

JANUARY, 1928

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Screenland



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Painted by Anita Parkhurst



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Already these brilliant young stars have won the plaudits of screen critics all over the world for their impressive performances in one or another of the outstanding pictures of the year—"WHAT PRICE GLORY," "SEVENTH HEAVEN," "SUNRISE," "LOVES OF CARMEN" or other recent Fox releases.

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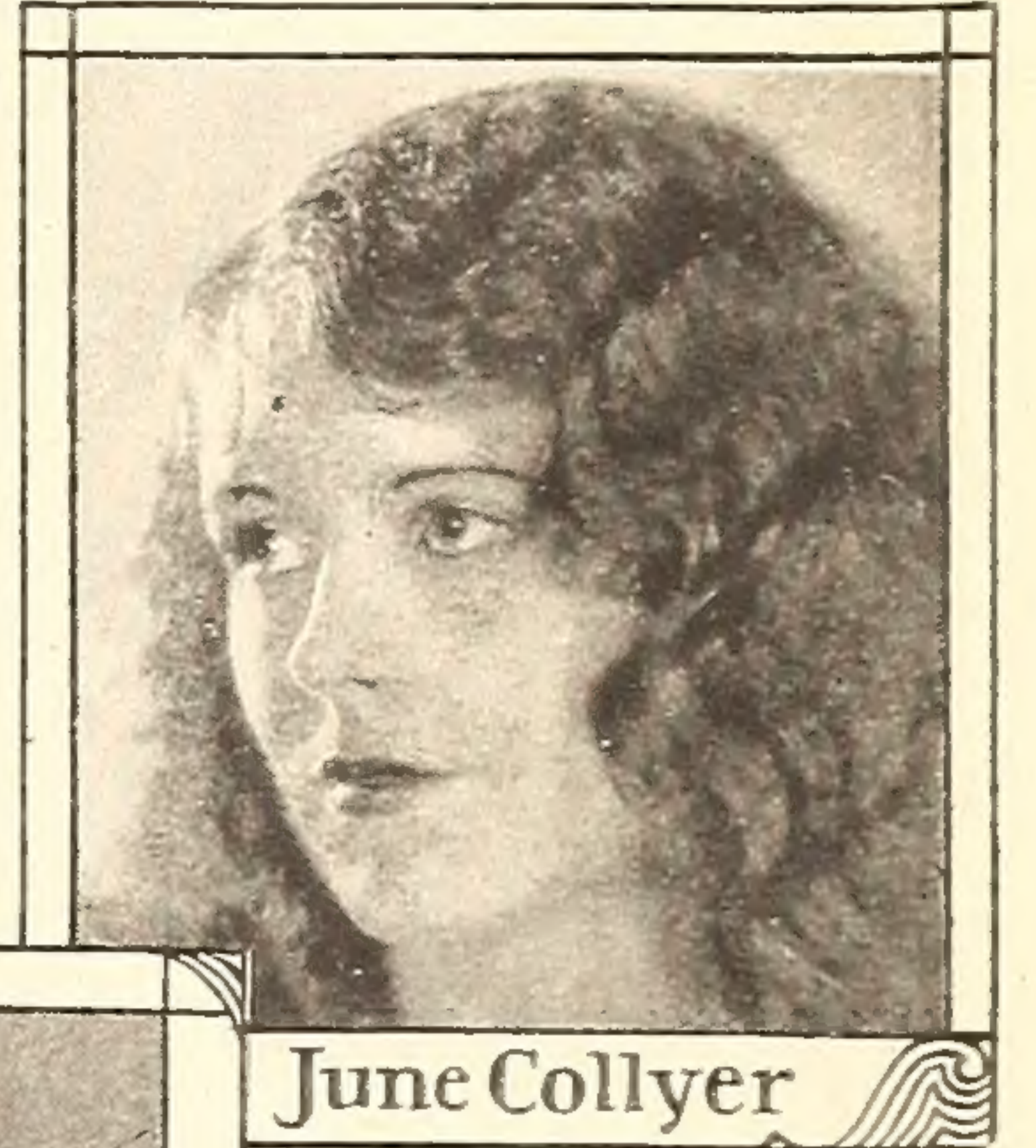
Be Sure and See ~
 OLIVE BORDEN and ANTONIO MORENO in
 "Come To My House"
 JANET GAYNOR and CHARLES FARRELL in
 "7th Heaven"
 DOLORES DEL RIO and VICTOR McLAGLEN in
 "Loves of Carmen"
 GEORGE O'BRIEN and LOIS MORAN in
 "Sharpshooters"
 MADGE BELLAMY in
 "Silk Legs"
 JUNE COLLYER and WILLIAM RUSSELL in
 "Woman Wise"
 MADGE BELLAMY and MARY DUNCAN in
 "Very Confidential"



Madge Bellamy



Lois Moran



June Collyer



Mary Duncan

WILLIAM FOX PICTURES



NOV 28 '27

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Estelle Taylor, the girl on the cover, says she hates the socks that Jack gets—darn 'em.

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



SCREENLAND

Title Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

January, 1928

"The Spirit of the Movies"

VOL. XVI, No. 3

Eliot Keen, Editor

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Walter G. Springer, Publisher

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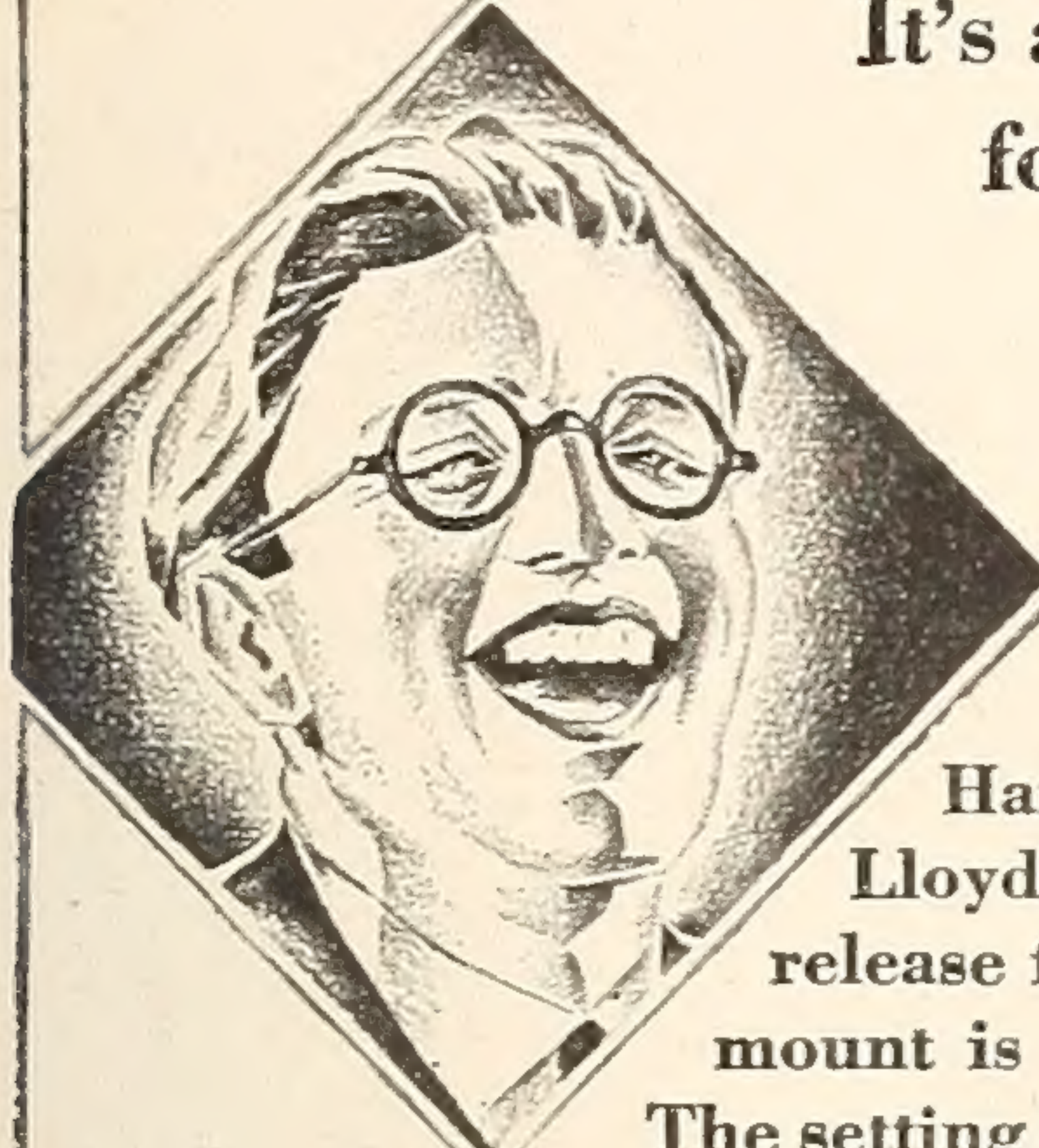
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stars of a new world

Gone are the days! Gone are the days when the sweet, simpering doll-faced heroine ruled the world of shadows! Gone are the days of too-heroic heroes, of bushy-browed "heavies" and their deep, dark villainies.

It's a new world! A new public, impatient of the old, eager for the new, is demanding new screen personalities attuned to these changing times. And Paramount has them! Here they are, all your favorites, all united in one common cause —

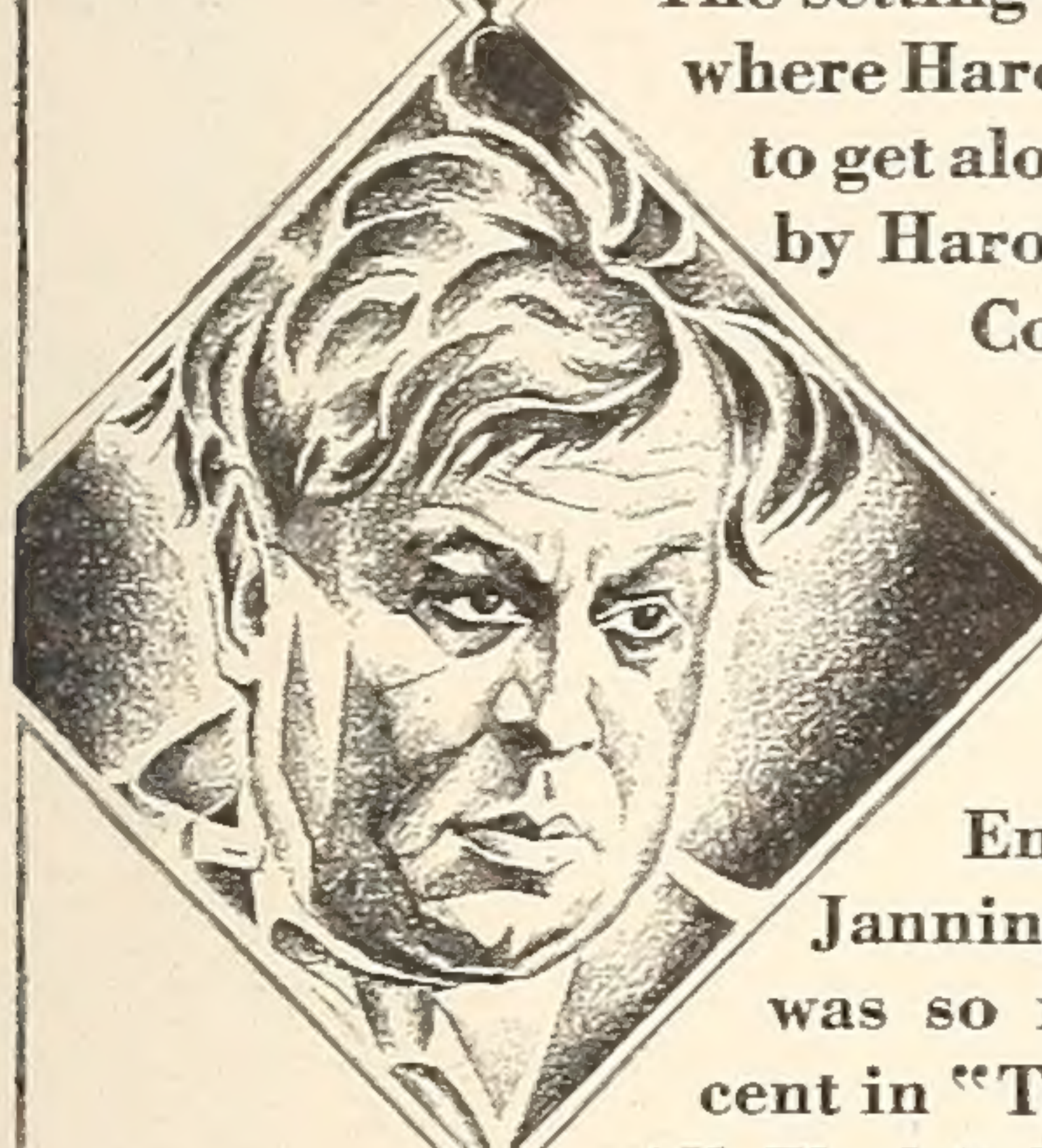
keeping the name Paramount supreme in motion pictures as it has been for fifteen years.



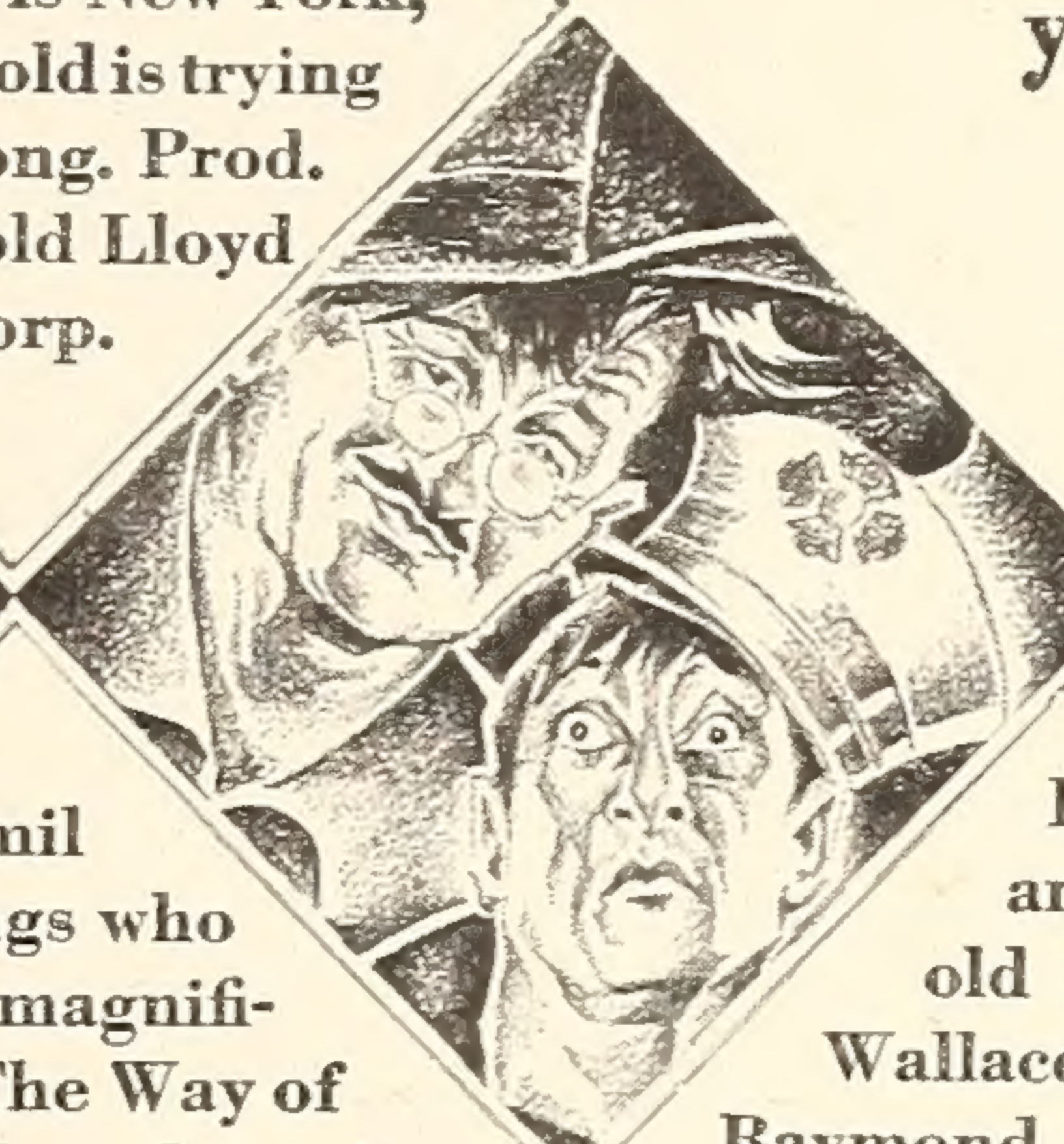
Harold Lloyd's next release for Paramount is "Speedy". The setting is New York, where Harold is trying to get along. Prod. by Harold Lloyd Corp.



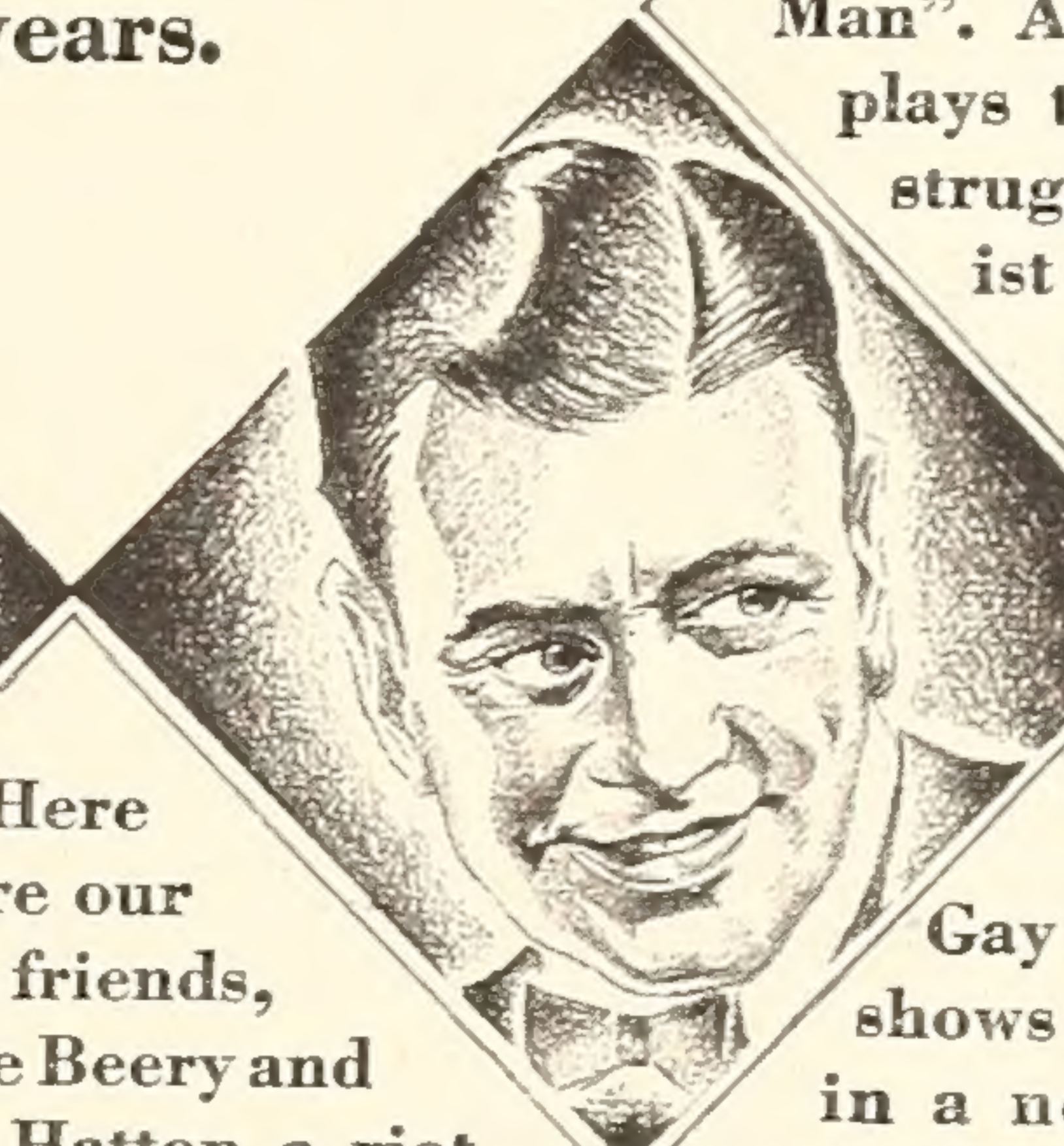
In her next picture, Clara Bow shows you how to "Get Your Man". Adolphe Menjou plays the part of a struggling violinist in "Serenade".



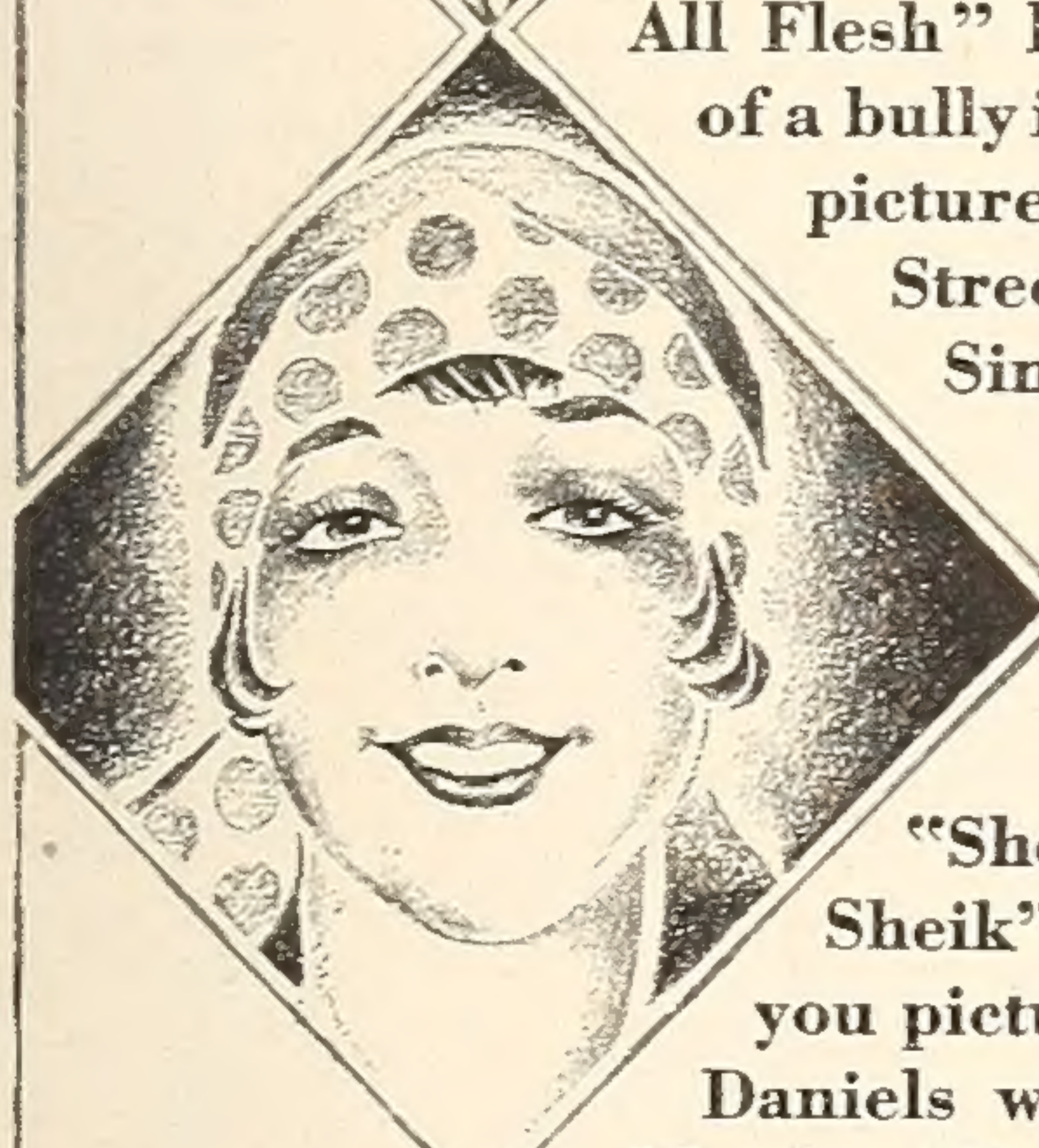
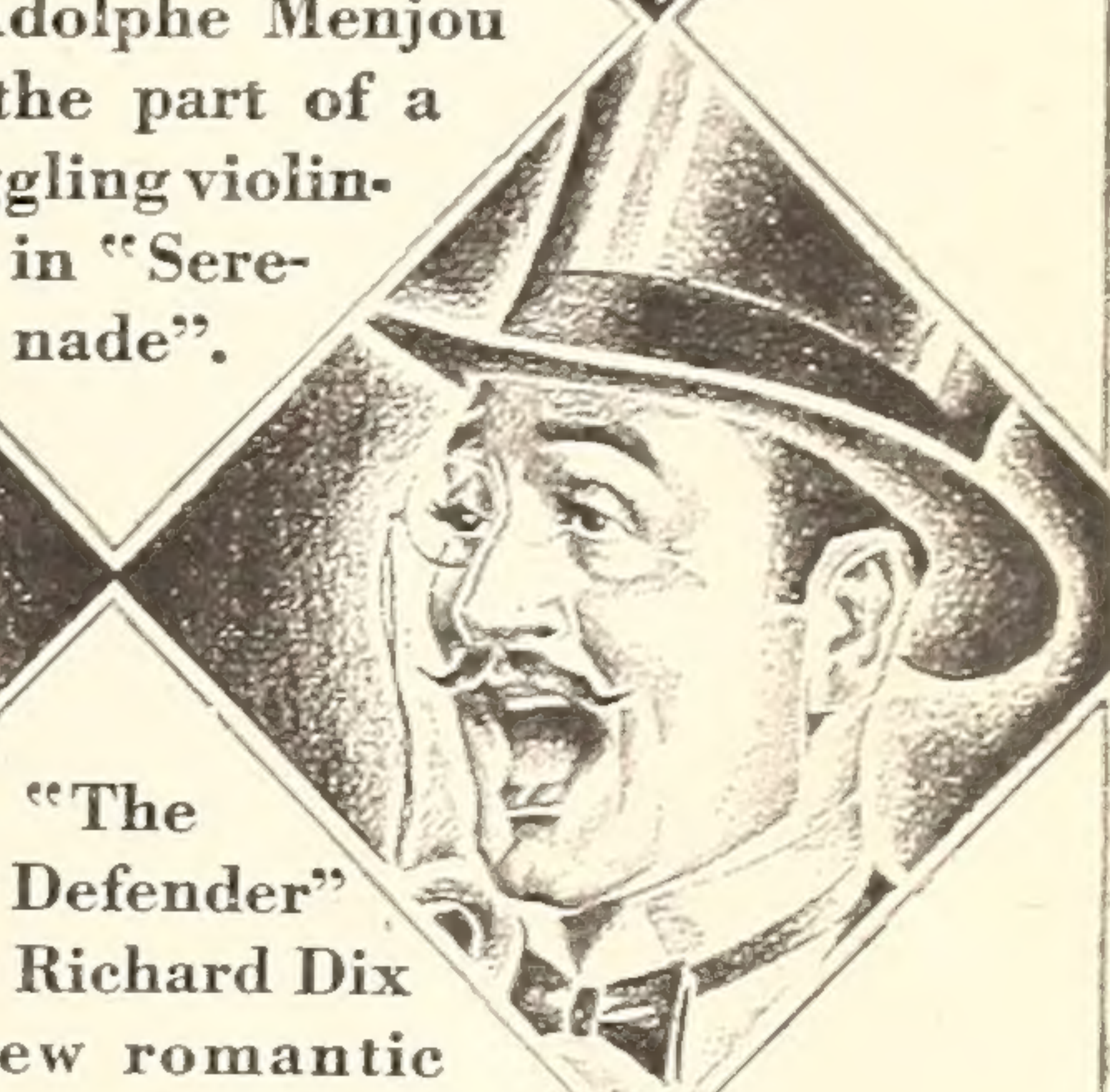
Emil Jannings who was so magnificent in "The Way of All Flesh" has the role of a bully in his next picture, "The Street of Sin".



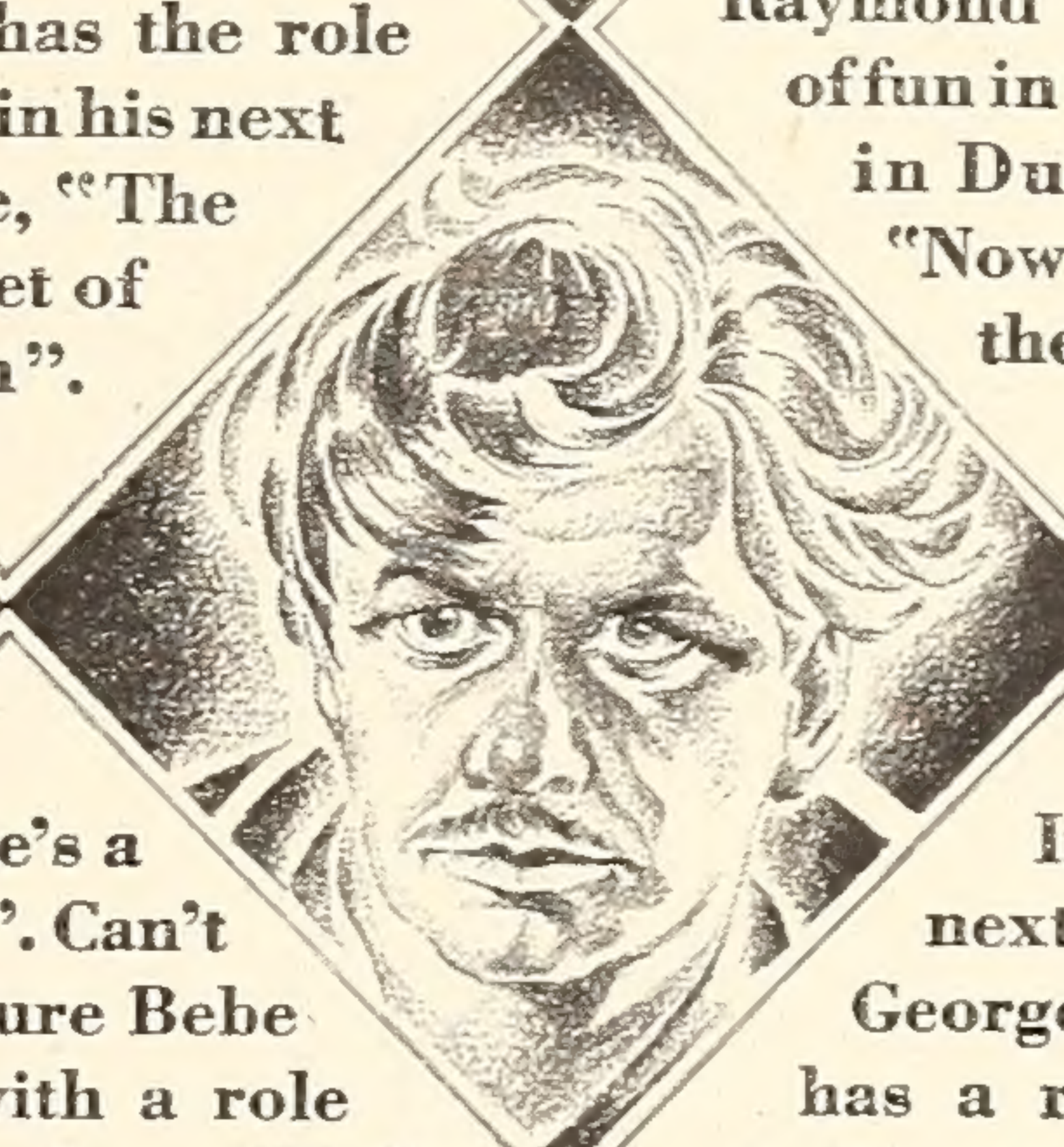
Here are our old friends, Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton a riot of fun in "Now We're in Dutch" and "Now We're in the Air".



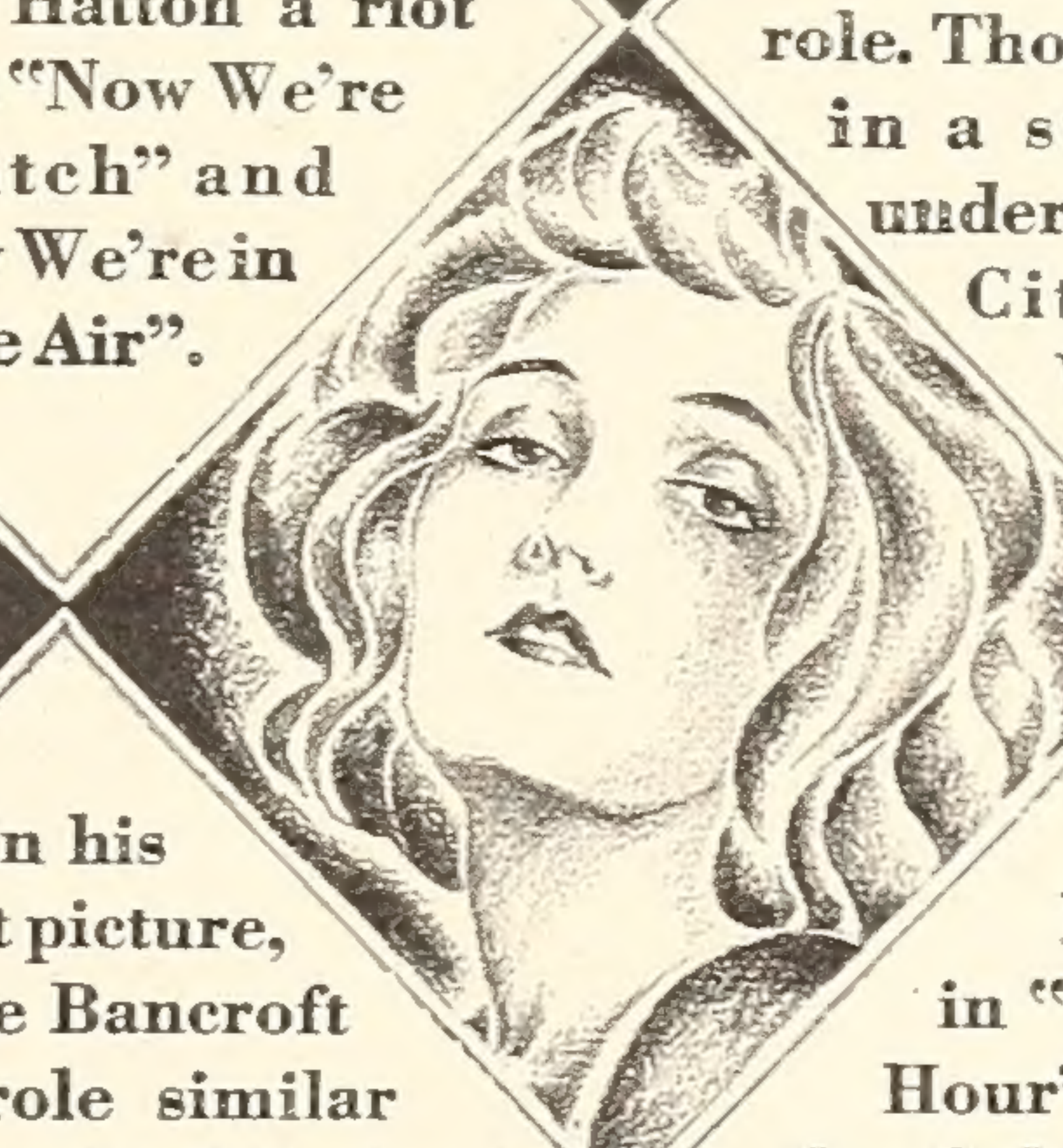
"The Gay Defender" shows Richard Dix in a new romantic role. Thomas Meighan is in a story of the underworld, "The City Gone Wild".



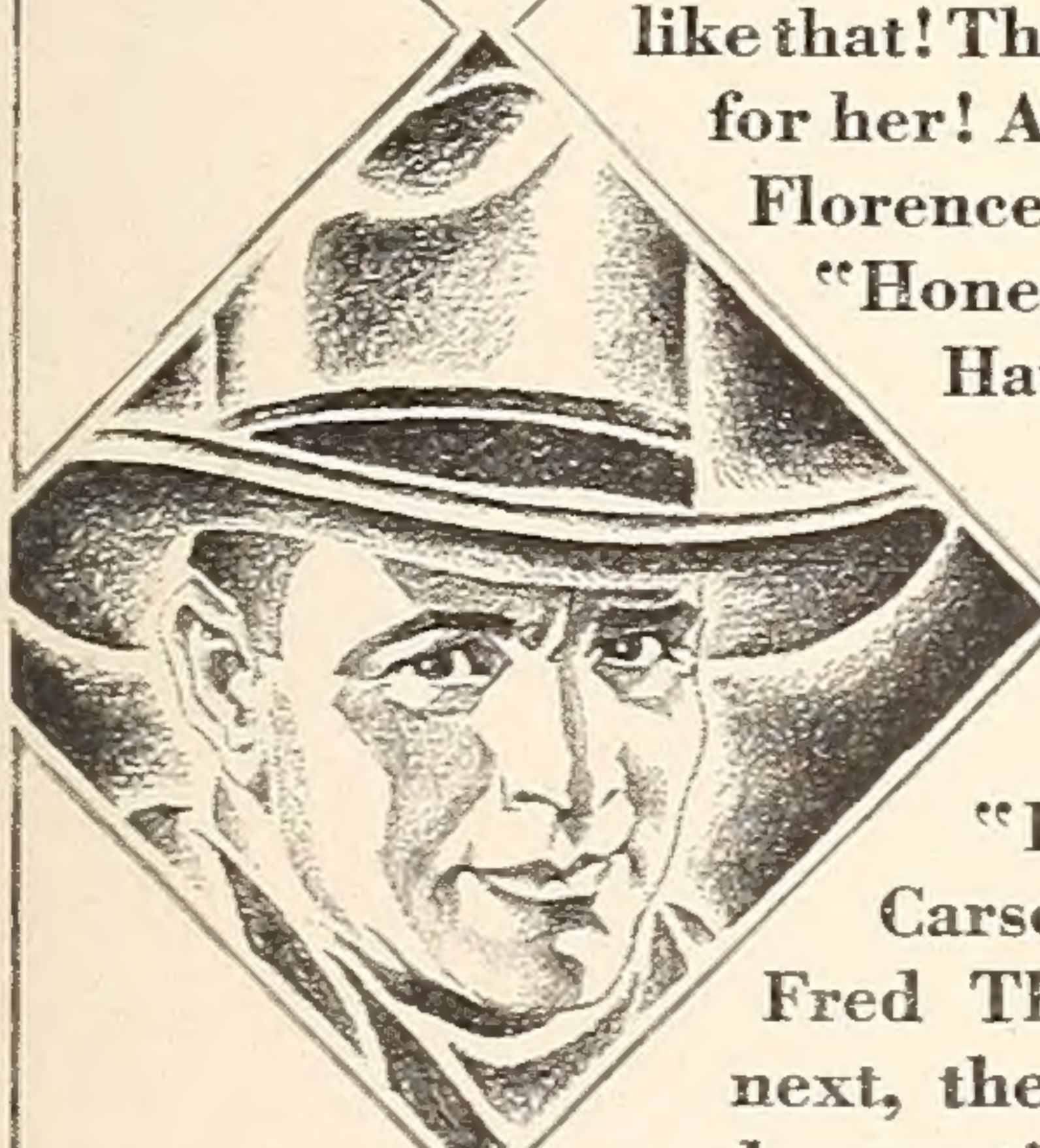
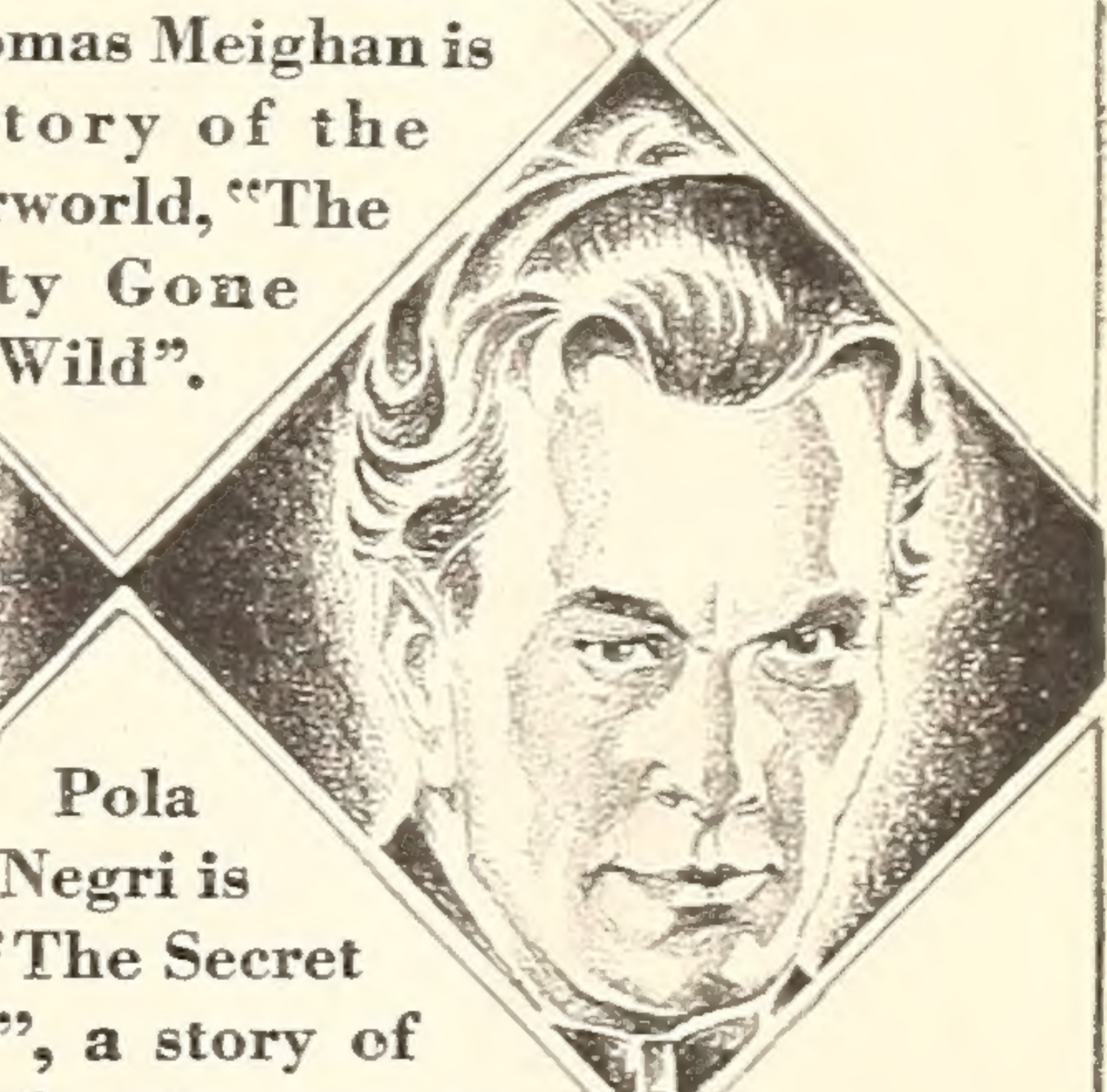
"She's a Sheik". Can't you picture Bebe Daniels with a role like that! The boys all fall for her! Aristocratic Florence Vidor in "Honeymoon Hate".



In his next picture, George Bancroft has a role similar to his part in "Underworld". It thrills from start to finish. "Honky Tonk".



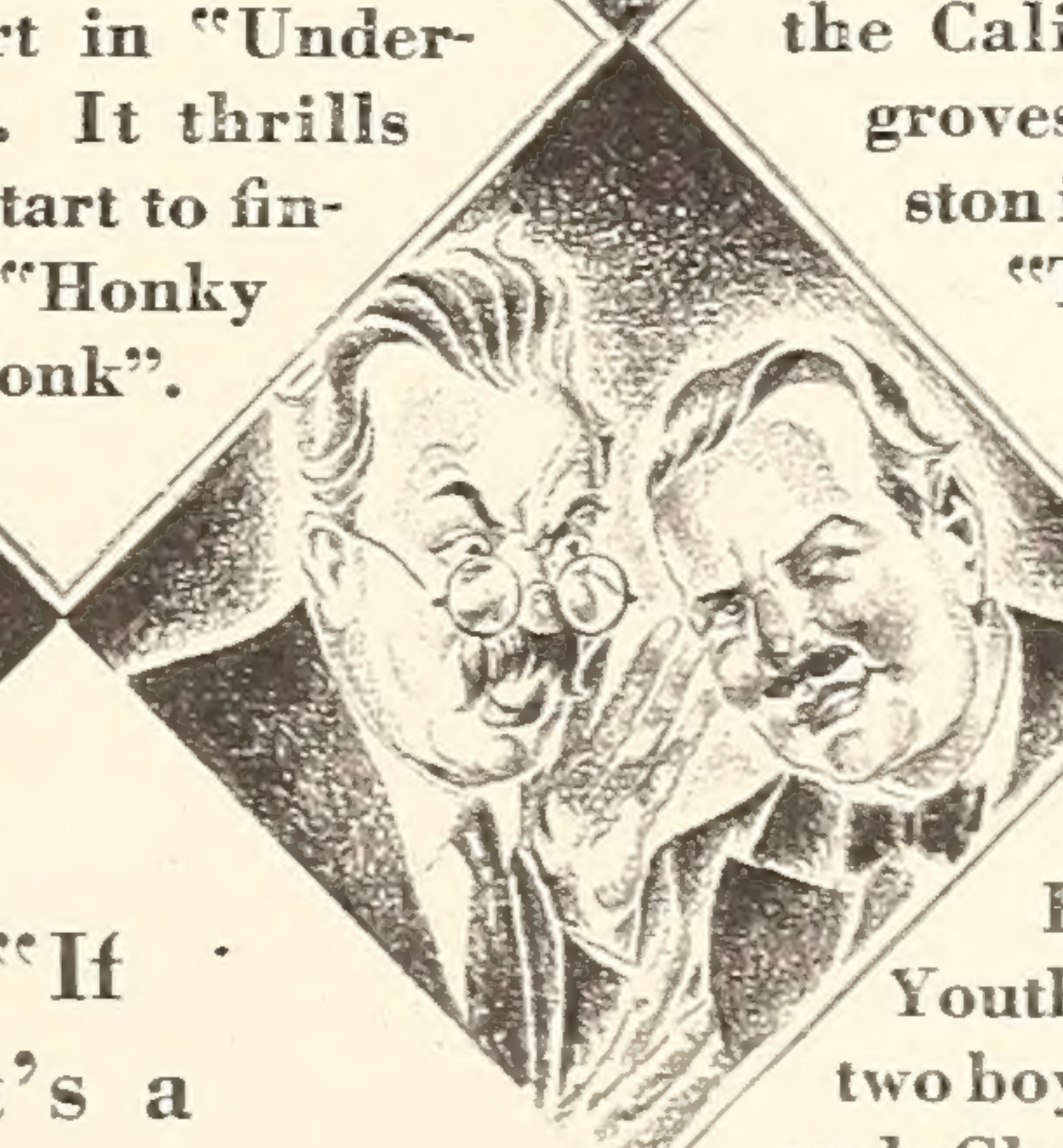
Pola Negri is in "The Secret Hour", a story of the California orange groves. Esther Ralston is starring in "The Spotlight".



"Kit Carson" is Fred Thomson's next, the thrilling and romantic story of one of the most picturesque characters in American history.



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



"Two Flaming Youths" are these two boys, W. C. Fields and Chester Conklin. You've no idea what a great comedy team they make together!



Paramount Pictures

PARAMOUNT FAMOUS LASKY CORP., Adolph Zukor, Pres., Paramount Bldg. N. Y.



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Fight excess fat, whatever else you do for youth, beauty and vitality. Fat is not popular today.

Some fight fat by strenuous exercise, some by starvation diet. But the fight is hard and never-ending.

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Marmola has been used for 20 years. The use has grown, through proved results, until people are using a very large amount. You see the results wherever you look. You can learn them by inquiring of your friends. Excess fat is not nearly so common as it was.

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Prescription Tablets
The Pleasant Way to Reduce

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Ask Me

An Answer Page of
Information,

Address: MISS VEE DEE
SCREENLAND MAGAZINE
49 West 45th Street
New York City



'Wheezer' the latest addition to 'Our Gang.'

L. H. A. of Rochester, N. Y. Have a heart, Lena! I know you mean well, very well, but if I gave you all the names and addresses of all the actors and actresses that work at all the studios—well it takes my breath away—gulp—gulp. Let's compromise and I'll promise to supply the addresses, if you will cut down on your request about half. You can write to Eleanor Boardman, Joan Crawford, Gwen Lee, William Haines, Ramon Novarro and Karl Dane at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. You can reach Laura La Plante, Lola Todd and George Lewis at Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

C. H. Rutherford. My mail comes from all over the world, including New Jersey, or words to that effect. Yes, Marguerite De La Motte is the wife of John Bowers. She was born in Duluth, Minn. I don't know how old she is, and I hate to ask her—go on, you do it!

Wise-Crackers of St. Louis. Attention, Fans! Anybody know who played Jerry in *Salvation Jane* with Viola Dana? I thought that would cause consternation in the camp. You say you have waited three months for a letter and picture from your favorites? Give them time, you wise ones; why the rush? That's not so long when you think of the thousands of letters you fans write them every month. Write to Vilma Banky at Samuel Goldwyn Productions, Culver City, Cal. As far as I know Leatrice Joy, Greta Garbo, Billie Dove, Greta Nissen, Mae Murray, Laura La Plante, Alberta Vaughn and Ramon Novarro all send pictures to their fan friends.

H. B. W. of Skaneateles. You can write to Lawrence Gray at the Fox Studio, 1401 N. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. He is playing with Olive Borden in *Pajamas*. That's the name of the picture, Helen.

Out Where the West Begins. Do I

think you are queer because you make a dash for the theatre that shows your favorite? Alice, I'd be afraid to call you names. Will Rogers is now playing in *The Texas Steer* for First National. Lewis Stone is in the cast of *Helen of Troy*, also for First National. Mr. Stone was born in Worcester, Mass. He was in the Spanish-American War. He was starred in several notable New York stage productions, then for a time in a Los Angeles stock company. His first screen role was experimental, for Thomas H. Ince, playing opposite an old time favorite, Bessie Barriscale, in *Honor's Altar*. On the stage again until the outbreak of the World War. He was an instructor at the Plattsburg training camp and at the close of the war received his commission as major in the reserve corps of the United States Army. Since the war, Major Stone has spent most of his time before the camera. Yes, you saw him in *An Affair of the Follies* and *Lonesome Ladies*. He is 5 feet 11 inches tall and weighs 175 pounds. He has gray hair and hazel eyes.

Dreamy Dot, West Acton. Always dreaming, are you? Gosh, I didn't mean to wake you up. You're lucky—I have to do all my day-dreaming at night. Write any time you like, always glad to welcome another Dot. Betty Jewel played opposite Jack Holt in *The Mysterious Rider*. You can write to Jack Holt and Pola Negri at Paramount Studios, Hollywood, Cal. *Barbed Wire* is one of Pola's latest pictures. Clive Brook and the late Einar Hanson were also in the cast.

Miss Mabel of Chicago. A steady buyer and a regular movie fan. That's the idea; I'm glad you are sold on my few lines? Here are a few more. The young fellow who played with Bebe Daniels in *The Campus Flirt*, was James Hall and you can reach him at Paramount Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

(Continued on page 103)



MARIE PREVOST



LEATRICE JOY



PHYLLIS HAVER



JETTA GOUDAL



VERA REYNOLDS

THE ROMANCE OF THE ROLES THEY PLAY

YOU CAN MAKE IT YOURS, ALSO

To you who know the singularly vivid Rod LaRocque—
 The winsomeness of the lovely Leatrice Joy—
 The orchid-like Jetta Goudal—
 The brave masculinity of William Boyd—
 The lithe and alluring Vera Reynolds—
 The blonde beauty of Phyllis Haver—
 The perfect poise of the ultra-modern Marie Prevost—
 They, the stars that shine in the PATHE-DeMILLE features, are more than names. They are your highly valued friends, bringing the romance of their roles into your life. Laughter and tears, thrills and heart throbs,—under the supervision of Cecil B. DeMille, the man who has personally directed fifty great pictures without one failure, they have been magically invoked to make you happier!

You May See Now

ROD LAROCQUE
 in
 "The Fighting Eagle"
 Donald Crisp, Director

LEATRICE JOY
 in
 "The Angel of Broadway"
 Lois Weber, Director

JETTA GOUDAL
 in
 "The Forbidden Woman"
 Paul Stem, Director

MARIE PREVOST
 in
 "On To Reno."
 James Cruze, Director.

WILLIAM BOYD
 in
 "Dress Parade"
 Donald Crisp, Director

VERA REYNOLDS
 in
 "The Main Event"
 Wm. K. Howard, Director

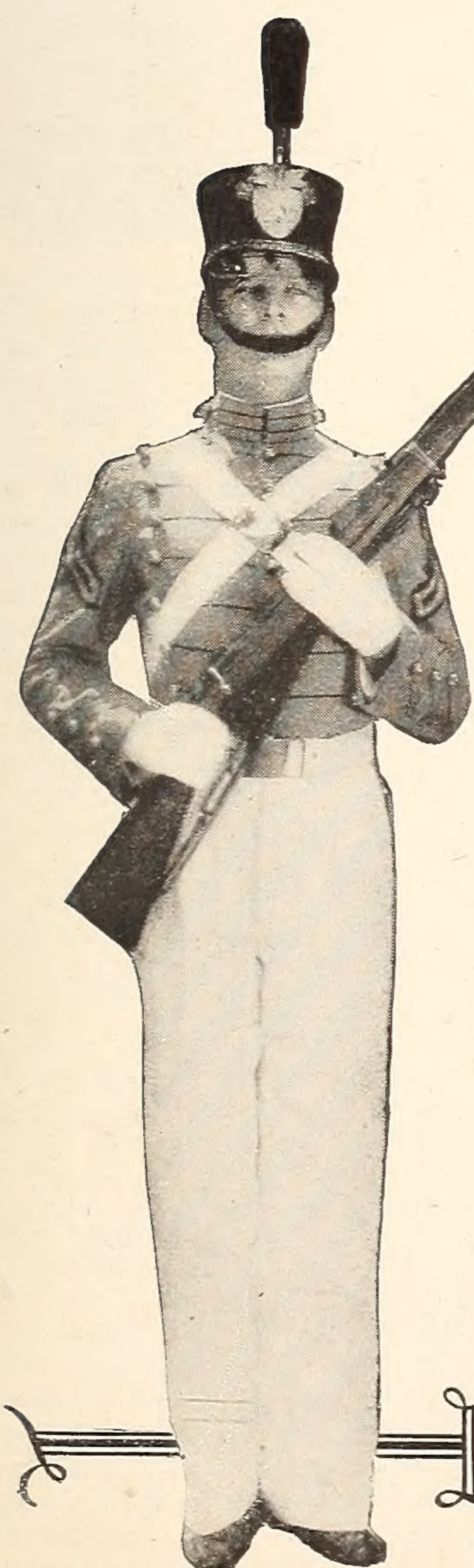
Watch For

"Chicago," with Phyllis Haver and Victor Varconi; William Boyd in "The Night Flyer"; Leatrice Joy in "The Blue Danube"; Marie Prevost in "A Blonde For a Night"; and many others you'll want to see.

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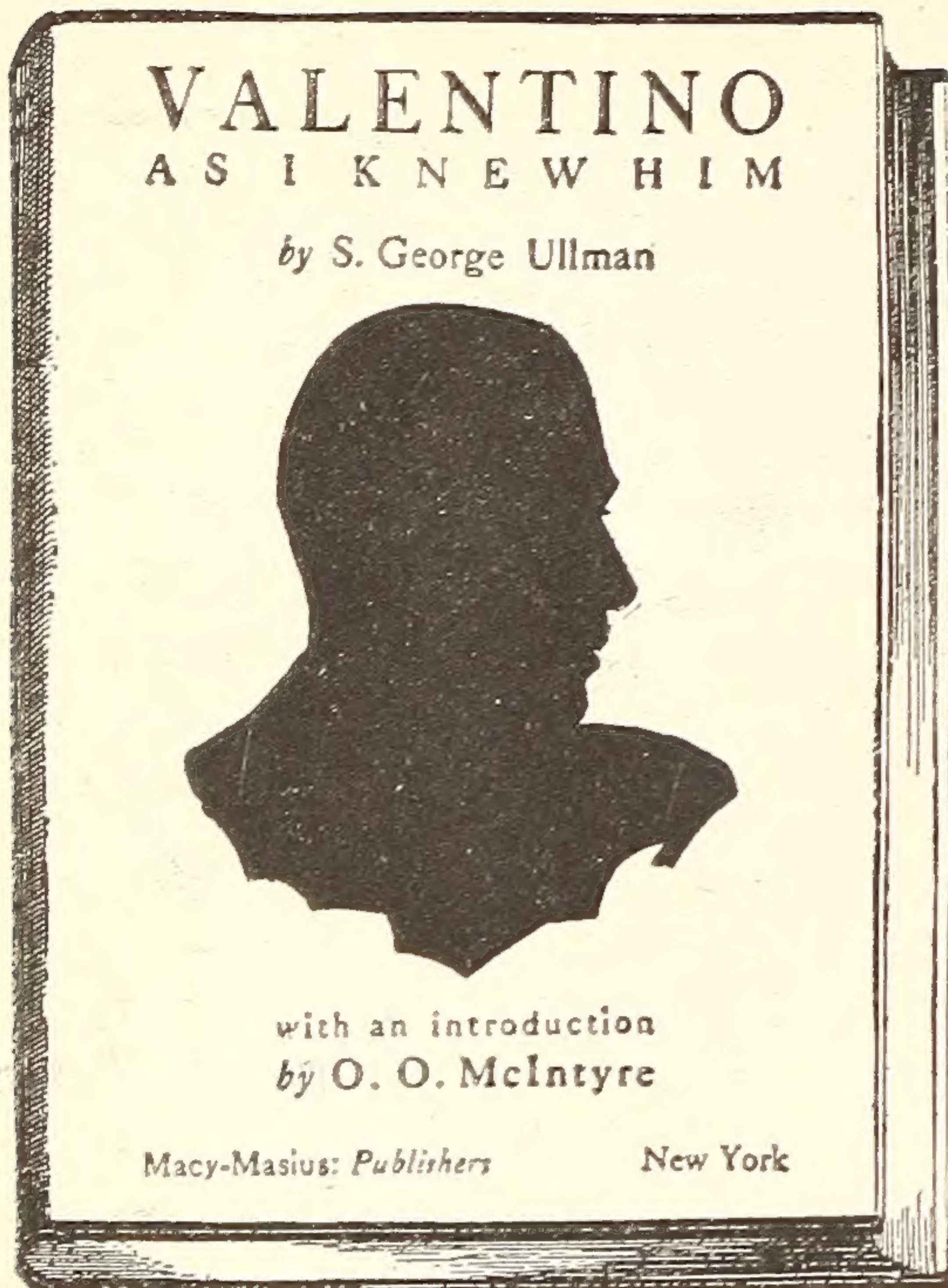
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WILLIAM BOYD



ROD LA ROCQUE



THIS human document by the intimate friend of the lovable Valentino is being offered by SCREENLAND, probably for the last time.



Eminent critics speak of this book as "almost a divine portrayal of one of the greatest adventures of the screen."



There were many things said and written about Valentino in the last few years of his life, and after his death, that did him great injustice. This book has been written primarily for the purpose of setting at rest those rumors.



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For the enclosed \$2.00 please send me a copy of "Valentino as I Knew Him".

Name

Address



When wishbones come true—Barbara Kent offers you some turkey.

AL JOHNSON has been a Broadway celebrity for years. He has played season in and season out at the huge Wintergarden Theatre right on Broadway at Fiftieth Street. And as far as we know, nobody ever hung around the stage door waiting for Al to come out. Now look at him! When his first motion picture opened at Warners' Theatre a block or two down Broadway, the whole town turned out to see the star of the show—Al Jolson—who was making a personal appearance in connection with his picture. Fans crowded around begging for his autograph. Some were satisfied just to look at him. Others wrung his hand and a few tore off the buttons of his coat. It was a great night for Jolson—the most exciting that Broadway has ever given him, probably, since he first began to sing his Mammy songs. Yessir, it takes the movies to do these things!

The occasion was *The Jazz Singer*, in which Al makes his debut with the aid of Vitaphone. The audience went wild at intervals during the picture when Jolson sang his songs; and, while it was a professional audience with members of the company present, as someone remarked, "They can't all be Warner Brothers." No—it was a real ovation; and when Al left his loge seat to come down the aisle and face the audience from the stage, it assumed the proportions of a small riot. We sat on the aisle, and we could see the tears running down Al's face as he thanked the folks for their enthusiasm. He said he was happy—and somehow we believe it.

Jolson is one of Broadway's favorite playboys. Born Asa Joelson, in Russia, and raised on the east side of Manhattan, he amazed his orthodox family by going on the stage. He is as unspoiled today as

when he started. Samson Raphaelson, author of *The Jazz Singer*, says that Jolson's own life supplied him with the theme of the play. Al doesn't deny it.

* * *

If you've seen Carmel Myers in *The Girl from Rio* you probably think of her as a flashing, exotic creature. You should have seen her as I saw her during her recent visit to Manhattan. It was a far cry from the alluring Iris of *Ben Hur* or the vamp of *Sorrel and Son*—this sad, subdued girl who could scarcely stop from bursting into tears. Carmel had lost her mother—who was her constant companion and pal. Her good friends, Mrs. Louis B. Mayer—wife of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer executive—and the two Mayer girls had hustled her away from California, hoping that the shops and sights of Manhattan would divert her. Carmel tried to respond to their efforts to cheer her up. And she was succeeding pretty well when, one day, a reporter from an important national magazine came to interview her. The subject he had selected was, the paradox of a Jewish rabbi's daughter playing vamps on the screen. Carmel appreciated the value of such a story and started to answer his questions. But when he asked her about her home life—the sheltered home circle provided by her devoted father and mother—the happy memories conjured up were too much for the little actress. For once, she couldn't act. She burst into tears. And the story—well, that story will probably not be written. She's a game little scout, Carmel Myers. Incidentally, she's a little tired of playing vamps all the time, and will welcome a chance to do some other part for a change—a 'tailored-made girl,' as she says—meaning an honest-to-

(Continued on page 100)

GRETA GARBO

in

THE DIVINE WOMAN



The M-G-M
"Look, See and Remember"
 Contest
Win Norma Shearer's
\$50.00 This Month!

IF you don't think the millions of eyes out there in the darkened house see things, you ought to read our mail here in the M-G-M Studios. If our stage director uses a new kind of telephone cover, appearing for only a few feet of film, some woman will write in to find out where she can get one. If our costume director creates a new negligee, a dozen women will write in and ask where it may be obtained. Indeed there are seeing and remembering eyes out there in the seats.

Come now, you folks who see below the surface, and have a try at answering these questions. To the writer of the best set of answers from a woman I will send a check for \$50.00 and the tiara head-dress worn by Greta Garbo in "The Divine Woman." To the writer of the best set of answers from a man I will send a check for \$50.00 and the beret cap worn by Lars Hanson in the same picture. To the writers of the fifty next best answers, whether from men or women, I will send an autographed copy of my latest photograph.

Yours sincerely,
NORMA SHEARER

THE flaming star of the North!
SOON she will appear
IN a brilliant, new screen play.
MORE exciting than "Ibanez' Torrent."
MORE seductive than "The Temptress."
MORE romantic than even
"FLESH and the Devil"
GRETA Garbo is indeed
"THE Divine Woman."

GRETA GARBO *in* "THE DIVINE WOMAN"
with
 LARS HANSON and LOWELL SHERMAN
 Adapted by Dorothy Farnum from Gladys
 Unger's play, "Starlight"
 A VICTOR SEASTROM PRODUCTION
 Directed by VICTOR SEASTROM

METRO
Goldwyn
MAYER

"More stars than there are in Heaven"

Norma's Five Questions

- 1** Which do you consider Greta Garbo's greatest M-G-M picture to date, and why?
 (Please answer in not over 150 words.)
- 2** Give book title and author's name which furnish the theme for the forthcoming M-G-M picture, "Love," with John Gilbert and Greta Garbo.
- 3** What member of a famous stage family appears in M-G-M's "The Thirteenth Hour"?
- 4** Name the M-G-M stars whose names are commonly associated with these slogans: "The Smart Aleck," "The Prince of Romance," "The Man of 1000 Faces."
- 5** Name four pictures in the production of which M-G-M has received cooperation of the U. S. Government.

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

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

Winners of "The Big Parade" Contest of October
WILLIAM H. DILLARD
 U. S. Coast Guard Cutter Tallapoosa
 Mobile, Alabama
ELIZABETH COLLIER
 Wills Point, Texas

Autographed pictures have been sent to the next 50 prize winners

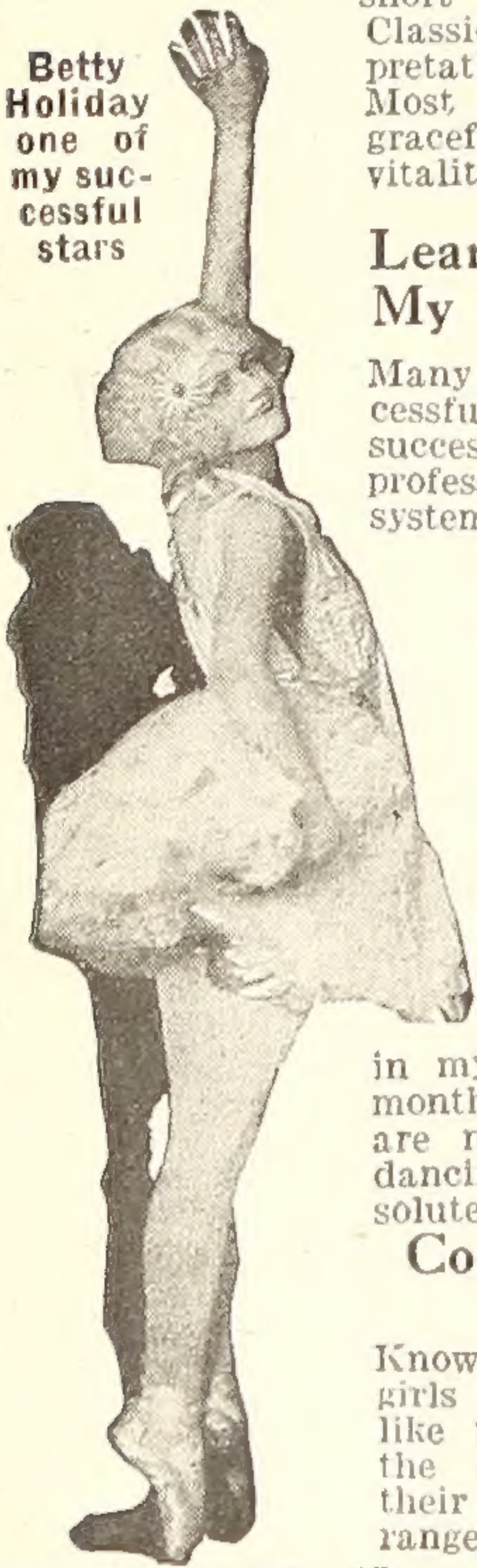
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Just send coupon or write for details of my home course in dancing. Right now, a wonderful offer is open. Rush name and address.

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Books for Fans



The **VALLEY OF THE GIANTS**

By **Milton Sills**

Milton Sills in a location shot from the filming of Peter B. Kyne's masterpiece.

WHENEVER I read a novel, even when my reading is for pure enjoyment of the tale, in the background of my mind I am always watching for picture possibilities. You see, I have been on the screen for a number of years now and I have always taken an active interest in all parts of picture production, from the selection of the story to its preparation in continuity form and finally in direction. One of the most difficult problems I have always faced is that of finding suitable dramatic material.

One day I was talking about stories with Mrs. Sills (Doris Kenyon) when the name of Peter B. Kyne was mentioned. She asked me if I had read his *Valley of the Giants* and I said that I had not. That night, when I arrived home, I found a copy of the book on my study table and as I had nothing to do that evening, I started reading. The more I read the story the more I liked it. It seemed to breathe fresh air and the conflict of strong emotions in a fine free country, untamed by civilization. I sensed a real opportunity for a character portrayal in the figure of Bryce Cardigan. When I went to bed that night my mind was filled with the possibilities of Kyne's story and already I had started planning my development of the character I wanted to play.

While I do not believe it is wise to attempt too literal a transfer of a book to the screen, I do believe that the spirit of the original work may be and should be preserved. We have tried to do this in our picturization of *Valley of the Giants*.

Many of the scenes were photographed in the Northern California forests, home of the Big Redwoods, Humboldt County, California, noted for its giant trees. All of us did our best to become imbued with the atmosphere of the story.

The question is sometimes raised whether or not the enjoyment of a picture is increased by having read the story in book form.

The answer, it seems to me, depends upon the temperament of the reader. If one is concerned only with the plot and loses interest when there is no uncertainty as to the development of the story, I suppose there is more thrill when a picture is seen without previous knowledge of the ending. But I think that most of us can lose ourselves in a good yarn even when we know the outcome.

A faithful picturization of a book should serve to visualize the characters as they are already known to the reader. When this is done, the picture-goer experiences an added satisfaction if he has already become acquainted with the author's characters. If the actors are successful, they give form and substance to the people already living in the imagination of the spectator, and this surely is a pleasurable experience—something like meeting an old friend face to face on the street.

I can think of few higher compliments than to have Peter B. Kyne see our version of his story and feel that we have given true expression to the creatures of his imagination.



“They Snickered When I Got Up To Speak”

—But from the First Word, I Held Them Spellbound

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

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

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

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

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

"But When I Commenced To Speak—"

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

When I finished, there was an instant of dead silence! And then it came—a furious, deaf-

ening wave of applause rolling up from one hundred pairs of hands—spontaneous, excited, thrilling! Somebody pushed forward and grabbed my hand. Others followed—and everybody started talking all at once.

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

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

Was Once A "Human Clam"

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

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

What 20 Minutes a Day Will Show You

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

A Lucky Accident

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

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

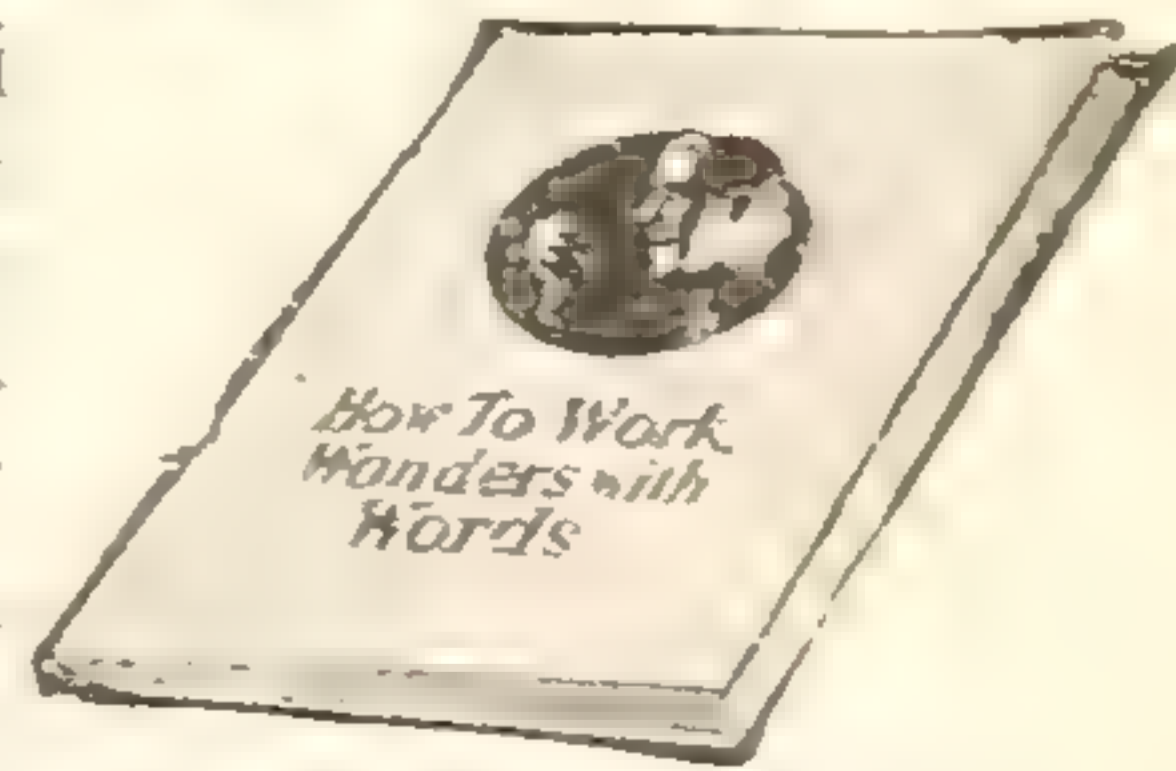
each day. And the results were certainly worth it!

Today I hold the sort of position that I had always envied. My salary has been increased! I am not only in constant demand as a speaker in public but I am asked to more social affairs than I have time to attend. To sum it all up, I am meeting work-wise people, earning more than I ever dared expect and enjoying life to the fullest possible degree! And furthermore, the sheer power of *convincing speech* has been the big secret of my success!

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

Send for This Amazing Booklet!

Right now, we offer to send you absolutely free, a copy of *How to Work Wonders With Words*. This remarkable little book will show you how to develop the priceless "hidden knack" of effective speech that has brought success, social position, power and wealth to so many. It will open your eyes to a new realization of what is held in store for men who master the secrets of Effective Speech. See for yourself! There is no obligation. You can obtain your copy now by just sending the coupon.

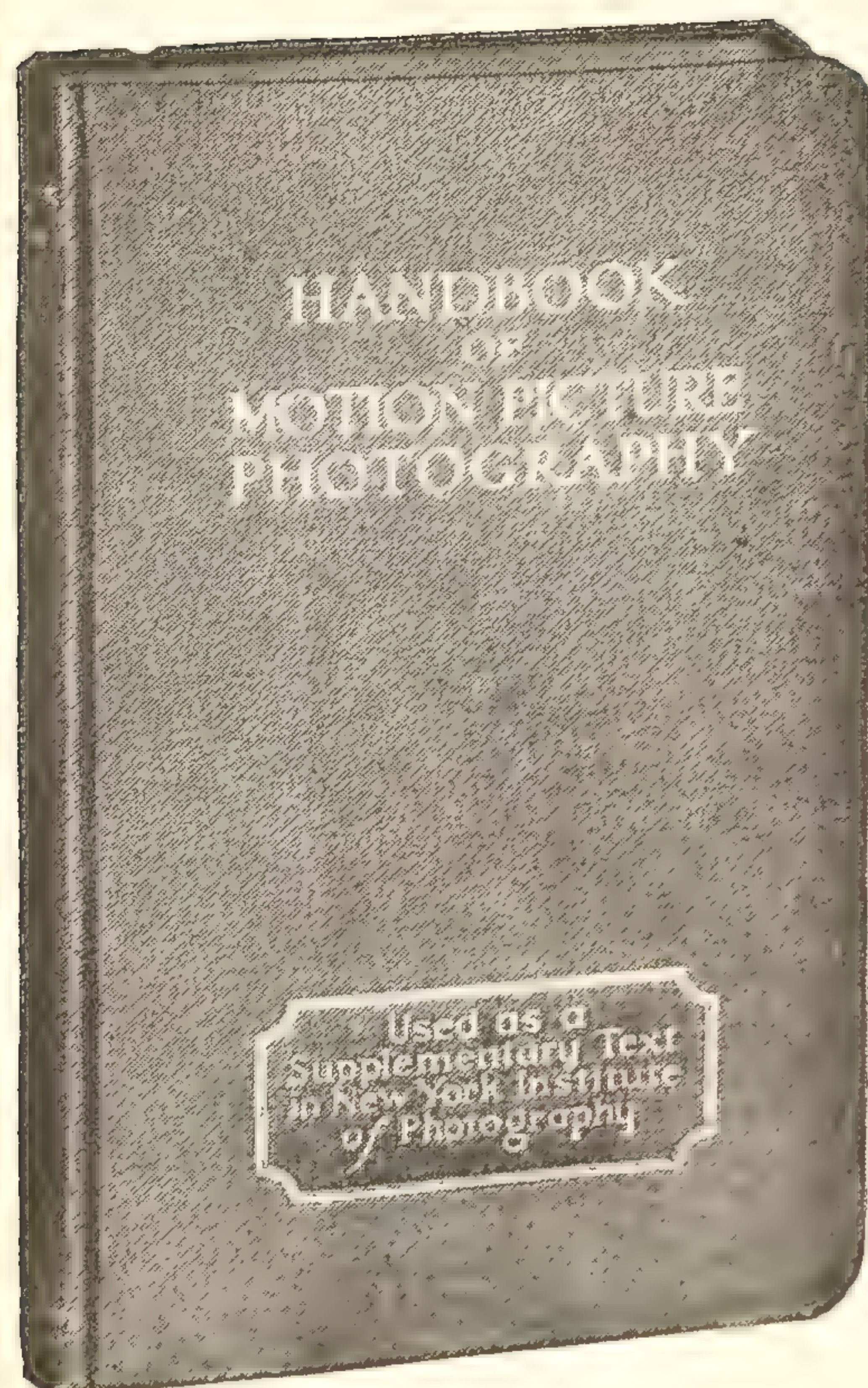


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HANDBOOK OF MOTION PICTURE PHOTOGRAPHY

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This book is a true handbook and daily companion. Not only does it contain a complete set of tables, recipes, formulae, etc., but it describes every phase of both professional and amateur motion picture work. Made to fit the coat pocket so that it may always be at hand for every emergency.

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5. Portable cameras
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7. Motion camera in use
8. Titles
9. Laboratory work
10. Editing
11. Projection
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15. Practical applications

Bibliography

Copious Appendix

PRICE \$3.00



What's Doing in Times Square

(Dorothy Devore of Educational Comedies, looks out from the Paramount Building and discovers Forty-Second St.)

By Helen Ludlam

PATHE WEEK on Broadway with eleven first run theatres showing Pathe stuff. Nine houses showing feature films and two additional houses showing news reels and fables. Up to this time the record for one company was five features during the same week. This was done by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Some one over at Pathe shows a decided aptitude for generalship, for whether the pictures are very good or not does not matter a great deal. As a matter of fact most of them were way above the average, but competition is so keen that for a single company to monopolize nine first run houses for feature films is a feat not to be sneezed at.

This is the lay-out. The Paramount Theatre showing *The Forbidden Woman* with Jetta Goudal; the Gaiety showing *The King of Kings* with an all star cast; B. S. Moss' Broadway showing *A Harp in Hock* with Rudolph Schildkraut and Bessie Love; the Cameo showing *The Wise Wife* with Phyllis Haver; Loew's State showing Mack Sennett's *The Girl from Everywhere*; the Strand showing *The Dress Parade* with William Boyd and Bessie Love; the Colony showing *The Angel of Broadway* with Leatrice Joy; the Hippodrome showing *The Girl in the Pullman* with Marie Prevost and the Roxy showing *The Main Event* with Vera Reynolds. The Capitol and B. F. Keith's Palace offered Pathe News reels and fables only. Darn good, darn good.

What's left over from the Pathe whirlwind is pretty good too. For instance there was the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer opening of *Quality Street* at Metro's charming little theatre, the Embassy. The picture was adapted from the famous play by Sir James M. Barrie and the star was Marion Davies.

The consensus of opinion was that Barrie's whimsical, wistful charm is as fascinating on the screen as on the stage, and that those who remember Maude Adams in the play will want to see the picture, too, even though the screen story does not stick strictly to the text.

The usual salutation of triple spot-lights greeted the first nighters and singled out of the decidedly unmannerly mob who were not first nighters, Constance, the beautiful daughter of Richard Bennett and Adrienne Morrison. This statuesque girl with her perfect features and vivid blonde coloring is my idea of what a duchess should look like but seldom does. Well, anyway, Constance was there wrapped in a royal blue evening cloak that took nothing away from the before mentioned loveliness.

Then the lady who made a pronoun famous glided in escorted by a personable young man whom the world knew all about long before Madame Glyn discovered his potentialities for screen stardom. It was Art Goebel, the handsome young aviator who braved the winds above the Pacific Ocean and won through to Honolulu.

Another opening this month was Universal's long heralded *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. There were no spots in front of the Central Theatre, and consequently not too much of a crowd which allowed the audience to get into the house in some comfort. And there were many celebrities too that the spots would have picked up had there been any. I saw Bessie Love, Willie Wyler, Universal director; Hope Hampton, Lee Shubert, William A. Brady, Will Hays and 'Uncle' Carl Laemmle, smiling and proud and being congratulated by swarms of people. Everyone was given a

(Continued on page 101)

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HAROLD BELL WRIGHT

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ALEC FRANCIS · JOHN BOLES · MATHEW BETZ

under the masterly Direction of

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MARION JACKSON

in a superbly beautiful production by

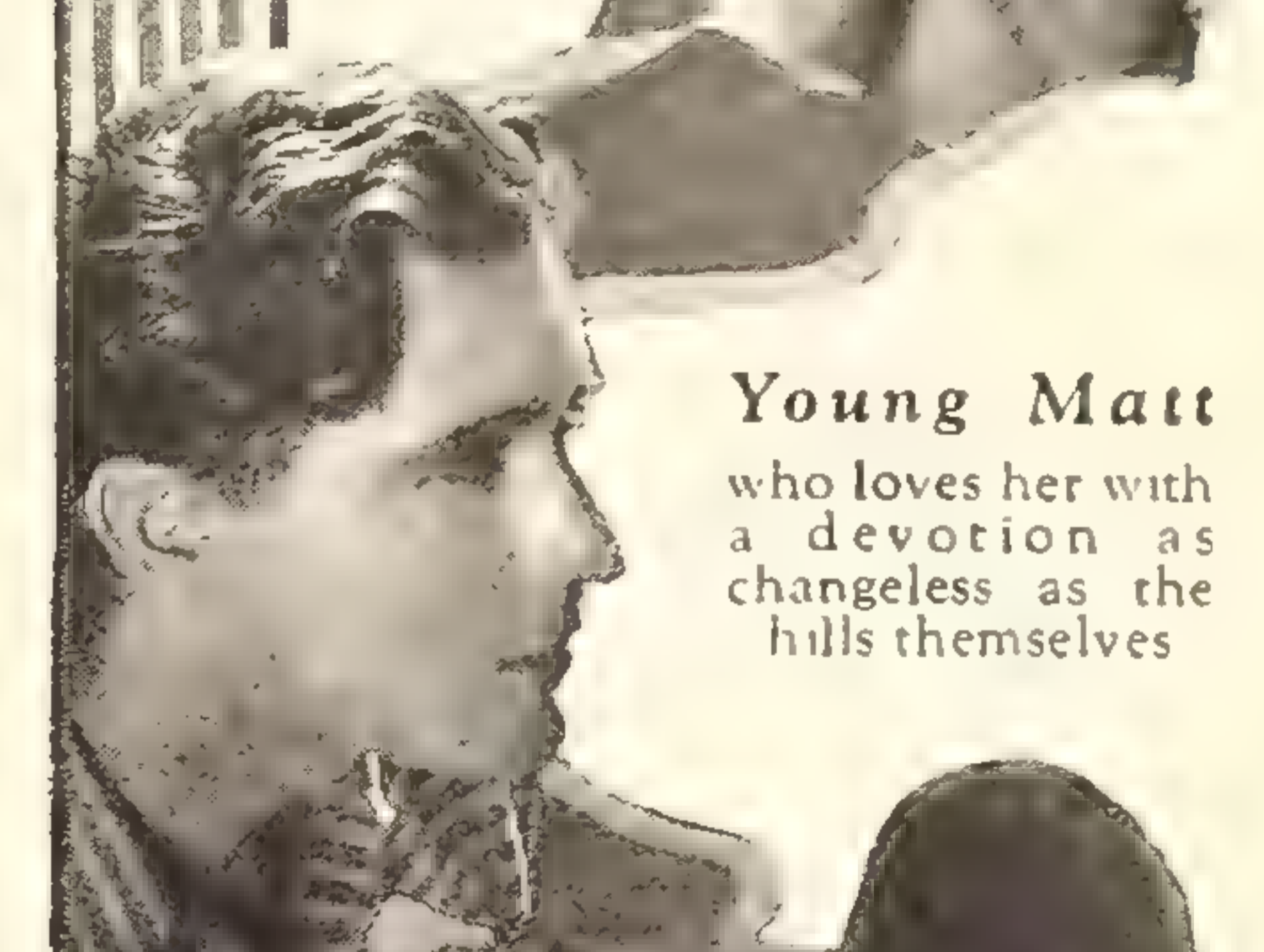
CHARLES R. ROGERS



The Shepherd
one of the noblest characters ever portrayed in fiction

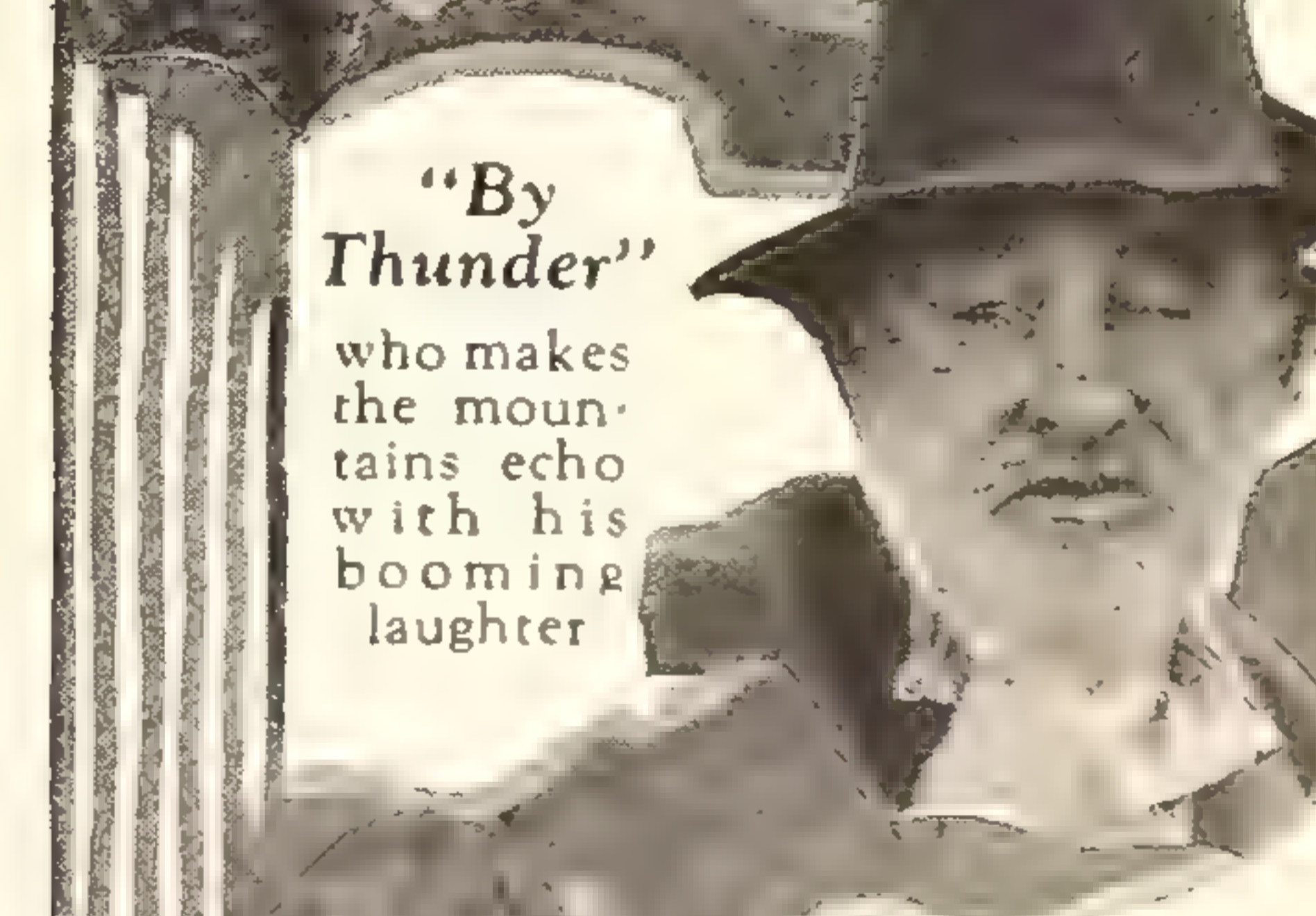
"Sammy" Lane

bare-foot, ragged, wild—but lovely as only princesses are lovely



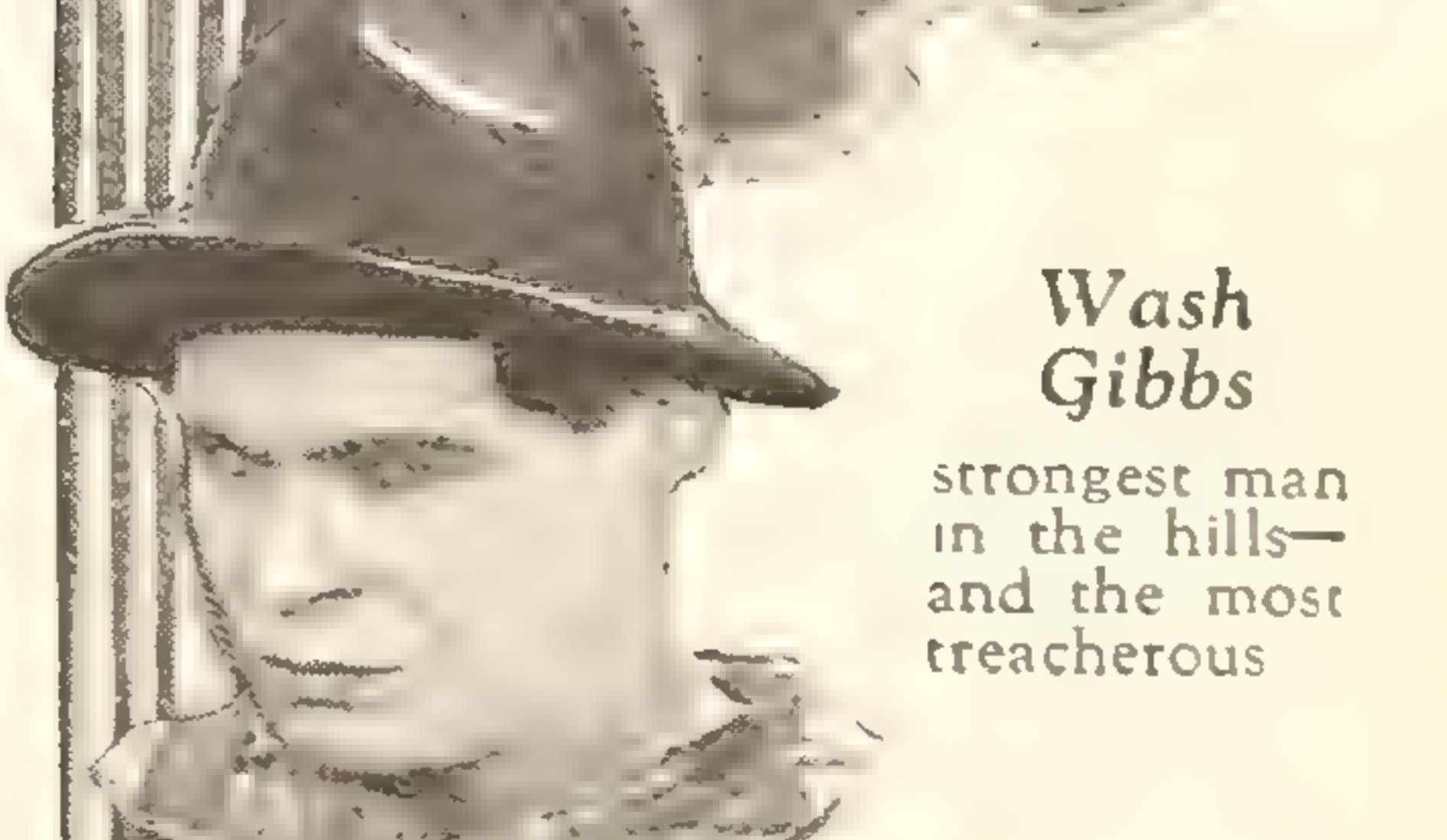
Young Matt

who loves her with a devotion as changeless as the hills themselves



"By Thunder"

who makes the mountains echo with his booming laughter



Wash Gibbs

strongest man in the hills—and the most treacherous

--in this great First National Picture



COMING SOON TO LEADING THEATRES



Mary Astor

BY REINICKE

SCREENLAND'S HONOR PAGE PORTRAIT SERIES

Screenland

JANUARY 1928



Mary Astor the Adorable

IN *The Rose of the Golden West* Mary Astor carried on the career begun in 1906 in Quincy, Ill. In *Don Q* Mary established once and for all that her lovely hair photographed 'Spanish.' So now she just naturally senioritas all over the screen and is SCREENLAND'S candidate this month for the much desired title:

'THE MOST BEAUTIFUL PICTURE GIRL.'



☞ The scene in 'The Student Prince' when Ramon Novarro and Jean Hersholt put over the Holiday spirit.

The NEW YEAR and this Magazine

An Editorial by Eliot Keen

HERE it is—the January number of SCREENLAND marking a new year and a time of celebration. Before we draw up our chairs we will have to put a leaf in the table, for our family of SCREENLAND readers has grown amazingly. We (the cook and editor) are glad you like the fare and feel very pleased that you are with us in spirit.

In Spirit. "The Spirit of the Movies"—that is our secret. When others look for faults, for scandals and for failures in the movies we try to tell you of the wonderful spirit of sincerity the players put into their pictures, the spirit of adventure which infuses their lives and the generous spirit that controls their actions. Such is the spirit of SCREENLAND.

Happy 1928 to you or as a little girl wrote on a Christmas card to our wife: "We send you many loves."

The Talking Pictures

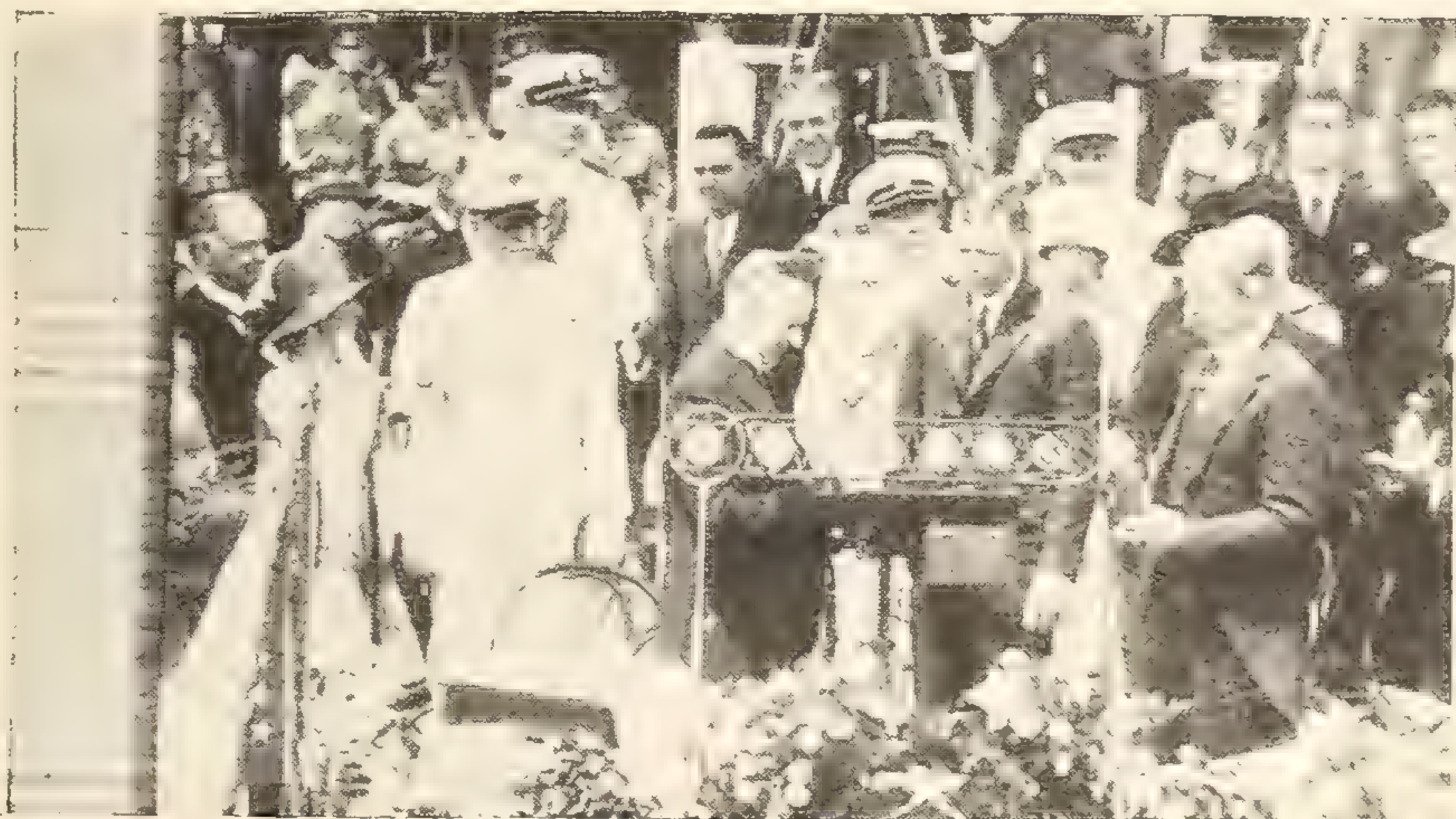
INVENTIONS are only as great as the men who apply them. When Vitaphone arrived they gave it an idea to start with, the idea of 'playing the picture' instead of having a theatre orchestra. It was a wonderful idea. Movietone is another invention equally marvelous and the Fox organization has given it a great idea to carry it over. This idea is that events have interesting sounds. By means of this device we have heard and seen the exploding motors of departing trans-Atlantic flyers and cheering football crowds.

The future is bright for these devices for everyone likes them. While Movietone is making the news weeklies more real, Vitaphone has caught the town with Al Jolson.

Every invention of this nature makes us know our neighbors on this earth better. They become human beings to us whom we better understand. And universal peace will come when there is universal understanding and love.



☞ Benito Mussolini speaks to you through the marvel of Movietone.



☞ President Coolidge welcomes Colonel Lindbergh.



☞ Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh whose modest speech was photographed on the side of the film.

Why people like



wife but is also a devoted father. And considers his home and his family and his dogs more alluring than all the Cleopatras and Helens of Troy on earth. Here is a man who earns tremendous sums of money. And yet—so far as I know—he has been able to keep himself free from all sorry scandals and sordid entanglements. He is just a perfectly normal, hard-working, none-too-handsome comedian. But he has the country in his pocket. And because he is one of the most popular men in the world—he can do anything.

Why only the other day, New York stood still and permitted Harold Lloyd to take a picture on one of the busiest streets in the city—Park Row. And nobody was angry. Millionaires in their foreign made cars halted willingly while the country comedian shot some scenes for his next picture—scenes using an old horse car—the method of transportation which was quite the mode in the mustached nineties. Silk-legged stenographers, hollow-chested clerks and round-shouldered bookkeepers all willingly crowded back from the sidewalks, breathlessly awaiting Harold's appearance. All the time realizing that they

It was a great day for Charlie when Mother, Father and 'Tipper,' the dog, posed with Harold Lloyd.



THERE is no dramatic story in Harold Lloyd. No more than there is in a five year old child. For all great comedians are children. They never grow up like other folk. And they never lose the glistening gifts of wonderment and laughter.

There is absolutely no story in Harold Lloyd at all. Here is a man who loves his wife. And that naturally sounds any male's dramatic knell—so far as story telling purposes go. Here is a man who not only loves his

HAROLD LOYD

Harold Lloyd, Charles Heck and the prize winning 'Tipper.' If Charlie's sweater is blurred a little it's because his heart was thumping so when the picture was being taken.

He stops off in Chicago and tries to square himself with Charlie Heck.

By Rosa Reilly

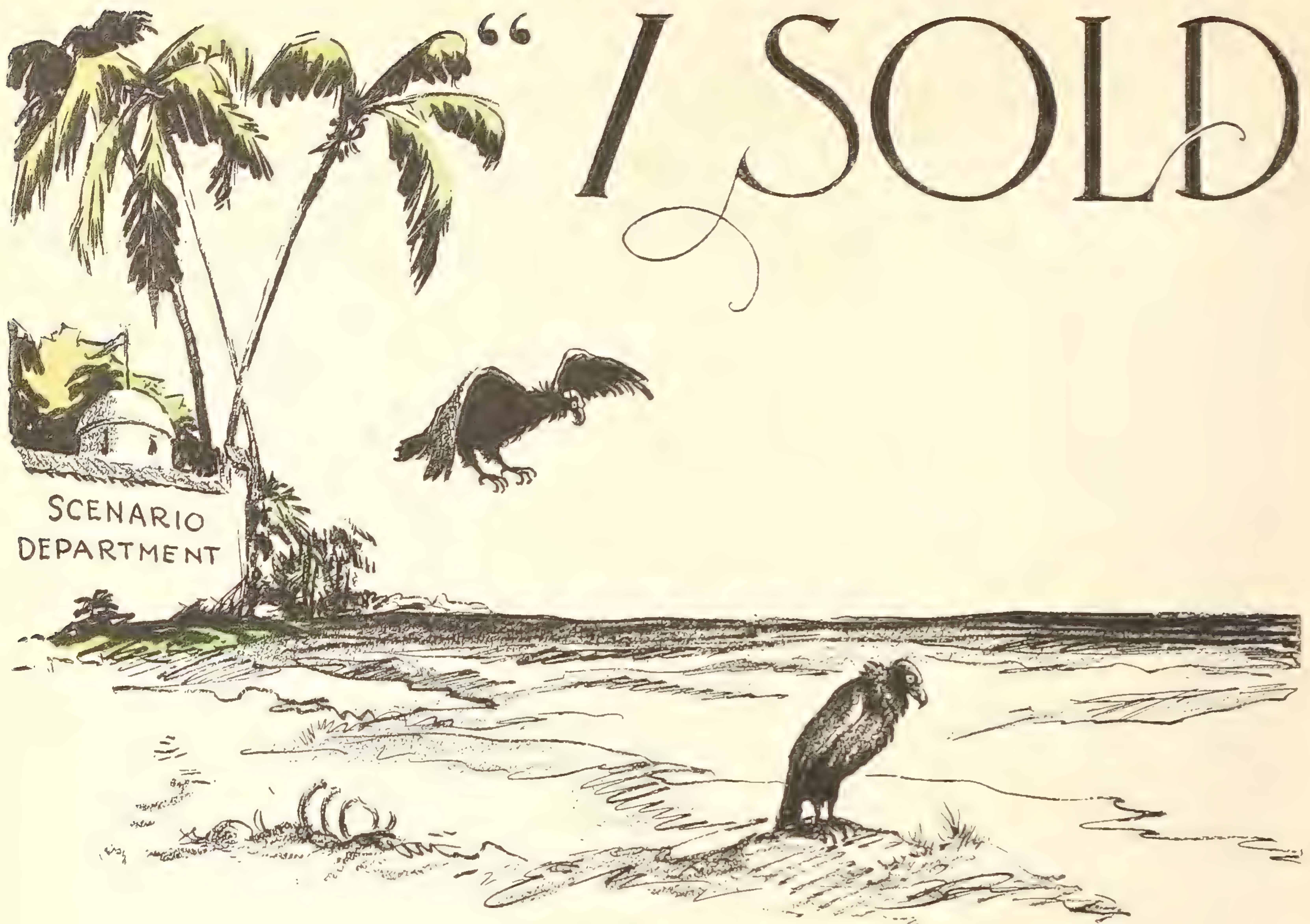
would be docked one hour from their day's pay for even a few minutes lateness. And a big Irish policeman went around with a grin on his face like somebody had given him a couple of bottles of potheen. And the sole reason for the grin was that he could tell his children that evening that he had been looking after Harold Lloyd.

And the tough east side kids. What a problem they presented to Harold's director. "They'll cut into our scenes and ruin everything," he said.

"No they won't," the great clown answered. "Those kids will be all right. You wait and see." And they were. Instead of

(Cont. on page 78)





“I SOLD

¶ *Across the hot sands of the Desert of Ambition where scoffers leer and Despair pursues, lies the trail of the would-be Scenario Writer. Some succeed.*

By G. W. Sayre

(Assistant to the Editor of the Dramatic Department of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture Company.)

“**D**EAR SIR: I am enclosing a story entitled Mable’s Romance which I hope you will be able to use”——

But that modest sentence held all the hope of a life time.

Every year thousands and thousands of such letters accompany the ‘brain children’ of professional and near professional writers sent to the editorial offices of the moving picture companies. The letters differ though. Some contain fervent pleas and entreaties while others are more business-like; simply stating that they are enclosing their story.

But with each story sent out by these writers an unuttered prayer goes with it, hoping that the return mail will bring them a check. Alas! In a very short time—too short in fact—the story comes back and the dreams of the writer are shattered.

In spite of this fact I know that good original stories do sell. I know that there are writers today who are selling their scripts and getting good money. I know there is a way to market good stories. ‘How? How?’ You ask. Now don’t crowd and I’ll tell you. I’ll tell you how others have succeeded in corraling honest to goodness moving picture money instead of a printed rejection slip. But please do now think that this information is some magic,

some twist of the hand, or a rug like the Thief of Bagdad used which will suddenly, without any effort on your part, carry you to success as a screen writer. Such is not the case.

First of all you must have a good story to sell—a piece of merchandise, we will say, which will not only attract, but will demand attention. You wouldn’t expect a moving picture company to buy something that wasn’t good any more than you would pay good money for an old worn toothbrush with the bristles half out. First let your story be good.

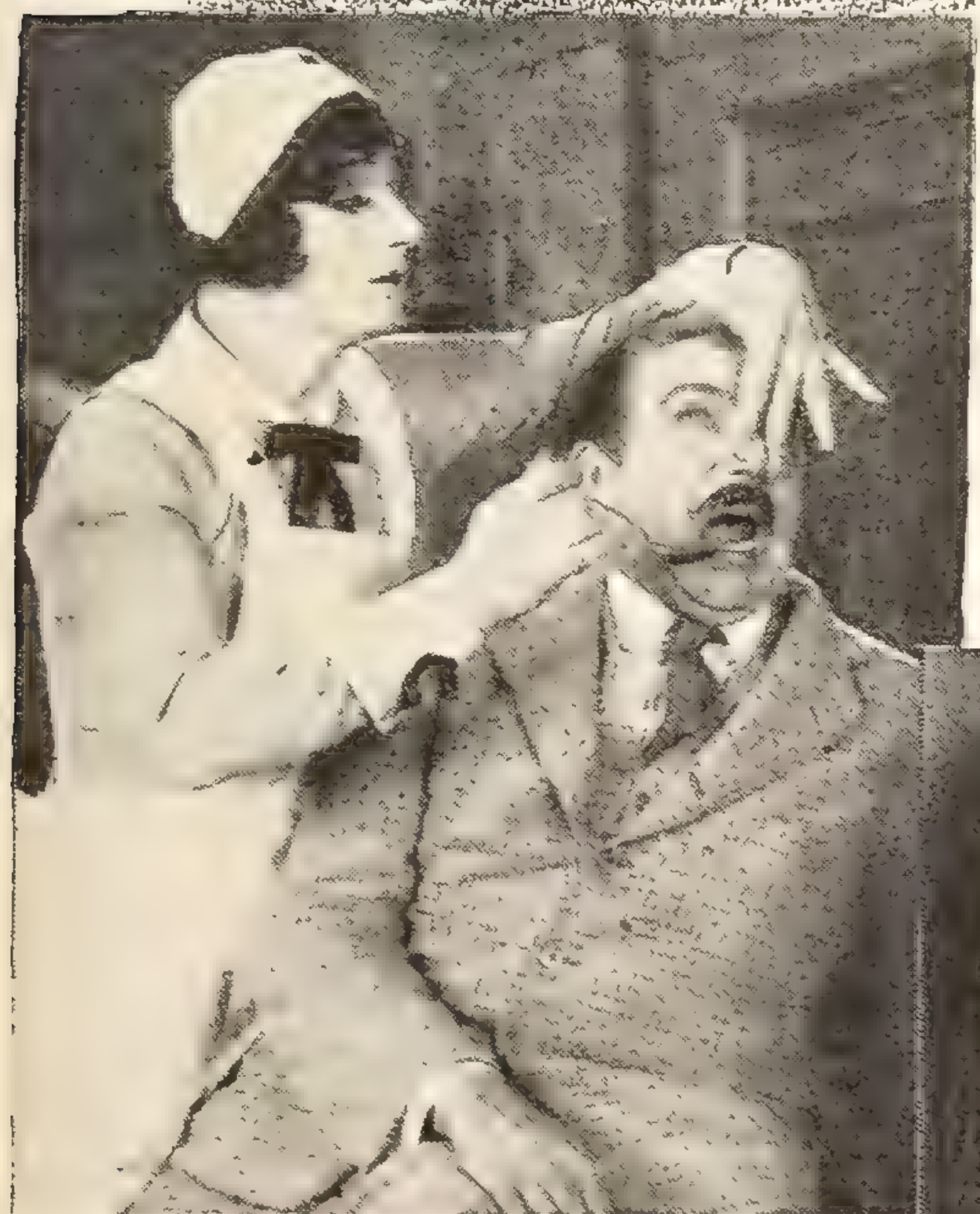
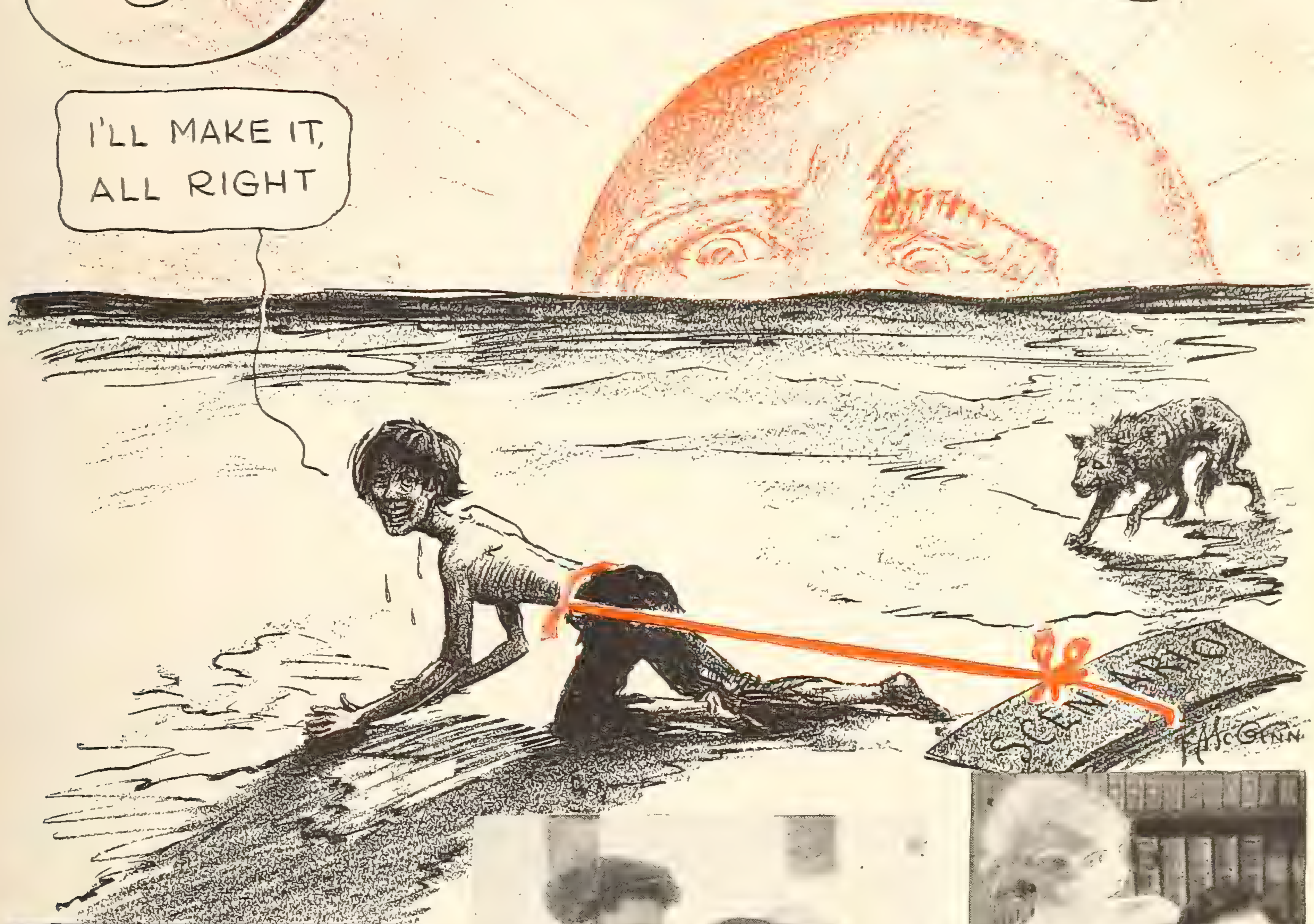
Now let us go back. I said that I know good stories sell to the screen. I do. In the past six months I have come in contact with nine authors who had worthwhile material and who have sold their stories to picture companies. Some of these writers are practically unknown—I say this reservedly because the statement is made in the popular sense that their names have not blazed forth in the white lights of Broadway, and neither have their names been heralded from the printed page.

In no case, however, were these authors apprentices at their trade. But like you they had failed and tried again. In the end they mastered the difficult art of writing and consequently reaped the reward—a just reward for their perseverance.

(Cont. on page 86)

A SCENARIO

I'LL MAKE IT,
ALL RIGHT



☞ A scene from 'Oh! What a Nurse' with Syd Chaplin. This was the first scenario of two experienced writers.



☞ 'The Perfect Sap' with Virginia Lee Corbin and Ben. Lyon was sold to First National Pictures Inc., through an agent.



☞ Colleen Moore, shown in this scene with Larry Kent in 'Her Wild Oats.' This scenario was an original, that is, had never been printed nor played on the stage.



☞ Jetta Goudal in 'White Gold' which was a very successful film. It was a failure as a play. Success at the end of a heart breaking road.

Myrna from MONTANA

Myrna Loy finds that to get the breaks it is well to be pretty in a different way—then if you've got the goods—

By Eve Bernstein

YOU'D expect to see a sinuous sort of person with long heavy ear rings and oriental beads. Certainly you would expect to find her bathed in the most exotic of perfumes and wearing the most ravishing of gowns.

But Myrna proves to be a complete surprise. You don't get the idea that she is a sophisticated woman of the world or that she is a calculating siren. There is a spontaneity about her that you simply cannot associate with her screen personality, but which rather reminds you of a naughty school girl. She has almond shaped green eyes which make the best vamping eyes that ever vamped on the screen, but in real life they're just devilish. She has red hair and a freckled face. I was glad to see that she didn't lounge on soft couches and wear flowing garments. When I saw her she was sitting on a wicker rocking chair with one foot under her, reading a book and munching chocolates. She was wearing a green canton crepe two piece sport frock with a pleated skirt. A white collar and cuffs gave the dress a distinctly school girl appearance. Her hair was a bit awry, and her face was unpowdered, but she didn't seem to mind a bit. In fact, she did not even think of it. So



Her next picture is 'If I Were Single.'

Her hair is red, her eyes are green—something had to happen after that and it did.



Exotic Myrna and Monte Blue in 'Across the Pacific.'

Myrna Loy fears neither the glancing waves of the Pacific nor the admiring glances from the sand sheiks.

different from the Myrna I had expected to see.

She told me her people were Welsh and Scotch, and that she came from a small town in Montana.

"I cut the funniest figure, with my red hair and freckled face, dancing ecstatically with a flowing veil thrown over my skinny arms and shoulders. When the other girls were mothering their dolls and playing games, I danced. I had



☞ Myrna inspires every actor, cameraman and stagehand to strive for something touched, at least, with the gossamer wing of Art.

set my heart on going on the stage."

"And how did you get there—from that town in Montana?" I wanted to know.

"Well, we moved to Los Angeles where I studied dancing first with a teacher from India and then with Ruth St. Denis. After that things happened pretty quickly. I worked as a sculptor's model for a time, and then was given a part in Syd Granman's ballet for *The Thief of Bagdad*."

I knew what happened after that. Somebody introduced her to Natacha Rambova, who gave her a part in *What Price Beauty*, and dressed her up in the strangest fashion with skin tight gowns and a grotesque blonde wig with straggling bangs over her forehead. Then Warner Bros., seeing that she photographed so excellently, put her under contract.

And suddenly the Myrna of the freckled face and red hair became something she had never even thought about—a slant eyed, oriental looking vamp who has it all over the Vasca Suratt, Theda Bara, and Nita Naldi type. One wonders if her ancestors were Chinese or Egyptian. She is submerged in a flood of fan letter asking her for the secret of



☞ Her first big part is 'The Girl From Chicago.'



☞ Miss Loy herself not a movie.

her origin. The fans would need to see her in real life only once to know that she is not oriental. There is a charming directness about her speech that immediately brands her as a practical, ambitious young girl who

knows what she's talking about and won't stand for any monkey business from anyone. Contrary to the languorous atmosphere she creates on the screen, there is not the slightest suggestion of languor about her when you talk to her. She speaks rather quickly and

(Cont. on page 84)

SOCK-WHAM-BAM-

By Delight Evans



☞ *The hearts of the ladies never change. They still like 'em rough.*



☞ *In 'Sunrise' George O'Brien gave a fine dramatic performance.*

☞ *The sun on the beach is no more glowing than George's smile.*

EVERY little muscle has a meaning of its own. Ask Gilda Gray; she knows. But on second thought you'd better not ask Gilda. Because if we once get talking about Gilda we may not be able to stop. And this is supposed to be about something entirely different. A different set of muscles—just as good in their own way, though. Oh, yes. And warranted to give us girls a thrill. And I must say it's about time we girls were having our innings, to say nothing of outings.

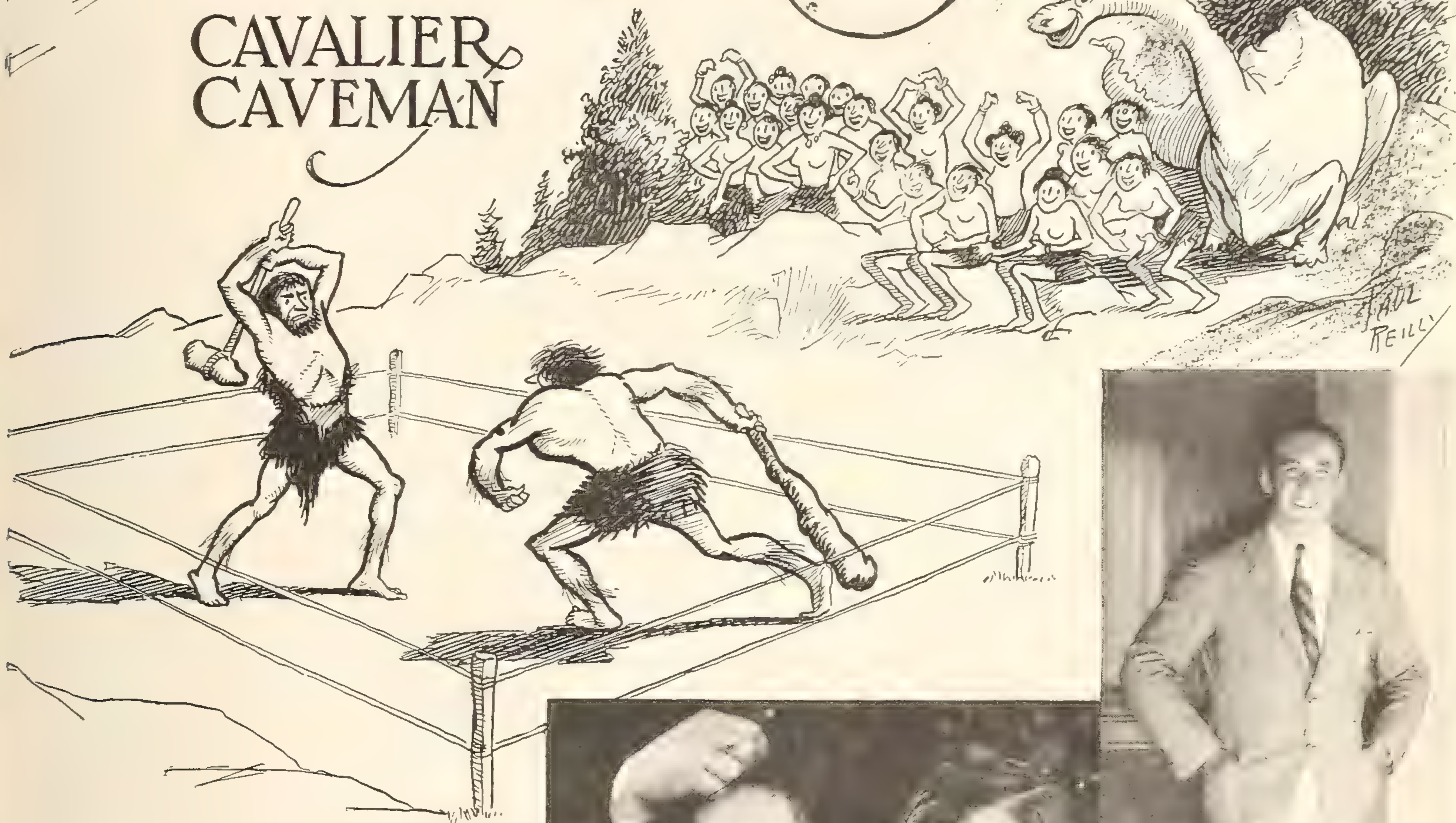
You may think that girls aren't interested in muscles. You're wrong.

Take the cave-girl for instance. She usually managed to start a scrap between the rival heavy-weights of the cave-dwellers athletic association so they would fight it out in her front-yard, while she stood by and cheered or hissed. The weapons were clubs and muscles, mostly muscles. And how she loved to see 'em ripple. The big thrill for her, however, came not with the final punch that left one less cave-man in the community, but in winding the champion

— BIFF-ZUMM!

George O'Brien

CAVALIER
CAVEMAN



around her little finger. She promptly took all the conceit out of the conqueror by making him run errands for her. She kept him in training. And so it goes.

The fighter: strong as Samson, and you know what happened to him. Tough as a rhino—but muscle-bound at the slightest personal touch. The big sock-and-wallop boys win the applause from the little Delilahs—a hand where they need it most. Ladies have always loved fighters—but ladies have never stood in line to see one before. Now—meet the champ! George O'Brien—168 pounds, ringside. The mitt-and-emotion man of the movies. Ta-Ta!

I can remember when the only O'Brien we knew was a dish of potatoes. That was in the days when movie heroes were sheiks. They had to have that something that calls to mind gondolas and garlic, romance and ravioli. If they did any fighting it was with swords; no fisticuffs—dear me, no. Nothing so vulgar. But they received their body blow, my dears, when G. O'Brien came into the movies, though they didn't realize it right away. It took the movies some time to become accustomed to the change. But once the girls began appreciating Mr. O'Brien's uncouth, rough ways, they

☞ 'Is Zat So' went over with George O'Brien and Edmund Lowe as comedians.



☞ George O'Brien off stage. Just a regular San Francisco boy.



☞ In 'East Side, West Side,' George combines the actor and the fighter.

gave in—caved in, in fact. And now the screen is just one big, happy prize-ring. There's a perpetual championship bout being waged, and we're (Continued on page 102)

Estelle Taylor's WRIST WATCH



ESTELLE'S days are spent in the fascinating study of other people. When she sees an arrogant lady she compares her every posture with her own interpretation of 'The Borgia' in *Don Juan*; when she sees a girl of the tenements she thinks of her own part in *New York*. Out of her careful observation of human nature has come her great success. So with our crowd psychology all bright and shining we approached her upon the subject of a gift for a contest in SCREENLAND.

"Anything of yours will be prized for sentimental reasons," we murmured.

"Fiddlesticks," said the wise Estelle and hubby Dempsey looked up amused at his little spit-fire wife. "The picture fans know more than you think," continued Estelle.

So away she went from the Ambassador to Cartier's and picked out for SCREENLAND readers the



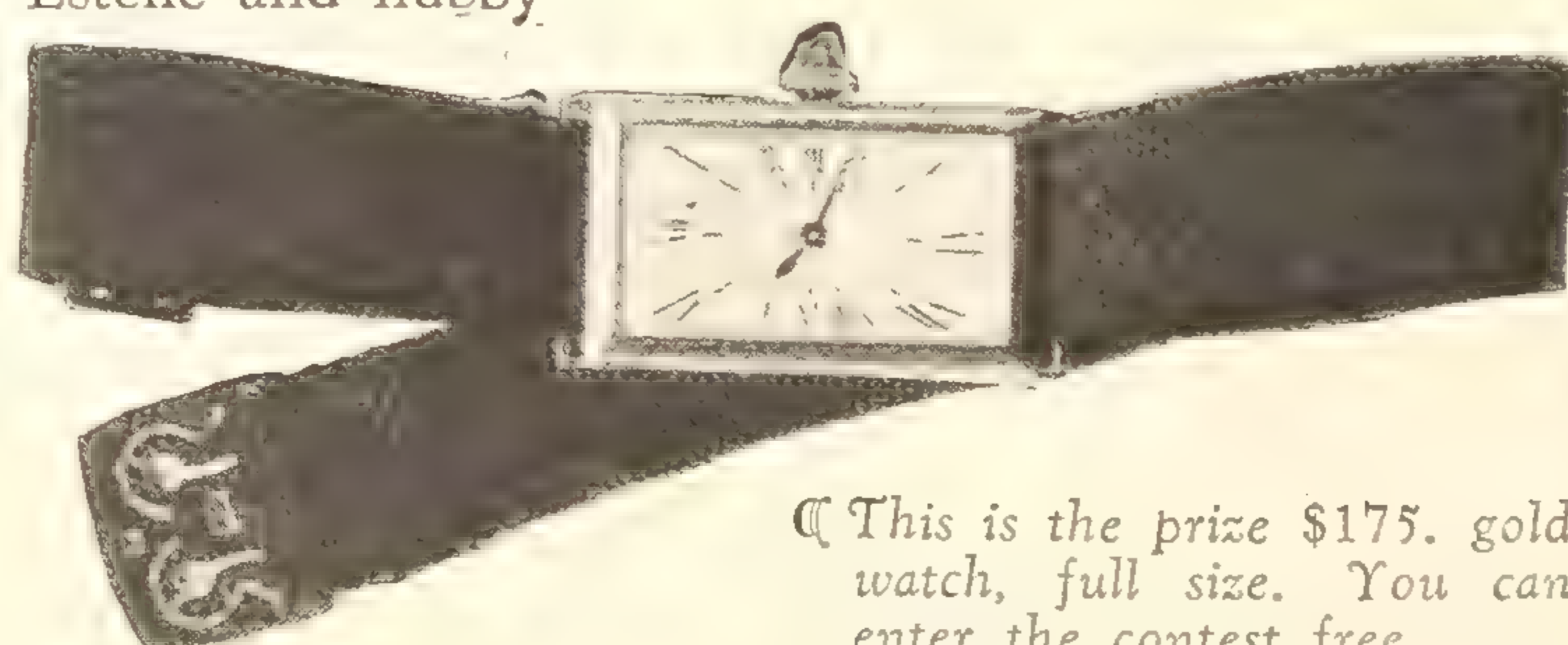
You will soon see Estelle in 'The Whip Woman.'

As the wife of the World's Heavyweight Champion she lived through his unhappy days with him. A brilliant actress, a loyal wife—can you write about such a girl?

Address—ESTELLE TAYLOR
SCREENLAND Contest Department

49 West 45th Street
New York City

Contest closes January 15, 1928



This is the prize \$175. gold watch, full size. You can enter the contest free.



The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

JOHN T. PRINCE *and* DOLORES DEL RIO

in

RAMONA

*"She knelt there in meekness, penitent, sighing,
While off o'er the tree tops her heart went a-flying."*

—ANONYMOUS



NOW that everyone is making Westerns
Mary Brian wends her Wendy way
through *Under the Tonto Rim*.

Photograph by Hommel

SCREENLAND



FAY WRAY has trouped from *The Wedding March* to a role opposite Jannings and is now making *The Legion of the Condemned*. Pretty good for one little Wray of sunshine.

Photograph by Eugene Robert Richee

SCREENLAND



DOLORES COSTELLO is making *Glorious Betsy* to give you an idea of the meaning of the word.

Photograph by Preston Duncan

FOR SCREENLAND

*"The torrent strikes, the combers race
But yet serene my heart can trace
The course that leads to thee."*

The **LOVE** *Pilot*

*¶ The white hand of Beauty still swings
the tiller of the good ship Romance.*

By Kenneth Adams

WHEN George Blackthorne signed a five year contract with the Imperial Players, Inc., he wasn't the least bit enthusiastic about it, as you'd expect him to be. He had directed five years before that, saved his money and then produced an independent picture. It was a fine, entertaining and intelligent picture, but he was bucking the big companies. They shut down on him. He peddled his wares from one distributor to another, but they were all sewed up and didn't dare buy it. Finally Imperial made him an offer. They'd buy his product outright at cost and give him a five year contract.

That offer proved that he was good, but it didn't make him happy. It would mean working according to schedule, have a continuity put in his hands and then like a school kid, follow it,—so many scenes each day, so many days to go, and then on to the next one.

To prevent getting into the rut of their general routine, he asked for a stenographer, instead of a script clerk. He wanted some one who could take notes with accuracy and speed and learn to work his way. They gave him Pat. She was eighteen at the time and fresh from business school. The first day he saw her, he called her into his private office and said, "We're going to work together and I hope we'll get along amiably. What is your name?"

He was sitting behind his desk when he spoke and she was standing. She was a small girl, with chestnut hair, clear gray-green eyes and a little tip-tilted nose. Her mouth was firm and not roughed and the chin below it made you feel that she could stick it out, and then—well, the devil take you. But even though she was small, her wholesomeness seemed to fill the entire room.

"My name is Patricia O'Reilly," she answered him, in a low round voice, and Blackthorne grinned.

"Sit down Pat, I'm glad to know you," he said, motioning for her to draw up a chair. "They've told you my name, I suppose? It's George Blackthorne, in case they've overlooked it. I'm going to tell you a tale of woe and why I've asked for someone without experience on the set."

Pat gave him a sympathetic ear, and as he watched her face while he explained that together they would try to work out some of his ideas, he noticed the flashes of fire that turned her eyes a dark smoky green and saw that little jaw come out in that 'we shall and the devil take them' attitude. When he got through talking, he knew he would like Pat and that she would be loyal to him to the last ditch. They shook hands on it and started on their five year stretch.

Three years went by. Pat and Blackthorne worked hand in glove. A perfect team. On the set her stool was next to his in the angle of the tripod legs. In the projection room she sat in front of him so he could talk into her ear to overcome the racket of the projector. After the day's work, she typed her notes. Sometimes she left the studio at six, but more often at eight in the evening. Every morning from eight-thirty to nine-thirty she went over the notes with him and together they planned the day's work.

The officials were more than satisfied with Blackthorne's work, in fact, rather proud of it. Every one of his pictures had been a money maker and the censors in the various states could never find anything to do for their shears when his name was on the credit title.

Blackthorne wasn't satisfied though. He never could get the cast he wanted, and when he and Fred, his camera man, went on the carpet to fight for just a little time to experiment on some special effects, the answer was always the same.

"We're satisfied with your work, Blackthorne," the G. M. would say, "and can't afford to spend money on experiments."

So there you are. What could he do? Pat would try and comfort him. She would wrack her brains to help him think up original ideas to make the old, cut and dried stuff more interesting and he appreciated that.

"Pat," he'd say, more than once, "you're a game little scout. I'm salting it away, and someday we'll show 'em what a real picture looks like."

He regarded Pat as a pal. He didn't realize how hard she worked, because he worked the same way. And another thing. He didn't regard her as a woman,—didn't stop to think that she had a heart and could love somebody with every fibre of her being. Not until the end of the third year, when Jack Kennedy joined the Imperial stock company for juvenile business.

Jack Kennedy was the sort of a chap you felt like walking right up to, slapping on the back and saying, "Hello, brother, how're they treating you?" He was of medium height, slender, blonde, blue-eyed and full of life and energy. You couldn't help liking him, and he worked like a dog for his fifty dollars a week.

The first day he walked on the set, when Blackthorne introduced him to Pat, you just knew what was going to happen. He held his hand out to her and pump-handled her little arm in real joy.

"I hope we'll be friends, Pat," he said and grinned. Then his grin vanished and he went on, "I want to do something here, honestly I do."

Pat had smiled right back into his eyes, and wasn't in the least bit of a hurry to free her hand. She said, "All right, Jack, we'll be friends, and if you'll knuckle down and work, there's no reason why you shouldn't get ahead."

Blackthorne heard their conversation. It was the first time Pat had ever let down her usual wall of reserve, and if she approved of the boy, he must be all right.

He wasn't wrong either. Jack had a tough part in that production. The heavy slammed him harder than was necessary, because he was the only man who could go right up to Pat and be welcomed with a smile. You see the heavy had tried it in his own way, which was the wrong way to approach a girl like Pat, so she had frozen him on the spot. When Jack came on the set and was greeted warmly for no reason at all, that just riled the heavy and made him nasty.

Jack learned from Pat the reason the fist that was to have grazed him had landed solid. She warned him to watch out. Jack promised he would,—and he did. The same day after the day's shooting was over, he invited the heavy out on the lot and returned the compliment. Pat was waiting for him when he punched the clock to go home, and when she saw his swollen lip, she asked him to come up to her office.

She bawled him out unmercifully for taking the chance of having his face banged up and made him carry another typewriter into her room and help her with the reports. Jack had nothing to say for himself. He was very much ashamed and went to work with a will. It was eight-thirty when Blackthorne returned for some papers he had forgotten and found them both together.

A great many things may be said about Blackthorne, but above all, he was clean and straight. He expected the same thing from those who worked with him. When he saw Jack in the office at that hour, where he had no business, he called him into his private office and closed the door. He didn't sit down either nor beat about the bush, but asked point blank, "Jack, just what are you doing up here and what are your intentions toward Pat?"

That from Blackthorne made Jack boil. Only a few hours ago he had slammed one man with all his might to teach him to respect Pat, and now his own attitude toward Pat was being questioned. He looked Blackthorne straight in the eyes, in fact he looked beyond them and seemed to search his mind. Then he answered, and his voice trembled with tenseness:

"I love Pat, Mr. Blackthorne. I think she's the sweetest, most wholesome girl God ever made. Now what've you got to say about it?" And as he said that, he stepped back a pace, his feet shifted noiselessly, his shoulders sort of eased forward and his eyes drilled into Blackthorne.

Blackthorne looked him over carefully, from head to foot. His heart was singing within himself at the sight of this boy who was ready to fight for the right of loving Pat; who wasn't afraid to tell him to go to hell, instead of crawling and fawning for favors like too many others did. Then he grinned and held out his hand to Jack. They gripped, long and hard, both grinning like kids, but not a word was said.

As Blackthorne left, he stopped beside Pat's desk and watched her nimble fingers flash over the keys. She looked up at him and smiled, and for the first time he noticed that she was lovely. He patted her on the head as though she were a child, called Jack in and asked, "How much more have you kids got to do here?"

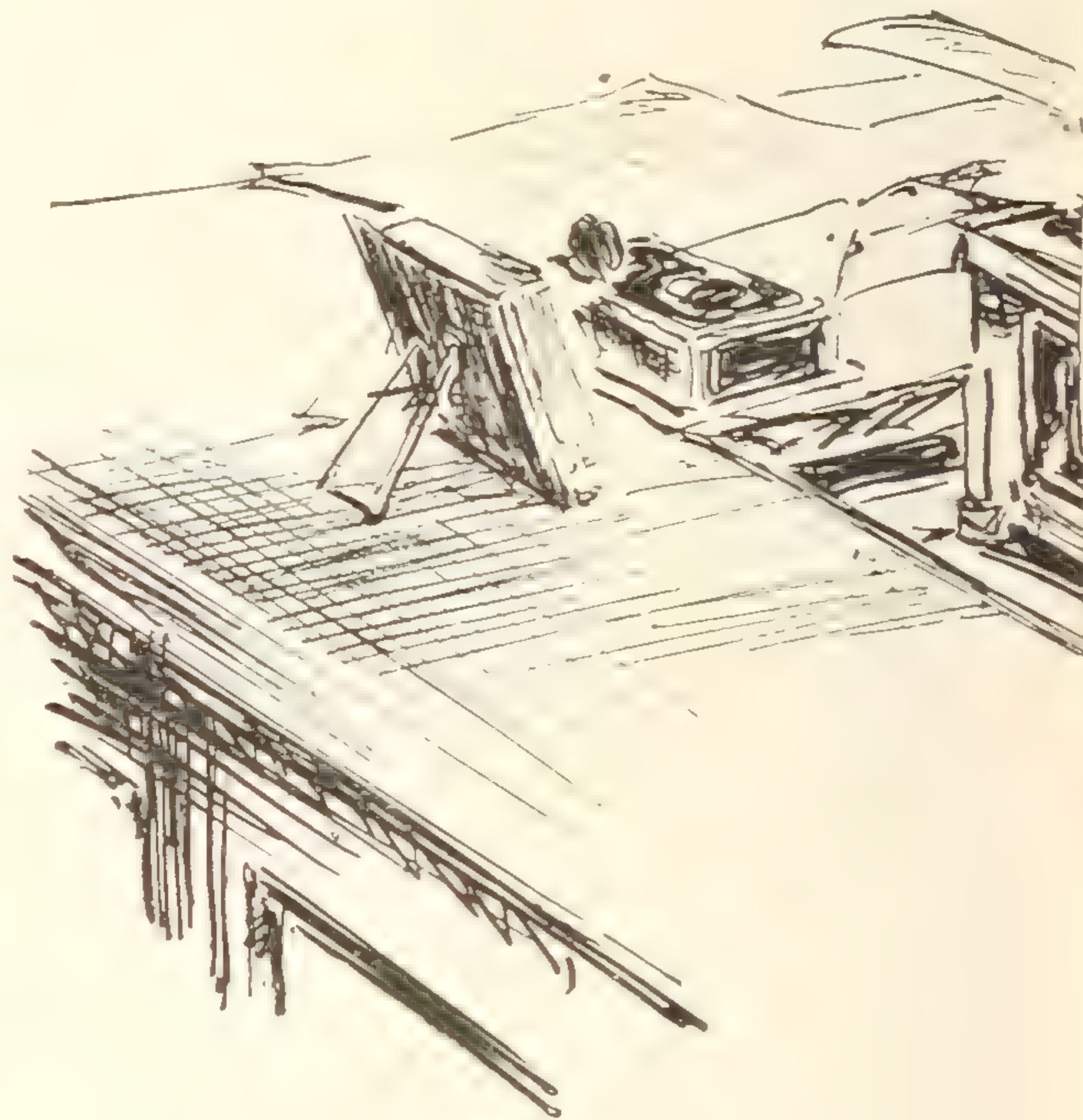
"The report in Jack's machine and this one page of notes," Pat answered him.

"Well, the eats are on me tonight," and saying that, Blackthorne tossed a bill on Pat's typewriter and with a "Good night, kids, see you both early in the morning," he left the office.

Pat fingered the bill thoughtfully and studied Jack's profile as he pecked away at the report.

"What did Mr. Blackthorne say to you, Jack," she interrupted him.

For a moment, Jack didn't know how to tell her what he'd told Blackthorne. He played aimlessly with the keys, for it was one thing to tell a man who doubted your intentions that you loved, but quite another to describe your feelings to the beloved. He looked at her for encouragement and got it. Her eyes were dark green pools that just seemed to surround him with caresses. There was no



holding him now. He blurted out the words, one tumbling over the other, in his eagerness.

"He asked me what my intentions were towards you, and I told him that I loved you,—I do Pat,—dearly. I think you're the sweetest girl God ever made. Please don't turn your face away, Pat."

In his ardor and sincerity he got up and stood over her with one hand on the back of her chair and the other covering her fingers on the keyboard. The hand that held her fingers trembled, and so did his voice.

"Pat dear," he went on, "I haven't anything to offer you. I want to do something in this business and if I can have your love, I'm sure I can do it. Do you know the kind of parts I want to play?" He knelt down in front of her, so that he could see her eyes and folded his hands in her lap like a kid does when he says his prayers to his mother.

"I want to play parts like Wally Reid used to, the

Q A script girl
in love can out-
wit Fate and
give Love the
close-ups.

Q "Don't you dare
call yourself a
ham," she blazed.



kind that will make people laugh with a lump in their throats and make the kids glad too. I know I'm only a ham now,—fifty a week doesn't go far when I have to supply my own wardrobe. Will you wait, will you, huh—?”

A change had suddenly come into Pat's eyes, that stopped him. Little spots of fire glowed in the center of those dark green pools and she took him by the ear and scolded:

“Jack Kennedy, don't you ever dare call yourself a ham again. The idea. Do you think I've been wracking my brains for little bits of business to make you stand out, to be told it's for a ham. I——”

But she didn't get any further. Jack just gathered her into his arms and sealed her lips. Pat returned his kisses.

He was her boy; clean, sincere and ambitious. She would see to it that he got to the top.

After a little while,—let's not speak about the things they said, or the promises they made each other, but you can believe me, that people who deal in emotions every day to make you laugh and cry, are just as hungry for clean love and affection as anyone else;—well, after awhile then, they walked hand in hand through the huge quiet studio.

Only the work lamps, forty feet up and just below the grids, were going. Their dim light threw fantastic shadows over the sets, that during the day hummed with activity and looked like a million dollars. But now, they were like the dead skeletons of old, forgotten romances. There is nothing so dead as a dead (Cont. on page 92)

Kisses have as much

There is always a satyr-like challenge in a man's kisses which every girl answers unconsciously.



Renee Adoree and John Gilbert in 'The Big Parade.' Little Renee who lives every part she plays.

SCREEN kisses have advanced the art of petting and carried it upward so that now instead of being a matter of heart speaking to heart it has reached the neck.

The censors have done very well in this matter of putting sense into sensualities. They found that the time duration and longevity of a kiss was the cause of its hellish characteristics and while this smacks of the old fiery gospel of our fore-fathers it has nothing to do with the four-flushers. No siree! No weak, enfeebled Lothario ever braves the jaws of Death nor the lips of the lovely. Time is the essence of the contact everytime. Be she ever so homely there's no place like the ruby stained lips of the willing sheba where this matter of time has so much influence upon the lives and fortunes of men. Suppose for example that one were chastely saluting a cutie during the gathering dusk. If this salutation be continued until the dusk is all gathered and even the milkmen are beginning to flit about, it will be found on examination that the chaste element has almost if not quite evaporated or in a manner of speaking, boiled away. So the censors are right about



INDIVIDUALITY as faces —

Observe John Gilbert



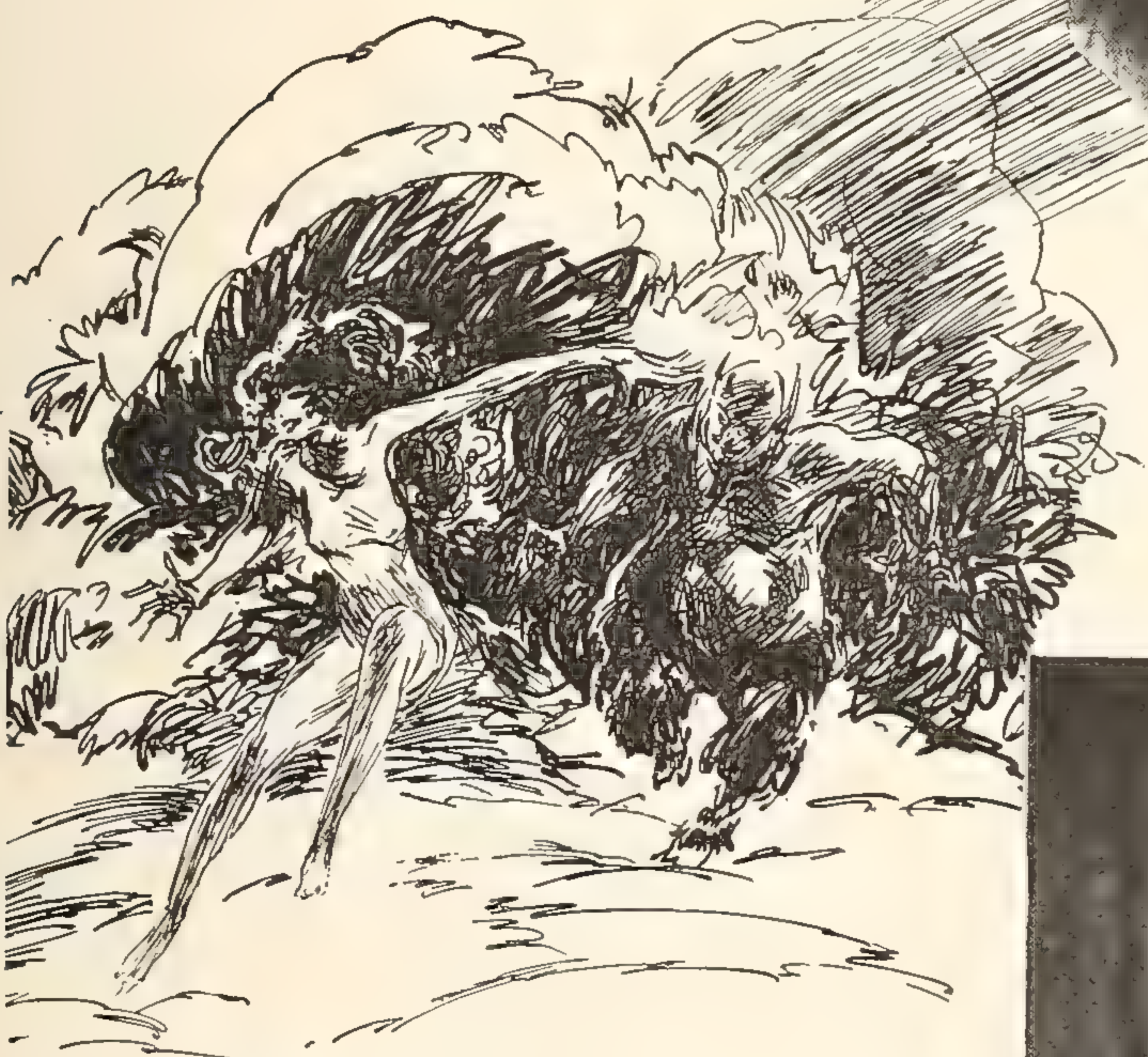
☞ Jeanne Eagels and Gilbert in the new 'Man, Woman and Sin.'

timing the osculations and if we are interested in the scientific principles involved we shall be obliged to carry on the experiments ourselves.

"But what about the individuality of kisses?" asks our pet student and we can only recommend that you learn these secrets from the lips of youth when fauns scamper through your veins and when by the shining stars in the eyes of your love you can set your course to happiness.



☞ Oh, Garbo, Garbo what have you done to our John?



☞ A Parnassian greenwood and the nymphs and satyrs: from whom you inherit your playful instincts.



☞ In Elinor Glyn's opus Aileen Pringle's kisses were the white flags of surrender.



☞ Joan Crawford and Gilbert in 'Twelve Miles Out' and sinking.

'Bardeleys,' Eleanor Boardman and beauty unyielding



BETTER

By
ROB WAGNER

A LAUNDRY

萬元堂各地道



Anna May Wong is the best known Chinese girl in the world.



Anna May Wong and her brother before her father's laundry.

MOSEYING around the De Mille lot, fed up on the tumultuous rough-stuff of Chicago I wandered back through the decaying palace of Caiaphas, and soon found myself in Tibet surrounded by the shaven priests of that land. Suddenly a Mongolian dancing girl with a boyish figure stood before me and began to smile, and through her smile I seemed to recognize a little Chinese friend of the long ago.

Rob Wagner, the author.

"I've been thinking about you lately," she said, "and—" But this gracious beginning was cut short as she was called to the set.

And so I perched upon a camera case and watched Anna May Wong do a very dramatic scene under the patient and genial direction of Fred Niblo. I had never seen her work before and I marveled at her artistry.

"She's a great little trouper, Bob," said Fred in one of his smiling asides. "I only wish I could direct her in something worthy of her talents."

As I sat there and watched, my mind went back ten years—to a time when I was living up in the Arroyo Seco, and two little Chinese girls, ten and eleven, used to trudge up the hill, leave a heavy bundle of laundry on the back porch, and then come to visit me in my writing shack among the giant eucalyptus trees. They were Liu Ying—we called her Lulu—and Anna May, daughters of dear old Wong, who for thirty years had added cleanliness to his transparent godliness.

At that time Lulu was studying music but Anna May wished to become a writer and so she would bring her little compositions to me for criticism. We became great friends.

The years went by and as Chinese crowds were

and

SINCERITY

Says

ANNA MAY WONG

¶ Her oriental soul knows the lotus flower and temple bells are within her understanding but the four-flushers around Hollywood were too much for Anna May Wong.

constantly in demand it was inevitable that Anna May should participate. Her bright mind and good English brought her rapidly to the front in these exciting adventures and it was not long before the diminutive child was acting as interpreter and doing foreground bits.

In the meantime we had moved to Beverly Hills and after that I saw little of Anna May, though I had occasionally heard how she had been gradually advanced into small parts. I often wondered how she was accepting her growing honors.

Then on a certain memorable night of a great Movie Revue at the Auditorium we saw our little friend again, charmingly dressed in her native cos-



¶ Her next picture will be 'The Devil Dancer' with Gilda Gray.



¶ The spark Anna May ignited in 'The Thief of Bagdad' still burns clearly. 'The Chinese Parrot' is her latest.

tume, as one of the 'Baby Stars' in a lively number. Each of the pretty young things carried a spotlight which at a given cue was turned upon some 'notable' in the audience, who would then rise and take his bow. Leave it to these wise youngsters—undoubtedly coached by their still wiser parents—to flatter the big studio executives. One after another they turned their smiles and lights upon those from whom they might expect future favors. All but Anna May—she preferred to honor her friend! Nor was her embarrassed friend able to hide behind the more or less ample skirts of his tall (Cont. on page 82)

GRACE KINGSLEY

goes to

Jean Hersholts

Richard Dix —
he's good on the
screen but at a
party—a la-la!



Lovely Lois
Wilson.

“A FANCY dress party seems to be just a challenge to all the dead serious people to put on clown costumes and all the funny people to turn into romantic characters!” exclaimed Patsy, as we made our way into Jean Hersholt’s drawing room, and met a bewildering array of Pierrots, Bo-Peeps,

Robinhoods, Russian princesses and other picturesque characters.

It was hot and everybody had unmasked. Only Albert Gran protested.

“You shouldn’t unmask until twelve o’clock!” he exclaimed.

“And,” confided Patsy with a laugh, “You couldn’t possibly miss Albert, whether he had a mask on or not, he’s so fat and so tall!”

Jean Hersholt was a roaring forty-niner, red nose and all, and it was good to see his beaming face, after our long drive, as he handed out near-beer to everybody across the long tables in his big party den, where we all sat down to supper. It is a sound proof den, and a party can make all the noise it wants to, and even the people in Jean’s drawing room won’t be dis-

Can you imagine!
When a great
character actor
wants fun he
dresses up in an-
other char-
acter.

Jean Hersholt in his
masquerade costume
representing a plas-
tered placer miner,
and with him his
wife Pierrette.



Fascinating Patsy
Ruth Miller always
wrecks the stag line.



Johnny Mack Brown
smiling along.



Beautiful
Billie
Dove.



Jean Hersholt,
actor, gentle-
man and ge-
nial host.



Charles Farrell
one of Holly-
wood's most
popular men.

PARTY

turbed, much less his neighbors.

Mrs. Hersholt looked radiantly lovely in a Pierrette costume. Little Jean, their son, was on hand for a little while, but was sent early to bed. However, I caught a glimpse of him, clad in his pajamas, looking wistfully over the balustrade from upstairs at the revellers below.

Donald Crisp was gorgeous in a South American

gala gaucho costume, like the one which Douglas Fairbanks wears in his new picture, *The Gaucho*,—wide, red sash, high, flaring boots, wide hat and all. Donald was quite the beau of the ball.

"No wonder women are slaves to the men in countries where the men dress like that!" whispered Patsy. Leah Baird overheard—

(Cont. on page 76)



WHAT SIZE GLORY

By *Martin Martin*



"**T**HANK thee, O Lord, for Greta Garbo, is the paen of filmdom's new favorites, "the perfect thirty-fours."

Greta has done three things:

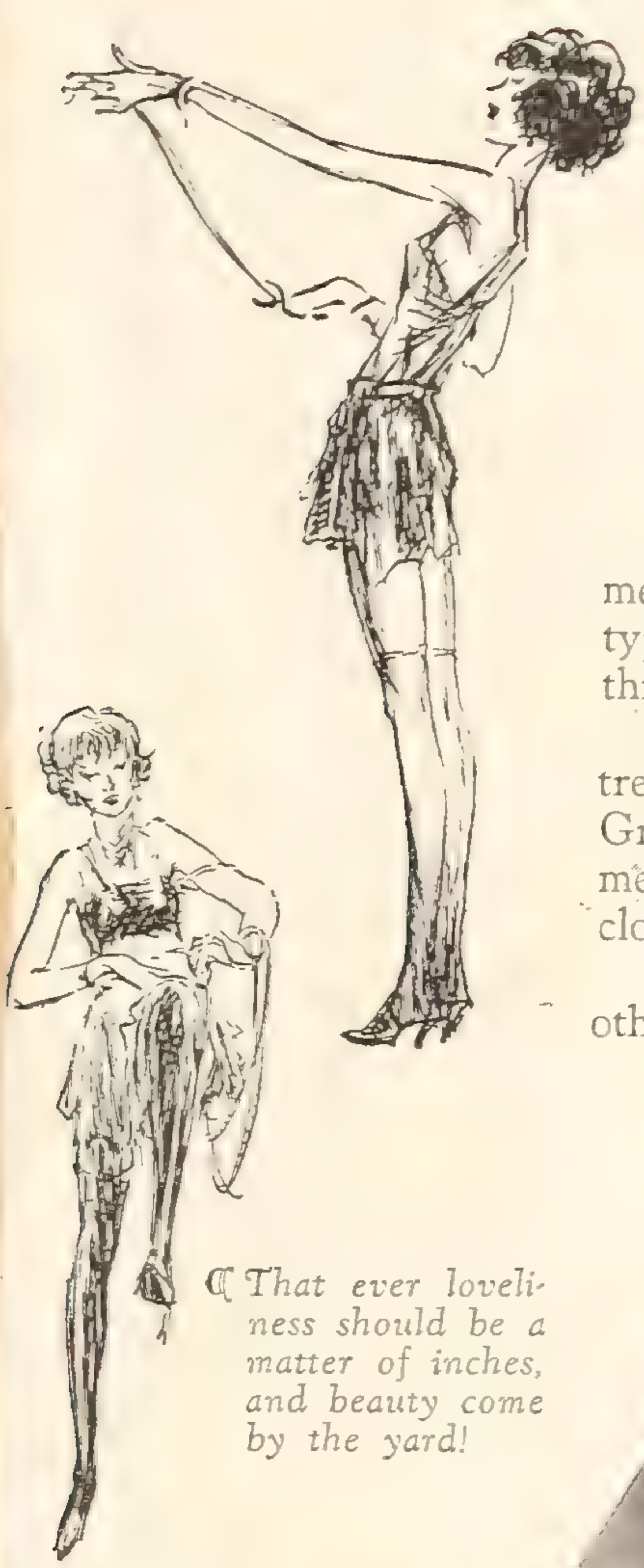
1. Made flapper and cutie types passé.
2. Reinstated tall women with curves.
3. Compelled leading men to build up the heels of their shoes and pad their shoulders.

A sizable accomplishment, starting a new fad in figures. Greta, of course, is not entirely responsible, but she is the most picturesque of the new school of screen heroines, and has, in a sense, popularized the prevailing mode of figures in Hollywood.

☞ Greta Garbo is the rage and despair of the land of pictures.

To be a flat-chested

Get your tape measures girls. Here are the measurements of the beauties who have changed the movie traditions of Hollywood.



That ever loveliness should be a matter of inches, and beauty come by the yard!

ments, but she has raised the hue and cry for the type which has supplanted the flappers 'perfect thirty,' or whatever flappers were.

In no other instance, here recorded, has any actress admitted to more than 5 feet 6 inches in height. Greta, as I said, is distinctive. But in other measurements many of the new film favorites approach very closely the Garbo model.

Three of the new beauties, one a star, and the other two supporting players of increasing prominence, give their height as 5 feet 6 inches.

and curves
 in Hollywood the ground
 than the ground
 lovers of the novelist's
 old gag. together."

Because there's something to mould.
 To get down, or up, to actual measurements, and using Greta Garbo as the model, we find that the screen heroine of today aspires to the following specifications:

- Height: 5' 8"
- Weight: 120 lbs.
- Bust: 34 1/2"
- Waist: 27 1/2"
- Hips: 36"
- Ankle: 8"
- Wrist: 6 1/2"
- Shoulder to waist: 18 1/2"
- Shoe size: 5 1/2.

Like all great beauties with distinctive charm, Greta departs from perfect measure-



Jane Winton, five feet six and 124 pounds, is coming on in good shape.



Eve Southern. These three actresses, though on the screen for some time, did not gain their real prominence until after Garbo flamed her passage across the screen firmament. Esther now is a star for Paramount, Jane is a free-lance who was seen on four different screens in Los Angeles this week; and Eve Southern is to be one of the two feminine leads in the new Fairbanks opus which will bear the amazing billing, "Douglas Fairbanks as the Gaucho in *Over The Andes*." I am afraid there will be no room for Eve's name in the electric lights after all that has been spelled out.

The measurements of these three are as follows:

	Esther Ralston	Jane Winton	Eve Southern
Height:	5' 6"	5' 6"	5' 6"
Weight:	128	124	132
Bust:	34	34	34
Hips:	38	38	38
Waist:	26½	27	25
Shoe size:	5a	6a	4½c

Many people in Hollywood who should know think that Esther Ralston has the most beautiful figure on the screen. It certainly is a pleasant sub-



la Gray has perfect control of many persons.

☞ Eve Southern is a newcomer, and of the new and approved design.

er Ralston as you realize it a terrible thing it would be to be blind.

to think of her figure. She eats anything.

ject to speculate upon, even if one might have preferences elsewhere.

At any rate Esther's figure is being featured on an equal basis with her acting in Paramount productions. Very much the same policy is being carried out by First National with reference to Billie Dove.

But before I get to Billie, there's Lilyan Tashman to be considered. Lilyan, as anyone on the in will tell you, is one of the most sought after free-lances in the business. She's

tallish, too, and in the old days would have been looked at doubtfully by casting directors.

She is the only actress of my list who is exactly 5 feet 5½ inches tall. Lilyan's other measurements are: weight, 115 pounds (this represents a lot of determined reducing); bust, 33; hips, 34½; and waist, 26.

Coming down a half inch in height, one reaches another

of the screen's recent and outstanding successes, Billie Dove. Where was Billie Dove in the other years? It is a question which puzzles everybody in Hollywood. Of course, the answer is she was in the Follies and dubbing around pictures, but until about the time that Garbo brought curves back to the screen, Billie's light shone unseen.

Aside from a surpassing facial beauty, Billie is conceded by all in the film colony to represent perfection in figures, down



☞ Lillian Taiman, a free lance who is always busy.



☞ Dolores Del Rio is the exception that proves the rule.

☞ Maria Corda is a stranger girl and fills the eye delightfully.

to the waist. There is no real cause for discriminating against the rest of Billie. It only suffers by comparison with her other charms.

As I have said, she is 5 feet 5 inches in height. Her weight, apparently undeviating, is 116 pounds. It is the sensation and the envy of Hollywood that Billie could eat potatoes and white bread if she wanted to and still maintain her figure. Her bosom, the acme of her charm, is 34½; her hips, 37½; her waist, 27; her wrist, 6; her ankle 7.

And her admirers, if I may digress, number nine-tenths of the population of the film colony. The other tenth, needless to say, are women.

Similar in height to Billie is Myrna Loy, whose odd-shaped eyes look out from Warner Brothers pictures. Myrna is not a perfect 3+; except in height she is nearer flapper measurements than any of the other players here included. But she is of the new school, and, I feel, should be included.

Myrna's height is 5 feet 5 inches. Her weight is 120 pounds: her bust, 32; her hips, 34; her waist, 24; her shoe, 5aa, and, for good measure, her glove size, 5½.

Two names much on the lips, two figures much in the eye of Hollywood today are possessed by Maria Corda and Gilda Gray. Opposite (Continued on page 97)



☞ Myrna Loy, one of the newest of the new school of 120 pounders.

DELIGHT EVANS' REVIEWS



☞ Al never gave a better show at the Winter Garden



☞ Al Jolson

The JAZZ Singer

☞ M-a-m-m-y!

O H, Mammy! Yes, and oh Pop, and Uncle and Auntie, and all the kids, too. You'll all want to see *The Jazz Singer*. Did I say see? I mean, hear. This Al Jolson picture is the worst wallop the silent drama has ever had. Now, now, Al—

keep your burnt cork on. You're a swell movie actor, but is it your fault that you're a better singer? Boy, you're the greatest coon shouter there is; and it's your shoutin' that makes *The Jazz Singer* such grand entertainment. Considered as a movie, it's just another slice of apple strudel. But as a show—say, as a show, Al, you never gave us any better at the Winter Garden. That's why folks who have never had a chance to see you will flock to see your picture. And the old-timers will go crazy when they hear—I mean, see you as Jakie Rabinowitz. The only trouble is, the spoken parts of *The Jazz Singer* make the silent parts seem pretty dumb. After that scene at the

piano with your ma, Al, when you kid her along—after being away all those years—and tell her how cute she is, and sing to her—and then, all of a sudden, the drama goes back to silent—it's a terrible shock. Everybody wanted you to go on talking or singing. Movies will have to go Vitaphone all the way, now, in self-defence.

The Jazz Singer is to blame, but nobody is going to hold that against it. The story of the Jewish cantor's son who runs away from home to sing on the stage instead of in the synagogue is sure-fire. It follows Jakie while he becomes Jack Robin, a famous Broadway star, and brings him to his Big Struggle—the choice of singing in the church, to comfort his dying father, or keeping his date to open in a big show. Hokum—but good. And when Jolson intersperses his acting with 'Blue Skies,' 'Kol Nidre,' and 'Mammy,' *The Jazz Singer* assumes the proportions of big-time entertainment. May McAvoy, Otto Lederer, Warner Oland, Eugenie Besserer, and Cantor Josef Rosenblatt make up the good cast directed by Alan Crosland. But it's Jolson who puts it over. Ask Mammy—she knows! (She ought to, by this time.)

☞ Portraying the elusive spirit of that gay old girl, Manhattan

EAST SIDE WEST SIDE

I F you want to get the 'feel' of little old New York, see *East Side, West Side*. Director Allan Dwan knows his Manhattan. So does Felix Riesenberg, who wrote the story. The sights and smells and sounds are all here—and it's no Movietone, either. For the first time, I think, a director has really captured the elusive spirit of that gay old girl, Madame Manhattan. Most of the pictures with a metropolitan background have pictured a Father Knickerbocker, whereas N. Y. C. is nothing but a jade. That's why New Yorkers are so frequently referred to as 'jaded.'

But of course, you probably suspect by this time that I am just working up to George O'Brien. You're right. It's O'Brien's picture. He plays a boy from a river barge,

with a wallop in both fists. He's a fighter with a soul—ah, there, you Gene Tunney! George is just a combination of Gene and Jack, with an extra muscle. He cleans up in the prize-ring, thrilling his east-side sweetie, Virginia Valli; and also interesting a rich man from west-side, Holmes Herbert, and his ward, June Collyer. And now the fun begins. The west-side in George isn't satisfied with what the east-side does. He wants to be a builder—to have a hand in the making of this mighty Manhattan. His rich patron makes it possible; and from then on it's west-side against east-side—and may the best girl win. It ends with a glorious drunk for George. He paints the town red and wakes up black and blue next morning. Oh, it's a part he can get his

teeth into. It suits his own east-side west-side personality—fighter-dreamer; tough and tender. That's George. I don't know which I'd rather watch—O'Brien the actor or O'Brien the fighter. Well, in this picture he does both at once. Actually an expert boxer, George does a bit in the ring at the beginning of his character's career that would almost convince you George was green to the gloves, him-

self. He knows the ropes.

Virginia Valli makes the east-side sweetheart picture que and appealing. And in case you're interested in the ladder love scene, let me tell you that Miss Valli never uses a double—no, never. Next time Mr. Dwan and company take a tour of the Town I hope they ask us to go along

© Marion plays a feminine Bill Haines

The FAIR CO-ED

PERK up, everybody—you're in for a real, live thrill. You've seen football and baseball games and crew races in collegiate pictures. But now—in *The Fair Co-Ed*—you'll see a rousing girls' basket-ball game! Can you bear it? May I drop a stitch if I ever see anything half as blood-curdling.

Good, clean sport—that's *The Fair Co-Ed*. George Ade would never know his little girl. He'd give her a hand but not where she'd expect. Marion



© Marion Davies

Davies plays Marion Bright, who makes the basket every time. She's a sort of feminine Bill Haines—a dainty smart-aleck who learns to practice college spirit as Bill did in *Brown of Harvard*. Marion never looked prettier nor acted wittier. But as usual, she gets little or no support from her surroundings, though John Mack Brown does his stalwart best. There's plenty of college spirits in *The Fair Co-Ed*. But I think it could stand a little more gin in it.



© Romance begins at home

NO PLACE TO GO

IF you want to witness the transformation of Mary Astor, don't miss *No Place to Go*. And when I say transformation, that's just what I mean. Mary has hidden her own abundant tresses under a super-smart, short, wavy wig; and the result is simply astounding. It leads Mary on to do all sorts of things she never did before. Smoke, flirt, and get cast up on a desert island. Girls, take a hint from Mary and stage a little transformation scene all your own. If it does half as much for you as it does for Mary, you'll never be sorry. The emancipation of the gentle Miss Astor is something to write poems about—free verse, preferably. For Mary even does a black bottom. Is there anything a home girl won't do once she lets herself go? Of course, any time Mary wants to go back to the sweetly simple again, all she has to do is to

take off the wig. But I hope she won't. She's a splendid soubrette.

No Place to Go was directed by Mervyn Le Roy, and it's all very young. There are scenes that Mr. Le Roy will blush to look at when he has grown up, directorially speaking. They are downright childish. But just the same, there's a refreshing atmosphere about the whole thing. Naive, but nice. Mary is a modern girl with old-fashioned ideas of romance. She wants her cave-man and she wants him rough and ready. But when she and Lloyd Hughes try to live up to her dreams on that little old desert isle, it rains. And Mary finds out, as all her screen sisters have before her, that romance begins at home. (Try and find it.)

FIREMAN

☞ *False Alarm*

SAVE MY CHILD



☞ Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton

IF you're fond of running to fires, whether they turn out to be big blazes or little Willie's back-yard bonfire, *Fireman Save My Child* has a message for you. Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton are in the fire department now, and maybe you'll think they ring the bell. Josephine Dunn is the fire chief's daughter who calls out the department every time she wants her dress hooked up, or to put out the cat. She just burns 'em up until her father issues orders not to answer any more calls from his home, come what may. And it does. There's a real fire, and Fire Chief is compelled to cry, 'Firemen'—

(see title). The boys oblige. The real laugh of the evening, especially if you go in the afternoon, has nothing to do with fires. It concerns the efforts of the hard-working co-stars to carry a piano up seven flights of stairs. Laugh that off. It's the only chance you get. Otherwise this is just another false alarm.

☞ Fred Thomson's spectacular stunts are this picture's feature

JESSE JAMES



☞ Fred Thomson graduates into the big-time class of movie stars.

ANOTHER idol smashed. Fred Thomson comes along and tells us that Jesse James was a good boy at heart. He was kind to his mother, and although he did hold up a stage-coach or rob a bank occasionally, he did it all for the best. Just a great, big, honest square-shooter, that's what he was. And here I always thought Jesse was a bad man to be proud of—with no nonsense about him. Next thing we know we'll be hearing that Lucrezia Borgia was a nice little thing with a mothering heart. (Well, she was.)

Fred Thomson rides Silver King right into Broadway and Broadway seemed glad to give 'em a hand. *Jesse James* marks Fred's graduation into the big-time class of movie stars, and it seems too bad that his vehicle isn't big-time, too. No, Silver King, I don't mean you. You're a beautiful hoss,

you're magnificent, and you'll go down in screen history as the first horse who isn't addressed as 'Pardner.' Thomson never once breathes into his noble steed's ear. And what a relief that is. Although this white-washed Jesse James makes a dull movie plot, Thomson's superb riding and his spectacular stunts give the picture some claim to interest. One thing about a western—if you don't like the story, there's always a lovely horse, a riding fool, and Mother Nature spreading herself in the background.

Two ARABIAN

Knights

YOU may go in a perfect little lady or little gentleman, but more than likely you'll come out a rough-neck. This isn't one of those genteel little farces. It's a good old-fashioned rough-house. It's uproarious and rowdy, and you'll like it whether you like it or not. It's one of those comedies that makes an audience just one big happy, informal family—first names and everything. After all, if you poke a perfect stranger in the ribs by way of appreciation of Louis Wolheim's whimsicalities (polite for L. Wolheim's face) you can't object if he pokes you back. That starts things; and before you know it you're old friends. So it goes all the way through the hectic adventures of those two doughnuts who turn nights into daze and otherwise upset Arabia. Add to your



☞ Bill Boyd and Louis Wolheim

perfect teams Bill Boyd and Louis Wolheim. Beauty and the Beast. But Louis' face is his fortune, and don't you forget it. As is usual in these scrambles, the two boys are friendly foes. They steal each other's pants, exchange kicks, and hiss and make up. In their wanderings they meet Mary Astor, and do they fall! You don't know Mary—and

not because she is wearing a veil, either. She's a Turkish delight. Both boys declare they'll die for her—and they have a chance to prove it. Mary's Turkish fiance, Ian Keith, is against them, but the director is for them, so they ride away with the pearl of the Orient—Bill's bride-to-be. If certain ladies in the audience looked back over their shoulders at Ian Keith in that becoming Turkish uniform, just whose business is that?

☞ You don't have to like golf to like this picture

SPRING

FEVER

DON'T blame me if I take *Spring Fever* as a matter of course. That's all I know about golf. Billy Haines' fans must feel like golf widows after seeing him in this. He plays a shipping clerk with a golf bug and big social ideas. He swanks around country-clubs, object, money via matrimony. But there's real stuff in the boy—as you must have suspected after his last three pictures—and he comes through—clean. That's the sort of a boy *he* is. Besides, he plays a darned good game of golf. Edward Sedgwick directed *Spring Fever*, and you don't have to like golf to like the picture; but it's nice if you do. The only links I understand are sausages, so *Spring Fever* left me pretty much as it found me. One thing I could give three cheers about, though—Joan Crawford has stopped looking and acting alternately



☞ Bill Haines and Joan Crawford

like Gloria Swanson and Pauline Frederick and is beginning to look and act like Joan Crawford. One of these days the girl is going to be absolutely herself, and then—watch out! In other words,—Fore! (Cont. on page 98)

The Beautiful Aliens



☞ Jetta Goudal from sunny France whence also came the double white lilac.

CALIFORNIA might well be called the Loving Mother State. Flowers from all over the world thrive in riotous profusion upon her hillsides and beauties from far places grow rich, famous, and more beautiful beneath her beatific sun. It is as if each country sent it's fairest as a tribute to this blessed land where King Cinema is enthroned.

For California, rich in gold and

climate, was not always so rich in beauty. The grizzled '49'er was no Barrymore and the sage brush had few blossoms. But she was a wise state even then for she had the money to attract New Englanders and after that California was indeed blessed. The story is told how Mr. Rock, once great in Vitagraph, sent scouts to find a land of sunshine for the movies, and though the sun of Sunset Land set as far as the Movies were concerned the butterflies of beauty came even thicker to the flaming Kleigs and sun arcs. California owes much to its aliens but she has done well by them and to her they give love without measure and beauty beyond compare.



☞ Dorothy Mackaill is an English girl and the daisy and the ivy are also British.

of CALIFORNIA

*¶ The Adopted Flowers Rival
the Adopted Daughters.*

*¶ The poppy is
California's and
it's flaming
beauty suggests
Alma Rubens
who is Califor-
nia's daughter.*



*¶ Dolores Del Rio from
Mexico came to Holly-
wood and found her
home flower, the fuschia,
already settled.*

*¶ The pale red rose of Sweden
now flourishes by the Pacific's
strand and Greta Nissen is
blooming the year around in
Hollywood.*

Clothes! Clothes!

☞ The garments worn by Miss Livingston are supplied through the courtesy of Best & Co., Fifth Avenue, New York.

☞ Especially posed for SCREENLAND by Margaret Livingston.

IN Sunrise Murnau, master director, wanted someone to symbolize 'The Woman From the City.' Someone whose personality reflected the shimmering lure of silk, the subtle enticement of style. He selected Margaret Livingston and her performance justifies his choice. The ever changing modes of fashion in turn glorify many types of figures, but this year the short skirts and the simple lines find their perfect expression in the slim and graceful figure of poised enigmatical Margaret Livingston.



☞ A dinner gown of black lace emphasizing the uneven hemline. Floating panels and rhinestone ornament on shoulder are chic details.

☞ This three piece sports outfit of beige jersey has a cardigan jacket of brown velvet with a belt to match. Reboux hat of brown felt.

CLOTHES!

"A Woman's Delight
and Distraction"

—Margaret
Livingston

Photographs by
Nicholas Haz.

☞ Clothes must give expression to the temperament of the wearer but not too much expression and not too many clothes.

☞ Margaret Livingston and pajamas of black silk with startling design in bright blue, green and orange. What could be more alluring?



☞ Margaret Livingston in a very charming afternoon frock of black chiffon velvet trimmed with ermine tails and an Alphonsine turban of black velvet.



NEW SCREENPLAYS



© 'Wild Beauty' has your old friend Rex in it.



© The humans in 'Wild Beauty' are pretty June Marlowe and handsome Hugh Allen.

PUBLICITY MADNESS

IN the primer of every young debutante, the first chapter should deal with Sex Appeal.

Now, don't get me wrong, sisters. You don't have to be in society to be a debutante. But every young girl between sixteen and eighteen years old is a debutante. A Debutante of Life. And what she needs—more than anything else in the world—is that most fascinating of all things—Sex Appeal.

You won't get a good job without it. And you won't get a good husband without it. You won't be invited to the Christmas Ball at the Elks Club. Nor will Johnny Gates come down to New York from Harvard and take you over to the Biltmore to the Christmas Eve tea dansant.

Sex Appeal helps a competent girl to hold down a secretarial job. And keeps a five years' married woman from hunting a divorce. Do you get me or don't you? If you've got that intangible 'It,' everybody will



© Conrad Veidt, Barbara Bedford and Ian Keith in 'A Man's Past,' a film with a tremendous climax.

give the little girl a hand and do right by our Nell. And if you haven't got it, the best thing you can

do is to let your hair grow and take up social service work.

If things aren't going so well for you; if that boy you met last week called on you once and then didn't come back—go to see Lois Moran in *Publicity Madness* and learn about women from her.

Lois Moran started out as one of the loveliest things in life—a sweet young girl, with shy eyes and long wavy hair shadowing a pretty, innocent face. And when I saw her in *Stella*



© Conrad Nagel and May McAvoy in 'Slightly Used.'

Reviewed by Rosa Reilly

Dallas I cried so hard I was ashamed for the lights to go up. I cried because never—no matter how hard I tried—would I be eighteen years old meeting life with that brimming bravery that Lois Moran brought to it.

But Lois Moran found out—just like you and I have—that this is a different age and we must change our hair and our hearts to meet the situation. But as I said before, go see *Publicity Madness* and watch Lois Moran. Because she has emerged into the smartest young thing in womanhood and yet retained her fragrance of sweetness and innocence—a difficult thing to do. But it can be done.

In this same picture you will get a great laugh out of Edmund Lowe. Because he stole a march on Wally Beery and Raymond Hatton. He did a comedy transoceanic flight and Wally and Raymond will probably gnash their teeth when they see *Publicity Madness* and note that Edmund Lowe takes off in his plane for Hawaii without having the runway greased with banana peels. But even without the banana peels, Edmund Lowe puts over a real bit of comedy.

Everybody's flying now. But Edmund Lowe didn't want to fly. However, if he didn't the company for which he was publicity agent would be out one hundred thousand dollars prize money. So he—

Go find out for yourself. I've told you too much already. I can only add that seldom do you find a picture which gives you your money's worth in humor and at the same time deals you a correspondence course in *How to be Popular though Unmarried*.

A MAN'S PAST

Honest, now, I don't like that title. *A Man's Past* or *A Woman's Past* either gives me the creeps. Because everybody—no matter how old nor how young—has an incident or so buried that they would rather not drag up.

But all indiscretions to one side, this picture *A Man's Past* is a really remarkable picture. And you must not fail to see it. Because in it Conrad Veidt—the man John Barrymore brought over from Europe—gives a fine performance. Maybe he's not exactly your ideal—because certainly he isn't the usual type of leading man—but nevertheless let's forget about leading men for a day and give a great actor a chance. For Veidt is all of that.

The story deals with the case of a French doctor who has been imprisoned for a number of years in a dreary old French prison on the Island of St. Moir. The doctor wasn't a criminal. But the court adjudged him one because he had considered it merciful to end the lives of patients afflicted with incurable illnesses.

There is a tremendous climax and a terrible physical pull throughout the film. And after the usual marshmallow moving picture—this tense story of a man struggling with his past will give a decided fillip to your monotony.

WILD BEAUTY

There's just one cure for heartbreak that I know,—the kind of heartbreak (Cont. on page 90)



Lois Moran and Edmund Lowe in 'Publicity Madness.'

Lupe Velez

☞ *She made the grade in two months.*

☞ *When Douglas Fairbanks needed a woman of fire, Lupe's opportunity came.*

THE professional eye of Hollywood lately turned toward Lupe Velez, who arose in two months from obscurity to a leading lady for Douglas Fairbanks as the Gaucho.

Miss Velez' first discovery is laid to Hal Roach, comedy king, and her second discoverer was F. Richard Jones, Doug's director.

Barely 18 years of age, Miss Velez was born in Mexico City and came to Hollywood with her mother and two sisters. Her first work in the film capital was as a dancer in a musical revue. Following this, she appeared at a club benefit, won a silver cup, and also a contract from Hal Roach, thus launching her film career.

Her life as a comedienne was short-lived, however, for while appearing in her first picture, Doug's director discovered her latent dramatic possibilities and, through Roach, arranged her try-out for the difficult part of the 'wild girl' in *The Gaucho*. During her camera test with Eve Southern, who plays the contrasting part of the spirituelle girl, Miss Velez showed so much fire and pathos that bystanders applauded—an almost unheard-of proceeding at a film test.

Said Lupe, when interviewed later: "Mother, she pray, and I pray, and we pray all the time, and we stay awake all night, and the next day I hear I am the one. I love Hollywood. I want to stay here all my life!"

☞ *This queer ornament, twelve inches long, was made by Jeweler Crouch of Los Angeles and presented to Miss Velez as a souvenir of *The Gaucho*. It is a replica of the one used in the picture.*

This is interesting more for its association than for its intrinsic value. It will be sent to the writer submitting the best answer to the following question:

Do you like costume pictures and why? The sincerest, most interesting letter will win the Boleadoras. That's what the ornament is.

Address—

LUPE VELEZ

SCREENLAND Contest Dept.
49 West 45th Street
New York City.

Contest closes January 15, 1928.



LUPE VELEZ wearing the trinket which is a
souvenir of her part in *The Gaucho*.

Photograph by Charles E. Lynch

SCREENLAND



THE modern girl slim, tall, chic and fascinating—take Gwen Lee for example.

Photograph by Ruth Harriet Louise

SCREENLAND



THERE are valleys in Virginia, then there is Virginia Valli whose eyes are flowers and whose smiles chase one another across her face like cloud shadows.

Photograph by Irving Chidnoff

SCREENLAND



A ILEEN PRINGLE is next in *Mixed Mar-
riages*. As long as she pringles it's all
right with us.

Photograph by Russell Ball

SCREENLAND

won't you please, please call me up and tell me what that picture is before I wreck my jovial landlady's perfectly good music box?

* * *

Of course there are all kinds of fine places to be living in this old U. S. A. of ours, but I'll bet a rusty collar-button that there's not a very much finer place than Hollywood—at least, at times. Last Saturday Lizzie and I were flivving along Sunset Boulevard, and all of a sudden were almost wrecked by a startling sign of great dimensions, which read as follows: 'All day Saturday there will be a free circus with free lunch for all children who care to come.' What do you think of that? I looked further, and there on the used-to-be vacant lot, a great circus tent had been erected, big power wagons were standing around and all sorts of weird sounds were coming forth. Lizzie and I parked, alighted and investigated. There they were, every kid in Hollywood, I believe—enjoying the wildest, wooliest circus show and munching every kind of hot-dog, popcorn and peanuts, all for nothing. All of a sudden something grabbed me from behind. I turned, and there was that Chester Conklin, dressed up in his best Sunday-go-to-meeting suit, without walrus mus-



☞ Lina Basquette in 'Serenade' with Adolphe Menjou.



☞ Harry Langdon and Gladys McConnell, his leading lady, in 'The Chaser.'



☞ Alice White, Eugene Borden and Ruth Taylor encounter a gentleman who prefers brunette's.



☞ How Dorothy Arzner made the taxi sequence with Clara Bow in 'Get Your Man.'



☞ Gertrude Olmsted, in the rose arbor, gives the caterpillars a treat.

tache or anything. Nobody knew him. In a couple of minutes he told me the gladsome details. It was Eddie Sutherland shooting *Tillie's Punctured Romance*; Louise Fazenda and he weren't working until afternoon, and in the meantime he was having the time of his life watching the younger set enjoy their free eats and entertainment. Now I ask you—where else but in Hollywood could life be so grand?

* * *

And talking about Louise Fazenda, reminds me that even if her romance as Tillie is punctured, I have it direct from Hal Wallis, her handsome husband-to-be that there are to

be no flat tires in *their* romance, which has been going on now for over a year and which will be taken up before the minister in just about two weeks from the time I am writing this for you. There's just one big trouble about it, and that is that this Fazenda girl can't get any time for a honeymoon or anything. I can see that that is one thing I am going to have to remedy out this here way! I believe in honeymoons—'matri-moonials,' as Art Stone is like to say—and honeymoons that last longer than two days. Anyway, very best of luck, Louise and Hal. You know we're all wishing you that. And Hal, possibly in all the excitement the other day I forgot to tell you how sweet a girl we know your 'Tillie' is. For three whole months I watched her with her mother on the set, and there's no doubt but this could be the perfect mother book—*Mother of Mine* by Louise Fazenda.

* * *

It's funny what a source of satisfaction our actor-folks seem to be to their teachers. And not only that—I don't think I'd ever be tired listening to the stories these same teachers tell of their now-famous pupils. The latest one is Ray Hatton. I met him at the Paramount studio the other day, and his face was wreathed in smiles over a letter he was reading. It was from a teacher back in the good old days of readin', writin' and 'rithmetic. She told about how she had watched his progress since the days of *Joan the Woman*, and how she felt at least a little bit responsible for some of his success. "I'll never forget," she went on, "how one day you recited *The Wreck of the Hesperus* before the class. You returned to your seat, and I said to you, 'Very good in-



☞ Marion Douglas, John Boles and Molly O'Day. They are making 'The Shepherd of the Hills' and John goes right on shepherding after hours.

deed, Raymond.' As though it were yesterday, I can see you rise from your seat, and with all the force of your ten years, announce to the class and me: 'Of course it was good, Miss Petty. You know, when I get big I'm going to be an actor.'"

* * *

What do you think of Bill Fields going and getting himself into such a terrible accident that he is going to be laid up in the hospital for at least six weeks? That little mustache of his won't know how to act when he's up and around again and starts to work. Bill says he needed a rest, and figured he'd get it even if he had to break his neck. Between you and me, Bill is having a peach of a time, and the only one who is really taking it to heart is Bill's beautiful police dog. His master isn't home and he's sure



“You're all wet' cried the director. Louise Fazenda is the gem of the ocean.

that an awful tragedy has come to the house of Fields. And if the truth must out, even Bill doesn't realize what a close, close call he had.

* * *

Colleen Moore tells me that she is right now experiencing one of the pleasantest, most delightful rewards of having stuck it out through all the years of hardship until she won success. A friend from the good old school days is visiting her, and simply having the time of her life. There do not have to be parties, theatres or dances to entertain Marie—no sir.

“Julia Faye next in 'Chicago.' Bang—Bang.

All Colleen has to do is drive her to the studio in Burbank, open the gates and say — “Here you are, Marie. Wander around the stages to your heart's content.” Then when it's time to close up, Marie, tired to death, but the happiest girl in all California, drives home again with Irish Colleen. Pretty nice, isn't it, to know you can make an old pal like that so happy?

* * *

He got the part three weeks ago, after he had just about decided to quit the game. I think I never



“Sam Wood, director, Marion Davies and Speaker Nicholas Longworth, the movies' candidate for President.



“Vera Reynolds finishes the largest covered stage in the world, over an acre.



Of all the twelve 'Beautiful Stills' that SCREENLAND published in 1927 this one has been selected as the best of the year.

From 'The Crimson Flash'
A PATHE PICTURE

saw anyone so elated in my life. The plans he immediately made were nothing short of marvelous. I warned him not to get too gay about his luck, that Hollywood, of all the world, was full of things that meant to be a go. He laughed my fears away—why, hadn't he been told that this great part would last at least twelve weeks, and after it was filmed and shown, for him the long, hard road would be behind? I told him not to hope so high. I told him to expect the least, and then the most would be extra joy. It's such an old, old story here in Hollywood. Well anyway, I met him on the Boulevard a week ago, and when I saw him, simply figured he was having luck—a day of rest between two working days. And then I saw it in his eyes. Yes the twelve glorious weeks and marvelous part had tapered down and down to three short days! I figured then that he would call it square and quit the game. Quit? The last thing in his mind was quit! The director had spoken to Jimmie Cruze about him, and he was on the way to Culver City then to see about another part. He called me up last night, to tell me that it looks

as if he'll get the part with Jim. And so again, he's up on air, enthused, and full of pep and joy. He'll never 'quit' until he's made the grade, and then I'll just remind myself that all you have to do to reach your goal is stick and stick and then stick on some more.

* * *

I've been in the picture business for a long, long time, but this month is the first time I ever knew that Percy Marmont had three children. I have known Percy for a long, long time, too, and that's why the surprise was so much greater. He arrived this week from England, and as we were talking I asked him if it was true that he had recently purchased a beautiful home over there. "I have," he replied, "and Mrs. Marmont and the children simply love it." "Children?" I gasped, "I never knew you grew that sort of thing around your house." To make a long story short, there are three of them, but Percy does not believe in talking much about them. The babies are two little girls of four and six, with red, red hair, and full of the 'very old nick,' as admitted by their Dad. As I said, Percy does not believe in talking about them—much—but I'd just like to say, between us, of course, that Percy doesn't really like to talk about them any more than a little boy likes to fly a kite or a little girl likes to play at dolls!

* * *

I'm sure we've all, at some time or other, been in as much of a predicament as young Tim Holt. I happen to know about it because the shoemaker who makes Tim's dad's boots, felt talkative the other morning and told me all about it. Tim—he's six, of course—came into the store and ordered for himself a nice little pair of boots. In fact, he even drew them out and fixed it plain exactly what he had in mind. A week or so later, Jack happened in and the shoemaker handed him the boots. "Who ordered these?" asks Jack. "Your son," came the reply. "Well, he's free-lancing now and I suppose he knows how much money he's earning, because he'll have to pay for them," says Jack. Then he went to the phone, called the house, and asked for Tim. Jack then came back to the shoemaker. "He says of course he's got the money to pay for them, or he wouldn't have bought them, but you'll have to hold them until tomorrow because he's sorry he can't get to his bank today." And if you don't think Jack Holt almost broke the buttons off his vest to think what a business man his six-year old son was, the shoemaker says you don't know much about folks with kids!

* * *

News item and note of hope to all the Richard Dix love lorn: Ye fortune teller hath quoth that the said young apollo shall remain in good health and without taking unto himself a spouse for at least five years. And, without mentioning any names, I wouldn't tell that to at least five young ladies here in Hollywood for anything in this wide world!

The contest for the Pathex Camera offered to a SCREENLAND reader by
WILLIAM HAINES
has been awarded to

MRS. CHARLES STEVENSON
Box 316
Carson City, Nevada

Mrs. Stevenson's excellent letter shows an understanding of William Haines's cocky personality that is sincere as well as intuitive. We wish to congratulate her upon her easy expression of her thoughts and also congratulate her son. He has a

mother who keeps his ideals brightly shining and her selection of William Haines as a hero to be admired for his 'American Grin Spirit' is as nice a compliment as could have been paid this excellent star.

They Thought I Was Bluffing



-When I Told Them I Learned Music Without a Teacher

YOU could have heard a pin drop in the room! I had just finished playing Rubinstein's "Melody in F." My friends were actually dumbfounded—they couldn't believe their ears. At last I was the *center of attraction* instead of a mere *onlooker!* It was just like a dream come true!

"Why you didn't know a single thing about music not so long ago, Bob"—"How in the world did you ever do it?" A note of half envy, half admiration, unconsciously crept into their voices after they had recovered from the unexpected surprise which I had just furnished. "Yes," said Jim, "what sort of a trick have you played on us—I thought you weren't musically inclined." "Oh, he's been taking lessons for years and has kept it a secret"—followed Betty and Sue in rapid-fire succession. "You can't fool us though, you never learned to play that well without a teacher."

"Well," you're all wrong—every one of you," I replied, chuckling with glee. "I'll admit that a short time ago I didn't know how to play. And as far as special talent goes—well, I never had any. And although I had always longed to be able to play the piano, it was more or less of an empty dream. For I just couldn't stand the thought of learning music from a teacher and going through a lot of monotonous scales and exercises. It just went against my grain.

"So I've just contented myself with sitting around envying others who could play—

watching them have all the fun. Until one night I was reading a popular magazine and suddenly an announcement caught my eye. It told of a new, easy method of quickly learning music—right in your own home—and without a teacher. At first I laughed, like you folks, I thought that such a thing was a joke. Somehow or other I didn't believe it was possible to learn music by mail. But that announcement set me wondering. So I decided that the only sensible thing to do was to investigate. And—well, you know the rest."

From the very beginning I was enthusiastic about my wonderful course in music. Each new lesson was better and easier than the last. Everything about them was so simple that a child of eight could understand it. It was great fun—actually as fascinating as learning a new game. And I always played real notes and catchy tunes. No tricks, puzzles or makeshifts of any kind.

Now I can play any piece of music, whether it's a ballad, jazz or classical number. And I never have to refuse when I'm called upon to entertain. No more lonely nights for me. Now my life is just a joyous round of gay parties and admiring friends.

* * * *

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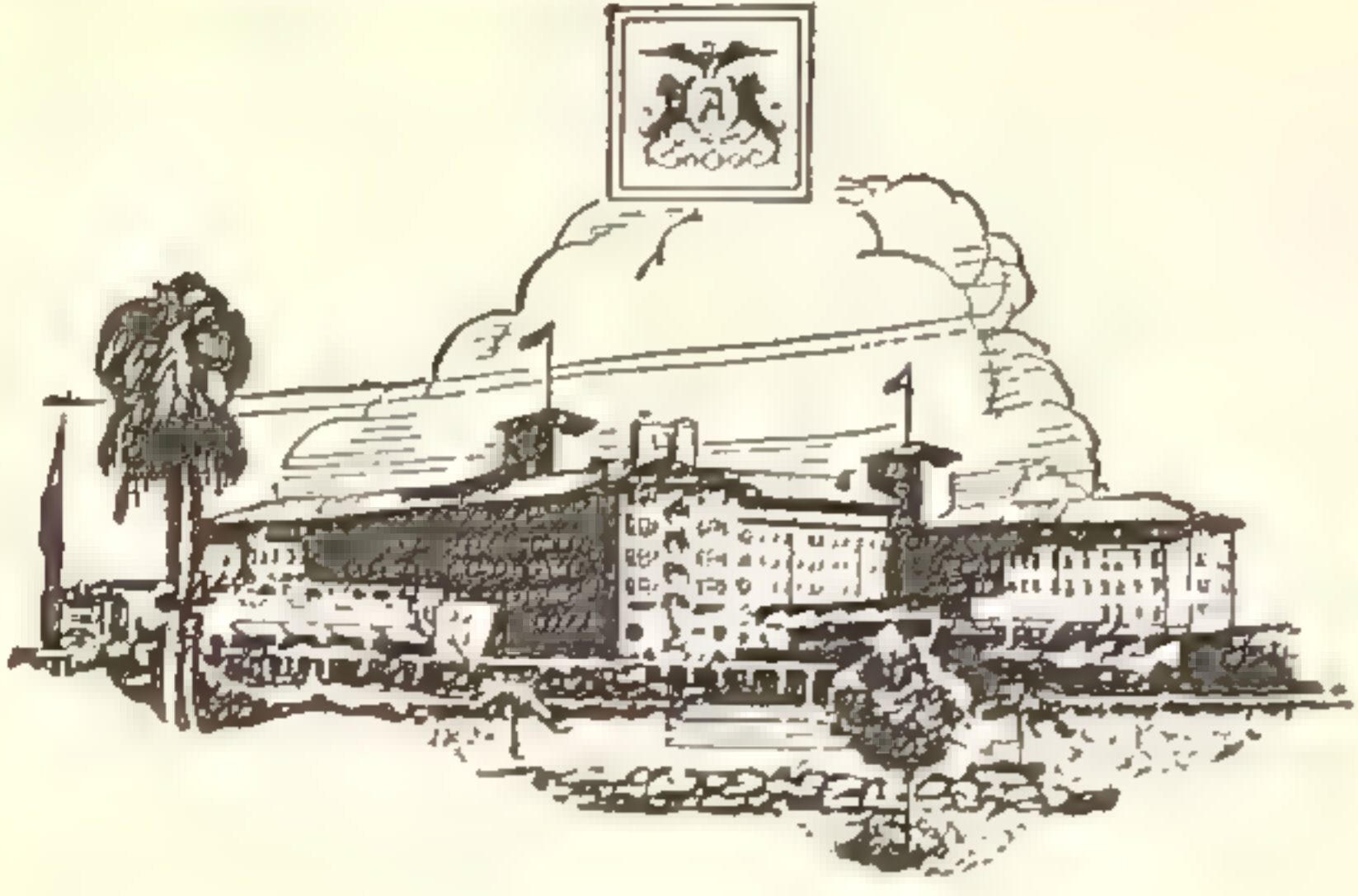
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BEN. L. FRANK
Manager

Jean Hersholt's Party

Continued from page 37

"Oh, well," she retorted, "men always think women are their slaves anyhow!"

Leah was dressed in a silver-cloth gown, tight-fitting and cut away at one side to reveal silver-cloth trousers, also tight-fitting. She looked very lovely and very vampirish.

Arthur Beck, Leah's husband, wore a handsome long Mandarin coat.

Earle Foxe is out of comedies now—and says he never was so glad to escape from the 'comedy relief' in his life!—but he wore a Pierrot costume, pointed hat and all, and his wife, who isn't in pictures, but who stays at home and takes care of their son like a good little home-keeper, looked charming as Bo-Peep.

"Didn't I tell you?" demanded Patsy. Here's Mrs. Foxe dressed as Bo-Peep, when, if ever there was a gadabout, it was Bo-Peep, losing her sheep and having to trail them and all!"

Ralph Lewis said he thought he was disguised enough in his evening clothes, after wearing all those engineer, mail-carrier, firemen and other sorts of working-men clothes, so he didn't bother to put on a fancy costume; and Vera Lewis, who is playing in D. W. Griffith's picture, doing a Spanish part, wore her screen costume, saying that she was saving money that way!

Louis Moomaw's serious, earnest face looked out above a clown costume. Moomaw, by the way, has just come from Alaska, where he has spent many months making a picture.

Anders Randolph plucked off a little comedy relief for himself by wearing a tramp make-up, very funny, and he turned out to be the real comedian of the evening. Mel Brown, the director, wore an orchestra leader's costume, with little goatee, and we hardly knew him even unmasked. He carried his violin, but said that he couldn't play for us, because his G-string was broken!

Dave Upright was a fascinating Robin Hood, and sang for us in his splendid voice songs about nut-brown ale, which may be taboo in fact, but which can still be glorified musically, it seems.

After supper we went into the garden, which is a most picturesque place, with its little nooks, its fountain, roses and lawn. There is a lovely summer house, with cushions on its seats, the last word in Luxury, but it was, as Patsy remarked, just too terribly light with the electric lights all about.

"But little Jean is growing up," suggested Patsy, "and will probably remedy all that."

The big tables being removed from the den, we went back there to find a Hawaiian orchestra holding forth lustily, and everybody danced, except those who preferred card playing. These latter included Ralph Lewis and Vera, who danced one dance together and then became absorbed in bridge.

Patsy decided, along about 2 o'clock, that she needed some beauty sleep, but Jean Hersholt exclaimed—

"Why, you're going to stay to breakfast with us, aren't you?"

However, we didn't, but trailed homeward, leaving the party still going strong.

"PREPARE to be vamped and revamped!"

exclaimed Patsy to George O'Hara, who was having tea with Patsy and me in her lovely rose garden.

"Why?" asked George.

"We're all invited to a Lorelei party, which Mal St. Clair, the director, is giving for Ruth Taylor, who plays Lorelei in *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, and for Alice White, who plays the lively Dorothy in that work of art."

When we entered, we found Alice White dancing a tango with Lige Conley, who was taking it very seriously.

"That music always makes me feel serious," he explained when he had finished.

Alice did an impromptu Spanish dance very beautifully, and then a lively Black Bottom.

Alice is a brilliant little wise-cracker, pretty, charming, and altogether delightful. She had come with Victor Fleming, to whom some people say she is engaged. We asked her, and she admitted that she was quite crazy about Victor, but that as yet there was no formal engagement.

"I shouldn't be a bit surprised," said Patsy, "if they would go off and get married without ever having been engaged! It would be just like them."

Mal St. Clair is a great host, and his wife is a great hostess, and so everybody enjoyed himself and herself hugely.

Don Alvarado was there with his lovely wife, Ann. Don had just had a big success in *Carmen*, but it doesn't seem to have gone to his head in the least, nor to have made him the least little bit less attentive to Ann, to whom, and to his little son, he is most devoted.

Micky Neilan's old orchestra was playing. They have given themselves some high-sounding name now, but I always remember them as they appeared on Micky's set, clad in old sweaters or in their shirt-sleeves, and wearing old funny looking hats, but discoursing the sweetest music that ever made a film heroine shed real tears.

While Alice was dancing, her pet monkey, a tiny Marmoset, which she carries everywhere with her, in her sleeve or her satin shopping bag, stuck its head out of the latter, and squeaked, whereupon Alice picked it up, fed it a nut from the dining room table, and petted it, after which it curled up and went to sleep in the velvet sleeve of her dress.

Madeline Hurlock was there, looking lovely as usual, and there were the Baroness and Baron Pongranz. The Baron is working in *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*. We naturally expected that his wife would not be able to speak a word of English, and regretting it because she is just too beautiful, when she spoke up in a perfectly good middle-western accent. She is an American girl, who met the Baron abroad and married him.

Chester Conklin added to the gaiety of nations by singing a funny song, and Montagu Love sat beside us on the sofa and related some of his funny experiences, because, being a picture villain, he simply must have his light moments, he says.

"I do hope," said Patsy, as we drove away, "that that darling Mrs. St. Clair has put us on her permanent guest list."

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As a Real Estate Specialist

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Are you having a struggle to make both ends meet?

Are you putting up with the *crumbs* of life while others are getting all the *cake*?

Then you are the man I want to talk to. Listen!

When I made up my mind to get started in the real estate business, in my spare time, I was receiving a salary of \$100 a month.

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In less than two years after I started to specialize in real estate, I was making nearly *one thousand dollars a month*. And in less than five years, I cleaned up a net profit of *over one hundred thousand dollars*.

To get the whole story of my success in real estate, and how you, too, can succeed, write at once for my free book "How To Become a Real Estate Specialist." It contains *my history and your opportunity*.

Follow in My Footsteps

If you want to learn the secret of my success—if you want to use my money-making methods—if you want to follow in my footsteps—this is your chance. And *now* is the time to get started.

I have studied real estate conditions in this country very carefully, and my investigations convince me that the next ten years are going to be banner years for real estate.

Furthermore, my experience satisfies me that there is no better business to get into. It is more healthful than most indoor jobs—you can start in spare time—you can begin with little or no capital—it does not require years of study like medicine, pharmacy, dentistry, law, engineering, electricity architecture, etc.—the beginner is paid the same rate of commission as old-timers—the business is practically unlimited—it is estimated that there are thirty million properties in the country and that ten million of them are always on the market—it is a permanent business, not affected by fads or fashion—it is constantly growing as population increases—it puts you in touch with the best people—it is a dignified, pleasant and worthy occupation with great possibilities for big profits.

If you want to make big money as a Real Estate Specialist—if you want to use my amazingly efficient system—let me hear

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There isn't room here for any more such letters, but send for my free book, "How to Become a Real Estate Specialist." It is filled with stories of success. And it makes plain how you—too—can use my money-making methods to build a profitable independent business of your own—just as others are doing.

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Hawthorne's Masterpiece



BEAU GESTE
A remarkable story of the French Foreign Legion

Why People Like Harold Lloyd

(Continued from page 17)

causing trouble, they organized themselves quietly and quickly into gangs and policed the whole street. They were as efficient and as orderly as any drilled squad—and a hundred times as thrilled. People just couldn't seem to do enough for Harold Lloyd.

"Perhaps," says Harold, "people are kind to me because I am supposed to be funny." Undoubtedly that is true. The world owes Harold Lloyd an immeasurable gift because he has brought to them the rarest treasure in the world—laughter. Not just raucous, side-splitting, custard-pie laughter. But laughter that is soft. Laughter that has tears not far behind it. And that is what is called genius.

Last June and July SCREENLAND ran a contest. Harold Lloyd needed a dog for his new comedy. And he offered three hundred dollars—a hundred dollars a week for three weeks—to the boy or girl who would send in the photograph of the best comedy dog.

Photographs came in by thousands. It seemed as if every kid in the country had sent in a snapshot. Every boy and every girl was 'just sure' that 'Rover' or 'King' or 'Laddie' was the one dog in all the world that Harold Lloyd could use.

But none of them suited Harold. He needed a dog with a funny face and sad eyes. Or with a sad face and funny eyes.

And then one day, just as Harold had become discouraged thinking he would never find the dog he needed, he opened a letter and there stood 'Tipper' an impish wire-haired terrier, belonging to little Charlie Heck of Chicago.

According to the terms of the contract, Harold Lloyd sat right down himself and sent Charlie Heck a letter, telling him that Tipper had won the prize and enclosing three hundred dollars

And Charlie almost died with joy. And his pretty mother was happy too. And his father—who is a famous dental surgeon and who looks like Babe Ruth—was as proud as if it had been his dog that had been selected. Gaiety lay over that Chicago household as softly as rare old lace rests upon the shoulders of a fair woman. But this gaiety wasn't felt by Tipper. For suddenly with no reason at all—since there wasn't a full moon or illness in the family—suddenly Tipper raised his short blunt muzzle towards the sky and whimpered a long terrible wail. A wail that sounded like a lean, wild wolf on a still, white night. . . . There is no question about it, Tipper knew he was about to be separated from his beloved little master.

All over the neighborhood, Charlie took the letter from Harold Lloyd and showed it to the other boys. And how they envied him. Every afternoon when school for the day was finished, the lads would flock over to Charlie's big house.

"Who'll feed and water Tipper on the train?" a boy asked.

"For the first time a worried look chased the smile off Charlie's face. For Charlie always fed and watered Tipper himself. And he never forgot. Nor had to be reminded. For the first time Charlie actually realized that he was going to be separated from his little pal. And grief stood in his eyes. But only for a second. For the dog was not going to a stranger—but to his idol, Harold Lloyd.

"I don't know who will look after Tipper," Charlie said slowly, "but he'll be all

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No one ever dreamed that some day I would become famous for the perfect proportions of my figure. No one ever thought I would become the champion woman swimmer of the world. No one ever dared to guess that I would be some day starred in great feature films, such as “A Daughter of the Gods,” “Neptune’s Daughter,” etc. No one ever dreamed that I would some day travel the world over, appearing on the stage, at great universities, on lecture platforms, explaining my methods of acquiring and maintaining perfect health and a perfect figure. Yet that is exactly what has happened.

I relate these incidents of my early life, and my present success simply to show that no woman need be discouraged with her figure, her health, or her complexion. The truth is tens of thousands of tired, sickly, overweight or underweight women have already proved that a perfect figure and radiant health

can be acquired in only fifteen minutes a day through the same methods that I myself use, the methods which have kept my health perfect, and my figure at exactly the same proportions during the past fifteen years.

I invite any woman who is interested to write to me. I will gladly prove to you in 10 days that you can learn to acquire the body beautiful; how to make your complexion rosy from the inside, instead of from the outside; how to stand and walk gracefully; how to add or remove weight at any part of the body; hips, bust, arms, shoulders, chin, limbs, waist, abdomen; how to be full of health, strength and energy so that you can enjoy life to the utmost; how to be free from colds, headaches, neuralgia, nervousness, constipation, weak back, and the many other ailments due to physical inefficiency; in short, how to acquire perfect womanhood.

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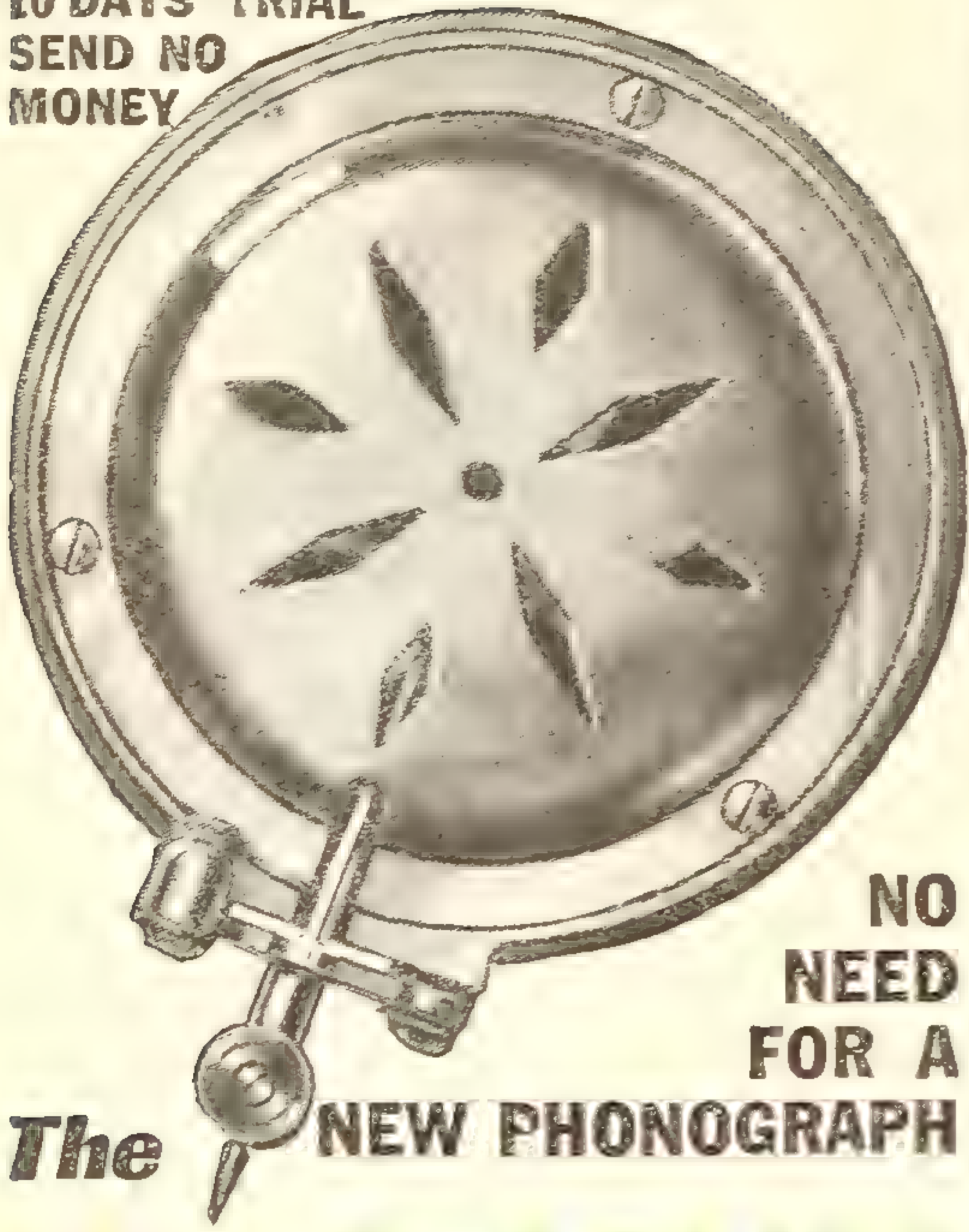
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right. Harold wouldn't do anything that isn't all right."

Out in Hollywood, Harold Lloyd's comedy was developing slowly. Incident after incident arose to check its tempo. Finally the stage was reached where everything had to be 'shot through' fast. And in the midst of all the worry and detail, nobody had had time to send for and train Charlie Heck's dog for his part in the picture.

One day Joe Reddy, Harold's friend and assistant came into Harold's office and said: "It just looks like we can't use that contest dog. We haven't got time to train it. We'll have to use one of the studio dogs."

"But I can't disappoint that kid, Joe," Harold, answered. "I just can't."

"I know, boss." And Joe looked thoughtful. Because Joe has a son, too. Born on Christmas day. And Joe feels kids' disappointments like all real fathers do. "I'll tell you what we'll do. Let's use one of the studio dogs for this picture and then we can use Charlie Heck's in the next one—when we're not so darn rushed."

The comedian nodded his head. But he wasn't satisfied.

Meantime in Chicago, as the weeks went by and no call came for Tipper, Charlie Heck's smile grew dimmer and dimmer. Always he had a brave, bright smile. But suddenly he found he couldn't smile any more. Of course, he had the three hundred dollars. And it had been put in the bank to help pay for his first year in college. Charlie had always wanted to go first to Culver and then to West Point. But he couldn't smile because Harold Lloyd was his idol. And Harold hadn't done what he said he would do.

One day when Charlie Heck came home from school, his mother stood in the door, waving a letter. But Tipper was nowhere to be seen. And Tipper was always the first one to greet Charlie.

"Is it from Hollywood, Mama?" Charlie yelled as he ran up the steps.

The Mother nodded her head.

"You open it, Mama. I'm sure Harold has sent for my dog. But you open it, Mama," and Charlie smiled a timid smile.

But his mother held the envelope out to him. "You open it. It'll be more fun."

The boy tore open the flap and started to read. But suddenly, stout fellow that he is, his smile faded, and tears fell down his cheeks:

"A change in plans" he read, "has made it impossible for me to use Tipper at the moment but" . . . There was more. But Charlie didn't care. He let the letter slide to the floor and put his rough head against his mother's shoulder.

But just then something warm muzzled up against Charlie's knee. And there was Tipper with his ball in his mouth, pleading for Charlie to come and play. And Tipper was smiling. For Tipper KNEW . . .

Then Harold came to New York and took a spacious apartment on 5th Ave. so that his little daughter and his wife might have plenty of sun and air. And one day my editor said to me: "You go up to Harold Lloyd's apartment. And get him to tell you about the picture he is making."

As I walked down the long hall leading toward the comedian's drawing room I could see, through the open doorway, little Gloria 'going on three' sitting on the floor. And Mildred Davis by the window—reading. It was a lovely room.

"Oh, you're from SCREENLAND, aren't you?" Harold asked, after he had introduced me to his family and they had left the room.

"Yes, I am. And our editor is most anxious to hear about your next picture.

What will it be called?"

"It's not named yet. Say, I was terribly sorry about that dog."

"What dog?"

"Why the dog that I was going to use in my picture—Tipper."

"Yes," said I ingratiatingly, "when will your new film be released?"

But Harold was silent and then spoke musingly: "It certainly was too bad about that dog. I can't get that kid off my mind."

"Well, you sent him the three hundred dollars."

"I know. But that won't make up for a kid's disappointment."

"Say, you wait here a moment, I'll be right back" and out he dashed leaving me to coddle my thumbs.

A long ten minutes went by. And then he came back. And was most charming and polite.

"Did you get what you wanted?" genial Joe Reddy asked as I came out.

"No I didn't. All I heard about was Charlie Heck and his dog."

"To tell you the truth, Harold has been worried ever since he had to turn the kid's dog down."

"But just now he came out and fixed everything up. With all the worries he has on his mind—getting this new film finished, that kid's disappointment seems more important. So he had me telegraph just now to Charlie Heck that on his way back to Hollywood, he'll stop off at Chicago and see Tipper. And they'll have a party together. And get some pictures taken. And then, next year, when his work is not so rushed, he'll have Charlie and Tipper and Charlie's mother come out to California. And Tipper will have a real screen test."

"Yes? But how about my story. My editor won't like it at all when I come back without anything."

"Oh forget it, stories come and stories go—but a boy's heartache—that might go on forever unless—"

And I went out and closed the door softly. For I realized that behind me in that drawing room I had left something priceless and beautiful . . .

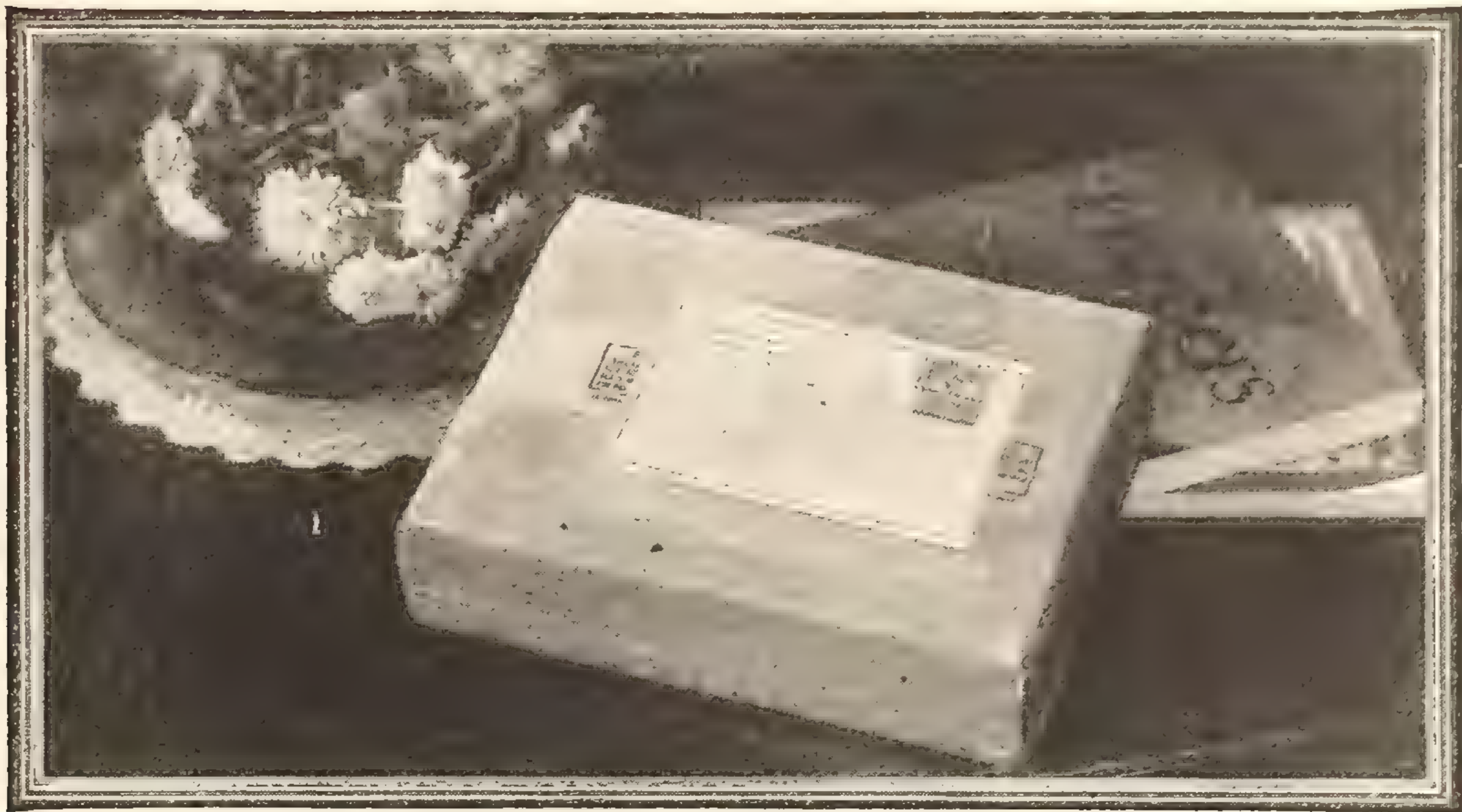
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And never was a youngster so thrilled as that boy Charlie Heck, as he stood at the foot of the steps with his pretty mother and his big father. But before anyone had a chance to say anything, Baby Gloria walked right up to Charlie and gave him a big, fat hug. Then Harold took them all for a ride through Grant Park. And then he and the boy got out of the car and stood for a while near the Lake and talked. And what they said, nobody will ever know. Because even Charlie's mother respected the greatest moment of her son's life. And left the boy alone with his idol.

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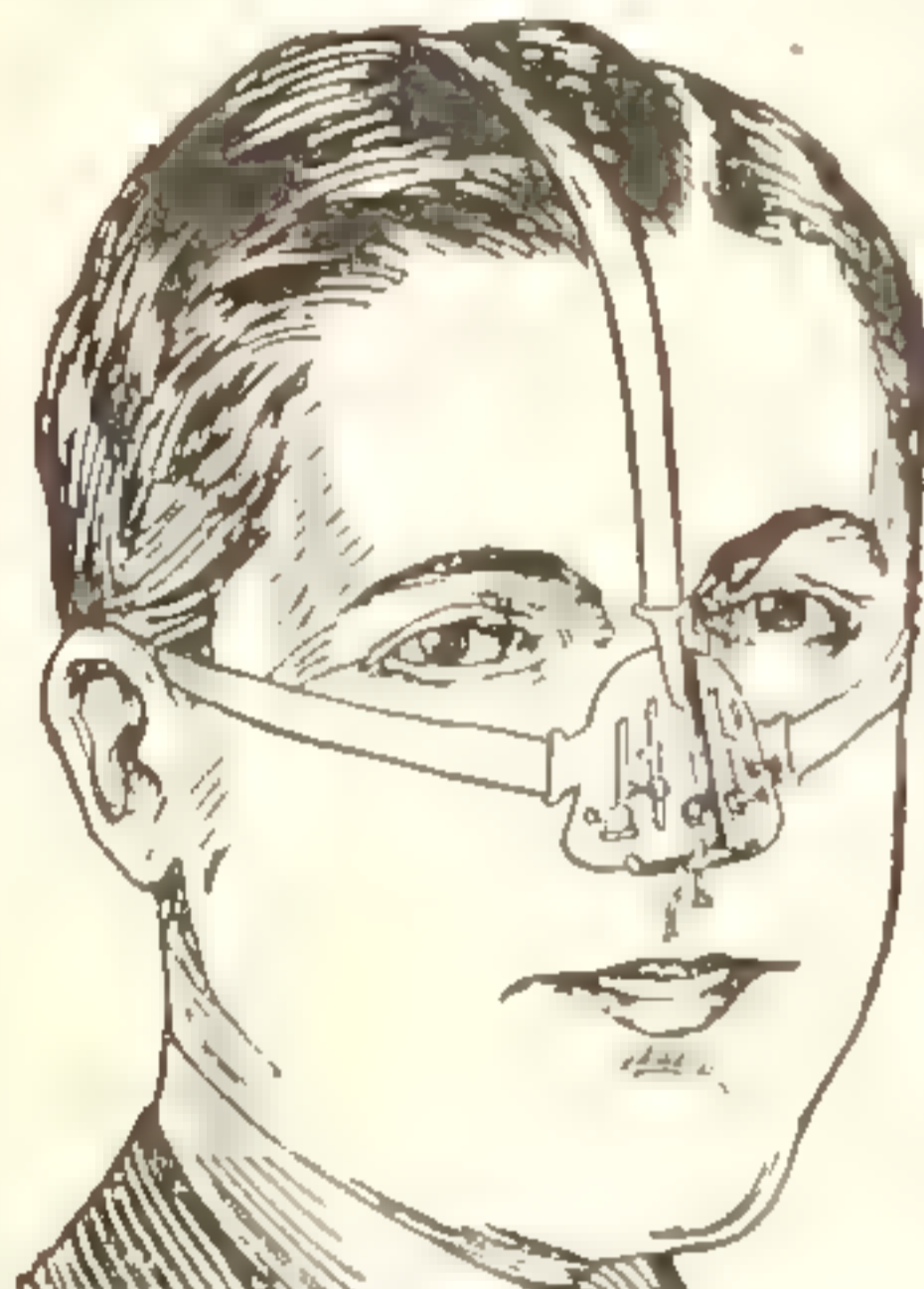
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DR. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

Better a Laundry—Continued from page 35

Gothic wife. He was stood up before a frankly puzzled audience.

Other years went by and as Anna May grew to success I heard how she had left the ancient roof-tree and had gone to live in Hollywood. According to the publicity stuff I gathered that the glamor had gone to her head and she had become just another flapper. I regretted this, for it seemed so out of key with her natural and exotic charm

"Cut!" called Niblo, as he finished the scene, and in an instant the little Mongolian dancing girl stood before me again.

"I've gone back home," she said as though reading my thoughts, "and I want you to come down and dine with us tomorrow night. Father often asks after you and the kids will love to see you again."

Way down into the old Spanish and Chinese quarter of the town I went, and as I crossed the threshold of the dimly lighted but immaculate old building, with its mysterious shadows and pungent odors of the Orient, I was instantly transported to another world.

What a greeting I received from the patriarchal Wong and the dear little other of his six upstanding children! Here was Wah—now James—grown to splendid manhood and attending the University of Southern California. He is specializing in 'Business Administration' so that he can carry on the honorable enterprise so laboriously built up by his father during forty hardworking years. . . . Compete with the big steam laundries? Yes, indeed; so long as people wish fine hand work. Why, many of the customers have been retained for twenty and thirty years As Anna says: "There are many laundries but the question is, are they good laundries. Father's, of course, is the best!" Parenthetically, one might observe that there are many log cabins, but they do not all bring forth Lincolns. There are many Chinese laundrymen but they do not all send their children to college and bring forth Anna Mays.

Then there was Liu Heung—called Mary—and the younger brothers, 'Frank,' 'Roger' and 'Richard.' Yes, and four other Wongs, grown men—"cousins"—who have wives back in China whom they are supporting much better by living in America. . . . It was the old, medieval, patriarchal family—one for all and all for one. They welcomed me with the warmth of heart that the Chinese genuinely feel toward us Americans.

Such a dinner! Not a familiar thing! No bread, butter, pepper or salt—no need for them. Strange vegetables, water chestnuts, mushrooms, bamboo shoots, roast pork, rice, chutney, delicate tea, candied cumquots. Mme. Wong insisted I be permitted a fork, for which I was grateful as I should have had hard sledding with the chopsticks. I wondered while I was eating—everything was so well seasoned and delicious—why we went to the French for so many of our dishes.

Following dinner—cigarettes, Chinese wine and Chinese music on the Victrola. The latter utterly beyond me—greatly to the amusement of my hosts.

Then to visit with Anna May in her little bungalow behind the laundry. American in structure, the only occidental 'props' in it were a flatteringly inscribed picture of Doug and Mary, and a piano, which Anna has had to give up because of her finger nails—long pointed symbols of gentility so necessary in her pictures.

"Yes," she said, "I had my fling in Hollywood. After my first big success as the Mongolian slave girl in *The Thief of Bagdad* I thought living there the thing to do. The publicity men were doing their best to Americanize me and I appreciated it, for I am an American; also I appreciated the confidence placed in me by my father when he allowed me to leave home, a very hard thing for a Chinese father to do. I employed a sort of governess who tried to make an American 'lady' of me but all the time she was instructing me I could hardly keep from saying: 'Be yourself, madam; be yourself!' In fact I grew to think there was no use in learning to act, for in Hollywood everybody was acting. Even the houses seemed artificial and finally I began to feel that I was dwelling within a world of 'sets.'

"Then I decided to go back to the laundry and to my family," she went on thoughtfully, "where I would hear the truth!"

"But isn't the truth sometimes disappointing?" I asked.

"Not so it hurts," she answered, a sense of humor playing in the corners of her mouth as she shifted her eyes. "I love my family above all else and they love me. Father I believe, is worried at times but he doesn't say anything. He went with me to see the premier of *The Thief of Bagdad*—You know of course I didn't wear many clothes in that—and his only remark when we came out of the theatre was: 'My, it's very cold tonight!' I don't know whether he meant something or not.

"To tell the truth," she added, "I'm Chinese by race and I love Chinese people and things. I love our traditions and even our ancient religion. I think there is poetry in our plural gods of the North Wind, the West Wind and the like. They are beautiful like the American Indian gods. My only regret is the limitation upon my work, as I can only play oriental roles, or sometimes Indian parts. Hayakawa's stardom failed because he was never allowed to kiss the heroine. The fans wouldn't have stood for it."

"But surely no one objects to seeing an American kiss a pretty little Chinese girl?" I ventured.

"Not if she is impersonated by an American," she answered sadly.

"But some day," she came back brightly, "some one will write a story demanding a real Chinese girl—then perhaps I'll have my chance."

When a girl who has been given only the smallest parts calls forth a fan mail of five hundred letters a week—more than many of the stars receive—it would seem that there are plenty of people who could fall deeply in love with a Chinese star—not a flapperized Oriental, but a real daughter of Far Cathay.

I left at nine o'clock, and as I passed out through the laundry to pay my final respects to Wong pere, there were the four 'cousins' industriously ironing away—they had been at it since 6 a. m. with occasional siestas—And there was joy in their industry, made more joyous by the strains of those strange music records. As I drove away Anna May waved me goodbye from the doorway, a doorway in which she fitted perfectly, for behind it lay a family spirit that accounts for much that is fine in her splendid race.

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The Stage Coach—Continued from page 57

Phoebe Foster is adequate as the wife with the past. And Kathlene Macdonell does as well as you could expect with the Gail Kane lines that have been thrust upon her. Still, the part remains full of holes. And yet *Interference* gave us a nice evening.

"The Taming of the Shrew"

We doubt that the New York police will close the comedy at the Garrick, but the fact remains that it is the most radical, most inimical to our modern standards, most dangerous to our American attitude, most fascinating play on our boards to-day. Indeed, except for the fact that the name William Shakespeare, a man who has done some notable dramas, is attached to it, we should believe that it was written by some sworn foe of Americana like H. L. Mencken.

Shakespeare flourished circa 1564-1616, which was sometime before the American Mercury, or even Smart Set had been established, however, and Mencken has a clean alibi. As presented by the Garrick players, it is not what we motion picture fans would call a costume play. The clothes are strictly up-to-date and there is even a Ford in it.

But there is more in it than that. There is an evening of perfectly gorgeous entertainment, made even more enjoyable by the realization that Shakespeare's comedy is ageless and dateless; that it is just as true and just as funny in 1928 as it was back in the 16th century. It might have been written yesterday by Frank Craven, who wrote *The First Year*.

And, while we're about it, let's give some boosts to the Garrick players, who do so

well by the Bard of Avon. From Basil Sydney and Mary Ellis down, they give their excellent best. We have gone on record before as believing that many of Shakespeare's works are better read than acted. *The Taming of the Shrew* in modern clothes is not one of them.

"Ink"

Ink is supposed to be a play about newspaper life. We are among the legion who used to be a newspaper man himself, and we doubt it. Not that the plot is absurd, but the authors have couched most of it in language that may very well be spoken some place on land or sea, but never in a newspaper office.

And not only that, but as a result of the frightful dialogue, the characters become silly automatons. The publisher is just a bunch of hooey as far as any likeliness is concerned. William Harrigan does very well in the main role, but the handicap of the play is a little too much for him. Clara Bandick, as usual, is superb, in a small but effective role.

We have a suggestion for the movies, however. Let them buy *Ink*; the situations are there for a corking film, and the picture could do away with some of the blarney of the dialogue. In fact, we suggest giving it to one of the German directors who has learned to get along with no dialogue at all. In that case, it might very well turn out to be a sardonic take-off on the newspaper game. For though there is hooey and blah a-plenty in the films, there is even more on the stage.

Myrna from Montana

Continued from page 20

very vivaciously. Her almond shaped eyes that are so enigmatic on the screen, sparkle with delightful ingenuousness.

You would be surprised too, about the way she dresses her hair. On the screen she often wears straight blonde wigs with peculiarly cut bangs over her forehead, but off the screen her own hair which is naturally wavy is bobbed in a very conservative fashion, with her ears not showing the least bit. She doesn't wear ear rings or elaborate bracelets or necklaces, as she usually does in pictures, and she does not like the heavy exotic perfume that is so reminiscent of her as a character. However, I shall always admire her choice of colors. She wears green usually because it matches her eyes and goes very well with her red hair. She never wears other bright colors, but confines herself to pastel shades and black.

She took me through her house, and again I received the same surprise that I did when I saw Myrna herself. Her bedroom is furnished simply in early American furniture with colorful hook rugs and ruffled tie-back curtains in soft yellow, and the walls are decorated with charming water colors. She has no chaise longue in her room. The same period design is carried out throughout the house, with the utmost simplicity and charm. She has a garden of asters and tulips, and tiny red roses climbing up the porch. Myrna is not averse to kitchen work. When her maid is out, she puts on an apron and starts experimenting with all sorts of recipes. She likes to try difficult ones just to see how they will turn out. Myrna admits to many failures,

but says she is not ashamed of her pies.

The more I talked to her, the more different she seemed from the Myrna I had known on the screen. She giggled once in a while, and always she talked with refreshing enthusiasm. She told me she loved sports, and I understand she is an inveterate horsewoman. Can you imagine a vamp loving sports? She confessed to a strong desire to travel, but that just now is impossible because she is sending a brother to school on her salary. And, of course, she has bought a house out of her earnings.

She served coffee and sandwiches and rich chocolate cake, late in the afternoon, for we had made quite a visit of it. I noticed that she ate everything, even the cake, apparently not thinking of calories.

I asked Myrna how it was that she was perfectly willing to give up her dancing which she had really intended to pursue from childhood.

"Well, you see," she explained, "when I wanted to dance, I knew nothing of pictures. Now that I have tried them, I find them so much to my liking that I am willing to abandon my dancing. In pictures there is a marvelous opportunity to portray character roles, and that is the kind of work I want to make a specialty of."

"And you have given up dancing entirely?" I asked.

"Not at all. I dance every day at home. Dancing is my recreation as well as my daily exercise. It keeps me fit and gives me more pleasure than any other kind of exercise I can think of. I am very fond of tennis, but it is more strenuous and I can't

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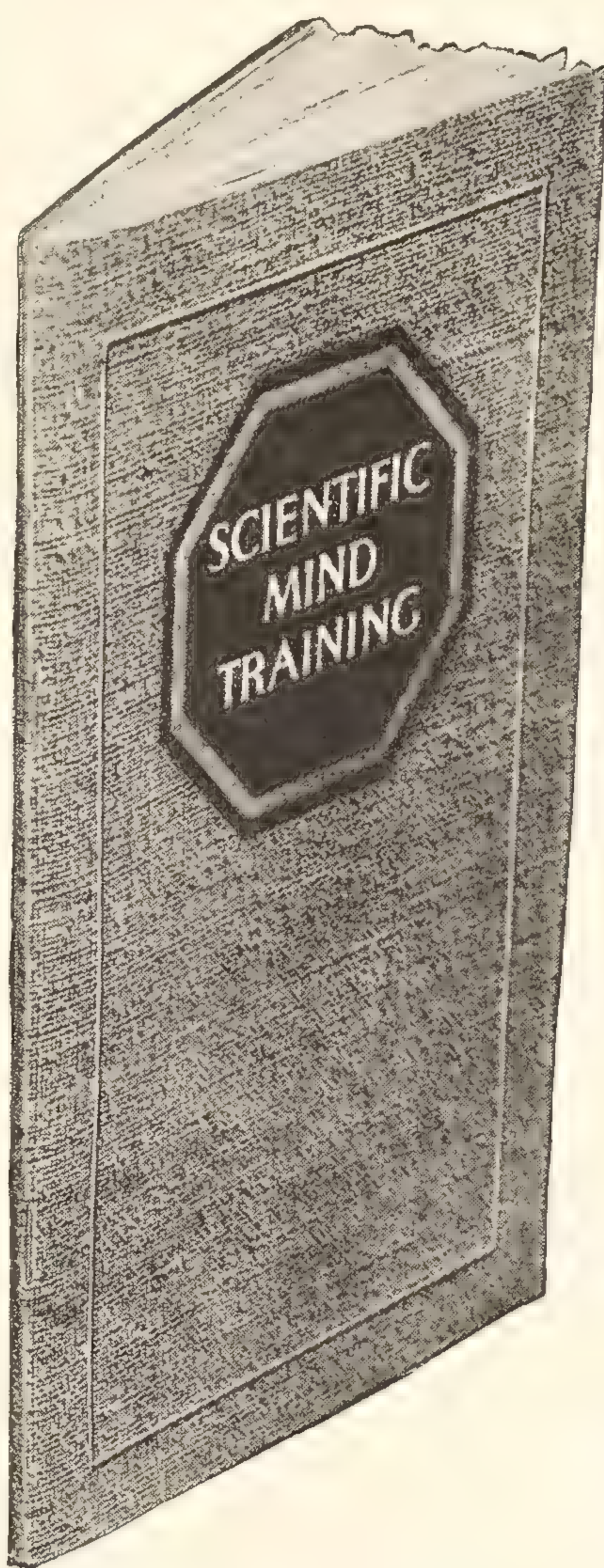
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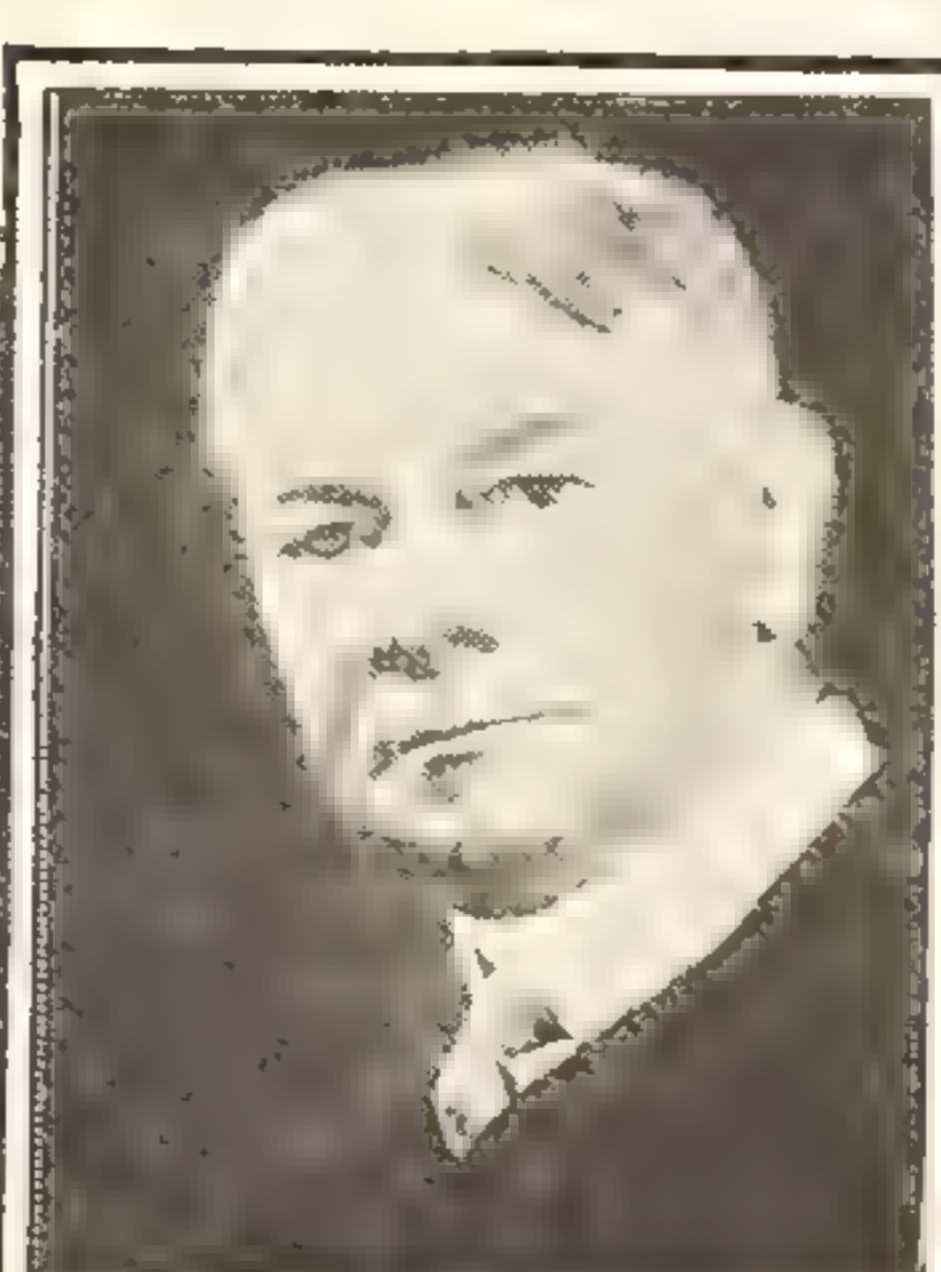
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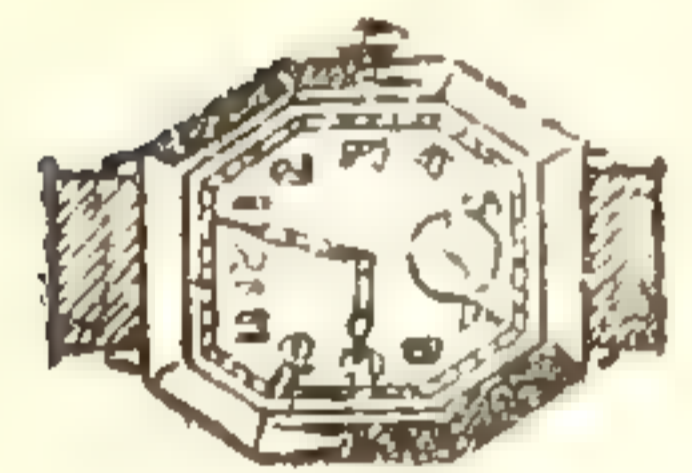
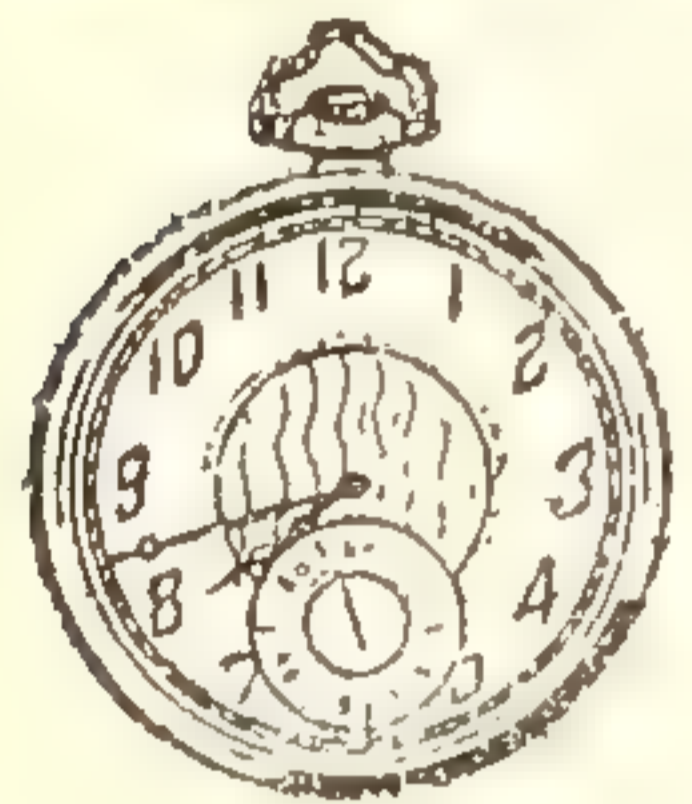
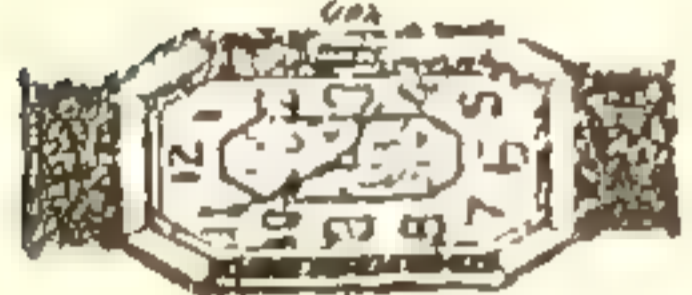
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play tennis as often as I can dance. Dancing is really, I think, the very best form of exercise for a woman."

"But when I compared the two to make my decision as to which I should pursue, I saw that pictures were something that would keep me busy, something to study as long as I am in them. Each part is like studying another subject in school, and demands so much work and concentration that I enjoy it. One usually enjoys the kind of work that must be studied, the kind of work that is a little above one, for that is the only way to avoid monotony."

"I like to take the roll of a new picture I am to do and read it at home. Then I go over it again in detail, visualizing myself in the scenes I am reading. Sometimes I even act them out at home before going to the studio. In this way I have quite a complete knowledge of what I am going to do before the director calls upon me to do it, and save many rehearsals on the set."

It was a long time after Myrna Loy signed her name to a contract with Warner Bros., that she was given a chance to do a real part. They gave her bits to do in many pictures, the most important of which was the role of maid to Lucretia Borgia in *Don Juan*. Even in the few scenes in which she appeared, one could see that this girl could do bigger things than she was doing

in the picture. It was the way she handled even the most insignificant character that made people notice her and made the producers realize there was a quality about her that was worthy of better opportunities.

Her first featured role was as the half caste girl in *Across the Pacific* in which Monte Blue was starred. As the sensuous, plotting, native girl she gave such an outstanding performance that she was discussed as a character actress of tremendous possibilities. To test her versatility, the producers gave her the featured role opposite Monte Blue once more in *Bitter Apples*, in which she was an American Sicilian girl with a revengeful nature. Now Myrna is to play opposite Conrad Nagel in an entirely different type of picture, called *The Girl from Chicago*, a story of the Chicago underworld.

There is no predicting what a girl like Myrna Loy will do. She may be starting as a vamp of the new era, but what she has done so far proves conclusively that she will be an outstanding figure in doing character portrayals. She is too energetic and ambitious, always to confine herself to the same kind of roles.

So this is the story of Myrna of the red hair and green eyes—the story of Myrna of Montana.

I Sold a Scenario—Continued from page 18

A short time ago two young playwrights decided that they would do some originals for the screen. They set to work and in a little over three months time they sold three original stories to the picture companies. The names of the stories are: *Sky Scraper*, sold to Buster Keaton but never produced. *Oh, What a Nurse*, sold to Syd Chaplin which was produced under that title, and *Lucky Lady*, sold to Famous Players Lasky. The first two of these stories were sold more or less to order. By that I mean, these authors visited the editors of the respective companies and learned first hand that they were in need of a special kind of story. The last named however was written and sold entirely on its own merit. It was a good story.

Now let us see what sort of a magic carpet these writers used. Let's see how they did it. I may as well tell you though, that it was not so easy to accomplish as it seems to be in the telling. Bertram Bloch, who since then has become Editor of the Dramatic Department at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture Company, and Robert Sherwood, Editor of Life Magazine, had their difficulties the same as any one else. Even though you may write a good story, you are still a long way from a sale.

But here's what Mr. Bloch and Mr. Sherwood did. First of all they made a careful study of the current pictures of the various companies. Next their plan of attack was to go to the editors personally and get an idea as to the exact kind of material they wanted. You can do this. Any writer who has worth while merchandise to sell will be able to get the information at the editorial offices of the picture companies.

After Mr. Bloch and Mr. Sherwood had gotten the information as to the type of material wanted and the star such material would be considered for, they set to work to write. Contrary to the belief which many have that the only sure way of selling an original is to get a cash advance first and then do your writing, Mr. Bloch and Mr. Sherwood took their places along

side thousands of others who were storming the editorial doors for acceptance of their stories.

But these writers were skilled workers. They didn't have any baskets of tricks. They knew their trade and knew how to assemble and write fresh dramatic stories which were in line with the particular needs of the picture companies.

Let me put in a little word of advice here. It is probably this lack on the part of the writer in not knowing the particular needs of the picture companies, which keeps more stories from being accepted. Why send a Biblical story to a company which only produces sex melodrama! Writers as a rule do not study the individual needs of the picture companies and write of subjects and people which are foreign to their policy. When they do this, no matter how good the story is, it cannot be used by the company.

I know of several instances where a manuscript has been received at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer offices with a note saying that the enclosed story would make a wonderful vehicle for Reginald Denny who is a Universal Star, or suggesting some other star who was not with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

But let us get on with the people who have sold to the screen. Only last summer a young writer by the name of F. W. Rath who is in the advertising business and has written numerous vaudeville sketches and also a couple of plays which are going to be produced soon, submitted an original story called *Young Blood* to several of the picture companies. It was a good story and had a corking original idea.

For quite some time this story kicked around from one picture company to another. Each company the story went to expressed an interest but they were not interested enough to buy. Finally the latter part of October the story sold to Universal and will soon be produced with George Lewis, the young Universal Star, in the lead. In this case, unlike Mr. Bloch and Mr. Sherwood, Mr. Rath did not go



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around to the editorial offices personally. He had a reputable agent—The American Play Company—handle his material for him. This agent of course knew the field and knew the best place to submit the type of story which Mr. Rath wrote. No magic about this sale.

Still another instance where a writer broke into the movie game is that of Jack Larric, a playwright. A year or so ago, Mr. Larric wrote a play called *Easy Mark* which at the time was being considered by several Broadway Managers for production. As it often happens in the theatre, delay after delay held up the stage production for such a length of time that finally when Mr. Larric received an offer from Paramount, he accepted it. His play was made into a picture starring Thomas Meighan. Shortly after this Mr. Larric was engaged by Paramount to join their writing staff. So without any magic, Mr. Larric made a connection with a picture company which served him to very good advantage.

J. Palmer Parsons, another playwright, had a production of a play he wrote but it was not successful and closed after a short run. But although it was not so good as a play it was excellent picture material. Shortly afterwards, Mr. Parsons sold the moving picture rights of this play to the De Mille Company and it was made into a picture called *White Gold* starring Jetta Goudal. Since then, Mr. Parsons has been trying his hand at doing originals—he is earnestly studying the particular requirements of the picture companies and he will undoubtedly win through. The sale of Mr. Parsons was not effected entirely through the efforts of an agent. He got busy himself and helped things along.

Here's another case of a sale which is very interesting. The writer is Kenyon Nicholson who came to the front as the author of the successful play *The Barker* produced in New York last year and still running. Early last summer, Mr. Nicholson was approached by Paramount to go to their studios in Hollywood, study their productions and write them an original story on *Circus Life*, this being the locale around which he had written his play.

Mr. Nicholson consented to go and upon arriving at the Coast Studios he was shown around the place and then given a desk, typewriter, paper, etc., and told to write his tale. After a reasonable length of time the story was finished and Mr. Nicholson confidently handed in the script. Now it appears that at the time Mr. Nicholson's story was handed in, the editorial office was virtually flooded with material which also had to be considered. So the story which was so eagerly waited for at first, took its place in line with several hundred others.

Mr. Nicholson waited and waited. Soon, getting impatient, he sat down and wrote another story. In a little while the time which his contract called for to write the first story was up, and Mr. Nicholson marched out of the Paramount Studios with the second story he had written under his arm and went directly to the First National Studios. He talked with the Editor there and in practically twenty-four hours time he had effected a sale. If you call this magic, all right, but I call it a case of where an author had the rare combination of being a writer and a salesman as well.

Only recently an original called *Her Wild Oats* written by Howard Irving Young was sold to First National Pictures for Colleen Moore and is now in production. This is another sale which was made

by The American Play Company. Mr. Young is also the author of the stage play called *Not Herbert* which was bought some time ago by First National Pictures and released under the title *The Perfect Sap* starring Ben Lyon.

There has been no bag of tricks connected with the sale of the stories so far. In each case a writer who knows how to write has sold a story. There doesn't seem to be anything particularly exceptional about that. But there is still another side to the scenario game. Let us take a look into the workings of the unrecognized author—the writer who has had a mediocre success and is still struggling for recognition, writing with the hope that some day, somehow, he will sell the big story which will put him over. This writer is really serving his apprenticeship the same as hundreds of others before him have done. A good market for him to try is the smaller Independent Companies.

These smaller picture companies spend anywhere from fifteen to twenty-five thousand dollars for an entire production. It's called a *Quicky* and is made in from six to ten days. The author of these stories is not paid as much as the larger companies would pay, but their demands are not nearly as exacting, and a story is not nearly as hard to sell.

Only recently, Myles Connolly the prolific editor of the *Columbia*, the official organ of the Knights of Columbus sold an original to an Independent Company which he called *Children of Despair*. In this case as in some of the others the sale was made by the American Play Company and the name of the company which bought it is, The Quality Picture Corporation, located at 1540 Broadway, New York City.

A young writer by the name of William B. Laub has been quite successful in selling stories to the Independents. In no case though did Mr. Laub use an agent. He went around himself and sold his stories. In a short time he wrote and sold five stories. They were; *Out of the Chorus* for Alice Brady. *The Fair Cheat* for Dorothy Mackaill. *The Broadway Drifter* for George Walsh. *Daughters Who Pay* for Marguerite de la Motte and *Combat* for George Walsh.

So there we have the story of how originals have been sold. The path of the writer who writes originals for the screen is still beset with hardships but they are not hardships which cannot be overcome. When one does sell an original for the screen the rewards are quite worth while. The prices paid, starting with those sold to the smaller Independent Companies, range in price from a thousand up to fifteen thousand dollars, but the latter price is much more the exception than the rule.

If you were to ask me how to sell an original for the screen I would tell you to first learn the trade, or rather the profession of writing. Then if you can't go to the picture companies yourself, I would let a reputable agent handle my material for me. There are a lot of agents. The American Play Company is located at 33 West 42nd Street, New York City. Robert Thomas Hardy located at 47 West 42nd Street, New York City, and Hamilton Thompson, 551 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Mr. Thompson also has an office in Hollywood located at 1930 Canyon Drive.

We will always have the ambitious writer who is striving to break through the barriers no matter how insurmountable they seem, and some day, some one of the courageous ones, who has learned how to write a good story, will succeed.



They Winked in Derision when Mlle. Chaumont greeted me in French . . . but a second later they got the shock of their lives!

AS I look back on the strange beginnings of that romantic adventure, and its amazing outcome—I have to laugh.

It was cleverly contrived—that deep-laid plot of my friends to entangle me in a web of folly and embarrassment. Today they have to close one eye and cross the other to see anything funny in a situation that brought me happiness.

I caught my first glimpse of Mlle. Chaumont at one of our charity bazaars, where she appeared as a guest of the Robinsons. I had arrived late, just as the Robinson party was leaving. But the vision of that gorgeous girl, fresh from Paris, hung like a picture in my memory; and I'm not ashamed to confess that from that moment there was one perfectly eligible young bachelor who began to take a new and excited interest in life.

My Friends Plan a Joke on Me

In other words, I was "hard hit"; and like any other romantic young enthusiast, I went about among my friends asking eager, foolish questions, and singing aloud the beautiful sentiments I so ardently felt. I simply had to meet her—to *know* her. All of which amused my friends enormously, and set on foot a conspiracy to let me make a monkey of myself.

The upshot of their base designs was a dinner-dance given in Mademoiselle's honor by the Robinsons. I was invited, of course. The plan was to present me to Mlle. Chaumont who spoke scarcely a word of English, then leave me stranded and stuttering in her company while they sat back to enjoy the fun. It was a tricky little plot, and so far as my ignorance of it was concerned—*perfect*. But . . .

Well, the big night came. When I entered the Robinson home I was as nervous as a bridegroom who has forgotten the wedding ring. Then through an opening in a little group I caught sight of

HER—and from that moment I forgot everything else.

What a picture she made! To describe her as lovely, charming, bewitching, simply proves the poverty of the English tongue. Briefly, she was the kind of girl for whose adorable feet any modern Raleigh would gladly spread his dinner coat in the mud.

My appearance was greeted with delighted shouts of welcome—a sort of prelude to the evening's "comedy." Then, with a grand display of mock formality, I was led forward to be presented to Mademoiselle. As I bowed low over her hand in approved Continental fashion, she murmured:

"Je suis charmée, Monsieur."

"Comme vous êtes adorable!" I replied.

"Et vous, Monsieur," she exclaimed softly,

"comme vous êtes généreux!"

And while my dear, foolish friends stood by, gasping with amazement at this rapid exchange of musical French, the first notes of the orchestra announced the opening dance. I bowed to Mademoiselle.

"Voulez-vous me faire le plaisir de danser avec moi?"

She rose gracefully, flashing me a bright smile. "Oui, volontiers!" she said.

Whereupon she tucked her arm into mine, and I triumphantly led her off to the dance floor, to the consternation and deep chagrin of every one else.

If I had suspected it before, I became certain during that dance that there was only one girl in the world for me.

At the end of the dance I led her out onto the balcony, where we found a comfortable corner and continued to get acquainted. And there we sat through several dances, exchanging confidences that I sincerely hoped would eventually lead to wedding bells for me.

I Tell My Friends the Secret

When we re-entered the house the storm broke. From all sides the noisy, excited revelers rushed down upon us, firing a volley of questions and shafts of reproof. Some one pounced on me from behind and whirled me away from my companion. Another poked me in the ribs, while an envious voice cried:

"You sly old beggar, where did you learn to speak French?"

I laughed and kept them guessing. Then, when I thought I had carried my triumph far enough, I told them about the famous Hugo Method which I had taken up some time before as the simplest, quickest way in the world of learning to speak and read French.

A knowledge of French, I told them, had seemed to me of genuine value in forming contacts, making friends, and in advancing one's self in a business and social way. Anyway, I

had heard of the Hugo Method, and had thought it worth trying. They had seen the results for themselves. And without giving them a chance to ask further questions, off I went in search of "the only girl."

* * * * *

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New Screenplays—Continued from page 51

you have when you find your boy friend doesn't mean matrimony when he says 'I love you.' Go to see a good animal picture when that happens to you and you'll feel like that old wisecrack who said, 'The more I see of men the better I like dogs.' Only you'll have to substitute horses instead of dogs.

Wild Beauty has your old friend Rex in it, and another horse called *Valerie* who, by the way, almost steals the picture right from under Rex's snorting nose.

There's much real beauty in the film—some lovely shots and some exciting moments when the wild horses stampede.

Good old melodrama it is. And that's what folks like as the successes on Broadway clearly demonstrate. We like our drama and we like it mellow. At least I do. When I go out for an evening's amusement I don't aim to step over to the graveyard and see my uncle's grave nor sit down in a picture house and watch an unhappy matron be 'misunderstood.'

Slightly Used

You remember the May McAvoy of *The Enchanted Cottage*. That is a picture most folks will never forget. Well, it's a great pity somebody can't find another plot for her as excellent as that one was because she certainly gets a bad break in the new film *Slightly Used*.

May McAvoy and Conrad Nagel do their best—struggling through one of those comedies that—as an old picture producer once said—'ain't to be laughed at.' But even the lack of humor can't mar the beauty of the settings and the excellence of the photography.

Slightly Used tells the story of a girl who pretends to be married to a distant aviator, so that her two younger sisters may get engaged. An irate papa has declared all bets off on the younger two until he gets his oldest off his hands.

This would have made a great hit when Laura Jean Libby used to make half the females in America weep over life's cruelty. Or when that old sob-getter *The Wide, Wide World* was considered a literary masterpiece.

Put your foot down, May, and make the boys in the back room give you a better deal or we'll hire a few of these western heroes and have them draw a couple of sawed off shot guns on whoever picks out your stories.

Ladies At Ease

Now if you are one of those people who like to read Swinburne and prefer a melancholy north room with a volume of Nietzsche to a sun-smothered beach with a white-jacketed jazz band, don't go to see *Ladies at Ease*. But I like my beach and I like my band and I like *Ladies at Ease*.

And do you know why?

Because Gertrude Short as the plump comedienne with sore feet gave me some great laughs. Why that girl is down-right appealing. Of Course, Pauline Garon is the pretty one who gets the sympathy. But Gertrude Short is the one that gets the laughs. And I want to say right here—what every playwright knows—it's harder to make people laugh than it is to make them cry. It's the Will Rogers of this world—and the Ring Lardners and the Sam Hellmans—who ride in limousines but it's the long haired poet who writes about heartbreak that finally sticks his head in the oven and turns on the gas.

And that goes for home life too. Keep the husband or the boy friend laughing and you won't have to read Judge Lindsey's book on *Companionate Marriage* to find out how to remedy the social system.

Go to see this picture, girls and boys, give yourself a good laugh and take it home with you. There are a lot of dreary winter days ahead with worries about the price of coal and coats and how to make one dollar do the work of five. But as long as you can keep the family circle laughing you've got no need to fear. And Bertrand Russell—one of the sanest of contemporary writers—tells us that that is what—more than anything else—poisons the dreams of our life. Go to see this picture and then come home and read *How to be Free and Happy* by Russell and I prophesy a good winter for all.

Chatter from Hollywood

Continued from page 69

Lupe Velez, Douglas Fairbanks' leading woman in his new film that the parents of this Mexican actress were named: Jacobo Dillalobos and Josefina Velez de Dillalobos. Lupe was christened Maria Guadalupe.

—o—

Strange Hollywood attracts fakers. This month a sewing machine agent fooled several of the studios into believing he was Joe Dundee, ex-welterweight champion of the world, while a little French dancer, almost got away with being a sister of Anna Pavlova, famous Russian dancer.

If all the fake counts and princes in Hollywood were placed end-on-end they would stretch from the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio to the Statue of Liberty in New York harbor.

—o—

No star is complete without her operation anecdotes this season. During the last month, Marie Prevost, Vera Reynolds, Patsy

Ruth Miller and Betty Blythe have gone under the surgeon's knife.

Both Adolphe Menjou and Jack Holt have been seriously ill, while W. C. Fields cracked a couple of vertebrae in a fall. His injury held up production of the Christie 1927 version of *Tillie's Punctured Romance*.

—o—

Sally O'Neil almost went the way of Lew Cody at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer this month. The option on Sally's contract was not renewed when the time came and there was much dickering back and forth between the star and the producers. The final result has not been made public, but I believe she will remain at M. G. M. for another year at least.

Sally has the reputation of having a little too much advice to offer on how pictures are made.



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The Love Pilot—Continued from page 31

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studio, unless you are in love and can dream of the great things you hope to achieve.

There romance colors every empty set, down to the very last flat, and when you're in love and have youth and courage, you'll thrill to it as Pat and Jack did.

So another year went by; they go fast in a busy studio. Jack worked harder than ever, asked for no favors and received none. He wasn't the bootlicking kind. He believed he had it in him to go to the top, and who wouldn't with Pat's love urging him on and on, telling him where he fell short in a way that wouldn't hurt him and always thinking up little bits of business for him in a seemingly unimportant scene, which would make him stand out, almost equal with the lead. There is a lot a little script girl can do for the man she loves.

Then at the beginning of Blackthorne's fifth year, when he had proven his ability in turning out clean, entertaining pictures that made money at the box office, the powers that be gave him a hard nut to crack. They assigned him a star whose success had swollen his head size beyond all hope.

Clarence Wimbleton had one more year to go on his contract with Imperial. He knew he was a star, but everyone else on the lot knew he had been one. He was a tall, dark haired chap. A fine looking man when in condition but he had burned his candle at both ends, and the tallow was almost gone.

The officials of the company knew it and they hoped Blackthorne could do something with him. The first three pictures turned out to be mediocre affairs. Blackthorne worked like a slave to draw things out of Wimbleton, but the spark was pretty low. Only occasionally did it break into a flame and then Wimbleton took good care to thoroughly and completely extinguish it before the next day's shooting.

Jack nearly broke his heart and neck trying to bolster up the scenes where Wimbleton fell down. He pitied the man, and once, toward the end of the third picture, tried to reason with him.

He went to Wimbleton's dressing room and as kindly and gently as he knew how, he broached the subject. Wimbleton didn't fly off the handle. He was a gentleman, of good family, but success had come too easy. He thought nothing could unseat him now.

When Jack refused a drink and instead, laid a friendly arm across Wimbleton's shoulder and said,

"Clans, can't you let it alone for a while? You've got years and years before you yet, and a good reputation to boost you. Why, man, there's nothing you can't

accomplish."

Wimbleton just took another drink and smiled that suave, superior smile the women adored and answered,

"I appreciate your interest in my welfare, Kennedy but I know you will pardon me for saying that I think you are unnecessarily anxious. I am still Clarence Wimbleton and to the public I have not changed. Quite frankly, I'm sick of this company and the insulting salary they have me bound to. The stories they assign me are atrocious and the directors ignoramuses. Oh! I'm sick of the whole thing. There isn't one intelligent person among them."

"That isn't so, Clans. Everybody is trying to do their best and are pulling with you," Jack urged. "Why—"

"I thank you again for your interest," Wimbleton interrupted him, "but please leave me now. My secretary has a stack of photographs for me to sign and I promised I would attend to it today.

And that was the end of that. The picture turned out 'just another one of those affairs' as the critics say.

The new story came through. It was the last one Blackthorne's contract called for and the last one Wimbleton's contract called for, but there was a difference. Blackthorne knew that he could renew his contract which would mean another five years plodding along in the same old rut, rehashing the same old themes, finally leaving him branded as a pot boiler. He was intelligent and had imagination and was chafing at the bit to apply it to some worthwhile story. While Wimbleton couldn't wait to shake the dust of the Imperial's lot from his boots. Pride in his work had given place to arrogance. No company, he felt, was good enough for him, he was supreme.

When Blackthorne read the script, he was thoroughly disgusted. It was called *Black Sheep*. The same old stuff about two brothers. The younger brother was the wild one, always in trouble, full of life and the devil, and didn't care who knew it. He disgraced his family time and again and each time the elder brother played the redeeming angel. He always took the blame on his elegant shoulders. They loved the same girl. She couldn't decide which one to choose. Her folks said, 'Take the gentleman,' but her heart said, 'Take the lovable devil.' The climax of the story was, that the kid did something terribly bad, like stealing money, and the redeeming angel came to the rescue and won the girl. The lovable devil was ostracized. Which is all wrong anyway.

Well, this was too much for Blackthorne.

"Damn it, Pat," he growled, "Here's a story that has possibilities, beautiful pos-



☞ The horse stars of Hollywood doing their daily dozen.

sibilities, and look what they made out of it. Hell, I wish it was over with. The fools! Haven't they any sense at all? Pat, I'm tempted to ask them to sell that story to me, but they never would. It'll make money for them, and that's all they care about. Well, see you in the morning. Study it over tonight. We'll do the best we can, anyway. Goodnight," and away he went.

That was Blackthorne for you, always willing to give his best, even when you tied his hands.

And they started in—with Wimbleton as the redeeming angel and Jack as the black sheep. But trouble began to brew from another quarter. Since Jack had spoken to Wimbleton, that worthy gentleman got the idea into his head that the officials had sent Jack to him because they were afraid to call their star on the carpet. In the past three pictures he had been manageable, reported on time, appeared on the set when called from his bungalow dressing room and took direction after a fashion. But now nothing could hold him. He came when he pleased, refused to take direction and high hatted everybody left and right.

The electricians, a democratic, hail-fellow-well-met bunch were tempted to drop a spot light on his dome, in spite of all that Blackthorne and Fred the cameraman could do to pacify them. When the rushes came through, there would be a high light and a shadow where it shouldn't be. At just the critical moment, when Wimbleton would try to appear as elegant and refined as he knew how, and the cameras were grinding away, an important spot would dim or sputter, with disastrous results to the star when the scene appeared on the screen. It takes team work to make a picture.

All this worried Blackthorne because he realized that it spelt ruin for his picture. If Wimbleton pulled this sort of stuff at the beginning of the picture there was no telling what he might do before it ended. If bitterness against a fancied wrong was the cause of his actions he might carry it to the extent of walking off the set altogether. And then where would Blackthorne be? He wanted nothing to defer the date set for the finish of this picture and his contract either. After a particularly disagreeable day with the star Blackthorne had a conference with Pat.

It was six o'clock when he left. By ten Pat was banging her typewriter sixty miles an hour. Her eyes were bright, her face flushed, yet her hands were like ice.

At four in the morning, Pat was still typing. Her eyes were still bright, although the lids drooped a little. Her face was pale, except for two bright spots on the cheekbones, and her hands and feet were numb. But her heart was warm and happy. Wasn't she doing it for her boy?

When Blackthorne came to the office at eight in the morning, he found a little girl fast asleep with her arms on the typewriter and her head pillowed on them.

He called to her anxiously, "Pat girl, what's wrong?" and receiving no reply, he knelt beside her and lifted the tired head. That didn't wake Pat either, so he put her head on his shoulder and chafed her hands and wrists. Finally she opened her eyes sleepily and realizing Blackthorne's presence she grinned and wrinkled her nose at him. Before he had a chance to say anything, she was up and gathered together a pile of typewritten sheets. She begged him to go into his private office and read them.

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For perhaps three quarters of an hour Blackthorne read earnestly, eagerly and joyously. Then he banged the desk with his fist, stared at the blotter, while his eyes snapped and his jaw muscles twitched nervously, and suddenly wheeling around so that he almost scared Pat out of her chair—she was pretty well on edge after her night's work—he said in a tense whisper:

"Pat it's corking, and I'll do it for you. You've bolstered up Wimbleton's part so that if he does stick he will still be the star, yet Jack's part is so strengthened that it lifts the whole story from mediocrity and he will be able to land a dandy contract from this chance. If the G. M. kicks when he sees it I'll let him in on the anxiety we are now going through with Wimbleton. That will shut him up. On the other hand if Wimbleton lets us down before the end of the picture, Jack's part, the way you've handled it and worked in these cover shots, becomes the lead and Wimbleton's the strong support. Gosh, won't everybody be hot? But the Company will realize, when they get through gasping, that because of our audacity their skins are saved and that they have a wow instead of an unfinished picture. And they'll think us pretty smart to have anticipated a hopeless situation. All we have to do now is hope, for Jack's sake, that Wimbleton lets us down. How are we going to manage Jack though with all these extra shots? He mustn't suspect a thing, nor must Wimbleton."

"I'll tell you Mr. Blackthorne. Leave Jack to me. I'll take him on the set every night after everybody has gone and rehearse him in the revised action. I'll take notes of the cover shots we'll need both for Jack and Wimbleton and we'll push them in in the course of the day's shooting. We'll take Jack's first thing in the morning before Wimbleton gets here and then a lot of extra ones for Wimbleton that'll make him feel good."

"All right Pat, now you go home. Wait, I hear Jack in the hall. He is to know nothing about it, remember."

"Not a word, Mr. Blackthorne, a surprise for him."

"God love the two of you Pat. I'll have Jack take you home in a cab," and Blackthorne raised his voice so it could be heard out in the hall and called Jack.

Jack came, bright and lively, ready for a day's work. But when he saw Pat's sleepy, tired eyes, his usual grin disappeared and he wanted to know what had happened. Blackthorne took charge of the situation and explained Pat had worked on detailed business for the new story all night. If Jack would take her home in a cab, there would be nothing for him to do at the studio that day either.

"You bet I will," Jack agreed as he got Pat's hat and coat, "and Pat, tonight, let's go and see a play. You'll be rested by then, what say?"

Pat agreed heartily and as Jack lead the way out of the office she winked at Blackthorne and wrinkled her nose at Jack. What a surprise she had for him and how she'd make him work. There'd be no doubt about his ability after this picture and there'd be no more of his slaving for fifty a week.

In the cab Pat nestled closely in Jack's anxious and tender arms. She soon fell asleep with his kisses warm on her lips and dreamed of a little cottage with rambling roses round the door. He was her boy and she'd work so hard to make him happy and successful. That's youth, love and ambition for you. A trio that can't be beat.

Next morning Pat rehearsed Jack in the regular business of the following day's shooting. She made him go over a scene time after time, picking out and telling him to remember certain little bits of action. When she had these noted she would call Jack over to sit beside her and say,

"Supposing Jack, your part was the lead, would you change the business a great deal?" and Jack, his imagination all astir, would go right back on the set and go through the same scene he had just rehearsed, trying to see what needed strengthening and pepping up. That was what little Pat wanted.

Then her pencil would fly making notes for a shot here and there, changing an entrance or an exit and all the time, building up with just one thing in view.

The following morning she and Blackthorne would be together, going over her notes, long before anybody was on the set. Before Wimbleton decided to come down, several hundred feet were shot of Jack under the title of 'test shots' and then the days work would go on.

Jack romped through the story, a thoroughly sympathetic, lovable young devil. He went from one situation to the next, getting himself deeper and deeper into hot water with all the joy and zest of a young pup on a rug and carpet slipper chewing rampage.

Every night, there was rehearsing, and more rehearsing. Towards the middle of the picture, after a hard day when Wimbleton had been very nasty in his fine ironical way, and had tried his darnedest to make Jack appear as cheap and amateurish as possible, Jack asked Pat,

"What are you going to do when Blackthorne's contract expires?"

Pat called him over to sit beside her on a parallel, and replied without looking at him.

"I think I'll stay with Mr. Blackthorne." "Do you believe he'll sign up again?" he wanted to know eagerly.

"Not under the same conditions, Jack. He has been talking about doing an independent again. Why do you ask. Have you heard anything?"

She knew darned well why he asked, but she was a woman.

"No Pat, haven't heard a thing. But gee, it'll be lonesome without you. Wimbleton makes it very hard. He just rides and rides a body till you feel like smashing him, and if I didn't have you here Pat, dear, I—I just couldn't stand it. Every time he walks all over me in a scene, I just feel like calling a show down, but then I see you watching me, always smiling and encouraging me, and I get a warm feeling all over inside and just simply can't help going on, Sweetheart," and he just held her close to him. "I wish I knew what to do. When you're around everything's sunshine, just like when the sunlights flood a set, but when I think of being away from you, well, it's all shadows just like it is now with only those measly blinking work lights going. Gee, I'm all blue tonight Pat."

Pat just put out her arms and pulled his head down on her shoulder. She was fighting hard to keep her secret, so that it made her cry a little, but she won.

"Don't you worry honey," she said, "everything's going to come out all for the best. You're tired and nervous tonight. We won't rehearse any more. Let's go to a movie. I haven't seen one in two weeks. Let's go and see John Barrymore. You like to study him. Come on, chase the

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that way out I have anticipated."

"What," exploded from every person in the room. "Then you did have a hint from Wimbleton," the G. M. began a little nastily.

"Not in the form you mean," Blackthorne replied smoothly, rather enjoying himself. "But Wimbleton has been acting queerly ever since the beginning of this picture. He has been late for his calls, sometimes cutting an entire day and offering no explanation. He has been insolent to members of the cast and intolerant of direction. His whole attitude began to worry me and set me thinking. I felt if the picture began so badly it might end worse and decided to take some cover shots which would change the story a trifle but would save us from disaster if the worst came to the worst. These shots were taken as 'test shots' and not even Jack knew why they were being taken."

"Jack?" asked the G. M. "Do you mean Jack Kennedy? That fifty dollar a week 'bit' man? You must be crazy."

"Well now, think a minute." Blackthorne soothed. "You must admit that his work stood out like a sore thumb in the last three pictures he has been in. And after all the successes I have made for Imperial you must admit that I ought to know a screen type when I see one. And I consider this young man a genuine find." Blackthorne could see that he had his audience in hand. The hundred and twenty five thousand dollar loss was beginning to hang like the sword of Damocles too directly above their heads. Wimbleton's walk-out had placed every card in Blackthorne's hand. "Now I'll make you a proposition. Every picture I've made for you has made money. Ask Edwards, he can tell you in a minute. Now—let me finish this picture my own way. If it flops, I'll buy it from you at cost—you remember I sold you a success at cost five years ago—and if this picture makes a success, I want a one year contract on my own terms. What say?"

"Let us understand you right, Mr. Blackthorne," Schwartz, Sr. put in here. "If the picture fails you will buy it at cost. If it succeeds, what are the terms of the one year contract you ask?"

"Now we're talking business. The terms are, that I select the stories, choose the cast, write my own version and, not more than three pictures to the year. I might add, that I know where the stories are, and they will not cost more than ten thousand apiece. The cast—I've worked with everyone I have in mind and know their ability. Each picture will not exceed the cost of your average production."

The Schwartzes, Cohens and Katzes all moved closer. Even the G. M. leaned his elbows on the table and looked interested. "Will you repeat those terms," he asked Blackthorne.

"No need," the younger Katz spoke up. "I have every condition noted." Leave it to the young fellow. He passed no bets. He read them aloud carefully and slowly. His daddy grinned and when he had finished, spoke up with, "I advise the organization to accept Mr. Blackthorne's proposition."

"Yes, we are proud of your record, Mr. Blackthorne," the G. M. spoke up, now that the legal department had taken the responsibility from his shoulders. "And on the strength of your past achievements, we give you carte blanche with the present production and a new contract will be drawn from the notes of M. Katz, Jr."

"So long folks," and Blackthorne was out

of that office like a shot.

Three steps at a time brought him down stairs in fifteen seconds. From the door leading to the stage he bellowed, "Pat, oh Pat, come up to the office," and away he went with Pat after him.

The moment she came in, he slammed the door shut and chuckled, "Pat girl, we win. Now give me your notes and hot foot it up to the cutting room. Jack is in. Cut Wimbledon out. I'll finish with Donald Colbert as double for Wimbledon. Thank God we have a barrel of close ups of Wimbledon to cut in. Colbert will look like his twin brother in the long shots. Hurry."

But Pat didn't move. She just stood and looked at him, and slowly her eyes filled with tears. Her chin quivered as she stammered, "Y-y-you mean they have given th—their permission to feature my J—J—Jack?"

In one great swoop he gathered her into his arms. "Yes Pat, your Jack is in. And, what's more, your idea will get us all a good contract with Jack as the lead."

What a hectic two weeks followed that memorable Monday. Every day from eight in the morning till twelve at night, Pat was next to the cutter. Every foot of film passed through her hands, as slowly and patiently, she constructed the story according to the script she had written that one night. With skill and cunning she made the younger brother, the Black Sheep of the family, the hero of the story.

On the set Blackthorne drove the players unmercifully. He told them nothing. Jack asked no questions. From that night, when Blackthorne had asked him what his intentions were towards Pat, and they had stood man to man and then silently shook hands, he had had the utmost respect and confidence in him. He followed direction to the detail, and when he thought he could do better in another retake, he asked for it and Blackthorne put him through again. So finally with the use of Donald Colbert as double for Wimbledon, the story was finished.

Every official of the Imperial Players, Inc., was in the little theatre that could only be reached by a private passage from the G. M.'s royal suite. Not everybody traversed that passage. It had to be a high and mighty occasion, as was the first showing of *Black Sheep*, featuring the coming young star, Jack Kennedy.

The sales force were given the choicest seats for it depended largely on their verdict. It was their business to sell Imperial's products and if they said thumbs down, somebody was due for a tumble.

Pat and Jack were huddled up together in a corner. She was shaking like a leaf. Her nerves were worn to a frazzle and in her mind only one thought ran round and round; "they have to like it, they have to like it." She refused to think of anything else. Even when Jack whispered little endearing terms into her ear, and squeezed her hands tightly, she only answered, "they have to like it—they have to like it."

For exactly seventy-five minutes not a sound was heard except the whirring of the projectors. These men were not enthusiastic like a movie audience. They had come to pass judgment and criticize. Even if they were pleased, they would not show it until the last foot of film had gone through the machine, and then they showed it grudgingly. They were hard boiled.

At last the blank leader flashed across the screen and the lights went up. But not a sound. For perhaps thirty seconds this heartrending silence prevailed, then Bill Callahan, head of the sales department barked, "Gentlemen, I'll undertake to sell that picture one hundred percent in every territory. It's the best damned comedy you've given me in a dog's age. At last this studio is getting sense," and added as an afterthought to take the sting out of his remark, "I'll turn that into dollars for you."

After that everybody became human and friendly. They wanted to know how Blackthorne did it, who this Jack Kennedy was and where was he.

He wasn't in the theatre anymore, nor was Pat. Blackthorne told the whole story and when he finished, Bill Callahan asked, "What did you say her name was?"

Blackthorne told him and Bill shouldered his way out of the room to find this little bit of shamrock that made the picture.

"Try the main stage," Blackthorne whispered to him as he passed and Bill nodded. He found her, or rather them, but he tiptoed away without saying a word.

He had seen the little bit o' shamrock sitting on a folding stool and kneeling before her with his blond head buried in her arms was a boy. Both were crying, but their tears were the kind that make life sweet.

What Size Glory—Continued from page 41

in many ways, these two are similar in height at least, 5 feet 4 inches.

Maria Corda, a European importation by First National, will be seen as the fabled Helen of Troy in this company's rendition of John Erskine's 'Private Life' of that beautiful lady.

Frau Corda (Herr Corda is a director) has an exquisite figure, which, the censors at least, will see quite a bit of in the picture.

In measurement, it is as follows: Height, 5 feet 4 inches; weight, 120 pounds; bust, 36; hips, 37½; waist, 26½; wrist, 6¼; ankle, 7.

Gilda Gray—'Give the little girl a big hand'—dances the shimmy, the black bottom, the devil dance or what have you on a pair of tapping feet which take a size 3 shoe. Gilda is 5 feet 4 inches in height. Her bust is 34; her hips, 36; her waist, 26; her neck, 12½; her thigh, 17¾; her calf,

13; her ankle, 7¾; her length from knee to toe, 22; and her length of foot, 8.

How they ever kept Gilda still long enough to take all these detailed measurements is a mystery to me. Another triumph for Samuel Goldwyn, I suppose.

Since there must be an exception to prove every rule, I am adding the measurements of Dolores Del Rio. Dolores is small, just 5½ inches shorter than Greta Garbo, and she doesn't belong at all to the new type of screen heroine herein referred to. But her success has been outstanding in the last two years. And as I said she is the exception that proves the rule.

Dolores is 5 feet 2½ inches in height. Her bust is 34; her hips, 37; her waist, 23; and her shoe size, 4. She weighs 112 pounds.

Of these recent film successes, only two have long hair, Dolores and Eve Southern. Greta's is a long bob.



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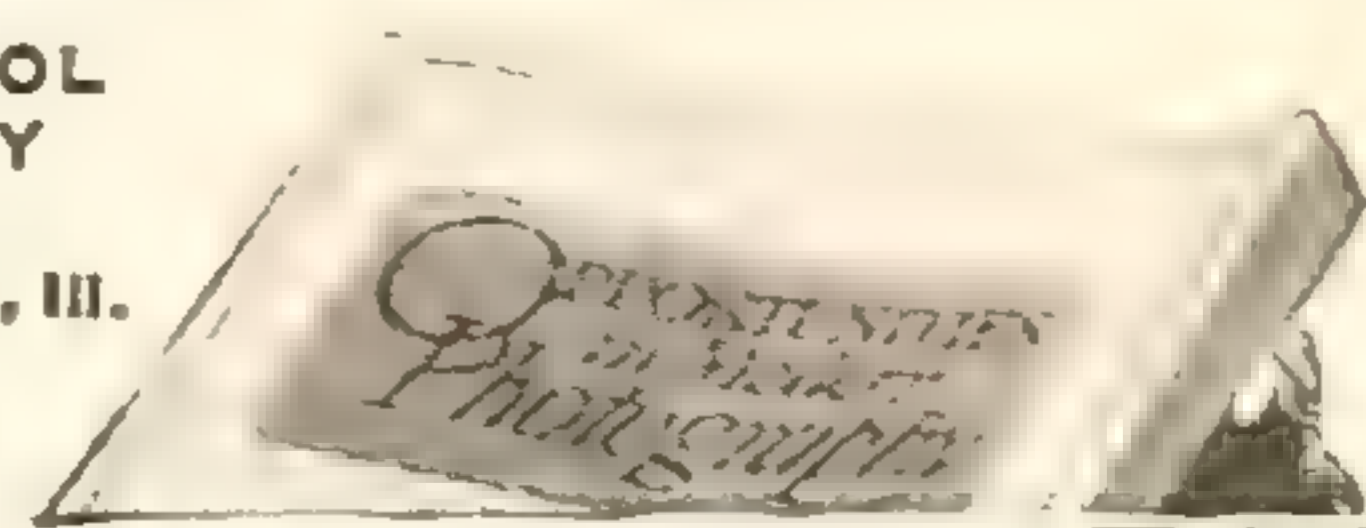
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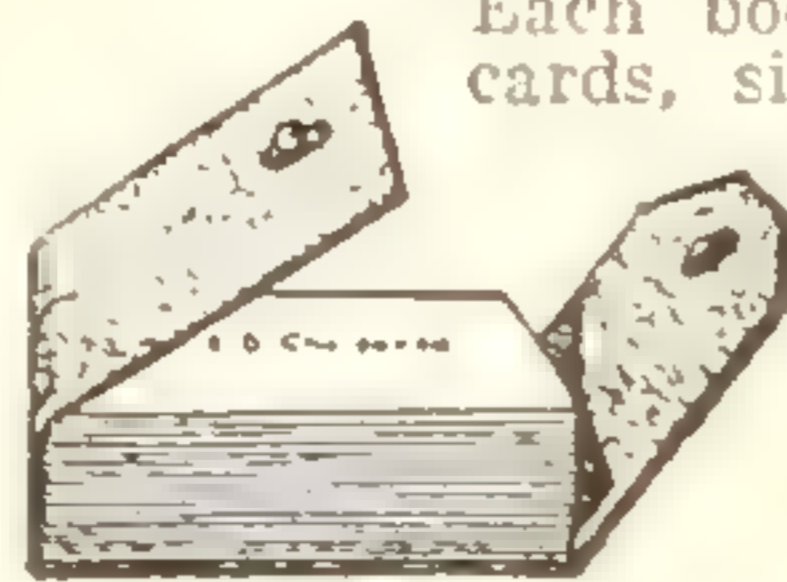
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Delight Evans' Reviews

(Continued from page 45)

"Quality Street"

Come for a walk up Quality Street with Sir James Barrie and Marion Davies. Good exercise—and good company. Quality Street is a quaint and charming thoroughfare—no place for a sports roadster, but just right for a quiet stroll. That neat little, sweet little house is where Miss Phoebe lives—dainty, delightful Miss Phoebe, and her sister Sue, completely surrounded by prunes and prisms. La—this is the age of the ladylike girl—along about the beginning of the last century—before ankles were invented. A perfect lady concealed her feelings as she did her legs—beg pardon, limbs. Believe me if all those endearing young charms walked up the street today they wouldn't get a second glance. And still—I don't know. Miss Phoebe is a knock-out in her way. All her propriety didn't prevent handsome Doctor Brown from calling on her. Quality Street was watching and waiting for him to declare himself when—a little man named Napoleon made it necessary for all good Englishmen to forget their Phobes and rush to the defence of Miss Britania. 'He loved her—and he rode away.' Quality Street sighs as Miss Phoebe slips from radiant girlhood to staid old-maidenhood—in those days it didn't take long. And then—Mr. Brown—now Captain Brown swaggers home from war, resplendent in a superb uniform, ready to pop the question. You may think such a situation wouldn't be exciting, but I tell you I got more kick out of it than a dozen floods, ship wreck or smash climaxes. There's real suspense when Captain Brown calls once more to see Miss Phoebe, expecting to find her just as he left her. Whether she will win him back, and how she'll go about it—that's the question. See the answer for yourself.

Quality Street is an enchanting comedy-drama of manners—good manners. It has all the flavor of Barrie at his best. And it is also an important picture from a directorial stand-point. Sidney Franklin did it, and if he had a 'von' in front of his name, he would probably be credited with starting a new school, or something. Here he has taken a simple, slow-moving story, and endowed it with interest and action. He has created color against an old-fashioned, leisurely background which might have held the picture back in the 'quaint' class. The sets look as if somebody had been living in 'em for years. The props are positively mellow—it's as good as a visit to your favorite antique shop. Yes—Franklin has retained all that mignonette-at-moonlight atmosphere, and has also supplied a dash that has hitherto been lacking in costume things. There's speed, and humor, and modern camera angles in his method. This is one of those pictures with rythm—I'll bet even Sir James will be tapping his foot when he sees his Phoebe and her Captain tripping the light fantastic.

As for the acting—it's just about perfect. Marion Davies has always been ornamental around a picture; now she is useful as well. Wait till you see her as Phoebe. Of course, she's a picture in those costumes. But it isn't her beauty that you'll remember. Her very best work is done in those scenes which shows Phoebe as

a fast-fading flower; her most exquisite close-up, one in which the Davies curls are slicked severely back under an unbecoming cap, as she asks pathetically: 'I haven't worn well, have I?' Then there's Conrad Nagel, a very human hero—robust and hearty. Conrad was never so good in his life. Helen Jerome Eddy, too—in fact, everybody concerned seems to enjoy their sojourn in quaint *Quality Street*. I know I did.

"Dress Parade"

Dress Parade has all the thrills of all those news-reel pictures of West Point—and then some. It takes you right up to the U. S. Military Academy and shows you through—not as the tourist sees it, but the real thing. You stroll Flirtation Walk, you see the view from Fort Putnam; you peek into General Pershing's old room, and you dance at the hop. There's nothing more you can do at West Point—except study. The Academy is a pictorially perfect setting for any picture. It furnishes all the sets—not a studio shot in the lot. All the boys who wanted to be sailors will now change their minds and begin to nag their congressmen. *Dress Parade* is excellent propaganda.

William Boyd is seen in a William Haines character—a fresh cadet who congratulates West Point on its luck. Through the tough discipline and the sweet censure of the Commandant's daughter he learns to be a Man. This is my last smart-aleck, so help me. Boyd, a sincere actor and a pleasant personality, is no smart-aleck and no amount of mugging is going to make him one. He is just mis-cast, that's all—but it's enough to hand the honors to Hugh Allan as a rival cadet for the hand of Bessie Love—and Bessie, by the way, at her pert best. From the start the sympathy is for Hugh. The audience is with him to the last woman, and when Bessie turns him down everybody thinks she is just having her little joke. Young Mr. Allan has plenty of promise and if he keeps just half of it no heroine will ever turn him down again. He's the boy who was about to become Mary Pickford's leading man when he broke his arm. All I can say is, if Mr. Allan doesn't break his neck he is going to be a great, big star some day.

"Home-Made"

Extra—Johnny Hines Gets in Jam! Hold on—it's all right. It's good jam, that kind that mother makes. And Johnny's efforts to put mother's jam on the market make *Home Made* a funny picture. It has bigger and better gags. This is a gag year, as you know if you have been seeing any comedies at all lately. Johnny's gags are all home-made. Unlike some home-made products, these fit. They occur at the right time and right place, and aid rather than retard the development of the story. *Home-Made* also contains tips for young men trying to get along. For instance, it tells you boys how to spend an evening with your girl when that's all you have to spend. Go to a phonograph shop with her and ask to hear the newest dance records. Then while the clerk waits without, ask your girl to dance, and pass a pleasant evening. It is desirable to be an excellent dancer in order to put this over, and Johnny is a good teacher. Johnny sets a splendid example to boys, anyway. He's the personification in his picture of all the young go-getters in the world. Take the Hines comedy course. It will pay you in laughs while learning.

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Screen News—Continued from page 6



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goodness, normal, interesting American femme. However, she may do another vamp soon, if Herbert Brenon decides to write in a part for her in his next for United Artists, *Laugh, Clown, Laugh*. It isn't settled yet.

* * *

Monte Blue hasn't changed a bit! We used to know him when he worked for Griffith—quite some time ago as times go in the movies. He played Danton in D. W.'s *Orphans of the Storm*, you recall. And before that he was a sort of actor-man-of-all-work around D. W.'s studio—since *Intolerance* days. But Monte was always earnest, always hard-working. No job has ever been too small for him to tackle—or too big, either. Now his jobs are getting bigger and better. He's been a full-fledged star for several years, and his drawing-power is steadily increasing. We're glad of it, because in these days of swift success and, sometimes, just as quick failure, we need a few like Monte. He likes his work; he likes his company—Warner Brothers—he likes the parts they give him to play. Satisfied, and sincere—that's Mr. Blue.

* * *

Tommy Meighan has been here. No, not in New York, but in Great Neck, Long Island. Tommy is a real country-boy, as country goes around this town. His place at Great Neck is a neat little farm-house with private bathing-beach and fixings. Meighan spends practically all his time out there while in the east, playing golf. When he does come in to town to see a show or do business, he always catches an early train back to the island. Thomas Meighan may seem indifferent to you in his pictures these days. Sometimes it seems that he walks through them. But just give him a good story—one he can believe in—and watch the change. That's what he wants more than anything—a good story. He admits he needs it. We wouldn't be surprised to hear of his signing with another company one of these days. But of course he has a few more films to make under his Paramount contract.

* * *

'Mable Normand Presents Lew Cody'—that's the way an act was billed at the Palace vaudeville theatre on Broadway. Lew wise-cracks also to the effect that he brings greetings from 'the luckiest girl in the world'—lucky, says Lew, because she married me. Cody is a capital kidder; he has a suave, easy line on the stage, and we're not surprised to hear that he is considering an offer to star in a new play.

Mabel came east to see her husband—a Mabel who looks more like the fresh, vivacious Mabel of Sennett days than we have seen for a long time. She's still pert, and pretty; her great big eyes still snap, her wit still sparkles. Some day she'll make her screen come-back, see if she doesn't. Right now she is thinking of going into vaudeville. The Codys are a gay, debonair team; they remind us of that old vaudeville act billed as *That Klassy Kare-free Couple*.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Buster Keaton were in town. Seems funny to call them that. They look just like a couple of kids. Natalie Keaton—the youngest Talmadge—that was, and still is, for once a Talmadge, always one—is a little bit of a thing; a miniature edition of her famous sister Norma. You'd never guess she's the proud mother of two bouncing boys. Buster is a shy, quiet chap

with a rich vein of real humor. That frozen face is for screen purposes only. We sat near the Keatons in a theatre one night and Buster nearly laughed himself out of his seat over the antics of a brother comedian. It takes a comedian to appreciate another one's gags. For instance, all the funny fellows of the screen are enthusiastic about each other's work. Buster thinks Johnny Hines is funny, while Johnny roars at Buster and at Harry Langdon and Harold Lloyd. And of course they all howl at Chaplin.

* * *

Connie Talmadge came back from Europe with a brand-new divorce. Whenever Connie comes to town, things liven up. When you watch her on the screen, you don't see the half of it. Really, she's ten times more vivacious, more impish, more fascinating. There's a luxury and a glitter about her; in her hotel suite there is always an atmosphere of subdued excitement. She's the soubrette deluxe of the movies. And she is probably the most feted and admired of all the movie queens. The ex-Mrs. Alastair McIntosh is heart-whole and fancy-free now; but we don't mind telling you that Buster Collier was in town at the same time. What? Oh, he was just doing a vaudeville turn with his dad, William Collier, Sr. That's all.

* * *

There's an exotic lady in the movies named Rosa Rudami. An Italian, discovered by Cecil De Mille. She has raven-black tresses reaching below her knees, languorous eyes, and an intriguing accent. The latter doesn't show on the screen but the hair and eyes do. She's no longer with De Mille but she'll soon be making a new picture, as well as a stage appearance in a new play, she tells us. Anyway, she made the Algonquin sit up and take notice.

* * *

George Bancroft, the star of *Underworld*, is now on top of the world. He's one of the few stars to have several pictures playing on Broadway simultaneously, so he had to come east to see for himself. There's nothing rough or uncouth about Mr. Bancroft 'in person.' He was as much at home in George's dining room at the 'Gonk' as any member of the intelligentsia. And why not?

* * *

Virginia Valli was in town for a vacation—just in time to see herself on the screen at the Roxy in *East Side, West Side*. Virginia went to see her picture, all by herself. She paid to get in, and nobody paid any attention to her—except, of course, on the screen. She says she is never recognized—and when she is, she is mistaken for somebody else! That's an Irishism, and Virginia has a right to it, because her real name is Sweeney. She has often been addressed as 'Miss Vidor' or 'Miss Talmadge.' (Norma.) Somebody suggested that the reason she's never recognized is because she didn't have an ermine coat. So on this trip east she remedied that. Just the same, we've seen fans rush up to her in theatres and ask her for her autograph, and not seem in the least surprised to discover that it was Virginia Valli. She's just about the favorite film star up in Portland, Maine. She went up there to be a judge in a beauty contest to select 'Miss Maine,' and came close to being chosen herself.

* * *

Those Duncan Sisters, Rosetta and Vivian, have given up a trip to England to

star in *Topsy and Eva* over there—the the musical comedy version—in favor of California and a new motion picture. Vivian's engagement to Nils Asther, the handsome new leading man seems very definitely 'on.' Nils' work keeps him in California, which may have influenced the Duncans' decision. Anyway, everybody's glad.

* * *

Lillian Gish, in town for a vacation, has been doing the Broadway first-nights in company with George Jean Nathan, the critic, so consistently these days that all those engagement rumors have popped up again. Lillian says 'no,' of course. Fans who have followed the fortunes of the Gish family will be glad to hear that Mrs. Gish, who has been seriously ill for some time, is now on the road to recovery. Lillian's picture plans are still indefinite, chiefly because she has still two more releases coming under her contract with M-G-M: *The Wind* and *The Enemy*. She worked so hard for the past year or two that she feels she has earned a rest; and time enough to sign a new contract when she feels like getting into harness again. *The Wind*, incidentally, is one of the few films that Miss Gish has ever made for which she has a word of praise. She worked harder in this picture than she did even in *Way Down East*. The physical hardships endured by the company were no joke, what with sand, and wind machines, and heat. So when Lillian says 'I'm pleased with it,' you know it must be good.

* * *

Billie Dove came east at a half hour's notice. She was packing her husband's trunk for his trip to Washington, D. C., for conference with government officials about his forthcoming special "Big Guns," for Universal, when both of them suddenly realized they couldn't stand the separation. Billie got in touch with the studio and begged for a leave of absence. Nobody can refuse her anything, so schedules were switched and she hopped on the train at the very last minute, regardless of the fact that she had no time to pack any trunks for herself. And what an excuse to indulge in a shopping orgy when she arrived!

Walking up Fifth Avenue with Billie Dove was like participating in a queen's triumphal procession. It looked as if all the movie fans in town had gathered to cheer her. Every time she went shopping she was followed by beves of excited girls, and if you think all movie stars are hard-boiled, you should have seen Billie blush! The presence of the pretty picture star in the audience at the first night of the Ziegfeld Follies made that always thrilling event even more exciting than usual. She left town a little girl who had won some notice as one of the most beautiful of Mr. Ziegfeld's many beautiful decorations. She returned a movie star, with a reputation as a good actress and a great box-office bet.

They say that in a year or two Miss Dove will be second to none as a feminine drawing-card. In private life, however, she's very much Mrs. Irvin Willat. She's really a devoted, old-fashioned wife, and proud of it. Some day, the Willats hope to work together again for the films. You remember the Zane Grey westerns they made together, notably "*Wanderer of the Wasteland*." Although he's a big-time director, and she's a rapidly rising star, they remain outside the studio, just a nice, young married couple. And in these days, what higher praise is there? There aren't many beauties who remain unspoiled and retain their sense of humor. Maybe that's why everybody, including Mr. Willat, is rooting for Billie Dove.

* * *

An interesting new series is now in production at the Cosmopolitan Studio in New York. It is the Rainbow series of six two-reel productions, made entirely in color. Lars Moen, a former writer on movie subjects, is the director-producer. Mr. Moen studied German camera methods during a recent sojourn abroad, and brought back many ideas of value in developing this unique new series. Edna Murphy came on from California to play the leading role; she was chosen for her beautiful blonde coloring. Others in the cast are Mabel Swor, Follies beauty, and Walter Tennyson, promising juvenile who will also be seen in the William Boyd picture filmed at West Point.

* * *

Leila Hyams became Mrs. Phil Berg at a wedding at Sherry's on Park Avenue, New York early in November. The little blonde Warner star had a real wedding—a hundred-year-old wedding veil, and all the trimmings. She has known her husband five years—in fact, it's a sort of childhood romance, for Leila is only twenty and he's just five years older. Mr. Berg is the son of a wealthy New York apartment builder, but he has gone into business for himself in Hollywood as a casting agent. His wife is not one of his clients. Her own manager is a woman. But Mr. Berg is exceedingly proud of her just the same.

Leila Hyams is a very beautiful blonde, with none of the traditional affectation of a former 'child star.' She, instead, resembles a young lady fresh from a smart finishing-school—but not so very fresh. She used to play in vaudeville with her parents, the well-known team of Hyams and McIntyre. She says she played 'dead bodies and off-stage voices.' When she first tried her luck in pictures, no one knew she was around. She did extra work and bits; and then finally got the part in *Summer Bachelors* which started her on the road to fame. Now she has a five-year contract with Warner Brothers, and has lately been co-starring with Monte Blue. Johnny Hines, whose leading lady she was in *White Pants Willie*, calls her a second Corinne Griffith. She has much the same patrician quality.

What's Doing in Times Square

Continued from page 10

special copy of Harriet Beecher Stowe's famous novel with illustrations from the picture. One woman had three volumes under her arm and each of her two companions had one.—There was the excited, eager look of the huntress on her face, and as I passed she was sending one of her companions back for still another copy. Avarice, it seems, is still with us.

For the rest there was *Tea for Three* at the Capitol with Lew Cody, Aileen Pringle and Tom Moore; *Two Arabian Knights* at the Rivoli with Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton and then there was *My Best Girl* at the Rialto with the girl who is and ever will be the Sweetheart of America and Queen of the Screen—Mary Pickford.

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George O'Brien, Cavalier

Continued from page 23

all of us big-hearted bums. Sock 'im, Georgie! We've got our money on you.

O'Brien doesn't look like a movie actor. He looks like a prize-fighter. And he wanted to be a prize-fighter once, but his folks wouldn't let him. They couldn't very well object to his becoming a movie star, and now the joke's on them. He's been fighting practically ever since. However, George has shown them he can put it over without the aid of the gloves. In *Sunrise* he shows an artist's soul. Here's a fighter who's as sensitive as a prima-donna. Director Murnau had his choice of all the leading men in Hollywood and he chose William Fox's white-hope. George justified the choice by a brilliant performance without a trace of Tunney technique. Now that he's proved he can do it, I hope he goes back to fighting. For George may be a movie star to his mother but he is just a fightin' fool to me. I don't think of him as an actor who slaps on make-up and goes through scenes at a director's bidding. He packs a pre-historic wallop that makes us all cave-sisters under the skin.

Don't get the idea that he's one of these strong, silent men. Wait till you hear him in *Movietone*. And you will soon, for he is going to be the first of the Fox stars to speak out. Just to tide you over until then, I'll let you in on that voice. It's one of those Irish voices—rich, and soft, with a bit of a brogue. Something like John McCormack's in his best records. That voice has been in the family for generations.

George is Dan O'Brien's boy—the San Francisco O'Briens. Dan was chief of police in the city of the golden gate, and it looked as if George might follow in his footsteps. The folks wanted him to be a doctor, and George had his heart set on the prize-ring; so he became a movie star!

George says: "Dad thought every man in any walk of life should know how to protect himself. And he said to me: 'Son, there are two things you must always remember: that you are a gentleman, and not to be afraid to fight if you have to.'"

And I understand George has a good memory. He seems to be able to protect himself pretty well, and that he is a gentleman clear through nobody will deny—even if he does have a trainer instead of a valet, and spends most of his spare time in a pool room or with dumb-bells. While he was in New York making a picture and, later, vacationing, he certainly concentrated on that pool room. Yes—the swimming pool room in his hotel. And he swings a mean dumb-bell. He tumbles out of bed at six o'clock a good many mornings to box with his trainer, too. No—George hasn't forgotten.

He admits he knows a lot more about developing muscles than defining them. He was sent to college to study medicine, but he soon discovered the track and the gridiron, and did practically all of his studying there. As the time for anatomy examination drew near, George was rapidly becoming a star athlete. Fortunately for him, the war came along about the same time; and he joined the submarine division of the Pacific Fleet. There he had a chance to fight all he wanted to. By the end of the war, George was light-heavy-weight champ of the Pacific!

Dan O'Brien said that was all right,

but a little more college education wouldn't do any harm, either. So back George went to Santa Clara College. Summer vacation found him at a rodeo in northern California, where he met Tom Mix. The famous screen cowboy liked the Irish boy with the broad grin and broad shoulders, and told him he could use a lad like him to carry a camera around. George took the job—and that was the last that college ever saw of him. Before long he was playing athletic bits in westerns, and occasionally doubling for some player. His muscles again—George admits it—won him his big chance. Director John Ford had been watching him, and as he wanted an extraordinarily athletic young man for the part of the pony express rider in *The Iron Horse*, he offered it to the O'Brien boy, who looked like just about the strongest set of muscles in Hollywood. The rest, as Anthony said to Cleopatra as he entered her tent that evening, is history.

Life for George became just one fight after another—on the screen. That was all right with him, too. After his success in *The Iron Horse*, he was given the lead in *The Fighting Heart*, which called for a scrap with Victor McLaglen, Canadian Army champ, and with Jack Herrick, who was Jack Dempsey's sparring partner. In *The Roughneck* there were fights, too; but the big stunt in that film was a sixty-foot drop from the deck of a ship. George likes to tell about that.

"The captain of the 'Emma Alexander' didn't know we were going to do this jump, and all I had was the word of the director that I'd be picked up by a motor launch, ordered to be sent out from San Diego. No platform was built, no preparations of any kind were made; and the motor launch was not in sight; but the captain was coming, so—I jumped. When I saw the captain again, he roared at me: 'I knew that Dan O'Brien had a son—but I didn't know his son was a darned fool!'"

George probably wouldn't tell you about it, but I know he once saved the life of a leading lady who couldn't swim. He spends most of his evenings in Tom Mix's gymnasium instead of at parties; and he's a handball fiend and a basketball star. Apparently the only form of sport in which he does not indulge is flying; and I expect he is taking that up right now.

While he was in New York he attended a luncheon of the A. M. P. A.—short for Associated Motion Picture Advertisers, or hard-boiled press-agents. They are the boys who make a living extolling the virtues of stars and their pictures; so it isn't strange that they view a star with slightly skeptical eyes. To get by this bunch, an actor has to be super-human. Every week some star or director is guest of honor. George got by. They liked him. And a story got around that put him over even better. Seems he was scheduled to make a personal appearance in New Jersey where many are called but few will go. At the last moment George regretted the kind intentions that had prompted him to promise to 'appear'—it was the same night as the Dempsey-Tunney fight! He could have called it off, and he wanted to, because he is a friend of Dempsey's, and prize-fighting is a minor passion with him. But he kept his word to the theatre manager and went to Jersey instead. To anyone who knows movies, and movie actors, and per-

sonal appearances, this definitely stamps George O'Brien as a cross between a saint and a nut, but a mighty nice nut.

Richard Dix, who knew him when he was just struggling for a foothold in pictures, says there's no fellow in the game any squarer or cleaner. And by the way, to hear O'Brien tell it you'd never guess he had any kind of struggle at all. He doesn't mention the hard pull; he only mentions the lucky breaks—which is the only way in which George O'Brien resembles a sun-dial. Virginia Valli, who

co-starred with him in *Paid to Love* and *East Side West Side*, and might reasonably be supposed to be prejudiced against him—for leading men and leading ladies, unless they are Greta Garbo and Jack Gilbert, usually reserve all their affection for their love scenes—says he is modest and unassuming and fair. And you can ask anybody else and I think they'll tell you the same thing. But if you ever meet him don't ask him to let you feel his muscle. You might get a good, gentlemanly sock in the eye.

Ask Me—Continued from page 4

Ohio School for Deaf. In a jiffy, are you? I'll bet a lemon-jello, you've been sampling some gelatin dessert. You can address Mildred Davis Lloyd at 6640 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Natalie Kingston, First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. May McAvoy, Warner Bros., 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Marceline Day, Chas. Delaney and Roy D'Arcy at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Baby Peggy is in vaudeville now. Janet Gaynor and Dorothy Dwan are working at the Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. Fay Wray can be reached at Cecil De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal. Larry Semon at Chadwick Studios, 1449 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Florence of Walthamstow, England. You think 'SCREENLAND is an absolutely ripping film magazine,' do you? I refuse to deny it. Clive Brook is playing in *The Devil Dancer* at the Cecil De Mille Studios. Vilma Banky and Ronald Colman are featured in *Leatherface* for Samuel Goldwyn Productions—De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal. As we no longer have a fan club department, I'm sorry that I can't comply with your request, but let me hear from you again.

Miss M. S. Detroit. Thanks for the introduction—I'd know you any place. Black eyes, brown hair and not too fat—and your number? I have that too. Speak to me any time, I never forget a face. Ramon Novarro is 28 years old, and you can write to him at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Betty Bronson is playing in *Open Range* for Paramount. Rudolph Valentino died Aug. 23, 1926.

Jester, Mount Airy, N. C. I'm a modest little thing, but I agree with you that you can learn a lot from my department. I never answer many foolish questions, jest'er few, so you're next. Art Acord was born in Stillwater, Okla. in 1890. He has been married but is now divorced. Hoot Gibson was born in Tekamah, Nebr. in 1892.

Just a Half-Pint from La. Can't you make it a case? Plenty of space—Southern hospitality—well, you know what I mean. Address Ruth Roland at 3828 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal. Why don't Jack Mulhall play in Western pictures any more? Better ask Jack. You can address Tom Mix at Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. Jack Hoxie, Producers-Distributing Corp., Culver City, Cal. Jack Holt and Fred Thompson, Paramount Studios, Hollywood, Cal. Mary Pickford, United Artists, Hollywood, Cal. Monte Blue, Warner Bros., 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Colleen Moore and Jack Mulhall, First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. John Gilbert, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

L. L. Houston, Texas. In plain colors, you were 'tickled pink' to find some one to write to for addresses of your 67 favorites. Haven't you forgotten a few? Miss Vee Dee has not posed on a tiger skin for her photograph lately, but when she does, SCREENLAND will show it and no kiddin' either. Johnny Hines can be addressed at Tec-Art Studios, 5360 Melrose Ave., Hollywood, Cal. Lois Wilson, Viola Dana, Bob Custer and Tom Tyler at F. B. O. Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. Avonne Taylor, Sally O'Neil, Dorothy Sebastian, Norma Shearer, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Barbara Worth, June Marlowe and Jean Gerard are at Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

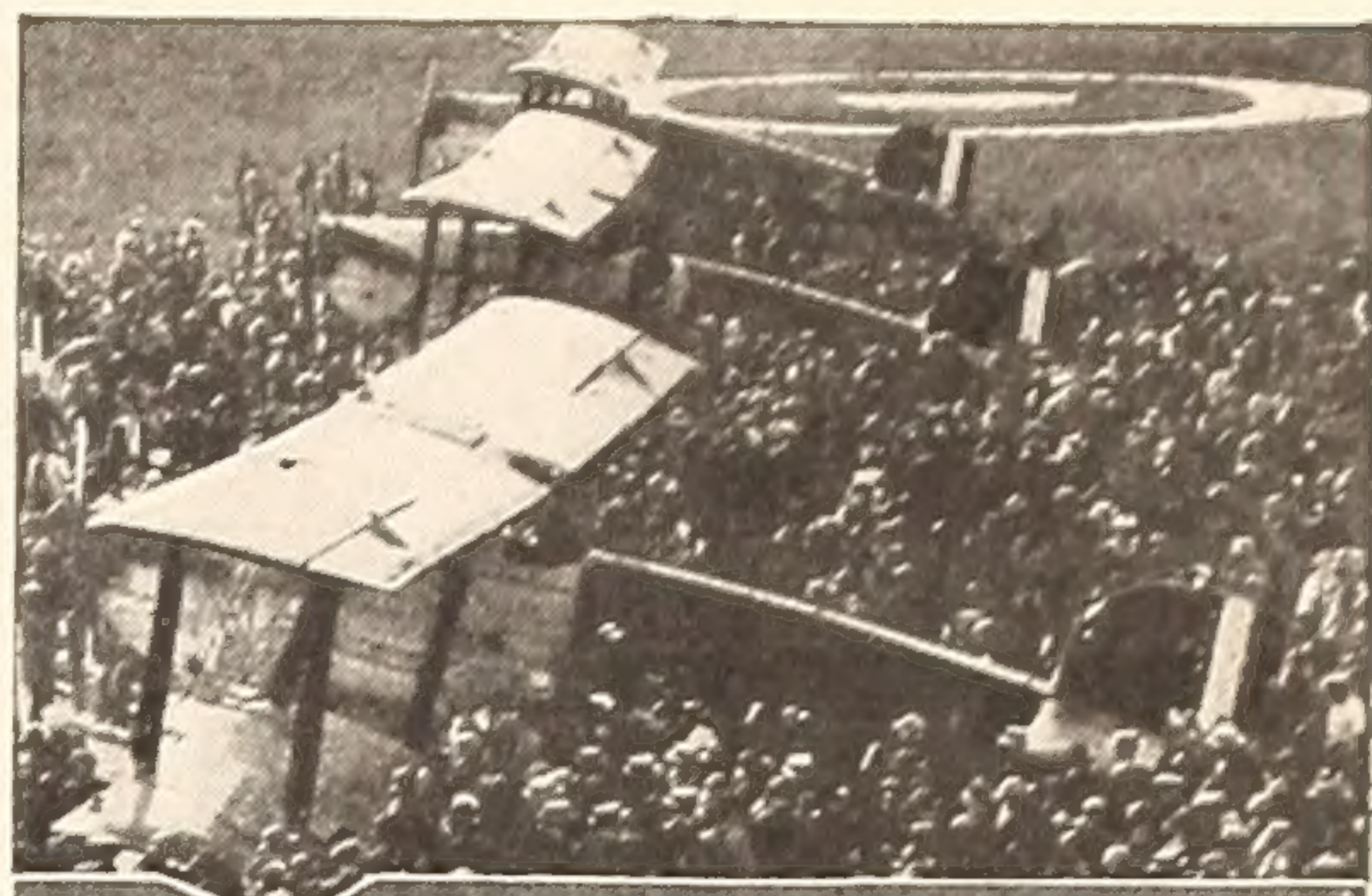
S. S. of Jersey City. Help, relp, you omitted the O! Harry Carey is working at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Jack Hoxie, Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal. You can reach Warner Baxter, Bob Custer and Tom Tyler at F. B. O. Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. Jackie Coogan, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Blanche Sweet played opposite Warner Baxter in *Singed*, a William Fox Production. You can write to her at the Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

A Lover of Movies, Topeka, Kans. That's what you all say and one of these days, I'm gonna get desperate and believe you're kidding me. Ronald Colman is 36 years old. John Gilbert is 30. Bebe Daniels is 26 and Lew Cody don't or won't tell how old he is. John Gilbert is playing in *Fires of Youth* at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Some of Bebe Daniels' old pictures are, *Nice People*, *Pink Gods*, *The Crowded Hour* and *The Palm Beach Girl*. Gloria Swanson has starred in *Madame Sans Gene*, *The Coast of Folly*, *Stage Struck* and *Fine Manners*.

Josephine of Yonkers, N.Y. Are you sure you have seen Miss Vee Dee in pictures? Perhaps you are thinking of Clara Bow or Jackie Coogan. Guess again, girlie.

M. V. Chicago, Ill. Thomas Meighan is now playing in *The City Gone Wild* at Paramount Studios, Hollywood, Cal. Be game and write to him; he likes to hear from his friends. Danny O'Shea was born in Boston, Oct. 8, 1906. Before going into pictures he was in vaudeville. Address Danny at F. B. O. Studio, 780, Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. Red Grange has not told me his age but when he does, I'll let you know.

Inez of Brooklyn. If your dreams come true, you'll become an actress and act, too. Loud applause—clap—clap! No, Lois Moran is not married. Lois says she is 17 years old and she should know. She



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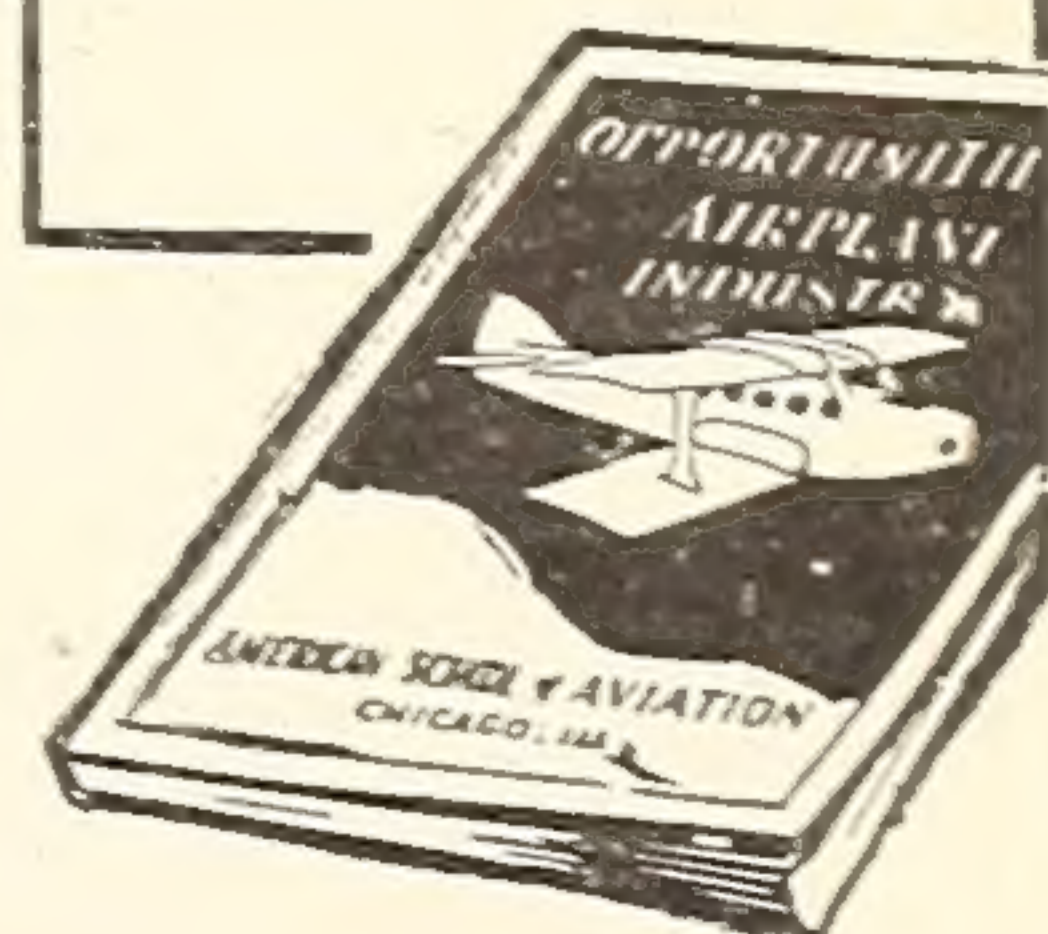
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Estelle Bradley, the Educational Mermaid, all set in case she has to skate home.

was born in Philadelphia, Pa. She has hazel eyes and blonde hair, is 5 feet 1 inch tall and weighs 107 pounds.

Friend Betty, Jackson. I'd do you good, if I could, but I might get caught at it. Why should I think you bold because you take SCREENLAND? Helene Costello is now playing in *In Old Kentucky* at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Dolores Costello, George Jessel, Syd Chaplin and Monte Blue at Warner Bros., 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Douglas Fairbanks and John Barrymore, United Artists, 7200 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Lonesome, Seattle, Wash. With all those wonderful mountains and everything—you have mountains, haven't you? So you think that Vilma Banky and Ronnie Colman were just made for each other, do you? Well, you see, Rod La Rocque thought differently—and so they were married. You can reach Vilma at Samuel Goldwyn Productions, Culver City, Cal.

Wanda R. Sorry I can't give you the home address of Pola Negri, but you can write to her at Paramount Studios, Hollywood, Cal. She is said to be very happily married to a real live Prince—Serge M'divani, by name. So dry your tears, child; and try to be happy with her. If your sister looks like Bebe Daniels, who does Richard Dix look like? I give it up.

Yours for the Best, Sanford, Fla. And not for the worst. You are too good to me. Suppose you write to Lee Duncan, Warner Bros., 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. and ask him to send you his dog—now wait a minute—to send you a picture of his dog, Rin-Tin-Tin, and see what you get. Bebe Daniels, Fred Thompson and Adolphe Menjou are at Paramount Studios, Hollywood, Cal. Billie Dove and Ken Maynard, First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. Mary Pickford, United Artists, Hollywood, Cal. William Haines, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Culver City, Cal. Ronald Colman is working for Samuel Goldwyn Productions, Culver City, Cal.

Joseph of Martins Mill Road. You know your onions, don't you, Joe? I am sorry I can't send you pictures of your favorites, but I can tell you where to write, to get them—and how. Tom Mix can be reached at Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. Lon Chaney at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Write to Fred Thompson at Paramount Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

C. C. Miami, Fla. You have a most inquisitive nature, did you say? And you'd like to know every thing like anything, about Buster Collier—well, I'd call yours a very generous nature. William (Buster) Collier was born Feb. 12, 1902, in N. Y. City. He is 5 feet 10 inches tall and weighs 145 pounds. Between the ages of 4 and 13 years, he was on the stage with his father, William Collier. A few of his pictures are, *The Bugle Call*, *Soul of Youth*, *Pleasure Mad*, *The Wanderer* and *The Rainmakers*. He is now playing in *The Outpost*, at Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

My Dutch Auntie, San Pedro. Now I ask you, as one kind relative to another, what are we going to do about the 'needles and pins' that you have been on while waiting for this issue of SCREENLAND? Get the point, Lorame? I feel all puffed up with pride and thanks a lot for the wholesale praise of my department. I think it's pretty good, at that. See, how your flattery has gone to my head. You may recognize your favorite in the cast of *Broken Hearts of Hollywood*: Patsy Ruth Miller, Louise Dresser, Barbara Worth, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., Jerry Miley, Stuart Holmes, Dick Sutherland and Sam de Grasse.

Movie Struck, N. Y. So you are a good stepper and have acted in many Christmas plays? Face all made up—pardon me, I mean, 'you have your movie name all made up,' and are ready to hit the trail for good old Hollywood. That's a long, long walk, Helen. But at the age of 11 years, you have much to look forward to and I'm going to hope with you. I said hope, not hop.



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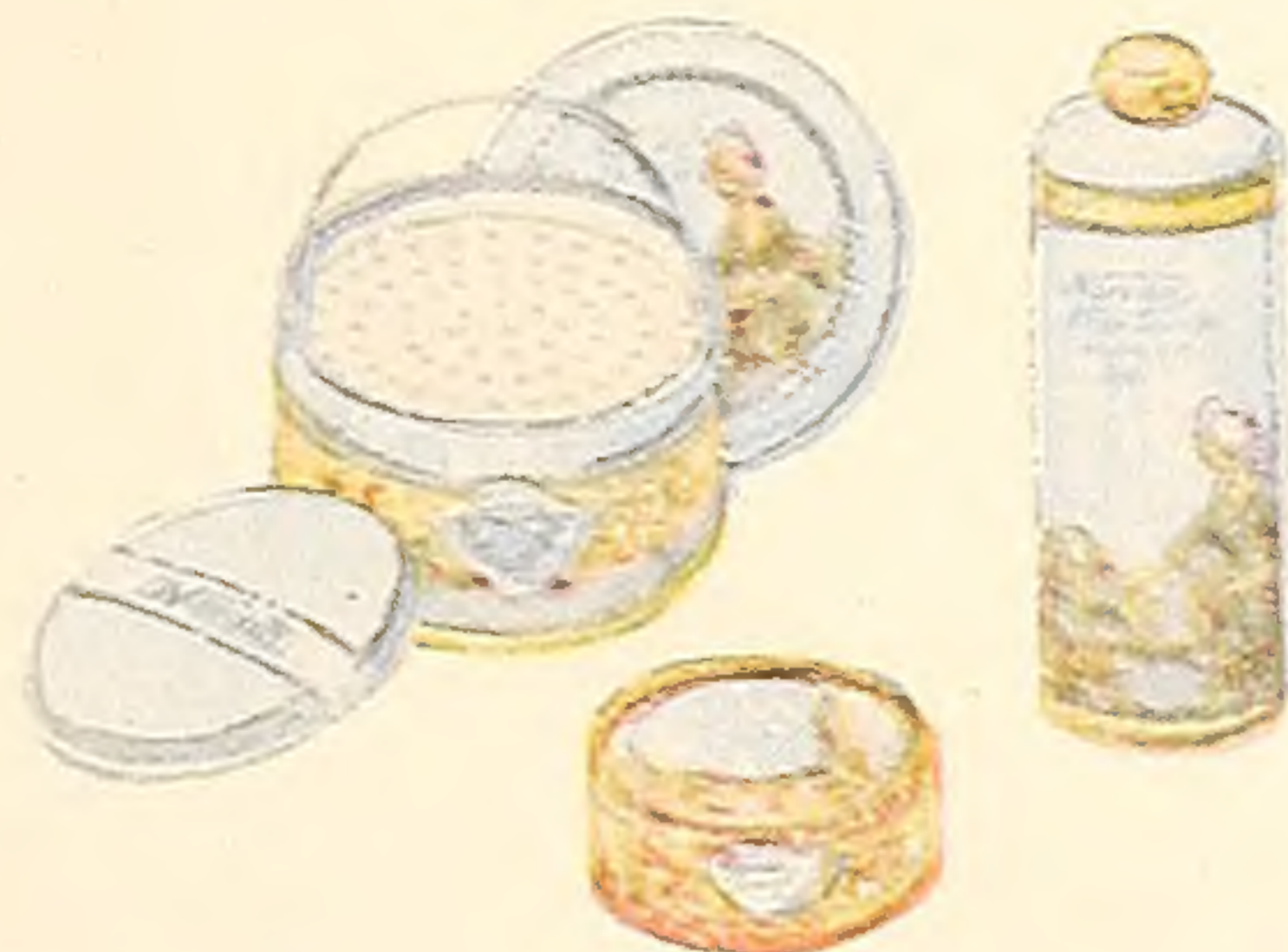


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