

11754

MAY, 1928

11753

PRICE 25 CENTS

# Screenland

GRETA GARBO *Painted by Anita Parkhurst*

Vol 17 No 1



EVERY WOMAN CAN BE BEAUTIFUL  
LEARN THE TRICKS OF HOLLYWOOD





*At Bridge*

*— there is no more  
delightful refreshmint*

**LIFE SAVERS**

THE CANDY MINT WITH THE HOLE



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2792  
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1

S C R E E N L A N D

# Two black sheep trying to turn white

Mon Apr. 7, 1936



## Square Crooks



Johnny Mack Brown who is supposed to have turned straight, hands his pal in reformation, Robert Armstrong, a severe jolt by showing him the famous Carson jewels, which have just been mysteriously stolen.

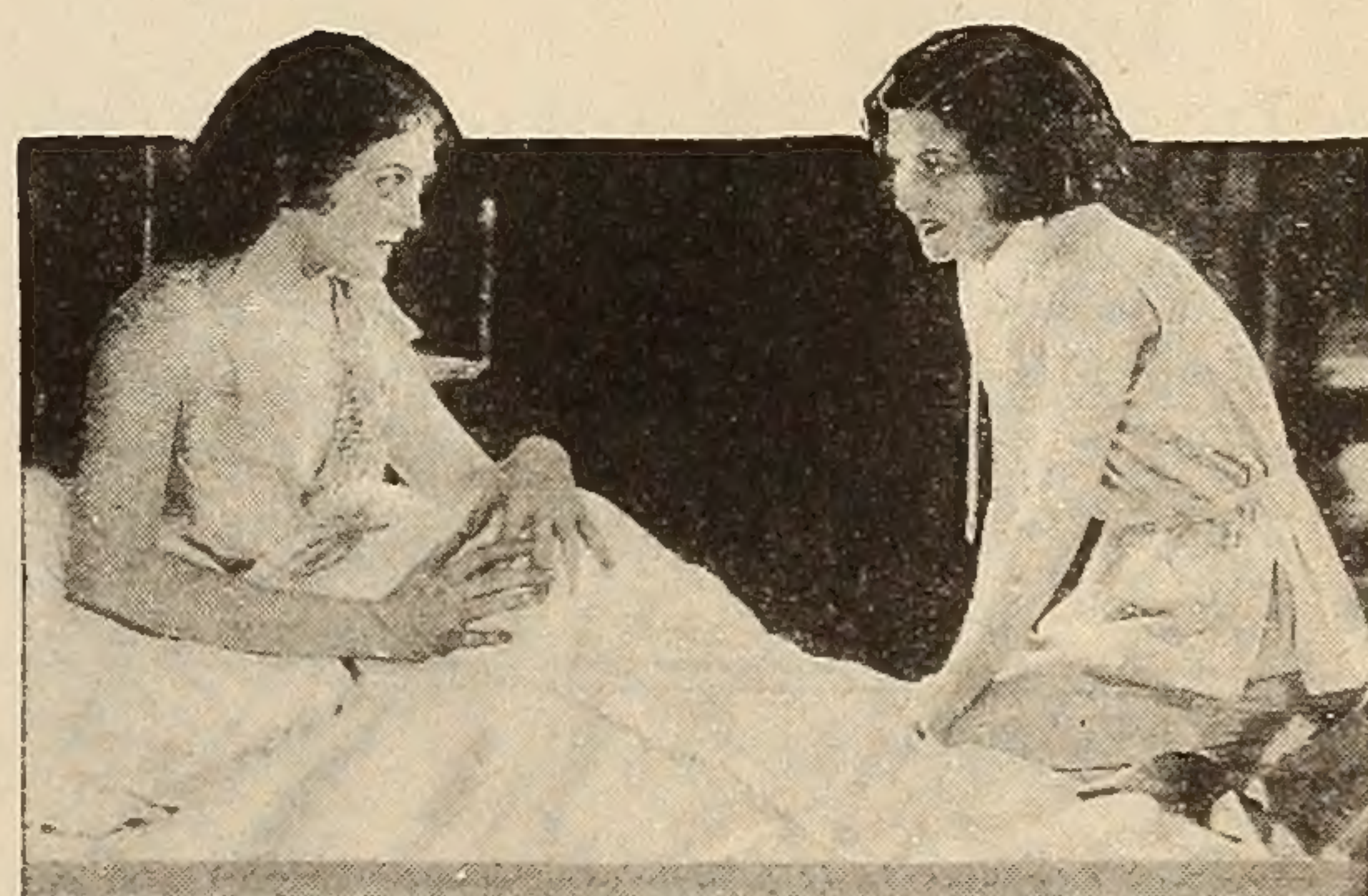
CAN a bad man live down his past—or does the underworld inevitably “get” its own when a crook tries to turn straight?

“SQUARE CROOKS” plays the spotlight on the seamy side of crookdom from an entirely new angle—and shows you a few episodes in the private life of a reformed gangster who is trying to “come back” that will make your skin creep!

Thrills, mystery, humor, romance and tragedy move side by side from start to finish of this super-study of the shady side of human nature! There are enough situations in it to make a dozen good stories! And a master story teller makes every one of them count in a feat of skilled directing that will stand as a model for a long time to come!

Watch for the announcement of “SQUARE CROOKS” at your favorite playhouse. You’ll be missing one of the year’s best pictures if you fail to see it!

with JOHNNY MACK BROWN—DOROTHY DWAN  
DOROTHY APPLEBY—ROBERT ARMSTRONG



With their men hounded by the police for the theft of the Carson jewels, Dorothy Dwan and Dorothy Appleby set their wits to work to get them out of the net.

ANOTHER GREAT

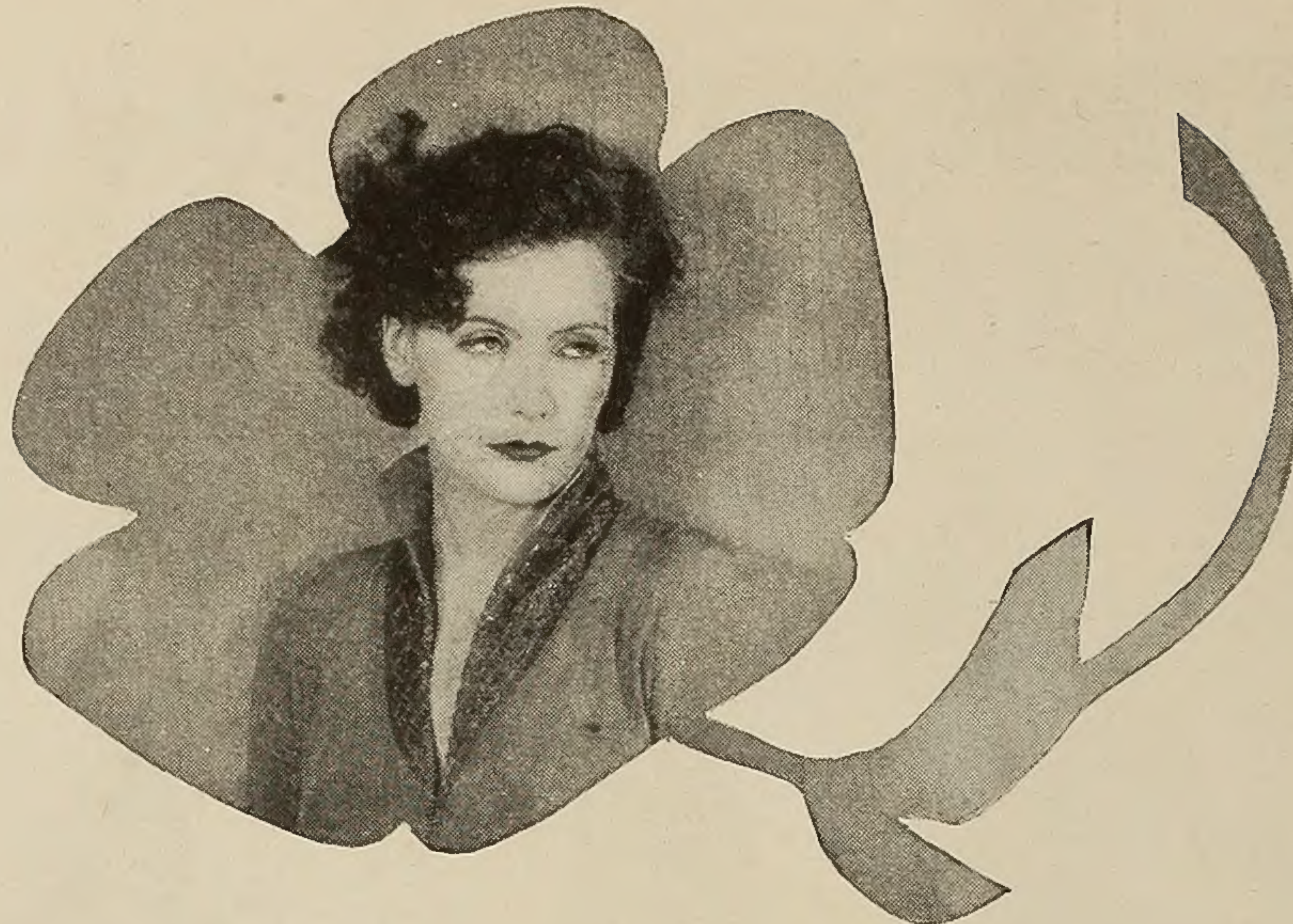


PRODUCTION





☞ Greta Garbo, the girl on the cover, is the most independent star in pictures.



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

# SCREENLAND

Title Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

May, 1928

*"The Spirit of the Movies"*

VOL. XVII, No. 1 ✓

Eliot Keen, Editor

## CONTENTS for MAY

COVER — Greta Garbo. Painted by Anita Parkhurst	LANE CHANDLER — A Portrait . . . . .	27	
ASK ME. An Answer Page of Information. By Miss Vee Dee . . . . .	SUE CAROL — A Portrait . . . . .	28	
4	PRETTY SOFT. By James M. Fidler . . . . .	29	
BOOKS FOR FANS. White Hands. By Esther Ralston . . . . .	6	IN NEW YORK. By Anne Howe . . . . .	30
WHAT'S DOING IN TIMES SQUARE. By Helen Ludlam . . . . .	8	YOUNG DOUG DID IT. By Rob Wagner . . . . .	32
OH BROADWAY DO YOU REMEMBER? By C. A. Leonard . . . . .	10	GRACE KINGSLEY'S GOSSIP . . . . .	34
GLORIA SWANSON — A Portrait . . . . .	12	CAMILLA HORN'S PAJAMAS. By Lulu Case Russell	36
HONOR PAGE. Gloria Swanson . . . . .	13	FAME FALLS FOR FALSE WHISKERS . . . . .	38
EDITORIAL. By Eliot Keen . . . . .	14	SCRAPS FOR OBLIVION. By Rupert Hughes . . . . .	40
A PAGE FOR OLD FRIENDS. Clara Kimball Young. By Evelyn Ballarine . . . . .	15	DELIGHT EVANS' REVIEWS . . . . .	42
BOHEMIA IN PICTURELAND. By Madeleine Matzen	16	TOGETHER AGAIN. By Garnett Weston . . . . .	46
THE BEAUTY WIZARD OF HOLLYWOOD. By Helen Ludlam . . . . .	18	MARY PHILBIN — A Maid of Modes . . . . .	48
LUCILA MENDEZ' GIFT. A Spanish Shawl . . . . .	20	NEW SCREENPLAYS. By Rosa Reilly . . . . .	50
SUCCESS AT 60. By Delight Evans . . . . .	22	SALLY PHIPPS — A Portrait . . . . .	53
WINNER OF MARION DAVIES' FUR PIECE . . . . .	24	JANE WINTON — A Portrait . . . . .	54
THE MOST BEAUTIFUL STILL. Lilac Time. Colleen Moore . . . . .	25	JOAN CRAWFORD — A Portrait . . . . .	55
GRETA NISSEN — A Portrait . . . . .	26	ADOLPHE MENJOU — A Portrait . . . . .	56
		COMING FILMS . . . . .	57
		THE STAGE COACH. By Morrie Ryskind . . . . .	64
		CHATTER FROM HOLLYWOOD. By Martin Martin	66
		THEY SAY. By Marion of Hollywood . . . . .	70
		NEWS FROM THE PICTURE MAKERS . . . . .	74
		LEW KING . . . . .	74

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# HAROLD LLOYD



# in "SPEEDY"

Produced by Harold Lloyd Corp.  
a Paramount Release

"best show in town"

a horse car load of laughs

Let's have fun!

All out to see Harold Lloyd  
in his latest picture . . .  
"Speedy!" He's New York's  
mile-a-minute, smile-a-  
minute kid . . . jumping  
from one job to another  
and one laugh to another.  
Ask your Theatre Manager  
for the date!

Ask your Theatre Manager for the dates of  
all the great Paramount Pictures of 1928—  
"Gentlemen Prefer Blondes", Emil Jannings  
in "The Last Command", "Tillie's Punctured

Romance", "Legion of the Condemned"—  
everyone is sure to be the "best show in town".

PARAMOUNT FAMOUS LASKY CORP.

Adolph Zukor, Pres., Paramount Bldg., N. Y.

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

# Paramount Pictures







## Discover the AMAZING WHITENESS of Your Own Skin!

I beg to present one of the great beauty discoveries of all time... a three-fold skin-whitener. Expect results that will amaze you. For now, in just three to six days, you can triple the whiteness of your skin... smooth it to soft, creamy texture... and clear it of every blemish.

### New Natural Method Whitens Skin in 3 days

Your skin is far whiter than you imagine, but its whiteness is masked beneath years of exposure to sun, wind, dust, etc. My new-type lotion unveils it and multiplies it. In six days this lotion undoes the havoc of years of exposure. In a perfectly natural way, amazing whiteness and smoothness are brought up from underneath the darkened, weather-roughened surface.

#### Freckles, Blackheads Vanish

Blemishes, roughness and tiny imperfections are erased from the skin surface. All trace of freckles, tan, blackheads and roughness disappear almost as if you had wished them away. You actually see your skin grow clear, fresh, ivory-white... and this beauty is in the skin itself—smooth, delicate, flawless beauty that powder can never give!

#### Now Used in 28 Countries

Never before have women had such a cosmetic. In a few short months its fame has spread to three continents and 28 countries. Now, in just three to six days, you can have the glory of a clear, milk-white skin.

#### Positive Guarantee

Will you try this amazing treatment? Test it to whiten hands, face or neck. Apply in three minutes at bedtime. See what a remarkable improvement just three days make.

Send no money—simply mail coupon. When package arrives pay postman only \$1.50 for the regular large-size bottle. Use this wonderful cosmetic six days. Then, if not simply delighted, return it, and I will refund your money without comment. Mail coupon today to (Mrs.) GERVAISE GRAHAM, 25 W. Illinois St., Chicago. (Canadian address: 61 College St., Toronto)

## GERVAISE GRAHAM Lotion FACE BLEACH

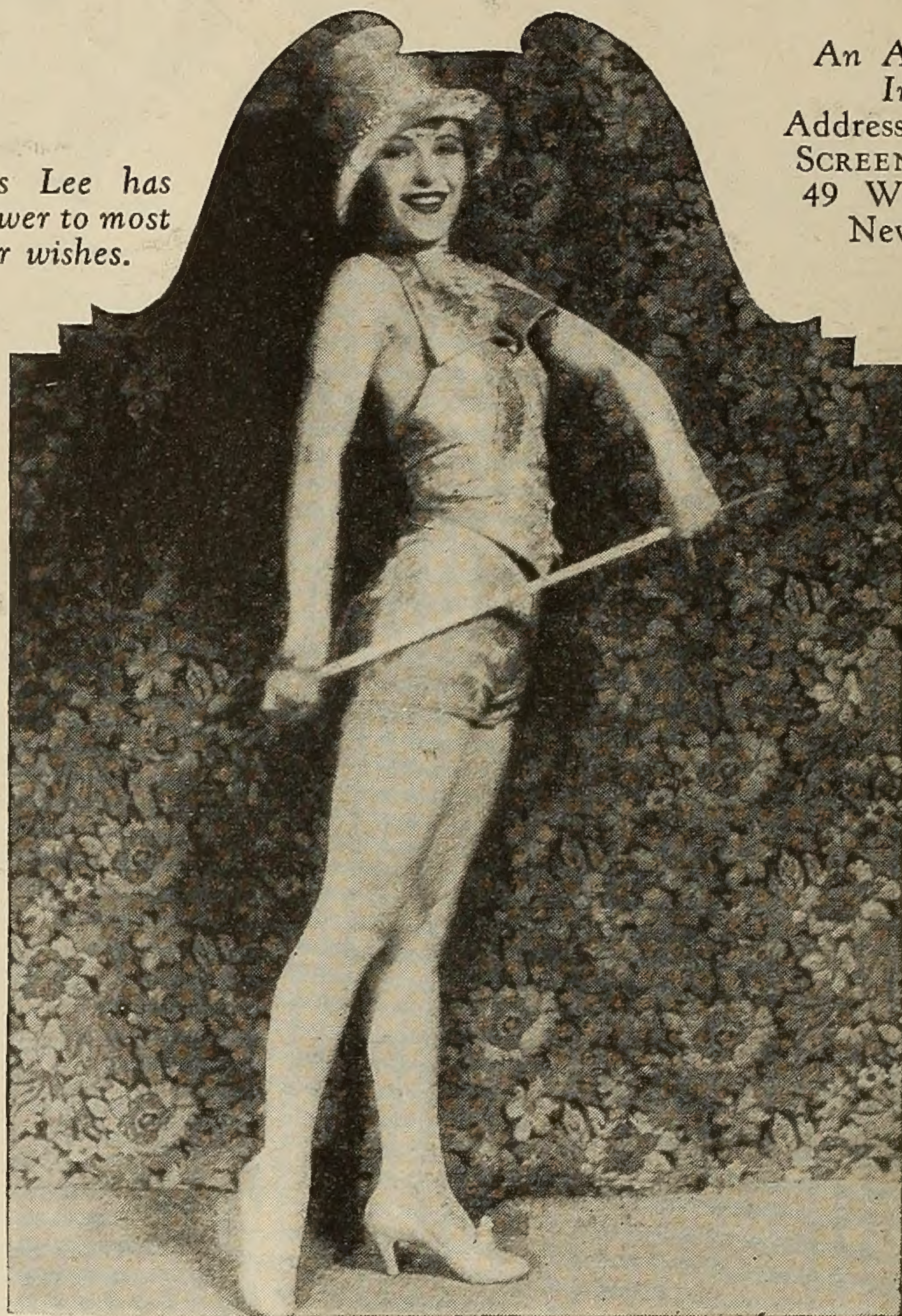
MAIL NOW  
(Mrs.) GERVAISE GRAHAM,  
Dept. MG-5, 25 W. Illinois St., Chicago.

Send me, postage paid, one Lotion Face Bleach. On arrival, I will pay postman only \$1.50. If not delighted after six days' use I will return it and you will at once refund my money.

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

# ASK ME

Frances Lee has the answer to most of your wishes.



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

**K**EN MAYNARD *Fan, Browntown, Wis.* Just let anyone try to make you give up SCREENLAND! Not while I have two feet on the ground and a couple of strong 'rights. Now that we are all stirred up and in fine running order I'll hand you out some facts about your favorite, Ken Maynard. After several years of trouping with the best tent-shows on earth as 'chief cowboy' and fancy rider, Ken was all set for the movies. Do you remember when he played Paul Revere in *Janice Meredith* and how that boy did ride? Ken was born in Mission, Texas, July 21, 1895; is 5 feet 11 inches tall, and weighs 181 pounds. He has black hair and gray eyes and is married. Kathleen Collins played opposite him in *The Devil's Saddle*. Allene Ray and Walter Miller were co-starred in the serial, *Hawk of the Hills*.

*Little Actress, Flushing, N. Y.* You poor little dear! You've looked high and low for the address of Alice Joyce and now you appeal to me. Well, you have come to the right place to look for her, but you'll have to act quick and put some pep into your postage stamp for it's said that the lovely Alice is going to England to make some pictures, soon. Her last film, *13 Washington Square*, was made at Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal. Ann Pennington is not in pictures now and I do not know her address. The Japanese star, Sessue Hayakawa, is doing a turn in vaudeville and has not made a film for some time.

*M. L. S. and E. E. of Columbus, Ga.* Woof-woof! Some one wants Rin-Tin-Tin again. You can't keep a good dog down and who wants to? Write to his owner, Lee Duncan, at Warner Bros. Studios, Sunset Blvd. and Bronson St., Hollywood, Calif., and maybe Rinty will reward you with some nice little 'barks.' Colleen Moore in private life is Mrs. John McCormick, wife of the producer.

*Pollyanna of Texas.* Do you know you came along at just the right time, with your blue-eyes smile and some freckles on your nose and red hair? Allow me some liberty in my poetic flights—I love red hair and blue eyes and when I get started on the subject, I just burn up the words and those freckles are likely to get in the wrong place. Joan Crawford was born in San Antonio, Texas, in 1905. She has brown hair, blue eyes, is 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs 110 pounds. You can write to her at Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Calif. Richard Arlen was born in Charlottesville, Va., in 1899. Address him at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Calif.

*Jersey Mosquitoes, Curly of Baltimore, Carol of Beaumont, Jimmie's Admirer from Pittsburgh*—And many others who are ardent James Hall fans, hearken; here is something you want to know about your favorite. Yes, James is married, it's sad but true and what are we going to do about it? He played opposite Bebe Dan-

(Continued on page 102)

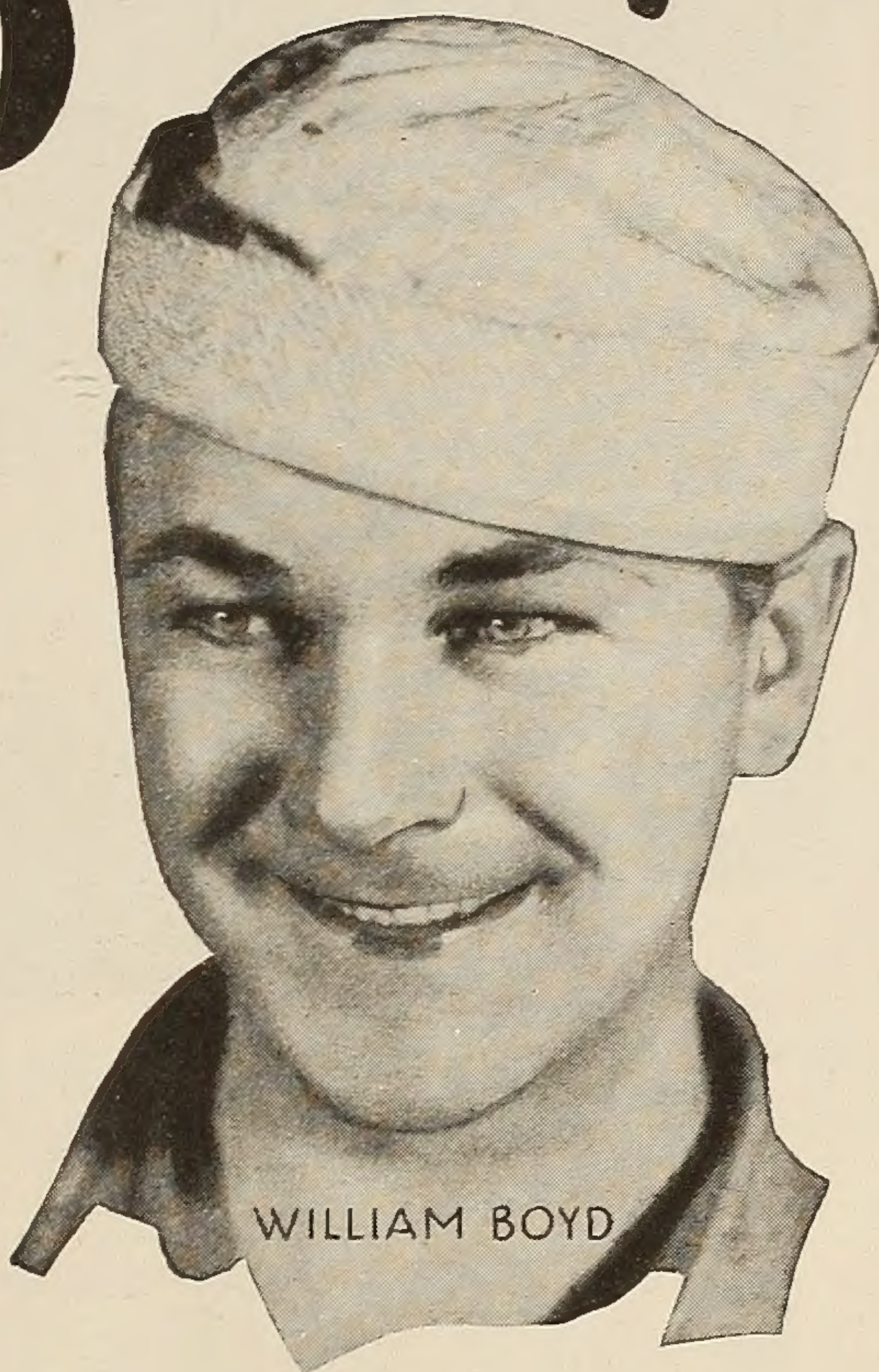


# WILLIAM BOYD IN "Skyscraper"

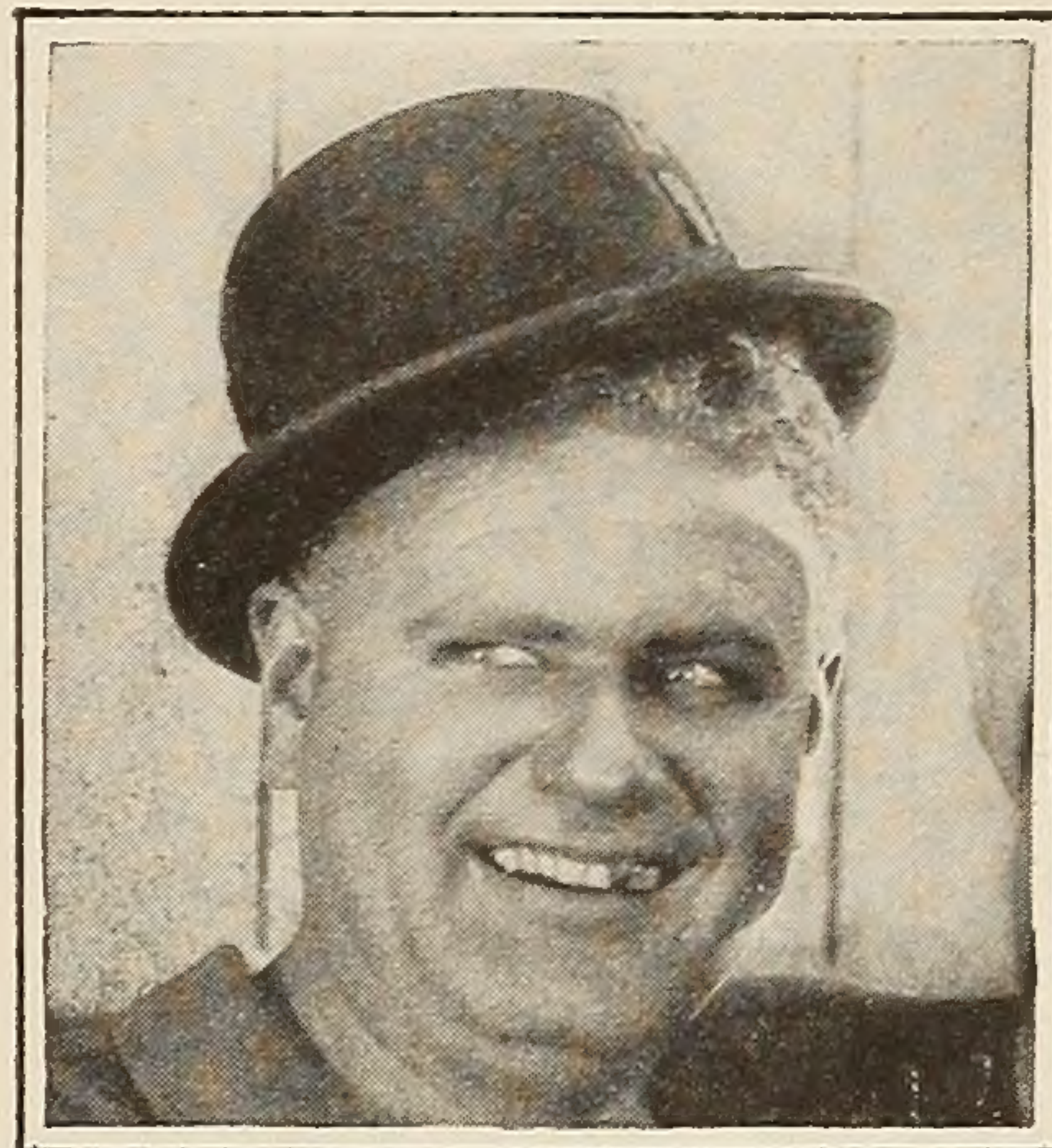
WITH  
**ALAN HALE,  
SUE CAROL AND  
ALBERTA VAUGHN**



SUE CAROL



WILLIAM BOYD



ALAN HALE

*He hadn't come to her, so she went to him. He was rough, almost brutal. Pluckily she tried to keep back the tears. Then she saw before him, half hidden, her little photo. He saw her face light up and knew the reason why. He dropped the ashes from his cigarette upon her picture. "All right, Big Boy," she said, with a catch in her throat, "it's O. K. with me," and walked away. Why did he act that way with the girl he loved? Thus harshly he gave her up. Did he get her back?*

Pathos, yet with it, roar on roar of laughter!

If you were to tell in detail your idea of your ideal picture you'd be describing something very close to "Skyscraper."

Remembering William Boyd in "The Volga Boatman," "Dress Parade"

and "The Night Flyer" you'll want to see him in this.

He and Alan Hale, the bang-'em and slam-'em rough neck riveters, flirting with death far above the street, always fighting with one another yet inseparable, you'll love them; Sue Carol, who just can't understand why her riveter should pour his heart out to her one

minute, then "throw her down" the next; Alberta Vaughn as the girl who didn't much care who the man was so long as she had a man; what a cast it is and how they fit their roles!

You'll love "Skyscraper." Ask at your local theatre when it will be playing.

Adapted by Elliott Clawson and Tay Garnett from the story by Dudley Murphy.



Directed by  
**HOWARD HIGGIN**

 **Pathe**   
Distributors

**DE MILLE**  
Studio Production



## Easy to Banish Fat



### Try This Modern Way

Not always by abnormal exercise or diet. That is hard and slow. Most people who try it lack the patience to continue.

Another method has in late years attained enormous use. It is easy, pleasant, scientific, based on modern research. The slender figures now so common are largely due to that.

That method is embodied in Marmola prescription tablets. People have used them for 20 years—millions of boxes of them. They have told the results to others. Now in almost every circle there are people who can show you what they do.

Marmola contains a substance which, in the body, turns food into fuel and energy rather than into fat. The complete prescription is stated in every box. Also the reasons for results. This to banish any fear of harm and to let you know just why you get the benefits that come.

Go try Marmola, as myriads of people for two decades have done. Not only for new beauty, but new health and vitality. Simply take four tablets daily until you get the results desired. Then, in kindness to your friends, tell them what Marmola does. Go order before you forget it and watch the delightful change.

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at \$1 per box. If your druggist is out, he will get them at once from his jobber.

**MARMOLA**  
Prescription Tablets  
*The Pleasant Way to Reduce*

### WARRANTED ADVERTISING

Every advertisement submitted for publication in SCREENLAND is accepted subject to investigation. To assist SCREENLAND in keeping its advertising columns clean, readers are invited to inform the Advertising Department of SCREENLAND of any instance that implies a lack of good faith on the part of an advertiser.

### SEE CALIFORNIA FOR 25c

California Eden, world's most beautiful travelog all color art book. Principal cities, points of interest; information; romantic story, marvelous growth, prosperity, climate, soil, business opportunities, scenic splendor, products; 25c postpd. Benton Pub. Co., Los Angeles, Cal., Dept. E.



© Esther  
Ralston

## WHITE HANDS

By Esther Ralston

**A**N ultra-modern edition of an old, old tale. Love—the exalted, the all-consuming emotion, is tested in an era of cynical sophistication.

The struggle of love against the hardened crust of futility and disillusionment that armors the hearts of the present generation of youth—that is the story of *White Hands*.

Companionate Marriage, one of the most daring and discussed problems of modern social history is a motivating force in this drama.

Not a preachment against the new solution of the divorce evil, *White Hands* is a scientific dissection of the 'old tie that binds,' and the new companionate agreement that works like an optional contract.

I was sincerely happy with Paramount's decision to produce *White Hands* as an Esther Ralston starring vehicle. I am intrigued by this story of youth's triumph, and I am more than passingly interested in the companionate marriage doctrine.

The story opens with the battle of age and youth. A thoroughly modern daughter has decided that companionate marriage will solve her problems. A thoroughly old fashioned father is shocked into violence. He kidnaps his own child with the assistance of the captain of his yacht, and the group sets sail for Alaska to 'clear the modern rubbish' from the daughter's brain.

The daughter, a product of today's freedom, rebels actively against this unfair advantage of physical strength. She hates the young captain for his part in the conspiracy to ruin her adventure into a companionate marriage. She reprimands her father for his lack of sportsmanship.

Days become weeks—weeks months. Amid the wild beauty of the Alaskan wilderness the daughter remains unrelenting.

In a desperate attempt to beat these two male creatures at their own game and get back to civilization, the girl succeeds in stealing away in a small launch. A sudden storm complicates matters. From shore the captain sights the tossing, pitching boat and

struggles to save the lone occupant before the sea claims her. The captain reaches the launch safely and finds his terror stricken captive at the wheel. The boat is carried out to sea by the storm and tossed upon an unexplored island of the Alaskan coast.

A man and woman suddenly find it necessary to continue life in an unknown, uncivilized corner of the earth.

Existence becomes an unbelievable battle. Habits of a lifetime—eating, clothing the body, keeping warm—develop into all-absorbing problems, demanding the entire strength and ingenuity of the man and the woman.

A child of luxury is reduced to a life of stark simplicity. Her complicated philosophy of life slowly unravels. And slowly, very slowly love—the unadulterated, untampered love of woman for man—man for woman—makes itself known to her. An unreasoning emotion, primitive but beautiful, that needs no man-made laws to make it sacred grows between a boy and girl—both products of the sophisticated age. Marriage, divorce, companionate ties dissolve into meaningless theories before the onrush of unquestioning devotion.

The story ends with the daughter and captain transplanted once more amid the dangers of civilization. But this young couple is serenely certain of love and marriage. An uncompromising adventure with nature has given this girl and boy a clear vision and a true sense of the values of life.

To me, the strongest chapters of this story deal with the development of twentieth-century youth in stone-age environment. The dawn of love in the midst of chaos and struggle is one of my pet personal theories for I have always maintained that a man and woman must face disaster, disappointment, tragedy and suffering together before they can face the world and say, 'Our love has been put to the test, and was not found wanting.'



**READING BETWEEN THE LINES**

**THE BIG PARADE**

**ONCE AGAIN METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER**

**BEN-HUR WEST POINT**

**HAS CLOSED THE SEASON, 1927-28**

**LONDON AFTER MIDNIGHT**

**WITH THE MOST OUTSTANDING LIST**

**BABY MINE THE DIVINE WOMAN**

**OF SUCCESSES OF ANY PRODUCER**

**THE STUDENT PRINCE LOVE**

**OF PICTURES IN THE INDUSTRY**

**THE LATEST FROM PARIS**

**M-G-M HAS HAD MORE BIG HITS,**

**THE ENEMY THE SMART SET**

**BIGGER STORIES, BIGGER STARS,**

**THE FAIR CO-ED THE CROWD**

**THAN ANY MOTION PICTURE COMPANY**

**THE BIG CITY THE PATSY**

**M-G-M GIVES YOU THIS PROMISE**

**JOHN GILBERT GRETA GARBO**

**FOR THE COMING SEASON, 1928-1929**

**NORMA SHEARER DANE AND ARTHUR**

**YOU WILL AGAIN GET THE BEST**

**MARION DAVIES RAMON NOVARRO**

**IN MOTION PICTURE ENTERTAINMENT**

**LON CHANEY WILLIAM HAINES**

**FROM METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER**

**MORE STARS THAN THERE ARE IN HEAVEN**

## How Much Can You Remember —for \$50?

YOUR memory is as good as you make it. Test it. See what it can really do. Here, for example, is a chance to test it and to win \$50 in cash for the test. Read over the five questions below. Think back over the M-G-M pictures you have seen or heard about recently and then see how well you can answer the questions. If you see, and remember, you have a good chance to win.

For the man who enters the best answers there is the \$50 cash prize and the cigarette case I carried while I was playing in "The Enemy". For the lady who sends in the best answers there is also a \$50 prize. In addition, Miss Eleanor Boardman, who stars in "The Crowd" offers the handsome hand-bag she wears in the early part of the picture.

Miss Boardman will also give a personally autographed photograph of herself to each of the fifty ladies or men who send in the next best sets of answers.

Your memory counts, not only in this contest but in everything you do. Read over the questions: if the answers do not occur to you immediately think them over and then send in as many answers as you can. Here's luck, and may the best memory win.

*Ralph Forbes*

### Ralph Forbes' Memory Test

- 1 Name the directors of six of the pictures listed in this advertisement.
- 2 What popular comedy team, famous since "The Big Parade", has since been starred in its own pictures?
- 3 Name the part which, in your opinion is best acted in any M-G-M picture listed at the left (aside from the star parts). Give your reasons in 75 words or less.
- 4 In what M-G-M picture is a honeymoon night pictured and under what circumstances?
- 5 Name two recent M-G-M successes based on popular Broadway musical hits.

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

NOTE: If you do not attend the picture 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.

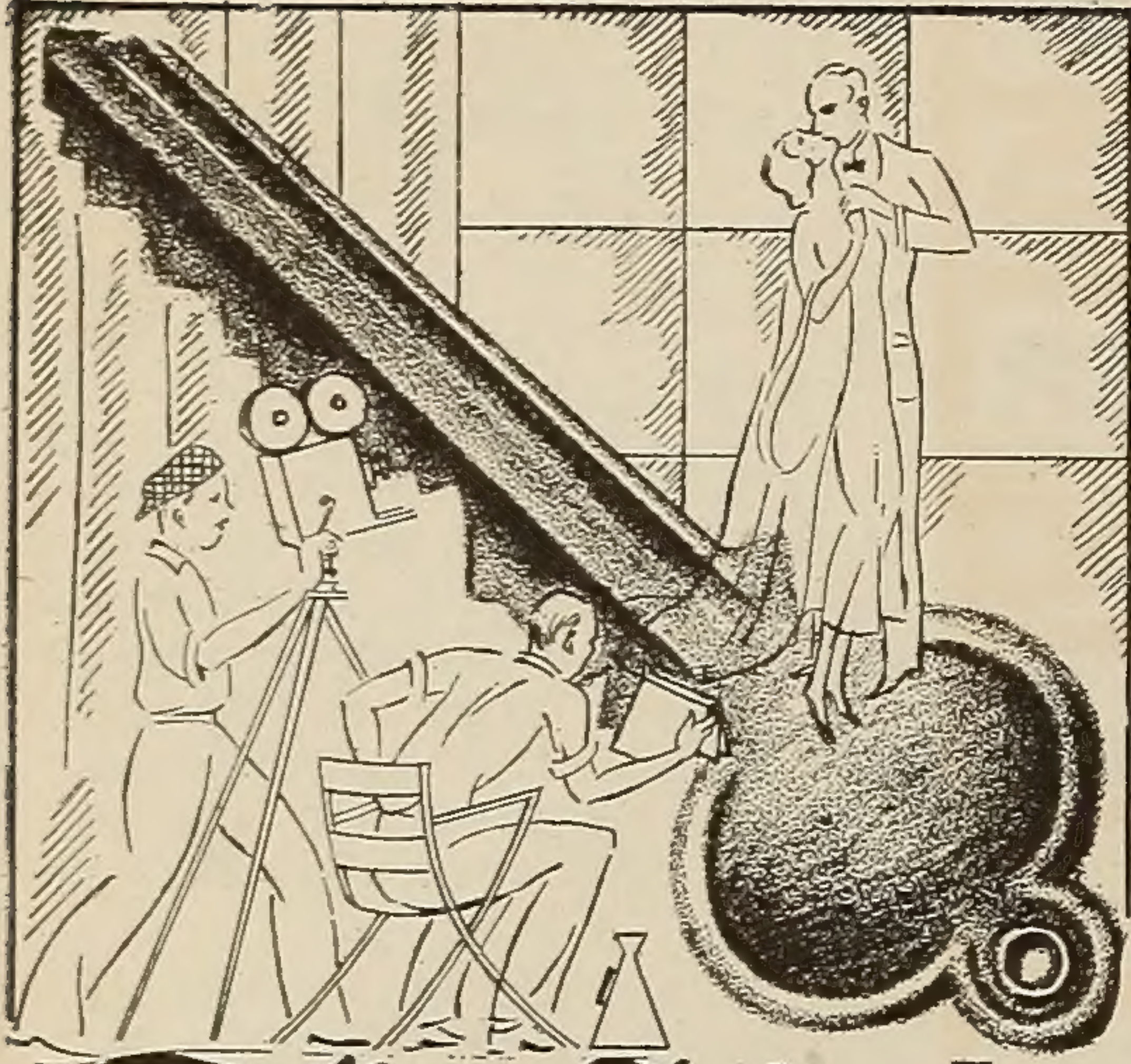
Winners of the Norma Shearer Contest of January  
ALICE KERFOOT  
Riverdale, Maryland  
WILLIAM T. TRAGSDOR  
Neilsville, Wisconsin

Autographed photographs have been sent to the next 50 prize winners



# What's Doing in Times Square

By Helen Ludlam



## The Key to Hollywood

**H**OLLYWOOD! Mecca of the aspiring . . . goal of the ambitious . . . rainbow's end. How many of us cherish the hope to eventually see this most fascinating of all cities . . . this playground of the world? But—how few know that their wish can be realized?

### Hollywood is Calling!

Hollywood receives with open arms those who come to her with a mission . . . some tangible offering to lay before the shrine of her Patron Saint—THE MOTION PICTURE. To such, she becomes a veritable cornucopia of the sweetest of the world's fruits . . . Wealth, Fame, Idolatry.

There is a crying need in the motion picture field for new ideas, new stories, new writers. And those that will supply this demand are those who are willing to learn how to formulate their ideas in a manner that makes them acceptable for the screen.

The Hollywood Academy, instituted by one of Hollywood's leading scenario writers, can teach you this fascinating, remunerative profession. You do not have to be a genius. All you need is an idea. Your idea in acceptable form is worth a fortune.

The Hollywood Academy Course teaching Motion Picture Play-Writing has been called—and rightly—"The Key to Hollywood". Membership in the Hollywood Academy is open to anyone. And it is people with ideas, people who are not content to stay in the rut of humdrum existence that compose its membership.

### No Contract to Bind You!

You are not bound by any contract. Membership is by subscription consisting of a very nominal membership fee and ridiculously small monthly dues covering the period of tuition.

Send the coupon now. It will bring you a beautifully illustrated booklet "The Key to Hollywood". Many pages of intimacy with the cinemetropolis of the west . . . and details of the most distinctive, dignified and sincere plan ever conceived.

#### THE HOLLYWOOD ACADEMY

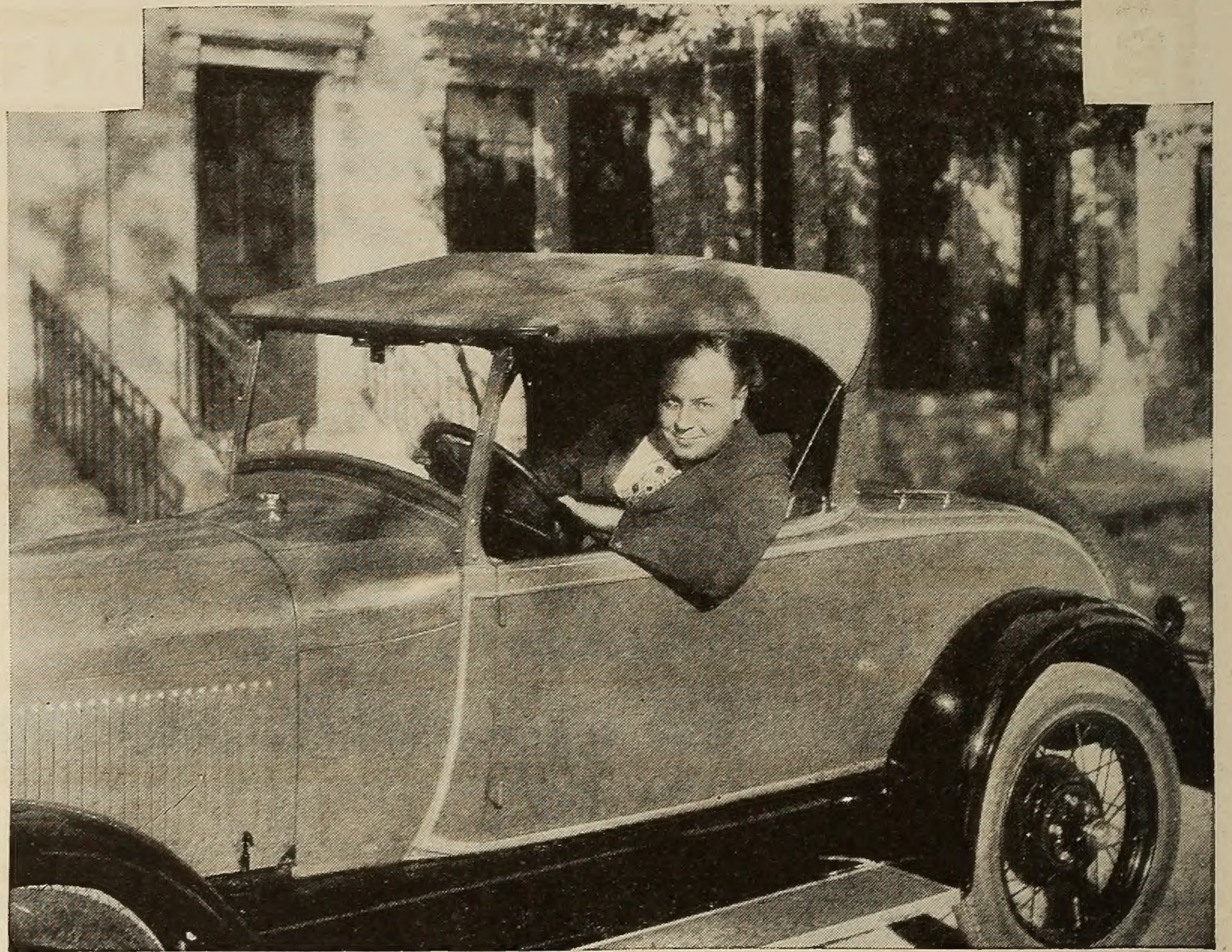
55 West 42nd St., New York. Dept. E 1

Please send booklet "The Key to Hollywood".

Name .....

Address .....

**The Key To Hollywood**



**L**INDY is on Broadway again. Although I doubt whether, during the last ten months, he has often been off of it. The boy who refused a fortune to appear in motion pictures has more feet of celluloid to his credit than many a star in the business. His very eagerness to avoid publicity makes the public all the more determined to see him. When you think it over we are a selfish, bloodthirsty lot. Always minding everybody's business but our own. Yet behind all the emotional enthusiasms that compose crowd worship I think there is a spark of real sincerity in the world's affection for Lindy. At the Astor theatre where King Vidor's *The Crowd* is running there is a "short" of Lindy billed as "40,000 miles with Lindbergh." It shows Lindy's preparation of the famous flight of 'We' to Paris and ends with the finale of the South American tour. When it was over the applause was deliberate and strong. And the greatest proof of its deep sincerity was the complete lack of hysteria that usually dominates such a demonstration. Some of this sturdy lad's own fine quality is transmuted to the thousands who cheer him on.

In the Square rests a recruiting plane, such as Lindy used to fly himself in his air mail work and thousands gather round it day and night. The police have a fine time to keep the small boys from climbing over and through it to see what makes it work, and a philosopher could learn a lot about his fellow human if he stood around for an hour and listened to the various comments of the people.

Broadway welcomed many stars this month but the one that had the greatest interest for me was the newest star, well practically the newest star, in pictures. His name is Nick Stuart and all of a sudden

Emil Jannings and his new Ford NOT in Times Square. His picture 'The Last Command' has packed the New York Rialto for the past six weeks though.

SCREENLAND was deluged with interviews and news items concerning him. One of them said that he had been on the Fox lot a long time and that seemed to click with something in my memory.

About eight years ago when I was on the Fox lot myself I seemed to remember a little boy who never walked—he always ran. If it was just across the sidewalk and he had only three steps to take, he took them running. On a thick black thatch of hair stayed miraculously a little round worsted cap and his big brown eyes were always very earnest. His face when he smiled, which wasn't often, was suddenly transformed into a burst of sunshine. How he got on the lot you can read in the screen news from Broadway article on page 30 but his first job was as an actor. Then, rather than leave the atmosphere that he loved, he stayed on as an office boy until there was another opening for him as an actor. He was a good office boy too, he gave the best he had to the job that meant to him the gateway to paradise. As he grew older he found many things around the lot that he could do. He became an assistant cameraman, an assistant director and even helped with the continuity of the stories. He eagerly drank in all the knowledge he could, not only because it interested him but because he knew that the more angles he had on this work that he loved the better he would be when his time came to act. And now it has come, and I could wish that even a third of the aspirants now storming the gates of Hollywood were half as well prepared as Nick. There's nothing to stop him from rising to the top and sticking there, chiefly because he will keep it. And what do you think he did while in New York? He rode a fire engine

(Continued on page 95)



"Going right out folks!"

The big bus leaves soon for New York's famous Chinatown and Bowery! See the celebrated opium dens—the Joss houses—the Bowery Mission—the Wax Works! Stealthy Orientals plotting sinister schemes... Things happen, and happen fast!—And with Johnny at the wheel there are even more gags than gasps!

Millions come to New York each year to see the sights of Chinatown. Now you can get the very same thrills, without leaving your seat in your favorite picture theatre!

See... New York's famous Chinatown  
WITH **JOHNNY CHARLIE**  
in **HINES**

You'll enjoy it as millions have enjoyed Johnny's previous hits—

HOME MADE

WHITE PANTS WILLIE

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Adapted from the melo-comic extravaganza by OWEN DAVIS.

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**First National Pictures**

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## "Oh Broadway DO YOU Remember?"

Blanche Mehaffey has  
a happy time back on  
the main street of the  
world.



«If it wasn't for Broad-  
way, what would Holly-  
wood do?»

**M**OST stories of success, be it success in the movies or any other enterprise, finish with a moral or some such subtle advice of 'go thou and do likewise.' The story about to be told is different in that it starts with a moral. It's this: Shorthand is often the shortcut to fame.

Of course, one shouldn't generalize from a small number of instances; there are any number of girls to whom shorthand is a working art and fame a distant meteorite. Yet not a few girls in the movies were introduced by Isaac Pitman.

One young person in particular is the subject of this interview—Blanche Mehaffey, who, at the present writing, is completing a honeymoon trip to New York, Miami, Havana and the Bahamas. In January she married George J. Hausen, millionaire oil and steel man, and when we were first ushered into their suite at the Ambassador Hotel, Miss Mehaffey was taking down a few of Mr. Hausen's notes—in shorthand.

Not so many years ago Blanche Mehaffey, a high school girl of fifteen, used to commute from Rye, N. Y., to Manhattan. Her story rests here for a few brief moments.

Quite a few years before Blanche's humble entry into the business world, a lad of sixteen, the son of a New York lawyer, took the advice of his father, an adherent



«Just a honey-  
moon movie  
girl now, but  
once upon a  
time she was a  
little piece of  
Broadway her-  
self.»

By  
C. A.  
Leonard

of Horace Greely, and went West. His money gave out when he reached the oil fields of Texas, and the only thing that stood between him and starvation was a job as a pipe-liner. Either he lifted steel pipes weighing two hundred and fifty pounds or he went hungry,

and, although it almost killed this boy of sixteen, he lifted them. He can still lift them today, even though he is a millionaire and doesn't have to.

Now we may leave off George Hausen's story for the time being and return to that of Blanche Mehaffey, his wife. The point to be remembered, however, is that both started to wrest a livelihood from the world at a very tender age.

When George Hausen was already directing the activities of several oil gushers, Blanche's childish beauty was blossoming forth into womanly perfection. Through the kind offices of several friends she obtained an interview with Florenz Ziegfeld, glorifier of America's finest femininity. No time was lost thereafter. Blanche was uprooted from the secretarial notebook and transplanted to the first line of human flowers that swayed in the breezy music of the Follies of 1923. There her beauty shone until Hal Roach uprooted her again, to implant her in his comedies. No need to retrace the steps of her picture career. She



has since advanced to that point of ability and popularity where she can afford to freelance, that is, choose the company to work for and the kind of roles she likes to play.

A few months ago she was the guest of friends at a party given in the Cocomanut Grove. Also in the party was George J. Hausen. They were dancing when the head waiter interrupted with a telegram for Mr. Hausen. It was a very important message and had to be answered immediately. Mr. Hausen conducted Miss Mehaffey to their table, excused himself and went out into the lobby. Presently he came back. He had to have a stenographer immediately, he said, and there was none available in the hotel at the moment. He would have to leave the party and go in search of one at that late hour of the night. It was past one.

Blanche looked up at him regretfully, sympathetically. Was the nature of the business very confidential, she asked. It wasn't. Then, would he like her to do his shorthand for him? George Hausen was confused. The thought of a movie star taking down his notes about oil wells made him blush. But he took her up.

And that, dear friends, was the way the romance began.

Now Blanche returns to Broadway, and Alice in Wonderland never had a happier time. For a few days after her arrival as the wife of George J. Hausen, Mr. Ziegfeld sent a telegram from Washington, where he was trying out his production of *The Three Musketeers*. In it he proclaimed her 'the ideal Ziegfeld Girl,' added that she has the most beautiful eyes he, the greatest judge of feminine beauty, has ever seen, and offered her a part in any of his big shows, *The Three Musketeers*, *Show Boat*, *Rio Rita* or *Rosalie*, if she would only return to the stage. Will she? Well, perhaps. Maybe if George Hausen made his headquarters in New York instead of Los Angeles. For Blanche still likes to take his notes down in shorthand.

Broadway is not the only part of New York that has seen Blanche Mehaffey during her honeymoon visit. Ask the standees on the bread lines of the Madonna House, 173 Cherry Street. They know. On the coldest day of the year, an early Sunday morning too, the Hausens journeyed down to the lower east side and shared their happiness with several hundred unemployed. Their hands, feet and noses freezing, they distributed cigarettes, tobacco, candy and woolen mittens to the poor unfortunates on the bread lines of the city. That's one way of celebrating a honeymoon, and to the recipients of their gifts a most excellent way.

One concluding note. Blanche Mehaffey observes that New York is getting to resemble Hollywood. Once upon a time elaborate picture openings, with tickets boosted sky-high, was a genius peculiar only to Hollywood. Now it is quite the thing in the eastern metropolis, she finds. Then too, Broadway used to be a street of stage plays. Now every big theatre on what is known as the 'main stem' houses a special picture production. But the things on Broadway that hold her entranced are the huge electric letters and displays used to advertise the film attractions. She could stare at them for hours.

Rupert Hughes, Rob Wagner and Delight Evans—scattered through this number like plums in a pudding.

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Send the coupon for your first three Fayro Baths

Thousands of smart women have found this easy way to take off 2 to 4 pounds once or twice a week. These women take refreshing Fayro baths in the privacy of their own homes.

Fayro is the concentrate of the same natural mineral salts that make effective the waters of twenty-two hot springs of America, England and Continental Europe. For years the spas and hot springs bathing resorts have been the retreat of fair women and well groomed men.

Excess weight has been removed, skins have been made more lovely, bodies more shapely and minds brighter.

### The Hot Springs are now Brought to You

Painstaking analysis of the active ingredients of the waters from twenty-two of the most famous springs have taught us the secret of their effectiveness. You can now have all these benefits in your own bath. Merely put Fayro into your hot bath. It dissolves rapidly. You will notice and enjoy the pungent fragrance of its balsam oils and clean salts.

Then, Fayro, by opening your pores and stimulating perspiration forces lazy body cells to sweat out surplus fat and bodily poisons. Add Fayro to your bath at night and immediately you will lose from 2 to 4 pounds in an easy, refreshing and absolutely harmless manner.

Your physician will tell you that Fayro is certain to do the work and that it is absolutely harmless.

Fayro will refresh you and help your body throw off worn out fat and bodily poisons. Your skin will be clearer and smoother. You will sleep better after your Fayro bath and awaken feeling as though you had enjoyed a week's vacation.

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Fayro reduces weight generally but you can also concentrate its effect on abdomen, hips, legs, ankles, chin or any part of the body you may wish.

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Weigh yourself before and after your Fayro bath. You will find you have lost from 2 to 4 pounds. And a few nights later when you again add Fayro to your bath, you will once more reduce your weight. Soon you will be the correct weight for your height. No need to deny yourself food you really want. No need for violent exercise. No need for drugs or medicines. Merely a refreshing Fayro bath in the privacy of your own home.

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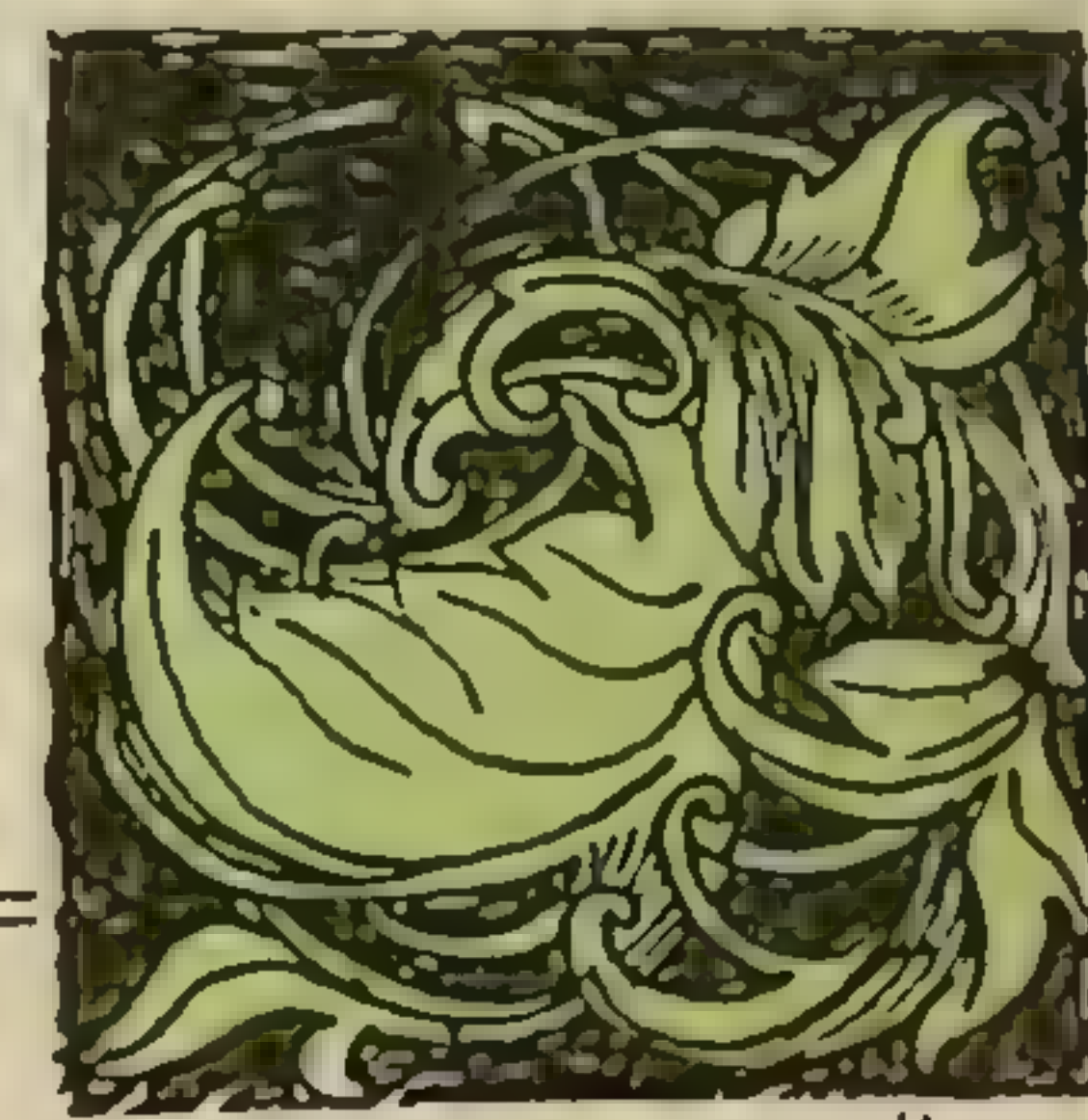
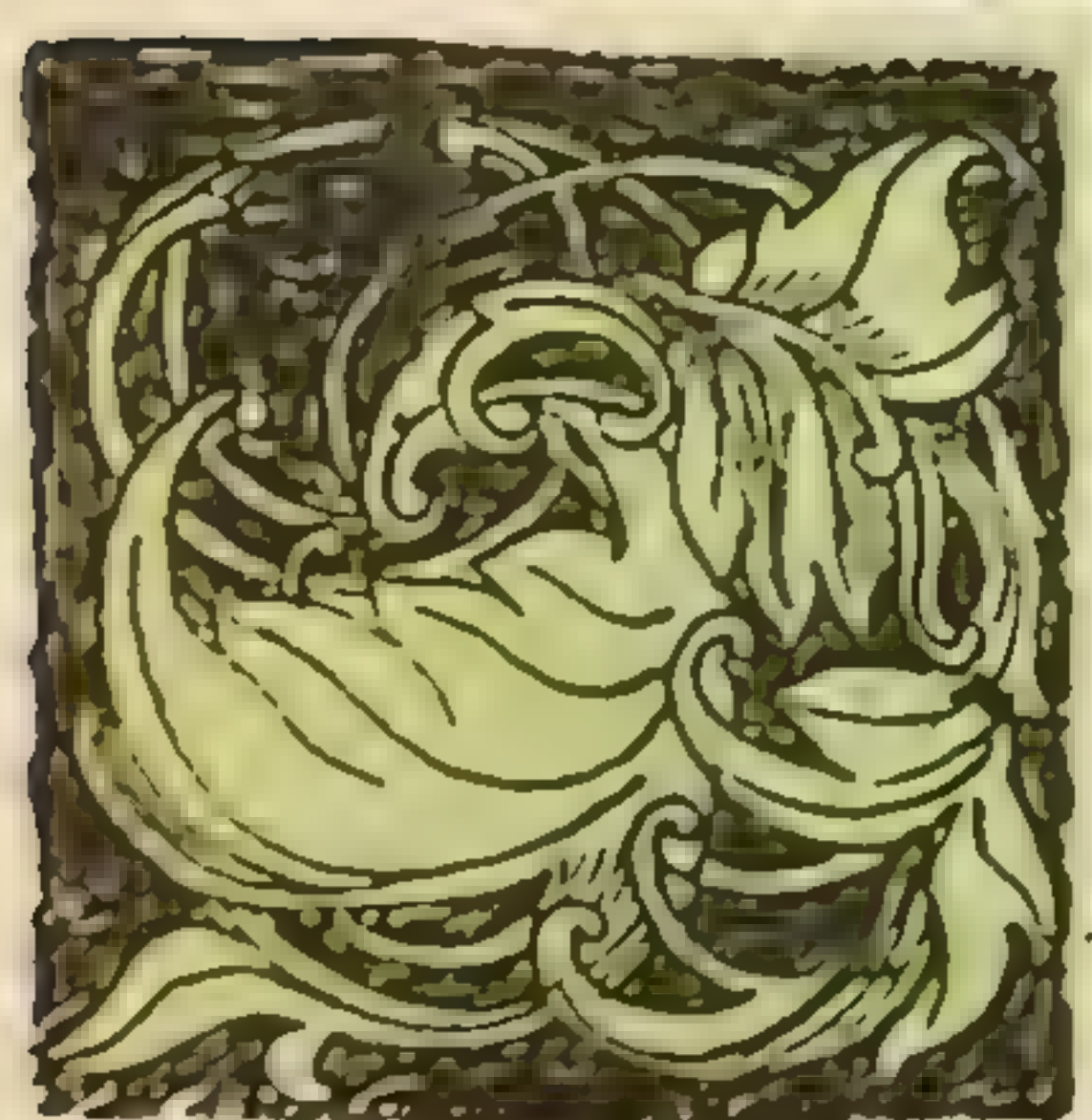
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*Gloria Swanson*



# SCREENLAND

May 1928

*That's  
That*

**O**NCE Mack Sennett had a little girl from Chicago working for him. He would have done well to have kept her but no one can keep Gloria Swanson. She will not stop climbing. She got into straight pictures and made *Manhandled*. That was a peak but it only gave Gloria greater vision. She



☞ Gloria Swanson as Sadie Thompson from Somerset Maugham's short story.

☞ How Gloria can put over the character of a girl who doesn't care what happens!



went abroad, married a nobleman, made *Madame Sans Gene* and returned greater than ever. Would Gloria accept a salary? Oh no. Still climbing she must produce for herself. She did. While we liked *Sunya* it was only partially successful. But Gloria had just started fighting and so she made *Sadie Thompson* and it's one of the best pictures this year.

What will you do next, Gloria? Choose to run for president or something?

☞ Lionel Barrymore and Gloria when the reformer begins to find radiance in *Sadie*.

*Gloria Swanson*





## "The Mirrors of Character"

At last you are in a picture and you can see yourself in *The Crowd* as in a looking glass.

Each according to his deserts James Murray, Eleanor Boardman, Estelle Clark and Bert Roach in *The Crowd*.

An Editorial by  
ELIOT KEEN

**F**IND yourself in King Vidor's picture and enjoy a good look. Are you the one who dreamed and suffered? Are you the one who believed and waited? Are you the stolid or the hard? The selfish or the thoughtless?

The combined energy of the rest of us has set the average of existence for you to share. Remember this on some indigo Monday. You must buck against the current to fail. In America success is downstream. Our average is health, comfort and happiness. Perhaps you want to be one of the few prominent ones. If you do it's all right with us. We have to cheer for someone and it might as well be you. Come on, we're ready.



# A Page for OLD FRIENDS

## Clara Kimball Young

☞ Enjoys most playing  
before an audience.

By Evelyn Ballarine



☞ Clara Kimball  
Young to-day.

CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG, that whirlwind of emotion with the gorgeous eyes, was looking regal in black velvet and silver as she welcomed us to her lovely apartment in one of the smartest hotels in New York City. She is in vaudeville doing dramatic song interpretations and is most successful.

We asked Miss Young if she was thinking of returning to pictures again. She said, "Yes, I do think about it, but I'd miss the theatre. I'd miss seeing the faces of my loyal friends and yet I know it's because I was



☞ Clara Kimball Young's great beauty made *The Woman of Bronze* memorable.

in the movies that they really like me. Oh yes, they still like me," she smiled at us her eyes sparkling. "I know because the applause I receive is wonderful and I just want to hold out my arms to my old friends. Here are some of the letters I have received asking me to come back."

After reading the letters we looked at this beautiful woman, this woman whom we loved so in *The Common Law* and suffered with in *Camille*. We know she has no right to be away from us when she has so much to give. The public wants her and the movies need her.

"What are your future plans?" we asked, "are you going to give them what they want?"

"First, I intend to travel around the world and then I shall settle permanently in London. You can tell them that I may make a picture in Germany. I'd like that. You see, last year while I was in Europe, the Ufa Company in Germany asked me to make a picture with them. It is a standing invitation and I may accept it sometime.

We hope you will come back Clara—for the fans are loyal—they like the new friends but indeed, they don't forget the true and tried ones. Whichever it is, here's wishing you happiness wherever you go.



# BOHEMIA in

# Pictureland

☞ Winifred Dunn never forgets the happy idealists.



☞ Not so long ago Leatrice Joy posed for the Artists of the Alleys.

☞ *The Alleyways of Hollywood are the high roads of Ambition.*

**H**OLLYWOOD has no Latin Quarter, no Washington Square—but it has its alleys. These alleys are filled with friendly cats, a mouse or two and much atmosphere. For every alley boasts at least one or two struggling geniuses who live in a fairly happy way most of the time on less than fifteen dollars a week.

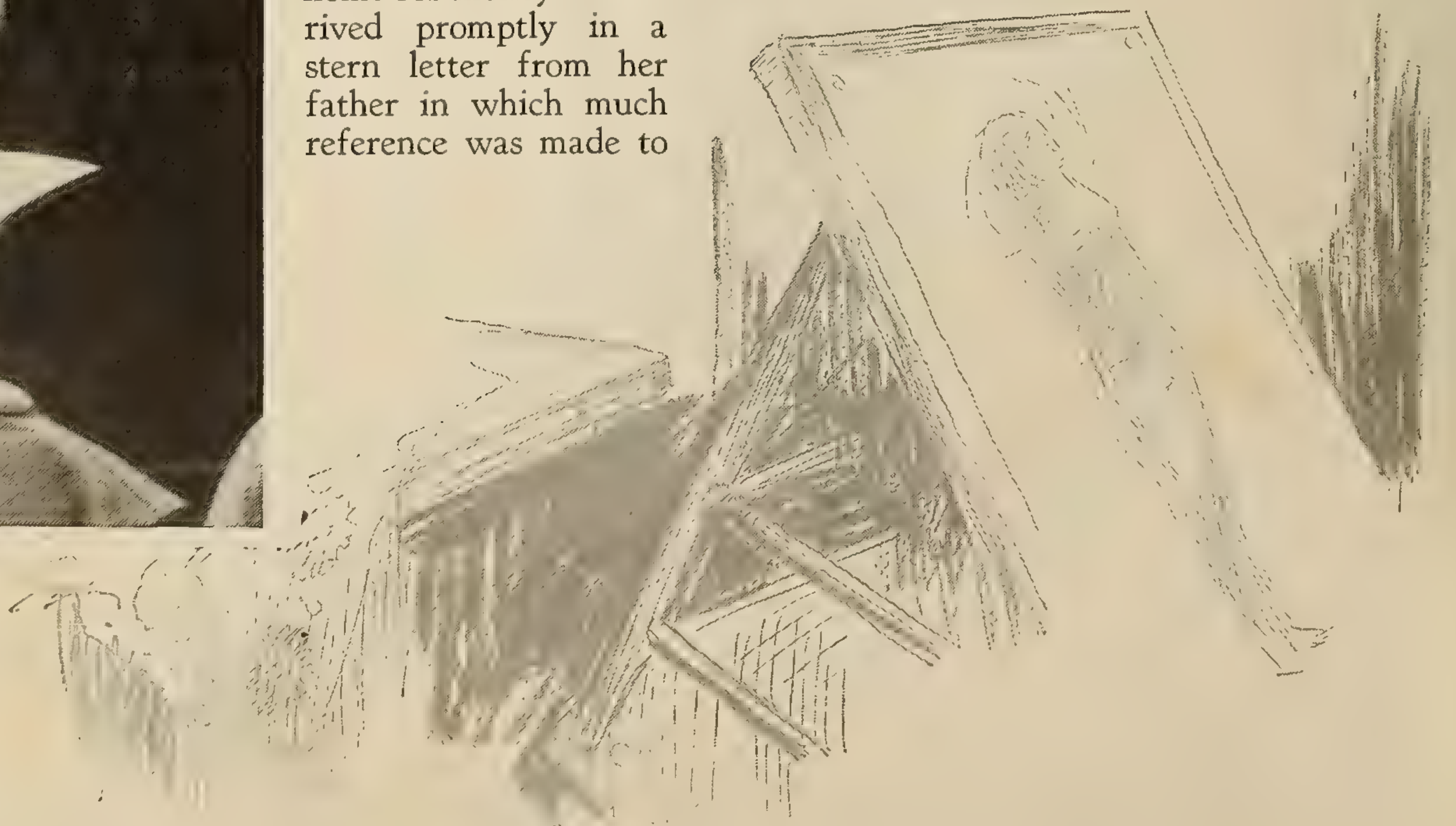
Lean to houses, or shacks, built up against the sides of more prosperous garages shelter them. Unplastered rooms over these garages make splendid studios. Knock out a board or two if there is no north light—for it is eternal Spring in Hollywood, except when the rainy season descends, and when it does rain—why, put up a canvas.

Rents are low—as low as ten dollars a month for shacks not much bigger or more carefully finished inside than hencoops—and again they soar as high as forty dollars a month, but the forty dollar studios are only for the very prosperous.

The problem of eating is a grave matter. To be sure one can always dine well for ten cents on coffee and doughnuts in almost any coffee shop along the boulevard. Dinners are the worst struggle. But if one genius has a handful of potatoes—another has a bit of meat—it's no trouble at all to find an onion. And so Irish stew is the most popular dish in bohemian Hollywood.

Sometimes somebody sells a story, or a painting—or gets two weeks of extra work—or maybe a tiny check from home—or better still someone's birthday brings a box from home—then the goose hangs high in the alleyways.

A girl, only lately sprung into prominence on the screen, came to Hollywood a year or two back with a small legacy of four hundred dollars. It was soon spent and fame was as yet only a vision. The girl took an 'apartment' in one of the alleyways. She managed to get enough extra work to keep body and soul together. Then she caught the 'Flu.' She wired home for money—it arrived promptly in a stern letter from her father in which much reference was made to

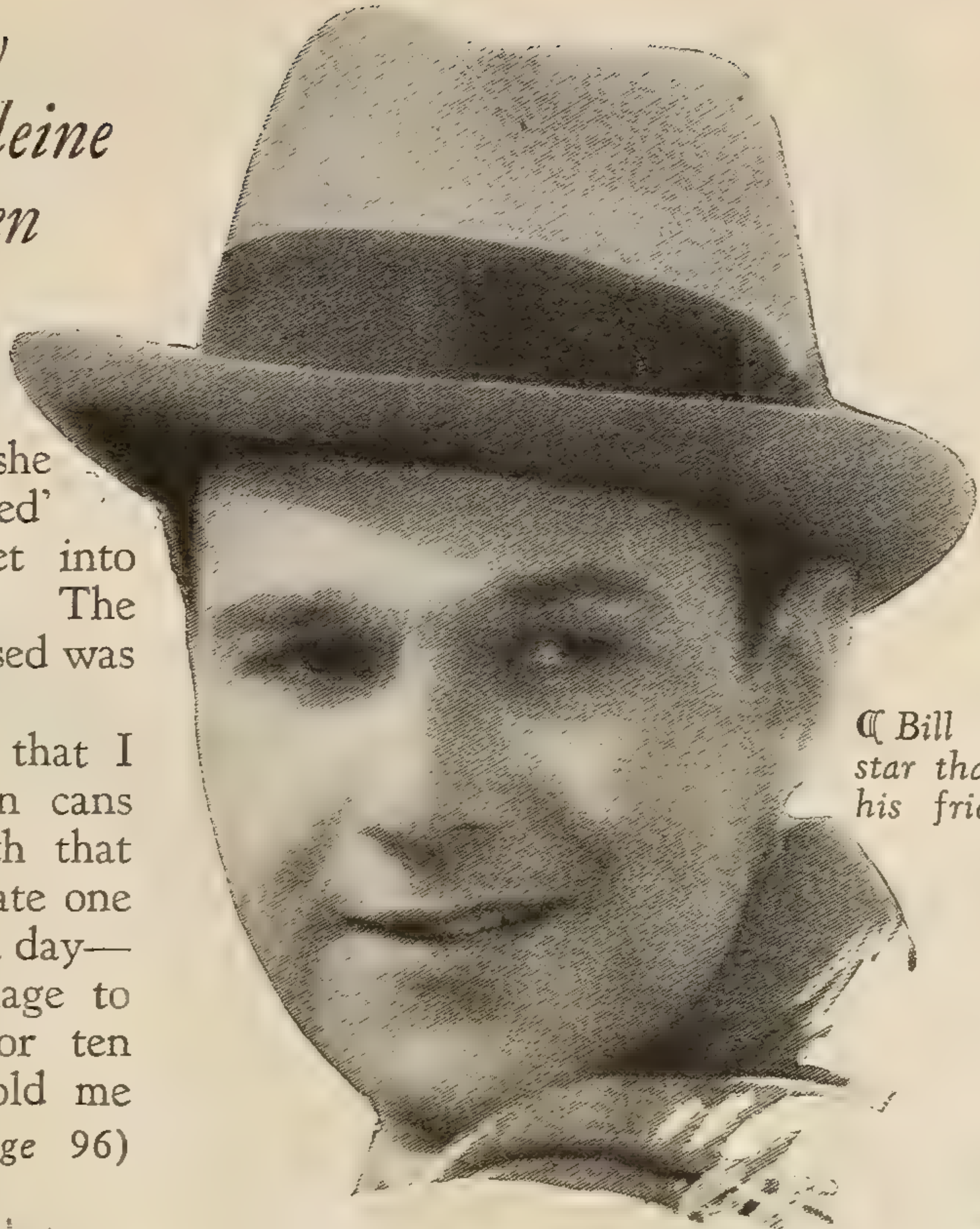




By  
Madeleine  
Matzen

'the fortune she had squandered' trying to get into the movies. The amount inclosed was one dollar.

"I figured that I could get ten cans of beans with that dollar. If I ate one can of beans a day—I might manage to keep alive for ten days!" she told me  
(Cont. on page 96)



☞ Bill Haines, great picture star that he is, never forgets his friends in the Alleyways.

☞ Beulah Marie Dix sends big boxes of food to the Bohemians.





# The BEAUTY

By Helen Ludlam

## WIZARD of HOLLYWOOD

☞ *V. E. Meadows tells the Science of Beauty to the Screen Stars and Rubs it In.*

**H**AVE you ever lamented over the old wheeze, 'Beauty is skin deep, but ugliness goes to the bone?' Have you ever wept hot, salty tears into a hot and crumpled pillow in acceptance of it when you have seen your best young man walk out with the town beauty? Well, dry your eyes, because it needn't happen again. Not if you buck up and go in for preparedness of a constructive type. V. E. Meadows says so, and he ought to know. Do I hear you grumble, 'Who's this V. E. Meadows guy and how does he get that way?' Well, tune in and listen to the Hollywood dirt.



☞ *Use a different perfume with every mood is Mr. Meadows' advice to Vera Reynolds.*

☞ *Eve Southern had difficulty in blending the make-up of her neck and face.*



V. E. Meadows, the man who says every girl can be beautiful, is on the pay role of five motion picture companies to keep their stars and leading players from ruining the beauty God gave them to start with. And that's where you come in. Preserve the beauty God gave you to start with, and if you say He didn't give you any you're a pessimist.

What, in your opinion, is the saving grace of many a girl's uneven features? Why, their skin, you little dummy. If a girl has a beauti-





☞ The wand of the Beauty Magician but brings out the radiance of the loveliness your carelessness conceals.

ful clear glowing complexion she can get away with a lot. And why, do you think, if that is the secret, everyone hasn't got one. V. E.  
(Continued on page 88)

☞ Lupe Velez is taught to follow the natural outline of her lips when making up her lovely mouth.



☞ Mr. Meadows shows Marion Douglas how careful she must be to blend the street make-up so that it looks smooth.



☞ The true color light is used to determine just what type Billie Dove is and what her beauty problems are—we add, if any.



# Enter This Fan Letter Contest for

Can You Write The Best Letter?



¶ *The charming Lucila offers you a chance to win her superb shawl FREE.*

LUCILA MENDEZ glories in gorgeous Spanish shawls and here is one of her favorites that she offers you for evening wear. The brilliant embroidered flowers on the heavy, shimmering white silk and the long thick fringe make this a prize to inspire your wits.

Write briefly your answer to the question which appears on the opposite page and the best letter will be awarded the prize. By best, is meant, originality of thought and clearness of expression.

Lucila Mendez you will see in the picture Coney Island and a sparkling figure she is. She is as generous as she is talented and her shawl makes a lovely gift for our contest department.



¶ *Coquetry is born in every Venezuelan girl.*

*Make your letter brief and clever and address it to*

Address—

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

Contest closes May 15, 1928



# Lucila Mendez'

BEAUTIFUL SPANISH SHAWL



☞ Ralph Ince, husband and director of Lucila Mendez for F B O pictures.

☞ Here is the question you must answer to enter the contest:

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

☞ Lucila wearing the shawl that perhaps you will win.

Photo, Hal Physis







# SUCCESS



**S**HE is the newest screen star. She has just been signed to a two-year contract at a fine salary, for one of the biggest companies. She has made the hit of the season in one of the new 'big' pictures. She is the latest Hollywood sensation.

Who is she?

Not an ingenue. Not a Follies girl or a bathing beauty. But a white-haired woman of sixty, who never did any acting in her life until ten years ago. Margaret Mann is the latest and the greatest screen mother; you have heard of her success in *Four Sons*. And now she is a star.

Here is one of the most romantic of all the romances of the movies. Not all romances are of young love. Margaret Mann's is the much more poignant romance of a woman whose dreams didn't even begin to come true until the twilight of her life. A woman who has worked hard for sixty years—and whose eyes are as bright and as clear as a girl's. A wonderful woman, Margaret Mann. Only the movies could have rewarded her as she deserved.

She is an inspiration when she says: "It only goes to show that if you have it in you, someday, somehow, your



© The mother part in 'Four Sons' gave Margaret Mann her halo.



# at 60

By Delight Evans

¶ Margaret Mann has had a happy life time climbing the sunny side of the mountain of Fame.



chance will come." If you can do it, nothing can stop you—not age, or discouragement, or trouble. Nothing! Some day, Fate will open a door and beckon you in. Though you may be old and hopeless, tired and disappointed, you will obey the summons just the same, and you will have your reward for all those years of weary waiting.

And it's worth waiting for—take Margaret Mann's word for it! No flapper could be getting a bigger, more satisfying 'kick' out of success than this woman, at sixty. She is mellow and tolerant and kindly. She has learned her lessons and she can enjoy her success. She is happy because she can look back and know that she has done it all herself. There has never been a screen star who fought harder for success.

A year ago she was making the rounds of the studios, an extra. Just the other night—at the Broadway opening of her picture, *Four Sons*, the Archduke Leopold of Austria came up to

¶ Margaret Mann came from Scotland where hearts are brave and faces bonny.

that the motion picture actress has the poise and dignity associated with the memory of the great ruler. Yes—Margaret Mann has travelled a long way in those fifty years.

She has come through hazards and privation and often heart-ache. But, as she says gallantly, it's been worth it!

This woman whose portrayal of mother-love has been acclaimed one of the finest characterizations ever seen on the screen, is far from the movie mother of tradition. She is not bent and broken, or faded and frail. She is jolly, and broad and buxom, and straight and strong. She revives memories of mothers and grandmothers in gay gingham aprons in cheerful kitchens, cutting out cookies in queer amusing shapes for young hands to grab. She will remind you of childhood holidays—Christmas tree and chocolate cake and colored Easter eggs. And—although she was born in Scotland, and makes her big hit in a German role—she is the embodiment of James Whitcomb Riley's homely, American poem, *Old Aunt Mary*.

Margaret Mann has beautiful snow-white hair, a clear skin, bright clear eyes. She looks successful—prosperous



her and kissed her hand and told her he was proud to have played a small part in the same

picture with her!

Fifty years or so ago, back in Scotland, little Margaret Mann stood on tiptoe to watch the Queen ride by, on her way to Balmoral—Queen Victoria, her childhood idol. Today, people are telling her how much she looks like that same queen, in some of the closeups in *Four Sons*. Audiences whisper



—happy. Only her hands have a story to tell—large, capable hands, work-worn and wrinkled. She has made a living with those hands. Once she was a dress-maker. Again, she started a tea-shop when times were bad, and made Scotch short-bread and other delicacies and served them herself. She has cooked, mended and scrubbed. And she still cooks her own and her husband's breakfast before she leaves for the studio, and cooks their dinner when she comes home at night!

When you see her in the picture, you will notice that in her big scenes she never indulges in the hysterics associated with screen motherhood. Bereaved of three sons, she expresses agony and grief of the deepest feeling, but without a tear. All the poignancy and beauty and tenderness of true motherhood is revealed on that screen, and it is the audiences who weep. You forget most previous screen mothers when you see her.

She was talking about her work in the picture when somebody asked her how many children she has in real life. "I am sorry," she said. "I haven't any." She smiled a little, sadly. "All mothers don't have children," she added.

She would rather not talk about the two babies she had, who died. She loved them, and if they had lived she would probably not be playing mothers on the screen. As it is, she lavishes all her mother-love on her picture sons and daughters. Like Mary Pickford, she loves all children, having none of her own to love.

She is called 'Mother' by the whole studio. She started in mothering extras; now she is mothering stars. (Incidentally, she still mothers the extras, too).

If anyone had told Margaret Mann forty years ago that she would be an actress some day, all her Scotch ancestors would have risen up in wrath. She was never even inside a theatre until she was a woman. Her family, strict Scots, frowned on play-acting. Margaret, one of ten sisters and brothers, had to leave school when she was ten years old, and go to work. She was one of the props of the family; she mothered the younger ones and helped to feed them all. By the time she was twenty she was an expert dress-maker. Imagine her amazement then if anyone had suggested that in another forty years she would be buying expensive gowns in one of the deluxe shopping streets of the world—for herself! That she would be earning almost a thousand dollars a week, every week! The little dressmaker wouldn't even have laughed. It wouldn't have seemed funny to hear such things, when she was sewing away on pretty things for other girls to wear!

She had the pioneer spirit, this little Scotch girl. She decided she could do better away from her home town of Aberdeen. South Africa appealed to her imagination—and one day, she up and sailed for Johannesburg! It was, although she didn't realize it at the time, her first step toward fame and fortune. That trip picked her right up out of the rut and set her on the right track—the broad highway of ambition. In Johannesburg she met James F.

Smythe, an Englishman, and they were married. Seven years in South Africa—and the pioneer urge exerted itself again. Margaret Mann Smythe suggested that they pull up stakes—and seek their fortune in a new land—America!

They lived in Seattle, Washington, U. S. A., where James Smythe found work in his capacity as accountant. There they stayed for years, and they might be there today if—once more that little pricking imp of ambition hadn't teased the wife. She had heard so much about California. It called her with a siren call that couldn't be resisted. It seems strange to her, looking back, that she should have answered it. But she did. And almost as soon as she and her husband set foot in that sunny, fragrant state, her career began! Her real career, that she had been waiting for all those years.

Perhaps because of her gracious manner and her poise, and that beautiful white hair, she was asked to impersonate Martha Washington in a pageant at San Diego Commemorating the father of his country. Of course, she accepted—and made such an impression that everybody began to urge her to try the movies. Armed with the brand of Scotch confidence that doesn't come out of a bottle, and one lone picture of herself, Margaret Mann went to a film studio to apply for work. And she was given extra work immediately!

At first it was as easy as that. Extra work, as well as bits, came her way. Then a real part—the mother in Allen Holubar's *Hearts of Humanity*, one of the first of the big war pictures. Margaret Mann loved the work from the start. She liked the people she met—young people, for the most part, whom she could encourage, and pat, and cheer along. From the first she realized that she 'belonged.' She was a born actress, although it took her forty years to find it out!

She can forget herself, the director, the camera and the carpenters and the lights, and submerge herself in her character. In the very first 'bit' she ever played, she was so much engrossed in it that the director had to make retakes.

It was a party scene, with the extras seated around at tables in all their finery. Margaret Mann must have looked an important and handsome dowager, for the director picked her out of the mob for a 'bit.'

"I'll give you a title to speak," he said. "Look around at all the guests and smile and say: 'What a wonderful gathering this is!' Get it?"

Margaret Mann got it. She performed her part, as she thought, perfectly. She gazed at the assembled 'guests,' smiled graciously, and spoke the title. She was surprised when she heard the director shout:

"That's fine—that's great! But next time for gosh' sake turn toward the camera, not away from it!"

To this day she prefers not to face the camera if she can help it. And in these days of intelligent direction, some of the finest scenes are the

(Cont. on page 77)



The fur neckpiece offered in the Marion Davies contest has been awarded to

**MRS. H. M. LOCKWOOD**  
1617 Grafton Street  
Los Angeles, California

from which we quote briefly:

Quality Street and pictures of that type, have a whimsical appeal that reaches the best in me, but it's the *Fair Co-Ed*, *Tillie the Toiler* and their companions, that hand me a wallop and send me home singing.

After all, the 'dear, dead days' are dear but awfully dead.



☞ Marion Davies must stay a comedienne. We have so few pretty ones.

the first she realized that she 'belonged.' She was a born actress, although it took her forty years to find it out!





*The Most Beautiful Still of the Month*

COLLEEN MOORE  
*in*  
*Lilac Time*

*Through primrose tufts, in that sweet bower,  
The periwinkle trail'd its wreaths;  
And 'tis my faith that every flower  
Enjoys the air it breathes.*

W WORDSWORTH





**G**RETA NISSEN—blonde and preferred by  
all including the Scandinavians. *Hell's  
Angels* is her next picture.

Photograph by Russell Ball

**SCREENLAND**





**L**ANE CHANDLER has arrived. You will find him entangled with Clara Bow in *Red Hair*.

SCREENLAND



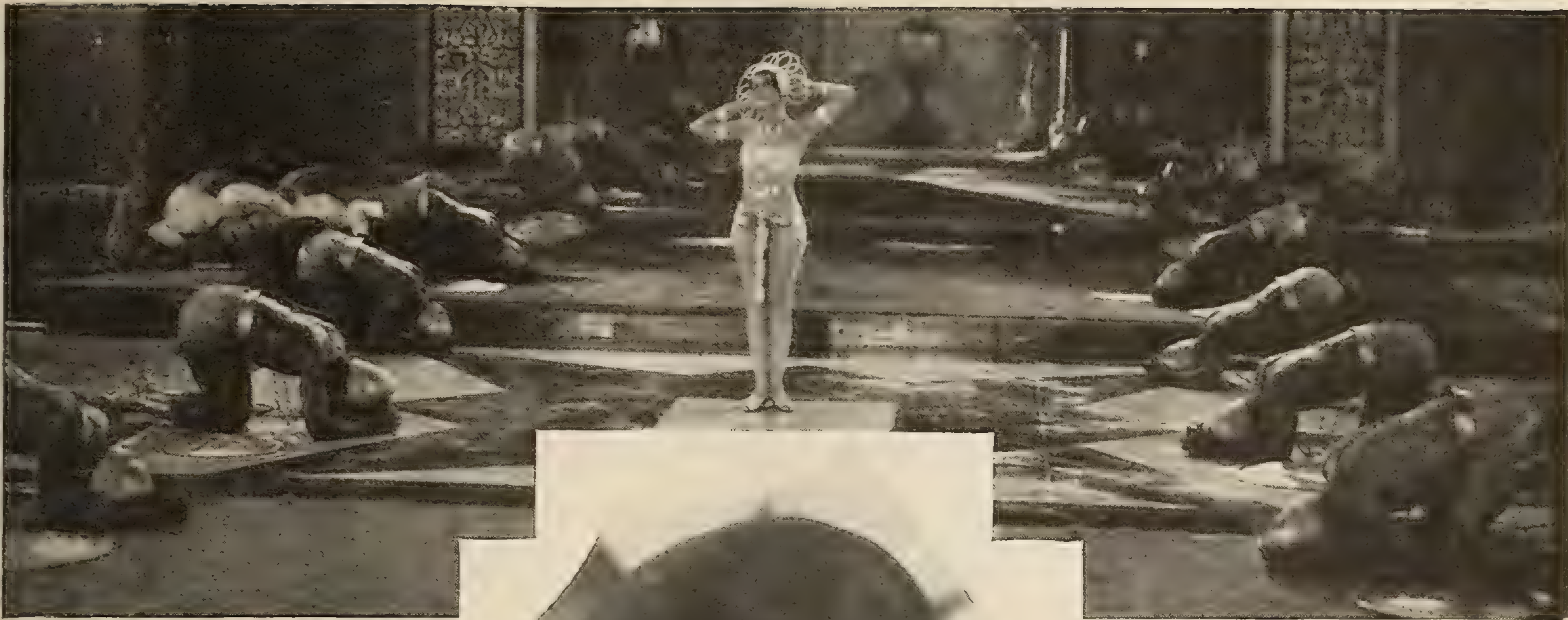


SUE CAROL'S next picture will be *Walking Back*—another great pedestrian drama.

Photograph by Melbourne Spurr







“P  
RETTY

“The way  
they feel  
about Sue in  
Hollywood.”  
SOFT”

“Sue Carol was born  
with a silver screen  
in her mouth.”

By James M.  
Fidler

THE life of Sue Carol reads like a story book, or rather the professional life of Sue Carol reads like a story book, and the way she got into pictures is so easy that I don't suppose anyone will believe it. But I was asked to get some 'inside stuff' on Sue Carol's life, and believe it or not, this is what I got. And as far as I am concerned I have every reason to believe that it is true, because out here in Hollywood, we who play about first one studio and then another almost every day in the week—well, we're 'home folks' to the studio gang, and why should they spin a yarn to us. Particularly since we might have been around on the very day the gal was signed up. Anyway, here's the low-down on Sue Carol.

Sue Carol has never had to struggle. She is the daughter of a very wealthy society family of Chicago. She visited California, went sight-seeing in the Fox studio, played an extra part



“In 'Soft Cushions' with Douglas MacLean, Sue made the audience all carol.”



“Sue Carol. You will see her again in 'Skyscraper.'”

“It takes more than a figure or figures to make an actress, and Sue Carol has everything.”

for a lark, took a test for a leading part just for the fun of it, played the part because she had some time to kill and no way to kill it and finally signed a contract with Douglas MacLean when that star, his manager and several agents cornered her and argued her into it. Then, in rapid succession, she played feature feminine roles in *Soft Cushions*, *The Cohens and Kellys in Paris*, *Pigskin*, *Skyscraper* and *Walking Home*.

Accustomed to wealth always, she has never had to do things for herself, even though she likes to do them. As a child, she had the best of everything. If she coughed, her mother rushed forty doctors out to her home. If she wanted to read, several servants rushed about the library seeking a good book.

In fact, about the hardest thing Sue had to do was open (Cont. on page 98)



# IN NEW YORK



Ⓒ Rod La Rocque made the most unusual speech ever made by a motion picture actor over the radio the other night—not a word about himself.



Ⓒ *The Screen News from Broadway is always about the Successful Stars. You must make your mark before Broadway can see you.*

**H**AIL — 'the coming of Spring' — and all that sort of thing! Just like little crocuses, the screen stars bob up on Broadway—to say nothing of Fifth and Park Avenues. Wherever there's a shop, or a theatre, or a smart restaurant, there you'll be sure to find at least two or three celebrities disporting themselves—spending their hard-earned Hollywood money, and as happy as children on a candy spree. The good little girls and boys of Hollywood ask nothing better than a trip to Our Town between pictures. Even a location trip east is not to be sneezed at—not even in these days of spring sniffles.

Look at Sally Phipps and Nick Stuart—just look at them. They won't hurt your



Ⓒ Patsy Ruth Miller is one of the most ultra-modern of the Hollywood flappers.



eyes, not at all. Maybe you think these two kids didn't enjoy their sojourn among the bright lights! It was their first trip, and they were just plain thrilled.

You'd like Sally and Nick. Like so many of the Hollywood ingenues, Sally sports a gold anklet; but when you ask her whose name is engraved on it, though it's none of your business, she says: 'Nobody's. I bought it myself—and one for mother, too.' And she adds: 'Nobody would have me!' You don't believe that, of course, for Sally has the softest big, brown eyes you ever saw, and the



prettiest wavy red hair, and the pearliest teeth. She's only 18, and she was going to be a lawyer, like dad. But one day she went to the Fox Studio to watch her family friend, Frank Borzage, directing *Seventh Heaven*; and while she was there, somebody suggested a test; and of course, it turned out to be a wow, and before she knew it, Sally was in pictures! As the heroine of *The High School Hero* she made a hit. Now she and Nick are together again in *The News Parade*, a story of the adventures of a news-reel cameraman. It was this picture which brought the troupe, under David Butler's direction, to New York, and from there took them to such paradises as Palm Beach, Lake Placid, and Havana, Cuba.

Nick is just twenty-two, and very handsome. He looks like a typical American youth, but as a matter of fact he was born in Roumania, and his real name is Nicholas Prata. Once he was a shipping clerk in a Hollywood sporting goods store. His idol, Tom Mix, walked in one day to make a purchase. Nick begged to be allowed to deliver the goods to the studio, where he



☞ The newest Fox stars, Sally Phipps and Nick Stuart. Maybe you think these two kids didn't enjoy their sojourn among the bright lights.



☞ Pity the poor bride and groom, Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg, who can't dodge the news and camera men, no matter where they go.

worked so fast that he landed a job as office-boy, then rose to assistant cameraman and finally was promoted to acting, and he's been delivering the goods ever since. Young Nick is a nice lad; he can still blush.

\* \* \*

They say that every good Follies girl has



Mr. and Mrs. Irving Thalberg were in town only a week-end before they hopped on the *Mauretania* for a Mediterranean cruise. It's their honeymoon, long delayed because the groom had

(Cont. on page 99)

two ambitions: to become a movie star, and to marry a millionaire. Blanche Mehaffey has achieved both. She's one Follies beauty who can say 'Success!' and not exaggerate. From the time she left the Follies, where her Titian tresses were much appreciated, for the movies, where she started as a Hal Roach comedienne, she has made good. Blanche had graduated into drama and was doing well, thank you, when a millionaire oil man came wooing. He won, and Blanche came east on the first lap of her honeymoon. From here they will go to Havana, Cuba. The lucky man is George J. Hausen. Mr. Ziegfeld wired her an offer to come back to the stage, but Blanche will

stick to the screen, although she and her husband will probably take a trip to Africa first. Maybe she'll do a *Mrs. Martin Johnson*.

\* \* \*





Young  
DOUG  
DID IT

By  
Rob Wagner



☞ *A Father's  
Fame may be a load  
upon youth's shoulders.*

☞ *Young Doug  
when he first  
tried the  
screen.*



☞ *The inimitable  
Douglas Fair-  
banks himself.*

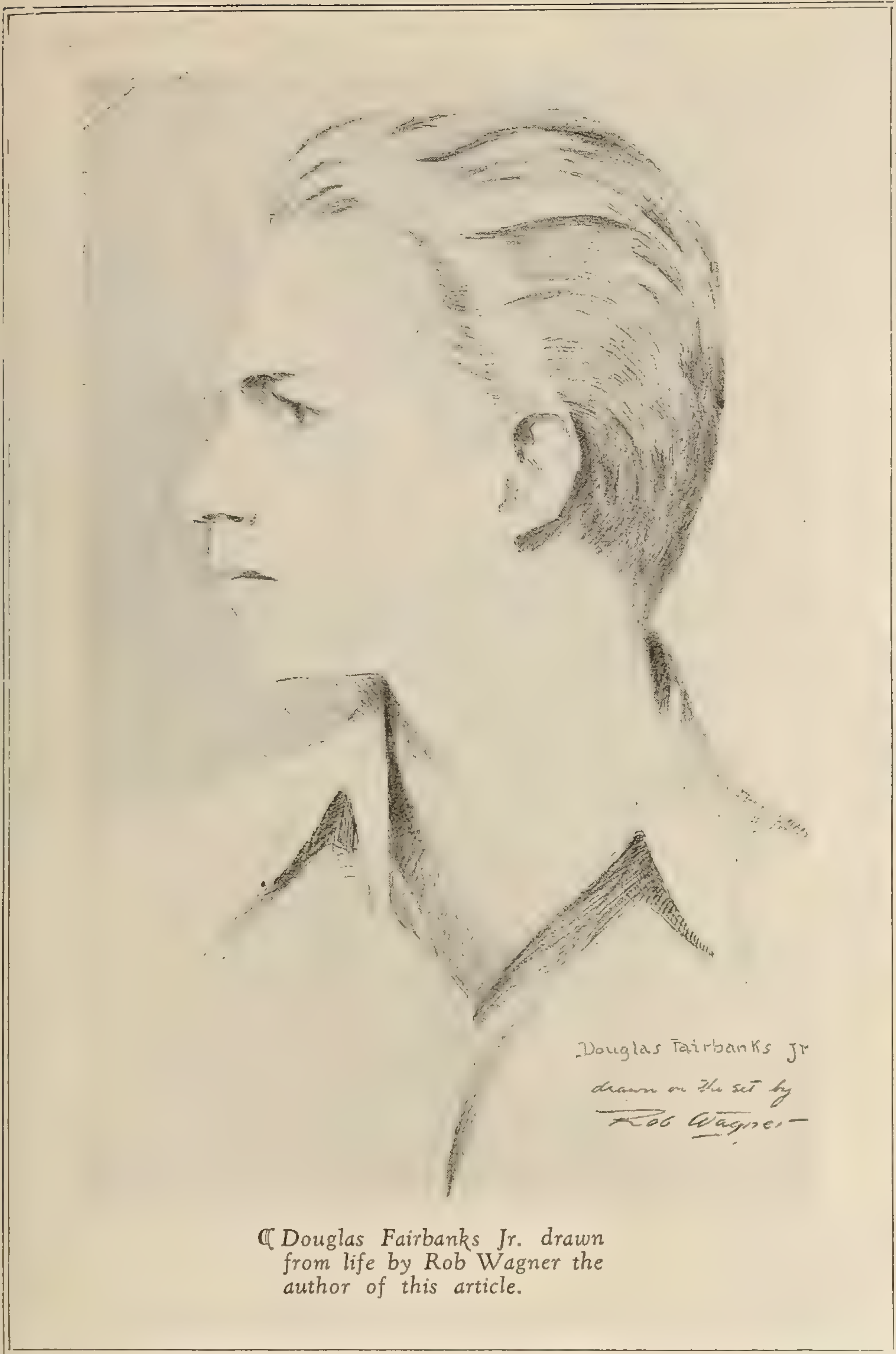


☞ *From the picture  
that young Doug  
made before he  
stepped out alone.*

THERE is an old biblical wheeze to the effect that 'the sins of the father shall be visited upon the children, etc.' But how about the old man's virtues? Fame, for instance. Paternal fame is a pretty heavy load to visit upon any son. I recall an article Cornelius Vanderbilt Jr. wrote, entitled: "It's hard to be a rich man's son." Well, if you ask me, it's harder to be a great star's son. And if you don't care to ask me, ask Douglas Fairbanks Jr.

One day down at the Beach Club I was wrestling on the sand with my two boys when a fine-looking lad with the body of a young god came up. "You don't remember me, Mr. Wagner, but I'm Douglas Fairbanks'





Douglas Fairbanks Jr  
 drawn on the set by  
 Rob Wagner

Ⓒ Douglas Fairbanks Jr. drawn from life by Rob Wagner the author of this article.



Ⓒ In every inch of the son can be seen the poise and individuality of his discriminating father.

son, and I sure would like to learn some of those holds." So we 'rassed' around until the boy was sand-scratched from toes to forehead.

"Well, Doug, you are certainly the son of your father," I said as we finally sat up to rest.

"Paramount doesn't think so," he replied solemnly.

"Why, I thought they were starring you!" I exclaimed.

"Were is right. But not now. I flopped miserably. It was a terrible blunder to send me out in father's shoes, for I couldn't fill them. I was merely a young upstart trading on a famous name. No, I'm through with pictures. Mother and I are going to Europe so that I can study art. I want to stand on my own pins."

It was a fine enthusiasm, but an expensive one. Mother and son spent nearly a year abroad when they suddenly discovered their capital was rapidly diminishing. Douglas decided to go to work. Even if he couldn't star, he could get some sort of a job in pictures.

Yes, Paramount would take him back, but he would have to play in stock at half his former salary, and take what small parts he could get. He was no longer the son of his father, but merely one of many hacks who had to make good on his own merit. Just as the studio had blundered in prematurely raising the boy to stardom, it blundered again in the opposite direction, now finding no merit whatsoever in him. This was eloquently indicated by again cutting

(Cont. on page 78)





“New faces at parties mean new stars on the screen. Miss Joan Marquis.”



Grace Kingsley's  
Gossip from  
HOLLYWOOD

“OH, Charlie Chaplin is inviting us to lunch!” exclaimed Patsy in delight, as she danced about with a little note in her hand. “And Harry Crocker is going to be there too!”

It is never of course a question of acceptance when Charlie invites you to his wonderful house atop the hill, because you always know that you will have a wonderful time.

“Charlie has such a way of concentrating all his charm on you—as though you were just the only person in the world,” remarked Patsy as we motored up there on the picturesque winding road through the California sunshine and past Corinne Griffith’s house and Tom Mix’s house and quite close to Jack Gilbert’s Spanish home.



“A newcomer, Dale Ansten, a beauty contest winner from New Zealand with Flash, M.G.’s dog star.”

One comes to Charlie’s house by the back entrance, because there is no road to the front entrance. At the front is only a large lawn surrounded by shrubbery.

“You see I didn’t want any road leading to the front of the house,” explained Charlie afterward in showing us the grounds. “I think it is delightful to have it all quiet out there. I didn’t even plant many flowers. I didn’t know how I would feel about too much color. The green grass and trees are so restful. Trees always seem like companions to me.”

So we were ushered into the library which opens onto the rear lawn, and Charlie came at once and took our wraps, himself. The comedian is always doing these nice little things.

“There’s such harmony in this house,” whispered Patsy, “that I don’t know how anybody ever quarreled in it.”

The library has the effect of a high chamber in a castle, and the big pipe organ carries out a sort of cloistered effect, while a lighter note, but entirely harmonious, is carried out in a couple of small bay windows with upholstered seats and white curtains. There are rows and rows of fascinating books.

We went into the drawing room, where we found a



¶ The picture girls first make the occasion, then celebrate it.



¶ "Wasn't that a pretty dish to set before the King?" Only this time it's queenly Norma Shearer's pie that had the birds in it, raw.

cheerful fire in a big fireplace, and where there is a disarming effect of ivory white, the proportions of the place being restfully big, and all the sofas and chairs making for cheerfulness and peace.

We chatted about *The Circus*, and about Charlie's plans for his next picture, but of course it isn't at all certain what that picture will be.

"Let's just get a cop and begin!" suggested Harry Crocker humorously. Harry is working with Charlie in all his stories now-a-days.

At any rate the picture won't be Napoleon's life, said Charlie.

"There won't be much real love interest in the story when I make it," he suggested. "Because I do not think Napoleon took love very seriously. It was only another manifestation of his power to have women in love with him, that's all."

Lunch was served in the dining room, which is fitted up with some sort of dark polished wood, and with exquisite table accessories and service.

After lunch we went out and surveyed the grounds, and wandered about the interesting paths that lead under the trees down the side of the hill.

Presently we came to a kind of little summer house on the slope.

"This is where I thought out *The Gold Rush*," Charlie told me. "I'd walk up and down this little path,"—he illustrated his distraught tramping up and down in his own funny pantomimic way.

And he showed me where his children used to have a little playhouse too. That was a pathetic little note—the silence where the children's voices had been.

In the library, Charlie played the pipe organ for us, and how! He can make the simplest

(Cont. on page 90)



¶ Norma Shearer's little leaving party when her honeymoon began.



¶ Doris Dawson wears a two fox neck piece and that's some necking.





☞ Camilla Horn in 'Tempest.'



☞ Between seams Camilla, in her pajama shop, danced and dreamed.



☞ Her present Russian part is far removed from her great character of Marguerite in 'Faust.'

## By Lulu Case Russell

“Got any girls?” the Marshal said to the lady from over the Rhine,  
 The lady shook her flaxen head and civilly answered ‘Nein.’  
 ‘Got any boys’ the Marshal said, ‘but you haven’t, I opine;’  
 Again the lady shook her head and again she answered

‘Nein.’  
 ‘Husband, of course?’ the Marshal said, ‘and he must be pretty fine,’  
 The lady smiled and her blue eyes shone as again she answered ‘Nein.’  
 ‘The devil you have,’ the Marshal said to the lady from



☞ Another great European actress comes to Hollywood and is immediately cast opposite John Barrymore.



# CAMILLA HORN'S PAJAMAS

over the Rhine.  
And he staggered and dropped  
his census book when the  
lady answered, 'Nein.'"

With the above as my sole stock-in-hand of German I boldly essayed an interview with Fraulein Camilla Horn, late of Frankfort-on-the-Main and Berlin. To be transparently honest and above-board I knew one other German word, 'Ja,' but I had determined to be startlingly different and not 'yes' anybody during my stay in Hollywood, home of avacados and yes-men.

Pretty blonde Miss Horn was at work on the *Tempest* set where she is playing opposite John Barrymore in his second production for United Artists, when I first saw her. Swathed in a clinging black velvet gown, a graceful cape of the same material falling from her shoulders, she came hurrying down a cobbled street alone and frightened, hemmed in by sinister night shadows, apparently emulating Mr. Pepys in an attempt to get 'home and so to bed,' but she was thwarted in her un-Hollywoodian (Cont. on page 80)

☞ A scene from  
'Tempest' with  
John Barrymore,  
a story of the  
Russian revolution.





# FAME

for

False

# WHISKERS



☞ This is not the hairy ape but Jean Hersholt in a character role.

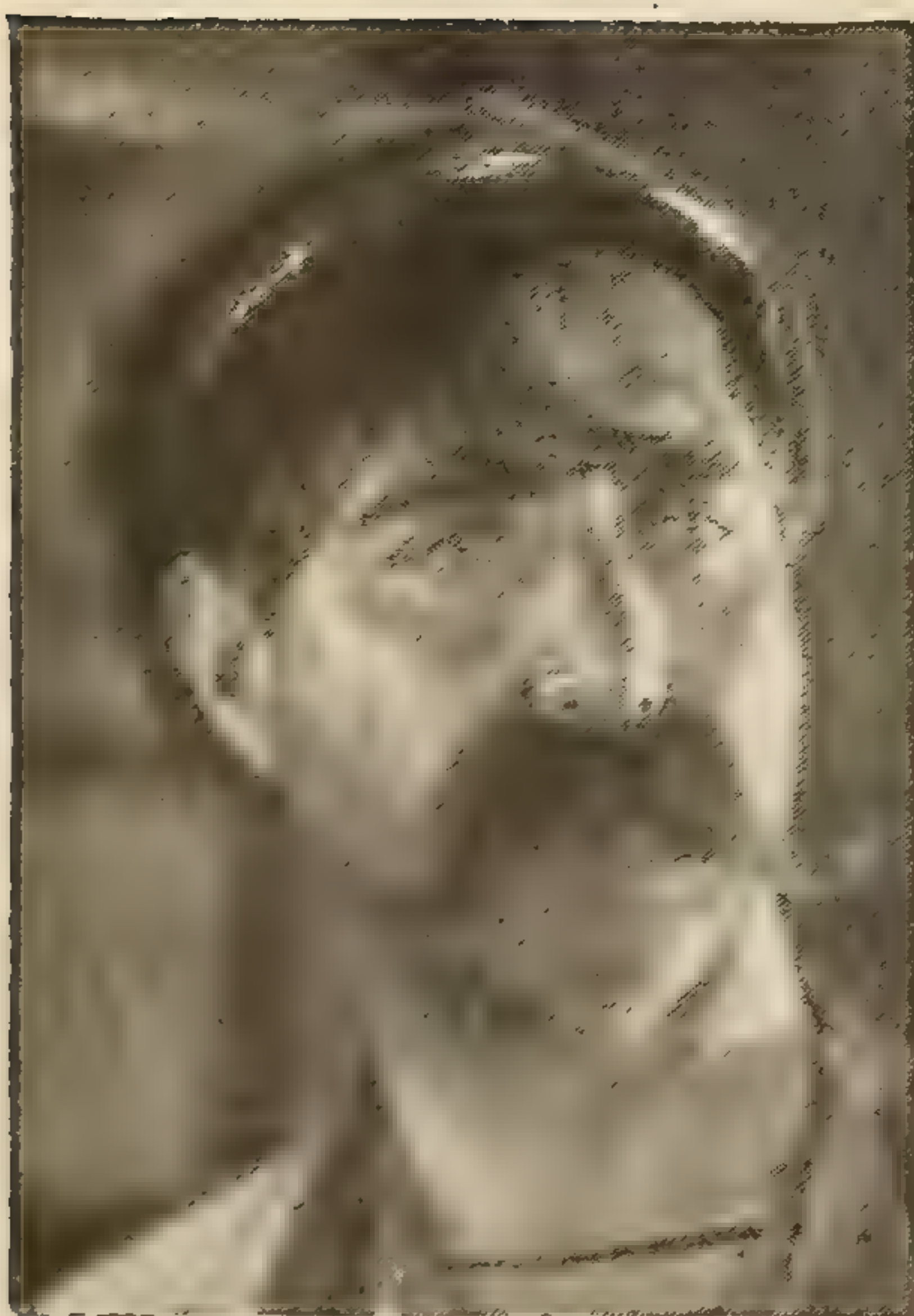


☞ Jean Hersholt is so different you'd think he was a couple other fellows.

☞ *Would Gillette 'em Grow or Would you Shave the Surface and Save All.*



☞ Marion Davies with John Mack Brown in a masquerade make up. The idea is that Marion wants to stuff a sofa pillow.



☞ In 'Seventh Heaven' a character lived. It was created by the false mustache and David Butler.



☞ David Butler whose hose put him in Hose Who.



☞ She did. Leaving John Mack Brown out in the open.



# FALLS



☞ In 'Burning Daylight' Arthur Stone by the aid of a whisker or two becomes a stranger.



☞ Arthur Stone himself shaving the lawn for whiskers for his great characterization.

EMIL JANNINGS began it. Emil has his ways, you know, and the coy minx called 'Popularity' snuggled right up against Emil's whiskers and *The Way of All Flesh* was a very nice way indeed. However, whiskers are in themselves not exactly histrionic, hirsute maybe, but left to themselves they hardly ever act. What a help they are to the guy who's lost his necktie, though.

That boy Butler did a wonderful piece of work in *Seventh Heaven*—you remember the hose-man. He raised himself on those whiskers to a high point that he couldn't climb off of. And now he's a director.

Arthur Stone can't be as good as this picture looks! If he is he should be starred.

But, speaking hurriedly for we mustache off and see a picture, the alfalfa that hides the most features is the crop for most of us. As the poet doesn't say, 'Behind the lace curtains lies Italy.' Let whiskers grow if you must. Let mattresses bloom and blossom. Beard the lion in his den but do not, we beseech, belittle the honest soup strainer which through generations has been the home of so many strange songsters.

The Bald Headed Man's Club is glowing with anger over the hair-raising exploits of the actors and many a good wife has lost her beauty sleep trying to decide whether she prefers to have hubby's chin draperies over the sheet or under the sheet.

Since this fashion descended upon Hollywood the denizens of the cinema city have had to wear ear muffs because of the screaming and whistling of the gales and typhoons of the gusty California spring as the wind blows through the actor's whiskers.



☞ Emil Jannings in 'The Way of All Flesh.' We have had whiskers for comedy and whiskers for character but Jannings finds a way through make up to the pathos that brings tears.



# SCRAPS for BLIVION

*In Hollywood the Picture Actors recently formed the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences and started their magazine. SCREENLAND has been given permission to give wider distribution to this fine article from the first issue of 'Motion Picture Arts and Sciences.'*



© Rupert Hughes

a joke, but a brave flippancy, one of those we-laugh-lest-we-weep cynicisms.

For among all the countless tragedies that fill the life of the studios and break the hearts of the makers of pictures, none are more poignant than the piles of celluloid shavings that fill the metal waste-baskets in the cutting rooms.

Even the producers suffer, since the clippings represent wasted fortunes; the camera-men sigh as they find their most beautiful shots thrust back into the dark. But the directors, the authors and the actors suffer most. The public suffers, too, but never knows what it has missed.

Much of the stuff that reaches the screen had far better have been left in the discard, but that fact merely renders the loss of the beautiful things more regrettable.

Sometimes the omissions are due to inexorable necessity, as when a picture is shot in twice or more the necessary number of reels. This is one of the most expensive sins of the business, and a sheer waste of annual millions of dollars which must be retrieved in the dimes and quarters slipped through the ticket-sellers' little round windows.

But the spiritual loss is incalculable. Mr. Jack Dempsey says that the blows that miss take more life out of a fighter than those that land. And the cli-

THE moving-picture art—or industry—or what you may call it—has a term of its own for what the poet Gray bewailed in his *Elegy*: the gem of purest ray serene hidden in the dark, unfathomed caves of ocean; the flower born to blush unseen; the noble rage repressed, the mute, inglorious Milton.

The mute, inglorious movies call it 'the Face on the Cutting Room Floor.' It is

maxes of emotion that a director and an actor achieve and never see in the finished pictures take the heart out of them more than the contemptuous press-notices or the studio jibes they receive for their manifest failures.

There is something so peculiarly harrowing about the excision of beautiful scenes from a picture that it seems almost a crime to have shot them at all. We do not blame people for not falling in love and not having children, but to commit infanticide is singularly horrible.

Projection-room psychology and box-office success are most dangerous guides to conduct. People who have seen a picture dozens of times are the poorest possible judges of what the public will feel on seeing the result for the first time. Consequently, success is often due to popular reactions of the very opposite sort from those that have been planned.

Last year in New York I saw a very successful picture, exploiting a very prominent actor and a very prominent actress. The film drew immense crowds everywhere and the profits would seem to silence criticism.

The famous stars played love scenes of the utmost intensity. They gave unrestrained lessons in what Lewis Carroll called 'reel-



*Hollywood's most famous writer tells the story of*



# BY RUPERT HUGHES



ing and writhing.' Yet the more ardently they embraced, the more frenzied their amorous contortions, the more the audience howled with laughter.

While the heroine and the hero shuddered with desire, the audience whooped with ridicule.

The crowds flocked to the picture, because of the magnetism of the stars and perhaps because of the word-of-mouth propaganda proclaimed it one of the funniest pictures ever seen. It provoked, indeed, far more hilarity than half the intentional comedies by the best clowns.

Perhaps if the scenes had been played honestly and had inspired the love-sorrow implied, the picture would have brought in less money. Yet surely one could not draw from it a lesson that famous stars should be made ludicrous in their love-scenes.

The pity of the omitted scenes is that one can never know whether their omission was wise or not. The successful pictures might have been more successful, or might not have succeeded at all if they had been included. The failures might have been more dire, or might have been turned into triumphs if the cuts had not been made.

One thing is well-known, though the knowledge is not often of much use: pictures that are gripping and delightful in fifteen or more reels are often dull as dishwater

(Cont. on page 86)

“The Patent Leather Kid” that brought Barthelmess back to success was one of Rupert Hughes’ stories.



“The Face on the Cutting Room Floor”



# DELIGHT EVANS' REVIEWS



☞ King Vidor has done it again

## The CROWD

☞ *Step Lively, Pull--ease!*

THIS isn't just a picture. It's an experience. I don't know whether you'll like it or not. It isn't the rousing entertainment that *The Big Parade* was. I'm not sure that it's entertainment at all. But King Vidor has done it again, whether you like it or not. *The Crowd* is his own idea. It is probably more nearly a complete artistic expression of this young director than any other picture. It's naive at times; it is curiously amateurish at others, but there are moments of such great power and understanding that you're willing to swear it's great.

You'll see yourself and your next-door neighbor in *The Crowd*—and you know how much fun that is. The Boy and the Girl are too much like you and me to make it entirely pleasant to sit through eight reels or so of their trials and troubles. It's an experience, nevertheless, that mustn't be missed. The Boy's father was sure he'd be president some day. Instead, he gets a job as a clerk, goes to Coney Island, meets a girl, marries her, becomes a father—twice, loses his job, and has a hard time landing another. That's all there is to it—yes, that's all. But it is more than enough for Mr. Vidor. You can take

his picture anyway you want to. According to a subtitle, once you lose step with the Crowd it goes hard with you until you get back into step again. According to an advertisement for the picture, you've got to rise above the Crowd if you want to get anywhere. Maybe Mr. Vidor would be content to call it the epic of Everyman and his Wife, and let it go at that. At times *The Crowd* out-stroheims Mr. Von in its realism. There's a Sennett touch in some of the comedy. It begins to look as if Mr. Vidor is all of the 'big' directors rolled into one. At any rate, he does wonders with his actors. James Murray is amazingly good as the Boy. Eleanor Boardman is even better as the wife. I don't know any other actress who could have played this part. Submerging her delicate beauty, Miss Boardman achieved a portrait of a middle-class lady that she should be proud of. This girl should be starred. If her husband is a composite of all directors, she's all actresses in one small package. Some girls can play wives, some can play mothers, while others excel as sweeties. Eleanor can play 'em all. Darned clever, these Vidor!

☞ A great mother picture — dramatic without being mushy or morbid

## FOUR SONS

☞ "One, two, three, four--Oh, how I wish there were more."

I'LL be frank with you. I didn't want to go to see this picture. I fought against it. Another mother picture! I have nothing to say against mothers as a rule; and a whole lot to say for them. I have a pretty good one myself and I know a lot of other folks who are proud of theirs. But I don't like to see them on the screen. They aren't Mothers; they're monstrosities in shawls and bonnets; they cry all the time. So I thought I wouldn't go to see *Four Sons*. Then I thought, 'Well, Jimmy Hall

is in it;' and the minute I think of Jimmy Hall I want to see him again to decide whether I like him or don't like him. Well, I went. And I wouldn't have missed it for anything, not just because it made up my mind for me about Jimmy Hall (the answer is: Yes; I do.) But it showed me a real Mother on the screen. Margaret Mann plays her, and she's more like a mother really is than I'd ever hoped to see in pictures. She doesn't whine or weep. She makes cookies, and keeps the home-fires burning. Miss



Mann and Director John Ford have given us a great performance; in a picture that is emotional without being mushy, and dramatic without turning morbid.

*Four Sons* is a war picture with only one war scene. What self-control this director must have! It's a great little plea for peace, for it takes us on the other side of the trenches and introduces us to the enemy—three of whom are Mother Bernle's stalwart sons. The fourth, played by James Hall, is fighting with the Yanks. But they're all brothers. After the war, Mother Bernle leaves the old country for the new. She has to 'learn her letters' first, and her struggles with a new tongue amid strange

surroundings provide a comedy ending to the picture. Everybody in the cast is splendid, but Miss Mann and Mr. Hall are outstanding. It's Jimmy's first chance to act, and he will surprise you. I've never seen more exquisite photography. John Ford has done some beautiful things in his direction, too. I like the way he creates characters instead of depending upon 'types.' He offers his comic relief with a deftness that Shakespeare would have loved. And speaking of Shakespeare—if his plays are ever, by accident, put on the screen, John Ford is just the director to do it, if he keeps up the high standard he sets in his *Four Sons*.

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☞ Sadie offers Gloria everything and she makes the most of it

---

# Sadie Thompson

☞ *It Aint Going To Rain No More*

HOW to spend your rainy afternoon: watch Gloria Swanson as the heroine of W. Somerset Maugham's best story. Gloria does one of the greatest come-backs in history. Give this girl a role she likes and she has a good time and gives everybody else the same. Acting from contented stars is what this industry needs. Miss Swanson is one of the most fascinating personalities in pictures, but when she appears in a badly-fitting part, she loses her lustre. Mr. Maugham is a good tailor. His *Sadie Thompson* is just what Gloria needed. It's her best part—the sort of thing we want to see her do. Gloria as a 'good' girl is Gloria wasted. She's one of the few film idols we like to see cut loose. The more exotic her part, the better we like her. And so—*Sadie Thompson* offers her everything. Besides, it's a good picture. This is Gloria's lucky year. Raoul Walsh has directed in just the right high spirits, and himself

plays the important part of Sergeant O'Hara with gusto and virility. Sadie has had rather a bad reputation in film circles since Will Hays exiled her; but as a matter of fact the little girl is going to do a lot of good in the world or I miss my guess. She makes a great sermon for tolerance, and stages an exciting tirade against hypocrisy. Her heart is big, her manners are careless and her morals are nobody's business. When she appears in *Pago-Pago* in the South Seas she excites the interest of a detachment of Marines and the animosity of one Hamilton, a virulent reformer. He attempts to wreck her life, which she is striving to mend, and almost succeeds. Sadie fights back and wins, aided by the wholesome Sergeant O'Hara. Gloria's just great. You'll like the picture. It isn't so often we're treated to a swell star in a picture worthy of her. But *Sadie Thompson* is it, and plenty of it.

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☞ Real fun

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# Her WILD OAT

☞ *Sows Your Old Oat*

WHO doesn't enjoy fairy tales? Who's too old? Oh, you aren't either. You just think you are. Everybody loves a fairy-tale, and don't tell me different. But if you think you need any excuse to go to see Cinderella Moore's latest yarn, you can always say: 'Well, I'll be bored, but Junior and Sister will like it.' And then you'll be tickled silly all the way through, you big hypocrite! Colleen was never so cunning or so clever. She has a real characterization in *Her Wild Oat*, against the old familiar fairy-story background. She plays the proprietress of a prosperous lunch-wagon, who splurges all her savings on one grand spree at a smart

summer resort. Of course she meets the Prince—in disguise. And of course, he loves her for herself alone. She goes back to the lunch-wagon just long enough to find her happy ending. Miss Moore has some charming comedy scenes. She's abetted by Larry Kent, whom I'd like to announce right now as my favorite leading man for 1928—so far. He's the only actor I've ever seen who is really reminiscent of Wally Reid, with all of Wally's ingratiating good looks and humor. You watch Larry Kent. On second thought, don't bother. I'll keep an eye on him myself.



# SPORTING GOODS

**S**TARRING a Good Sport. Richard Dix may prefer to play in drama, but you'd never guess it from the pep he puts into this comedy. He plays it as if he likes it; he slams it over through sheer force of exuberant personality. The story is highly improbable but it's so engagingly directed and acted that you don't care a hoot whether it could happen or not. Every salesman

should see it, no matter what he sells—undershirts, or elevators, or himself to his girl. Richard explains in his inimitable fashion that it isn't so much what you have got to sell, as how you sell it. Gertrude Olmsted is in it, and isn't she pretty? The object of the high-powered sales-drive delivered by the star is none other than Ford Sterling, who is the three-funniest character comedians in the world.

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☞ Estelle gives a glowing performance

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## *The* WHIP *Woman*

**E**STELLE TAYLOR played Lucrezia Borgia once, and don't you forget it. *She* can't; they won't let her. They have handed her another mean part, giving her a whip to crack instead of poison and dirt to dish. She's a peasant girl whose hut is her castle, and just let any man try to crash the gate. Down comes the whip, and out goes the man. But there's always an exception, or there wouldn't be many motion pictures. This time the exception is Tony Moreno. The whip girl beats him up, then picks him up and carries him home. After

that, the picture just goes all to pieces. Sometimes she loves him, sometimes she whips him. It doesn't make much sense finally. Especially when you see the gorgeous Hedda Hopper trailing around as Mr. Moreno's widowed mother. *That's* funny. Miss Taylor gives a glowing performance as the whip woman. But at that, she revives the hope that some day, some how, the producers are going to forget that she ever played a Borgia and just let her be her charming, sociable self.

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☞ Oh well—we're all happier close to nature

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## ROSE MARIE

**O**H, you Rose-Marie! Some kid! This little French-Canadian girl has had quite a career, all the way from musical comedy to the movies. She's almost as famous as Abie's Irish Rose. Up there in the north west where men are mounties she has all the males at her feet, but of course the one she picks—she would—is a fugitive from justice, so she has to go trudging up and down mountains and get buffeted about by the elements—all for him. Fortunately she is played by Joan Crawford, who is one of those lucky girls who always looks beautiful under any given set of circumstances. She's

especially radiant as Rose-Marie, displaying more dash, or verve, or whatever you want to call it, in a simple little blouse and a wisp of skirt than she ever did all dolled up. Oh, well—we're all happier close to nature. James Murray, House Peters and Creighton Hale are the men in the case, and I give you the usual three guesses as to which one Rose-Marie fastened her affections on. Wrong the first time. James Murray, not House Peters. The sterling Mr. Peters has been away from films so long I think they should have handed him the heroine just as a gesture of welcome, don't you?



# A GIRL *in* Every PORT

THE movies are getting good—and tough. I'm all for it, myself. I like the rough-and-ready atmosphere of such a picture as *A Girl in Every Port*. My boy friend does, too. Tip to girls: if you want to be *The Girl* in your particular port, don't turn up your nose at the pictures of the *What Price Glory* school, unless you want to pay your own way to the movies. You may prefer to see the smiling face of your pet actor to the scowling countenance of Victor McLaglen, but don't you let on. And when you see one girl after another parade on the screen, smile, darn you, smile! It seems that no longer must movie men be beautiful. McLaglen and Robert Armstrong, his team mate, will

certainly never win any prizes for pulchritude, but the boys are there with the wallop just the same. They're a great combination, artists at fisticuffs or kisses, getting away with murder and everything but matrimony in every port. Don't pity the poor sailors any more; don't waste your pity. Although there are gobs of girls in this sailor's paradise, there is not a single Heroine, or even a married one. Louise Brooks, Leila Hyams, and many, many more are present, to liven things up; but not even Louise makes more than a dent in the big, big heart of the two sailor-boys. They're soon off on another cruise, and—there's a girl in every port.

☞ The lovely Esther Ralston is very much worth while going to see

## Love and Learn

WHO could not learn to love, and love

to learn, when Esther Ralston is Teacher? This luscious blonde is far from lazy. Instead of letting her beauty do all her work for her, she pitches in—and acts. She's a corking comedienne, as her latest will testify. *Love and Learn* isn't much of a picture, I'll admit—just a trifle, in fact; but its lovely star is very much worth while going to see. Also, she is assisted in her latest set of escapades by a new young man, named Lane Chandler, who is, believe it or not, an entirely original type of leading juvenile.



☞ Esther Ralston and Lane Chandler who is, believe it or not, an entirely original type of leading juvenile.


Thought there weren't any more, didn't you? Love and learn! He plays a pompous young judge who is all for law and order until Esther appears in his court and says 'Good Morning, Judge!' in that sweet, melting way she has. Then he doesn't care much what happens to him as long as it happens with her. There's one of those French-farce bedroom scenes which might be naughty if it weren't played by these

two clean-cut young Anglo-Saxons. As it is, it's funny. This Esther Ralston—I must say it again—is a great beauty who deserves a certain measure of immortality because she possesses that air of complete unconcern about her charms. What a gift that is! (Cont. on page 78)



By  
Garnett  
Weston

☞ *Since the inspired days when they made 'Passion' in Germany Emil Jannings and Ernst Lubitsch have been, professionally, separated.*



# Together Again!

**F**ROM one-reelers years ago in Germany to the most ambitious picture of Paramount's 1928 program today—  
From mutual suspicion to unbounded confidence in each other—

That, in broad strokes, is the story of Emil Jannings and Ernst Lubitsch.

The one-reelers were made with Jannings playing opposite Ossi Oswaldi. A young man who had been acting

☞ *Emil and Ernst—from mutual suspicion to unbounded confidence in each other.*

in the German Theatre was given his first directorial chance in making them. The young man was Ernst Lubitsch.

Emil Jannings played in them. He was merely a ghost, a shadow, unnamed on the screen, a phantom of nothing, although he was one of the foremost stage actors of Germany. So unimportant were motion pictures—so far from importance were those who played in them at that time. Indeed, long after, with the filming





☞ Vera Veronina and Emil Jannings in a breath-taking scene.

of *Passion*, afterwards world famous and its makers also, Jannings still remained a shadow, nameless on the screen, just one of the players. Lubitsch was little better known.

But not for long. The German studio hired a secretary to open and answer wires from every corner of the globe, asking 'Who is the man who plays the role of Louis XV in *Passion*?'

Lubitsch too. And Pola Negri. All three of them — and UFA — and Paramount, who released the film in America. There was glory and to spare for everyone who had the least thing to do with *Passion*. Exhibitors basked in box-office cream. UFA responded graciously and gave Louis XV a name. The name was Jannings.

But the *Passion* affair was afterwards. Back beyond *Passion*, was pain, persistence, patient, plodding perfecting of a pantomimic art which eventually led to the full light of the place in the sun Jannings occupies today. Likewise Lubitsch.

When they met in the one reeler darkness, Jannings looked down from his lofty six feet three or six or whatever it actually is, on stalky, mocking Ernst Lubitsch, broad, short,

☞ Pain, persistence, and patience resulted in the perfection of pantomimic art that gives Jannings his place in the sun today.



☞ Florence Vidor has, in 'The Patriot,' the most interesting role she has ever played.


☞ A count may tickle a czar. Lewis Stone and Emil Jannings.



and neither cared much for the other. That was before Jannings had any respect for motion pictures or the men who made them. It was also before Lubitsch had come to know that Jannings was a great harp for his master fingers to play upon with such genius that it is doubtful if there are two such men in the motion picture industry today. It was the day of small things, beginnings, nothings. Jannings was getting forty marks a day — Lubitsch got less, very much less. So much less that sometimes it


(Cont on page 101)





# Mary Philbin

Posed especially for  
SCREENLAND by  
Miss Mary Philbin



## A MAID of MODES

☞ *Fashion Favors the Frial, and the star of 'Drums of Love' finds the latest styles express her natural simplicity.*



☞ *Mary's wardrobe never lacks a black lace frock. This one is worn over a white satin slip and is trimmed with black pleated chiffon. The wrap is black chiffon velvet lined with white satin and sports an ermine collar.*



☞ *This round silk collar which ties at the side and is appliqued with French flowers is a smart detail.*

**D**AINTY Mary Philbin's reaction to the elaborate fashion creations of her screen life is strict simplicity in her real life. Did you see her in *Drums of Love*? Do you remember the first closeup of Mary in the wedding scene where she wears that luscious lace veil and looks like an angel straight from heaven? Well, on the opening night in New York the audience, that had not been demonstrative up to that point, broke into wild applause when this closeup of Mary appeared.

You'd think she'd get the habit and want to wear old world clothes all the time—they are so full of beauty and romance—but not Mary. She can't wait to zip into tennis togs or a simple, cool, untraily frock of the variety shown above, 'something that doesn't take all your strength to carry about,' says the diminutive young star.





☞ For high tea or dinner this orchid crepe frock with ribbon velvet trimming of a darker shade and ruffle of its own material, is one of Mary's favorites.

Photographs by Freubel





# NEW SCREENPLAYS

Reviewed by  
Rosa Reilly



« 'Coney Island' is the best film I have seen this month. (Lucila Mendez, Rudolph Cameron and Eugene Strong)



« Beautiful Jacqueline Logan plus a couple of slinky leopards — that's 'The Leopard Lady.'

## CONEY ISLAND

LOOK, Look: Don't you know what that is? That's the Giant Dipper. The Coney Island Roller Coaster. It dips so deep you think you'll never come up again.

Watch Lucila Mendez. Did you see her give the villain a kick—on the shin? Well, I should say not. On the chin. A high and fast little kicker that girl.

Ralph Ince's new film, *Coney Island* has one fight after another. And the best of all when Lucila starts to—never mind, now. Never mind. Not so fast. That's one I'm not going to give away.

Clowns and a millionaire. Carnivals and a political boss. A sweet, modest ticket taker and a bunch of gangsters. Plenty of Ballyhoo. Of the finest grade.

This is the best film I've seen this month—or this year, for that matter. And not the least of the credit is due to J. J. O'Neill who wrote this crackling good story.

## THE FEARLESS RIDER

Well, I swan, if it ain't our ole frien', Fred Humes.

An' he's knockin' 'em cold again. Seven or eight of 'em. Blows from the right an' blows from the left. Why they doan bother Fred a tall. That ridin' cowboy saves the gold mine an' gits the girl.

Fancy ridin', fancy shootin' and fancy fightin'.



« George Connors and Rin Tin Tin in 'Jaws of Steel,' a picture with moments of superb canine grandeur.

## FASHION MADNESS

Gather around the circle, girls, I'm going to tell you a secret. And it's one you want to remember, too. Whenever you go out to ask anybody to do a favor for you—whether it's a man or a woman or a child—wear a red hat. There's something about red. I'm not fooling you.

The last time I saw Claire Windsor she was dashing down Hollywood Boulevard in a wide-brimmed red hat, and a short, clinging red dress. And I bet nobody refused her any favors at all—that day.





☞ Ralph Ince, Patsy Ruth Miller, tropical skies and grass skirts. What have you then? No, not *Magnolia* but 'South Sea Love.'

For she never looked prettier. Not even in her new picture *Fashion Madness*.

If you want to get an idea how to turn last year's rusty rags into this year's smartest ensemble, it isn't necessary for you to take a trip over to Paris to find out what Lucien Lelong and the other fashion artists are offering in the way of summer clothes. Just slip into *Fashion Madness* and take the matter up with Claire. For in this film she has a chance to wear every type of dress and suit—from the most formal evening gown to the triggrest North Woods costume. Just take Claire's advice; copy one of the gowns she's wearing. And I bet there won't be a single girl at the June Prom who can touch you for clothes. (And, of course, we already know that there'll be nobody there who can touch you for looks.)

### THE LAW AND THE MAN

You know and I know that in the great emotional crises of life people don't fall on their knees, wring their hands and froth at the mouth. You know this. But a lot of movie actors apparently do not.

However, Tom Santchi does. For a couple of years I have been waiting for Tom to get a real chance to be cast in some other role than the bearded, tobacco spitting 'heavy.' And in *The Law and The Man*, he gets his opportunity. And he gives as fine a portrayal as you'd ever want to see. He pours his heart out right on the screen. But simply. And sincerely. His greatest merit is his repression. The story is strong. It stands up to match all the emotion Santchi gives to it. It's an old tale—that one about the political boss who loves the girl. But this

time with a new twist. For he actually reforms, throws out all the grafters and goes straight to win the woman he loves. Only to find out at the climax that she cares for a forger and wastrel.

Plenty of meat in this picture. Plenty of passion, too. And a love theme so real it touches the heart.

### SOUTH SEA LOVE

I like Ralph Ince, darn his hide. He can do more with a pretty girl, a grass skirt and a hulking old sailing ship than anybody I know. I like his swashbuckling ways. I like his lusty, brawny, take-it-or-leave-it pictures. And in *South Sea Love* he had plenty to work with. The prettiness of Patsy Ruth Miller. And all her deftness. The loveliness of a tropical sea, a tropical land and a tropical sky. But this film is really not worth what Ralph put into it. He was tied down by an impossible story.

Why every single one of you could write a better scenario than the one with which Ralph and Patsy had to work. The story just stumbled around and fell over its own feet, dragging all the hard work of the cast and all the beauty of the settings down to mediocrity.

### OPENING NIGHT

It is my belief that only on the stage and screen do husbands sacrifice themselves so that the wife may have the boy friend. If a man really loves his wife, he fights to retain her love—and how! He doesn't stand around like a phlegmatic simpleton and let the other fellow have things his own way.

In *Opening Night*, the husband is supposedly lost at



sea. Upon his return, however, he finds that his wife's affections have been or are about to be won by another man. So quite quietly he drops out of the picture.

An unhappy film both in its theme and its direction.

### GOLDEN YUKON

Don't you sometimes wish that the villain would get the girl instead of the poor but honest hero?

I do. More often than not. And in *Golden Yukon* I thought that's what was going to happen.

An innocent little girl is taken to Canada for 'nefarious purposes.' But just at the climax, just at the moment when it seemed—oh shucks, what's the use?

You know as well as I do that the 'unscrupulous villain' comes to no good end. And that our Nell retains her fragile and uninteresting purity.

### THE LEOPARD LADY

You would think that the beautiful Jacqueline Logan plus a couple of slinky leopards would be about enough to put any picture over, wouldn't you? To say nothing of an ape who commits suicide. As well as a lot of other unusual 'props.'

It's all very dramatic and powerful—particularly when Jackie cracks one of her boy friends behind the ear. But somehow—maybe it's just my idea, but the picture didn't 'get' me. However, don't take my word for it, drop in to see it yourself. And if I'm wrong, the lunch is on me.

### WOMAN WISE

Come on now, boys and girls, pile right in. For this is the kind of picture that everybody likes to see.

This comedy is laid in Persia. And if you ever saw more or better action and color in any picture, I dare you to name it.

Usually when you think of an American Consul, you think of a tall, dignified gentleman in a frock coat—very proper in pronouncing his words. Well, wait until you see *this* American Consul! What a wallop he packs.

Then take that old oriental gink, the Pasha. He orders the natives to besiege the American Consulate because an American adventurer from a nearby oil camp has become involved—that's a good word—with a native woman.

That gun fight around the Consulate is as pretty a piece of action as you ever saw. Particularly when the dead and wounded fall off the top of the wall down into the lake.

The whole film is crammed with a genuine picturesque quality which you don't often find. And clear up until the wind up when the American boys, of course, save

the day, the comedy is perfect. June Collyer, Walter Pidgeon, William Russell and a couple of dogs will keep you laughing until the finish.

An excellent film. Excellently directed.

### JAWS OF STEEL

Of course, now, you all know what Will Shakespeare said about the man who does not love music. Well that's just what I think about the man or woman who doesn't love dogs. They are fit only for 'treasons, strategies and spoils.' There is something radically wrong in the character of a person who does not love dogs. Big dogs, I mean. Mind you I don't care myself for these sweet smelling little Poms that childless women drag around in their arms and feed on cream.

A dog to me means a big dog. And this is the class that Rin Tin Tin heads so nobly. In his new picture *Jaws of Steel* he shares honors with little Mary Louise Miller who makes a great hit in her childish role.

The story unrolls simply and movingly. And it has moments of superb canine grandeur. And I'm not getting mushy.

### CHICAGO AFTER MIDNIGHT

*Chicago after Midnight* is an exciting picture of life in Chicago's underworld. It is the best film Ralph Ince ever directed. As usual, he not only directs but acts one of the leading roles. This time, however, instead of playing a rough-neck sea captain, he portrays a white-haired gangster.

Jola Mendez, his sister-in-law in real life, is, in the film, his daughter. That girl is a good actress. In fact, at the climax of the picture, she does work which is really fine. There is a sort of fighting stamina in her characterization which must have been pretty difficult to depict.

Ince himself is splendid in the role of the father. His work is repressed and cleverly shaded,

different from anything he has ever attempted before.

There is in this picture an entirely new type of detective. Ole M. Ness has the part of Tanner. Tanner tries to solve the murder of the gangster who years before squealed on Ince, causing him to be sent to prison. Ness brings to the screen a detective such as I have never seen before. His portrayal is little short of marvelous. I do not believe I have ever witnessed better character acting. Ness deserves much credit for deviating from the usual 'hokum' detective with blunt-toed shoes and blunter brains. And all intelligent detectives should club together and send him a medal.



Colleen Moore is making 'Lilac Time.' A million dollar special with Gary Cooper, but Colleen-like she is not too busy to give a beginner a chance.



Jack Stone who is making his screen start in 'Lilac Time.'





SALLY PHIPPS came to the land of the home office to make some scenes for *The News Parade*. That's the news—you can make your own parade.

Photograph by Irving Chidnoff

THE SCREENLAND





JANE WINTON next will be sophisticating  
around in *The Patsy*.

SCREENLAND





**A** DOLPHE MENJOU is going to Paris to be married. He promises to love, honor and be gay with Kathryn Carver.

*Photograph by Hommel*

**SCREENLAND**





JOAN CRAWFORD'S next picture is *The Dancing Girl* and it doesn't matter whether she does the 'Black Bottom' or a mean 'Varsity Drag' just as long as she dances.

Photograph by Apeda

SCREENLAND



# Conducted by Morrie Ryskind

to. Not so the Yarbough. She comes out, nakedly and unashamedly, brown. Her hair is the sort that even the most potent kink-remover can not make straight. She looks like a Milt Gross caricature. And then she begins to wiggle.

She doesn't dance. She wiggles, she wriggles. The dance is sex masquerading, but Yarbough throws off the mask. And her very frankness, plus a gamin sense of humor, plus a pair of big black eyes that roll even more than her body, bring down the house. And deservedly so.

Go and see Yarbough, is our tip.

## "Rope"

David Wallace and T. S. Stribling have conspired to make a play out of Mr. Stribling's novel, *Teet-fallow*—and, by and large, a good play, too. Here is, on the stage, a slice of life as it is lived in Tennessee—life that is as strange to the average New Yorker as life must have been to Rip Van Winkle when he awakened from his nap.

New York, as is so often pointed out to us, is not America—more's the pity. Even in New York, however, we have fellows like Dr. Straton to contribute to the front pages. But here we regard them as so many freaks. We find it hard to visualize an entire community brought upon Stratonism; a community where reading and writing are



White  
 (Eva Le Gallienne as Viola in 'Twelfth Night.'



De Barron

(Peggy Cornell is the refreshing part of 'Sunny Days.'



White

(A diverting scene from 'Diversion' with Kathleen Nesbitt and Richard Bird.

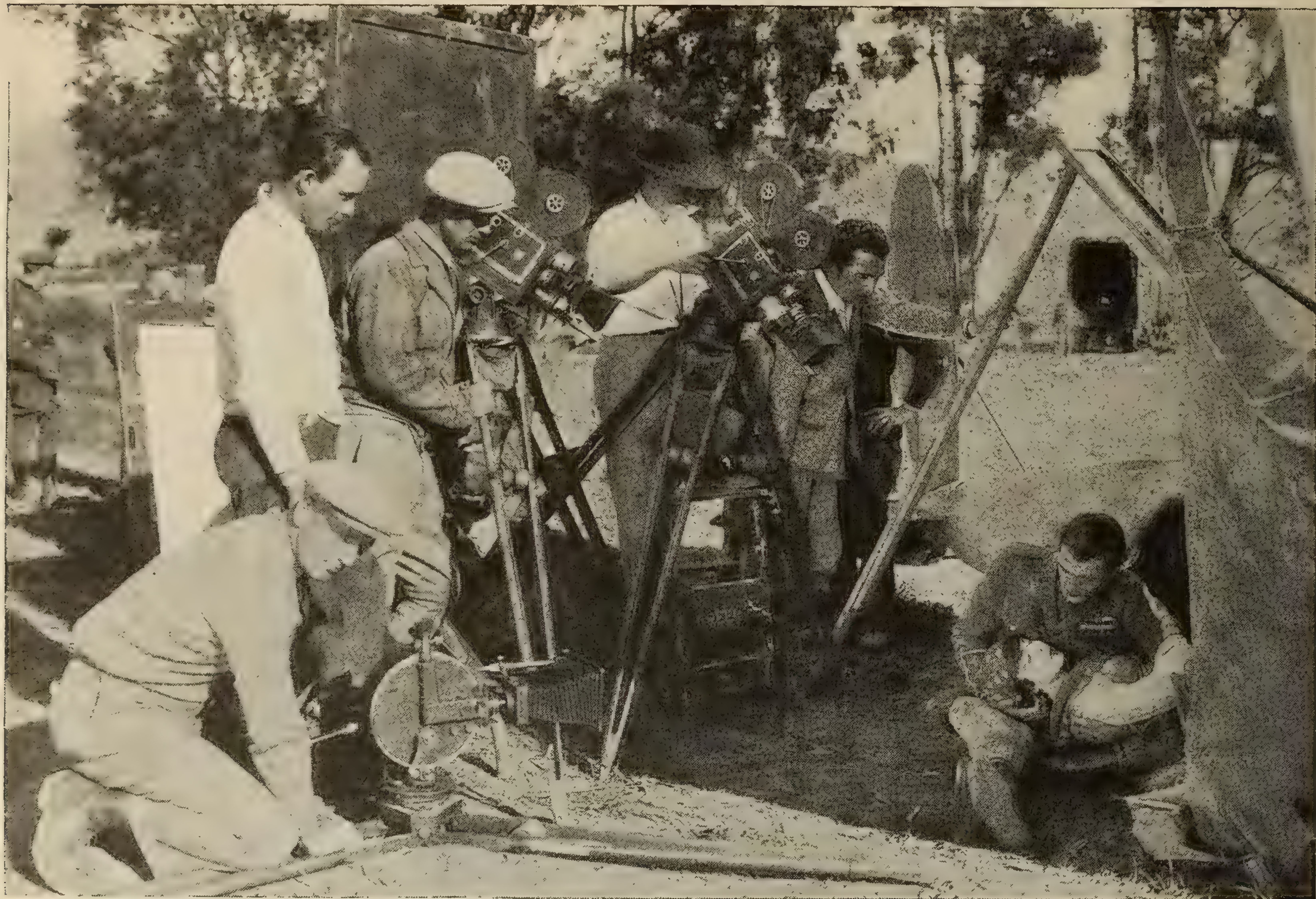
looked down upon as being affectations; a community that regards evolution as the belief that 'your grandmother was an ape;' a community that has never heard of Darwin or Huxley or Shaw or Wells or Anatole France; a community that would be right at home if time moved back three hundred years.

Well, Stribling shows you that community. He and Wallace in a fine-moving first act, in which every gesture of the characters is a symbol of their life and thoughts, paint for you a town where the Scopes trial could not be a public farce, but an important matter of life and death, with the devil on the side of Scopes.

Stribling etches slowly, but surely. You believe. And then you begin to understand how a mass of men, in the name of the Almighty, can don masks and go

(Cont. on page 80)





George Fitzmaurice, at left, bareheaded, directing 'Lilac Time.' Colleen Moore and Gary Cooper acting as if they were alone.



Marceline Day playing tennis with the editor of SCREENLAND.

# Chatter

from HOLLYWOOD

By Martin Martin

HOLLYWOOD is a land of opportunity.

Two men using brains and ingenuity, have made a motion picture at a total cost of \$97, and are well on their way to fame.

Naturally you ask what kind of a picture could they have made at that price when even the program pictures of the big companies cost from \$150,00 to \$250,000.

Well, to use their own description, it is a 'symphony of motions.' As you can guess, the treatment is impressionistic.

Robert Florey got the idea. He isn't new to Hollywood, having directed for Tiffany, Sterling and Columbia Pictures, but he never stood out above the mob before. S. Vorkapitch, the other man, is a Serbian artist, and he is totally unknown—or was until the \$97 picture was previewed at the home of Charlie Chaplin.

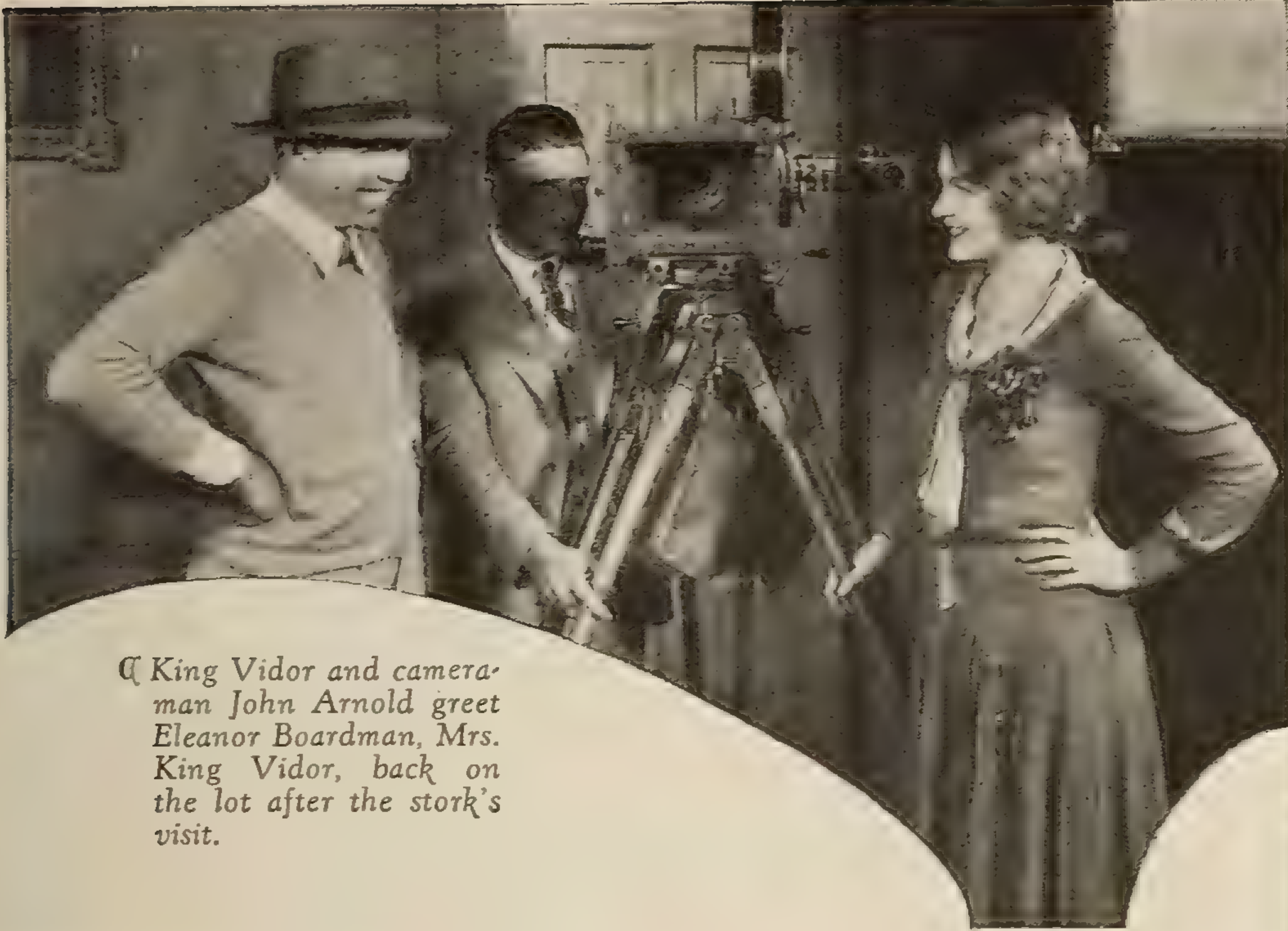
Charlie is ever ready to sponsor new and artistic ideas. He started Joseph von Sternberg on the road to fame after *The Salvation Hunters* which cost \$3500 if I remember correctly.

What Charlie did for von Sternberg, he apparently is ready to do for Florey and Vorkapitch. He showed the picture to Joseph Schenck, Douglas Fairbanks and several other important Hollywood people, with the result that Doug loaned his cutting room to Florey to make prints of the new film.

Not only that but Charlie suggested a title. He wants Florey to call the picture, *The Blues, Rhapsody of Hollywood*.

Florey's idea was to call it *The Life And Death of 9413*.





☞ King Vidor and camera-man John Arnold greet Eleanor Boardman, Mrs. King Vidor, back on the lot after the stork's visit.

What Florey means is the life and death of one of Hollywood's thousands of extra people—a man practically without identity.

I am sure you will be interested in the way the film was made. It is really the strangest of stories. To begin with the two men took every foot of film with an amateur camera in the kitchen and bedroom of the artist, Vorkapitch.

They used 45 sets, all of which were made of dry cardboard, cigar-boxes and pieces of newspaper. The greatest amount spent on any one was \$1.67. (Just compare this, for instance with F. W. Murnau's circus set at the Fox studio which cost \$77,000).

By this time you have realized that *The Life And Death of 9413* was for the most part shot in miniature. It has its human cast, however, two people, Jules Raucourt and Voya Georges.

Contrasting to the thousands spent by studios on illumination for the production of pictures, Florey and Vorkapitch's bill came to just what it costs to run one 400 watt globe. Every scene was shot with the light from this globe.

No one of these scenes occupies more than two feet of film. The total production runs only 1200 feet.

Obviously it would be of little use to the two experimenters to make a picture for \$97 if they couldn't get it shown. But they are going to. A special musical score is being written now for an early screening of the film at a Broadway house in New York City.

I think this is one of the most interesting stories to come out of Hollywood in months.

—o—

Ann Nichols, author of *Abie's Irish Rose*, carries more than 2 miles of film to New York with her this month.

It is the completed Paramount version of her famous Jewish-Irish comedy.

One of the cutters at the studio tells me that there are 192,000 individual pictures in the film. Since each picture is three fourths of an inch long the entire film runs to more than 12,000 feet.

—o—

It made the blood run cold in the heart of a prominent



☞ Mary Pickford plants a *cryptomeria japonica* in the new California Forest of Fame.



☞ Pola Negri and Warner Baxter in 'Three Sinners.' The white wig is becoming.

insurance executive when Harold Lloyd announced his intention of sending the original Lloyd horn-rimmed glasses to the Hague for the international film exhibition in April.

Harold has a \$25,000 insurance policy on these glasses.

It wouldn't be at all surprising if the insurance company sent a man to accompany them abroad.

—o—

Eddie Foy, the famous clown, who died as he wished 'with his boots on,' was well beloved in Hollywood.

Jack Gilbert recalls that he made his debut on the stage as a member of Foy's company. Many years ago it was. In fact Jack was at the tender age of 1 year. He was carried on the stage by his mother, who was a leading lady in the Foy company.

—o—

Hollywood's new master of bon mots is William Powell.

Bill defines a production supervisor as a man who knows what he wants but can't spell it.

Asked what he was playing in a Beery-Hatton comedy, he replied with aplomb; 'The comedy relief.'

—o—

A honeymoon in Havana!

Lucky Kenneth Hawks and happy Mary Astor. They will be there by the time you read this, for they are to



be married Feb. 23 at Mary's home. It will be a quiet wedding. Only her people, his two brothers, and a few friends will be invited.

Then Mary and her husband, who is a production supervisor at the William Fox Studio, will go to New York for a few days before sailing to Cuba.

Their plans sound like a dream come true. Only the best of shows, the most expensive of the cabarets. Perhaps they even will be able to look pityingly down upon those dual challenges to man's ego, the stone lions, in front of the Public Library on Fifth Avenue.

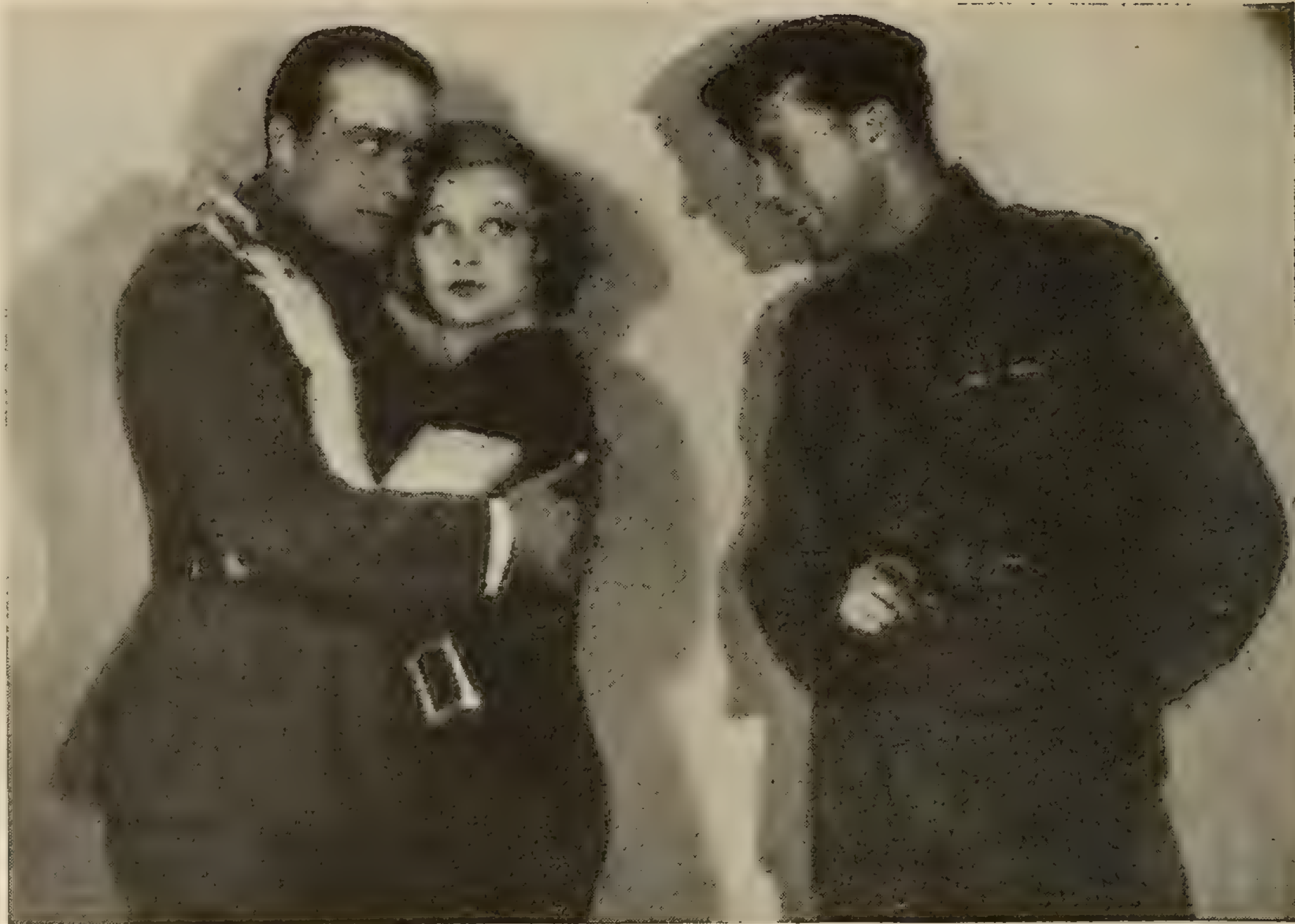
—o—

If you haven't already heard, it's going to surprise you that Madge Bellamy is married. She slipped away to Tia Juana to avoid the new California law requiring 3 days notice before weddings, and swore to be true to Logan S. Metcalf, young broker, until death do them part.

—o—

What do you think of this for a subtitle?

"Marcia, the bride, had prepared for the big battle of marriage with a number of short engagements."



Another aviation picture. James Hall, Greta Nissen and Ben Lyon in 'Hell's Angel's.'



Loretta Young as she beautifies 'Laugh, Clown, Laugh.'

John Krafft wrote it for *A Blonde For the Night*.

—o—

Monte Blue writes me from Tahiti that he had the world's closest shave this month.

I am speaking in the vernacular. What Monte referred to was an accident. In other words a 25 foot fall from the top of a cliff.

As it was 50 feet to the ground, the most elementary knowledge of subtraction will inform you that something must have stopped Monte.

Three Tahiti palms performed this gratifying duty. They took their toll in scratches and bruises, but broke no bones. "You may not believe me," Monte writes, "but when I got down, those palms were smashed so flat they could easily have been mistaken for ferns."

—o—

With all the world criticizing movie stars for the amount of money they spend and what they spend it on, I enjoy writing that Vera Reynolds is still living in the same rambling two-story house she purchased years ago.

Vera tells me she is having it remodeled instead of building a mansion in Beverly Hills.

There will be sun-porches, wide verandas, nooks and two more rooms.

And when this work is finished Vera will have a homey home without drawing too heavily on the bank account.

—o—

You can't guess who is offering a cup for the best tennis team of





☞ The nine months Sills kid leads his parents, Milton Sills and Doris Kenyon, to the photographers.

entirely recovered.

—○—  
 Poor Farina of *Our Gang* has been ill too. Also Joe Cobb, the fat boy. It started when Farina showed up at the studio with what the doctor had diagnosed as the annoying but common complaint, hives.

But it wasn't hives as things turned out. It was that scourge of our childhood, chicken-pox.

Joe caught it from Farina and the rest of the Gang lived in dread terror for a week.

—○—  
 Another Hollywood tragedy!

One-eyed Connelly, champion gate crasher of the world, but lately employed in the opposite capacity of keeping other gate-crashers out of the William Fox Studio, has been fired.

Some say he had too much sympathy for those of his kind. Others say it is the economy wave.

Connelly is now a Hollywood bolshevik.

all the Hollywood Studios.

Chester Conklin.

I wish you could see him play.

—○—  
 Here's another subtitle that made me laugh. The famous George Marion, Jr. wrote it.

"Get me on a Los Angeles train before I have the greatest fit in the history of hysterics."

—○—  
 When Samuel Goldwyn's research department was digging around in preparation for *Two Lovers*, it was discovered that in 1540 women wore wedding rings on their thumbs instead of the third finger.

So when you see Vilma Banky with a big gold band on her thumb in this picture, you can pretend as if you knew it all the time.

—○—  
 You would have been very much impressed with the drama of Hollywood had you attended the premiere of *Four Sons* at the Carthay Circle Theater this month.

Margaret Mann, 60 years old, an extra playing her first part, swayed uncertainly before a great and brilliant audience, which cheered and cheered her.

It was the greatest moment of her life. It could never have been possible anywhere but in Hollywood.

—○—  
 Illness hit a Paramount picture hard. Just as she was ready to start on her new story, *Ladies of the Mob*, Clara Bow was stricken with an attack of appendicitis, from which she has not



☞ Dorothy Mackaill adding to nature's good looks.



☞ Madge Bellamy made 'Ankles Preferred' for the Fox anatomical series.

For the first time since she has been in pictures, Janet Gaynor is wearing high-heel shoes and silk stockings in *Four Devils*, her new Fox vehicle.

There's no use wracking your memory to catch me up on this statement because Janet herself is the authority.

As charmingly modest as ever, she talks of the fun of going to Europe to make *Blossomtime*. Unless I am mistaken she will also do *The Dollar Princess* over there, with Murnau as her director.

—○—  
 Eleanor Boardman is going to carry her baby to Europe with her. She won't be the first. Agnes Christine Johnstone, the scenarist, went her one better and carried her youngster around the world in a basket.

Eleanor and her husband, King Vidor, will leave as soon as he finishes Marion Davies' next, *Polly Preferred*.





# They SAY



By Marion of Hollywood



“SEE, d— it, that’s the very reason why she won’t go out with me any more.”

Ann Christy, Harold Lloyd’s leading lady, and Lupe Velez meet the Preferred Ruth Taylor at the train.

It was friend Dix talking—talking about friend Lois Wilson. Lois had come over to the Paramount lot to take some advertising pictures with Richard, and you can take it from me that Lois was not a bad thing to look at so early in the morning. Someone had immediately looked wise and began talking engagement. Which was the cause of all the Dix ire. Lois has her friends, and Richard has his, and because Lois can’t be seen with Richard without being reported engaged to him, she simply won’t go out with him at all.

“D—,” finished Richard, the good natured, “d— again!”

And I smiled, and Lois smiled, but of course Richard didn’t feel that way at all.

\* \* \*

Openings in Hollywood always are more or less trying, but lately particularly at the Carthay Circle Theatre, it is getting to be quite an awful ordeal. There used to be crowds pushing and shoving all the way from the sidewalk to theatre entrance, but blessed if at the opening of *Four Sons* they didn’t have regular grand-stand seats—mind you, regular theatre chairs—line on line all the way up the walk and on each side. They ‘ohed’ and ‘ahed’ and clapped and shouted as the different celebrities went in, and there they still were when we came out of the theatre at twelve-thirty, to go through the same motions right over again! That’s what I call loyalty! But there’s nothing like the thrill of a Hollywood opening, and I only wish you all could have a little Aladdin’s lamp or something and be whisked away to Hollywood for an ‘opening.’

\* \* \*

It just happened that I met Bebe’s mother the Monday after Bebe and Jim Hall had had their accident on Saturday. I guess you know that it happened during the taking of a scene for Bebe’s next.

“I was down town,” Mrs. Daniels told me, “when suddenly the newsboys started calling ‘Extry, extry! All about Bebe Daniels’ orful accident.’ For a minute I was simply stunned and absolutely too terrified to get a paper. Then I realized how little good being terrified was going to do me, and I called the studio. Only mothers who have daughters of their own can understand the way I felt. Bebe is much better now, but she will be in the hospital at least a week longer. Oh, I’m just thankful that it wasn’t any worse.”

Then Jim Hall came in on Wednesday, bandaged up a bit, but smiling broadly and not much worse for hard wear and tear.

“Still alive,” he joked, “and doubtless I’ll live through it, but I am glad that it doesn’t happen every day in the week.”

So breathe gently, ye female sex, our hero is safe and sound, and I give you my word, as handsome a sight as eyes can hope to see!

\* \* \*

Just exactly like Ronald Colman, to pack up his duds and sail away from Hollywood without a single word to anyone! Oh, I suppose he told his Buddies, Dick Barthelmess and Bold, Bad Bill Powell, but not a single word to anybody else. A man o’ mystery—that’s what I calls ‘im—while really and

truly it’s only that Colman believes his private business is his own; and if he wants to take a quiet trip to good old London-town, he feels he has a right to keep it to himself. Which means, of course, if he can. Poor Ronald! Just as if the sighing hearts of Hollywood would let him get away with secrecy for very long.

\* \* \*

Yep, they’re tooting around together quite a bit these days—I mean Evelyn Brent and Gary Cooper of *The Legion of the Condemned*. Serious? That—oh well, nobody can say just yet. Maybe one of those pleasant little friendships, and maybe if we butt in too much and talk too many things it will only break up a something most agreeable to them both.

\* \* \*

Back to the old love—that’s Kenneth Harlan this month. Don’t get me wrong, though, because I don’t mean back to sweet Marie, although, of course, they’ve talked that, too, out here where talk is lots of fun. I mean that this month Kenneth has gone back to the stage for a while to play the lead in *The Triumphant Bachelor*. The dark escort and I were there for the first performance, and believe me, Kenneth hasn’t forgotten how. If he does decide to keep it up indefinitely, I hope he manages to work in screen productions, too. We’d miss him from the screen if he should go for very long, wouldn’t we?

Joe Cobb and Jackie Condon seem to have Farina in more or less of a hot spot even for Our Gang.

\* \* \*

Uncle Carl Laemmle has a new





hobby. I say 'new,' but maybe it would be nearer correct if I should say that he is taking up again a hobby that he started years and years ago. He is collecting signatures from famous persons all over the world and he is going about it as seriously as if it were some great business deal. It is very, very interesting, and he prizes his collection and guards it most precious. A signature he guards as priceless is one from Vincente Ibanez, the famous author of *The Four Horsemen*, and who died recently. Uncle Carl spends hours working on the collection, and when it's all complete, I hope to be one of the privileged few to be able to examine it thoroughly.

\* \* \*

When you go avisting in Hollywood these days, very casually you pick up your hook rug material, lug it along with you, and then when you reach your destination, just as casually take out your work and go to hook-rugging. Yes, that's the very latest in Hollywood, and to prove it, I simply ask you to watch Gladys



Ⓒ Ramon Novarro and Joan Crawford making 'Across to Singapore.'



Ⓒ Anna May Wong wears a divided skirt.



Ⓒ Jim Tully and Walter Wellman who will direct 'Beggars of Life.'

McConnell over in the corner, going it likkety-split, as Gram would say, without even letting it hinder her conversation. The best part of it is that they are beautiful things when they are finished, and if you make one yourself it costs less than half as much as you'd pay in a store. Anyway, that's us in Hollywood these days—just hook-rugging it, likkety-split!

\* \* \*

Poor Cyril! I wondered why he wasn't in his great long racy looking car, but was walking up the Boulevard so lonesome-like. And I didn't see the old machine parked in its same accustomed place across the street from me. The next morning, though, I picked up the paper, and there right in big, bold letters, were the lines:

"Auto thieves get Cyril Chadwick's car. Machine stolen from in front of actor's home."

What do you think of that? Me letting them steal Cyril's car right in front of my eyes! However, now that I've fixed it (maybe I should say as how the L. A. policemen fixed it!) so that Cyril has it back again, all is forgiven and we are still the friends we were of yore.

\* \* \*

No wonder young Tomasina Mix's birthday party included a matinee at Sid Grauman's Chinese Theatre where he has an almost entire honest-to-goodness circus playing right along with Charlie Chaplin's *Circus*. Tomasina had about twenty guests, and if every single



Ⓒ Fay Webb on 'Nero' showing as fine legs and chest as any Hollywood horse.



one of them didn't see enough to keep each talking for a month or so after the show I miss my guess! Maybe you'll think I'm fooling, but with the whole lobby of the Chinese Theatre filled with circus, it's a wise father or mother these days who starts down the Boulevard on the other side of the theatre—that is if they want to get anywhere. Such a circus! Such a bunch of performing bears and dogs and horses! No wonder Tomasina's birthday party was the shining social event of the winter for the younger set.

\* \* \*

"It is too, I tell you."

"Oh, it is not! You don't think he'd be



☞ Owen Moore takes Norma Shearer for a buggy ride to make 'The Actress.'

standing there in line, do you? Waiting to get in just like any common, ordinary person?"

"Well, take a look at that picture in the lobby. If it doesn't look exactly like the man standing there in line I certainly do need glasses."

This all happened while we were standing in line at a neighborhood theatre where *French Dressing* was the evening's attraction. The two girls behind me were doing the excited arguing, and of course I had to find out what it was all about.

On the other side of the lobby, coat collar turned up, cap pulled down over his eyes, and with Mrs. Brook beside him, stood Clive Brook with the rest waiting his turn to get into the theatre. Folks suspected it was he, but no one was quite sure, and in case either of the pair behind me should happen to read this, you can take my word for it that not only did the gentleman LOOK like the Clive Brook of the picture, but it was the personal appearance himself!

\* \* \*

We had just been talking to Dick Barthelmess between the scenes of *The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come*.

"What a bashful sort of fellow he is!" I remarked to the Hollywood producer who was the other part of the above 'we.'

Then, right out of a clear sky, came the interesting remark, almost with a sigh, from my Hollywood producer:

"Yes, he's just an old-fashioned boy, with an old-fashioned heart, waiting around trying to find an old-fashioned girl to be the Mrs. Barthelmess of a good old-fashioned home!"

Well, well! Maybe so. Something old-fashioned in Hollywood would surely be quite a novelty.

\* \* \*

I met Ray Hatton on the Paramount lot the other day, and the first thing I asked him was how his opera singer, Ted Novis, is getting along. Ray beamed. The gist of Ray's reply was that Ted is really knocking 'em dead over there in Italy, what with learning their language down to a 'T' in no time, and showing up

a lot of the native sons in a few short months. The real truth of the matter is that Ted has already learned five complete operas, and for the benefit of those of you who know as little about it as I did, Ray tells me that that is nothing short of marvelous. And if you don't believe that Ray is getting the greatest kick in the world out of it, just write him a letter and ask him about it!

\* \* \*

Everybody seems to be vitaphoning it out here these days. The latest on the list, which includes folks like Lionel Barrymore, Henry Walthall, Hobert Bosworth, Irene Rich, May McAvoy, Buster Collier, Conrad Nagel, Lois Wilson, Helene and Dolores Costello, and even Rin-Tin-Tin,



☞ In California they spank godless girls so Patricia Kelly and Kate Price illustrate the horror for Mrs. Buwalda, Secretary of the Commission for Prison Reforms.



☞ Lupe Velez poses for Billy Bitzer's old camera with which he used to make Mary Pickford pictures.



is Norma Talmadge. A new great picture house in New York is to open with a Talmadge production, and because Norma cannot be there in person, a vitaphone record has been taken out here and Norma will be Master of Ceremonies in the east, by vitaphone. Remarkable, isn't it? Also, I have it direct from Rin-Tin-Tin, personally, that Vitaphone is a very fine thing. He not only feels that it gives one a new field for developing voice culture, but admits quite frankly that when he watches himself on the screen with vitaphone he is entirely at a loss to discover where all the talking of himself comes from!

\* \* \*

I met George Melford over on the Metro-Goldwyn lot the other day, greeted him, and after we had talked a bit, discovered that in all his years of being in Hollywood, of all his years of acting, producing and directing, that was the very first time that 'Uncle George' has ever stepped foot into the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios. I could hardly believe it, and then began to realize how far apart folks can be even though the distance in miles is so short.

\* \* \*

The speed of the new generation is becoming more and more evident to me each day!



☞ Sally Blane tells Chester Conklin to shake off his embarrassment.



☞ Laura La Plante powders her nose.

Witness the latest action of one four-year old Henry King, Jr., of Hollywood, California. Junior had to have a tricycle. Oh, not just a common, ordinary tricycle that one sees any day of the week on the sidewalks—oh, no, his must be a tricycle with a side-car attached thereto. The entire family was, of course, somewhat astounded at the request, but at length, after much coaxing, the new vehicle arrived. For two whole days Junior worked diligently until he had mastered the art of riding the thing to such an extent that he could turn corners fine, on two wheels, just the way all good cyclists can do. Without another word, he went to his nurse and informed her that he was ready for the baby. Nurse didn't quite understand, but 'Hen'y' asked with an important air why they supposed he needed a bike with a side-car attached, if it weren't to take baby brother out for the right kind of spin?

\* \* \*

Farina and Fatty Joe Cobb, at the moment of writing, are the social hounds of *Our Gang* this month. Farina "caught the hives," and then he "gived um" and the party was on. Of course, while the itching was in full blast, it wasn't "xac'ly" an awful lot of fun, but now that the painful part is over with, showing the spots is regular he-man stuff! Kids is kids, all right, and Director Bob McGowan is only thanking his lucky stars that the rest of the gang were immune.

(Cont. on page 78)



# NEWS from the



## Every item means a lot to some one. PICTURE MAKERS

**D**OGS will bark, the clash of arms will be heard, and the roar of angry mobs will be recorded in the motion pictures of the future, but the films of tomorrow are not to be mere records. That is the opinion of Jesse L. Lasky.

Sound is to be the most important development in the motion picture industry during the next five years, the Paramount vice-president declared today without hesitation. With just as little hesitation he declared that the development of sound in motion pictures would not take the form of dialogue productions.

"To make all pictures dialogue vehicles would be to turn the progress of the screen back at least ten years from where it is now," Mr. Lasky stated. "The great value of the motion picture has been its power to touch swiftly upon action and then sweep away. This would be impossible were dialogue between the actors to be recorded. Once more the limitations from which the screen is now free would be forced back upon it.

"The use of sound will be dramatic, and will heighten intensely the effect of a picture. The hum of crowds, the roar of an angry mob, perhaps a shouted command, the shrill of a police whistle, the bark of a dog, a knock on a door when such a knock adds to tense suspense—all of these sounds will be heard in the pictures of the future.

"They will mean a new type of sheer drama undreamed of in the past."

\* \* \*

Jack Donovan, the new Pathe western star now being seen to excellent advantage in his first stellar vehicle, is one of the finest swimmers in Southern California and is credited with saving several lives.

In *The Bullet Mark*, however, he was called upon for his greatest swimming effort. After making a high jump which would never be attempted except by the nerviest of men, Donovan landed in the water and swam through the rapids for a distance of slightly more than a mile. Additional to being exceedingly rough and full of treacherous whirlpools, the stream contained many huge rocks



**I**T never happened before. Buzz, the ridingest boy in pictures made a record when he asked his director for a double for the love scenes.



**L**ouis King director of Buzz Barton's 'The Bantam Cowboy.'

*Western Stars, Wild Horse Nesa, Born to the West, and The Mysterious Rider.*

\* \* \*

The first years of the Nineteenth Century, marked in Europe by the conflict between French, Spanish and British naval squadrons off Cape Trafalgar, which ended with Britain victorious but Nelson lost, were among the most stirring in the history of those nations. They were likewise characterized by the brilliancy of court functions, costumes and uniforms, and the dramatic quality of events.

In those memorable times the story of *The Divine Lady* takes place and this novel by E. Barrington affords Corinne Griffith a marvelous opportunity for her initial production for First National Pictures under her new contract.

Frank Lloyd is to direct this picture and is busily engaged in laying out the massive production which it is declared will excel in brilliancy anything in which Miss Griffith has hitherto appeared.

and projecting logs, all of which made swimming, in full cowboy regalia, a very difficult proposition. Even this was not enough, for the water was exceptionally cold, being a stream which has its foundation in the high Sierras.

\* \* \*

Jack Holt is returning to Paramount.

The popular player has signed a contract to appear in Zane Grey's productions. It was more than a year ago that Holt terminated his arrangement with Paramount. During this period he has made several films for other companies.

Holt's first picture will be *The Vanishing Pioneer*, for which John Goodrich is now preparing the continuity. John Waters will be the director.

Holt's return means that Paramount now has two western stars. The other is Fred Thomson, whose new picture, *The Sunset Legion*, is now being filmed at Hollywood.

Jack Holt began his career in the movies as a horseman in western pictures and soon drifted as a 'heavy' into other films. He achieved his greatest popularity, however, in the Paramount series of Zane Grey pictures. Among his most noted successes were *The Light of the*



The romance of Lady Hamilton and Lord Nelson is one that has been told in many ways and whatever the opinion that exists or may have existed in the time of its occurrence, the fact remains that it was one of the most striking in history. The character of Lady Hamilton is one of many facets and offers unparalleled chances for compelling portrayal.

Phyllis Haver, the Roxie Hart of the film *Chicago*, has been borrowed by David Wark Griffith from Cecil B. DeMille to play the part of a 'gold digger' in *The Battle of the Sexes*, Griffith's next United Artists Picture. Presumably, Miss Haver will be one of the battlers.

Belle Bennett, *Stella Dallas* herself; and Jean Hersholt, *Alias the Deacon* himself, have also been cast by Mr. Griffith in *The Battle of the Sexes*.

The next Griffith film is being scenarized by Gerritt Lloyd, who did the script of Mr. Griffith's *Drums of Love*.

Word has just come from Universal City that plans are under way for a novel chapter play to be called *The Final Reckoning*, the material for which will be obtained from G. A. Henty's famous series of books for boys.

Newton House, heretofore starred by Universal as the Champion Boy Rider, in a series of western featurettes, will be starred in this picture. It will be made under the supervision of William Lord Wright.

Miss Page in *The Dancing Girl* hailed as a new screen find, was recently placed under a long-term contract by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Nils Asther is a Swedish stage star who has played several screen roles over here. Other players in *The Dancing Girl* include Joan Crawford, Dorothy Sebastian, Johnny Mack Brown, and Dorothy Cumming.

Louise Lorraine and Lawrence Gray have been engaged for the romantic leads in *The Dead Line*, an original story by Ted Shane with a 'newspaper' background, in which Flash, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's new canine star, makes his second camera appearance. Miss Lorraine has just completed the feminine lead in *Circus Rookies*, while Gray is now playing an important role in *Diamond Handcuffs*.

Miss Caroline Bishop, who, according to Dame Rumor, may announce her engagement to Gene Tunney in the near future, is a niece of Frances Marion, scenario writer, and has played a number of cinema parts, the most important and most recent one that of one of the ballet dancers in *Love*, the current hit at the Embassy Theatre.

*The Dragnet* has been selected as the title for George Bancroft's next picture, soon to go into production at the Paramount Studio. The actor's first picture in which he appears as a star was *The Showdown*.

The cast for *The Dragnet* will include Evelyn Brent and Fred Kohler, both of whom were prominently featured in *The Showdown*. The director of *The Dragnet* will be Josef von Sternberg, maker of *Underworld* and also of *The Last Command*, the drama of the Russian revolution in which Emil Jannings now is appearing.

In the old days of the West pulling a gun was an exact science. The man who had the quickest pull had the best chance of reaching a ripe old age. Some of the famous figures of the time used one gun, others two—all had individual styles of getting the 'drop' on a man.

In one of the scenes of his new Paramount picture, *The Sunset Legion*, Fred Thomson poses as a revolver salesman. In showing his wares he demonstrates the pulls of Billy-the-kid, Kit Carson, Wild Bill Hickok, Joe Smith, Buffalo Bill, and others. The trick was to reach for the gun, bring it upward, cock the trigger and swing it downward—aimed—all in one movement, an instantaneous flash of action.

Giving up a vacation between films, Richard Barthelmess is preparing to start upon his next vehicle for First National Pictures within a week.

This will be *Roulette*, from the story of that name by Fanny Hurst. The cast is now being chosen, and actual shooting will begin within a few days.

Barthelmess has just finished *The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come*, from the famous novel by John Fox, Jr. Alfred Santell directed this picture, and will be at the megaphone on *Roulette*.

*Roulette* gives the First National star an entirely new characterization, something dif-

Say Yes as was previously reported. Miss Daniels has recovered from her recent accident and has resumed work. Accompanied by her mother and a nurse she has gone with her company to the Yellow Astor Mine at Randsburg, Cal., to film a mining sequence for the picture. James Hall is her leading man, Roscoe Karns is in the cast, and Clarence Badger is directing.

Richard Dix, Paramount star, is erecting a nine-room house on his 160-acre ranch in the San Fernando Valley. The acreage will be set out in oranges and other fruit trees. The house is located on a slope and commands a view of the entire valley. It is to be entirely completed within two months and will serve as a vacation retreat for the star's occupancy between pictures. His current vehicle, *Easy Come, Easy Go*, will be completed before the new home is ready for use.

The lions have gone back to their dens, the Grecian warriors have laid aside their shields and political conditions in ancient Athens are back to normalcy.



Educational Comedy Girls on one of the driest bars in Hollywood.

ferent than any he has hitherto attempted. In the past year, Barthelmess has demonstrated his versatility by playing the prize fighter in *The Patent Leather Kid*, the college boy in *The Drop Kick*, the gangster in *The Noose*, and the mountain boy in *The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come*.

Jacqueline Logan will portray the featured and only feminine part in the Pathe-De Mille production *The Cop*.

Her last pictures at the De Mille studios were *The Leopard Lady* and *Midnight Madness*. Since the completion of those she has been loaned to star in two pictures for other companies. William Boyd is the star of *The Cop*.

Alan Hale is one of the most versatile players on the screen. He plays a chief of detectives in *The Cop*, a sympathetic part in complete contrast to his comedy portrayal of a steel-worker in *The Skyscraper*. In this connection, also, it is interesting to note that he is one of De Mille's leading directors.

Robert Armstrong, whose characterization of the dumb prize fighter in *Is Zat So?* ranks high among stage delinquents of recent years, has signed a long term contract with De Mille. He will appear in an important role in *The Cop*.

Bebe Daniels' next picture will be titled, *The Fifty-Fifty Girl*, and not *She Wouldn't*

In other words, the filming of *Vamping Venus* has been completed at First National Studios, and Charlie Murray, Louise Fazenda, Thelma Todd and other members of the cast have laid aside the costumes of the ancient Grecians and resumed modern apparel.

*Vamping Venus* is a story of modern New York and ancient Greece. It is expected to be one of the biggest laugh pictures of the year, and offers ideal roles for Charlie Murray and Louise Fazenda.

While comedy is the predominating theme, *Vamping Venus* is also spectacular in the extreme, and beautiful sets and artistic backgrounds will add much to the success of this big comedy special.

Eddie Cline was at the megaphone on *Vamping Venus*, which is from an original story by Bernard McConville, and was adapted for the screen by Howard J. Green. Included in the cast are Big Boy Williams, Russ Powell, Spec O'Donnell, Janet McLeod, Fred O'Beck, Gus Partos, Gustav von Seyffertitz and many others.

Clive Brook who plays opposite Billie Dove, in her new starring picture, *The Yellow Lily*, for First National, entered the World War as a private, was twice invalidated, and emerged as a major.

Milton Sills will have one of the greatest characterizations of his career in *The Hawk's Nest* which Benjamin Christianson will direct for First National Pictures.



William Haines will have the masculine lead opposite Marion Davies in the new picture, still untitled, which King Vidor is directing, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer announces. James Murray, who was to have played this part, has been ill and will be unable to resume work for several weeks. The film deals with the adventures of a movie-struck girl who comes to Hollywood. This will be Vidor's first picture since *The Patsy*, in which Marion Davies is starred, and his second since *The Crowd*, now playing at the Astor Theatre.

Having completed the necessary shopping, Jean Arthur has started work at the Paramount studio playing opposite Richard Dix in *Knocking 'Em Over*, with Fred Newmeyer directing.

Ben Lyon will leave New York for the Coast next week according to a wire received in Hollywood today. Having seen every worthwhile play on Broadway he claims he has no further excuse for staying in the East.

According to a cable from Paris, Patsy Ruth Miller is engaged in sightseeing and will complete her tour before she definitely decides to make a picture in London, which it is authoritatively rumored, however, she will do.

The best known beauty secret of the fair sex has been exploded by Vera Reynolds, De Mille star. "Eat raw carrots and be beautiful" is all wrong, according to the diminutive star. She claims that too many carrots make the skin yellow.

"Dieticians and vegetarians who have insisted on carrots as the perfect food have ruined many a fair skin," says Vera. "I feed my canary bird red pepper to make his features golden red. The carrot has the same color properties, and will make a girl's face have a dirty, yellowish tinge if eaten consistently."

"All vegetables are healthy, and carrots have their uses but to go on carrot diets is just as dangerous as most other diets advocated by many persons today."

Dorothy Dwan, conceded to be one of the prettiest girls in Hollywood, reveals the secret of her beauty.

"I have to prepare dinner on the cook's night out," says the star, "and we eat a vegetable salad. I use lots of onions, beets, lettuce, artichokes, beans, peas, radishes, celery and any other green thing I can find around the house. With this huge bowl of salad, I use an oil dressing with more onions chopped fine in it. I serve dry toast and coffee with a little cheese, and I defy anyone not to profit by this night of plain, uncooked food."

"Too much rich food is bad for anyone. In this business where figure counts so much, it behooves one to omit desserts and starches. One night a week without heavy food will do wonders for the figure and complexion, not to mention disposition."

Anne Nichols, playwright and successful producer, returns to the screen for a brief

prologue to her own play, *Abie's Irish Rose*, which Paramount is to release this spring. Miss Nichols is shown writing the foreword to the picture-play. It is her first film appearance since she forsook the movie colony in 1913. Charles Rogers, Nancy Carroll, Jean Hersholt, Bernard Gorcey and Ida Kramer are included in the cast. Victor Fleming is director.

George Marion, Jr., has been assigned



Little Mildred Kormann replaces her big sister as *Our Gang's* sweetheart.

by Paramount to write the titles for *Easy Come, Easy Go*, Richard Dix's new picture. Nancy Carroll has the feminine lead, and Gregory LaCava was the director.

Marie Prevost, wears a white wig in *The Godless Girl* Cecil B. De Mille's personally directed Pathe feature, now in the making.

One of the first recognized stars of the

screen is now appearing in Harry Langdon's current production for First National.

This personality of Florence Turner, who for years was starred in Vitagraph productions and was the first player to introduce a dog on the screen.

Years ago Miss Turner brought her talented collie dog into the motion picture field and scored an instantaneous success.

Though it has been years since Miss Turner appeared in a motion picture, her work in Langdon's starring vehicle reveals that she still retains her remarkable ability and finesse.

The opening sequence on this picture still remains a question despite the fact that it has been filmed.

Whether or not the first few scenes will depict this whimsical funster making his appearance in a downpour of rain or whether we will see him traipsing down a country road in a flood of sunlight will be decided, upon the completion of the picture.

The first day the company started filming activity was on location, the scene a long winding road in the country.

The sun shone brightly (extract from Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce report of any year) when the cameras started cranking then the rain started to fall and the cameras registered the scene—in the rain. A wait of a few moments and the sun broke through the clouds again and the scene was re-taken. Both scenes have been printed and both are extremely funny. Now Langdon is undecided as to which opening he will use.

\* \* \*

After a month's sojourn in the Hawaiian Islands, Laura La Plante, Universal star, whose current picture *Finders Keepers* is now at the Colony Theatre, New York, has returned to Los Angeles.

She was enthusiastic over her trip, having gone in native boats to practically every island in the group. She traded with the Polynesians in the more remote of the islands, securing many more treasures of native art which she plans to take in her home.

Preparations are now going forward at Universal for Miss La Plante's next starring vehicle, *The Husband Hunt*, from the story, *The Man Disturber*, by Fred and Fanny Hatton. Wesley Ruggles will direct.

\* \* \*

Yola d'Avril has been added to the cast of *The Yellow Lily*, Billie Dove's current First National picture, directed by Alexander Korda.

\* \* \*

Murietta Milner, Loretta Young and Albert Conti will play the principal roles with Florence Vidor in her new starring picture, *The Magnificent Flirt*. Work on the

picture has just started at the Paramount studio, following Miss Vidor's completion of her assignment in support of Emil Jannings in *The Patriot*.

Six sons are an important element in the next Wallace Beery-Raymond Hatton comedy, and Paramount studio officials have been experiencing difficulty with the casting. The roster now is complete, however, and the names of the big family are James Mason, Ralph Yearsley, Bruce Gordon,



Leo Willis, Ethan Laidlaw and Robert Kortman. Mary Brian will play the feminine lead, and the leading juvenile role goes to Gardner James. Production already has started.

\* \* \*

George Horace Lorimer, editor of Saturday Evening Post visited Cecil B. De Mille, on location 45 miles out of Hollywood, while making *The Godless Girl* starring Lina Basquette.

\* \* \*

*Jungle Days* is the latest Aesop Film Fables created by Paul Terry for Pathe. Every animal is seen in the funmaker.

\* \* \*

Chet Thomas, a former baseball catcher with the Boston Red Sox, has joined the company including Mike Donlin, former

Giant's star outfielder and other baseball notables, for the new Richard Dix picture, *Knocking 'Em Over*. Beans Reardon will play the role of umpire.

\* \* \*

Harry T. Morey has just been assigned to support Bebe Daniels in her current Paramount picture, *The Fifty-Fifty Girl*. Morey will have the 'heavy' role, and as henchmen for his schemes he will be assisted by Constantine Romanoff and Harry Todd.

\* \* \*

Emil Ludwig, famous German biographer, will write a biography for Paramount.

\* \* \*

*The Matinee Idol*, the new production which was adapted from *Come Back to Aaron* is Frank Capra's third production. An insight into tent show life a mas-

querade ball and a barnstorming queen and Johnnie Walker is the black-face comedian of a musical revue. Lionel Belmore, Ernest Hilliard, Sidney D'Albrook and David Mir head the supporting cast.

\* \* \*

Blanche Mehaffey has returned from her honeymoon and in a day or two will leave for a week at Arrowhead Hot Springs while her husband, George J. Hausen, goes to Taft to look after some business in connection with his oil wells there. It was this business which cut short their honeymoon. Universal has assured her that as soon as they start production, in four or five weeks, they will have a part for her—something she has already talked over and likes but which is not to be disclosed for a while.

## Success at 60 — Continued from page 24

apparently spontaneous 'shots' which give the impression that the camera is concealed somewhere. In *Four Sons* two of Miss Mann's best scenes are not close-ups, but medium and long shots; and one effective scene is played with her back to the camera.

There were lean times in Margaret Mann's career when work was scarce. At one such period she opened her little restaurant, where she 'featured' her own Scotch shortbread and mutton pie. The venture didn't make money as it should—they say because she spent too much money on the food to make a profit. Yes, she is Scotch, with Scotch sturdiness and determination. But she is not thrifty. She doesn't like to talk about money or to think about it much. She bought a typewriter at the usual price to print menus for her tea-shop. Then she became interested in psychology and sold the typewriter in a hurry for twenty-five dollars to take a course in psychology. She's a modern woman.

She made as much as \$175 a week for her work in one picture. As soon as it was finished she was doing extra work again for \$7.50 a day! A born trouper, she kept busy whenever she could. She was doing extra work at Fox in *Mother Machree* when Director John Ford noticed her and picked her out of the crowd to do a 'bit' for him. She played a mother—one of the poor kind, with a shawl—and went through her emotional paces. She forgot her surroundings, as usual—forgot everything except the make-believe mother—until she heard the sound of sobbing. It was Belle Bennett, the star of the picture, herself a famous actress of screen mothers, who was crying as if her heart would break! Later Miss Bennett said to Margaret Mann: "You've spoiled my make-up, but I'll forgive you, because that was fine work."

John Ford remembered. When Fox gave him *Grandma Bernle Learns her Letters*, and told him to make a big 'special' of it, he sent for Margaret Mann to give her a test. He needed a real actress to play Grandma Bernle. The studio wanted a 'name': an actress of established reputation, who would bring the crowds to see the picture on the strength of previous performances. Before the director went to Germany for local color, he tested many applicants for the role. Well-known character women tried out for it. It was the character woman's *Peter Pan* or *Lorelei Lee*. Everyone wanted it. But none of the well-knowns seemed to suit. Ford went to Germany. When

he returned the testing began all over again. Once again he sent for Margaret Mann. After the test he said to her: "Well, Mother—I think we've got something this time."

"I hope so, Mr. Ford," said 'Mother.' "You know me well enough by this time to know I'm not afraid. If I get the part I'll give all that's in me. But if I don't get it, I wish the lucky one success, and I know you will make a fine picture. And thank you for giving me a chance."

Then she went home and waited, and waited.

"Weren't you on pins and needles all that time?" I asked her.

"My dear," she said, "when you have been working in pictures ten years you don't get excited hoping for things. Too many times you are all worked up, only to be disappointed. You get so you don't count on anything. You take what comes, and thank God for it!"

And it did come. The call from the studio—Miss Mann to report the next morning—for Mr. Ford's picture, *Four Sons*! The plum was hers. And then she was excited!



☞ The girl who made Hollywood from New York in 120 days, on horseback. Vonceil Viking, Ted Wallis, whose leading lady she will be, George Sidney and Carl Laemmle.



And she stayed that way all through the picture. All the cast loved making it. Grandma Bernle most of all. After the last scene was taken, she went to her dressing room and put her head down on the make-up table and cried. She didn't want that wonderful picture to be over. She didn't know, then, that the Fox people were to be so enthusiastic over her work that they would offer her a two-year contract at a splendid salary, that special stories were to be written for her, that she was to be a star!

The trip to New York, to appear at the opening on Broadway; the flowers, and the interviews, and the photographs—all the paraphernalia of stardom must be even more amazing and wonderful at sixty than at twenty. Twenty takes it for granted. Sixty is appreciative, because sixty has worked and hoped for so long. And sixty is young, too, if you're happy.

The day after the opening of *Four Sons*, Margaret Mann was literally besieged by reporters and photographers. But she sneaked

off by herself and went over to the Roxy to see a picture. Not one of her own pictures, either—but a film in which a little girl neighbor of hers was making her debut. One of her 'adopted' children, whose success was as real and important as her own.

Margaret Mann is an American citizen now. But she hasn't forgotten the home folks. A brother whom she hasn't seen for forty years is on his way from Scotland to Hollywood to see the sister whom the movies have made famous—at sixty!

## Young Doug Did It — Continued from page 33

his salary in two.

"I thought it might be a pretty good idea if I learned to act," said Douglas, as he was recounting how he hit bottom, "so I resigned from Paramount and started taking dramatic lessons from Frank Reicher." But as he still refused to accept help from anybody, he now had to support himself by free-lancing in pictures. It was during this time he was given a small part in *Stella Dallas*.

The legitimate stage, however, was the young man's goal. Here he would not be placed in hopeless comparison with his famous father. But where was the stage that would give him a chance to show if he had any dramatic ability? The Writers' Club!—that crucible that has turned up so much surprising talent. He was given a part in one of the monthly one-act plays.

The name Douglas Fairbanks Jr. created little interest on a program that invariably contained the greatest names in Movieland. Furthermore, as the sophisticated auditors

had seen the young man on the screen, they were prepared to be mildly disappointed in him. Some, no doubt, expected Douglas to burst upon the scene with the well-known smiling exuberance of his joyous dad. Instead, there appeared a tall, quiet, serious-minded young man with the poise and charm of a well trained actor of the stage.

Perhaps the most interested spectators at that notable performance were Doug and Mary. Sitting unobserved in the back of the Playroom, Doug was as nervous as a hop-toad, but as the scene went on and he noted the resonant fluency with which his son read his lines, and the ease with which he used his handsome young body, he looked about at the approving smiles on the faces of his neighbors, and exclaimed: "By gad, Mary, the boy can act!"

One more play at The Writers' and Douglas was cast for the title role in *Young Woodley* at one of the big down-town theatres. Here he played opposite Doris

Lloyd—who, by the way, because of her notable work in The Writers' Club plays, has at last been discovered by the picture producers!—and the combination created a dramatic sensation. For a necessarily limited run of three weeks *Young Woodley* enjoyed capacity houses, then went up north and played for three weeks more with The Theatre Guild of San Francisco. So well received was Douglas in that very cosmopolitan and artistic city that he was curtained and called until he had to come out and make a speech.

*Saturday's Children* was his next dramatic venture, and his success in it only proved that his initial triumph was in no sense due to accident or novelty.

Of course the pictures are after him now! Not, however, as a youthful copy of his father, but as a young actor with a distinct and charming personality of his own.

And nobody is prouder of Douglas Jr. than Douglas Sr.—except, perhaps, his devoted mother.

## Delight Evans' Reviews — Continued from page 45

### THE LATEST FROM PARIS

The latest from Norma Shearer is accepted with thanks right now, as far as I am concerned. It's her best in a long time. Not much of a vehicle, maybe—but it does give our Norma a chance to exhibit her own special brand of pre-war, high-powered charm. She should always play ultra-modern girls. No more Kathies! Beneath her delicate beauty, Miss Shearer has a strain of steel which is essentially twentieth-century stuff. She's a go-getter, and this picture, *The Latest From Paris*, presents her with the part of a lady traveling-salesman, and how she gets the

orders is everybody's business. She gets 'em on merit—and if her customers fall for her, that's their own hard luck. She isn't that kind of a traveling-man. Our heroine even applies her smart business methods to the game of love, and before she knows it she is under contract for life, to Ralph Forbes, a rival salesman. Girls will be girls, no matter what. And when they wear such clothes as Norma wears so smartly, it's all right with us.

### FEEL MY PULSE

Recommended for anyone with heart-trouble—and who hasn't heart-trouble of one kind or another? Even if you haven't,

which I don't believe, you are apt to have after watching Bebe Daniels in her adventures as a hypochondriac who mistakes a speak-easy for a sanatorium. It doesn't really matter, matter, matter—Bebe is cured just the same. There are cases—and cases, as this comedy will prove. Richard Arlen as a brave young reformed boot-legger is positively guaranteed to produce violent heart-murmurs among the young ladies in the audience. And Bebe can always be depended upon to furnish pulsating pulchritude. The moral of *Feel My Pulse* is fall in love and forget your troubles. Try to find a Richard Arlen or a Bebe Daniels before you fall.

## They Say — Continued from page 73

Time makes such a difference in a great many of us. A few weeks ago out Burbank way where Jack Mulhall was finishing up with Dorothy Mackail in *Man Crazy*, there was a scene where he had to eat coffee and doughnuts. They took the scene over and over again, but not one word of objection came from Jack. I went over to him between scenes.

"Say," I announced, "I've already counted eight doughnuts that you've eaten, and four cups of coffee that you've downed. If this scene is shot once more I'm pretty near certain that you'll explode."

Jack smiled, and a sort of far-away look came in his eyes.

"I'll never turn away from 'coffee and,'" he slowly said. "If you've ever been without the price of it, with the emptiest stomach

on earth simply yelling for relief, you know how friendly 'coffee and' can be after some pal loans a dime. If you never have been without the price, then you can't possibly imagine what a beautiful feed 'coffee and' has been to me."

And now I understand how Jack, without a word, downed another four whole doughnuts before the shooting was finished.

\* \* \*

I have recently seen *The King of Kings* for the first time. Many folks have told me this and that about the production, but it took seeing it for me to find out something for myself. Maybe it is on account of the tone and theme of the picture that it struck me so forcibly, and of course you'd have to be a part of Hollywood, as I am to have it hit home. It is this:—they are all there

in the production. By that I mean that among all those faces in *The King of Kings* every single little bit is played by some actor or actress who has been struggling around Hollywood for many, many years, and as in the case of all De Mille players, he hasn't forgotten one single one of them in his *King of Kings*. When I recognized face after face, a feeling came to me that is somewhat akin to the Christian-like spirit of the picture. I knew that on account of *The King of Kings* and this man that Hollywood calls 'C. B.,' many folks ate regularly for at least a time. And when 'C. B.' makes his next picture, no matter what it may be, he won't forget again. Yes, 'C. B.' knows them all, and what's more, he never does forget.





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

Shooting on John Barrymore's *Tempest* had gone along beautifully until one day last week. On this particular morning, everyone received an eight o'clock call and a lot of work was to be finished. Nine o'clock came and no director had arrived. Ten o'clock came, and all executives were running around trying to find the man. Eleven came, and all but John, who didn't say a word, were wildly telephoning trying to locate one perfectly good director who was holding up a set that was costing United Artists at least five hundred dollars an hour. But at twelve—at twelve by the clock in walked Sam Taylor, loaded down with candy and cigars, and smiling with the smile that won't come off.

'Well, what is it, Sam?' asked Barrymore.

'Just exactly what we wanted—girl,' beamed Taylor, and pretty soon cigars were



One of the screen's greatest actors—  
Jean Hersholt in 'Abie's Irish Rose.'

handed out, and those who didn't smoke cigars were munching all the candy they could eat. Sam calls the little lady his Christmas present, and I don't blame him in the least when he tells us that she's 'much different than most babies are!'

*The Stage Coach* — Continued from page 65

a-lynching. How, in the name of religion murder may be committed; how, in the name of Christ, who forgave, men can avenge. And that vengeance, he shows, is the outburst of all the evil and ignorance that may lie in the heart of a man.

He draws well, in the main. He falls down when he attempts to interpret for you what he has shown. He does not realize how well he has drawn. So he has interpolated a Northerner, played by Crane Wilbur, to whom all these things are anathema. But when Wilbur moralizes, you squirm. He says what you feel, but the explanation sounds so silly. It underlines a point that you can't miss. The playwright stops his attempt at literature to see if you know your A, B, C's.

Still, *Rope*, with its fine moments, remains a drama to see. And maybe if the Cabinet could see it, the marines might be withdrawn from Nicaragua, and Sandino might be permitted to send Tennessee a couple of missionaries.

*"Within the Law"*

Sixteen years or so ago, our forefathers brought forth—pardon us, that's the wrong speech—Bayard Veiller wrote *Within the Law*. It ran for two years. Now Chamberlain Brown revises it, and it doesn't creek half as much as you expected.

It creaks—yes, because the Maxim silencer is no novelty. And the Maxim silencer in those days was like the new Ford of to-day. But in spite of its creaking,

like the old Ford, it goes. And it goes because Veiller, girls and boys, was even then one of our best technicians. When he started a show, he knew where he was going—and still does.

The principal interest for this observer was in seeing Charlie Ray on the speaking stage. Charlie, in his screen impersonations of the country lad, remains one of our dearest memories; Charlie on the speaking stage is terrible—so terrible you wish he would go right back and make some more of those comedies that Julian Josephson used to write for him.

There's another movie star in the show, however, who will repay you for seeing it. Ten years ago, when she was movieing for Famous, our notion of a beautiful woman was Violet Heming. To-day, older and wiser, our notion of a beautiful woman is Violet Heming. She plays the role that Jane Cowl made famous and does it well.

Even Robert Warwick seemed pretty good to our sentimental eyes. Warwick was a good film actor in his day, but on the stage he has always bothered us. He has seemed to be just a ham; in the role of *Joe Garson*, he delivers.

And if you'll pardon us, Miss Claudette Colbert is here too. Miss Colbert is as good-looking a brunette as Miss Heming is a blonde. And, in addition, she is the possessor of two of the best-looking legs in captivity.

And so you see, what with one thing and another, we had a fair time at *Within the Law*.

*Camilla Horn's Pajamas*

(Continued from page 37)

desired by the soldierly Mr. Ullrich Haupt, who stepped forth from a sheltering copice (don't stop me if I'm wrong for 'copies' is one of my favorite words and seldom gets a chance for exercise) and with a stiff Prussian bow halted the damsel. Restoring her rosary, dropped in her agitated flight, he smiled a smile of pure menace and gave



# How My Wife Learned to Play the Piano in 90 Days

A husband's story of the fulfillment of a life-long wish—by a new, easy, spare-time method which has brought the joy of music into thousands of silent homes.

FROM boyhood, I vowed that if ever I had a home of my own there would be music in it. No wife for me unless she could play some instrument, and play it well. My new home must have no dull, bored evenings, no monotonous Sunday afternoons. I wanted the gaiety, the mental and physical stimulus, the whole-hearted, genuine joy of music. No girl could capture me without the lure of musical skill.

But one day Beth came along, knowing not one note from another, yet with a merry, humming tune forever on her lips, and a song in her heart for me. And Beth is Mrs. Taylor today. A piano graced our new home, but somehow the old vow was forgotten, and stayed forgotten until Jimmy, Jr., and Beth No. 2 were quite some youngsters.

Then along about the time the novelty of parenthood began to wear off a bit, the old vow came back. And one evening I spoke out with a suddenness that surprised me, "Beth, I'd give a hundred dollars if you could play something—a piano, violin, banjo, ukulele—something, anything." Beth looked so hurt I was immediately ashamed of myself, so I said no more, and the matter dropped, as I thought regretfully, forever.

About three months later I got home early one night, and I heard the old dead piano come to life—sounded good, too, first a little jazzy piece, then a sweet plantation melody. "Company to supper; I wonder who?" I thought; and I crept to the parlor door to see. There at the piano was Beth playing, and the two kiddies beating time. She saw me, and stopped, "Oh," she cried, "I'm so sorry!" "Believe me, I'm not," I shouted, and I grabbed the whole family up in my arms.

"But, Jim, I wanted to wait and surprise you when I could really play. I'm learning fast, but it's only three months since I found out"—"Found out what?" I said. Beth began to cry. "I know!" Jimmy, Jr., piped up, "Mother found out the way to learn music just like I am learning to read in school—only lots easier."

Well, that little musical party was a howling success. When the kiddies had

gone singing to bed, my wife showed me the marvelous new method by which she had learned to play in three months' spare time.

Jimmy, Jr., had told the truth; the method was so simple and easy that anyone at all from 8 years up could learn by it. By this method the U. S. School of Music, the largest in the world, has already trained half a million people, teaching the playing of any musical instrument almost in the same way a school-child learns to read. But very much faster because older children and grown people have better trained minds, and know how to study and think.

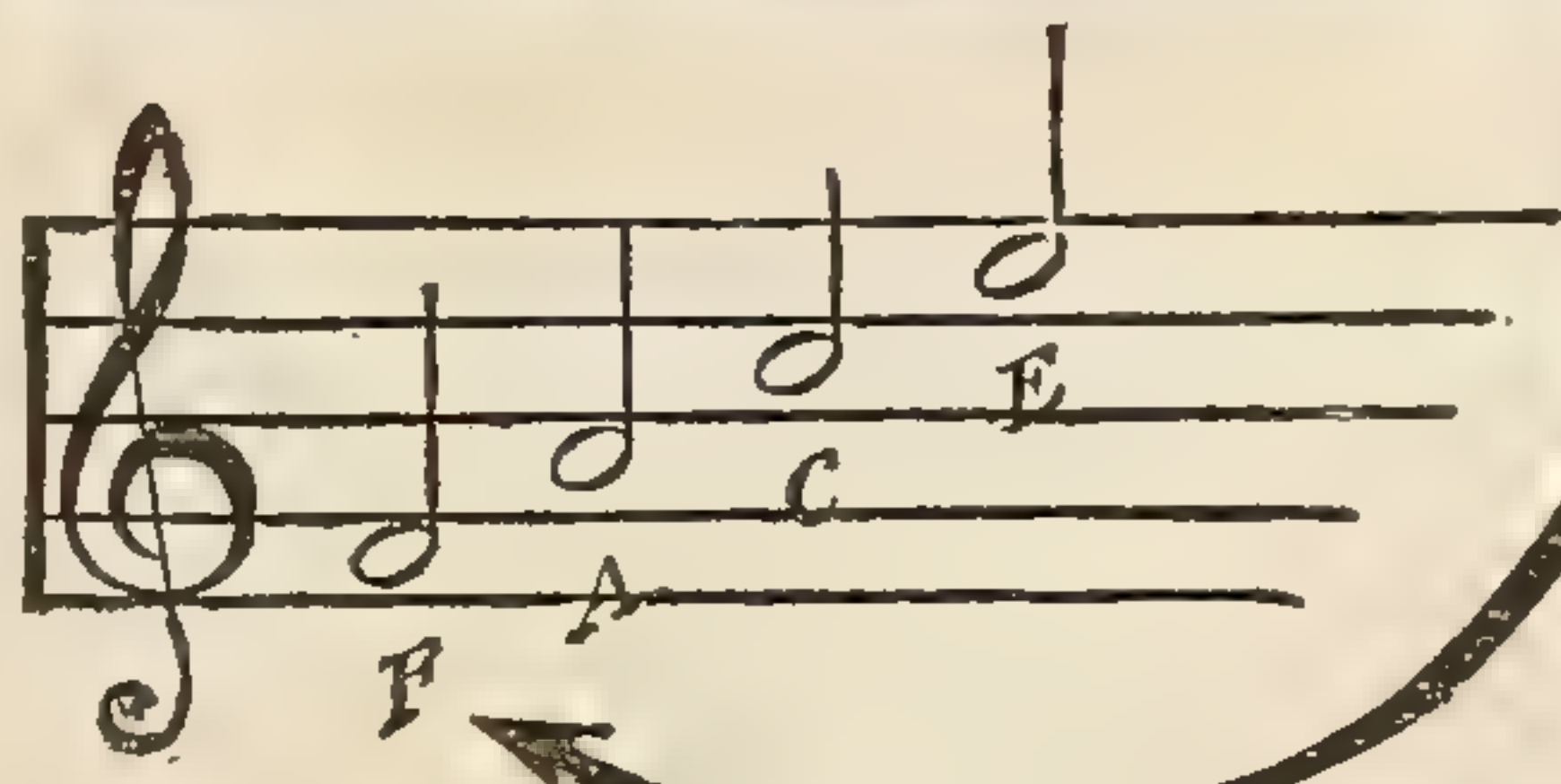
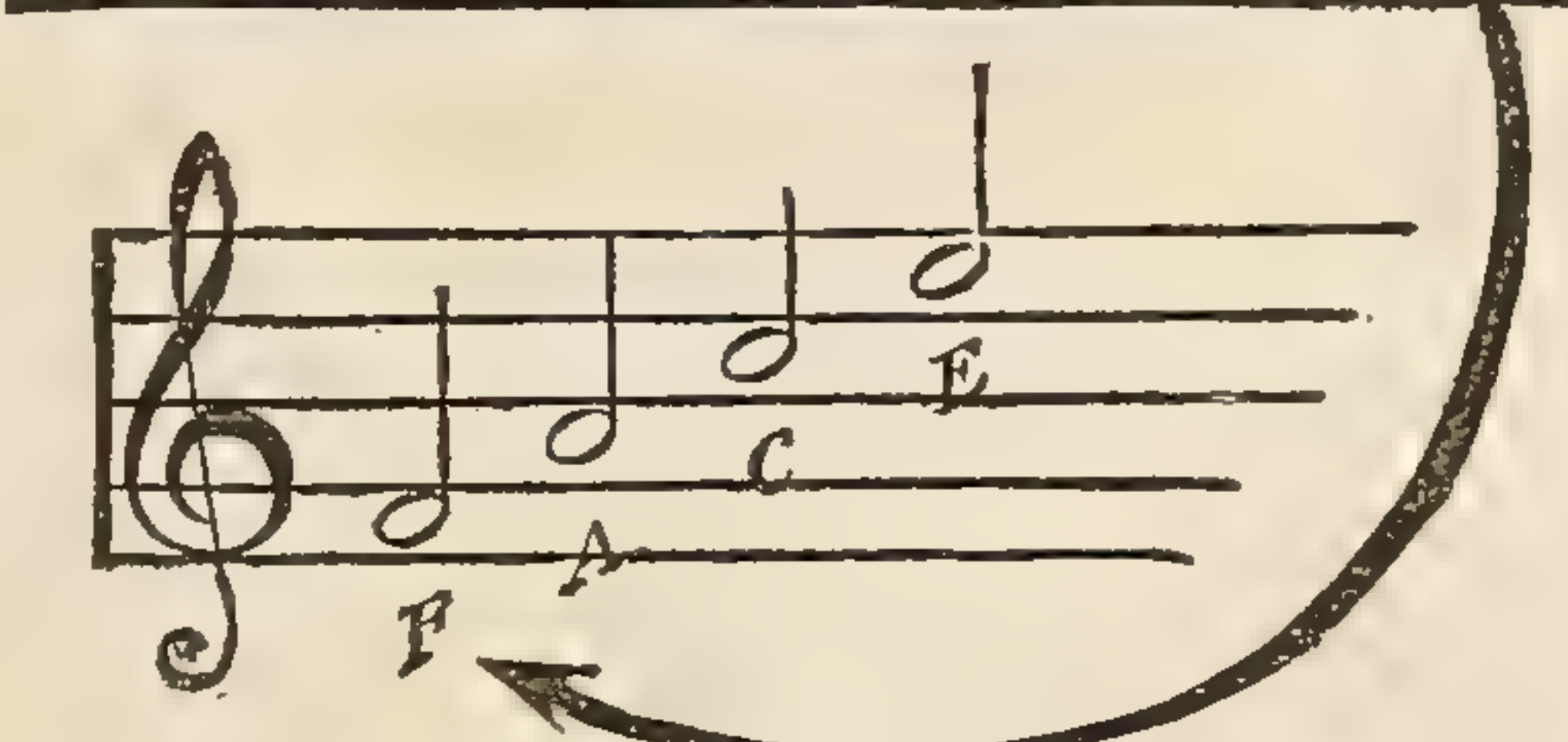
When first learning to read you look at every letter separately, and spell out every word, c-a-t, m-a-n. Later you do not see the letters; you see the words as units, "cat," "man." By and by longer words become units to you, and you find that whole expressions, like "up the steps," "on the train," no longer are seen as separate words, but immediately, at one instant, without spelling, without thinking words, you see each expression in the unit form.

This skill in seeing in units develops until you see and know as units hundreds of long familiar phrases; and it is even entirely possible, if you wish, to easily increase your reading speed four or five times the average, grasping paragraph thoughts complete, sensing a whole page instantly, recognizing every part, registering and remembering all, with your pleasure exactly the same as the slower reader.

The same easy understanding and complete enjoyment is similarly a part of the new way. The alphabet of music lovers follows the alphabet of language. Each note is a letter, and playing is practically spelling the notes together correctly. The first note on the staff above is F. Whether you sing or play, it is always F. The four notes shown above are F-A-C-E, easy to remember because they spell "face." Certain strings on mandolin, certain keys on piano, certain parts of all instruments, are these same notes. Once you learn them, playing melodies is a matter of acting what you see.

And here is where "familiar phrases" come in—the "big secret." It is so simple you probably have already guessed it. The "familiar phrases" of music are its harmonies. Just as you instantly recognize the countless phrases of speech, so the relatively few of music are quickly a habit with you. You play almost before you realize it—and every step is real fun, fascinating, simple, interesting, almost too good to be true.

Remember, neither my wife nor most of the half a million other musicians trained by this method knew anything about music. Beth learned the piano; she could just as easily have learned to play any other instrument. Jimmy, Jr., is now taking up violin, and my daughter is learning singing. Right at home, no costly teacher, no classes at inconvenient hours, no useless study and practice. No numbers, no tricks, no makeshifts. But instead, a sound



### SUCCESS!

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the treasure into her eager hand, upon which Sam Taylor, the director, called 'cut' and that meant that Camilla and I were free to seek the privacy of her dressing-room and have our heart to heart talk, with the assistance of an interpreter.

Feeling about as much one of the party as an undertaker at a wedding, enveloped in an atmosphere of gutturals and animated ejaculations that registered zero on my intelligence, we arrived at the young leading lady's rooms, where the long velvet cape was tossed across a chair exposing its jade-green lining, and the slender figure in black was deposited with a sigh on the couch, the blonde head resting on a black and gold pillow, while the interpreter and I arranged ourselves comfortably and the interview was on.

The usual stereotyped questions were gotten over with neatness and dispatch, the net result appended herewith—Camilla Horn was born in Frankfort-on-Main and educated in Switzerland for the most part, her father having been a railroad official after a brief and unsuccessful attempt to live on a musician's meager pay. But he never lost his flair for music and the girl inherited his sense of rhythm and love of song.

Had she any near relatives on the stage? She had not.

Did she like Hollywood? Yes, she loved the sunshine and flowers and the perpetual spring.

Did she like New York? She could not say much about that as she was there only three days and got most of her views framed in a hotel window, but she did like the tall buildings and Fifth Avenue shops.

Impassé. This business of asking a question and having it twisted and warped into another language was rather dull. Besides the young lady was getting sleepy and frankly bent on taking a nap, an idea which was fast becoming appealing to her interlocutor.

Suddenly came recollection of a chance remark made by one of her country-women that in spite of her extreme youth, Camilla had struggled for her present enviable position of leading lady to the great Barrymore. So the question followed, "Did Miss Horn have any hard times in her early life? Did she ever have to work?"

No sooner was the query translated into her native tongue than the languid fraulein sat bolt upright, drawing her slender chiffon-clad legs, (which are far more shapely than the usual Gretchen can boast) up under her, and with the brown eyes sparkling, and using her expressive hands animatedly, she turned into a verbal Niagara. The words falling rapidly but steadily from Miss Horn's pretty lips. Her placid country-woman 'jaed' and made those little unspellable sounds that are universal in expressing surprise, incredulity, sympathy and admiration and I began to feel pleasantly sure that we had struck pay-ore at last.

With the same abruptness with which she became upright, Camilla flopped back into a reclining posture, closing her eyes, while the ghost of a smile played about her mouth.

"She says——" began Frau H——, and here is appended Part 1 of the story of the girl who rose to stellar heights via the pajama route——

Like all German frauleins, Camilla Horn was taught domestic science, freely translated to mean she was raised to be a good hausfrau; she could cook, sew, mend, and run a house perfectly before she was twelve years old. This training had been given her in addition to a good common school education. But Camilla did not like housework. Sewing was not so bad—she rather

enjoyed that, but the drudgery of the daily household palled upon her considerably. Right here is where you are let in on a secret, although I did not learn it until the interview was over and I asked just what part of Germany Miss Horn came from, as her animation and graceful body expressiveness struck me as distinctly un-German, and rather mischievously the girl admitted that while her father was all German, her mother is Italian. With that knowledge in mind it is easy to understand the story that follows, and to understand the volatile and artistic side of Camilla Horn as well as the serene business reverse, not to mention the brown eyes and fair hair.

Just before her sixteenth birthday, Camilla received an invitation to visit friends of the family in Berlin. With her parents' consent she accepted, and began happy preparations for the trip to the big city. While her family was comfortably well-off, they were the usual frugal German type, and besides this was just before the deflation of the mark, and money was as scarce as the proverbial hen's teeth. Camilla was supplied with her ticket and all arrangements were made for her reception by the family friends at the end of her trip; but Camilla wanted some spending money, so she made four pairs of pajamas, generous in size, tailored in effect, with hand-made frogs and other added attractions.

The day after she arrived in Berlin, she started boldly out all alone to sell her wares, having learned the name and location of the highest class haberdashery in the city.

Her flaxen hair in two long pigtailed down her back she walked into the store and asked for the proprietor. The clerks had a merry fifteen minutes teasing and tormenting the shy little girl, but in spite of cheeks that burned at their quips, the maiden from Frankfort stood her ground until the portly proprietor came to her rescue. At first he refused to be interested—what? He, haberdasher extraordinary to Berlin's gay blades, he should buy four pairs of pajamas made by a Frankfort fraulein, even though hand-made and therefore of value.

Whether it was the pleading brown eyes; the flaxen hair or the exercise of his good sound Teutonic business sense, the interpreter said not, but the fact stands out clearly that after some haggling and arguing, Camilla's four pairs of hand-made pajamas passed into the hands of the haberdasher and in their place the girl held tightly clasped a handful of marks.

The pajamas must have hit a popular fancy for the very next day Camilla received word that the haberdasher wanted two dozen more pairs of pajamas of the same materials and make. This was flattering but dismaying, because Camilla had no money to buy the materials, the profit on her sale falling far short of the necessary amount.

What to do? Excited conferences, with a deluge of suggestions, but when the confusion finally subsided Camilla had borrowed the necessary money from an old friend of her father's, a sewing machine from the friends with whom she was visiting, and the entire family went into the pajama manufacturing business and within the stipulated time two dozen hand-made pajamas were delivered to the exclusive mens'-wear shop; and young Miss Horn had made a nice little profit.

Generously sharing her good luck with the friends who had so gallantly come to her assistance, Camilla started on sight-seeing trips in the city of lindens when there came another order from the haberdasher—this time so big it was at once apparent



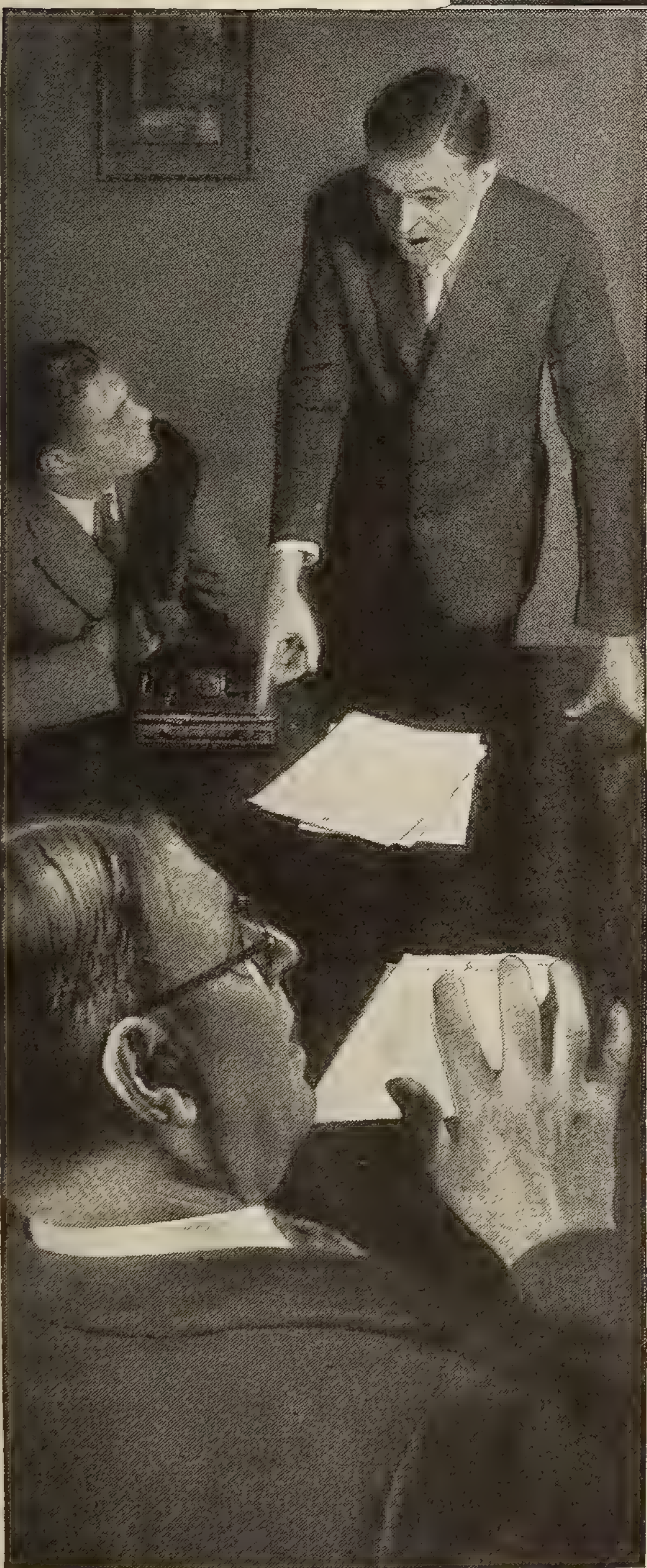


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One minute after I started to speak, you could hear a pin drop in that room. Addressing the board, I stated in a clear, firm voice that it wasn't Gregg's original idea, but mine, and, unacquainted with the details, he had presented it in a half-baked fashion to the Pittsburgh firm with the inevitable result. I then submitted the original plan in detail, as I had worked it out. The president, who had been listening closely, glanced at the crestfallen Gregg, and remarked icily, "Mr. Gregg, I think some other firm can use your peculiar talents better than we. Mr. Reynolds, will you see me in the morning, please? I want you to take over this department and see that it's run right."

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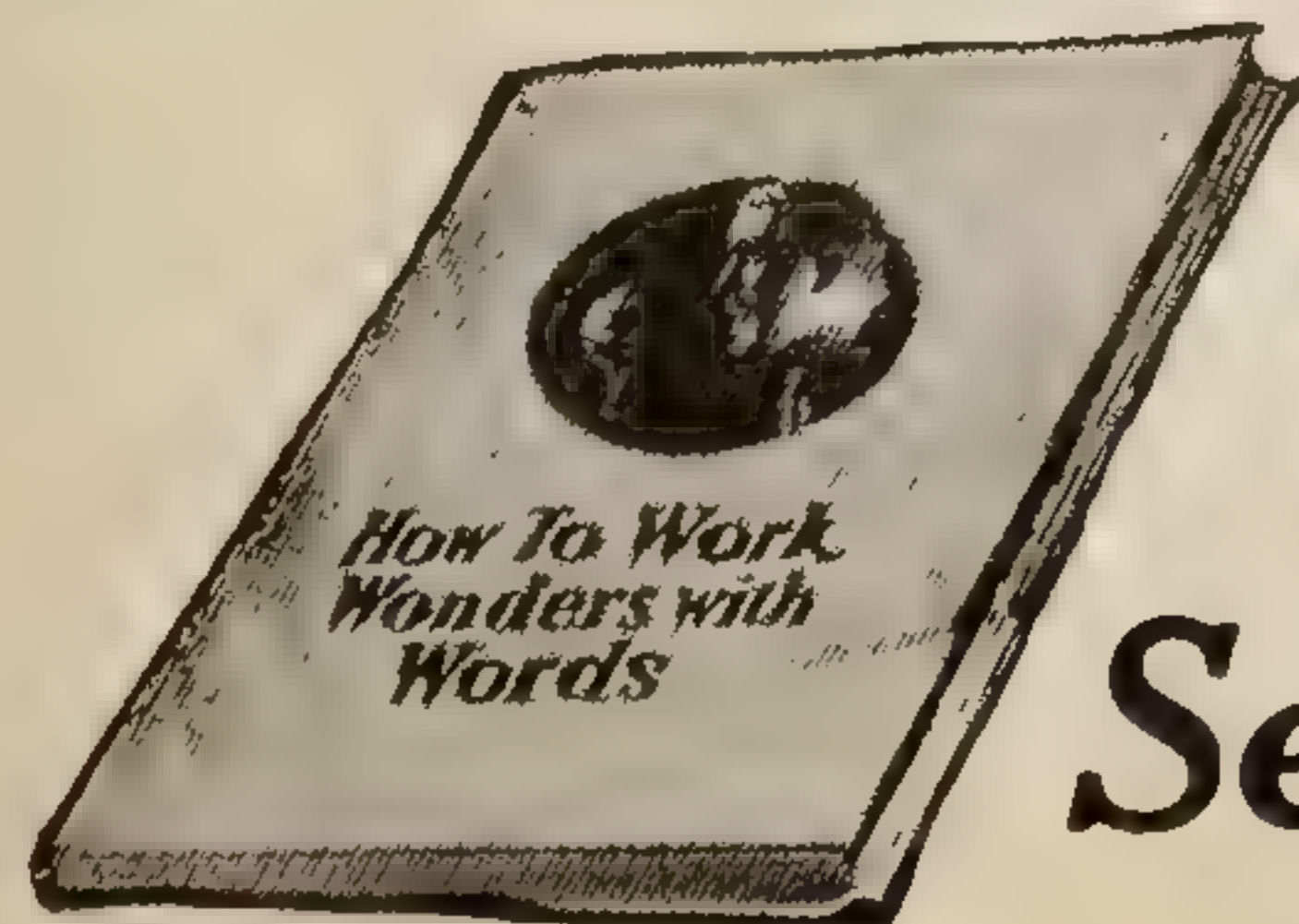
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that the work could not be done at home. Nothing daunted, the girl rented a loft, hired several other seamstresses, and within three weeks had business going full blast. With twelve women under her, the courageous child got up at six every morning, and midnight was the earliest she ever got into her hard little bed, and more often the clock in the steeple struck two before the tired brown eyes were closed.

Nothing more enlivening and artistic than pajama-making loomed upon Camilla's horizon for several months. Business boomed, the well-dressed man of Berlin hid his head in shame and dared not mingle with his kind at his exclusive clubs if, hanging in his ample closet there were not at least one pair of Horn-sewed pajamas. And then came disaster! Prices soared and the value of the mark fell. Camilla and her pajama business were caught in the catastrophe. In fewer days than it had taken weeks to build, the carefully erected edifice of profit crumbled—and came a day, as the title writers say, when Camilla realized her pajama business had gone, as the saying has it, to the bow-wows. And did she sit down and wail? She did not. She liked Berlin better than her home town of Frankfurt, she had tasted the sweets of success and she simply looked about, like a Lady-Alexander, for more worlds to conquer.

During the time when she had been working from six A. M. to two of the following A. M. on gentlemen's robes de nuit, the girl had allowed herself just one relaxation rhythmic dancing. It refreshed the cramped muscles, and replaced the monotonous whirring of the sewing-machine with soothing melody. It cost very little and proved real recreation.

The sad-eyed teacher had told her, "You have talent for dancing—you should be dancing instead of sewing" but with business booming and the marks coming easy (no pun intended) the girl had merely laughed and thanked him for the compliment. With the disintegrating of the pajama factory however, the words of her teacher came back to her, and Camilla questioned him about the practical side of dancing.

She knew no steps but danced as she felt, her sensitive body responding to whatever mood the music invoked. The man suggested that she rent a piano so she could practice daily for long hours, so with what was left from the pajama venture she hired an instructor and piano and gave herself up to the study of dancing.

When she felt she had sufficient self-confidence, she went to Nelson, the man who gave Josephine Baker to an appreciative Berlin. Nelson gave her an interview, then made an appointment when she could show him her accomplishments.

He was rather dubious when the girl admitted she knew no steps, could not Black Bottom or shimmy and that the Charleston was a closed book to her, but when he had watched the slender figure swaying rhythmically to the symphonies of Bach and Beethoven, creating illusions of springtime, of depths of suffering and heights of rapture he knew he had a find, so he told her he would give her two weeks trial as a solo dancer.

At this point in the narrative the interpreter, who had proved herself a veritable human dictaphone receiver, leaned back for a breath in which I was glad to join her. Camilla had remained gracefully quiescent during the recital, but now she roused, yawning and stretching, then her eye lighting upon the lunch-tray still inviting with a bowl of fruit she crossed the room and holding aloft a pear invited us to join her.

When we both declined she tried to rouse our jaded appetites with half of a three-decker sandwich, which had been carefully laid aside in its waxed paper wrapping. After polite urgings had been met with equally polite but firm refusals, she gave a continental shrug, and, drawing her feet up under her, bounced into position on the couch, and while I again sat apart from the fury of oral waterfalls, she waved in one hand her California pear and in the other her substantial sandwich and told the rest of her story to Frau H—who in turn told me that—

Camilla proved a hit at Nelson's and her engagement was indefinitely extended. Then came romance in the person of a middle-aged friend of Nelson's, a very wealthy man who saw the attractive child and at once laid siege to her heart, placing his name and fortune at her dancing feet.

But again Camilla had tasted the delicious flavor of the fruits of success through her own efforts and she gently declined his proposal. Besides, as she naively admitted, middle-aged gentlemen had no power to stir her imagination—she dreamed the dreams of youth—Love must come with the flowers of spring in his shining hair—there was time for wreaths of autumn leaves later.

Disappointed but still delighting in Camilla's dancing as seen through the bottom of an uptilted stein, the admirer one night brought with him a friend, a man engaged at the moment in the big UFA studios in Berlin. Yes, my children, we have at last arrived at the connecting point between the motion pictures and pajamas.

The UFA gentleman at once saw possibilities in the graceful blonde dancer and suggested that she come over some day and have a test made. No sooner said than done. Camilla, like all normal young persons, had had her visions of fame on the screen but the pajama business had seemed a very remote trail to take to the shining palace of Picture-Land.

Too canny to give up her job until she had certain assurance of an engagement, Camilla had the test made, signed up as an extra girl, working at the studios day-times but dancing at Nelson's at night—this for exactly three days! Because on the third day she spent on the lot, F. W. Murnau, the great director of *The Last*



Lon Chaney is a little different in 'Laugh, Clown, Laugh.'





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Laugh and Sunrise, saw the slender girl with the golden hair framing her wistful face and said, pointing to her, "There is 'Marguerite' for Janning's *Faust*" and so a bewildered but deliriously happy girl found herself suddenly and without any training or preparation slated to appear opposite the idol of Germany's screen fans.

The sandwich and pear have disappeared and again Camilla is reclining, an interested spectator, while Frau H—relates Part 2 of the pajama girl's story.

And now came the big night of nights for the youthful leading lady—the world premiere of *Faust*. A beautiful new dress, throngs of excited relatives and friends, her delighted mother came all the way from Frankfort to witness her little girl's triumph. Flowers, telegrams, letters—and a card engraved with a name she did not recognize as that of even an acquaintance, bearing the request, "My dear Miss Horn, kindly send to address below two tickets for tonight's performance of *Faust*."

The card, shredded, found a resting place in the waste basket.

There were two performances that night at the theatre, one at seven and another at nine. The first showing elicited much applause and Camilla was surrounded by admiring old and new-made friends. She was in her dressing room getting ready for her second appearance before the audience

when there was a knock on the door, and the maid opened it to admit a pompous and well-dressed man who bowed stiffly, and announced, "I am Mr. X—" the name on the card requesting tickets.

"Yes, Mr. X—," said Miss Horn "But I do not remember meeting you."

"We have never met," admitted the pompous one, "But I sent you my card with a request for two tickets. I did not get the tickets."

Somewhat annoyed by his insistence, the girl said, "But I do not know you. Why, I could not get tickets for my friends—even some of my relatives had to purchase their own. I do not even know you. Why then should I send you tickets?"

"Ah, Miss Horn," and the deep voice now held unmistakable reproach, "You do not understand—why, I bought many—many of your pajamas!"

After *Faust*, Camilla had many offers from other producing companies, but until Joseph M. Schenck of United Artists gave her an opportunity to appear under his banner in the United States she was reluctant to make any change. All alone she crossed the wide Atlantic and all alone she crossed the continent to Hollywood. And now, at nineteen and within a week of her arrival in the crowded screen capital, she is playing opposite John Barrymore in *Tempest*. A Grimm's fairy tale come to life!

## Scraps for Oblivion — Continued from page 41

in six or eight. So a human being after a battle rarely looks as well as before he has been dismembered. Too many of our finished film books look as if they had been finally edited by allowing a freight train to run over them.

All of us must remember scenes we have witnessed in the projection room or at a preview that never reached the public, and cherish memories of marvelous incidents that never can be seen again.

Before *The Birth of a Nation* was finally edited to the form the people watched with such fascination, I had the privilege of seeing it. I sat spellbound for four unbroken hours and did not see how an inch of it could be spared without loss. Yet nearly half of it was thrown away.

Griffith and some of the other great directors are like the god, Saturn, who devoured his own godlike children, unless they were stolen away from him in time.

Carey Wilson tells me that the most touching thing he ever saw on the screen was never revealed to the public. In Erich von Stroheim's original version of *Greed*, which followed Frank Norris' story with unusual fidelity, there was the autumnal love-story of an old book-binder and a little old maid who loved each other, yet frightened each other for twenty years in the same boarding-house without daring ever to become acquainted.

At last the old man sold his book-binding for ten thousand dollars and in the insanity of sudden wealth let slip the secret of his love, and scared the old maid into confessing hers. They were married and it rained, of course; but the deluge was sunshine to their blissful eyes.

When it came to the final slaughtering of the vast picture to make an evening's entertainment, it was necessary to cut out this whole story. Not a vestige remained.

The actor was an old comedian who found his chance for a role of pathetic tenderness and created a masterpiece. He died

unknown and the story entered oblivion with him.

Unless somebody should see fit, and find it still possible to rescue that little gem, it is gone forever.

Charles Chaplin told me when he was making *The Kid* about a moment of pantomime that brought tears to my eyes for its grotesque realism and strange beauty in ugliness:

It was when Charlie, having found the Kid in the ash-barrel, took it to the squalid cellar where beds were rented to outcasts for a pittance. On the next cot to him was a husky thug in an undershirt. He kept scratching himself with such violence that Charlie grew uneasy of his neighborhood.



Marceline Day lends her wistfulness to "The Big City," her next picture with Lon Chaney.





Gary Cooper and Fay Wray, the latest co-starring team. Their next picture is about circus life.

Then he remembered that it was war-time and the hitherto unmentionable 'cootie' was an emblem of bravery and agony.

So Charlie saluted the scratcher timidly. And the man, returning the salute, flipped out a medal he had won for valor.

Somehow that hit me mighty hard. But it was never included in the picture.

There was an episode in another picture made by another director which, even in the projection room, overwhelmed me so that I choked and sobbed aloud over it. I am an excellent audience and grow far more emotional over feigned adventures than real. But this scene was tremendous. It would have overpowered any audience. At two previews, indeed, it had that effect.

When I saw the finished picture, the whole incident had been elided and in its room a scene was placed that was of such trite horse-play that nobody even laughed.

The actors mourn such scenes all their lives. Even the most successful of them have in their hearts private graveyards where they entomb the great achievements that were never revealed. Because they were never witnessed, they remain unsullied in memory like a mother's dead babies.

The cutter's scissors, or the little razor-blades that he slices with, are as ruthless as the shears of fate. Not only do they rob the public of many a lofty experience, but they ruin or delay or divert the careers of most capable people.

When I first came out as a visitor to this port of missing scenes, I met a young actress who was in a dreadful suspense. After years of inability to get a chance, she had received a part in an important picture, had played it to the approval of the director, and had been assured that she was launched at last, only to hear that the role had been cut down almost to nothing.

I dared not tell her that I had sat in at a conference that afternoon and heard the coroner's jury agree to throw out the character entirely.

The wages she had drawn were hardly more than an irony. They kept her body alive that she might endure a more prolonged torment in idleness and obscurity.

In one of my own pictures, if I may speak of the terrible things, there was a character for which an actress was engaged whose beauty was so tragic, so haunting

that a celebrated foreign artist seeing the rushes, cried:

"That face converts me to the movies."

Whatever the value of the scenes, she gave them astonishing importance. She was gifted, and yet opportunity seemed always to pass her by. She felt sure that this character would make her famous and rich.

The truth of her hope was never known, for, in a final slashing, her entire presence in the picture was annulled.

Knowing how much she had made of the opportunity, I was afraid to tell her. I met her after the picture opened and expressed my chagrin and regret.

She smiled bitterly and said:

"I took mamma to the opening night of the picture. She was as anxious as I was. She kept whispering, 'When do you come in?' When the last fade-out was reached and the little gauze curtains were drawn together, and I had not appeared at all, I just quietly fainted and rolled out into the aisle."

Now, after years of waiting, she has been playing the leading role with one of our most eminent stars. The rumor is spread that she is wonderful and will be in great demand.

But the picture is not yet exhibited. She may be cut out again. Or, even if she sets the rivers of the world on fire, she can never forget the wasted years, the scenes she played that were never witnessed, the scenes and characters she might have played if the fates had been kinder.

Everywhere one turns in this town one hears of such still-born children of art, such thwarted abilities, such high flames quenched in dust.

One hears now and then of lost moments so beautiful that the regret at their loss is hardly so great as the anger at their having been created at all. The public does not realize its loss, but to the actors and actresses it is like driving knives into their hearts to see the blood spurt.

They say that there is a heaven where good deeds unrequited on earth are doubly rewarded. They say that a record is kept there of the most secret nobilities as well as the hidden crimes.

But where is the heaven for masterpieces of art? for the divinely chiselled masterworks of the perished Greeks, for the most famous poems and plays of antiquity, for the lost gospels, the otherwise immortal manuscripts that have gone up in flame, for the voices of angelic singers, and the beauty of old queens? And where, oh, where, is that paradise of a projection room in which one shall witness the noblest attainments of the poor movie people?

"Where are the snows of yesteryear?"

Their flakes were beautiful, too. Perhaps, after all, the wisest thing is to laugh it off and mock the Face on the Cutting-Room Floor.

Shakespeare who said everything, said also this:

"Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back

Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,

A great-sized monster of ingratitude;

Those scraps are good deeds past, which are devour'd

As fast as they are made, forget as soon

As done . . .

O let not virtue seek

Remuneration for the thing it was:

For beauty, wit,

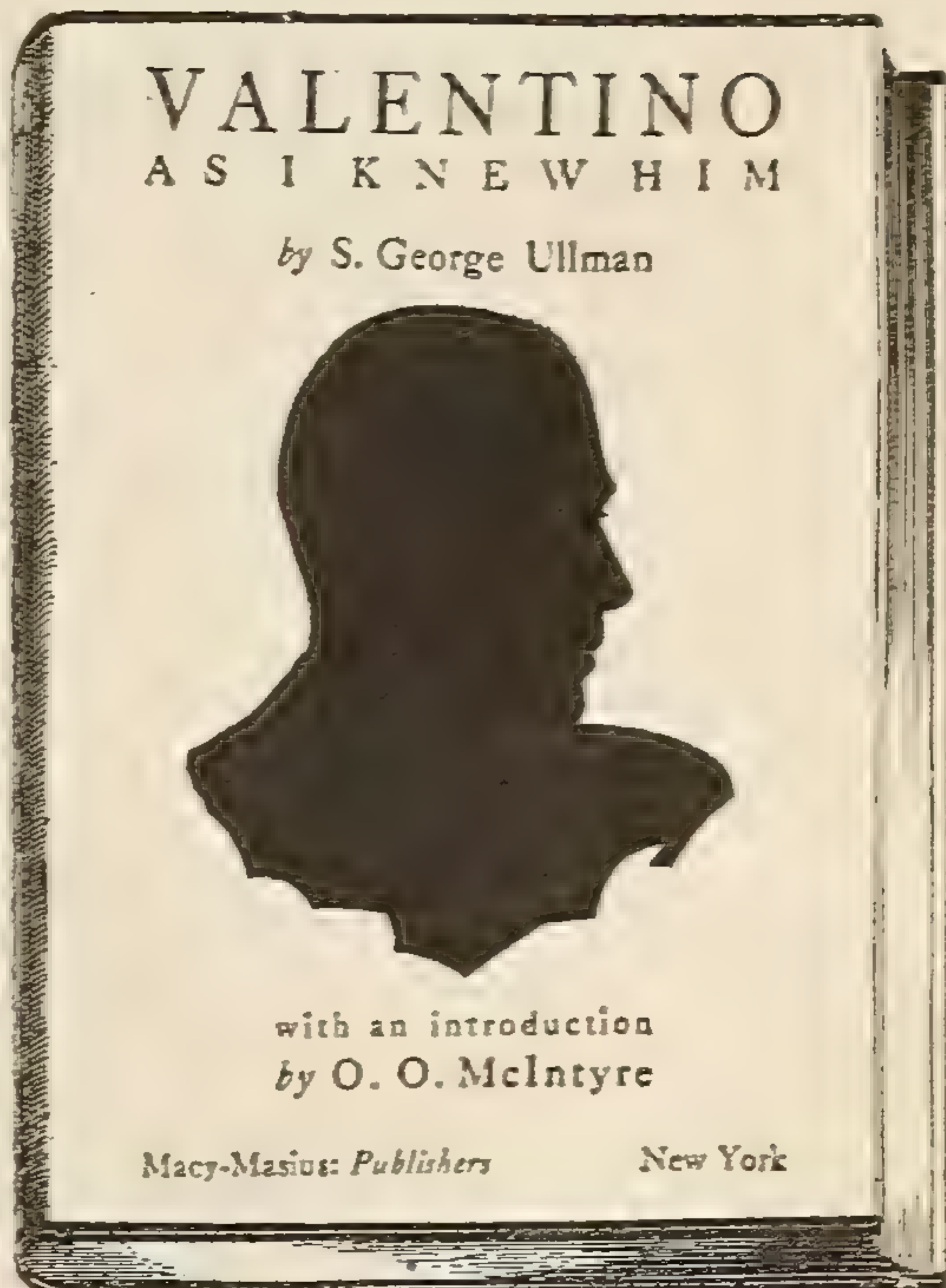
High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,

Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all To envious and calumniating time."

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# The Beauty Wizard of Hollywood

Continued from page 19

Meadows says it's, in plain American, laziness. Twenty little minutes a day, ten in the morning and ten at night scientifically managed, will give you back the beauty that is really yours. When you want your hands to be clean you wash them, and if that doesn't do you scrub them and manicure your nails and all that, but when the skin of your face is crying for light and air. What do you do? You wash it—yes the surface, but—there's a catch to that skin deep business. It is composed of several layers, which soap and water doesn't reach—as you all know. Only you forget. In these hectic days of crowded cities, smoke and dust laden air, hard water and one thing and another, the skin becomes clogged with particles foreign to its necessity for purity. The girls in Hollywood haven't as much of this discomfort to battle as many of us big town gals, but this is what Mr. Meadows tells all the stars to do and while, perhaps, each one of you can't be individually examined, the fundamental things the stars do fit every case and according to your own interest you can follow up the more individual phases of it.

Did you ever think how the stars managed to go swimming, boating; play tennis, golf and pursue all the rest of the outdoor sports, and then the next day appear in a drawing room scene before the camera, a truthful camera mind you, where a young lady, in order to appear at her best, must have milk white neck and shoulders?

Make-up, you say. Make-up takes care of that. But it doesn't—not on your life. You can cover up a lot but a good coat of tan shines through the thickest make-up enough to be noticed. For instance, you will see a young lady talking animatedly to her partner. She will get up and go to the window or something to finish the scene. That, perhaps, will end the day's work, too. Next day they go on location and the young lady, not being in that particular location scene is given a day off. So she plays tennis and goes swimming, thereby acquiring a fine coat of tan. Next day she takes up her stand at the window where she left off and moves with her partner back to the chair. But what's the matter with her face? Is it a shadow, or dust, or are the lights wrong or what in heaven's name is the matter? Nothing happens to be the matter except that the lady's face doesn't take the make-up as it

did the day before, even though she has put on an extra coat to offset the tan.

Now the way some of the Broadway managers meet this catastrophe is to warn the chorus girls that if they appear at the theatre with a coat of tan they will be fired. So the Broadway chorus girls are deprived of the health-giving fun of outdoor summer exercise unless they can protect themselves against tan. But health is a greater asset to the motion picture actress, even, than to the girl behind the footlights. Because bad health photographs. So the producers just had to look about and find out something with which to meet the situation.

And that's when Mr. Meadows saw the opportunity he had been looking for. All his life he has known about the usefulness of cosmetics and how they would help people. Really help them, not just feed a kind of vanity. And he has for years studied that usefulness in the most intelligent and original ways. So when he heard that the picture girls couldn't have a good time just because of a little interfering coat of tan Mr. Meadows grabbed his hat in one hand, his suitcase in the other and jumped on the California Limited. His story of how he crashed the gate—because all Hollywood is from Missouri, but so, by the way, is he—has no place in this story, but eventually he found himself installed as official consultant of beauty and grooming for United Artists, Warner Bros., Tiffany, De Mille and First National. Which means that he advises just about all the beauties in Pictureland. As jobs go, I guess that isn't such a bad one.

Now I'll begin at the beginning and you can follow along, if you are not sound asleep by now.

First Mr. Meadows takes his true color light which you see him using in the photograph, and looks at the face of his patient. This is to determine what type of skin and coloring she has.

Do you know whether you are a blonde or brunette? 'Am I a donkey?' you say. No, but do you? Suppose you have a fair skin, grey blue eyes and dark hair. Then what would you say? Well, you're a blonde. Yes, and if you put a brunette make-up on you are all wrong as to type and while people may not know what's the matter your coloring jars on them. Suppose you have a clear, dark skin and black



At last your prayers have been answered girls. Johnny Mack Brown and James Murray.



hair. Yes, you're a brunette, but you've an olive skin and if you wear certain shades of green you look far from your best. There's a lot of yellow in the make-up of your skin texture and all the shades of yellow and most shades of red bring out the rich beauty of your skin. The greens tend to make you look sallow and therefore unhealthy. Now if you are a decided blonde there are certain shades of every color that you can wear. And if you have Titian coloring all the sulphurous colors are becoming. Emerald and Nile greens, oranges, carmines and leaf browns.

So, with your selection of materials, for clothes, should you be careful of the make-up that you use. But to go on with Mr. Meadows' analysis. First he decides what fundamental coloring the star has and then he tells her what to do. For instance, Billie Dove was having some trouble with her make-up so during the taking of *American Beauty* she stopped to ask Mr. Meadows' advice. He found that she was not blending the make-up of her face and neck properly and that she was using too much rouge. Billie's hair and eyes are very dark but her skin is fair and he found that she was using the wrong sort of powder. He mixed some especially for her particular type of brunette beauty and she was amazed at the difference it made in her appearance. This for everyday wear, not pictures.

Lupe Velez, the lively little lady from Mexico, he had a hard time to do anything with. She was like a water sprite, and would hardly hold still long enough for him to get a good look at her. Lupe couldn't see why she should have to wear make-up on the street just as she did in the studio. It took so much time, and why wasn't just a little powder and some lip rouge enough? Mr. Meadows patiently explained between many gasps and giggles from the vivacious Lupe, and when he had put on a full street make-up and led her to the camera to be photographed, he thought, by the way she acted, that he had a ten year old child on circus day walking by his side. Every time the photographer got a proper focus on her she would stick the head of her fur piece into the lens, so that when he looked again there was nothing but blackness. A little limb, as our grandmothers would say, is what Lupe is.

Those of you who have raved about Eve Southern's wonderful eye-lashes may continue to rave, for they are real. Not until Mr. Meadows became really indignant would I believe it myself. It just didn't seem possible. But Eve has unusual beauty, and it is glamorous. Which shows that she is one of those favorite daughters of nature.

But to get back to you and me, and practical things; if there are any skin blemishes, such as clogged pores caused by careless removal of make-up, or in your case or mine too much smoke and dust from an overcrowded city, you will be told to cleanse your face with a liquid cleansing cream, then wash your face thoroughly with a pure, mild white soap and soft water and rinse it thoroughly. Then to dissolve three tablespoonfuls of epsom salts in two quarts of luke warm soft water and bathe your face with the solution. Don't take a wash cloth, or if you do a very soft one, and hold it sopping wet to your face. *Don't rub.* When this has been done rinse your face *thoroughly* in clear, luke warm soft water and dry with a soft towel. Pat your face dry, don't rub. In most cases it is necessary to put on a night cream but it is best not to put on much as the natural oils of your

skin will do the necessary lubricating. The epsom salts bath after rinsing, should remove the blemishes and clogged pores in from ten days to three weeks.

This you do once a day, but *only at night* the last thing before retiring, until the condition of your skin is right.

In the morning the picture girl is told to wash her face again with soap and water and rinse with luke warm water and then cold water, and put on a mild liquid astringent. Then a careful layer of foundation cream, which is not to be confused with cold cream as the two are entirely different in composition.

Put a dab of cream on either side of your face, also down the center of face from forehead to chin. Then smoothe it on and work it in, always rubbing *away* from your nose in a half arc toward your ear. Never rub down or toward your nose. Don't put on too much because the skin cannot absorb it. When you have done this put on the rouge, a salve is best. But the selection of it should be very careful. Just because the latest from Paris is a vivid brick or vermillion is no reason for you to use it if it doesn't harmonize with your individual coloring. There is a special shade that becomes *your type* and it is up to you to find it. Put the rouge on with the upward and outward stroke and keep these points in mind. If your face is long and slender begin the rouge from the end of the nose and arc toward the ear, rounding it out under the eye. Follow the natural color line of the cheek. This takes the drawn look that the long, slender face sometimes has and makes it look fuller.

If your's is a round face then work the rouge above the temple and lower on the jaw line toward the ear. This tends to lengthen and slenderize the face.

When the rouge is on take some shadow cream and work it in above the eye, over the lid and toward the brow. Then take a pencil, an eye brow pencil, and put the shadow underneath the eye. Just a line which you smoothe away with your finger making it just a suggestion of a shadow. You never want to put on so much that you look 'made up.' The effect is better so. Never put rouge on over the eyes or on the chin for street wear.

Then you put on the powder. It should also be carefully selected and blended to suit your particular type of coloring to get the best result. Never rub this on—pat it, with a puff or cotton. Then take a blending brush and go over the entire face, and then take a bit of cotton barely dipped in cold water and very lightly go over the face with it. You protect the neck with a finishing lotion, so that it blends with the face and it should be the same color as your face powder. This is a liquid and is put on very thinly and rubbed one way only. Then clean the eyelashes and shape the brows with a brush. Shape the lips with lip pomade *very lightly*, and follow the *natural outline*. Don't use the same rouge for your lips as you do for your cheeks. The smart woman now does not use a heavy lip rouge. New York and Hollywood women are very sparing with it, much to the surprise of little Sally Anderson, winner of the Gilda Grey contest which appeared in *SCREENLAND* a month or two ago. Sally said the girls in New York didn't make up nearly as much as the girls in Mississippi, her home.

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By DAVID V. BUSH

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DAVID V. BUSH

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Chicago, Ill.



Jack Perrin and Ethlyne Clair pose for Starlight, the horse.

feeling that your skin is not suffering in the least.

And do you know another beautifying thing? Watch your thoughts! Hones truth girls. That's what Mr. Meadows said. Anger, selfishness, peevishness and other uglier thoughts will age the loveliest face and their direct opposite will make beautiful a homely one. Sounds like a Sunday school, doesn't it, but you watch. Watch your friends and family and the people in the street around Christmas time—Christmas eve especially. See if you don't find the faces of most people attractive at that time. Their eyes are eager and full of a soft, shining light. Their faces are glowing with the spirit of giving. Sure, you may hope to get, too; but at this time we all think of our friends and dear ones and want to find something for them that we think will make them happy, and this loving thought shows in our faces, tired though we may be with the fatigue of shopping. Wouldn't it be nice if we could keep that tender, merry expression with us all the year?

It's the spirit in back of everything that makes it go. Think anger and you get it. Think love, and if it's just love that you want, you will get it. Think beauty, and you will have it. If we cooperate by our

thoughts with the process herein described we'll all be raving beauties within the year.

Mr. Meadows is just starting a lecture tour which begins in St. Paul, Minn., and goes the northern route to the coast, taking in St. Louis and a few middle west cities. Those of you who are lucky enough to be in the towns he stops in can hear and talk with him and perhaps you can get him to advise you personally. He is due in Hollywood in October and begins his tour in April, so watch your papers between these months.

The last thing Mr. Meadows said was that if anyone wanted individual advice he would be glad to give it free of charge if they would observe the following conditions. First and most important *enclose a stamped addressed envelope. No letter will receive a reply unless this is done.* In your letter state your true age, Mr. Meadows won't tell on you, your height, weight and the color of your hair and eyes. You may tell him any particular thing that troubles you with regard to your beauty problems and he will be glad to help you. Address him, Mr. V. E. Meadows, care of SCREENLAND, 49 West 45th Street, New York City, and your letter will be forwarded to him.

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Madame K.C. Williams, Buffalo, N.Y.

## Grace Kingsley's Gossip — Continued from page 35

ballad sound like a classic. His mood becomes one with the organ's, for music is one of Charlie's best means of expression. You can see that. His face takes on a rapt look.

One of Charlie's most charming sides comes out when he plays. But it makes you realize his loneliness too. He sits on the big bench at the huge organ, a little figure with its beautifully gray-crowned head. And the music coming from all those pipes around about is like voices of his own wistfulness and loneliness.

His mood changing quickly, he smiled as he led us up into the organ room where all the pipes are, and he took two or three out with glee to blow into them—a very joyous little Pan, all of a sudden!

Charlie's room is to be a library too, he told us, and he is going to have all his

favorite books bound in exquisite bindings of different but harmonizing colors. At present there is a great pile of books on the table beside his bed—mostly biography and history and theatrical works. His room is large, too. Charlie likes big, restful solitudes.

"And somehow I think Charlie should live alone," Patsy confided. "It really takes a stolid man to be a good family man. Charlie is too high-strung. Remember how Lorelei in *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* says, 'Family life is good only for those that can stand it?' Well, I don't think Charlie can stand it."

As we left, Charlie cordially invited us to come some evening when they were running a picture off in the library.

"You see, one whole side of the room closes when a large panel drops down from



the ceiling, and that side becomes the screen," he explained. We had already noted the place for the projection machine in a tiny hole at the other end of the room.

"That 'some evening' will surely be some evening!" remarked Patsy. "I do hope Charlie won't forget!"

I'LL tell you, Cinderella's fairy godmother did more for her than just to give her some nice clothes," remarked Patsy, as we hastened to dress for the party which Ruth Roland and Ben Bard were giving at the Breakfast Club the other evening. You know all Cinderella had to do was to just stand there and she was dressed in the twinkling of an eye. Really, I'd be willing to furnish the clothes if I only had a fairy godmother to dress me!"

"Well," I said, "I think you are terrible to complain when Ruth and Ben are furnishing such a perfectly delightful party as this is sure to be."

The lights of the Breakfast Club shone cheerfully out on the road which runs past the place, as Patsy and I arrived, and were greeted by Ruth, who was looking very radiant, and a moment later by Ben.

We met Anita Stewart in a moment, and found she was with Robert Ramsey, a handsome Scotch actor, who is going into pictures here.

"I hear that Anita and her Doctor Monaco have had a little misunderstanding," confided Patsy, as we circulated through the large ante-room where we were to gather before going into the big Pavilion.

We met Lita Gray, Charlie Chaplin's ex-wife, there, too, along with her mother. Lita is looking stunning these days. She was wearing a gorgeous ermine coat. Lita is supposed to be going about with Michael Cudahy, the young millionaire to whom Joan Crawford was supposed to have been engaged once on a time, but he wasn't present at the party that night.

Corinne Griffith and Walter Morosco were there, and we chatted with them a while, Corinne telling us how she was selling her big house in Beverly and how she meant to live for a while at the beautiful big new Beverly-Wilshire Hotel, where Norma Talmadge, Marie Prevost and some of the other picture stars are dwelling at present.

After they had left us, Claire Windsor told us of a perfectly lovely thing Corinne did lately for a poor sick youth, son of a cook in a family she knew.

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"She took the boy right into her home as a house guest," said Claire. "And when he was well enough she sent him off to the mountains to a boys' camp, where he is growing strong and well. Corinne does a lot of nice things like that that you never hear about."

Claire had come alone, but found her dinner partner was to be that nice Lawrence Grey.

Patsy Ruth Miller was on hand with a new beau whose name I don't remember, though I was introduced to him. She was quite excited over her projected trip to Europe and though you would expect her to be wild to see Paris, she really looks forward most, she says, to traveling through the English country and to visiting Spain at Easter time.

Patsy Ruth is wearing her hair long and wore long earrings that evening.

"Oh, dear," remarked Patsy the Party Hound, "Why will Patsy Ruth change her type, when she was so charming before!"

May McAvoy was there with her fiance, Maurice Cleary, and told us how she had enjoyed her trip to New York and seeing all the new shows.

Just then Ruth Roland dashed over to tell us that Warner Brothers Studio was burning down, and May said that, Oh, dear, she had left her very best negligee and tea-set in her dressing room there!

We noticed that both Ruth Roland and Claire Windsor wore huge bunches of orchids.

"They were sent us," Claire announced with a bit of blush, "by Prince Mohamet Ali Abrihin of Egypt, who is visiting here, and whom I met when I was down in Egypt making a picture."

We remembered then having heard that this Prince was a great admirer of Claire's when she was down there. But she couldn't quite see living in a harem, and besides she was in love with Bert Lytell then.

We went into the supper room, where we found four long tables arranged for us, and where the orchestra was playing for us to dance.

The first couple we saw were Gloria Hope and her husband, Lloyd Hughes.

"There is the real romance of Hollywood," remarked Patsy.

We caught a glimpse of Dorothy Reid and Walter Lang, who are supposed to be engaged—you know Dorothy is the widow of Wallace Reid—and we said hello too to Pauline Starke and Jack White, to Corliss Palmer and Hugh Allen, Shirley Dor-man and a dozen others.

Lovely little Mary McAllister came with a young man who isn't in the picture business, and Billie Dove came alone, quite surprisingly, until we found out that her husband, Irvin Willat, was away working on location.

Just as the party was nearly over, in dashed Vivian Duncan, who had come after her show was finished at the Pantages.

After the party, some of us went over to Lawrence Grey's house, a very handsome place near Jack Dempsey's home. Lita Grey and her mother were in the party, and May McAvoy and Morry Cleary, Mary McAllister and others.

Mary McAllister told us how she had been longing for red hair. Then she said she saw an actress she knew with color of an O'Cedar mop, and she decided to stick to her own ash-blond color.

We sat and chatted before Lawrence's fire for a couple of hours, and then home, just as the sky began to look as if dawn were coming.

"OH, Norma Shearer and Irving Thal-berg are going to be guests of honor at a

party which Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Mannix are giving at their Beverly Hills home. Of course we mustn't miss that!" exclaimed Patsy.

We found Norma, looking sweet in an afternoon dress and a black velvet tam, cutting a huge cake.

Suddenly everybody gave forth a huge 'Ah!' and Norma dropped the knife! Out of the cake flew two white doves.

"Symbolic, I suppose," suggested Patsy, "of Norma and Irving as two lovey-dovies, bride and groom."

Norma caught one of the doves, and quieted it, but the other flew to the top of a picture frame, down in the den, where it remained until Mrs. Mannix gave it to that pretty blonde, Ruby Blaine, quite appropriately, as Ruby is shortly to marry Frank Orsatti.

We chatted with Norma about her Euro-pean trip, on which she will have started by the time this reaches print.

"Irving wants to go to Spain so that he can show off his Spanish, which he speaks very well," explained Norma, laughing, "and I'm going to get even by going to Switzerland so I can learn to ski. But both of us are glad to go to Sorrento, because that is said to be the ideal place in which to have a honeymoon.

"Do you know, I think it is very sensible to put off a honeymoon trip until the bride and groom get used to each other. Then they can put their minds on what they are seeing."

Norma is taking four trunks full of clothes.

"I'm not going to shop much in Paris," she said. "I think men hate to be with a woman who is always leaving him to go sight seeing alone while she goes shopping. Besides, I can't imagine spending all that time having fittings when there is so much to see in Paris."

Norma's nice mother was there, and she and daughter were beginning to realize what it will mean to be really parted.

"Just so long as she was in the same town with me, I didn't mind so much," remarked Norma, affectionately patting her mother's face. Norma and her mother have



☞ Ralph Forbes as he appears in 'The Actress.'



always been very close to one another.

A ship made of flowers adorned the buffet at the end of the dining room, in honor of Norma's wedding trip.

We had come with Vernon Rickard, who has a perfectly gorgeous voice, and who is singing in Warner Brothers Vitaphone pictures, these days.

The Hawaiian orchestra was playing down in one end of the den—the same orchestra that often plays for Vernon at the studio. They were playing pretty loudly, and people around were trying to talk; so Vernon called over to the musicians—

"Hey, there, play a little louder! There are still some people over here who can hear each other talk!"

Gertrude Olmsted and Vernon talked about their old school days, and of Gertrude's former sweetheart, who was Vernon's chum, and Vernon told Gertrude how the youth used to rave about her and weep on his shoulder whenever he quarreled with his lady love.

Robert Leonard, Gertrude's husband, meanwhile was serenely playing cards out in the drawing room with Sid Grauman, Louis B. Mayer, Hunt Stromberg, Joe Schenck, Sam Goldwyn, Jack Conway, and some others, because no sooner was supper over than those inveterate card-players dashed for the card tables, where they became as solemn as owls, while their wives and sweethearts chatted together or talked with such men as preferred talking to them to playing cards.

That's of course, how it happened that Darius, the fortune teller, had the attention of a dozen charming women at a time.

Buster Keaton and Natalie Talmadge, his wife, dropped in very late.

I suppose everybody would like to know whether Buster really is always frozen faced, and I must say that he is except when occasionally he is much amused, he lets out a big, hearty laugh. His face lights up, too, when his eyes rest on his wife, these two being very happy, and he will play for an hour at a time most zestfully with his children.

Beautiful Frances Howard, who is Mrs. Sam Goldwyn, you know, was there, pretty and vivacious as ever. She exercises and diets and keeps herself looking very svelt and beautiful. She danced with Eddie Mannix and with that jolly, whole souled Ben Getz, who dances, plays cards, mixes punch, makes money and love all equally well.

That sweet little Mrs. Harry Rapf came with her husband, but he at once made a dash for the card table. She had just come back from a gorgeous time in New York; and then there were Mrs. Mike Levee, Mrs. Jack Conway, Mrs. Louis B. Mayer, Mrs. Hunt Stromberg, all of whom hung on the words of the fortune telling Darius.

Mabel Normand and Lew Cody were there, Mabel looking lovely and charming, and as full of fun and jokes as ever. She and Lew seem very happy.

Paul Bern came in late, and as usual, tactfully did what people wanted him to do, merely looking out for other people's happiness instead of his own. So he danced a little and played cards a little and chatted a little.

There is a funny waiter over at the Ambassador, who lately is in demand at parties. He was on hand, and Patsy not knowing him asked him to find her Spanish shawl which she had left somewhere on a sofa. He came back bringing a white tablecloth!

"Thought maybe you left it in the kitchen," he said.

Patsy was about to grow very indignant when all the men at the card table began

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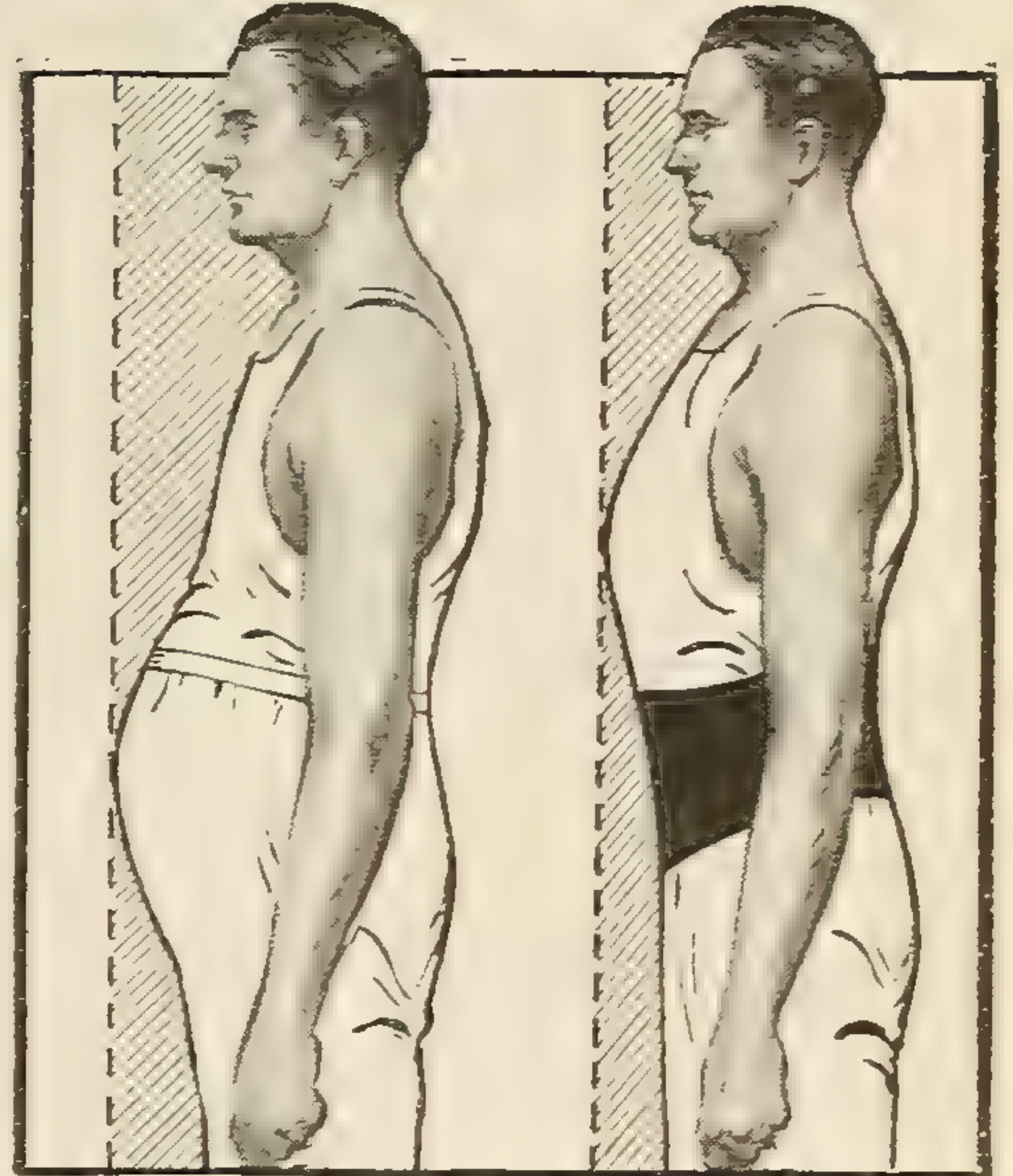
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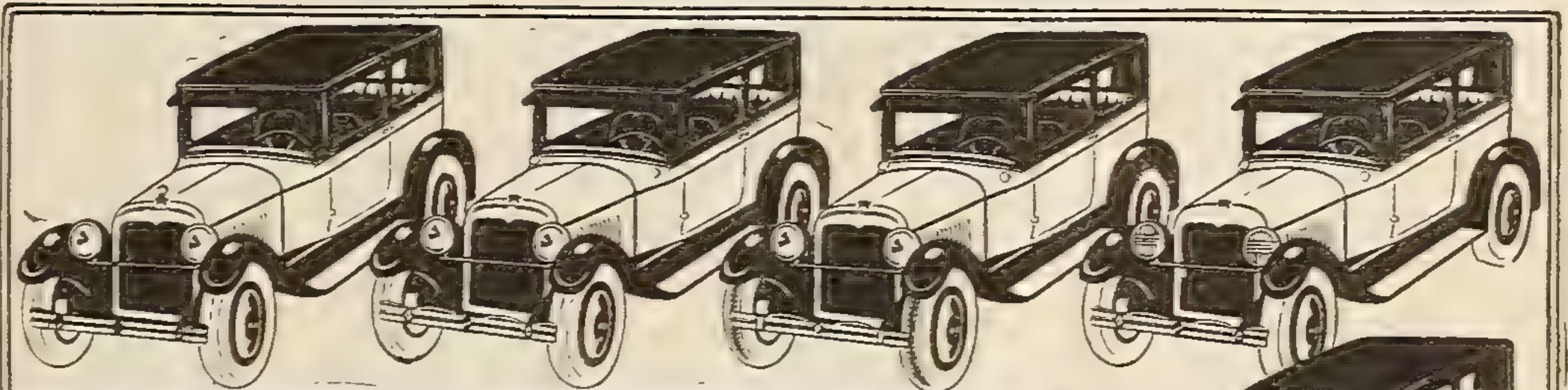
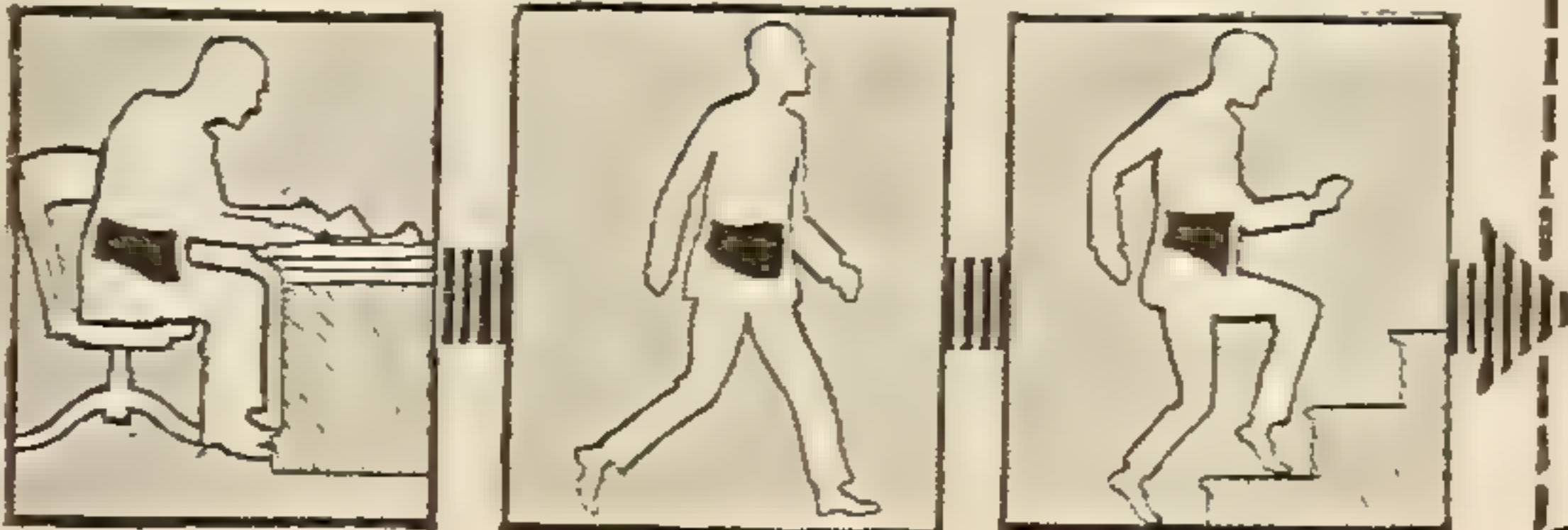
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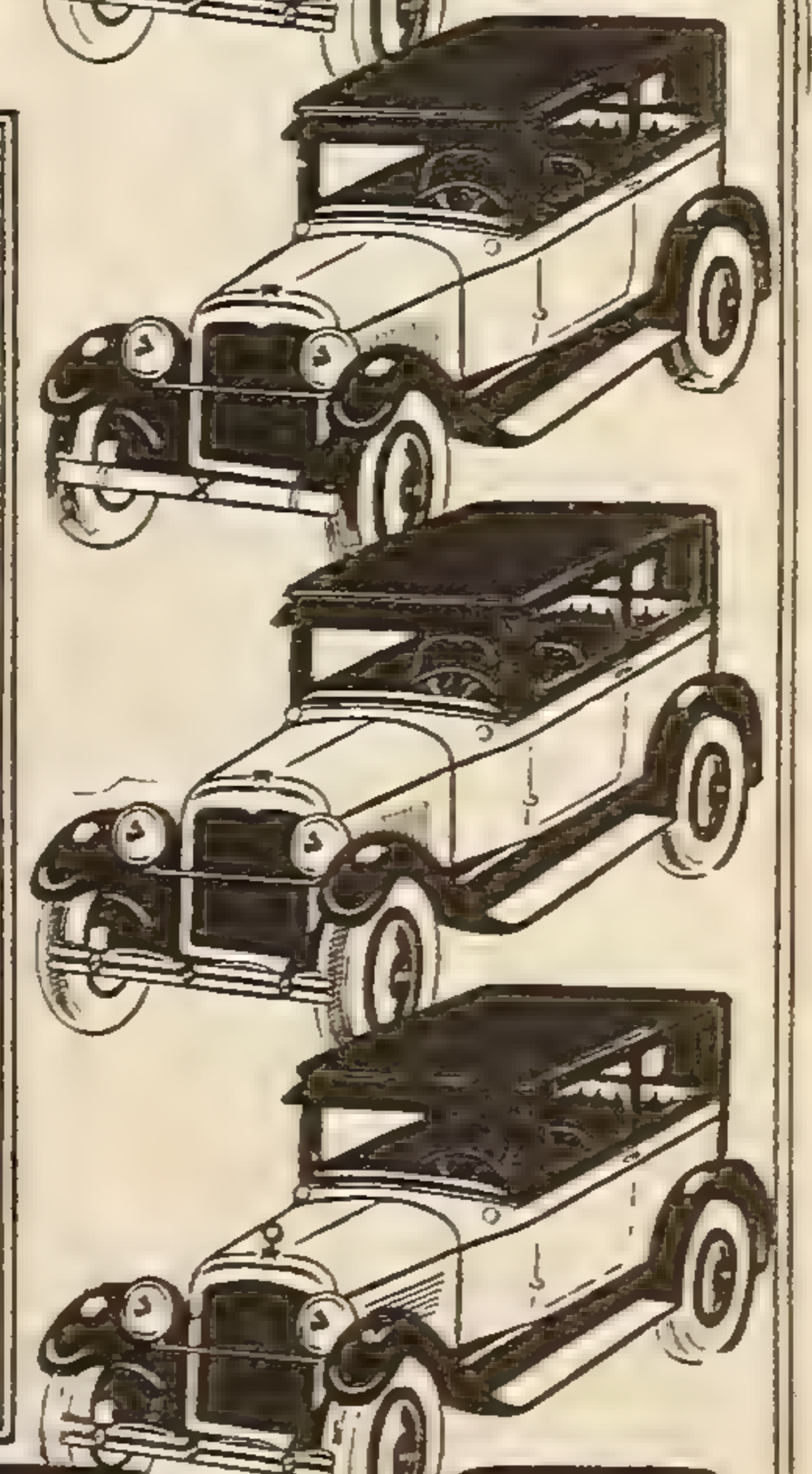
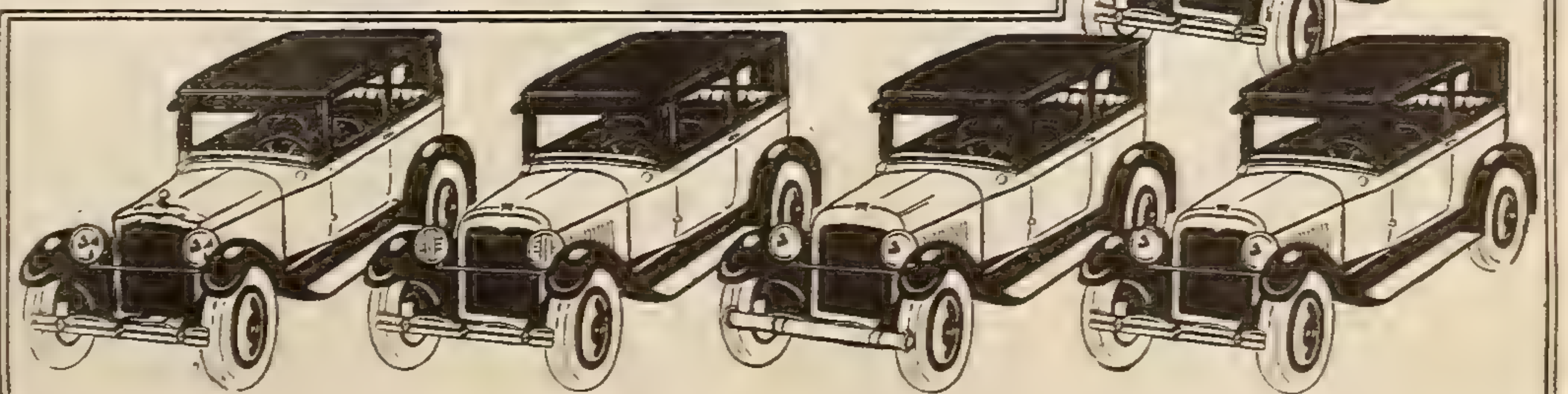
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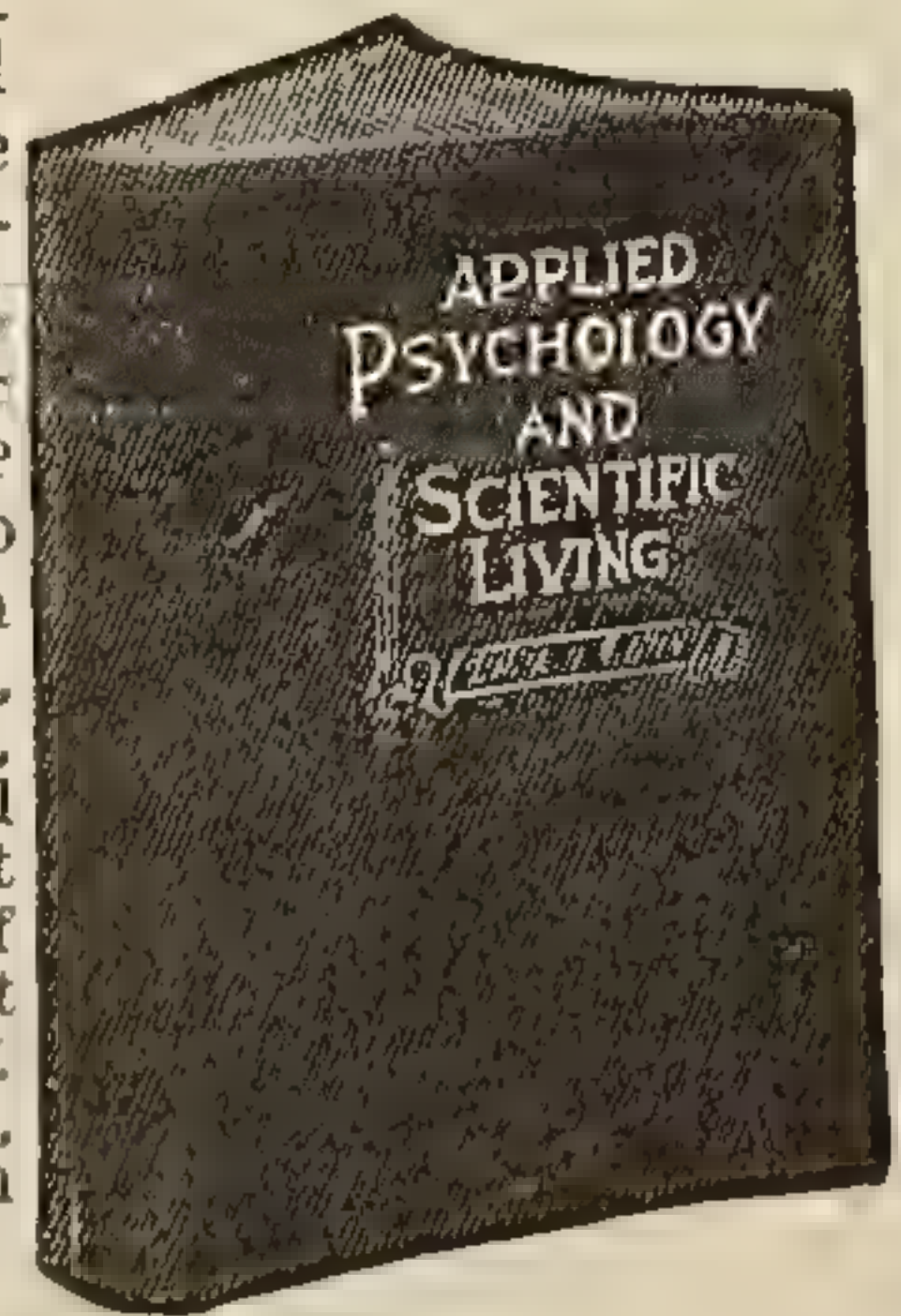
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laughing, and then told her about the comic food purveyor.

"Well, of course, if its supposed to be funny—" remarked Patsy

The waiter went about the den with a broom, cutting up antics, pretending the stuffed eggs on the side table were billiard balls for instance, and that the broom was a cue. He is really quite an artist, as he is very unobtrusive with his kidding.

Clarence Brown was there alone, his fiance, Dorothy Sebastian, being away working on location.

As we were leaving, very late, Gertrude Olmsted came to ask us to dine with her and Bob.

"We're in a new house, you know," she explained. "You remember the other burned down."

That brought us to another ten minutes' stay, as Gertrude told us how she came home to find the house on fire and one of her pet dogs suffocated.

The whole house was beautifully decorated with flowers, and when Norma and Irving left, we showered flowers upon them.

"THERE are so many late evening parties at the Breakfast Club these days that I'm sure I don't know how the chef ever manages to get through with supper in time to get breakfast!" remarked Patsy, as we wended our way to Claire Windsor's party over there.

Claire greeted us at the door, seconded by Gertrude Olmsted and Bob Leonard.

Claire was wearing a new kind of perfume, which Patsy at once noted.

"Yes, I gave Claire that for Christmas," Gertrude said. "I'm trying it out on her!"

"Ah, but it might suit my personality and not yours!" warned Claire.

Gloria Swanson was there with her husband, Henry de la Falaise, the Marquis. But everybody calls him Hank, because he's such a regular likable fellow.

Gloria danced several times with Tony Moreno, with whom she danced extremely well, especially the difficult tango. There is a sort of ardor in Gloria's face sometimes which quite makes up for her not being really beautiful.

Tom Mix and Vicky, his wife, were among the guests, Vicky dancing a lot, but Tom, just recovering from his most recent accident, a broken hip, preferring to sit and chat.

"I'd rather talk with Tom than dance with him anyhow," remarked Patsy. "Not that he doesn't dance well, but that he does talk so awfully well. He is a lot like Will Rogers with his brilliant native wit."

Tom is writing a lot these days and told us how he is at work now on a satirical article called *From Courtship to Courthouse*.

Bernie Fineman brought Mollie O'Day. We hear he is engaged to marry Greta Nissen, but Greta was working that night and couldn't come. But Mollie is a saucy little piece who could keep any man interested.

Leatrice Joy danced a lot with Richard Barthelmess and seemed to be enjoying herself hugely.

Billie Dove looked as lovely as she always does, and Irvin Willat proved as clever and interesting as usual.

Lois Weber and Captain Ganz were there, Miss Weber mourning because she had just been burglarized for the fourth time.

"Bragging—just bragging!" retorted Johnny Hines. "Why, if I were burglarized even once I'd be cleaned out!"



## What's Doing In Times Square

(Continued from page 8)

up and down the streets while the fire chief rode in his little red bus a block ahead of Nick to clear the way for him. You will see it all in *The News Parade*—that is if they don't change their minds and cut the sequence out—because Nick was 'working' when he was on this picnic. I must say that it wasn't an entirely care free experience however, for he almost fell off when trying out some of the action required of him by the story. 'But it was a great thrill,' he told me with shining eyes.

King Vidor's *The Crowd* opened up at the Capitol with such a bang that it was turned into the Astor for a special run and is packing that house. I understand that this is a record in the history of pictures—to have a picture taken from a program house at popular prices and put into a feature house at \$2.20 top. And folks—you who have not the misfortune to live in New York can see the same thing for a quarter. Think of that. And you'll be getting your money's worth too. Following *The Crowd* at the Capitol was a very amusing picture *The Latest From Paris* with Norma Shearer and this week Bill Haines is clowning about in his usual style, in *The Smart Set*.

*Shepherd of the Hills* with Alec B. Francis ran at the Strand followed by *The Patent Leather Kid* with Richard Barthelmess and *Chicago* with Phyllis Haver. The Paramount offered Bebe Daniels in *Feel My Pulse*, and you should see the crowd rush in to try it—Esther Ralston in *Love and Learn*, Richard Barthelmess in *Sporting Goods*, and George Bancroft and Evelyn Brent in *The Showdown*. The Colony has *Finders Keepers* with Laura La Plante. The William Fox picture *Four Sons* opened at the Gaiety and is still running and *Mother Machree* is playing at the Globe. The *Jazz Singer* is still at Warners, *Love* with Greta Garbo and John Gilbert still packs the Embassy and the Rivoli still holds Gloria Swanson to *Sadie Thompson*. Then *Wings* still plays the Criterion, and *Sunrise* at the Sam Harris. Erich von Stroheim's *Greed* is revived at the 55th Street Cinema Theatre. And now Times Square waits for Ronald Colman who is expected soon.



Tom Tyler, whose next Western is 'When the Law Rides.'

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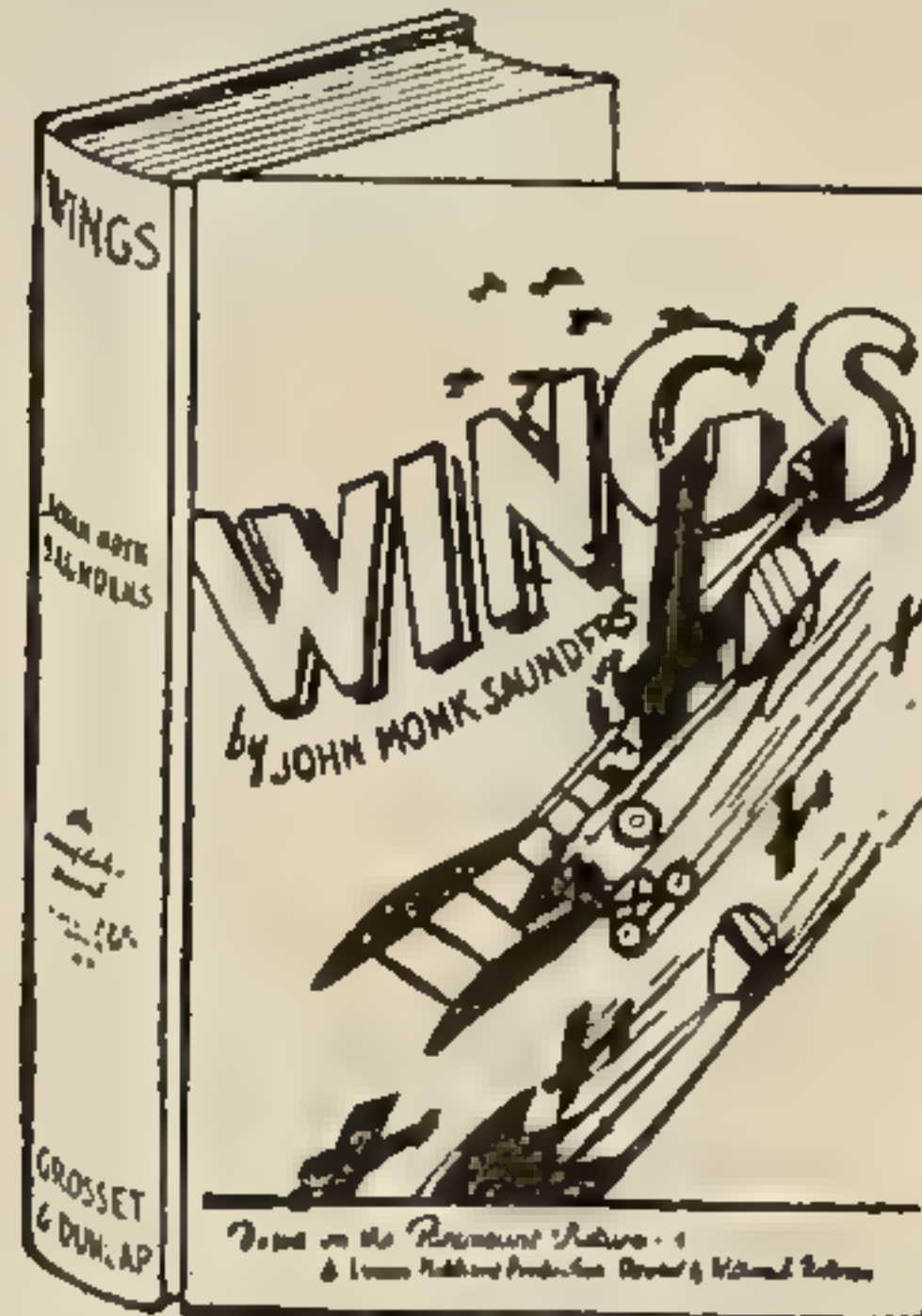


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## Bohemia

(Continued from page 17)

with a plucky grin. But the pluck behind the grin won out—friends in the alley came to the rescue—today the girl is being mentioned as a real possibility—possibly as star material. It would be unfair to give her name.

It is not an uncommon story—the folks back East seem to think our sunkist state is a sort of Garden of Eden. A garden through which one strolls in the sunshine picking oranges from the trees when the pangs of hunger grow too great. These Easterners do not know of the life in the alleyways.

To be sure there is always 'The Community Chest,' a charitable organization, but youth is proud and would rather starve than ask for charity—and somehow in Hollywood's 'Bohemia' they always manage. They are all hard workers and far more self respecting than the securely salaried people. They are so ambitious, they have no time for promiscuous love making. And vice is expensive—and no alley-dweller can afford expensive indulgences. So you will find them an idealistic crowd of young people.

The two good angels of the alleyways are Winifred Dunn and Beulah Marie Dix. Miss Dunn is the girl who wrote *Sparrows* for Mary Pickford and put into continuity form *The Patent Leather Kid* and *The Drop Kick* for Barthelmess. Miss Dix (or Mrs. Flebbe as she is called in private life) wrote *The Road to Yesterday* and *The Country Doctor* and though both of them are now at the very top of their profession they still remember the days of their early struggle and help whenever they can. Winifred is always finding jobs for people—just at that crucial moment when they are about to give up in despair. Mrs. Flebbe sends big boxes of food and candy to encourage the discouraged.

Strictly speaking, the Bohemia of Hollywood lies between Hollywood and Sunset Boulevards. And runs east of Bronson Avenue.

If you happen to know your Hollywood you will remember that this section of it was once its most conservative quarter. Here, about ten years ago, lived the very prosperous, the very satisfied citizens. There were only a few motion picture people in the neighborhood.

Among them were Mr. and Mrs. Tom Mix who lived in a comfortable, sprawly white bungalow whose garage stood on an alley. Victoria Mix's mother, known on the screen as Eugene Ford, occupied a house across the street from them. Fritz Brunette was a nearby neighbor and Jane and Katherine Lee were neighborhood kids.

But the Mixes have moved to Beverly Hills and no one ever hears of Fritz Brunette these days. The Lee kids are in vaudeville. Only a few of the old residents are left. The section has been zoned for business and the alleyways have built up, and down them lies *Bohemia*.

Years ago some of our greatest stars rose to high places in the cinema heavens via 'Bohemia.' But at that time the bohemian district lay down and about the Los Angeles Plaza, near Chinatown and the Mexican Quarter. Here in the old Baker Building (once a fashionable hotel) were studios where struggling artists met and starved for Art's sake. Here it was that Leatrice Joy and Ramon Novarro, then unknown, posed for the evening costume class for fifty cents an hour—and were glad to get it. Here it was that some

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of our best known art directors studied and drew nights—but at that time they were not highly paid art directors, they were boys struggling for a foothold in the studios.

The Baker Building was taken over by some missionaries and 'Bohemia' disbanded—for the time being. Only to gather together once more in the alleyways of Hollywood.

Hollywood is supposed to be a wicked place—a place where frightful orgies occur—and this may be true but Hollywood's Bohemia does not attend these orgies. It has its own 'parties!'

In the evenings they indulge in long games of 'Fan Tan.' Each player donates the cigarettes they happen to have on hand and they play for these. Lemonade is served—you see lemon trees have a way of hanging over the back yard fences into the alleyways.

It's a cinch to grab off a few lemons. And there are always flowers for decoration. Every vacant lot, every garden, every hedge is full of color and perfume. A beggar may wear a buttonhole boquet in Hollywood.

And gin parties may exist—you hear a good deal of talk about gin-drinking. There are headlines in the newspapers about it. But 'Bohemia' cannot afford gin—the big stars cannot afford it either for gin has a way of corroding one's face and making puffs under one's eyes. Ginger ale—yes! But very little gin!

Almost every alley has one tenant at least who owns a radio, and when the operas were broadcasted last summer, the people who owned or were paying installments on radios, were very popular. But when the returns for the Dempsey-Tunney fight were broadcasted there were not enough radios or listening room, to go round. One smart youngster overcame this difficulty by having a most expensive radio sent up 'on approval'—he returned it the day after the fight—he had lost all his money on Dempsey which was hard luck for the radio concern—but every one in the alley heard the returns.

"I lost a million dollars at poker last night!" a young man told me excitedly, "on paper of course!" he added losing none of his excited manner. "I offered to sell back to the loser his indebtedness for fifty cents in cash—I needed a hair cut!" he

continued. Only in the alleys of Hollywood could you fail to sell a million dollar debt for fifty cents.

There is only one pawnshop in Hollywood—it is tragic when one has to pawn a typewriter or violin or one's only evening clothes for these often are the means of a livelihood. But it is comic when one has to pawn one's wife's pet Pekingese puppy as a certain young juvenile actor had to do—a young actor now well on the road to stardom. I saw the pup sitting in a forlornly astonished manner in the pawnbroker's window among all the dusty ukuleles and tarnished watches.

Ilya Tolstoy, son of the famous author, has leased a bungalow set among the sweet grasses and flowers on the edge of 'Bohemia.' The alley behind his house ends up, three blocks away, at a studio where a young artist lives—a man who devises textiles and special properties for the period photoplays. An alley cat with her litter of kittens keeps house for him.

Several scenario writers—a poet—a press agent—an author of fiction for the magazines—an art director—and several extra men (who are a good deal in demand because they have raised interesting sets of whiskers) are the most colorful personalities in our 'Bohemia.'

The poet climbs a ladder to his room—a loft over a barn. The chinks in the walls are covered with poems cut from magazines and newspapers. He lives surrounded by the best poetic atmosphere.

"But I feel like I'm calling on the hens and chickens—when I climb that rickety ladder to spend an evening with him!" the press agent cried. "I'm not a snob, but the ladder is made out of odds and ends and I tear my pants every time I go up—and my wardrobe's limited!"

Hollywood, of course, is the world's wickedest city—read any newspaper and you will find that out. But Hollywood's 'Bohemia' is young and gay and rather innocent. Everyone dreams dreams—and riches and fame are lurking just around the alleyway. With a spirit like that in our midst—we should worry about what the papers print—instead we develop a huge pride for we are mothering talent. For our size we are raising more gifted children and helping them to recognition than the bigger, smugger cities who criticize us.



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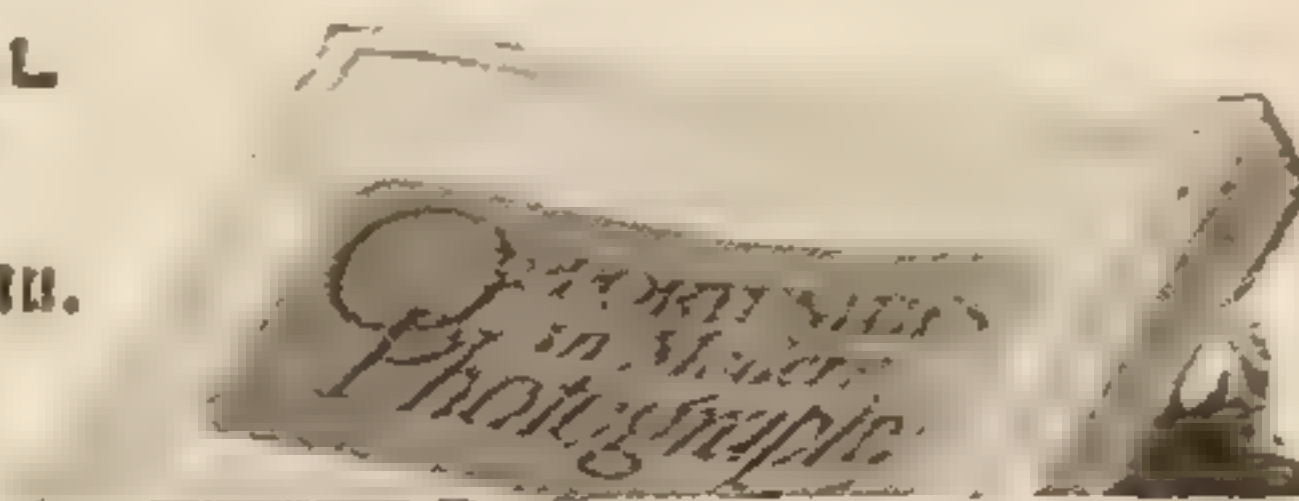
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(See Page 96)

## Pretty Soft

(Continued from page 29)

her eyes every morning after a good night's rest. Her greatest struggle, insofar as I could learn, was her attempt to keep from signing her motion picture contract, since she wanted to go home and wasn't interested in motion pictures.

I ask you, reader, what would you do with a girl like that. Making it all the harder, this Miss Carol is one of the nicest kids in Hollywood. Nothing high-hat about her. She possesses one of the friendliest smiles I ever saw and she means it. She has great, big brown eyes that are sort of soft and curious and they just glow with good fellowship. You know the kind she is—a girl any man would go the limit for. So I ask you, reader, what would you do with her?

"What is the most daring thing you have ever done, Miss Carol?" I asked, searching for a thrill.

"Posed for a photographer in drapes—but they were heavy drapes," she hastened to add.

"What has been your greatest thrill before the camera?"

"Being made love to by William Boyd," Sue promptly replied.

"Who is your favorite star?" I pursued.

"Charlie Chaplin."

"Your favorite director?"

"Chaplin."

"Comedian?"

"Chaplin."

"Your favorite tragedian?"

"Charlie Chaplin," she replied.

"Why this crush on Charlie?" I asked.

"When I first visited California, seven years ago, I lived at a Pasadena hotel with my mother. There I met Mr. Chaplin and he gave me a lovely box of candy. I was only ten or eleven years old at the time, but he has been my favorite ever since. I guess I feel that, if he has time to stop and be nice to little girls, he must be a pretty fine fellow."

Logical, at that. Sue is logical. She has a good, clear brain in that round head of hers. Even when she makes playfully silly remarks, as do all young girls, you are impressed with the fact that they have meanings.

Sue's claim to recognition among the fortunate children of filmdom dates back to one year ago, when she set foot inside a studio for the first time. She has had a very speedy journey to her present envious position on the screen.

She deserves it, for Miss Carol is every inch a delightful, likable little lady. She could be very uppish, you know, for after all she is rich, is a featured film actress, has received the finest schooling that money can buy and is, all in all, a very personable miss. But with all these things, or despite them, she is most democratic. Extras, electricians, directors, cameramen—all on the set are extremely fond of her and she is equally fond of them. She is a girl with lots of friends. No doubt in my mind, every masculine friend would be a lover except for the fact that Sue doesn't want any lovers.

"I won't marry for at least five years," she decided. And she was real firm about it. "I feel that a career and marriage are conflicting. When I get ready to leave the screen, I will marry. Or perhaps I had better put it this way: When I am ready to marry, I'll leave the screen."



*In New York — Continued from page 31*

to supervise pictures in Culver City and the bride had to finish her work in *The Actress*—the screen version of *Trelawney of the Wells*. Mrs. Thalberg, as the wife of the 'boy genius' of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, is the queen of the lot now; but she's still the same sweet, unspoiled Norma Shearer that we knew before. It's her first vacation in two years, and his first one in ten. What a grand time they'll have—if they can only cast care to the winds and just enjoy themselves! But can they? Their fame pursues them wherever they go. They can't dodge photographers and reporters. And they are both so crazy about their work that, even in the brief time their schedule allowed them in New York, they squeezed in a play, *Excess Baggage*, to see if it would prove a suitable vehicle for Norma. The whole world, I'm afraid, will be along on that honeymoon. Sometimes we wonder if the ordinary bride and groom would want to change places with the famous Thalbergs!

Rod La Rocque spoke over the radio while he was here. It was the most unusual speech ever made by a motion picture actor. Not a word about himself! Rod stood there speaking into the Mike in that low, thrilling voice of his—just wait until he makes a talking picture, girls!—and told the world all about Vilma Banky—her new picture, her beautiful ways and her wonderful acting. Can you blame him? He's married to her! It's a real romance, this La Rocque-Banky western union. Not so common in this day and age to find two young people—both famous and handsome—so crazy about each other that they won't go to a dinner party unless the hostess assures them before hand that they may sit side by side. They have set a new style in Hollywood in their own particular group. All the husbands and wives sit together now! Rod and Vilma, like Mary and Doug, dance together, or they don't dance. They have had every meal together since their marriage nine months ago, even taking their lunches to the studio and going off to some remote corner to be alone together for an hour or so—until Vilma's trip to Europe. She's over there now, to see her parents, who

have missed her so much since she left Budapest three years ago, to be an American star. Rod and Vilma wanted the Bankys to come to California to live; but the older folks are too much at home in Hungary to take the long trip across the ocean and across a continent. So Vilma went to them. "At first," said the forlorn husband, "we thought it wouldn't be so bad. Just a month—over so soon—Vilma busy with her mother and father and I working at the studio—and then, three days after she left, I knew I couldn't stand it much longer. I rushed through my picture, *Hold 'Em Yale*, caught the first train east, and booked passage on the first boat that's sailing. I'll be with her in—let's see—ten days now. I wish it were tomorrow!"

And Vilma misses him, too. She sent him a pathetic little cable: "Rod Dear, please come and take me home!" Although she won't be an American citizen until she is married to Rod a year, she calls California home. Vilma's husband is a dramatic person, off the screen as well as on. He has color, personality, intelligence. At the same time he is boyish, even naive—a devastating combination. It's hard to get him to talk about his own work; he'd so much rather rave about her. She'll be a star in her own right soon; *Two Lovers* is the last Banky-Colman co-starring picture. And Rod is prouder of her success than he is of anything he himself has ever done. He's been none too keen about his own pictures, lately. He possesses a perspective, rare in an actor, enabling him to size up his own career and contributions to the art of the silent drama. And—he doesn't care much about acting, anyway. He'd rather direct, and says he'll try it some time. Not before he has made a picture opposite his wife, though. That's their dearest dream, and they even have a story already written, by Frances Marion, which they hope to do.

"There as never been a divorce in Vilma's family or in mine," says Rod La Rocque. "We're happy in an old fashioned way. Marriage is based on intimacy. All this modern talk distgusts me. Nobody has been able to invent a substitute for the institution yet—and never will! My advice to young people is: get married, and stay married,



William Van Dresser, noted artist, does one of his famous lightning sketches of Phyllis Haver.

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He has burning brown eyes, a very small mustache, and no side-burns. Apparently he only adds them for the camera. Over six feet tall, and a perfect example of what the well-dressed young husband should wear. When he comes back, he'll have Mrs. La Rocque with him, and then you'll hear all about her, too—except that she will probably talk about him!

\* \* \*

Patsy Ruth Miller was too excited to think of anything much except Her Trip Abroad! Not only was she looking forward to first glimpses of London, and Paris, but she was planning an extra-special, de-luxe jaunt into Egypt! The Nile should be becoming to this little, vivid, brunette—who is so much more fascinating than she is in pictures, you wouldn't believe it! They've had Patsy playing Polly-annas on the screen—downtrodden angels of the alleys, society pets, and just about everything but the sparkling, clever child she really is. She could do the sort of thing Clara Bow does, and do it well. She's one of the most ultra-modern of the Hollywood flappers—in fact, although her private life is most circumspect, her mental reactions are most amazing. She is interested in everything, from Buddhism to birth control, with decided opinions on each. Like Aileen Pringle, Patsy is a darling of the literati; and while we were lunching at the Algonquin no less than three of our leading intellectuals came up to our table to ask her to go places and meet people and do things. More than one New York young lady looked wistfully askance at the popular little movie actress from Hollywood—for once unable to utter a scathing 'Beautiful, but dumb.' Patsy is beautiful, but she's far from dumb. And she's not one of these girls who sits at someone's feet and worships—not Patsy. She's a talker, not a listener. She'll give anyone an argument, on any subject, anytime, anywhere. But you can't help liking her. She's fresh, and Irish. Incidentally—and it did seem incidental to her, too; what are these movie stars coming to?—she may do a little picture or two while in Europe. She's had offers, and if she likes it when she gets over there, she may stay a while. Her contract with Tiffany-Stahl is our idea of a swell agreement. It's for four pictures, but it doesn't say when; it doesn't say which. It's up to Patsy. If she likes a part, she'll play it. If not, better luck next time. Needless to say, she just loves working for Tiffany.

\* \* \*

Betty Bronson stepped off on her way to Europe for a vacation. She was looking forward to meeting Sir James Barrie in England and saying "Thank you!" Betty really does owe Sir James a little courtesy for writing *Peter Pan* and *A Kiss for Cinderella*, for if it hadn't been for the Barrie masterpieces, Betty might never have had her big chance to show what she could do. And she can still do it, too; make no mistake about that. This little girl is there; and what she needs even more than a great big hand is a great, big part, worthy of her talents.

\* \* \*

Dolores Del Rio is going to play nice, ladylike parts from now on. No more undraped effects for Miss Del Rio—no more things like *The Loves of Carmen* which impious wits rechristened *Legs of Carmen*. Take it from Edwin Carewe—he's positive. Mr. Carewe, you know, deserves credit for discovering Dolores. He is her picture guide, patron, and friend. He will steer

her talents into more dignified dramatic fields from now on—beginning, in fact, with *Ramona*.

Carewe himself is an interesting figure. He is of the Chickasaw tribe of Indians. His real name is Chula, which means Fox. Carewe, however, is now his legal name. He has been directing for fifteen years, and now is a producer-director, with such successes as *Resurrection* to his credit. While he was in New York, lunching at the Algonquin (honestly, we don't get free meals there; it's where everybody meets) he saw a picturesque man enter the dining-room. His gypsy-like appearance interested the director, and he asked his name. "That's Konrad Bercovici," he was told. "And it's his story, *The Bear-Tamer's Daughter*, that you bought for Dolores Del Rio to star in." Carewe said that if Bercovici hadn't turned out to be a well-known author he would have made him an offer to go into movies!

\* \* \*

Lucila Mendez used to be a dancer in a Broadway show. Then she married director Ralph Ince and went to California. She came back the other day, as sprightly as ever, to make a personal appearance with *Coney Island*, one of her husband's pictures, in which she plays an important part. Lucila does a dance warranted to be hot, and seems to have made a hit. But movies mean nothing in her life compared to Broadway. She wants to go back on the stage again, and doing her dance for a real, flesh-and-blood, over-the-footlights audience. And she has had plenty of offers. Instead of taking them, however, she turned right around and went back to sunny California. For a very good reason, too, says Lucila. Although she has been married two whole years, she's still very much in love with her husband. So as long as Ralph Ince makes pictures in California, Lucila Mendez will stifle her Broadway ambitions. We call that devotion!

\* \* \*

Ben Lyon came back. Three guesses why. In spite of all the rumors to the contrary, Ben and Marilynn Miller still seem to think a lot of each other. If Ben's work didn't keep him in California most of the time, and Miss Miller's on Broadway—well, write your own happy ending. As it is, Mr. Lyon dashes east whenever he can. He and Miss Miller were seen together at the smart supper-clubs, here and there; and they make such a handsome couple everybody beams at them, and hopes for the best!

Ben Lyon is one of the nicest boys in pictures. He has lost the cupid-like contour which kept him so definitely in the juvenile class, and looks much more interesting. Incidentally, he has just about the most perfect manners of any young actor I can think of! Ben's mother certainly did a good job.

\* \* \*

It's really Morrie Ryskind's business to tell you, but in case he overlooks it this month, you might like to hear about the repertoire company holding forth at the Cosmopolitan Theatre up at Columbus Circle, for the reason that it boasts an imposing list of names who once meant something—a great deal, in fact—in pictures.

Robert Warwick, Frank Keenan, Vivian Martin and Charles Ray all belong. Mr. Ray played the leading male role in *Within the Law*, while the first three stars were in the all-star revival of *Sherlock Holmes*.

\* \* \*

When Charlie Ray was on the road this season his picture fans crowded the theatre so the house did three times its normal business and the manager had to slip him out the front way into a cab after every play because of the stage door mob.



*Together Again — Continued from page 47*

passed the zero and changed from a quantity into a minus.

The one reelers went out and passed into obscurity. Their purpose was not to make fame or fortune. Their purpose in the scheme of motion picture history was to bring together Emil Jannings and Ernst Lubitsch. Out of them sprang friendship, respect, admiration, each for the other.

Bigger pictures followed. Lubitsch has a bubbling sense of humor. His little black eyes are twinkling with it three fourths of the time. Jannings has a laugh which shakes the studio walls. They were like school boys together. They still are. Years afterwards, with a great production like *The Patriot* on their shoulders, they can still play jokes on each other, still go to lunch and choke with laughter over their food. So Michael-Angelo might have laughed gigantic Homeric laughter as he munched his bread and cheese and drank his Tuscan wine, resting from his labors upon the carving of Moses from the rock, dreaming of sculpturing a whole mountain into giants. For Jannings and Lubitsch are doing that in *The Patriot*. They are carving mountainous figures out of history, Russian history, stark, terrible, bizarre, backed up against leagues of Russian snow, veined with a red net of blood, Jannings is giving the screen a monstrous characterization of Czar Paul, the First, of Russia; Lubitsch is framing it with a drama of terrible strength and reality. Florence Vidor, Lewis Stone, Neil Hamilton, Harry Cording are in the drama. The soul of Lubitsch is there also, the flame of his genius.

They can work, these two, as well as play. Frolicsome tom-boys at their pranks, giants at their work. Once, years ago, in *Passion*, they put Jannings into a coffin, ready for the burial scenes of Louis XV. Then, finger on lips, Lubitsch tip-toed off the set, leading his company with him. They all went home, Jannings lay, with closed eyes, giving a great performance of the dead monarch. After a long time, he opened his eyes and found himself deserted. Everywhere were empty sets. The deserted studio rang with his laughter. He also

went home.

Three days later, Lubitsch and every member of the company received mysterious telephone calls from the Hotel Aldon. They were told that a great American producer was there. They were invited to come to see him and sign contracts for making pictures in America. In addition every actor in Berlin was invited. They were all given the same time for their appointment. Many of them hated each other; had not spoken for years.

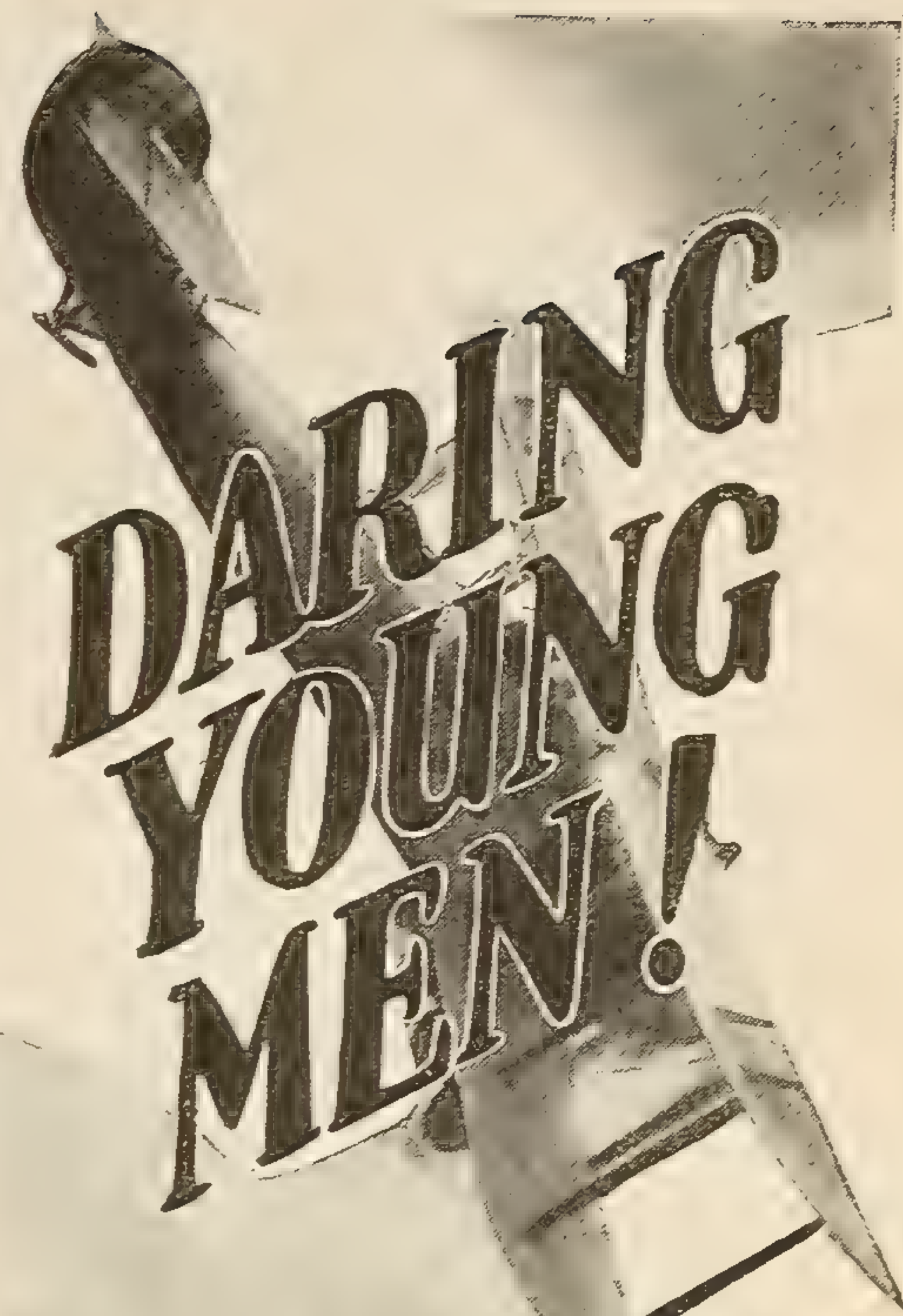
On the day of the meeting, Jannings sat in his room at the Aldon, laughing great, wall-shaking laughs while the hallways were crowded with angry actors, all seeking the great American producer. Lubitsch was there, also. As the crowd began to realize they had been duped, Jannings appeared, smiling blandly. The crowd joined him in his laughter, infectious, irresistible. The score between Jannings and Lubitsch was even.

Jokes! The story of their relations is splendid with them. They have strewn their paths with mirth—and genius. *Deception*, *Passion*, *Loves of Pharaoh*, great pictures made together, world famous. And now, after ten years apart, together once more in the making of *The Patriot*.

A little older, a little mellow, but still the same pair of yesterday and obscurity. Jannings still loves mirth, good fellowship; still goes from a quiet chuckle to the amazing masterly pantomime which he has made his own. Lubitsch still smokes his black, ropy cigars, chewing them at one end, burning them at the other. Between them, blending their wills, together, they are making *The Patriot*, the work of their combined genius which has ripened, full-flavored, after years of work, striving and creative effort.

"Me, I am very happy," says Jannings and shambles into the glare of the lights to play a scene of the fear-haunted Czar.

"Shoot!" says Lubitsch, his jaws nervously clamping his cigar. "That's goot. Now, Emil, do you remember—!" and the pair go back with swift thoughts into the past they both have left so far behind them.



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## Ask Me — Continued from page 4

iels in *The Campus Flirt* and with Pola Negri in *Hotel Imperial*, with Betty Bronson in *Ritz* and with Louis Brooks, Nancy Nash, Richard Arlen and El Brendel in *Rolled Stockings*.

Jane of Middletown, Ohio. So you don't want my job? To be real chummy, I'm rather glad you don't for I like it myself. The fans are all so kind and considerate about waiting their turn to get their answers in print and that makes my work a pleasure. Kathleen Norris's film activities have been with Mary Pickford in writing *My Best Girl*, so I suggest you address her care of Pickford-Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, Calif. Nita Naldi has not made a picture for some time but if she does, I'll let you know.

Regina, Youngwood, Pa. Thank you very kindly for your congratulations on my department. It gave me quite a thrill. As far as I know, the film, *The White Moth* is not in book form. Conway Tearle was born in New York City in 1880. He has dark brown hair and eyes, is 5 feet 10½ inches tall and weighs 160 pounds. He is the husband of Adele Rowland. His latest picture is *The Isle of Forgotten Men*, playing opposite Dorothy Sebastian. The film was made at Columbia Pictures Corp., 1408 Gower St., Hollywood, Calif. No, I can't give you Clara Bow's home address but you'll find her at work most of the time at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Calif. Bebe Daniels was born Jan. 14, 1901, in Dallas, Texas. She weighs 110 pounds. Write to me as often as you like; you're not a pest so don't call yourself names; stick to the one that was given you.

Sally Phillips! Let's hear from you—tell me all about yourself so I can pass it on to G. P., 33 Court St., White Plains, N. Y. Better hurry, Sally, for several of your fan friends want to know all about you. Did you ever dance in Fred Stone's *Stepping Stones*? Speak up, Sally.

Chickie of Philadelphia. You want to know all the 'ins and outs' of Donald Reed. I have made many a 'home run,' stopped a fowl on the home plate and now you ask me to tell you all I know about 'Flapper's Delight'—in other words of the same species, what do I know about Donald Reed? His real name is Ernesto Avila Guillen and he was born in Mexico City, July 23, 1902. With black hair, dark brown eyes and a smile that won't wear off, he is a continuous invitation to the movies, for we are always hoping we will see more of him. Come on, Donald, step into some nice fat part; we are willing to risk an evening's entertainment on you.

A Vee Dee Fan, St. Louis. Extreme modesty forbids my telling in print all the nice things you said about my department, but you think if Clara Bow has 'It' then I must have 'Wit.' Just fancy that! Gertrude Olmsted was born in Chicago, Ill. She has chestnut brown hair and gray-blue eyes, is 5 feet 2 inches tall and weighs 117 pounds. She is the wife of Robert Leonard, the director. You can address her at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Calif., where she has been working in *Sporting Goods* with Richard Dix. I believe she will send you a picture if you ask her prettily and wittily. Norma Shearer can be addressed at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

Studios, Hollywood, Calif., where she will make several pictures upon her return from a trip abroad with her husband, Irving Thalberg. Do I know of any stars who, personally answer their mail? Yes, I do! But you tell me, 'you don't believe it'—so what's the use?

Irene Vlinich, 37 Riverdale Ave., Buffalo, N. Y. Judging from your little poem, you have a kind heart, bubbling over with good wishes for SCREENLAND, and I'll be glad to give you the addresses you want. You can write to Mary Carr at Paramount Famous Lasky Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Bert Lytell can be reached at Columbia Pictures Corp., 1408 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. Herbert Rawlinson gets his mail at 1735 Highland St., Los Angeles, Cal. Baby Peggy is on the stage in vaudeville, so her permanent address is not available.

Melba Permenter, Talihina, Okla. Who do I think is the most popular star? You'll have to speak a little louder—do you mean star or star-let? I do hate to be contradicted and if I'd tell you, I'd have to tell the whole world and then what would happen to the cinema world? Yes, what would? Marie Prevost is 30 years old, Clara Bow is 23, Esther Ralston is 26, Betty Bronson is 21, and Ramon Novarro is 29. Marie Prevost is 5 feet 4 inches tall. Ramon Novarro is 5 feet 10½ inches tall.

Just Nineteen, Gulport, Miss. So I'm sitting up there on the top of the world in tattered overalls, fishing! Your glimpse into the past, present and future is a wow, but you fail to tell me what I'm fishing for and with a line like that I'm sunk! You want to write to Clara Bow but want me to suggest the color of stationery to use. Well, Kitten, to all the single girls, I'd use plain white—and to those that are happily married, I'd use the same. To avoid any confusion, I'd suggest you use a different piece of paper for each one—I think that would turn the trick. Louise Brooks is the wife of Eddie Sutherland. Bebe Daniels is making *The Fifty Fifth Girl* at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Calif. Clara Bow is at the same studio. You are sure I use only the best letters for the book—not so, my friend; I use them all.

Gladys of Fenton, Mich. No, you are wrong about Barbara Kent playing in *Stark Love*—it was Helen Munday, the little Knoxville, Tenn., girl who played so delightfully in that film. Helen made many friends as the result of that picture, who have been writing me about her and they all want to see her again. Here is another boost for her. Raymond Kean was born in Denver, Colo., in 1907. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 168 pounds, has black hair and blue eyes. Ken Maynard is on the sunny side of 33 years. That cute little trick, Frankie Darro, was born Dec. 22, 1918, in Chicago, Ill. He appeared in vaudeville with his parents for several years before he was cast for a part in the film, *Judgment of the Storm*. He played with Norma Talmadge in *Kiki* as the newsboy and with Colleen Moore in *So Big*. He is playing with Tom Tyler in *Hearts and Hoofs* at the FBO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Calif.

J. G. H., New York. So James Hall has your heart—does he know about it? Bet-



ter keep it as Jimmy is married. He was born in Dallas, Texas, Oct. 22, 1900; is 5 feet 11 inches tall and weighs 156 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes. As far as I know, he sends out pictures to his movie friends. Did you know that Jimmy is a good singer? He was in musical comedy before the movies got him. He has been working at Metropolitan Studios, 1040 Las Palmas Ave., Hollywood, in *Hell's Angels* but you can address him at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Calif., where he is again making a picture with Bebe Daniels.

*Jeanne I. S., Newark.* You are as ever but you don't say *what-ever*, and I've no head for figgers, though my eyes are all right. You can reach Claire Windsor at Columbia Pictures Corp., 1408 Gower St., Hollywood, Calif. Louise Brooks at Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Calif., where she is playing with Victor McLaglen in *A Girl in Every Port*. Virginia Lee Corbin has left First National and will free-lance for several pictures.

*Amarie, Taunton, Mass.* So you want your information on the instalment plan, do you? Sorry, but this is a cash and carry department and no extra charge on the original investment. There wasn't any Bobby Doyle in *Johnnie Get Your Hair Cut*, so you must mean Jackie Coogan who played the role of *Johnnie Daly*. Others in the cast were, Maurice Costello as James J. Ryan, Jim Corrigan as 'Pop' Slocum, Mattie Whitting was Mother Flapp and Pat Harrigan was Jiggs Bradley. Now if it's Jackie Coogan that you have on your mind, I'll give you his address—673 South Oxford Ave., Los Angeles, Calif. Charles Delaney is playing in *Home, James* at Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif.

*Jeanette of Gary.* Indiana, here I come! But I won't hold that against you. Look who came from your state—Alice Terry, Louise Fazenda, Louise Dresser, Buck Jones, John Bowers, Monte Blue and I could name others. Barbara Kent was born in Gadsby, Alberta, Canada, on Dec. 18, 1908. She has long auburn hair, blue eyes, is 5 feet tall and weighs 105 pounds. Address her at Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif. Write to Anna Q. Nilsson at the same studio.

*N. L. M. of Lansing, Mich.* You want me to straighten out some things in your head? At your service—Choose your own weapons. Ah-hah! This really promises to be good. Sally O'Neill was born Oct. 23, 1908, in Bayonne, N. J. She has black hair, dark blue eyes, is 5 feet 2 inches tall and weighs 105 pounds. You don't need to believe Billie Dove is a blonde for she has dark brown hair and eyes with the longest black lashes, I hope you ever saw. Her latest film is *The Love Mart* with Gilbert Roland.

*Norma, A John Bowers Fan.* You touched my heart with your nifty compliments on my department and off goes my hat. See, I'll never get that hat on again! I'll put in a good word to the editor about your request for a picture of John Bowers for the magazine. John was born in Indiana but he doesn't say when. He has brown hair and eyes, is 6 feet tall and weighs 175 pounds. His wife, Marguerite de la Motte, was born in Duluth, Minn. She has light brown hair and hazel eyes, is 5 feet 2 inches tall and weighs 105 pounds.

*Emma E, the Screen Lover.* Stand aside, all you good-looking screen lovers, I have the pleasure of presenting a new one from the 'show me' state, Missouri. Your favorite, Ronald Colman, has black hair, brown eyes, is 5 feet 10 inches tall and weighs 165 pounds. He is 37 years old. He has never changed his name and is not married.

*Marion Elizabeth, Washington, D. C.* Sorry about James Hall's birthday card but you can send him one on his next anniversary. So you want a story about James—well, I'll have another conference with the editor and see what we can do for you. Josephine Dunn is stepping right along and you'll see her with Billie Dove in *The Heart of a Follies Girl*. Josephine was born in New York City, May 1, 1907. She is a blue-eyed blonde, 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs 115 pounds.

*Brown Eyes of Oregon.* Speaking of pictures, have you seen Arthur Edmund Carewe in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*? He is the slave, George Harris. Mr. Carewe was born March 5, 1884, in Trebizond, Armenia. He has black hair and dark brown eyes, is 6 feet tall and weighs 165 pounds. You no doubt, saw him in *The Claw*. You can write to him at Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

*Freckles, Kaysville, Utah.* ..So this is the first time you have tried to get in my cozy corner, and will I let you in? Climb right over that stack of letters—be careful, there's another pile! I can give you a word picture of Grant Withers but for the real thing, you will have to ask him. He is about 24 years old, has light brown hair and gray eyes and is 6 feet tall. You can address him at FBO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Calif. Alberta Vaughn was born in Ashland, Ky. She played opposite Eugene O'Brien in *The Romantic Age* for Columbia Pictures, 1408 Gower St., Hollywood, Calif. Larry Kent is one of the reasons why you will like *The Heart of a Follies Girl*. He gets his mail at the First National Studios, Burbank, Calif. I do not know that any of the stars you mention, require money for their photos.

*Cherry Dale, Myrtle Beach, S. C.* With a name like that you belong in a song or my eyes have played me a low-down trick. What-ho!—and a bottle of mint-julep. Clara Bow's a peach, you're a cherry and I'm supposed to be "It"—well, I'm glad I'm not a lemon in your garden of verses. Clara Bow is 22 years old and she uses her own name in pictures. She is making pictures at Paramount Studios, but I can't tell you just how you would go about seeing her in Hollywood—you think up something, I don't want to get pinched.

*J. T. G. of Lockport, N. Y.* I'll be blessed if I give you some information, will I? Catch me missing anything like that! I can plainly see that Mr. Cecil De Mille, Tom Mix and Fred Thompson are going to get letters, and I'm no palm reader at that. You can write to Tom at Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Calif. Cecil De Mille can be found at the De Mille Studios, Culver City, Calif. Fred Thompson and his horse, Silver King, can be reached at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood.

*Pal from Penna.* Virginia Lee Corbin is not Jane Lee grown up. The Lee girls, Jane and Catherine have been in vaudeville and doing a singing and talking act for the Warner Bros. Vitaphone. They haven't

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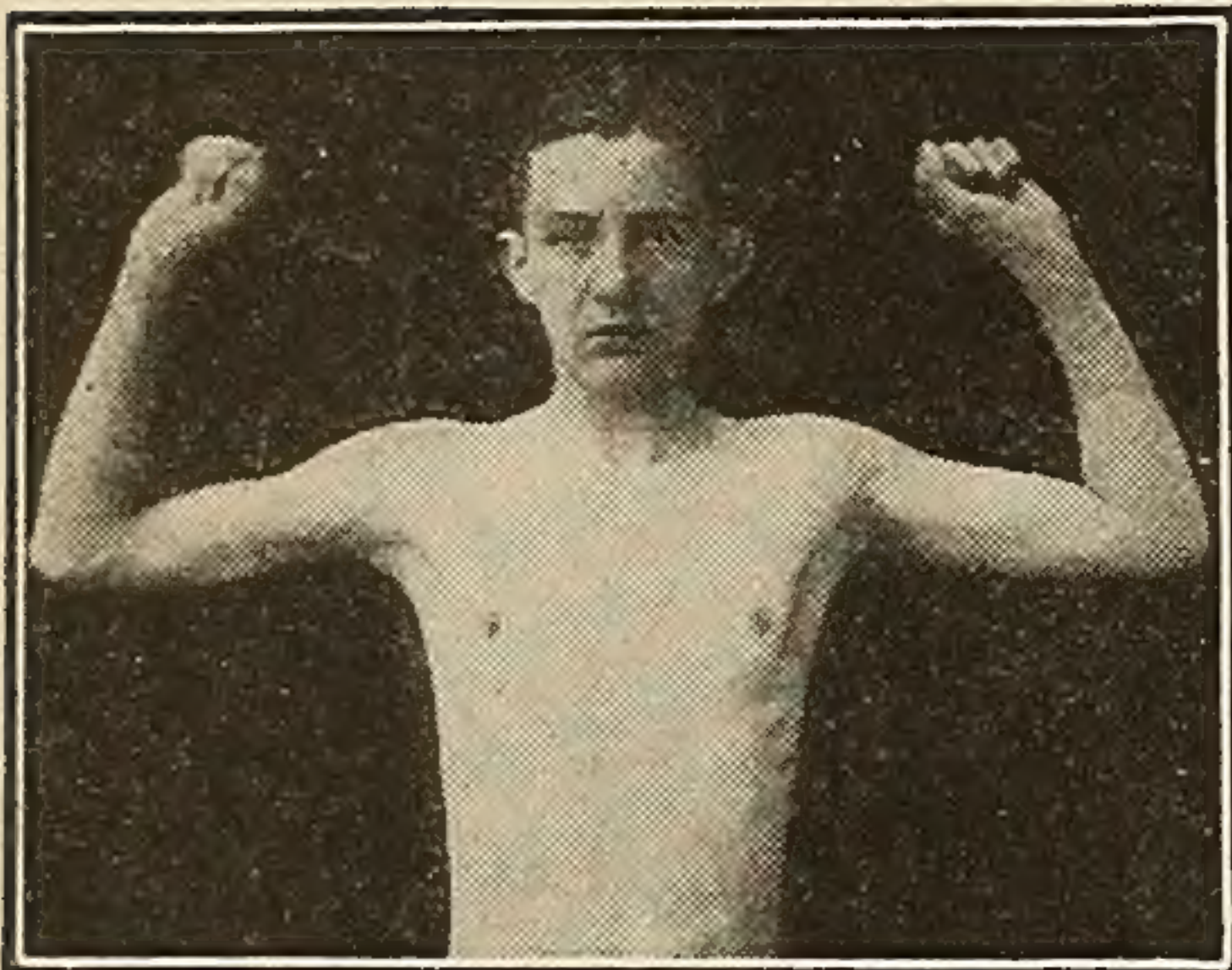
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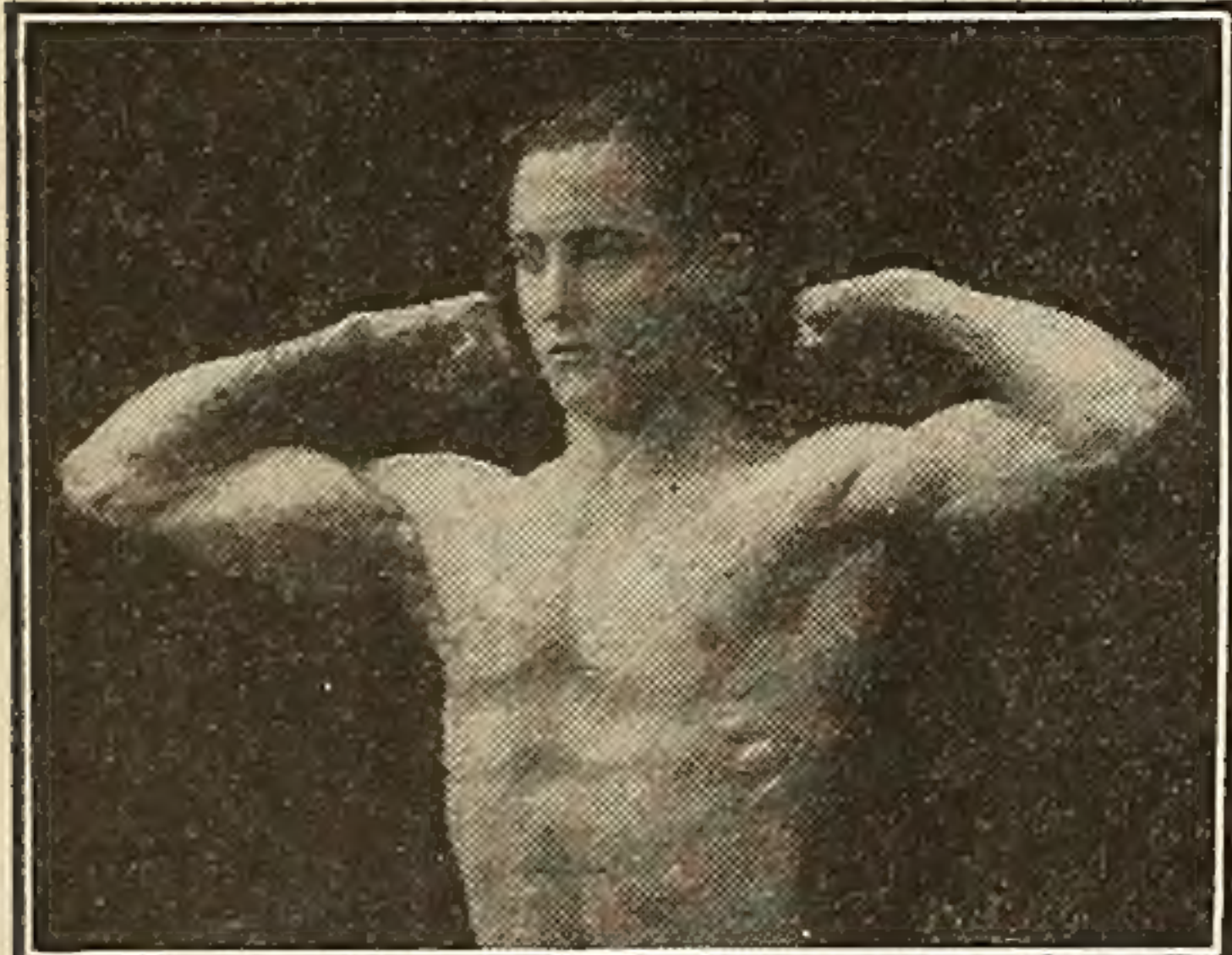


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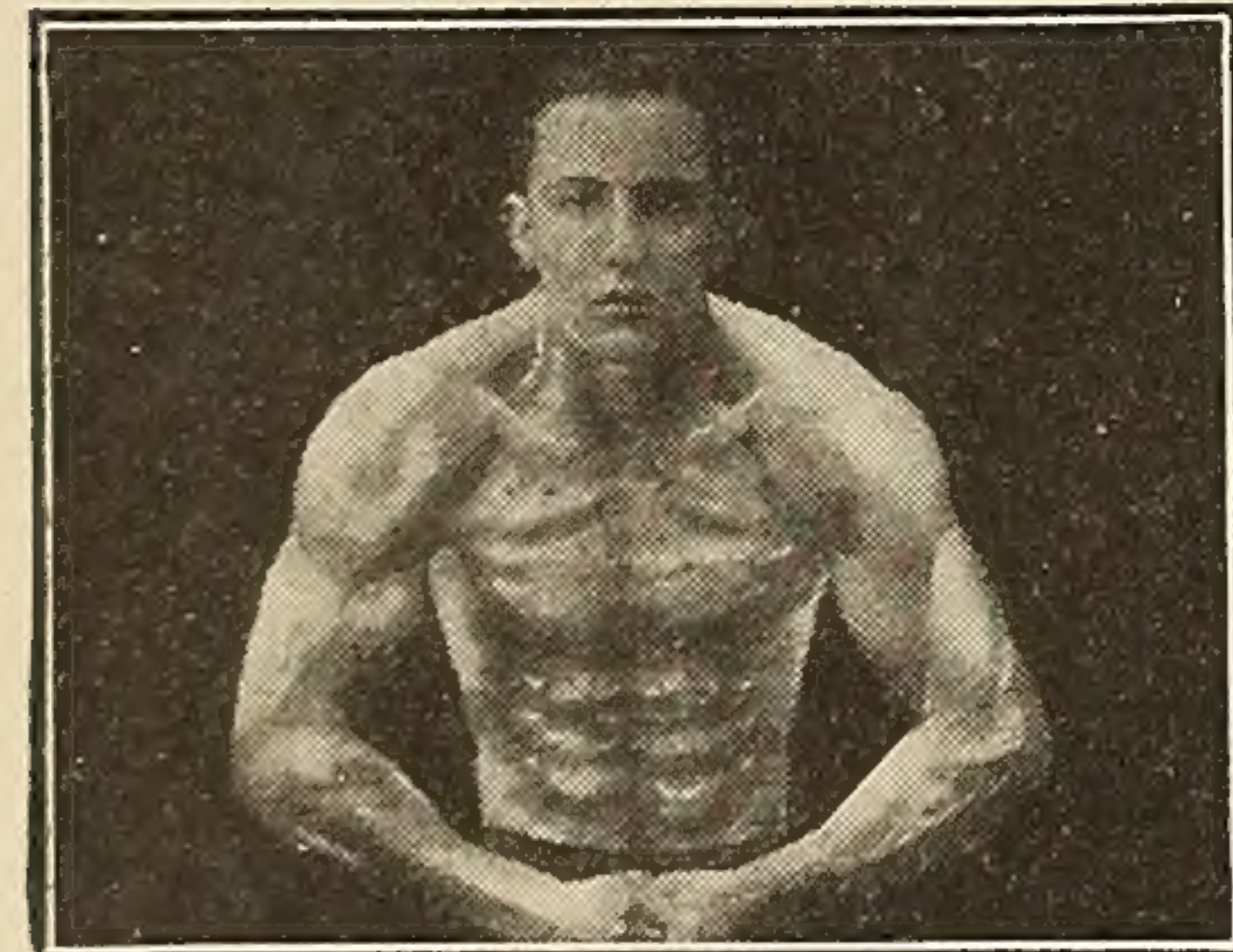
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been in films for a long time. Norma Shearer's latest picture is *The Latest from Paris*. Lois Moran is playing with George O'Brien in *Sharp Shooters*. Dorothy Mackail is starred with Jack Mulhall in *Ladies' Night in a Turkish Bath*. Reed Howes and Big Boy Williams are in the cast. Thanks for your good wishes, Pal, I need 'em.

Mimsey S., *Santa Barbara*. This is a rush order on eyes—blue eyes, brown eyes, black eyes or what have you? John Barrymore has light brown eyes and brown hair, is 5 feet 10 inches tall and weighs 160 pounds.

Alberta C. of *Haverhill, Mass.* Since Gary Cooper came riding along, your heart goes galloping too. Gary is going over big these days but it has not been all smooth riding for him. He was born May 7, 1901, in Helena, Mont. At the age of 13, when ready for High School, he was seriously injured in an automobile accident and for two years lived on his fathers' ranch in Montana. After two years at college, he worked as a cartoonist on his home town paper, then decided to try out Los Angeles. He started in the extra ranks and had small parts for more than a year. Then the good "breaks"—bigger and better parts, *Children of Divorce*, *Arizona Bound*, *The Last Outlaw* and now comes the best of all for Gary, *The Legion of the Condemned*. Address him at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Calif.

I. Ayers, *No. Philadelphia*. Why don't you write to Agnes and get your relationship all straightened out? You bet I would! All my long lost film relations have been discovered and I made 'em like it, too. Agnes Ayres appears in a Technicolor film, *Lady of Victories*, a love drama of Napoleon and Josephine. Agnes was born in Chicago, Ill. She has blue eyes, blonde hair, is 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs 120 pounds.

Booky of *Stroudsburg*. No, Johnny Hines is not married. Louise Brooks and Clive Brook are not related. Junior Coghlan is not the son of Chester Conklin and

Johnny Hines' wire-haired terrier and Bozo, the goose, are just good friends. Viola Dana and Shirley Mason are sisters. William Haines' next picture is *The Smart Set*. Joan Crawford is stepping lively from one good part to another. Her latest film is *Rose Marie* with James Murray.

Mr. Honey Boy from *Celina*. Is that the home of all the wise-crackers? Well, I've a few nifties myself. I'm not a man and I've never won a beauty contest but I'm no goose-berry! Mary Pickford has beautiful long curly hair and it's all her own. Gilbert Roland plays opposite Billie Dove in *The Love Mart*. Address them at First National Studios, Burbank, Calif. George O'Brien was born in 1900. He has black hair and eyes, is 6 feet tall and weighs 175 pounds. Gilbert Roland was born in New Mexico 23 years ago.

Dorothy and Clara of *N. Y.* Yes, it's true that Einar Hanson was killed in an automobile accident. A fine actor and a charming gentleman. He was making a place in the hearts of the screen public when he was stricken. You might try writing to Paramount Publicity Dept. and ask if they could supply you with a picture of the late Mr. Hanson.

Rose Marie of *Detroit*. Billie Dove has her innings this month, and why shouldn't she? Her real name is Lillian Bohny. She has dark brown hair and eyes and is 5 feet 5 inches tall. The Costello sisters, Dolores and Helene, were born in New York City. Mrs. Lloyd Hughes was Gloria Hope before Lloyd persuaded her to change her name.

Miss Curiosity, *Reading, Pa.* If I describe John Gilbert would you know him? Can I make you see his dark brown hair and eyes if I tell you he is 5 feet 10 inches tall and weighs 160 pounds? Has he a mustache? Yes, he has; and you can see it, too. And he hasn't a brother Jack, for they are one and the same. He is playing in *The Cossacks* with Renee Adoree. You can address him at Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Calif.





## *Micky says.*

"You may smile at my picture, but I'll bet you'd give a whole lot to have a skin as soft and smooth as mine!

"Well, just to show you I'm as good-natured as I look, I'll let you in on the secret: Mother bathes me every day—and she *always* uses **BLACK<sub>AND</sub>WHITE** Skin Soap.

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"Of course, her skin isn't quite as pretty as mine, but then Sis didn't start using **BLACK<sub>AND</sub>WHITE** Skin Soap as young as I did. She's making up for lost time now, though, by using it *every* day.

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If you would like a copy of Micky's picture, suitable for framing, address Plough, Box 1507, Memphis, Tenn.

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