has reacted to the word death in an unusual manner. She tries something else.)

Interviewer: Youth has always impressed me as being difficult to portray. I remember Jane Cowl in "Romeo and Juliet". Both she and the boy who played opposite her seemed to inject into their portrayals—which, my good man, they had rehearsed again and again and had played over and over many, many times, something very vivid and intense.

(Gilbert suddenly projects himself into a role. He becomes youth incarnate, but not the obvious kind of youth, not the kind of youth that writes poetry in spring. His face takes on an eager, unhappy, discontented expression. Is this youth, then? Has the interviewer failed in her directorial attempts? The interviewer tries to recall her own youth as against the joyous kind that she has read about. Surely adolescence is an unhappy time. There is always some causeless melancholy lurking in the background. Gilbert's expression has held the mirror up to life. In one fleeting moment he has shown youth as it is, discontented, striving, ambitious, intense, and not the youth that age contemplates in roseate hues.)

(The interviewer now suffers a series of mixed emotions. She hates to give up her ideals of the stage, but she sees that spontaneity is more successful than a perfected role done night after night. Perhaps she is too gullible. Perhaps she has only imagined that these expressions have crossed the actor's face. It was all so fleeting. Yet as she watches Gilbert, she knows that she read true. She suddenly understands why Gilbert does and must work without preliminary rehearsals, without the dragging monotony of performance after performance. She has found what real temperament is, a human being alive and sensitive to emotions. Not merely a bundle of nerves, but a man capable of expressing instantaneously the mood of a given situation and expressing that mood in an original fashion, minus the rubber stamp of conventional ideas.)

(The Interviewer is loath to admit that she has been wrong so . . .)

Interviewer: Then you are, John Gilbert, an exponent of the New Art.

Gilbert: If you mean by the old art pedantic ideas, set theories that a man must work like a mechanic to get an effect, I am. Emotions are instantaneous and fleeting. When you live too long with a role it is only monotony. It is ridiculous that you must live everything you play. You must simply react to the moment. I could play the role of a saint before the camera, and be, in real life, the most heinous of villains. A mood, a word, a flash. It's in the box. It's recorded on the screen. It is emotion. I hope it's real.

(Secretly the interviewer knows that Gilbert is right, but being a woman as well as an interviewer she will admit nothing. She rises to leave. Gilbert also rises.)

Interviewer: (Doggedly) The stage is a great art.

Gilbert: It is. It simply isn't a medium. I couldn't stand the monotony.

Interviewer: I will admit nothing.

Gilbert: I didn't try to make you admit a thing, did I?

Interviewer: You didn't try.

Gilbert: Maybe I'm all wrong, anyhow. I can't abide seeing myself on the screen.

(The Interviewer glows at the first sentence of this speech, but it is a faint glow. She has been convinced against her will. She realizes that if she stays a moment longer she will admit that she has been convinced so she makes a quick exit as
THE CURTAIN FALLS)

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- How to end worry
- How to stop pain
- How to develop a perfect memory
- How to overcome mental laziness
- How to gain confidence that insures success
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- How to use auto-suggestion to get what you want
- How to make your mind work for you while you sleep
- How to develop a wonderful imagination
- How to banish stage fright
- How to solve knotty problems with the Subconscious Mind
- And many other vital topics



DAVID V. BUSH



Lois Wilson and Edna Gertrude Hogan. Lois's next will be "The Gingham Girl".

The Movies a Boon to Lovers

(Continued from page 23)

well, then, two chairs; and wait while the lights go down and the orchestra comes up—we're at the New Roxy now. Sweet music is heard—and none of your nightingales, either. Then gorgeous curtains part, exposing the screen. As you sit there, the darkness enfolds you, and you watch—there on the silversheet—a marvellous romance, it may be of the South Seas, it may be of Manhattan—but romantic, alluring. And then you—what do you do? No, you don't. You don't, *either*. You ought to be ashamed of yourself learning so fast. Drop her hand, now, I tell you. Pick up her hat and your program. You should try to look at the screen once in a while, anyway; that's what you're here for. To pick up a few pointers in tender technique. Look up there, at those wonderful lovers! That slender, sloe-eyed girl, that handsome, dashing man. Yes, they're in a garden, all right, with a moon—but that's not all. Oh, no! A moon and a garden might have turned the trick in the old days, but now they need encouragement. They're going to get it, too. That girl is lighting the man's cigarette for him—thoughtful of her. Umm; she's gazing into his eyes—deep—deeper. Whoops—she's blown out the match! *There's* something for you to think about, you and your girl friend! What would you do if you were in a garden with a lovely girl and she blew out the match? Light another? I should hope not. You'd accept the lady's engraved invitation to a long, lingering kiss.

Greta Garbo's little gesture to John Gilbert in "Flesh and the Devil" set a new standard in love scenes. Girls everywhere began to debate if the game were worth the match. Some of them will have to give up smoking, that's all. Others are refusing flatly to give any dates to men who sport cigarette lighters. There's such a thing as being too modern.

Once when a girl asked a man, "When do you love me the most?" he would answer, "When you smile, dear," or "When the sunlight plays upon your lovely hair." But now he says: "I love you most at the movies". And he's no gay deceiver. Look at the inspiration he has. And look at the beautiful examples *she* has. The screen helps the lovers who help themselves.

Maybe you think the movies aren't a

boon to the bashful young man. He wants to tell her how he loves her—but he can't find the words. And even if he does there's always somebody else there to listen—Ma or Pa, or Junior—usually it's Junior. What chance has a lover in the home? If he's wise, he takes her to the movies. There with the splendid spectacle of ardent manhood, contemplating lovely womanhood, he can grope for her hand, and whisper: "That's what I think of you!"—and she'll know what he means without waiting for the sub-titles.

Romances are made for movie theatres and in them. Think of the setting: a modern movie palace, with its dim lights and its soft music, its atmosphere of luxury, and—sometimes—even incense! What lover could ask for more? And what a selection of techniques on the screen. All you have to do is make your choice.

There's the get-em-rough and treat-em young school, best illustrated by John Gilbert. John's specialty is the careless kiss, the chuck under the chin, and occasionally the glancing blow. The worse he treats them the better they like him. On the one occasion in which he reformed and fell for the heroine, she didn't appreciate it. He never made the same mistake again. Today, a black eye bestowed by Gilbert is more to be prized than roses from any other actor. In "The Show" he sneers even at lovely Adoree, and she loves it. The Gilbert method, however, is not to be lightly copied—I warn you. There are pitfalls. If you are brave enough to go in for it, take my advice and, while approaching your prize with knotted fists and menacing scowl, take the precaution of glancing into the mirror before hauling off—and see just how much you resemble Mr. Gilbert in the same pose. If you forget to do this, your heroine may laugh at you—and you're lucky if you get off with just a laugh.

A safer bet is the William Haines bear-cat clutch. This boy throws a mean one. He's a natural. Put him in a porch-swing with a pretty girl and he can take care of himself

—and the girl. His director can call it a day and go home to the wife and kiddies, for all he's needed around Bill's set. Boys aiming at a portion of Bill's popularity will do well to see "Slide, Kelly, Slide"—also "The Little Journey" and "Tell it to the Marines". In all three of these films, Bill goes through all the emotions. He grabs his girl and gives her severe huggings and kissings. In "Slide, Kelly, Slide" Sally O'Neil struggles; but you can see it's just a matter of form, because the more she struggles, the harder Bill hugs. When you attempt your Haines act, you'd better be fairly certain that your advances will be warmly welcomed. A sock in the nose is never pleasant, even from the dearest, sweetest, prettiest little hands in the world. When you try the scene over on her porch-swing remember to kiss and then duck, quick, duck twice, in case she's smart enough to allow for the duck. Come up smiling—then start all over again. I'm not promising sure-fire results because you have to work fast if you want to be in Bill Haines' class. But it won't do any harm to try—and think of the fun you'll have!

If, on the other hand, you are the student, the scholar—if you just love your books and your pipe and quiet evenings at home in front of the fire—or even a brisk tramp now and then with your dogs—then Ronald Colman's love-making is your meat—the roast-beef of jolly old England. Don't think that just because Ronnie is so meek, so mild, he doesn't have a good time. That's just his way—and it seems to be a very good way. It works. You remember how in "The Dark Angel", he did his best to renounce Vilma Banky, and she wouldn't be renounced, but came right after him? That's Ronald—timid, but intense. When he clasps her hand in both of his, you know he is wondering if he can get away with kissing her. Just let him try to get away *without* kissing her.

There's Ben Lyon's technique—its the adoring line. If you think you can imitate successfully Ben's worshipful look, go ahead. It usually goes big with the more sophisticated femmes. Adolphe Menjou's bored smile causes lovely ladies to stoop to conquer; but if you're out to capture the Menjou trophies, don't forget your evening clothes must fit. Practice pressing now.

This Advice to Boys has gone far enough. How about giving the girls a chance? They will take one, anyway. There's not so much for them to learn. They know who has it and who hasn't; they even know why. If a girl's line isn't good to begin with, can the movies do anything for her? That's a question. She learned how to walk home from a buggy ride from Mary Astor in "The Rough Riders". Colleen Moore taught her how to roller-skate home from an automobile ride; and now Connie Talmadge in "Venus of Venice" is teaching her how to swim home. What Every Young Girl Should Know.

Screen competition is something terrible, I'll admit. But can't you fix it so your future dates at the movies sort of even up? He may insist upon seeing that red-hot baby, Clara, one night; but if he remarks that she seems to have cornered all the It there is in the world, you can retaliate by dragging him to see a William Haines picture the next night. While he murmurs sweet nothings into your ear, pretend—you won't have to try very hard if you're like me—to be so absorbed in Bill that you can't hear him, much less see him. Then, when the lights go up after the show, you look at each other and you look pretty good after all. Besides, there aren't any stage-doors at movie theatres and if you waited all night you wouldn't see William come out.

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☞ Molly O'Day as Curley Calahan in "The Patent Leather Kid". Richard Barthelmess is the star.

The Making of Captain Salvation

(Continued from page 38)

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witness the phenomenon of a company working away from the studio. I felt it my duty to rectify the social error I had committed and make at least one location trip.

Now Catalina Island is a pleasure resort and on the sunny day that the trip was proposed it seemed as if it might be thrilling, but upon the morning that we shoved off from San Pedro for the island in a little speed boat appropriately named "The Bear Cat", the rain came down in blankets—sheets being too comfortable and cool a word to apply to that cloudburst. More than that it had rained for two days prior to the trip.

The least said about the roughness of the sea going over and those facetious ones on the speed boat who insisted upon quoting "Roll on thou deep and dark blue ocean", the better.

We arrived—not at Avalon, the pleasure resort town on the island, but at the isthmus many miles away, where the company was supposed to be working. Sets had been erected on the wharf and a few rain soaked buildings and many tents were all that we could see. A car took us up to the Banning house—the former residence of a wealthy Los Angeles' family, where the principals were housed.

Wet, bedrabbled, ill tempered, we were led into the living room where, God bless you my children, a cheerful open fire burned on the hearth.

At first nothing occupied our attention but the taking off of our wet shoes and coats, but we were not to tarry over this long because the occupants of the room bore down upon us with a thousand questions.

There was Pauline Starke, Marceline Day, Lars Hanson and wife, George Fawcett, Ernest Torrence, Eugenie Besserer, Josephine Lovett (wife of John Robertson, who writes the director's scripts) Sam De Grasse and others.

There is nothing so pitiful as actors who have nothing to act and for two whole days the company had been imprisoned in the Banning house on account of the rain. Their eagerness for outside news and acting was enormous in consequence.

Pretty little Marceline Day, incongruously attired in a lounging robe of Chinese design and a tweed sports coat, carried us off to her room.

"You're stopping here tonight?" she asked hopefully.

I proudly announced that we had reservations at the St. Catherine, the very, large, very grand hotel at Avalon. Pauline Starke from the next room overheard me. She passed out completely. . . Eight. . . Nine . . . Ten. As she came to I think I heard her mumbling incoherent nothings that had to do with steam heat, hot baths, real dinners.

"But a location trip is supposed to be fun," I said in my innocent manner.

"Fun?" said Marceline. "My dear the water pipes up here have gone on the bum. All we have is what we get out of buckets. There is no heat except the fireplace in the living room and the stove in the kitchen. And we didn't do a tap of work all day yesterday."

A few minutes later, at luncheon, John Robertson, director of "Tol'able David", "Shore Leave" and "Annie Laurie", elaborated upon this. It appears that all location trips are not like this one. When the sun

shines everything is hotsy-totsy. But the sun had refused to shine.

"The extras," said Robertson, "thought they were coming on a pleasure trip. They all brought evening clothes along." I blushed, for this hit me, too, and I thought of my own dinner frock reposing in the valise.

Rain, rain, rain and each drop of it costing the company dollars, for they must remain until the exteriors could be taken.

We weathered the storm once more to go aboard the "Santa Clara", anchored in the harbor of the isthmus.

This vessel deserves a paragraph all to itself. It is an Alaskan sail boat, 57 years old, a four rigger with a history. (Don't get excited, I'm not going to recount its biography). It is anchored at the isthmus for a purpose, for when the company finishes the work on shore sixty-five of them are to set sail and will not touch land for ten days! Now that's a location trip for you! All during that time scenes will be taken on the deck.

Captain Bill Collins, the skipper, was a grave disappointment. There's not a casting director in Hollywood who would give him a job as a sea faring man. I should say that he is not more than thirty-three or thirty-four. He wears no beard, does not chew tobacco and although I listened closely I didn't hear him say "By Gar" once.

The crew—who are, by the way mostly Scandinavian, much to the delight of Lars Hanson—seemed to resent the fact that land lubbers were invading the sacred precincts of the "Santa Clara". Half heartedly they white-washed the captain's cabin, making it ready for Pauline Starke—a woman, mind you, on a seaworthy four rigger!

We came up on deck and the miracle occurred! I wonder if I can paint for you the scene that took place. Nothing more dramatic will ever be filmed.

While we were below the rain had stopped and just as we came up on deck the glowering clouds parted and the sun literally burst out. A second before the isthmus had been clothed in gloom. Not a soul was to be seen. But at the appearance of the sun the place seethed with activity. The whole world blazed with glittering light.

John Robertson—he is a powerful man, and very tall—seemed to burst out of the little studio by the wharf, followed pell-mell by the company. The extras—160 of them—poured out of their tents. Camera men ran toward the wharf with their cameras across their shoulders. Suddenly all of them stopped short and looked at the sun. We were too far away to see their faces, but we could feel the atmosphere. I would not have been surprised if they had all dropped on their knees and sung a Te Deum. Three days marooned by the rain! Three disheartening, inactive chill days! And now the sun! Work! Activity! Warmth! A chance to finish up and get back home to civilization! Although they sang no Te Deum I'm sure that there was one in the heart of each one.

We hurried off the Santa Clara but before we had gotten there Robertson, in his little red knitted hockey cap, was working like a fiend and the cameras were grinding on the sunshine.

In brief, the story of "Captain Salvation", concerns a sea faring minister, played by Lars Hanson, who in spite of the fact that



☞ Barbara Worth will next be seen as the queen of "The Prairie King".

he is loved by a village girl, played by Marceline Day, harbors a lady of ill repute from Boston (Pauline Starke) and incurs the horror and disgust of the villagers. He becomes the captain of a hell ship, which he names the Bess Morgan, after the woman of the streets. The most intense moments take place aboard the vessel.

The first scene that Robertson took that day was one where the villagers are gathered on the wharf listening to Hanson deliver the Lord's prayer. Hanson, being off stage, the actors were cued by the director, and I believe that I detected more than mere directorial fervor in the manner in which Robertson managed that scene. His magnificent recital was really a prayer of thanksgiving for the sun.

Everyone basked in the sunshine as the scenes were taken, one following another. Pauline Starke worked away on embroidery. Lars Hanson and his lovely wife, a celebrity in her own right in Sweden, got busy over their English books. The others chatted and really seemed to be living again.

It was nearing four o'clock when we decided to take advantage of our reservations at the St. Catherine. Rather proudly we told them all goodbye. We had simply flitted in and out and now we were leaving them still marooned on the isthmus with the prospect of that devilishly hard trip on the old "Santa Clara".

"You'll see my sister Alice when you get back," Marceline Day said. "Give her my love." We took messages and letters and warnings. They all hung over the wharf as we stepped into the speed boat that was to take us to hot baths and a change from our muddy clothes.

So this was a location trip! Now wait! Really and truly it was just as we stepped into the boat that a seaman came running down the steps and literally jerked us out. "Can't make it to Avalon now!"

Dazed, we again appeared on the wharf. I know how an anti-climax feels. We begged for information about the suddenness of all this. From the incoherent speeches of people in a great hurry we gathered that word had just come that a nor'easter or so'wester or something of the sort was headed that way and it would be un-safe for us to even attempt Avalon. Must we spend the night at the isthmus? The night? Maybe several days if the storm materialized.

And we had better phone our families quickly for the telephone was to be shut down. The little speed boats hurried into coves for safety. And the "Santa Clara" shoved off to fight the storm away from the all too un-safe harbor.

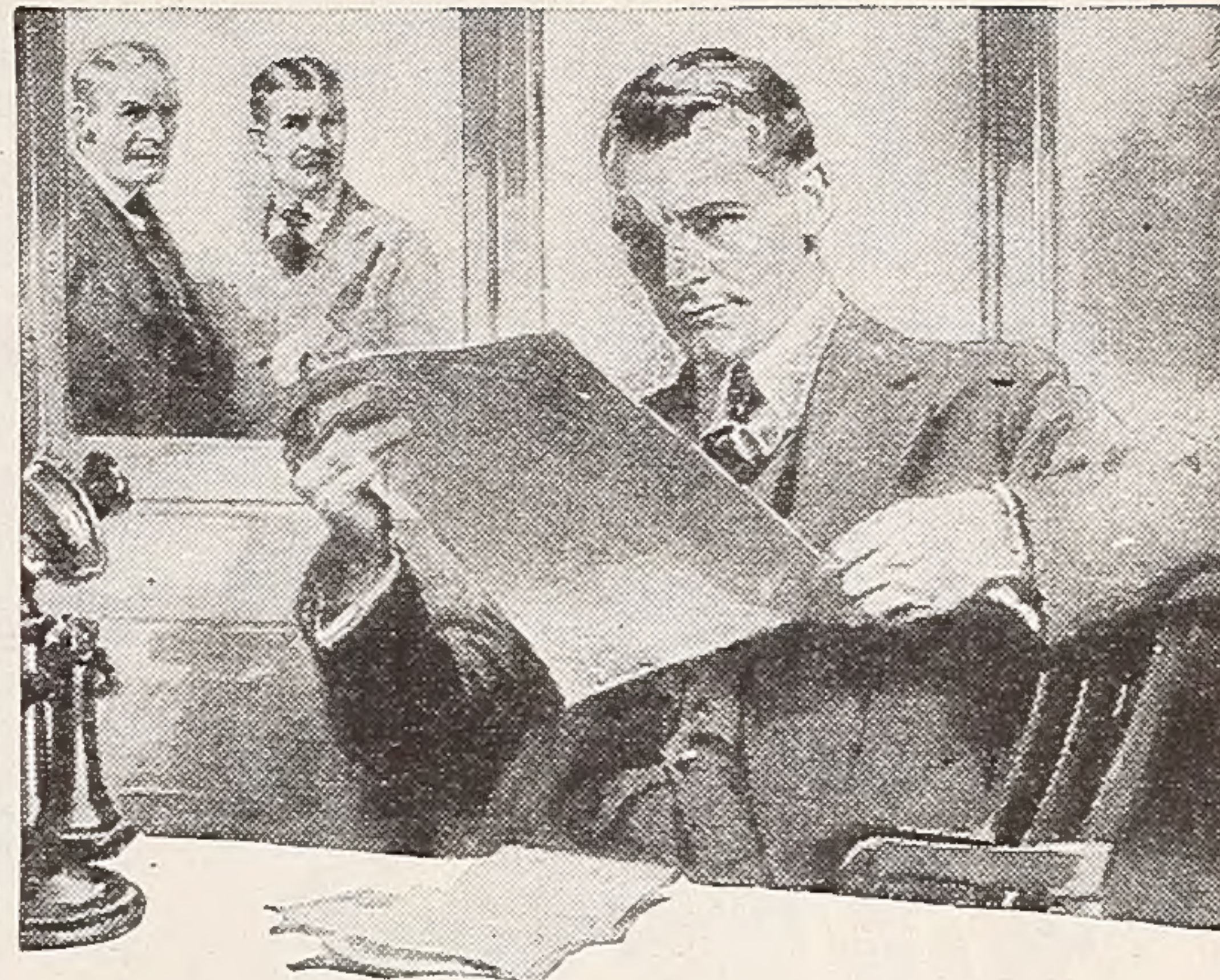
Did I detect looks of fiendish glee on the faces of Marceline and Pauline? You know that old one about misery. Well, we were to be marooned, too.

My memory jumbles right about here. There was much talk about where to sleep, every bed on the island being taken and there being six of us. Ernest Torrence, Lars Hanson and George Fawcett were noble in offering to sleep in the living room of the Banning house while we took their beds. There was much telephoning to be done and because of the clouds, shooting had stopped for the day. At last someone offered to vacate a cottage for us. Marceline and Mrs. Day and Pauline came up to see if we were all right and if there was anything they could do and we settled down to wait for the storm. There is nothing more ghastly. So far the location trip had been—though hard—an adventure. But adventures stop when you're to be marooned in one for days. We tried not to wail, but we couldn't help thinking of dates and appointments that would never be kept.

I can't describe that wait—that ghastly wait—with absolutely nothing to do. When suddenly—yes, it was suddenly—a car drove up and the driver announced that the storm had blown over and that we could make it to Avalon.

The rest is about a joy that only we could know. That will be locked in our hearts forever, if you know what I mean. We made the St. Catherine. We had hot baths and steam and dined luxuriously. I'm afraid we didn't think about the company over on the isthmus with that ten day ocean trip ahead of them as much as we should. That's human, isn't it? The rest is simply ordinary. We went back home on a gorgeous sea in gorgeous sunshine the next morning.

But my social error has been rectified. Now when anyone says, "Have you ever been on location?" I can answer, "I have!" And, if its that kind of a party, I add, "And how!"



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Clara Bow and her "Rough House Rosie" gang do a Black Bottom on the Paramount lot—just to develop concentration.

Ask Me—Continued from page 6

Pye, an art director who helped "discover" Patricia while she was pounding the typewriter in the research department of the M-G studios. Miss Avery has continued "clicking", on the screen, as Lillian Gish's sister in "Annie Laurie", and in other rôles. Pat is said to be a distant relative of John D. Rockefeller. Wonder if she ever gets in on any of those nice, shiny new dimes?

A. D. T., Kansas City. Would I call Vilma Banky pretty? No—I certainly wouldn't. I'd call her beautiful. She was born in Budapest, Hungary, January 9, 1903. She's five feet six, a gray-eyed blonde. Samuel Goldwyn discovered her for America and first presented her in "The Dark Angel", with Ronald Colman. She also appeared opposite Rudolph Valentino in "The Eagle" and "The Son of the Sheik"; then with Mr. Colman again in "The Winning of Barbara Worth", "The Night of Love", and, now being released, "King Harlequin". Miss Banky recently announced her intention of becoming an American citizeness.

Brown Eyes. Sorry you have had to wait so long for your answer, but it can't be helped. I can't tell you to come early and avoid the rush in this department because there's always a rush. Now I know how Mary Pickford must feel when she looks over the one day's mail. Mary was born in Toronto, Canada, in 1893. You say you wrote to Metro-Goldwyn Distributing Corp., 831 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., for Red Grange's picture and received a "wonderful large one". Are you sure it's of Red and not of Bill Haines? As far as I know, Red Grange has no connection with M-G-M; but since you wish me to pass this on, I'm doing so. Don't blame me if the picture of Harold Grange turns out to be some other star. They're both swell guys, anyway.

The Seranader. I'm sorry I can't give out Greta Garbo's home address so you can warble 'neath her window, and I hope Greta is sorry, too. Try addressing her care Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Greta is an elusive lady. Nobody knows just what she will do next. Not long ago she signified her willingness to work out her original contract at \$400 a week playing any old rôle, large or small. But when she accepted a part in support of Aileen Pringle and Lew Cody in "Her Brother from Brazil", Miss Pringle is said to have objected, on the grounds that Greta is too well-known not to receive stellar attention no matter what part she may play. Finally it was settled that she should star in "Anna Karenina" at \$3,000 a week. She's one of the most exciting things that's ever happened around filmtown, isn't she? Miss Garbo was born in Stockholm, Sweden, in 1906. She's five feet six inches tall, weighs 125 pounds, and has golden hair and blue eyes—that devastating color combination, which, alas, doesn't show on the screen. A great many people still think Greta is a brunette; but her hair is real spun-gold. Not married, nor yet engaged—except occasionally "by report".

Lola. So Ronald and Clara sent you photographs. Three cheers. Miss Bow was born in Brooklyn, July 29, 1900. She won a magazine beauty contest while still in high school and this lead to a screen test from which she also emerged victorious. Her first film appearance was in a Billie Dove film, "Beyond the Rainbow", but no one ever saw Clara, because her scene—a crying scene, too—had to be cut out. A novice at make-up, her amateur cosmetics flowed with her tears. This experience discouraged Clara and she decided to forsake films for business school. But it was not to be. Elmer Clifton saw her photographs in a magazine and sent for her to play one of the leads in "Down to the Sea in Ships". We all know the hit she made. Now she's one of Paramount's pet stars, and going strong. Clara is five feet two and a half inches tall, weighs 109, has auburn hair and brown eyes. NOT married. Ronald Colman is English. His first film success was with Lillian Gish in "The White Sister". He was married to an English actress but isn't now. That's all.



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