

JULY, 1928

The Quality Magazine

PRICE 25 CENTS

17-3

Screenland



EVELYN BRENT

Painted by

Georgia Warren

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Clara Bow's

- IT -

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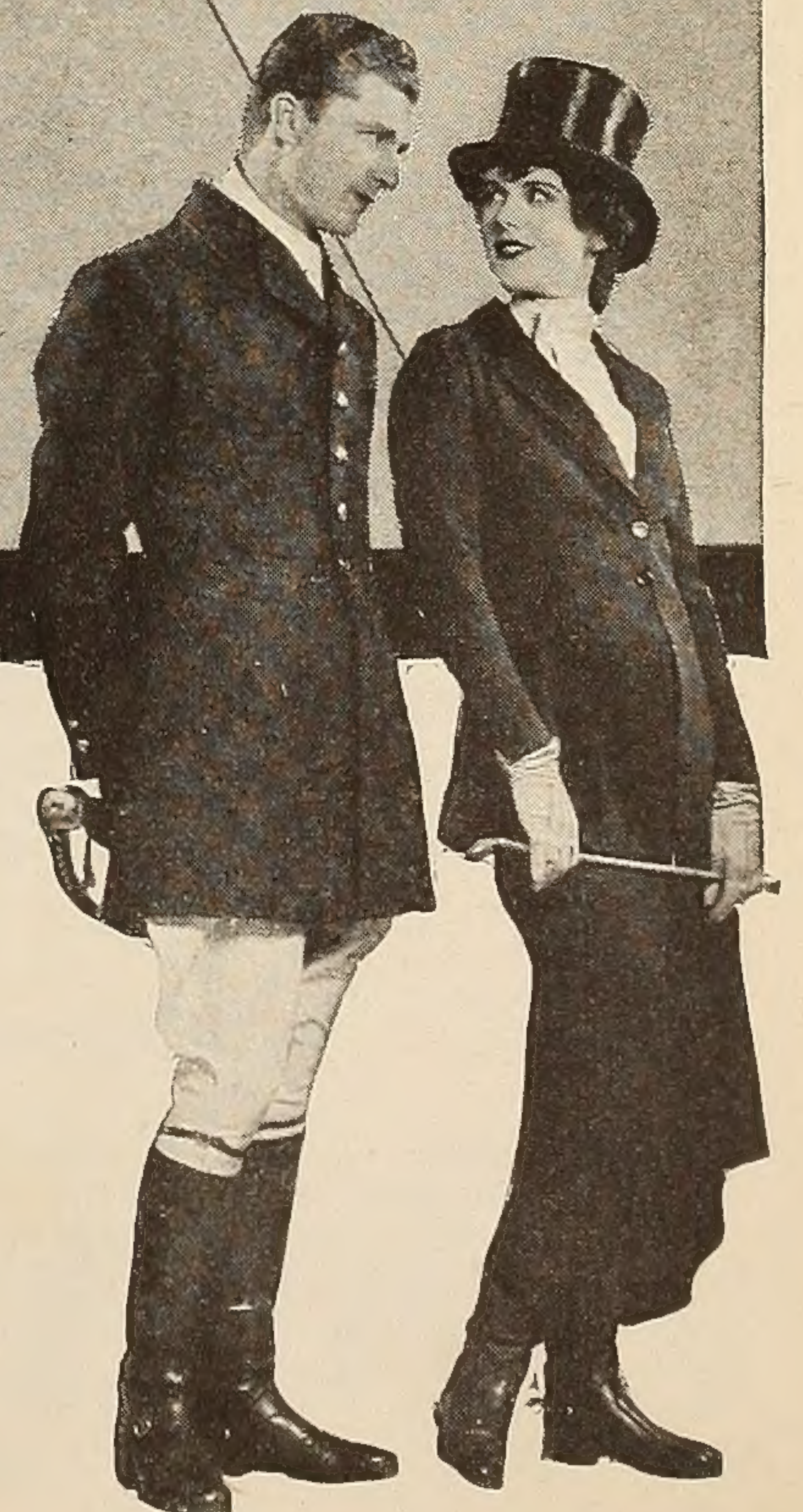
TAKING his story from "Hangman's House," the greatest novel Donn Byrne ever wrote and one of the world's best sellers, John Ford has again revealed his peerless genius for making screen history.

"Hangman's House" will be a great picture even ten years from now. Its wild, high-spirited tale of Irish love and hatred, Irish devotion and Irish vengeance, will never grow old!

You'll see your favorites at their best in this masterpiece of one of the

world's master story tellers—Victor McLaglen as the mysterious Citizen Hogan; June Collyer as the unwilling bride of the Villain D'Arcy, portrayed with rare skill by Earle Fox; handsome Lawrence Kent as the faithful lover and loyal friend—a superb cast assembled by an incomparable director to do justice to an inimitable story!

Watch for "Hangman's House" at your local theatre. Put it down now as one picture you don't want to miss!



“Evelyn Brent, the Girl on the Cover, is now making the film version of ‘Interference.’”

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



SCREENLAND

July, 1928

“The Spirit of the Movies”

Title Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
VOL. XVII, No. 3

Eliot Keen, Editor

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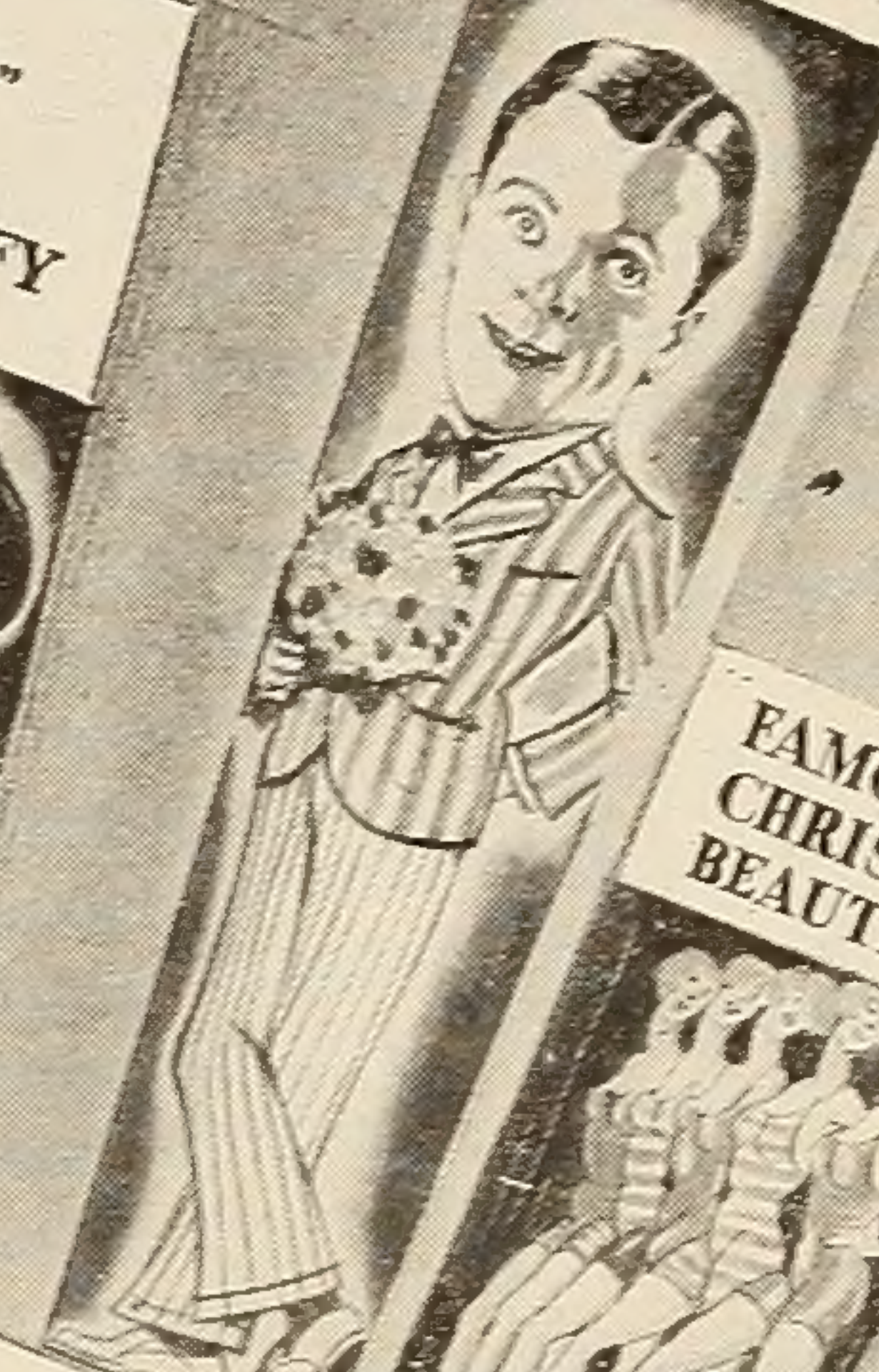
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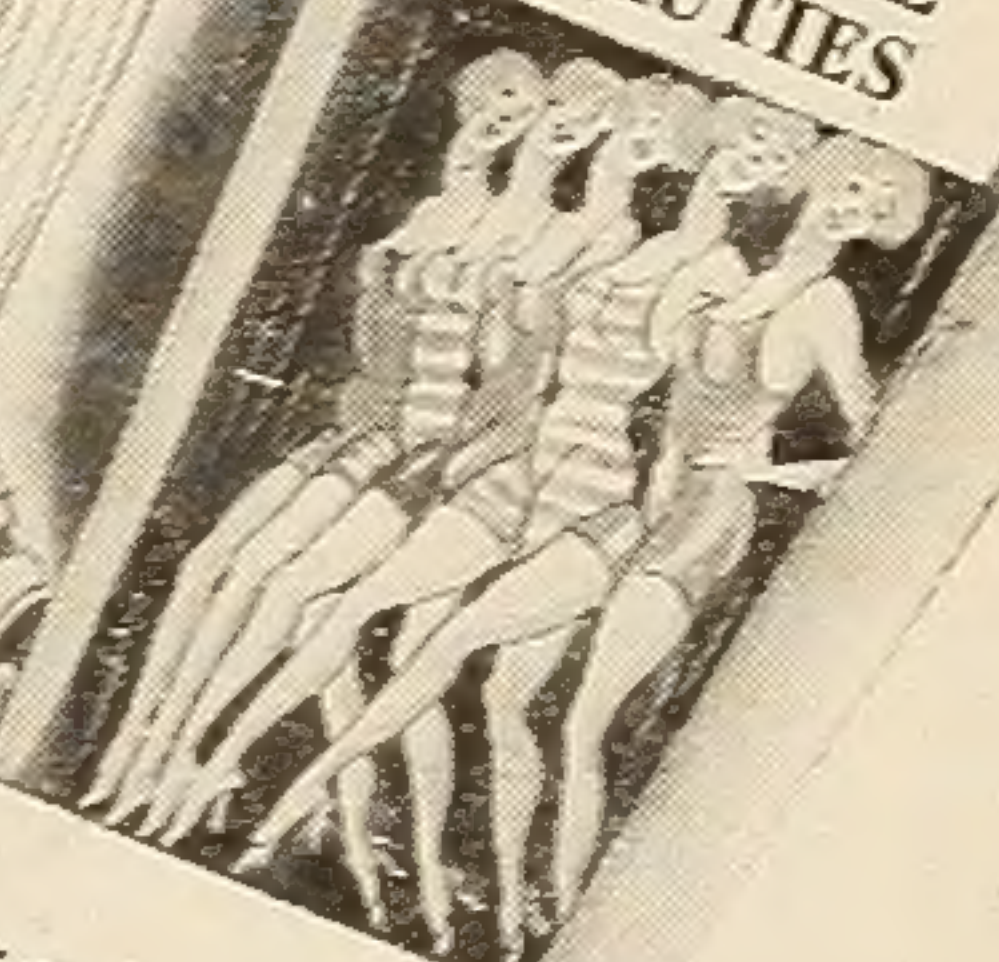
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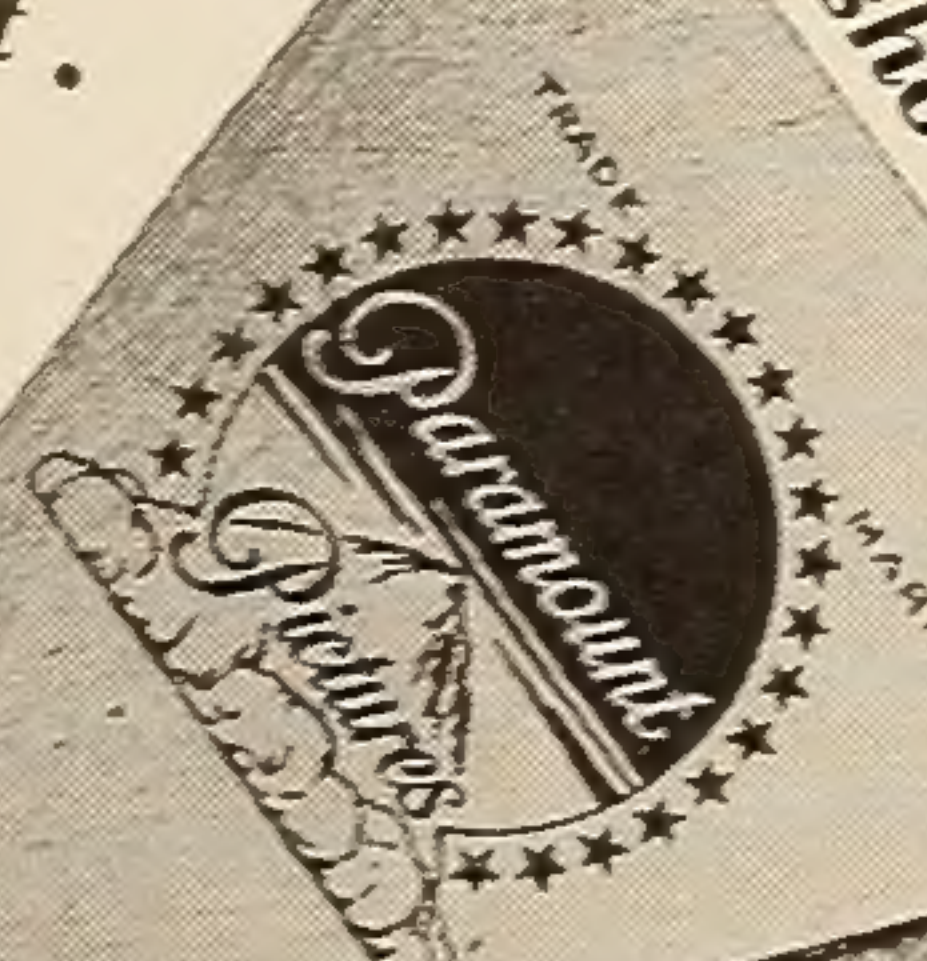
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¶ World-wide organization. Largest staff of expert camera men. Nine big local editions blanketing the United States serving each territory with local news events. All the news of all the world first and best.

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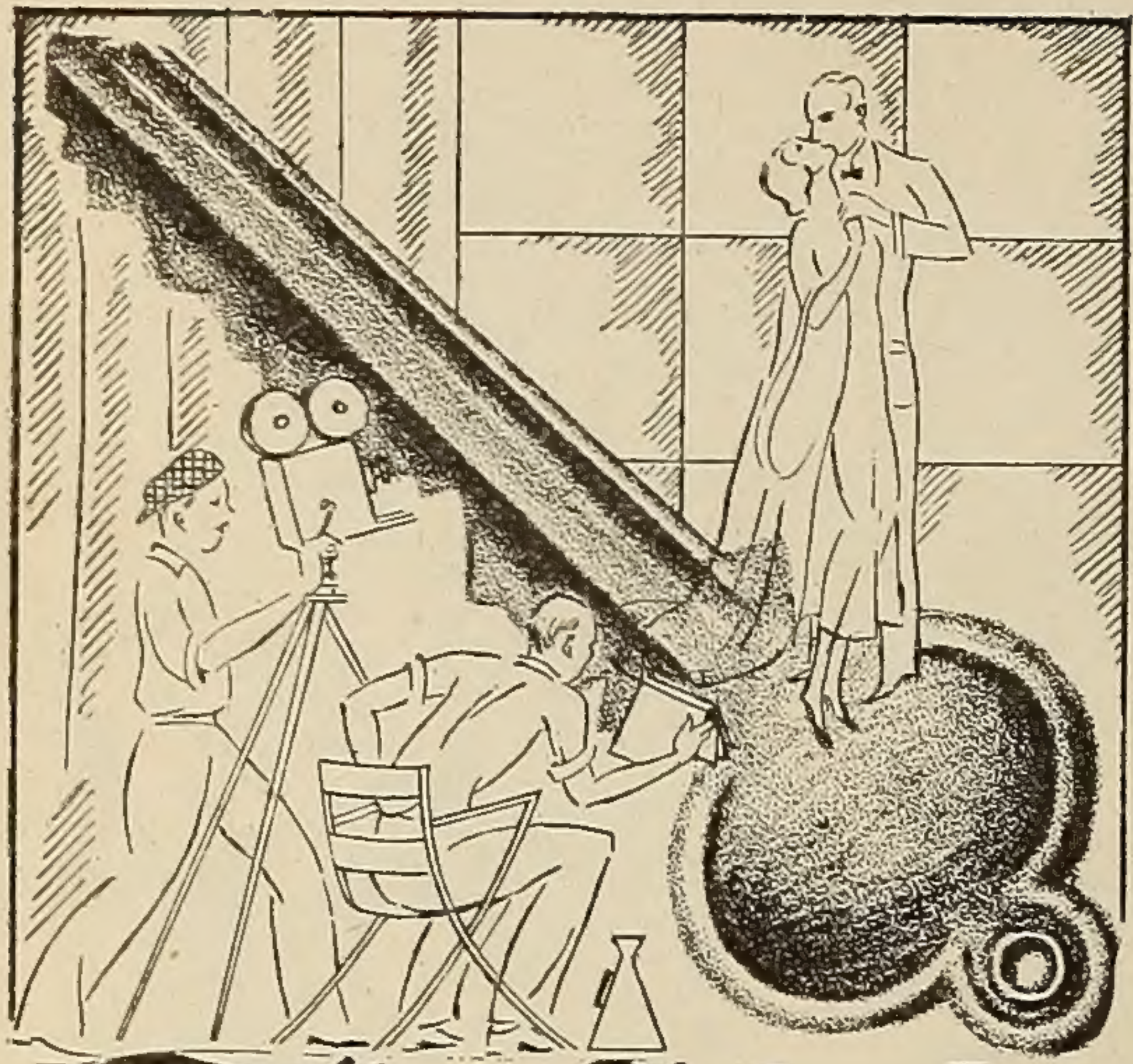


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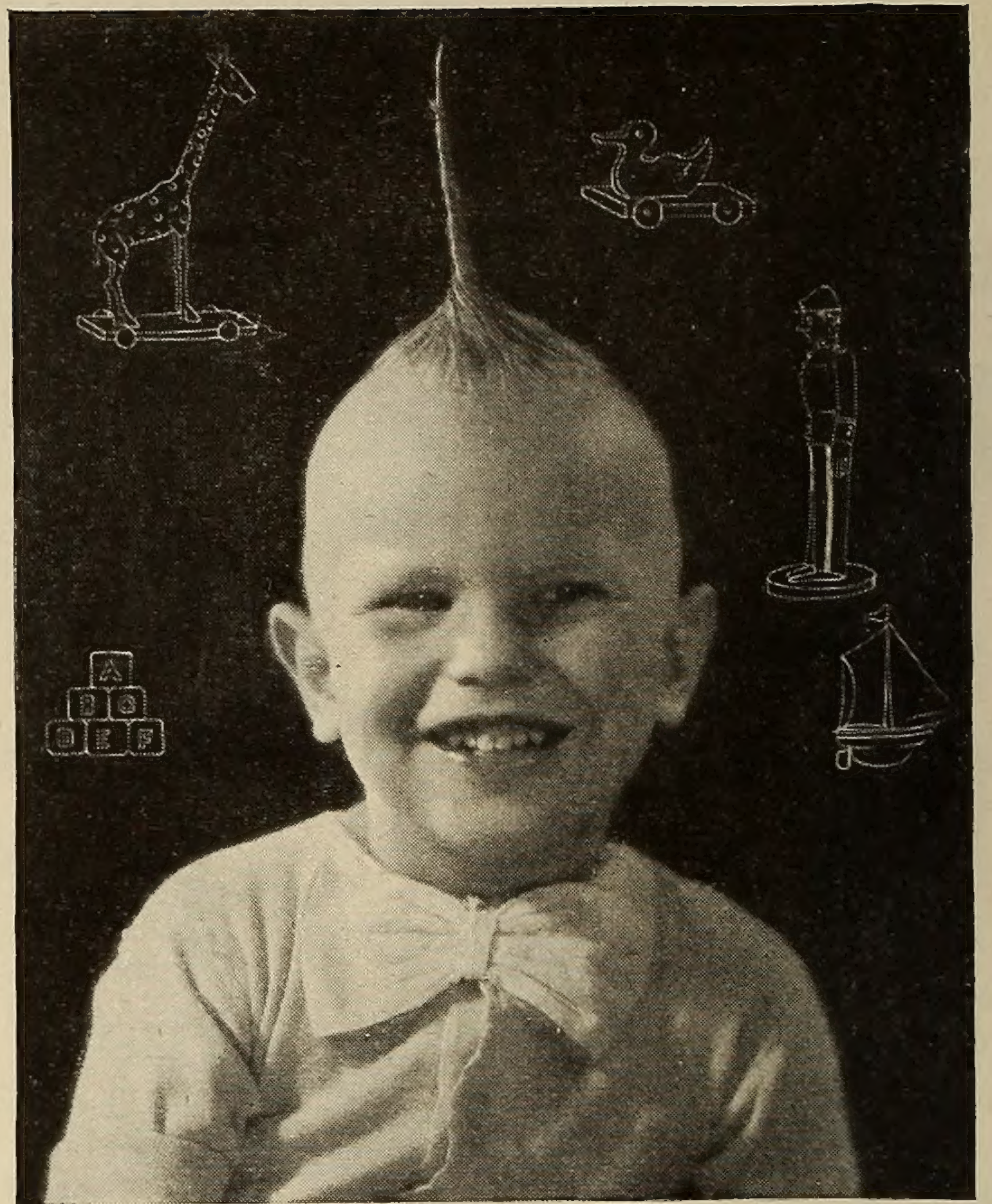
State.....

G-1

The Key To Hollywood



His real name is "Sunny" McKeen but "Snookums" and his turnip haircut are all right with us.



Ask Me

An Answer Page of Information
Address: MISS VEE DEE

SCREENLAND Magazine
49 West 45th Street
New York City

FRIENDS of SCREENLAND on the U. S. S. Colorado. Your wish of hearty cheer for our magazine is appreciated. So you think all SCREENLAND readers like Miss Vee Dee—well, if they're all conscious after that round of good cheer, I hope they do. Victor McLaglen has a bunch of pretty girls in his new film, *A Girl in Every Port*. Louise Brooks, Myrna Loy, Sally Rand, Natalia Kingston, Natalie Joyce, Dorothy Mathews, Elena Jurado, Gretel Yoltz, Marie Casajuana and Phalba Morgan make up a cast that most any sailor would walk miles to see. Am I right? Don't tell me!

G. S. G. of Los Angeles. Snappy and right to the point, leaving me without the usual come-back, for your letter couldn't have been shorter if you had taken longer to write. Louise Lorraine was born Oct. 1, 1901, in San Francisco, Calif. She has black hair, brown eyes, is 5 feet 1 inch tall and weighs 104 pounds. Her husband is Art Acord, but I believe they are separated. The latest seems to be that Louise is suing for divorce. Louise plays with those funny boys, Al Cooke and Kit Guard, in *Legionnaires in Paris*. Also opposite Johnny Hines in *Chinatown Charlie* and in Johnny's latest comedy as yet untitled. Address Louise c/o Johnny Hines, Tec-Art Studio, 5360 Melrose Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Irish Pat, Venice, Ill. "Isn't there a real honest-to-goodness Irishman in the movies?" Where have you been all this time, Pat? Meet the three Moore brothers, Owen, Tom and Matt. And here are Pat O'Mally, Douglas Gerrard and Creighton Hale waiting to be introduced. I can't think of

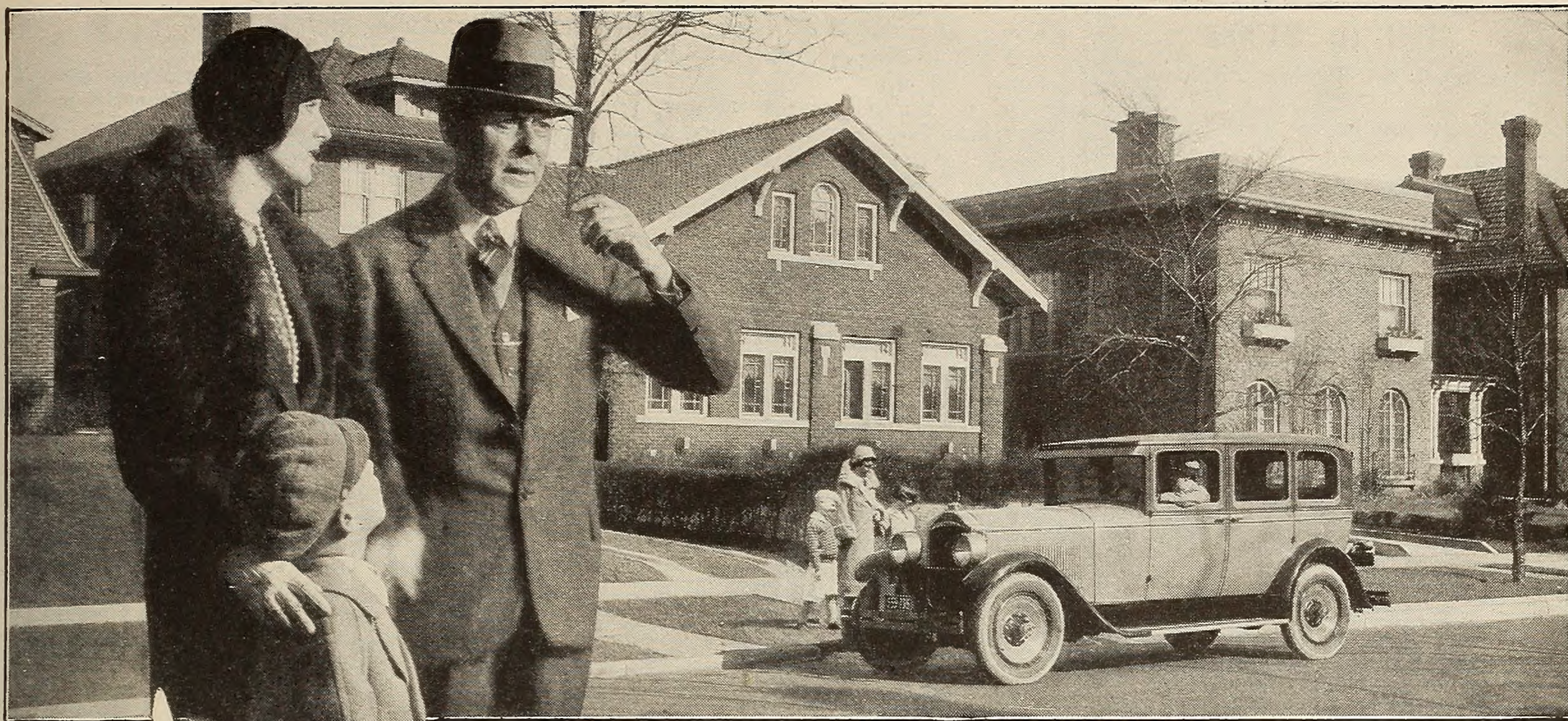
any more as we go to press but if any other Irishman can think of a good excuse for being in the movies, address me properly and I'll see that you get a seat with all your countrymen.

W. L. Z., Valley Mills, Texas. How do I ever answer all the questions I receive? That's easy, do I ever? Dolores Del Rio and Ramon Novarro were born in Mexico. Lya de Putti was born in Vesca, Hungary. William Boyd is a real American and comes from the Buckeye state. Figure that out in your spare time.

M. T. C. of Merion, Pa. Your style is a gift. Am I addressing a future Dickens or a Glyn? Who knows, I don't. Ronald Colman, Ralph Forbes and Percy Marmont have a quiet dignity that is a delight to many fans who take their movies seriously. Ralph Forbes was born in London, England, about 27 years ago. Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky's last co-starring film is *Two Lovers*. Percy Marmont is playing in *The Fruit of Divorce*.

Nancy Lee of Memphis, Tenn. If I could sign up with a title like that, there would be a vacant chair in my office. What would I do? Well, it's a long neck that has no turning and I'd get desperate and Bill-Haines my way into fame. Phyllis Haver and Harrison Ford can be addressed at Pathe De Mille Studios, Culver City, Calif. Claire Windsor gets her fan mail at Columbia Pictures Corp., 1408 Gower St., Hollywood, Calif. Alberta Vaughn is in the cast of *Skyscraper* with William Boyd and Sue Carol. Raymond Keane is with Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif.

(Continued on page 101)



“Daddy... Why Don't You Make Lots of Money Like Jimmy's Father?”

What could I say? Would you have admitted to your own boy—“I'm a failure, son.” I couldn't—and didn't. Today I am the prosperous father he expected me to be. Read how I did it.

I SUPPOSE a man can get used to calling himself a failure. But when I heard those words from the innocent lips of my little lad, it acted like an electric shock.

It happened one day while we were out walking. (You know it's not easy to afford a car on a hand to mouth salary.) We chanced to walk down a street where lived Tom Lawson, who used to work at the same desk with me, and whose youngster was my Bobby's playmate. And just as we approached the house, out stepped the Lawsons on their way for a day's ride in the country. They invited us along but pride held me back and I murmured a vague excuse.

Bobby stood watching them wistfully as they drove away. Then turned to me with a puzzled frown and asked: “Daddy, I'd like to ride in a auto'n live in a nice house like Jimmy Lawson. Why don't you make lots of money like Jimmy's father?”

“Hush, Bobby,” warned my wife hurriedly, “Daddy will have lots of money some day.” I stood transfixed, gazing after that luxurious sedan disappearing down the street. And then and there a great resolution was born. “Bobby”—I clasped his hand affectionately—“within a year I'll pass up Jimmy's father like a cloud of dust!”

How I Did It

The die was cast. I had to make good on that sacred promise, if I wanted to re-

tain that look of hero worship in my boy's eyes. But how was I to do it?

My chief fault was that I couldn't seem to sell my ability. Other men, whom I knew were no better than I, were getting promotions that I deserved. When talking to the boss, my words stuck in my throat. I was nervous, lacked poise, and made a poor impression on people. No wonder they had me down as “just a good old work horse”.

And then I made a discovery that changed my whole career. I began to hear tales of a remarkable new home study training that was being followed not only by men like me but by thousands of lawyers, bankers, politicians, etc. I sent for a free descriptive book entitled *How to Work Wonders with Words*.

To me it seems incredible that I could have changed so miraculously in a few weeks by this simple twenty-minute daily training. Work, nothing—it was actual sport! In a short time, people began to notice a change in me. They began to pay more attention when I voiced opinions. Instead of acting like a scared mouse when talking to customers and business superiors, I was a well-poised, self-confident, convincing speaker.

Promotions and salary increases followed fast. Six months later, I made the down payment on our suburban bungalow. Eight months later I drove a sporty new car up to the house. Rich rewards? Yes. But the richest reward of all was the proud boast of my boy—“I jis knew you'd do it, Dad!”

There is no magic, no trick, no mystery about becoming a powerful and convincing talker. You, too, can conquer timidity, stage fright, self-consciousness and bashfulness, win-

ning advancement in salary, popularity, social standing, and success. Thousands have accomplished just such amazing things through this simple, easy, yet effective training.

Send for this Amazing Book

This new method of training is fully described in a very interesting and informative booklet which is now being sent to everyone mailing the coupon below.

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

What 20 Minutes a Day Will Show You

- How to talk before your club or lodge
- How to address board meetings
- How to propose and respond to toasts
- How to make a political speech
- How to tell entertaining stories
- How to make after-dinner speeches
- How to converse interestingly
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- How to sell more goods
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\$100 to \$1000
Per Week in Motion Pictures?
YES!
If you Have "IT."

BUT folks, there is no way in the world to determine whether you do or do not have "IT", without actually making a SCREEN TEST of you.

Recent developments now make possible the making of SCREEN TESTS in almost any town or city, so our Directors and Cinematographers are going to nearly 100 towns and cities throughout the United States with their Cameras, lights, make-up and everything necessary for making these SCREEN TESTS of you and for you, and if you do have "IT", your TESTS will be submitted to the producers for their consideration. An opportunity of this kind has never before been presented, because of the formerly impracticable methods of making these TESTS outside of the studio.

To get a SCREEN TEST made by the studios, if you were right here in Hollywood, is almost an impossibility, therefore you can realize what this opportunity means to you.

Present plans include SCREEN TESTS of ONLY those registered in advance. This may be the opportunity of a lifetime. Do not fail to avail yourself of it. Full information and registration blanks will be furnished FREE UPON REQUEST.

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

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Send me your FREE booklet on skin treatment.

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SONGWRITERS!!!

SUBSTANTIAL ADVANCE ROYALTIES ARE PAID upon publishable work. ANYONE having original ideas for Songs may submit poems for examination and advice.—WALTER NEWCOMER, 1674 B'way, N. Y.

I have an idea for a movie that will not, alas, make the Dull family independent, nor will it ever be stolen nor remembered; but I like it.

It is the Cinderella motive reversed. We have had the sweet young thing come to the great city and make good until as a city dweller I'm nervous every time a train from New England arrives. Something must be done to protect us who, with our backs to the wall, one hand hanging to a strap, are trying to defend our hard-won perquisites. Propaganda must be propagated and my Reverse Cinderella motive is, as you might say, the first cinder in the devastating conflagration which shall scourge the damn Cinderellas back to their hearths. The plot has to do with a girl who reached the city. She is rich, bored and sick of it all, the first thing you know she's back in calico doing the chores at the poor farm. The cows love her and the birdies sing to her and all the girls left in the city are shown in the fadeout safe at last.

There is a wonderful new part of earth opened up for us this month in *The Marsh Arab*. The story tells of the life of Haji Rikkan, and it is such wonderful material for a film that Flaherty, who made *Nanook*, should start there at once, before Schoedsack who made *Grass* hears of it. Just to give you an idea of the possibilities, I have only to mention that the custom between the tribes is that when a man is killed by a member of another tribe, the guilty tribe has to hand over two women in payment. Perhaps Clarence Brown who directed *Flesh and the Devil* had better do it, after all, and he can work up something warm when Garbo is handed over to the enemy

tribe. Panorama of camp—showing all the Arabs dolling up!

A lot has been said that no one listened to and a lot written that nobody reads about shows with the pictures. The idea is, according to these writers, if you go to see pictures you're one kind of a person and if you go to see a dancer or a chorus or listen to jazz or what haven't they, then you are a different sort of customer. It is high time that I clarified this confusion. If you were the kind of individual who didn't like good music you wouldn't like pictures. If you hate jazz you'll hate Clara Bow, if you just can't stand a shapely chorus, then, old thing, Fitzmaurice, and I mean the director and not the air tripper, would be lost to you. If a snappy orchestra leader doesn't mean anything then Menjou to you is just an empty glass.

Why can't you be human and like everything? The rest of us do.

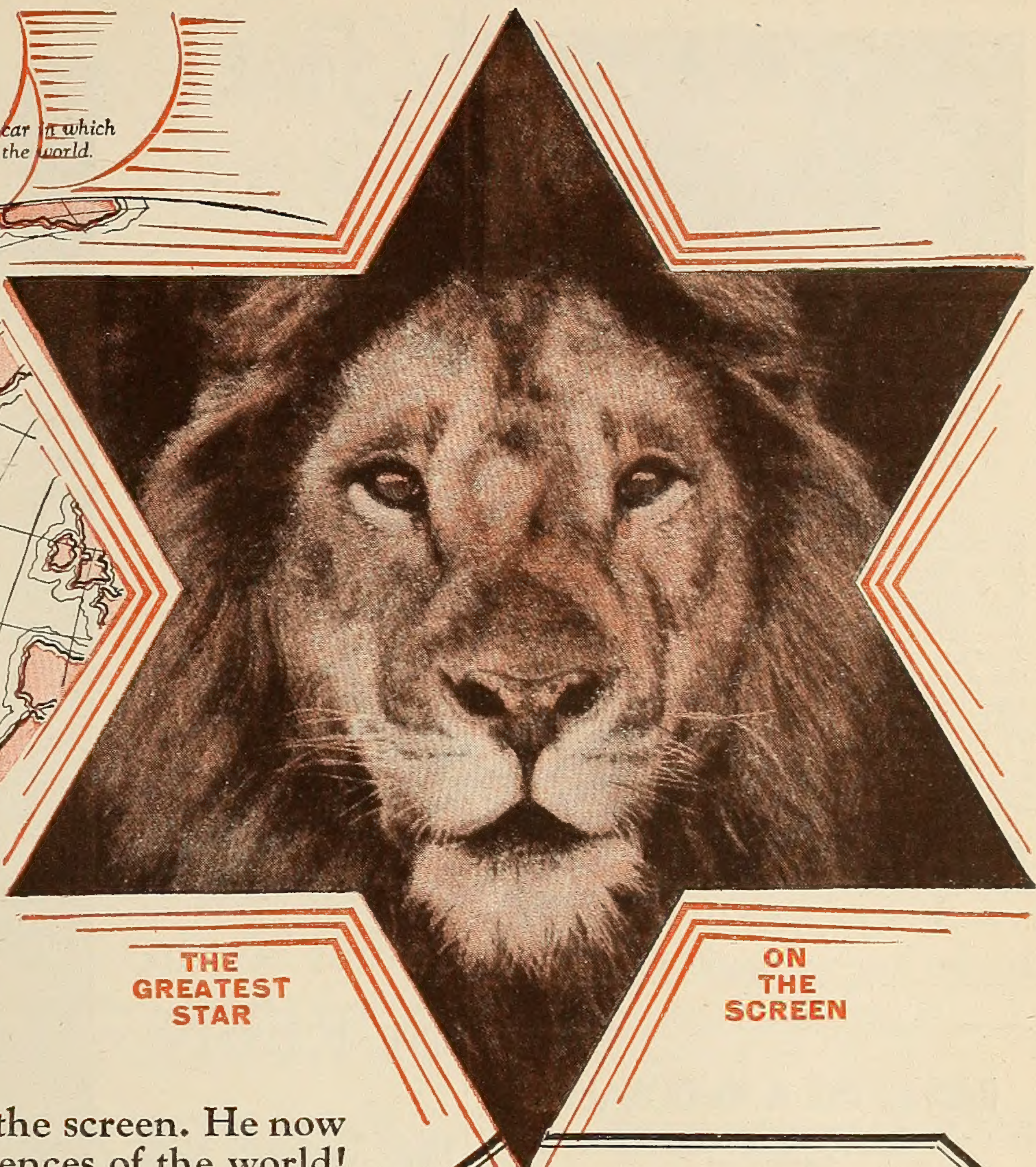
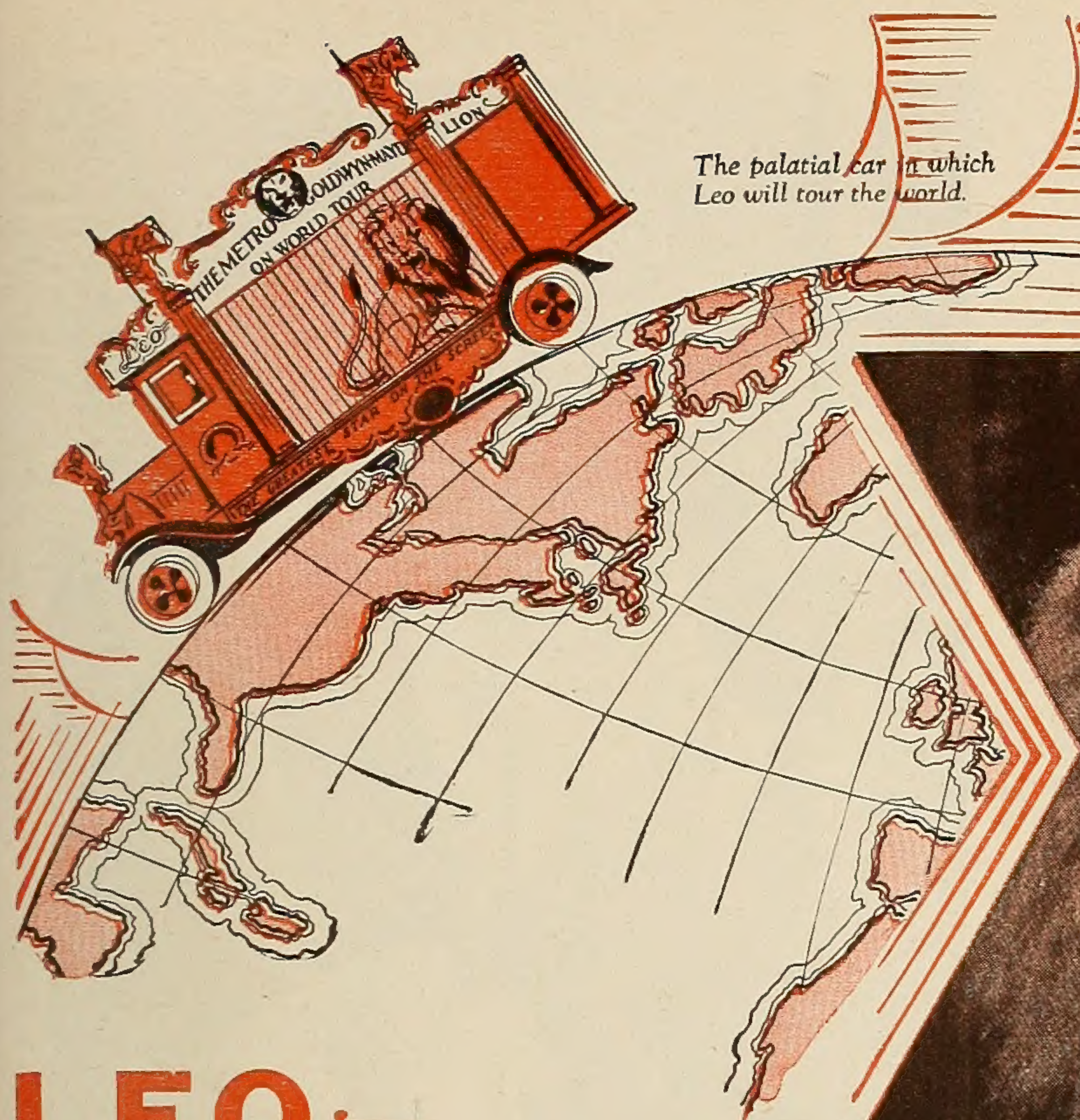
Take Walt Roesner at the Capital or Ash at the Paramount or Whiteman, himself. Do you sit there and tell me that you can't like them the same night that you like *Three Sinners*? A change of thought is restful and contrast stimulates, I tell you!

You're getting me all worked up.

What is rest, anyhow? Rest, as I grasp it, and I am an expert at resting, is something that makes you feel like tackling the old problem again; and zippy dancing, wit, jazzy music, a thoughtful emotional picture: these stir and goggle, pester and inspire, until within us a suspicion grows to a certainty that everybody has his racket and that in our own particular line we too may one day be deserving of a stone cutter's snappiest conception.



Mary Philbin, as the heroine of 'The Man Who Laughs,' continues to look beautiful even though harassed.



LEO— THE M-G-M LION, IS ON HIS WAY!

THE
GREATEST
STAR

ON
THE
SCREEN

You've seen him countless times on the screen. He now makes his *personal* bow to the audiences of the world! He is starting across America and will circle the globe. His route will take him to many hundreds of cities. What a thrill to see Leo, himself, at last!



THESE ARE THE MOST IMPORTANT PICTURES OF THE CURRENT SEASON. Watch for them at your local theatre!



JOHN GILBERT
in
THE COSSACKS

NORMA SHEARER
in
THE ACTRESS



DIAMOND HANDCUFFS
with
ELEANOR BOARDMAN

RAMON NOVARRO
in
ACROSS TO SINGAPORE



LOAN CHANEY
in
LAUGH, CLOWN, LAUGH

DANE & ARTHUR
in
DETECTIVES and CIRCUS ROOKIES



SYD CHAPLIN
in
SKIRTS

WILLIAM HAINES
in
TELLING THE WORLD



METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

"More Stars than there are in Heaven"

CAN YOU REMEMBER \$50 WORTH?

Often half a dozen people will give different descriptions of things they see together, because memory plays us such strange tricks. That's why I'm interested in watching how people's memories work. Try yours on these five questions. I will give \$50 and the Cossack Wrist Chain which I wear in my newest picture, "The Cossacks," to the man who sends in the best set of answers. The best answers from a lady will win \$50 plus the Russian Glass Beads that Renee Adoree uses in the same picture. Miss Adoree will also send photographs of herself for the fifty next best answers.

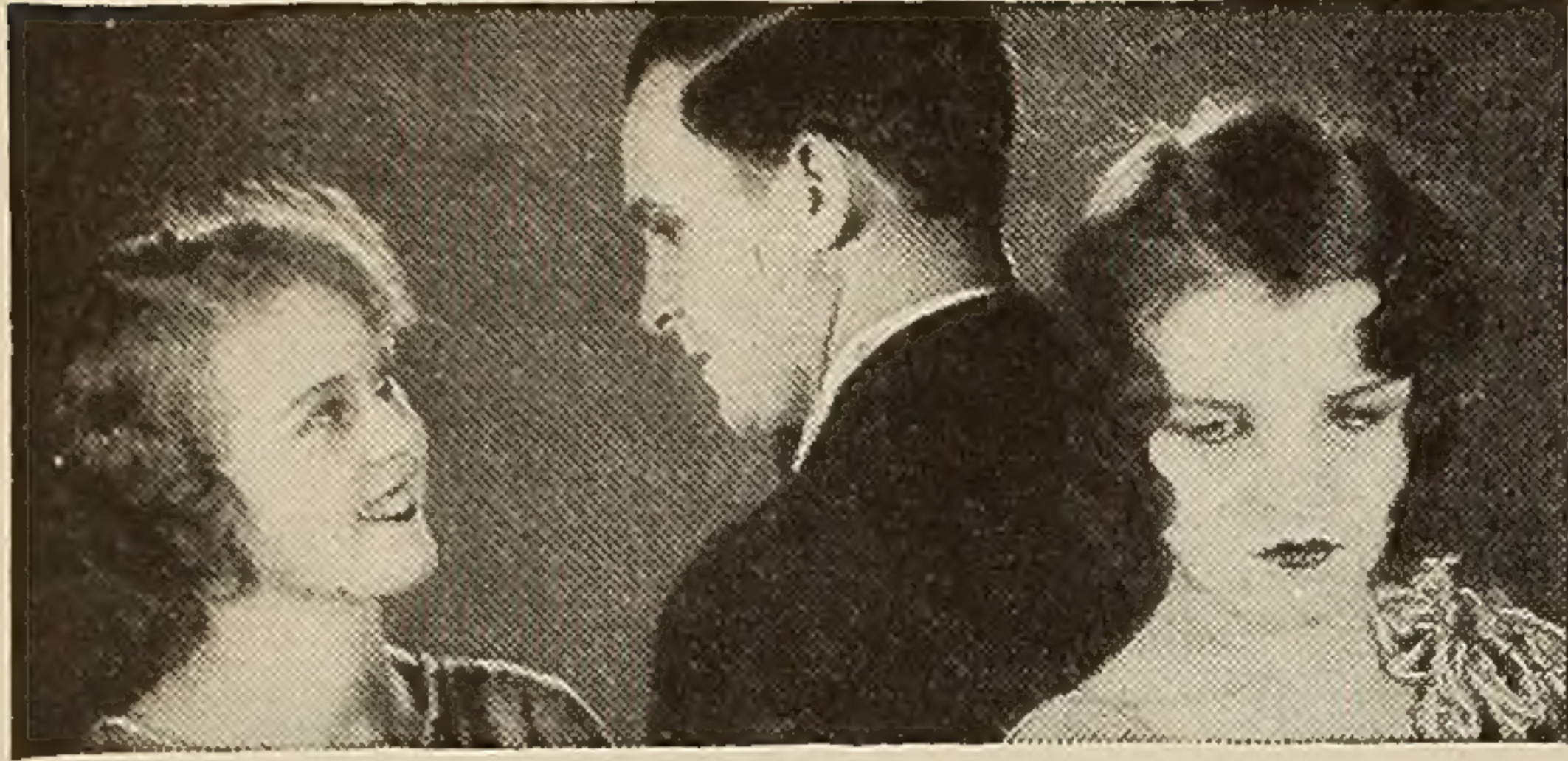
John Gilbert

THE TEST

- 1 In what picture does Lon Chaney appear without one of his typical make-ups?
- 2 Who discovered Joan Crawford? What did she do before going into pictures?
- 3 Describe in less than 75 words the biggest picture thrill you ever had.
- 4 From what country did Greta Garbo come? Lars Hanson? Dolores del Rio? Renee Adoree? Ramon Novarro? George K. Arthur?
- 5 What business-life role has Norma Shearer played in recently?

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 July 15th. Winners' names will be published in a later issue of this magazine.

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



**DULL HAIR-
DULL COMPANY**
~men seem to think!
*Why not be rid of this handicap
tonight?*

So needless, now—that depressing dullness that spoils the effect of lovely frock or pretty face! Just one shampooing with Golden Glint will banish it tonight! Rich, generous lather cleanses each hair. You rinse—remove all trace of soap. Your hair appears shades lighter. Then you apply the *extra touch*—the “plus” that makes this shampoo different! Instantly—all trace of dullness gone! Hair soft, fragrant, lustrous, alive with those dancing lights that speak of youth! Of course “he” will notice the difference! Nothing to bleach or change natural color of your hair. Just a wonderful shampoo—plus! At your favorite dealers’, or if not, send 25 cents to J.W. Kobi Co., Dept. G, 617 Rainier Ave., Seattle, Wash.

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the SHAMPOO plus
MAGIC KEY TO YOUTHFUL “LOCKS”

**KATHERINE A. MACDONALD'S
LASH COSMETIC**
WATERPROOF
**CHOSEN BY
THE STARS
OF HOLLYWOOD!**



Her motion picture work showed Katherine MacDonald the need for a lash cosmetic, absolutely waterproof, yet that would make eyelashes soft and pliant. Research developed Katherine MacDonald's Lash Cosmetic, now the choice of Hollywood.

At dept. and drug stores and beauty parlors...or send Katherine MacDonald \$1 for full size bottle.

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KAMEO BEAUTY PRODUCTS
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SUMMER FACE CREAM**

*Pure Fresh Lemon Juice Com-
bined with Almond Oil*

The impossible has been accomplished. We have finally discovered the method whereby pure juices of fresh lemon can be combined with sweet almond oil and my what a glorious cleansing cream is the result. Delightfully light in consistency, cool, refreshing and marvellously efficient, this new Almondized Lemon Bleach cream leaves the skin soft and finely textured, free from perspiration with none of that gummy, sticky feeling so common in hot weather when heavy creams are used.

This new summer cream takes the place of all face creams. It enables you to go motoring, riding, golfing or expose your face to sun or wind without suffering any ill effects. You will be delighted with this new beauty creation. Prepared in large 3 ounce jars. Price \$1.00. Postage prepaid to you.

CLARKS, 381 Fourth Ave., New York, Suite 622

Books for Fans



*“The
Bellamy
Trial”*
comes to the
SCREEN

By *Monta Bell*



© Harry Rapp, producer, and Monta Bell, director of ‘The Bellamy Trial,’ the famous novel by Frances Noyes Hart.

MODERN life's tensest drama lies in the trial by jury, and when the prisoner at the bar is pleading for his life—fighting off a charge of murder—drama reaches its most thrilling apex. Reports of murder trials provide sensational reading matter for millions of newspaper readers, but no one had made a murder trial the entire subject matter of a novel, until Frances Noyes Hart published the serial, *The Bellamy Trial*, in the Saturday Evening Post.

Thousands of persons have followed the serial, or read the book edition of the novel, so that a resumé of the story itself seems unnecessary in this review. In fact, in filming this subject with Leatrice Joy, Kenneth Thompson, George Barrard, Betty Bronson and many other players in the cast, I rely a great deal on the public's familiarity with the work to achieve a popular success. For, without doubt, people enjoy seeing characters and situations on the screen which are already familiar to them through the reading of some widely read novel or short story. This has been proved again and again. Many—for I rate public intelligence much higher than do others—go only to see how well or how badly the director has handled his subject.

I am not a professional literary reviewer, nor during my long apprenticeship as a newspaper man in Washington, have I ever been called upon to give my views on any book or story, so this review is in the nature of a new trial for me. Under this circumstance, I have decided only to give my personal opinion of *The Bellamy Trial*, back that up with whatever arguments I can find, and then explain my choice of it as a photodrama.

Frances Noyes Hart has handled *The Bellamy Trial* in a truly superb manner. She has woven a woof of melodrama, crossed it with a warp of suspense, and has embroidered this whole cloth with a gay thread of comedy and a lighter thread of romance. To my mind, *The Bellamy Trial* has everything a good novel should have. The story itself—the reader's interest in discovering who is guilty—would be enough to make this work worthwhile, but she has given a good measure. In addition to this she has skillfully put in comedy situations and also a romance between two of the reporters at the trial. We see the trial of Stephen Bellamy and Sue Ives, as well as the emotional trial of other principals, not only as a newspaper reader would see it, but also from the angles of the two reporters whose romance lightens the book, and through the eyes of Judge Carver. It is a fine treatment that Mrs. Hart has given her subject; as good in its own popular way as Robert Browning's treatment of the murder in *The Ring and the Book*.

All the characters are well drawn in a fine, sketchy fashion. Reading the novel one can readily visualize the sensitive Pat Ives, warding off the world with flippant phrases; the sweet, lovable Sue Ives, and her courageous revelations of the truth; Stephen Bellamy's chivalrous soul as well as the smart-cracking reporter and his sympathetic little sweetheart. All are equally well drawn. To the less important characters—the various witnesses and court attendants, justice has been done with rare insight and a well trained ability to characterize briefly and pointedly. The master characterizations, however, she has saved for the two strongest of her fiction people, the

mother of Pat Ives and Judge Carver.

The writing in this novel is such as I always like to see. It is a newspaperman's writing, clear, straight-forward and vigorous. I cannot remember when I so much enjoyed reading a novel as I have enjoyed reading *The Bellamy Trial*.

Of even more importance to me, however, than the more enjoyment of reading and the appreciation of a good job well done, is the fact that *The Bellamy Trial* offers me a screen subject such as I have been awaiting for a long time. It is real life transferred to the pages of a novel, and with certain changes and modifications it can be quite as well transplanted to the motion picture screen. But, this presents an interesting problem to the director.

Mrs. Hart has told her story in the most effective way, but in making a film of *The Bellamy Trial*, the best points of her work present dangerous facets to the motion picture director. *The Bellamy Trial* is disclosed to the reader by the revelations of the witnesses as they would naturally occur in a courtroom. To do this in a photoplay one would have to resort to flash-back and other technical procedure which would tend to slow up the action of the photoplay, unless handled with supreme skill. It is a challenge and a test for any director. To summarize my opinion of *The Bellamy Trial*: I think it to be one of the best written "murder yarns" I have ever come across, written in a fine journalistic style, and offering to the motion picture director a subject which lends itself to novel treatment, and provides him, the cast and the technicians with a welcome test of their ability to tell a story.

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☞ Marion Davies—a portrait by Ruth Harriet Louise.



☞ In 'Show People', Marion's new comedy, she has some scenes in the costumes which she carries so beautifully.

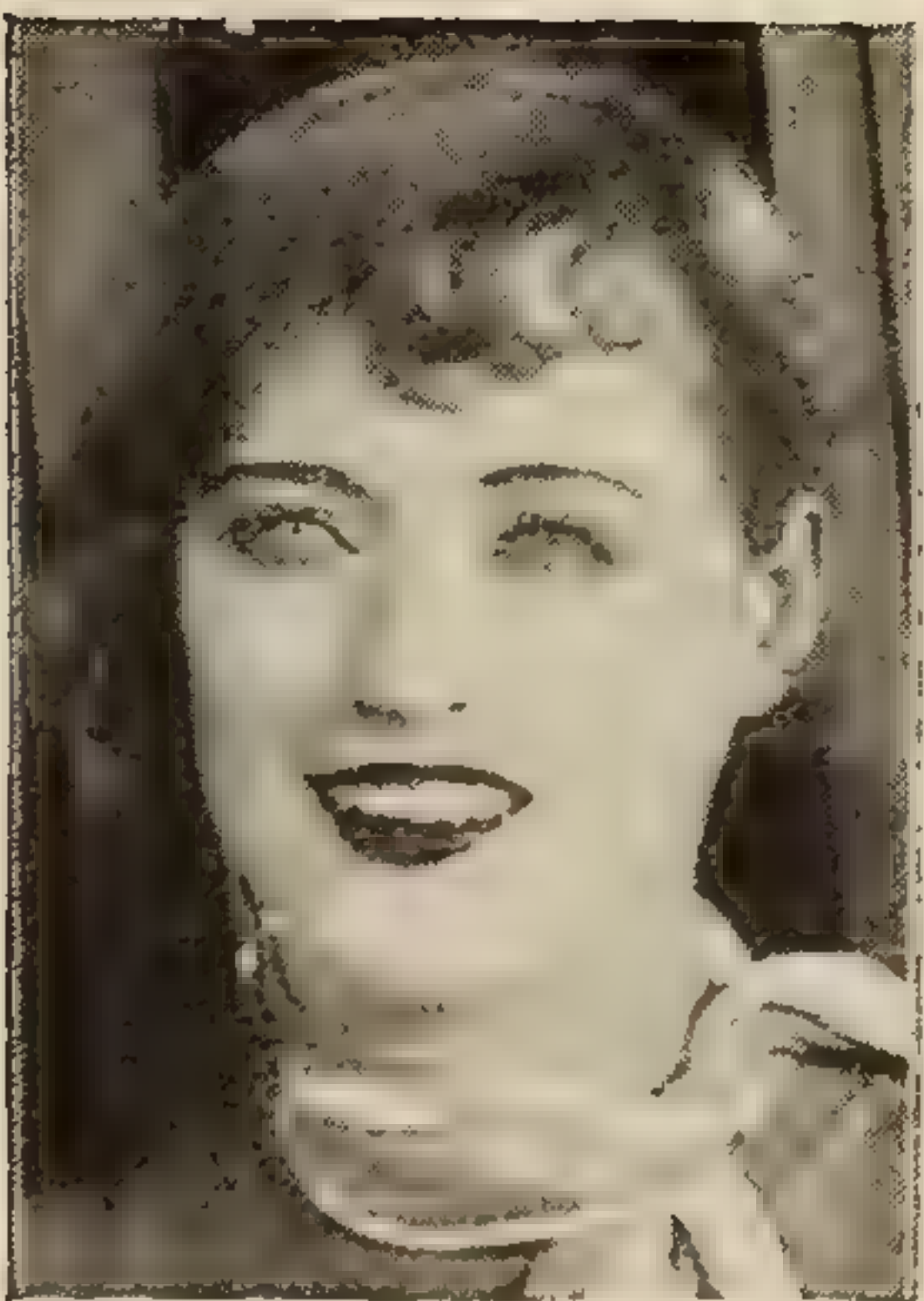
Marion Davies

☞ In appreciation of her performance in 'The Patsy' she is awarded Screenland's Honor Page.

SCREENLAND

HONOR

PAGE



☞ Marion Davies, who has sponsored successfully comedies of refinement.

☞ Since 'In Old New York' Marion has been news. In 'The Patsy' she is a sensation.



☞ Marion can be a comic and still be beautiful. Her comedy is mental, not facial. It expresses wit, not gaucherie.

FRIENDLY Marion Davies! Her pictures let us into her generous unselfish personality. Her manner toward each one of us is a disarming easy familiarity. She has no deep mysterious ambition to conceal. 'Take me or not, like me or not,' she seems to say, 'and I don't blame you.'

As we cheer her glowing performance of *The Patsy* and applaud this comedienne of ours who can be beautifully funny we have the feeling that she'd do as much for us.

Friendliness—camaraderie—Marion!

Emerson said: 'A friend may well be reckoned the masterpiece of nature.' Which describes Marion rather neatly.



☞ Ramon Novarro in 'Ben Hur' being dragged to the galleys.

Playing a Character Part

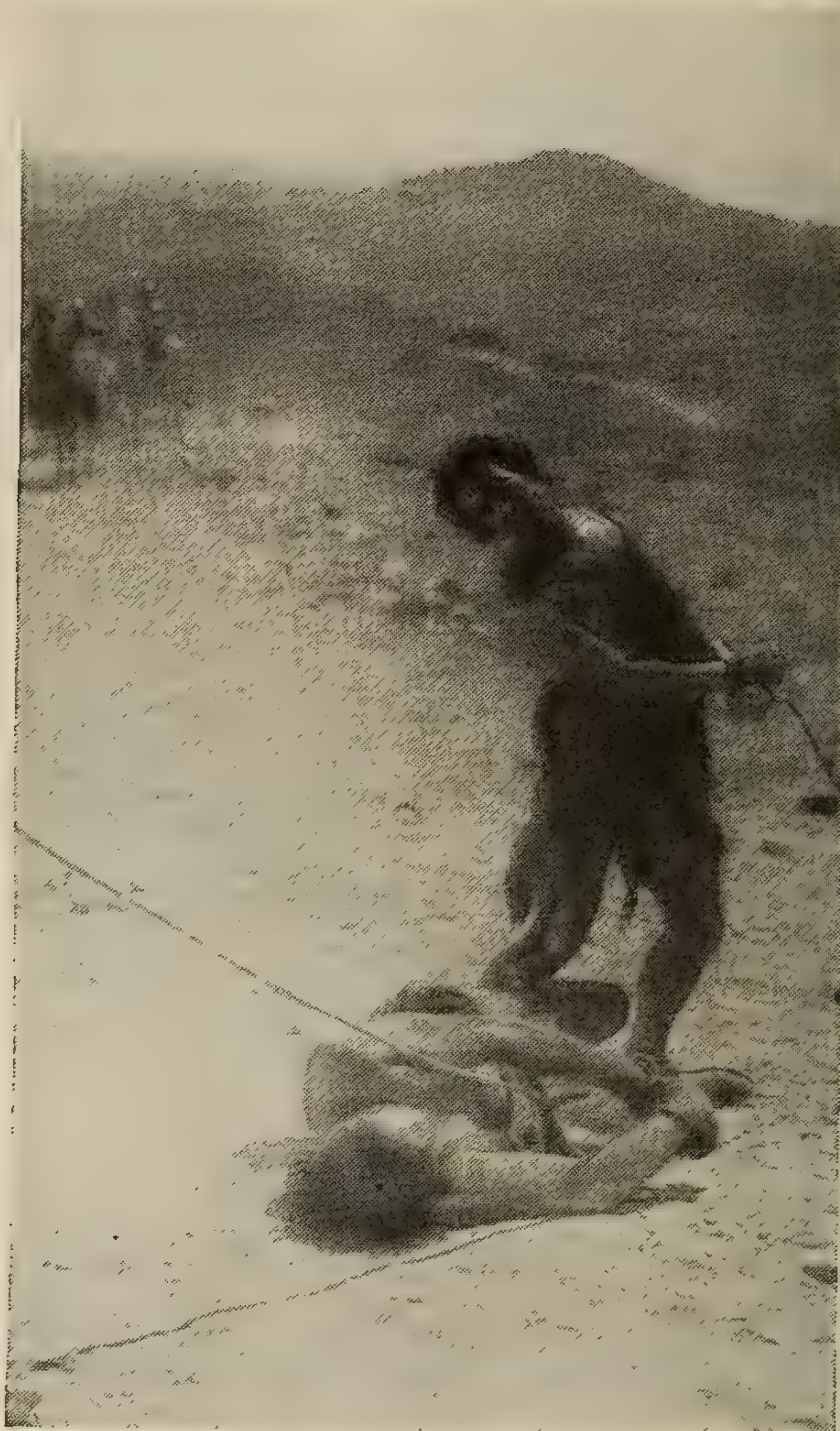
An Editorial by
ELIOT KEEN

SUPPOSE Novarro was assigned to a film part which really was the job you have in every-day life. Would he play it as you do or would he imagine a more sincere, enthusiastic and earnest performance than yours is? In *Ben Hur* you remember Novarro's face was forced into the mud and he was dragged through the dirt. That's what he did for that job. If your position seemed to require you to put yourself through such unpleasantness, would you do it or would you tell the boss where he could go?

A man must play his job in the character that belongs to it. Sir Walter Scott had the thought before us—

*"All live by seeming.
The beggar begs with it, and the gay courtier
Gains land and title, rank and rule, by seeming; . . .
All practice it; and he who is content
With showing what he is, shall have small credit
In church, or camp, or state.—So wags the world."*

☞ In 'Across to Singapore' Novarro is thrown into irons for several thousand dollars a week.



or Stockingless



By George Bancroft

DEPENDS on the legs that decide to go without benefit of stockings, I should say. Now, of course, we all know there are legs and legs. The sheen of silk has done much to beau-



« Madge Bellamy doesn't like the thought of doing away with stockings. What will it lead to? The bare idea is startling.



tify the limbs of this generation and if I were a young lady I would stick to them. However, if by miracle there are a few pairs of limbs that are so perfect they need no flattering shadow over them, it's okay with me. I do not object to legs *au naturel*, but I strenuously resist anything un- beautiful, and the stockingless ones as a relief. (Cont. on page 78)

« Louise Fazenda turns to silk-

¶ No other hero can ever take the place of your favorite boy friend—because

EVERY LOVER HAS HIS LINE

¶ They May Change their Mamas but They Never Change their Methods.



ARE Men Safe?
Isn't this Leap Year? And they have other things against them. What with psycho-analysis and intelligence tests and numerology and graphology it's a lucky man who has even a little complex or a teeny weeny libido to call his very own. And now we're going a step farther, if possible, and call attention to the assertion of a Love Expert that a man may be known a mile off by the way he makes love, if he's foolish enough to let anybody see him.

Every lover has his line, and it's usually busy. By his necking you shall know him. He may fool you by reading up on the love-life of the boll-weevil so that you think he is a Great Brain; he may pose as a financier when the only ticker he knows anything about is

¶ Charlie Farrell and Janet Gaynor are in *Seventh Heaven* even when it's another picture — because Charlie's line of love is all his own.

By Delight Evans



Some rogues prefer roquesters, some beaux prefer benches, for every sheik pets in his own petickular way.



Buddy Rogers' line may be boyish but somehow you know that Nancy Carroll isn't his sister.



When Jack Gilbert sticks to his lyin'—excuse us, line—he usually has all the girls on their toes but this time he has Greta Garbo on her ear—and that's art.

his Elgin. But just let him trifle with La Technique Amour (The Art of Love) and see how far it gets him. If a man is ever himself it is when he is making love. What is a man after all? After all girls, is the right answer.

He may try to disguise himself. Long white whiskers, goggles and false teeth will change any man. But sooner or later he is sure to come across some sweet young thing who will arouse



his protective instinct and make him grab her by the hand or neck and whisper sweet nothings into that pearl-like ear-ring. And then it is good-bye disguise. She sees right through it. "Why John," she exclaims, "I thought you were dead!"

"That's the time I fooled you," replies John, as he changes her mind.

A man used to be known by the company he kept. He still is. If he fancied red-heads when he was in high-school he likes to play with fire today. If he preferred brunettes the chances are he eschews blondes and they will excuse him.

And his technique is still the same. If he was the kind of a kid who carried a girl's books home from
Boys, if you want to slay 'em like Ronald Colman, make love as if you're only killing time. Indifference is his line. (Cont. on page 90)



☞ Today in 'Buttons' Jackie is a good film actor.

Jackie

☞ *Is Jackie Coogan to be a sensational hit again?*

By Rob Wagner

As one of the accoucheurs of motion pictures, it has been my privilege to attend the artistic birth of many a star, some of whom proved to be but brilliant comets, flashing across the cinema heavens for a season or two, while others grew into stars of the first magnitude. But of all these happy birthdays, I look back upon that of Jackie Coogan's with the liveliest interest, for Jackie astonished the critical astronomers by appearing as a star of the first magnitude in his initial picture at the extraordinarily tender age of four and a half years. Nor was it because Charlie Chaplin gave him the title role in the films' greatest comedy classic, *The Kid*, but because the little starlet was equal to the sudden fame thrust upon him.

There is a general belief among directors of children that the only way to get pre-adolescent charm on the screen is to keep the child-actor innocent and unsophisticated, and never to let him think or feel that he is acting.

All children are natural mimics, not of one another, curiously enough, but of grown-ups, and the belief is that the moment a child begins to 'act,' he is lost.

This rule failed utterly in the case of Jackie Coogan. In *The Kid* he was acting consciously and intellectually every minute. The picture of Charlie Chaplin discussing each scene with his infant co-star is etched deeply on my memory, for as they sat facing each other, going over every bit of business, the thoughts to be expressed and the meaning to be got over, they appeared and behaved like artistic equals, either because Charlie had the understanding heart of a child, or that Jackie had the wisdom of a grown man. In any event, after a most intensive discussion of the scene, in which Jackie would screw up his puzzled little face and ask most illuminating questions, they would finally reach a perfect understanding. Then this youngster of only four and a half years would say: "I get you, Mr. Chaplin. Let's go!"

Thus, during the long months of making *The Kid*, Jackie was never treated like the baby he physically, but not mentally, was. He did his stuff with the same conscientious endeavor that all the grown-ups in the cast showed, and I do not recall one scene where he was tricked into a bit of child-business.

I recall one significant occasion, toward the end of the day, when everybody was tired, Jackie listless and Charlie nervous. After doing one scene over for several times, Charlie abruptly stopped the cameras. "Jackie," he said, "you did that very badly. Now we'll do it just once more, and remember your timing. You don't put on your cap until I'm just leaving the room."



☞ A scene from 'The Kid,' with Charlie Chaplin. One of the greatest pictures ever made.



☞ Not the least of the debt we owe Charlie is his discovery of Jackie Coogan.

It was a humiliating call-down in front of everybody, and looking across the set Jackie noted a serious frown on his father's face. Again they went through the scene and as it finished, Jackie, again looking toward his father, sidled up to Charlie and whispered: "O. K. this scene, will you, Mr. Chaplin?"

An hour later when Charlie was recharging his run-down battery by lying in a deep tub of hot water, I said:

"You demand as much of that child as you do of your grown-up actors."

"Of course I do," he replied.

"He's got it to give."

I recall two other instances showing this mere baby's sense of comedy and drama. In the first, Charlie said: "Jackie, let's do our little song and dance for Rob." As they lined up for the 'break' Jackie suddenly held up his hand. "Wait a minute until I introduce the team." Then doffing his cap, he stepped forward and shouted: "Ladies and gentlemen! — in-

(Cont. on page 99)

☞ Jackie Coogan today.

CAMERA ANGLES

ON 3-39



ⒸTraveling elevator cage designed by Peverell Marley for photographing scenes in 'The Godless Girl.'

READY, right camera and a stacco of clicks, grinds, and buzzes rend the air as fourteen cameras photograph the big moments—and there were many. 3-39, to solve the puzzle, is the production number of *The Godless Girl*. Three standing for the third fiscal year and the thirty-nine, for the thirty-ninth production of that year. *The Godless Girl* photoplay is the latest work of the directorial genius, C. B. De Mille.

Being SCREENLAND'S emissary to the De Mille staff, as an assistant cameraman, I am able to give you the inside angle, geometrically speaking, on the making of the big production. If I write somewhat heterogeneously, please excuse it, for the thought of trying to describe in a few pages a few of the thrills I've experienced or sights I've seen, is a bit staggering. No doubt, some of you readers are 16 m.m. cine-amateurs, so I shall try to give you a little information that will be helpful to you and at the same time be interesting to those who are not.

Not boasting or seeking any contracts to appear in the galloping daguerreotypes, I was the most photographed person in the production, not in footage but in camera set-ups. For each take, I ran in and held up before the camera, a slate bearing the scene, take, and production numbers, the director's name, kind of stock used, color to be printed and the photographer's name, which by the way, is Pev. Marley. Pev. is one of the best known cinematographers out here and I was indeed fortunate to serve under him. Always look for the cameraman's name on a photoplay. It is the same as an artist's

ⒸAn inside view of picture making by the winner of Screenland's Cameraman Contest.



ⒸPeverell Marley, chief cameraman for Cecil De Mille and photographer of the 'King of Kings' and 'The Godless Girl.'



Ⓒ Major James Fitzmaurice at Seven Islands.

Associated Press Photo



Ⓒ "Duke" Schiller lands. Ray's camera got everything.

Ⓒ Ray Fernstrom delivers the pictures at Curtis Field, N. Y., after flying from Greenly Island.

five miles farther north, although they did not know. They never had been that far away. So we took off again.

Going on north we saw two little red spots—flags—set out on the ice near an island. We circled over the spot

and saw a group of spots moving down below there.

Here's where the old thrill came, boiling up inside us. It must be Greenly Island! It must be Greenly Island!

We couldn't see the Bremen yet, you understand. We were 6000 feet up in the air. Eddie Jackson and I got our cameras to work from here, though, taking general views of the scene as the plane circled nearer and nearer. Everybody craned his neck to be the first to see the Bremen. And now we did see it. There she was, a T-shaped black object near the shore.

It was a great moment for the back-seat drivers. Everybody was yelling to the pilot at once: "Now turn this way; now that way; bank her over here; bank her there; now go straight on a minute." Then we zoomed by her as fast as we could, down close, so as to get shots of her at close range from the air, and then we made a landing on the ice between the main land and (Cont. on page 95)

RAY FERNSTROM CAMERAMAN

IN NEW YORK



☞ A Local Girl who Made Good—and her movie boy-friend. Nancy Carroll and Charles Rogers arrive in New York.



☞ Manhattan by Day! Marceline looks over our skyline and overlooks our late spring. It was her first visit.

☞ See the Stars through Screenland's Telescope!

By Anne Howe



☞ Estelle Taylor has that Cleopatra look even in calico rompers.

Before donning the—er—habiliments of Egyptian royalty Estelle found time to make a visit to New York to be with her husband, Jack Dempsey. Jack was making personal appearances in court about some law-suit or other. Estelle made personal appearances in the shops and theatres. The Dempseys were besieged by offers—to go into vaudeville, to make movies together, and—finally, and most tempting—to co-star in a stage-play directed by David Belasco. A prize-fight play with a “natural” part for the ex-champ, and a wonderful, wise-cracking New York role for the little woman. Jack said he would accept if she would, and he hoped she would decide to

WHEN Cleopatra knocked Julius Caesar for a row of Nile barges little did she reckon that she was merely starting something for another girl to finish. How could Cleo guess that a twentieth-century queen would improve upon her original performance? But that's just what is going to happen, and soon. Estelle Taylor is about to give the world the last word on Cleopatra, siren of the Nile. Already famous as a screen siren, Estelle is going to make the Egyptian vamp look positively silly when she essays the famous role in a natural-color photoplay. Learn about technique from her!

say “Yes”—as she did once before! It isn't likely that the devoted Mr. Dempsey would be willing—even for four thousand dollars a week—to stay in New York while his better half was in California. Yes—he still calls her ‘Honey’ and she still calls him ‘Mr. Ginsberg’ in a way that makes that nickname sound like the most loving pet-name ever invented. If you can judge from appearances the Dempseys are America's Most Popular Married Couple.

* * *

New York puffed out its chest when Nancy Carroll came home. Not only is she a native daughter—but she



"I'm in New York"
Charley Chase

frankly admits that, in spite of several years in the golden west, she's still true to Manhattan.

"Hollywood is nice," says Nancy. "It's been good to me. But I miss the New York twilights." That's something new. Most of the girls merely miss the N. Y. bright nights. But then Nancy is something new. I recommend her unreservedly as the Film Fans' Spring Tonic, to be taken both before and after and also between meals. Not only is she my best bet of this season; she is also the prize pippin of many seasons. She's young, pretty, and fresh. And I know what I'm talking about. I saw Miss Carroll at her hair-dresser's. What with interviews and fittings and photographers on her trail all the time, I had to take her where I could find her, and our 'loca-



☞ Lilli Damiti didn't fly over from Germany but she'll soon be soaring as Ronald Colman's new leading woman.

tion' turned out to be a beauty-parlor. She is the first and so far as I know the only movie actress who has ever been willing to face a barrage of questions under the cruel lights and merciless manipulations of a hair-dressing emporium. Nancy can stand it. With her hair all wet and slicked back, and her face free from powder she is still a beauty. She has real red hair; and the complexion that goes with it—only more so. Nature gave her the hair and the white, white skin and felt so good about the result that she decided to be even more broad-minded and leave off the usual freckles. Nancy also has baby-blue eyes of a ridiculous size and lashes that are long and curly. And in addition she is a nice girl—sophisticated but not hard-boiled, humorous but not smarty, well-bred but not too 'refined.' She sounds too good to be true. She looks like one of these girls who's tiny and helpless and fragile. As it turns out, she has been in her brief career a stenographer, a newspaper reporter, a chorus girl, a musical comedy ingenue, a stock-company star, and Roxy Hart in *Chicago*. Tie that if you can—in about twenty-two years.

Like Buddy Rogers, her co-star in *Abie's Irish Rose*, Nancy Carroll was on her toes every minute she was here. Telephone calls pursued her even to the beauty parlor, and when she excused herself from the booth to answer them, her hair-dresser turned to me and said: "There's one movie girl that is a pleasure to shampoo. And that's all her hair needs, too. Real hair—and a nice disposition!" Now what can I hand Miss Carroll after that praise from an expert?

* * *

Abie's Irish Buddy was on trial at the luncheon Anne Nichols gave to honor the opening of *Abie's Irish Rose*. Everybody who used to know Buddy in his Paramount school-days was there, eyeing him critically. 'He's changed!' or 'He looks older' or 'He's just the same as he used to be' were just a few of the remarks that flew around about young Mr. Rogers. I'm here to tell you he hasn't changed. He looks just two years older, which is reasonable since he was only twenty-one when he left, and is

(Cont. on page 80)



☞ Rod La Rocque and his Hungarian Rhapsody. He went all the way to Budapest to bring back our Vilma to us.

EDDIE NUGENT

“Props” becomes a performer.

By Kitty Hubert

THE first time that I saw Eddie Nugent he was not a person but a prop boy, but he identified himself as a person in a rather startling manner.

Lew Cody and Aileen Pringle were filming scenes at La Jolla. The cameras were trained on a typical beach crowd which, like most beach crowds were far more interested in the cameras than in their ordinary pursuits. The director wanted their attention to be attracted out to sea. Suddenly all eyes turned in the direction of the ocean. Just out of camera range a spritely figure appeared. It was a slim lad who tumbled all over the beach, leapt into the air, turned double somersaults and hand springs and made himself a clown generally.

The crowd watched him. The cameras clicked and the effect was achieved. I asked who the hero was who had so nobly come to the rescue. Someone answered, “Nugent, I think his name is, prop boy. Used to be in vaudeville. His own idea to attract the crowd’s attention.”

It was many months later that I saw him again. He was in faultless dinner clothes in an exotic and luxurious set acting a pathetic little scene with Dorothy Sebastian. The hot “news story” had brought me to the set. Unusual occurrence. A prop boy had been given a five year contract with the Metro-Goldwyn Mayer studios and was thought to be one of the greatest comedy bets of the season.

In dinner clothes he became a person. Young, good looking, tall, but very slim, with a bright eager face. We sat just behind the lights and I recalled my having seen him before.

“That stunt I did at La Jolla absolutely changed the course of what I laughingly call my career,” he said.

Was it going to be another of those Cinderella stories? Was I to hear that the director

had been so pleased at the initiative shown by the prop boy that he had given him a break? Such things don’t happen as often as you think but maybe—I was all wrong.

“That wasn’t it,” he said, “tumbling to attract the crowd is just part of a day’s work in this game. I hurt my back down there, you see, and decided to quit pictures for-



“Eddie Nugent has the family traditions to live up to.”



“In ‘Our Dancing Daughters’ Eddie Nugent and Anita Page do a little spooning.”

ever. I wasn’t getting anywhere, handling props, and it looked like I was destined to do that forever.

“I’m superstitious about the number 13. It was on April 13th at 5:15 P. M. several years ago that I landed in Los Angeles. Therefore I decided that I would leave the picture business flat on the 13th of the month. (Cont. on page 86)



The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

DOLORS DEL RIO
in
The Red Dance

*We look before and after,
And pine for what is not:
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought*
P. B. SHELLEY



A BEAUTY contest brought Dorothy Gulliver to Hollywood; she is a 1928 Wampas Baby Star, and *Honeymoon Flats* is her next picture.

Photograph by Ray Jones

SCREENLAND



PETITE Bessie Love, with her lovely legs and dancing feet, will be a glorified chorus girl in *Sally of the Scandals*.

Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser

SCREENLAND



RICHARD ARLEN represents the impetuous irresistible glib in *The Fleet's In*, his next picture with Clara Bow.

Photograph by Eugene Robert Richee



Richard Arlen

Follows Through

☞ *Money talks but it doesn't say anything in Hollywood.*

By

Richard
Halliday



☞ *Richard Arlen tried to spend his way into pictures but no break came until he was broke.*



☞ *Jobyna Ralston inspired Richard Arlen to "make good and win the gal."*

THREE years ago Richard Arlen was envied by every extra player in Hollywood.

He had inherited a fortune.

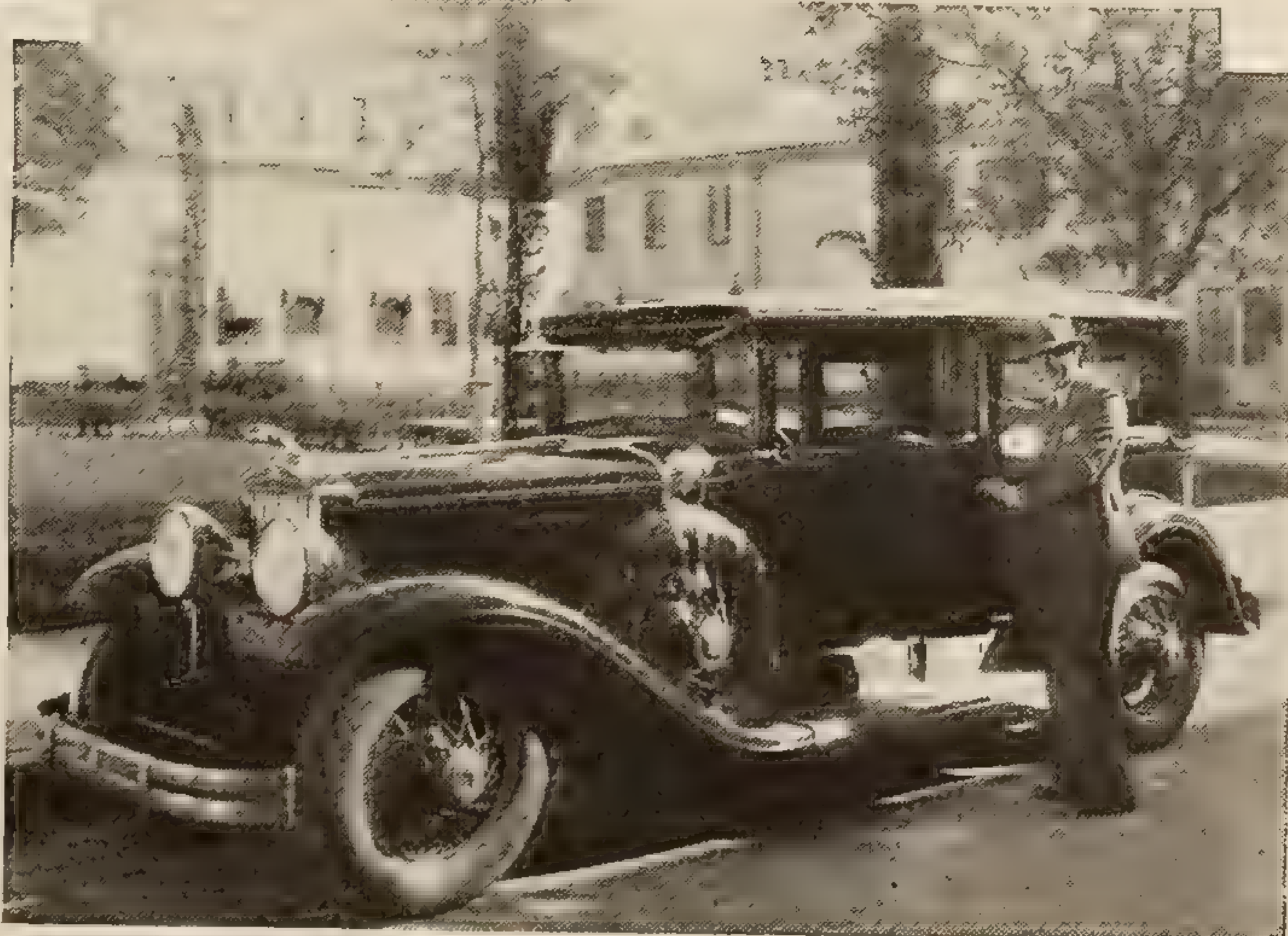
What young man in this world, the movie extras said, can't buy a name for himself? Richard Arlen wasn't a star, for he had never appeared before the camera, but when the extras saw Dick drive down Hollywood Boulevard in one of his expensive automobiles, they said that he soon would be a star. They saw

that he was good-looking. They knew him to be ambitious. They knew he was eager to get into pictures. He had everything! But they didn't know that he was to be one of the biggest flops and a conspicuous contender for the poorest young man on Poverty Row.

When Dick went to the famous land of sunshine, he had enough money, had it been properly invested, to make him independent for the rest of his life. But he had been used to comfortable surroundings and he wanted to have a permanent home before he started on his new career. He bought a mansion up in the hills, a string of thoroughbred horses so that he and his friends could ride over the country side,

many dogs to play with and pet, and four \$14,000 automobiles. He joined clubs, hired servants. Six months later Dick was penniless!

Naturally the movie people were impressed with his splash of money while he had it. They couldn't resist the glitter of gold. The more fortunate of the producers, Paramount Famous Lasky, signed him under a three year contract at \$200 a week and four suits of
(Continued on page 88)



☞ *Richard Arlen in the pre-penury period with "Sex Appeal," his famous gas buggy.*

BLATTER
HOCH -
HIMMEL -

LIEBER
DU
ICH
BIST
SCHATZEN

WHEN They're Up in

By Grace
Kingsley



☞ Johnny Hines spoke his own German to Greta Nissen.

☞ Billie Dove has taken up roller-skating—we hope it won't let her down.



DOLORES DEL RIO is having just everybody in the world at her party tonight in her new Spanish home, and we simply mustn't

miss it!" cried Patsy the Party Hound, fluttering a fragrant sheet of note paper bearing a legend written in Dolores's own bold hand, before me.

The butler let us in that evening at the arched gate which leads at once into Dolores's charming walled garden with its gnarled old sycamore and its bright-tiled fountain, and into the verandah leading hospitably to the wide, light-flooded door of her beautiful living room, which manages a charming cosiness despite its vastness.

We found Dolores and her sweet mother flitting about

among their guests, welcoming this one, introducing that one to his neighbor, seeing that everyone was made happy.

"Thank Heaven, Dolores never was obsessed with our own awful way of trotting everybody around a room full of guests to be introduced, but lets everybody talk to anybody else he may take a fancy to. I'm just the hottest kind of American patriot," Patsy went on, "but that's one native custom I'd like to see done away with."

Dolores was wearing a lovely long sea-green tight-fitting gown of some thin material, which billowed and floated about her as she moved about in that graceful, easy walk of hers.

"Who can that be over there so entirely surrounded?" we wondered, as we watched a group in the corner of the room.

Then we saw it was Charlie Chaplin, who so seldom comes to these big parties. He arrived alone, I think.

"I think Charlie must be begging for air!" remarked Connie Keefe, who had come with us. "At any rate I see him making a dash for the supper room."

Charlie brought his plate and sat down next to Patsy

All Dressed Hollywood

☐ The places to go require only celluloid tickets. If you are on the screen you're welcome.

and me, to Patsy's huge and breathless delight. He told us, with that youthful enthusiasm that always marks his talk about his work, that he is now busy writing some short stories about motion picture players, and he told us a particularly pathetic one of an old, half-blind actor.

He didn't know when we talked to him, just what picture he would make, but he has one about a blind girl that will, I'm sure, equal in wistfulness and whimsicality his most beloved picture, *The Kid*.

Just then Elise Bartlett dashed over to demand breathlessly if we had seen Dolores's room.

"It has a little altar and crucifix in the corner, with a never-extinguished candle burning before it," explained Elise. "They say she



☐ Tom Mix mixes.



☐ Molly O'Day—and O'Evening.



☐ Leatrice—always a Joy.



☐ Virginia Valli—quiet, but oh, my!

☐ Alice White, the comin'gest cutie.



☐ Camilla Horn—no relation to Trader.

has had the crucifix ever since she was a little girl, and never, never does she arise in the morning without bowing before it."

Elise had come with her husband, Joseph Schildkraut, who is all enthused about running the new theater he has taken over in Hollywood.

She said they couldn't stay very late because they had promised to go home and take their cook to midnight mass! If she didn't, she said, the cook was sure to walk all the way to church and wouldn't be able to cook for a week.

Dolores brought over to us for introduction Jose Crespo, an actor well known in Spain, but who is to play for the first time on the screen when he appears with Miss Del Rio in her next picture, *Revenge*. He has been in New York a year and speaks English very well. His stage director in Spain was none other than the great Benavente himself, who wrote those plays which have many of them been translated into English.

"He's a luminous-eyed sheik, and I'm sure he'll turn all the girls' heads," remarked Patsy, "but he will surely have to change his name, no matter how famous (Cont. on page 78)



IT HAS



With Clara Bow beneath the bough—we mean umbrella—in a sea-going swim-suit built for speed, and snappy embroidered beach-coat, any beach is paradise enow. Some lucky gyl will win the trimmings of a successful summer vacation.

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Yes—the winning letter-writer will get Clara's smart suit, coat, cap, clogs, beach umbrella (and all the attention). Go to it, girls!

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GLORIOUS BETSY

☞ *Get Up, Napoleon!*

NAPOLEON met his Waterloo; he also met his brother's beautiful wife, and he fell both times. Glorious Betsy Patterson, the belle of Baltimore, deserves to go down, or up, in history if for no other reason than that she was the only girl who ever got the best of Napoleon in an argument. It was a good, long argument, too—over the Emperor's pet brother. Betsy wanted Jerome for herself; Napoleon had other plans. Jerome was to be the King of Westphalia if he had anything to say about it. As it turned out, he didn't. Jerome never craved to become a ham king; he preferred to be an only-her-husband—Mr. Betsy Patterson, of the U. S. A. Hurrah! *Glorious Betsy* is a charming, colorful romance, directed by Alan Crosland in lively fashion throughout. Mr. Crosland maintains the correct

tempo and temperature in the tender scenes, inspiring his stars, Miss Costello and Mr. Nagel, to perform so ably that the amazing profile of Mr. John Barrymore is never even missed. Conrad Nagel proves himself worthy to assist the elegant Dolores who, for her own part, never looked and acted more exquisitely. Nagel's excellent voice is heard to great advantage when occasionally *Glorious Betsy* goes Vitaphone. There's a real punch when Andre de Segurola, late, but not too late of the Metropolitan Opera, sings the Marseillaise. There's something about that stirring song that makes even hardened New Yorkers and New Jersey-ites temporarily French. You'll be shouting 'Vive la France' yourself if you're not careful. Eh, bien! (Yea, bo!)

☞ *It's a great show—it always was*

ABIE'S IRISH ROSE

☞ *Abie's Irish Nose.*

ABIE'S *Irish Rose* may not convince you but it is practically certain to entertain you. Jean Hersholt, a good Scandinavian, plays Solomon Levy, while Charles "Buddy" Rogers, a nice Irish lad if there ever was one, plays Abie. But both these boys are such grand actors that you are for them from the start. Nancy Carroll is really Irish so she makes an especially delightful Rosemary Murphy. The cast is having such a good time that you would feel like an old fogey if you didn't enjoy yourself, too. Besides, Anne Nichols' *Abie's Irish Rose* is a great show. It always was. Don't hurry to see it. The play ran five years so the picture will be there any old time you get around to it. Plan to make up a party for the grand-children.

If you don't know the story of this classic it's your own fault. The war is thrown in for good measure in the celluloid version, giving Nancy Carroll a chance to show how bewitching she looks in a uniform. She and Buddy are a charming team. Another team in this picture is that of Bernard Gorcey and Ida Kramer. Some producer will probably be starring them soon. They must be seen to be appreciated. *Abie's Irish Rose* will give you some good laughs—both with it and at it. At all times it is a lovable picture, with the human touch that all its imitations seem to have lacked. *Abie's Irish Rose* started something and it looks as if it finishes something, too; for after this genuine article you won't accept any more substitutes.

☞ *Harry Langdon chases dirt—and finds it*

The Chaser

☞ *And Not After Rainbows.*

AND now, children, we have that funny Mr. Langdon. Mr. Langdon as *The Chaser*. And what is that funny Mr. Langdon chasing? Is he chasing rain-bows? No, he is not chasing rain-bows. Is he chasing chickens, then? No, he doesn't seem to be. Then what is he chasing, you little dumb-bells? Why, he is chasing dirt. And he is finding it, too.

And so, children, you had better leave me and Mr. Langdon alone and run along to see Harold Lloyd. *The Chaser* is no picture for the kiddies. Neither is it any picture for the grownups in their right minds. It is either dirty or dull or both. Too bad, because there is a good idea somewhere. Harry is an innocent, misunderstood husband whose wife thinks he's a philanderer and gets a judge to sentence him to six months' hard labor in the fam-

ily kitchen. Here's a great chance for a burlesque on movie domesticity. Instead Langdon seems to be doing a burlesque on Harry Langdon, and that isn't so funny either. Watching *The Chaser* is like looking through a batch of old love letters and photographs. You look at 'em and think: 'How could I ever have loved this goof?' When you watch Mr. Langdon and remember how once you hailed him as your favorite comedian and a real artiste—don't forget that 'e'—you have a sinking feeling that you're not such a swell picker after all. And then, if you are sentimental, you recall *The Strong Man*, and you get that lump in the throat, and you decide that maybe all that Mr. Langdon needs is a nice vacation and a good director. A great big strong clean-minded director.

☞ If you want speed, here it is

S P E E D Y

☞ *Hold Everything!*

SPEEDY is. You can count on Harold Lloyd to give you more than your money's worth, and this time he even outdoes himself. There's material for a dozen pictures in this one. Harold is a soda-jerker, a taxi-driver, a loafer, a baseball fan, a lover, a fighter, a financier, and finally the motorman of Manhattan's last surviving horse-car. It's in the last role that our hero has the most fun, and his audience the most stitches. Speedy's girl is the daughter of the owner of the horse-car, who is slowly but surely being forced out of business by the traction interests. It's one of Speedy's jobs to sell the horse-

car line and make a fortune for the old man. Oh, yes—Speedy has a real story. It turns melodrama at times—there's a fight scene that is the biggest and roughest that has been screened since *The Battle of the Sexes*. Also, the funniest. I can recommend *Speedy* even though it's not my favorite of the Lloyd comics. It's much more elaborate than most—it even has Babe Ruth playing himself in it; and it has a mad dash through the New York streets that will wow you right out of your seats. If you want Speed, here it is.

☞ Just a good, old-fashioned flapper picture

The MAD Hour

☞ *3,600 Hectic Seconds.*

THE *Mad Hour* is just a nice, good, old-fashioned picture. It recalls those dear old days when the Younger Generation was something to get excited about—you remember, 'way back in Daddy's time. It will bring back memories of those quaint little creatures called Flappers, who went out on wild parties and woke up the next morning with headaches and strange husbands. How Victorian it all seems now! And it teaches that the wages of sin is death—in a sub-title. If you want a peek into the past don't miss Elinor Glyn's

Mad Hour. Sally O'Neill plays Cuddles, a girl who pays the price of a good time. And how do we know she is having a good time? Why, she puts on a paper hat, and that's movie symbolism for making high whoopee. Donald Reed is the bad boy in the case, and any movie heroine who accompanies Donald to a party in the future will do so at her own risk. And he looks like such a nice, refined boy, too. But you never can tell about these college boys, can you? Thank heaven.



☞ 'The Mad Hour' recalls those dear old days when the Younger Generation was something to get excited about. Here are Eddie Clayton, Alice White, Sally O'Neill and Donald Reed as the Y. G.

Skyscraper

☞ *Look Out Below!*

NOBODY can deny that *Skyscraper* is a breezy comedy. Most of the action takes place on the thirtieth-or-so story of the skeleton of a giant building—and that's where breezes and wheezes blow their best. Bill Boyd and Allan Hale are red-hot riveters, and Sue Carol is a chorus-girl who rehearses in rompers on an adjacent roof. Needless to say the boys are 'way up in the air over Sue. But one day Bill drops down on her from a girder, and she falls for him—no, no, he falls for *her*. He falls all the way from the thirtieth to the street floor, and lies there. That's the plot—darn it, why did there have to be a plot, anyway, just when everybody was having such a good



☞ Bill Boyd and Alan Hale are the red-hot riveters in 'Skyscraper.'

time? Probably to give Bill and Allan a chance to act. While Bill is hobbling about on crutches, Hale is beating his time with Sue—that's the way it looks, anyway. Steel workers are fast workers, you discover. You are wishing a girder would hit Hale when you see it's all been for the best, and true love triumphs, in a skyscraper as in a cottage. *Skyscraper* is pretty real, at that. It gives you all the thrill of going up in an express elevator and none of that sinking sensation you get going down. Its trio of players talk and act like sons and daughters of toil instead of Hollywood movie stars. And you can add Bill Boyd and Sue Carol to your list of favorite lovers from now on.

☞ *It has its lyric moments*

STREET Angel

☞ *An Angel from 7th Heaven.*

JANET GAYNOR, Charles Farrell, and Frank Borzage come down from *Seventh Heaven* to *Street Angel*. It wouldn't seem such a drop if *Seventh Heaven* hadn't been so high. This famous trio seek to duplicate their great success with a story similar in theme but lacking the poignancy of the unforgettable romance of Chico and Diane. *Street Angel* is sweet, but not important. Comparisons are odious but this picture invites them. It will call forth once again that old indictment of the movies: repetition. One perfect picture brings a string of imitations. Mr. Borzage should have selected a theme as different as possible from *Seventh Heaven*. As it is, he is doing the same thing over again, without the fine frenzy of the first. Diane becomes Angela, of Naples; Chico becomes Gino. Angela is persecuted and the lovers, after a brief idyll, are cruelly separated only to be reunited

in time for a happy ending. The picture has its lyric moments; Borzage sees to that. And it has rare pictorial beauty. This young director is an artist at all times. But he is also gifted with great sympathy and understanding, and he deserves the best stories to work with. Beautiful pictures are not enough from Frank Borzage. Where *Seventh Heaven* was pure romance, *Street Angel* often sinks to sticky sentimentality. It's always a dime-novel in a much-too-beautiful binding, to me.

Janet is as bewitching as possible. Charles Farrell wanders around as usual—amiable, ingratiating. Since most of the movie-fans in the world are madly in love with one or the other of this team I suppose it doesn't really matter so much that *Street Angel* fails to fly very high, does it?

☞ Let the Johnsons escort you into the lions' den

S I M B A

☞ *Just Lion!*



AFTER seeing *Simba* some of you may say, 'I don't believe it.' But you'd better. It's all true. It's Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson's latest and greatest adventure in the African wilds. It features all the wild beasts you ever saw or heard or read or dreamed about—with a few quite unbelievable specimens thrown in. The star of the picture is *Simba*—or, are *Simba*. There are Pa and Ma *Simba* and all the little *Simbas*. In case you think that *Simba* means the end-man in a minstrel show, I'll relieve your mind by telling you it means *Lion*. So *Simba* is a pretty roar picture. Of course

☞ Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson give you in '*Simba*' a glimpse of wild life in Africa hitherto unfiled.

you've seen lions in a zoo. But have you ever watched the family at home? By means of the magical cameras of the intrepid Johnsons you are escorted right into the lions' den.

Like Daniel you come out alive, and, thanks to the nonchalance of the Johnsons, with a smug, complacent feeling. After all, what are lions anyway but just great big, overgrown cats? Ask Mr. and Mrs. Johnson. For its glimpse into the wild life of east Africa, heretofore unfiled, *Simba* is worth-while. Terry Ramsaye's bright titles are just right. And Osa Johnson is one of the prettiest girls in pictures—no lion about it. That'll be all about lions.

☞ Long may it crime-wave!

Partners *in* CRIME

LONG may it crime-wave! You shoot me and I'll shoot you. Have a shot at *Partners in Crime*, featuring nature's noblest mistakes, Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton. Here, ladies and gangsters, is the first intentional burlesque on underworld drama, and it's simply killing. Thrills, romance, and laughs—mostly laughs, provided by the blunders of Mr. Beery as a dumb dick ably hindered by Mr. Hatton as a smart newspaper reporter. Accidentally these two get the low-down on a

tough gang, rescue Mary Brian's sweetheart, the handsome Jack Luden, and win the Reward—which, in this case, is *not* the Girl. The co-stars are riotous, the idea is immense—and there is William Powell playing a high-class crook in his subtle style. It might have been much funnier—but when I say that, I'm smiling. George Marion, Jr., dashes off a few dozen of the best titles you ever read out loud. Not so loud!

IRISH ROSE

in Bloom



Gowns and hats worn by Miss Carroll are supplied through the courtesy of Bruck-Weiss, New York City.

Posed especially for SCREENLAND by Nancy Carroll.

Abie's Irish Nancy wears this white moire cut-away blouse with its gold and red embroidery with a black satin pleated skirt—and tops off the chic costume with a saucy turban of white silk knitted jersey.



A luscious pink satin gown with the new-old bustle back sets off Irish beauty to perfection. Oh, yes — bustles are with us again!

NEW SCREENPLAYS

Reviewed by
Rosa Reilly



☞ If you missed Barnum and Bailey's circus see Ken Maynard in 'The Wagon Show.'

THE MAN WHO LAUGHS

ONE of the best films of the month. Romantic. Gruesome. Appealing. Tortured. Passionate. Historical. Crafty. But with a persistent underlying sweetness far removed from the usual picture love-making.

The movie is taken from the famous novel of Victor Hugo. And if you liked *The Hunchback of Notre Dame* and *Les Miserables*, this one will bring you real enjoyment.

Perhaps you recall the story. On a cruelly cold winter night some three hundred years ago, a little boy is deserted by his fleeing companions on the snowy moors of England. Stumbling and crawling through the



☞ Conrad Veidt's work is a triumph and Olga Baclanova runs away with the feminine emotional honors in 'The Man Who Laughs.'

drifts, he searches for warmth and safety. Lifting his little hands, he touches something. In the darkness he can't see what it is. Creeping closer he embraces it. Only to find it the corpse of a smuggler, hanging on its glossy gibbet in the midnight blackness. Horrified, he stumbles on. Next he discovers a mother frozen to death—but in her arms a warm, sleeping infant. Picking up the child, he wanders off into the night. Finally he is discovered by the wandering philosopher, Ursus, who travels over the country with his dog, Homo, and his caravan. The philosopher carries the boy into the light and is struck with the incongruous grin on his face. "Stop laughing!" the old man shouts at the boy.

The child looks at him dazed: "I'm not laughing." And suddenly the philosopher realizes that the grin on the boy's face has been carved there with a knife.

That was the infamous practice in the old days. A band of people called Comprachicos would buy unwanted children and then their surgeons would carve up their faces into foolish grins. Afterwards the children were sold again for Kings' jesters and for clowns in country circuses.

The little boy was Lord Chancharie's son who had been stolen and given to the Comprachicos by King James II.

The major part of the picture deals with the life of this boy and the little girl he found in the snow. The girl who becomes blind from cold and exposure. As they grow up together, they fall in love.



☞ Myrna Loy and Sam Hardy in 'Turn Back the Hours,' a picture full of action.

its ferris wheels, side shows, freaks and all—realistically and remarkably shown.

Conrad Veidt's work is a triumph. Naturally all his emotions had to be shown in his eyes and in his gestures as that horrible perpetual grin on his mouth made his face a grotesque mask through which only an artist could have portrayed any feeling.

Mary Philbin looked particularly lovely, and showed great skill and sensitiveness in the manner in which she handled her hands.

The picture has faults. It drags, and it has a ludicrous, uncalled-for climax when the dog seizes Barkilphedro by the throat. Nevertheless, it brings beauty to its beholders.

THE MATINEE IDOL.

A tiny liqueur glass, brimming full of comedy. That's what pretty little Bessie Love is in the new fast-stepping picture, *The Matinee Idol*. The pint-sized comedienne shares the honors in the film with Johnny Walker and together they work out a romance in which laughter and tears are neatly dove-tailed.

Bessie's father, played by Lionel Belmore, is the owner of a tent show which makes a precarious living by going up and down the country putting on a Civil War Melodrama. And what a meller! It's so bad, it's good. Or at least that's what a Broadway producer thinks. So he engages them for his revue in which

☞ Skeets Gallagher and Patricia Avery in 'Alex the Great,' a comedy which is entirely different.

Conrad Veidt plays the role of the laughing man, and Mary Philbin of the blind girl. Cesare Gravina is the old philosopher.

Many other characters of interest are woven into the plot. Josephine Crowell as Queen Anne is little short of magnificent. Olga Baclanova as the Duchess Josiana runs away with the feminine emotional honors. Brandon Hurst as Barkilphedro gives a crafty and cruel performance.

Two of the sets are outstanding. One is the reproduction of the House of Lords as it was in Queen Anne's reign. The other is the Southwark Fair with

☞ The pint-sized comedienne, Bessie Love, shares the honors with Johnny Walker in 'The Matinee Idol,' a fast-stepping picture.



Johnny Walker is the black-faced comedian.

Previous to this time, however, Johnny, through peculiar circumstances, had played the role of a northern soldier in Belmore's Civil War drama. And Bessie, who acted as her father's manager and general handy 'man,' considered him so rotten that she discharged him. That's about the first time any woman ever thought Johnny was anything but one hundred percent, and, naturally, he begins to consider Bessie with interest.

The big climax comes, of course, on the opening night of the revue in New York when Belmore's melodrama is one of the acts. Old Belmore is sitting right in the front row waiting for the success of his brain-child, for he wrote the drama. But to his consternation and despair, the New York audience breaks into roars of laughter and the sadder the play grows the louder becomes the laughter.

The whole idea is originally handled and is an interesting little bit of film fun, cleverly directed and cleverly acted. A sure cure for the 'glooms.'

FLYING ROMEOS

Far be it from me to give three cheers for low comedy. I'll leave that for me betters among the intelligentsia—who enjoy crying when they go to a movie. But as for me and mine—a good laugh from the region of the lower diaphragm is what we crave. And that's just what you'll have nothing else but if you take in George Sidney's and Charlie Murray's new film, *Flying Romeos*.

Georgie and Charlie—oh, how coy they are—both fall in love with the young manicurist in their barber shop. And when a middle-aged man falls in love with a young girl, you all know what a sloppy, pitiful sight it usually becomes. Well, just figure what happens when *two* middle-aged Romeos commit romance.

Because the girl had a mania for aviators, the Irishman and the Jew try to learn to fly. And right there the fun starts. There's nothing more laughter-exciting than Murray and Sidney in that rampant airplane. And if you want to envelop all of your troubles in a couple of big guffaws of laughter—just gallop right over to the theatre and learn about women from Georgie and Charlie.

ALEX THE GREAT

'Vermont's gift to New York'—yes, sir, that's Skeets Gallagher. And it must be true for he says it himself as he steps off the Vermont local at the Grand Central Station, on his first trip to the big city.

Now this comedy is entirely different from the usual one where the large town hamstrings the country boy. For Skeets is about the suavest country lad you ever saw. Just one of these big kids who believes in himself with such complete arrogance that nobody can stop him.

After grabbing off a job as General Sales Manager of the Gafluey Motor Company at \$20,000 a year—and this, mind you, on his second day in New York—Skeet proposes to Patricia Avery, the multimillionaire's daughter, in some such language: "I think a man like me could make a girl like you perfectly happy."

And does she raise her platinum lorgnette and give him the icy stare?

Not at all. With a "gates ajar" expression in her eyes, she melts into the small-towner's arms.

Hurrah for the cross roads and all boys with straw in their hair!

SHOOTIN' IRONS

Fred Kohler walks away with this picture which might have been a good one if the story had been stronger.

The film isn't convincing. And when you find that the hero held up the stage coach, only to save his sweetheart's father from arrest, and wasn't a bold, bad man after all—well, you can just see about how logical it is.

Sally Blane and Jack Liden work hard. But to little avail. Proving once again that you can't make a silk purse.

THE RAIDER EMDEN

Ten years ago there was much hate in the world for Germany and all she represented. Today we are cheering two Germans, Pilot Koehl and Baron von Huenefeld, for their recent heroic flight.

Perhaps, because of this, it would interest many to see another German hero in action. The Raider Emden was a German destroyer which in the early months of the world war caused much havoc among the Allied Navies and the Allied Merchant Fleet. However, the Captain of the Emden, so war records show, fought such a sportsmanlike fight that he won the respect—even of the Allied commanders.

Interesting if you have ceased to hate.

TURN BACK THE HOURS

Myrna Loy, Sam Hardy and Walter Pidgeon are the featured players in *Turn Back the Hours*. This is one of the saddest of flops

from a production angle because it is a picture full of action which has gone wrong for the reason that the hero doesn't get our sympathy from the start.

If you were to take a course in playwriting the first thing you would learn would be: Get Sympathy for Your Hero and Your Heroine from the Beginning.

VEILS OF HAPPINESS

It just shows you that even a great statesman has his lighter moments. Picture the celebrated Georges Clemenceau—former Premier of France—as he was in the days of the making of the Treaty of Versailles. He held the world in the hollow of his hand. (Cont. on page 82)



Ruth Taylor's Wrap and Dress which she offered as a prize has been awarded to


MISS BERNICE C. BOWNE,
890 Geary Street,
San Francisco, California,

for her clever, wise, and original letter.



DORIS KENYON as she appears in the character of Madelon, the dance-hall girl, in *The Hawk's Nest*.

SCREENLAND



AUDREY FERRIS is stepping along nicely,
in fact she is one of the *Women They Talk
About*, her next picture.

Photograph by Kendall Evans

SCREENLAND



DON ALVARADO worked in a candy store before he broke into pictures and now he has two Griffith films to his credit. *The Battle of the Sexes* is next.

Photograph by Sergis Alberts

STUDIO CITY



CROOKS are in clover in this season's films and Edmund Lowe makes the most fascinating crook of all.

SCREENLAND

Reviewed in this issue:

'TEN NIGHTS IN A BAR-ROOM' 'LOVELY LADY'
 'GOOD NEWS' 'HERE'S HOWE'
 'THE SCARLET FOX'

and what do you want? It has Gus Shy, a darned clever comedian, Zelma O'Neal, George Olsen and his band, Inez Courtney, and a plot about Tait College.

And if Tait is the sort of college that never was on land or sea, what of it? Tait is the college every freshman dreams of, the college that every old grad thinks his was after ten years. The main subjects are football and girls—a slightly different curriculum, perhaps, than the faculty outlines, but one that is followed faithfully.

Here's to good old Tait—and *Good News*. And it doesn't matter whether the country-cousin's brow



☞ 'Volpone' is an interesting production of the Theatre Guild, with Margalo Gillmore and Dudley Digges.

is high or low—he'll like it. See if he doesn't.

Lovely Lady

There is one bad thing, we neglected to state in the above review, about seeing *Good News*. It is liable to make every other musical in town seem pretty silly.

Take, for example, *Lovely Lady*. Here is an average musical comedy that passes the time agreeably. It can't hurt you in the least; the book, the lyrics, the comics, the dances, the etceteras are all right. You can't really complain. But you may find yourself at intervals wishing you were back seeing *Good News*. What can you do? Life is like that.

The book is adapted from a typical French play and contains that always-guaranteed scene wherein the hero and heroine, not yet married, are compelled by circumstances and the authors to pass the night together under the same ceiling. You don't want anything better than that, do you?

And Wilda Bennett is the heroine. And Guy Robertson



☞ The talents of Alan Dinehart and Helen Chandler are employed in the mystery play, 'The Silent House.'

the handsome leading man. And Jack Sheehan the comic. Dave Stamper and Harold Levey turned out their usual music. Dave Bennett did the dances, and what he didn't do, Chester Hale did with a group of Hale girls.

Everything, you can see for yourself, is all right. There's no kick coming. A nice show, everything considered. A nice show, yes, sir. A nice show, everything considered but *Good News*.

Here's Howe!

Well, that's how we are. Either we don't cover any musicals at all, or we go out and review three in succession, even if we have to dig up two of 'em from September and December. It's the weather. You can say what
 (Cont. on p. 100)



☞ The unique comedy contributed by Dr. Rockwell enlivens the current 'Greenwich Village Follies.'

CHATTER

By
Martin
Martin

FAMOUS authors, artists and dress-makers have given their impressions of the stars. Hollywood is no longer excited about them. An interesting new angle was brought out this month by Dr. Hugo Riesenfeld, who has recently come to Los Angeles to be director-general of the United Artists theater chain.

Dr. Riesenfeld is a distinguished musician. He has been first violin in the Vienna Opera, concert master for Oscar Hammerstein's Manhattan Opera House, musical head of the Klaw and Erlanger theaters and managing director of the Rivoli, Rialto and Criterion motion picture houses in New York.

He aroused considerable discussion in Hollywood by giving his musical reactions to numerous stars. Some of his diagnoses are:

Charles Chaplin not a comedy tune, but one with



☞ Ramon Novarro hit one across to Singapore! Yep.

☞ Allez Oop! 'The 4 Devils' are Barry Norton, Janet Gaynor, Nancy Drexel and Charles Morton. Mr. Murnau will be the ring-master.

pathos. An andante. Dr. Riesenfeld thinks Charlie's walk might have light music synchronized to it, however.

Gloria Swanson—a fox-trot.

Bill Hart—a one-step in a minor key.

The musician calls it a western allegro with a trace of Spanish idiom.

John Barrymore—too much the actor to have a musical type. He suggests different music to Dr. Riesenfeld in different roles.

Dolores Del Rio—Spanish music and particularly "Estralita."

Norma Talmadge—a haunting waltz as in Lehar's "Count of Luxembourg."

Mary Pickford—a sweet waltz, more naive than suggested by Norma. Something from Jerome Kern.

Lillian Gish—a romantic theme from Tschaikowsky. A minor.

Douglas Fairbanks—a brilliant march.

The new director-general of the U. A. theaters also sheds some

from Hollywood

light on the mystery of scoring pictures. After seeing a film through once to learn its general backgrounds, he divides the picture into scenes. Each reel, which is 1000 feet, usually contains about 12 or 13 moods, he declares. Occasionally a musical splinter will have to be stuck into the mood, but on the whole Dr. Riesenfeld uses the 12 or 13 musical themes to the reel. He is against undue repetition of the love theme, as he believes it may become boresome.

First National's ultimatum to one of its popular new stars to get thin or get out of pictures raised the diet question to a white heat of interest in Hollywood, this month.

Elinor Glyn, exponent of "It," sponsors the following diet for anyone who wishes to lose 20 pounds in a month.

For breakfast—one cup black coffee and one hard-boiled egg.

For lunch—bowl clear but strong soup, one leafy vegetable and two tomatoes.

For dinner—one hard-boiled egg, the soup, vegetable and tomatoes.

Dorothy Dwan next came forward with the declaration that such a diet was not necessary—that she who desires to get thin will get her wish if she drinks only liquids, milk, cream, cream soup, any variety and amount of liquids.

The battle of diets went

back and forth for a week, then a new sensation arose, and calories were forgotten except by the unfortunate few who are under sentence of reduction.

Charlie Chaplin tells me that he has received 15,000 applications for the role of Napoleon in the film he intends to make of the famous general's life. Hollywood is sharply watching the present tendency in literature towards biographies. Charlie has been planning to do the Napoleon story for a long time, however. He thinks it amazing that out of the 15,000 applications for the role, only six were from professional actors. One woman wrote that her husband, a tailor, corresponded exactly in appearance and temperament to "The Little Corporal." By strange coincidence, she also was an exact double for Josephine.

In the meanwhile Charlie ponders his next story. The Suicide Club idea has been abandoned for the nonce, and the life of a studio extra seems as likely as not to be the final choice for a theme.

Ranking high among the little dramas of Hollywood was the appearance this month of R. M. Stanton, the oldest exhibitor in the country. Mr. Stanton is 84 years old and he is owner, manager, door-keeper and janitor of the Odeon Theater in Wendell, Idaho.

Revolutionary methods are employed in the Odeon. Shows are held only on Saturday night. No admission charges are made, the audience paying whatever it has a mind to, as it leaves. Noisy children, lots of them, are admitted free and save the trouble of hiring a piano-player, declares Mr. Stanton.

In a visit to the Paramount studio to see his first picture made the ancient exhibitor named Jack Holt as the most popular star in Wendell, while to Pola Negri he said: "I admire you a great deal, Miss Negri, but out in Wendell, the people don't take much to your pictures. Over our heads, I guess."

Easter's come and gone with its gay splash of color in Hollywood. Advanced summer styles are now in vogue. I



© Thelma Todd in 'Vamping Venus,' which is a burlesque on 'Helen of Troy,' which was a burlesque on Homer.

© James Hall, next in 'Hell's Angels,' for which he was borrowed by First National.



¶ Marion Davies is making 'Show People' and all the great of Hollywood are in it. From left to right: William Haines kidding

Polly Moran, while Dorothy Sebastian listens in; Louella Parsons, famous scribe, a trifle aloof, Estelle Taylor, Claire Windsor,



made a visit to the Montmartre Cafe this week, with a fashion expert in tow, to garner a few hints for those who may be interested in how the stars are dressing.

Claire Windsor was in ecru lace posed over beige satin. She wore a brown and beige felt hat with upturned brim and fitted crown. A red fox fur completed the outfit.

Leatrice Joy wore a silk print frock in futuristic design, a black satin self-trimmed coat and a picture hat of black bangkok.

Mrs. Tom Mix wore a lipstick red flat crepe frock stitched in a darker shade in geometric designs. Her coat and hat were black.

Dorothy Sebastian wore a black chiffon velvet frock embroidered in a formal flower motif in color. Also a black skull-cap.

Virginia Valli wore a poudre blue flat crepe frock stitched in a darker shade and one of the new French bandeau hats of blue with glazed feathers.

Lina Basquette was there in a purple cut-velvet frock with silver metal belt posed at hip tops. Her coat was self-trimmed purple velvet and her hat black.

Gwen Lee's blondness was enhanced by a black flat crepe frock, self-trimmed, a black chouquette hat and gold barbaric necklace and bracelet.

Blanche Mehaffey illustrated the summer divorcee fashion in a black flat crepe frock, sleeves and bodice embroidered in bright peasant colors, and a black hat with uneven brim line.

—o—

We learned so much from the biographies of the stars we read last month that we gathered a few more details for you.

Fred Nible has had an interesting life. His first stage part was in a blackface banjo act. He carried the first camera into Central Africa, a year and a half before the Roosevelt expedition. He risked a term in Siberia for taking the only pictures ever made in the walls of the sacred Kremlin in Moscow. He has toured every English speaking country heading his own dramatic company. He helped George Cohan finance some of his early productions.

Here are some things you probably don't know about Jack Gilbert. He made his first stage appearance at the

age of 1 year in his mother's arms. She was leading woman to the late Eddie Foy at the time. He once attended the Hitchcock Military Academy at San Rafael, California. He worked as a salesman for the Goodrich rubber company in San Francisco. He began his screen career as an extra man at the old Inceville studio. He has written, produced, directed as well as acted in motion pictures.

Karl Dane's life, too, is full of surprises. His first association with the stage was as curtain boy in his father's theater in Denmark. He won a cross-country automobile race in Denmark while still in his teens. His first picture engagement was in *My Four Years in Germany*. He once was a stunt man for a serial company. He left pictures in 1920, convinced that he was a failure, and did not return until he was cast by King Vidor as Slim in *The Big Parade*. He is six feet four inches tall.

—o—

When you laugh at motion picture titles, you probably don't know who wrote them. One of the best known of the men who do is George Marion, Jr., of Paramount. *The Fifty-Fifty Girl*, Bebe Daniel's new film, is the seventy-eighth Marion has titled in six months. And each picture runs at least 200 titles.

Two of Marion's funny contributions this month are:

"At times he's completely cuckoo. When we visited West Point he wanted to review the cadets. Claimed he was General Electric."

"The Mining Town of Quartzville—silly name for a place where everybody drinks gallons."

Ralph Spence is another steady contributor.

"Madame Claire knew how to outfit a woman in a way that would please men and annoy women."

"Broadway—where every morning is the morning after, and strong men are hissed at by bromo-seltzer."

Joe Jackson makes a rather telling comment on the American psychology with "It ought to be against the law for bootleggers to sell stuff as bad as this."

Al Martin claims "The only difference between lovesickness and seasickness is that lovers don't give up."

Robert Hopkins writes: "Anybody can be a house detective. All you have to do is to follow people without baggage."

Aileen Pringle, Karl Dane
(what can Karl be saying?),
George K. Arthur in but-
tons, Leatrice Joy, Renee
Adoree, Rod La Rocque,

Mae Murray, John Gilbert,
Norma Talmadge, Douglas
Fairbanks, Marion Davies
and William S. Hart.



☞ Here are as many of your favorite stars
as you will ever see at one sitting. Thank
Marion Davies!

An interesting commentary on the extra situation in Hollywood is furnished by the announcement that there are now 15,000 people seeking employment as extras, whereas fifteen years ago Paramount inserted an advertisement for fifty people to appear in *The Squaw Man* and only 16 persons answered.

Dave Allen, head of the Central Casting Bureau, who knows more about extras than any man in the world, tells me that the type of person who is good only for mob scenes is suffering from the demand for realism in the new pictures. When a scene calls for Russians, directors now want Russians, and the types are hired off the streets of Little Russia, whether they have had any screen experience or not. Allen also is using a great many war veterans, thus cutting down the openings even more for the floaters.

—o—

Warner Brothers' research department has unearthed 48 different descriptions of Noah's Ark in Biblical literature. For the purpose of the film now being made the description of Josephus Flavius has been accepted. He writes that the arc was 300 cubits long, 50 cubits wide and 30 cubits high. (A cubit then was the distance from the elbow to the tip of the middle finger.) Flavius estimates that the arc was a four-story structure containing enough room for 200 animals, 32 birds, 365 species of reptiles besides Noah's family.



☞ Here is Mary Maberry, one of
the girls in Cecil B. De
Mille's new picture, "The God-
less Girl."

Rod La Rocque and Vilma were welcomed back this month from their romantic pilgrimage to her birthplace in Hungary. Vilma went on ahead, as you remember. Rod tells me that when he arrived it was a rainy midnight, but that 2000 people were gathered in the station at Budapest to greet him. He was formally adopted as an Hungarian in a ceremony known as "wine sipping and bread breaking."

Both the stars look well and are eager to get back to work, although Rod, I am sure, is disappointed over the fact that he isn't being allowed to go to United Artists right away. He won't talk about it, but I know he is much upset over the present arrangement with Pathe-De Mille.

—o—

Joe Brown, ex-New York gangster and temporary secretary to Irving Cummings, the director, pulled a nifty this month.

Someone called in very persistently to talk to Cummings.

"Naw, I can't call him," Joe replied impatiently. "He's in confidence with Mr. Sheehan."

—o—

Sue Carol is receiving the strangest series of fan letters ever reported in Hollywood. They are written by a harmless lunatic in an asylum in New York state. Some quote poetry from six languages and all show that the writer was once a man of culture. His unbalance is revealed in proposals of marriage with a future of raising chickens for the president's table.



☞ It's getting so that making pictures is more fun than going to college. A scene from 'Walking Back.'

THEY SAY

By Marion of Hollywood

IT'S five minutes of two in the wee, small hours of the morning, and here I am, evening cloak slipped off, sitting down to my typewriter to tell you, with great, great enthusiasm, all about the grand opening of 'Warner Bros. Theatre in Hollywood.' I've been to—oh, I might as well exaggerate right and say a million openings!—but I must say that I was never more thrilled than I was at this one. Such crowds, such stars, such entertainment, such excitement! Gee, golly, gosh—it was marvelous! Maybe some of you heard it over the radio. First off was a marvelous entertainment, with the *Glorious Betsy* Vitaphone picture. Then down the aisle came Conrad Nagel. Have any of you folks tried making a speech, even before twenty or thirty? If you have, you can certainly appreciate the talent of this Nagel fellow by the speech he gave before



☞ Vivian Moses, who not long ago offered a job to a SCREENLAND boy, has recently been made the head of Paramount's Reading Department.

that multitude of first-nighters. You'd have thought he was making it up as he went along, it flowed so easily from his lips. And the beautiful-sounding words he used, with never a stutter or a moment's hesitation! I am thinking very seriously of writing him a letter to see if he won't start some sort of correspondence-school course in public speaking. After that came Al Jolson, and from then on was just like walking into a regular New York Broadway show. After he took credit for building the theatre, for managing the show, for writing Conrad's speech, and about everything else there was to take credit for, he told one joke after the other, sang song after song and ended up with his 'Mammy.'

It was marvelous! I wish you folks could have been there—every single, solitary one of you. It's later than late now,

and I can hardly keep my eyes open because I'm so sleepy, but I did want to tell you about it tonight, while it's so enthusiastically in my mind. 'May you laugh in your dreams'—Good-night.

* * *

Later

The birds in their cages at the various studios have been thrilling their little throats out trying to tell me that summer and sunshine are here, but it took more than that to open my eyes. You know Sam—Sam Hardy? of the bright socks, the pink shirts and the striped ties? Well, Sam walked passed my door last evening, and at last I know that we have reached the summer-time. For didn't he sport upon his head, with a purple and red band 'round it, the first and only straw chapeau in evidence in Hollywood! I knew that Sam would be of some good to me sometime. And if Cyril Chadwick will promise not to read this, I'll hope for Sam that he wins their next tennis-match.

* * *

To get a bit serious, haven't we had a pretty tough time out here this year with so much sickness and so many operations? The latest, of course, are Ivy Harris, Karl Dane, Clara Bow and Richard Dix. You would have understood better how serious it was with Richard if you could have seen the tears come into Scotty's eyes when he was telling me how there was just one last hope left. Now that it is over, we can laugh



☞ Phyllis Haver thought that the only way to get up in the world was to go up-stairs and then along came 'Chicago.'

☞ Jeannette Loff is new and she's good and she's with Rod La Rocque in 'Hold 'Em Yale.'



good and heartily at the little girl who wrote to Richard and told him to excuse all mistakes as she was writing in an awful hurry because she wanted the letter to get there before her hero 'passed out.' It wasn't any joke with her either, because with Richard gone, to her life was going to be pretty drear. And when the danger was over, it would be Clara Bow who'd wire: 'Quit stealing my stuff. And get well in a hurry.'

* * *

Whom did I meet on the Boulevard the other day but Papa Herb Rawlinson, back from a vaudeville tour and



☞ Monte Blue has been visiting the South Seas and there wasn't a barber among the barbarians.

hustling around like sixty to earn enough money to keep two growing youngsters in shoes. Believe me, if his are like the two across the street from me, he's buying a pair about every other day. It's good to see you back, Herb, and if I were you, you know what I'd do? I'd make that little boy and girl of yours go bare-foot all the live-long summer. And say, they wouldn't love it!

* * *

When Lew Cody and Ralph Spence were 'soda-jerking' down town in Los Angeles to settle, by popular vote, if you please, the momentous question of which was the best soda-jerker, I had a terrible, dastardly trick all planned, and then couldn't get to carry out the plan. The trouble was that I didn't get there early enough. I was going to buy my soda from each, and then take a whole bunch of votes of my own—not the printed ones, reading 'Good — Fair — Bad,' which were handed out to everyone, but some on which I had typewritten the undignified word 'Rotten'—and quietly slip them into the voting box. As usual, though, when you try something 'crooked,' I was beaten before I started, because when I got down town I could no more get anywhere near the store, let alone near the fountain or the voting box, than anything in the world. A dozen policemen were fighting the crowd, and I was beginning to figure that it would be good business for Ralph Spence to quit his title-writing and for Lew to quit the movies and then both of them start up a soda-fountain enterprise. Then they wouldn't have to worry about contracts, or anything. By the way, I suppose you've heard that Lew won the contest.

* * *

Louise Fazenda and I were on the outskirts of the great Biblical set they have erected over at Warner Bros. studios for this special of theirs, *Noah's Ark*. Everything of the Biblical times, beautiful and serious, was in front of us. It was truly awe-inspiring, and we were quiet, simply silent, taking it all in. Imagine, then, a shrill little voice behind us:

"Well, fer cryin' out loud!"

She couldn't possibly have been more than three, and evidently her Mommy hadn't fixed her panties up particularly strong when she changed her into her Biblical clothes. She had—er—lost them, and such was her three-year-old



☞ John Gilbert in his own bachelor garden where he raises bachelors' buttons exclusively.

☞ Gloria Swanson looks happy because Erich von Stroheim may direct her next picture.

☞ Greta Garbo consults with the studio lion about getting in Zoo's Zoo.



Biblical line. That she had strayed away from her Mommy bothered her not at all, but as for the panties—well, fer cryin' out loud—if you are going to get your daily check for working extra, you certainly gotta have your panties to do your work!

* * *

I was talking to one of our newer Hollywood-ites the other day, and during our conversation he said to me, "Say, Marion, did not notice that So-and-So, the fellow who has played a number of corking good parts around, was selling newspapers on the corner last week? Believe me, I certainly can't understand a fellow like that out selling newspapers!" Well, I didn't say much to him—just sort of agreed that I figured it was pretty terrible, too, but I'm not doing a great deal of betting on what his chances or his occupation will be after two or three years of Hollywood movie fighting. Maybe he'll be ready and tickled to death to be doing a lot worse things than selling papers in order that he may not starve. Maybe he'll have decided that the game isn't worth the candle and won't even stick it out long enough to have to sell papers to keep the well-known wolf from whipping his hopes and his spirit. No, sir, I'm thinking that



if friend So-and-So, who has seen much, much sunnier days, has nerve enough and grit enough to get out on the corner and sell papers to his more prosperous friends—I'm thinking that before he gives up hope of seeing his name in the big, bright lights Lindy

will have stopped flying or Lawson Butt's dog 'Ted' will have whipped my old pussy-cat, 'Peter Pan.'

* * *

If you lived in Hollywood this week, and doubtless next week and the week after that, guess who you'd be able to

see on the stage, in person, 'Not a movie?' None other than Lois Wilson, playing on the stage with Edward Everett Horton. And if you don't think Lois is crowding them in I'd just like to have you attend a performance. You can't get seats for 'love nor money,' and when Lois puts in her appearance on the stage, the audience all but gets up and cheers. Does Lois look cute? Ask anyone who has seen the show, and they'll tell you what a becoming dress she wears and will only bemoan the fact that the action of the play allows her to wear but that one all through the show.



☞ Lois Moran and Neil Hamilton in a beautiful scene from 'Don't Marry.'



Lois is being such a success that I wouldn't be surprised if she says a temporary good-by to her beloved movies.

How a star looks when James Montgomery Flagg is drawing her picture. Arthur William Brown, another well-known artist, is awaiting his turn to sketch Colleen Moore.

Smart girl, Jackie Logan! Didn't she get her house cleaned up spick and span, order plenty of eats and then invite all the men from the press up to her house week ago Saturday? Indeed, she did, and every bit I've been able to get out of any of the gang lately is what a 'peach of a hostess' Jackie Logan is and what a 'pip of a party' she had for them. Another thing—I definitely know at least *three* hearts that haven't been thumping exactly regular-like since a week ago Saturday



Dorothy Gulliver—the running trunks assist Gulliver's Travels.



Young men are wearing fur this season. William Collier, Jr.'s dog wishes they wouldn't.

night, either! (Note to Jackie: Don't be too hard on them. You know, men simply can't help things like that.)

Putting Tommy Meighan in a picture where he doesn't get



the gal is not the only 'first' that Howard Hughes with his Caddo Pictures has brought into the movies! No, indeed! Howard has decided that automobile travel is far too slow for a busy producer, so he comes to work, goes to location and then returns home at night, by airplane. What do you think of that? Personally, if I had an income of some five million dollars a year, the way Howard has, I'd stick to nice solid earth so that I would be sure of at least a few days' time in which to spend some of it. But to change the subject back to Tommy, it will be interesting to see

(Continued on page 79)

What the Well-Dressed Girl wears on Hollywood Blvd., according to Vera Reynolds: green cloth coat with gray fox fur, gray hose, gray and green beaded bag, and hat of green felt—and very pretty, too.

Do you want

Big Boy's MACK TRUCK?

☞ This Wonderful Toy Truck Will Be Given FREE to the Child Who Writes the Best Letter to Big Boy.

HERE you are, youngsters. A big truck to help Daddy with, yours free if you're smart. If you are going to grow up to be president or governor you have to start in being smart while you are little. Governor Al Smith was head of a big trucking company once and now look at him. If you are going to try for this very nice present that Big Boy offers, you must think up something to say and then write it

neatly and nicely to Big Boy.

Big Boy makes those funny comedies that everybody likes. Do you remember how funny he used to look before he got big enough to wear trousers?

Now he has pants to wear, but he will have to keep on growing to fill them up.

'Big Boy's' real name is Malcolm Sabiston. The best letter from a boy or girl that tells his or her age and is

☞ The best letter means the smartest thought expressed in the cleanest and clearest writing.



☞ Big Boy polishes up the Mack Truck for his contest.



☞ The dump-cart part of the truck is twenty-four by fourteen and one-half inches and will carry two hundred pounds.



“Big Boy works the dumper on his Mack Truck that can be yours if you write the best letter.”

written by himself will win the prize.

The model Mack Truck is sixty-four inches long, has ball-bearings on rear wheels, and rubber tires. The engine power, as every smart boy knows, is two leg power; and mother runs the filling station.

Big Boy is smart for his age and that's why he went into the movies. He started when he was three weeks old and now he, his big derby hat and his big clumsy

shoes are being photographed every day at the Educational Studios in Hollywood for two-reel comedies. You know the funny kind.

Grown-up people are ruled out of this contest. It is a contest for kids. Big Boy says he doesn't care whether it is a boy or a girl who wins—it all depends upon the letter. Boys and girls may ask advice from their fathers and mothers but the letter must be written by a juvenile hand and express a boy's or a girl's thoughts. That is the only condition.

Big Boy asks that you be sure to tell your age when you write.

Address—

BIG BOY

SCREENLAND Contest Department

49 West 45th Street

New York City

Contest Closes July 15, 1928



“Good-bye, SCREENLAND!” says Big Boy. “This truck is going to a very smart kid!”





Lot Talk

from

HOLLYWOOD



IT takes something unusual to attract a crowd in this modern Bagdad, but when a trench raid, part of the war sequences in Norma Talmadge's new picture, *The Woman Disputed*, was enacted so realistically one night recently at the United Artists studio, throngs were attracted to the vicinity of the studio by the shellfire and pyrotechnics that lighted up the sky.

For the filming of the spectacular night battle scenes the studio technical experts constructed real trenches and barbed-wire entanglements, such as were used by opposing armies on the Austrian-Russian front in the World War. To carry out the effect of bursting star-shells and night fire, an elaborate lighting system was especially installed.

The director, Henry King, has made many war sequences in his long career as a megaphone chief, and he and his aides believe the battle action in *The Woman Disputed* will prove to be among the most stirring ever shown on the screen. Oliver Marsh, chief cinematographer, and a corps of camera men are shooting the feature, which is Miss Talmadge's second for United Artists release. The star has the role of an Austrian street girl who is loved by two men, friends before the war and later officers in enemy armies.

Norma is supported by the largest cast of well known players in her entire career. Among them are Gilbert Roland, leading man; Arnold Kent, Gustav Von Seyfertitz, Michael Vavitch, Olga Baclanova, Marian Templeton, Boris de Fas, Howard Davies, Joseph Mari, Carl Von Haartman and Jackie Combs.

* * *

Alberta Vaughn, the petite little star of *The Telephone Girl* series and half a dozen other H. C. Witwer short subject productions for FBO, has been signed by Larry Darmour to play the leading feminine role in *Racing Blood*, a series of twelve two-reel productions which he is making.

Racing Blood is now running serially in *Cosmopolitan Magazine*, and comes from the pen of H. C. Witwer.

Alberta is one of the best known comediennes on the screen, and since she severed connections with FBO about a year ago, has played leads for Lasky Famous Players, Metro Goldwyn, Pathe, and several of the independent companies.

* * *

Movie stars grow in the open spaces. At least, a glance at the Paramount contract list for next season shows a striking preponderance of westerners. Of 33 stars and featured players, 17 hail from the coast and mountain states and only seven are from the East. The mid-west and foreign countries divide the remaining nine.

Three Paramount players were born within the limits of Greater New York—Clara Bow, who comes from Brooklyn; Emil Jannings, born in Manhattan, and Nancy Carroll, who first saw the light of day in Tenth Avenue. Jannings can hardly be counted as a New Yorker, since his parents moved to Berlin when he was quite unable to



Anna Q. Nilsson and lots of chin-chilla and charm will be seen in First National's 'The Whip.'

do anything about it. He was six months old when the Jannings family went back to the old country.

Only one member of the star list is a native Californian—Richard Dix.

Kansas City and Dallas, each with two entries, follow New York: William Powell and Fred Kohler, a pair of expert villains, claim Kansas City, Mo., as their birthplace. Bebe Daniels, of Spanish stock, and James Hall, her leading man in the forthcoming *Fifty-Fifty Girl*, are natives of the Texas city.

Among the other westerners are Mary Brian, born in Corsicana, Texas; Louise Brooks from Wichita; Doris Hill of Roswell, New Mexico; Sally Blane, Colorado's representative; Florence Vidor of Houston; Raymond Hatton and Chester Conklin, just a couple of Iowans; Lane Chandler and Gary Cooper from the ranges of Montana, and Wallace Beery, who was born on a farm in the wilds of western Missouri.

The long distance from Hollywood record lies between Pola Negri—born Apollonia Chalupcz in Lipnau, Poland—William Austen, native of British Guiana, Marietta Millner of Vienna, and Vera Veronina, whose first home was in Odessa.

The south is represented by Ivy Harris, a N'Orleans belle and by Evelyn Brent, born in Tampa. George Bancroft admits to Philadelphia. New England claims Esther Ralston, whose trouper parents happened to be in Bar Harbor when she arrived. Neil Hamilton, native of Lynn, Mass., is another Yankee.

Clive Brook comes from London and Fay Wray from Wrayland, Alberta, Canada.

Adolphe Menjou found that suave manner in Pittsburg

—or Cornell University. Richard Arlen is from Charlottesville, Virginia.

Italy is represented by Arnold Kent, who was born in Florence.

* * *

With one month of solid shooting behind them, Corinne Griffith and Frank Lloyd, star and director of First National's *The Divine Lady*, are now well into their big production.

Not until the middle of the summer will this historical romance be completed, according to production schedule and many tremendous scenes remain to be filmed.

The Divine Lady deals with the strange and somewhat tragic romance of Lady Hamilton and Lord Nelson, and as its background has the battle of European nations for supremacy of the seas in the latter part of the Eighteenth Century.

When studio scenes are completed late in May, there will still remain several weeks' work on sea episodes depicting Nelson's victory over Bonaparte in the Battle of the Nile and the final engagement of Nelson's life, in which England's great hero lost his life.

Miss Griffith has what many regard as her greatest role in her characterization of Lady Hamilton. Victor Varconi as Lord Nelson and H. B. Warner as Lord Hamilton have roles of almost equal richness. The large supporting cast has among its most prominent members Marie Dressler, Ian Keith, Dorothy Cummings, Helen Jerome Eddy, Montagu Love, William Conklin and others.

The Divine Lady, based on E. Barrington's novel of that name was adapted to the screen by Agnes Christine Johnston and Forrest Halsey.

* * *

While scores of great arc lights played about the sky and cameras clicked, the motion picture industry turned out en masse Tuesday evening, May 8th, to pay homage and honor to D. W. Griffith, 'the old master,' on the occasion of his twentieth anniversary as a producer and director.

Acting as master of ceremonies, Cecil B. De Mille, himself a pioneer, spoke for the motion picture stars present. He eulogized Griffith and said that his ideals had been the inspiration of all sincere workers in the industry. "Sculpture had its Rodin," he said, "music its Wagner and Beethoven, the art of paint its Rembrandt, literature its Shakespeare and the motion picture art, the greatest in point of popularity and appreciation, has its Griffith."

De Mille went on to say that it was Griffith's sheer



☞ Ethel Jackson, 'The Newest Picture Girl,' and just a few of the cups she has won for her dancing.

iconoclastic disregard for established filming methods in 1908 that paved the way for the present era of technical and artistic pictorial screen triumphs.

"The motion picture owes more to Mr. Griffith," he concluded, "than to any other individual or set of individuals ever associated with the art."

At the conclusion of his talk, De Mille presented Griffith with a gold engraved watch as a token of the industry's appreciation of his efforts.

The tribute and testimonial was staged at the United Artists Theatre in Los Angeles after the premiere showing of Griffith's latest work, *The Drums of Love*.

In a short speech of acceptance, Griffith thanked the industry and presented Charles Chaplin on the stage. Chaplin was one of the founders with him of United Artists eight years ago. Don Alvarado and Mary Philbin, stars of *The Drums of Love*, were also presented.

* * *

Tom Tyler, FBO Western star, recently selected by the Los Angeles Athletic Club to compete in the elimination weight-lifting contest for the purpose of representing the United States at the Olympic Games this summer, last shattered unofficially his previous record of 297 pounds.

He walked into the 'gym' and without warming up, put 300 pounds at arm's length above his head with 'two hands, clean and jerk,' and in his second attempt hoisted 308 pounds to the same position. He is favored to win the elimination contest, in which event he will sail with 2,000 other athletes early in July for Amsterdam, where the Olympic games are to be held.

* * *

Mae Busch has been signed to appear with Lon Chaney in that star's new Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer vehicle, *While the City Sleeps*. Motion picture fans will recall Mae Busch's characterization in *The Unholy Three*. The supporting cast of *While the City Sleeps*, which Jack Conway is directing, includes Anita Page, Polly Moran, Lydia Yeamans Titus, Richard Carle and Carroll Nye.

* * *

While Richard Barthelmess and his bride are enjoying their honeymoon on a trip to Hawaii, First National studio officials are preparing for the star's next picture, which is to be started upon his return.

It is *Out of the Ruins*, a dramatic story of France after the war by Sir Philip Gibbs, the eminent author and war correspondent.

Out of the Ruins will present the French viewpoint of the war, as *The Patent Leather Kid*, Barthelmess' successful epic of the U. S. tank corps, presented the American side of the war. It provides a splendid vehicle for Barthelmess, who has been starred in a number of highly successful pictures during the past twelve months.

Other pictures in which Barthelmess will star during the coming year are *Mutiny*, an original sea story by Scott Darling, and *Diversion*, from the successful stage play of that name.

* * *

White Shadows in the South Seas is the final title for the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture of tropical adventure, exteriors for which were recently completed after a unit from the studio headed by W. S. Van Dyke spent five months on the island of Tahiti in the Society group. Monte Blue has the leading role in this film, which was formerly known as *Southern Skies*, and nearly all the supporting parts were taken by South Sea natives.

* * *

The pictures to be made by outside producers releasing through Paramount include one, and possible two from Harold Lloyd, and two from Christie Film Company starring Douglas MacLean. *Wanted—A Woman*, is the tentative title of the first MacLean picture.

There will be three foreign pictures. (Cont. on page 84)

Grace Kingsley's Gossip—Continued from page 39

it is in Spain. 'Crespo' sounds altogether too much like a certain well advertised frying ingredient not to be kidded in this country."

"Oh, there's Hope Hampton!" exclaimed Billie Dove, who had just come in.

Sure enough, there was the beautiful Hope, with her glorious coloring, which, we are happy to say, is not lost on the screen, since she is making the color photography features. She was with her husband, Jules Brulatour. We were delighted to see her, as we used to be pals in the days when she was in Hollywood making pictures. She hasn't changed a bit in five years, unless to become more bloomingly pretty. She is going to make her next picture in Paris.

Camilla Horn was there, and to her Charlie Chaplin paid marked attention when he could manage to free himself from all the people who wanted to talk to him; and could manage to break his way through the crowd surrounding Camilla.

Greta Nissen came with that handsome

haps by the time this is printed the sisters will be in Paris.

Edwin Carewe was there, and Victor Varconi, Joseph Schenck, Lloyd Pantages, and a lot of others.

Victor Varconi said he had spent only ten days in Europe when they cabled him to come home. He was right in the midst of a hub-bub of Hungarian tongues, with all his friends gathered around him at one of their homes, when the message arrived from the studio.

"So I saw almost nothing of my old friends," he said.

Carmen Pantages, daughter of Alexander Pantages, owner of the big string of theaters, came with John Considine, to whom she is supposed to be engaged. She wants to go into pictures, and as she is very pretty and intelligent she should do well in them. However, her nose has a little bump on it which she says she is going to have removed by means of an operation, although it merely adds character to her face, I think, without in the least spoiling her

Roland Drew, and Greta was receiving a great deal of attention too.

"All the men seem to be learning to speak German so they can talk to Camilla and Greta in their own native tongue without anybody around knowing what they are saying," remarked Patsy as Johnny Hines started trying out his rather remarkable German on Miss Nissen.

Lilyan Tashman was looking too perfectly stunning in a tight-fitting black taffeta evening gown, and a number of other stars also wore tight-fitting dresses, including Leatrice Joy in the most exquisite white lace gown, and Billie Dove in a lovely lace dress.

Billie is letting her hair grow, and it ripples on her shoulders. She informed us she is learning roller skating and is wildly enthusiastic about it. Indeed the whole film colony is going quite mad about the sport.

Vivian Duncan breezed in alone, sister Rosetta being still enthralled with Portland, where she is visiting friends, but per- looks.

Stockings or Stockingless—Continued from page 19

fad is likely to bring to light a number of uncharming sights.

By Wallace Beery

Sounds great to me. After figuring up my wife's stocking bill covering the past six months, you can put me down as an enthusiastic supporter. It might prove a healthy idea, too. After all, each year we are discarding gradually the useless garments that have hampered our health and movements for years. I believe we are slowly turning about a cycle that will bring us back to the Grecian robes and sandals. How delightfully uninvolved life would then be! Husbands would no longer have to listen to wifely cry, 'I simply can't go, I haven't a thing to wear!' She would simply wash and iron the family sheet, twine it gracefully about her figure with some cord, slip on a pair of sandals and be rarin' to go!

The fact that women are discarding stockings, as they have already cast aside corsets, unnecessary underwear, and long skirts, is nothing to worry about. They will soon put high-heeled, ridiculous shoes in the ash-heap along with stockings, and an age of healthy, beautiful women will be the result.

By Richard Arlen

At the beach perhaps, but in town on the boulevards, on the dance floors—No! It's a rather unnecessary gesture, not indicative of comfort, for I know that wearing

shoes without the protection of stockings is not pleasant. There is something unfinished about a woman's unstocked legs when she is fully dressed. Although many of Hollywood's flappers have been going about with unstocked legs for some time, I still experience a definite shock whenever I see a pair of nude limbs. It's an embarrassing sensation, too, like walking in upon a person in a bathtub, or something like that. I can be put on record as being an old fogy absolutely opposed to the no-stockings campaign.

By Charles Rogers

Girls have worn such sheer stockings in flesh shades for such a long time, that their sudden decision to discard even these relics of the former all-wool-and-a-yard-long-variety makes but little difference. In fact, I must look twice at the limbs in question before I can decide whether the young lady is wearing the new sun-burn shade of hose or the real thing. If it makes the girls more comfortable to go without stockings, or if it helps keep expenses down, I can't think of any reason why a mere male should offer objections. Men, for centuries, have always sent up a hue and cry at each new feminine emancipation, and I believe it's time to do a little applauding instead. Women did not object to the collegiate no-garter fad, or the Oxford bags, or padded shoulders, to which the men fell victims.

By Rod La Rocque

My wife can wear whatever she wants

to, but somehow I can't picture Vilma going out in public with bare legs.

By William Boyd

If the girls want to leave their stockings at home, let 'em! I don't see why mere man should try and dictate in a case like this. Personal taste should be the deciding factor, and if I wanted to go around without sox, somebody else's opinion wouldn't make me wear 'em!

By Jack Mulhall

I've no doubt that bare legs will be with us to a certain extent on Hollywood Boulevard, especially among the younger set of flappers, who like to be a bit daring. Personally, I think a woman is foolish to go bare-legged. It destroys illusion and allure. She becomes less piquant than she is in sheer hose.

By Richard Barthelmess

Extremes in anything are bad. Smartness and charm are the two things a woman should seek in dress. Bare legs are just as bad for street wear as white cotton stockings that wrinkle at the ankle.

By Donald Reed

Comfort is the key-note in summer, and I think that it lends to a woman's summer attractiveness to dispense with stockings. There is nothing more shocking about bare legs than there is about silk hose.

Have your youngster try for Big Boy's Mack Truck—see page seventy-four of this issue of SCREENLAND. If he wins he will gain, besides a toy, a feeling of confidence which he will never forget.

They Say

(Continued from page 73)

how we all are going to like him, heroineless.

* * *

With Mary Astor safely married and back from her honeymoon, of course we had to have at least one wedding for this month, and it was George Lewis, from Universal way. George took his little bride to the Roosevelt Hotel—right across the street from Sid Grauman's new Chinese Theatre—and they were married on a glorious moonlight night in April. And I hope that they are going to be very, very happy, because April is such a nice month in which to be married. I won't tell you all why, but cross-my-heart-to die, it's the corkingest month in the year to be married!

* * *

As I write this, the rumor rumors thicker and faster that Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and Joan Crawford are to be married. Those who are supposed to know quite a bit about it, hum and haw and think that this time both parties of the first part are serious and they think that the 'I dos' and 'I wills' are sure to be spoken, but, as I said once before some many, many moons ago, if I were you I wouldn't be making any terrifically heavy bets about it. Maybe yes—maybe no, with nobody sure of anything. Out here, you know, you can't be seen in public twice with the same escort.

* * *

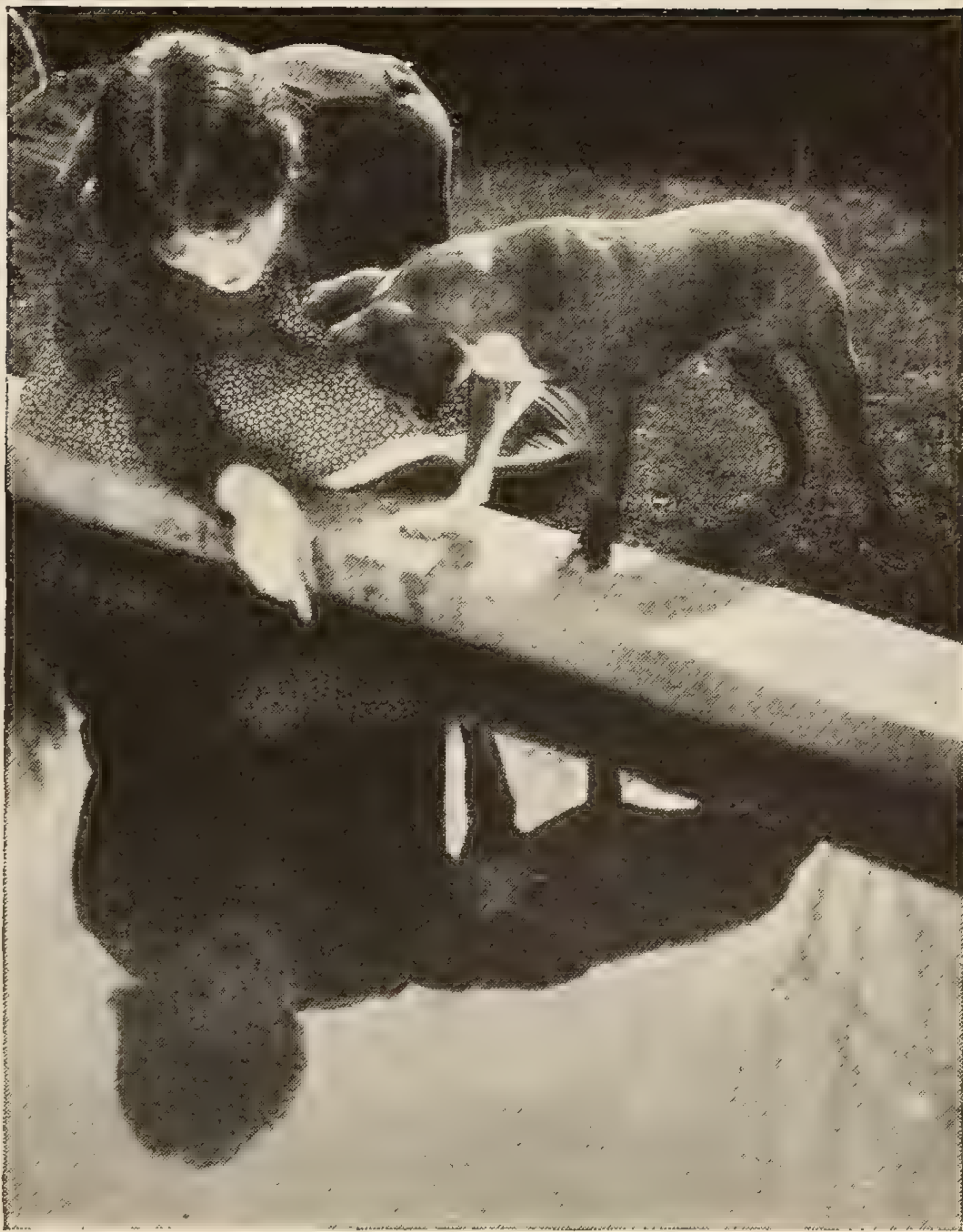
Max Ree, over First National way, says that our friendly little corsets will probably come back into fashion, because they 'intrigue and mystify' the stronger sex. He simply can't understand how any woman can wear them, and there, at least, I agree with him. What say the rest of you? I hate to disagree with Mr. Ree, and I hope

he doesn't mind what I say, but I really expect to see bustles and hair-rats returning much sooner that I expect to see the advent of the corset. Corsets—gosh—terrible! It makes me ache even to think of the stiff old things.

* * *

Funny little things are always happening out here on the Coast, so of course we weren't half as surprised as we otherwise

would have been when Norma Talmadge sold her beach home to George Bancroft and then proceeded to rent Bebe Daniels', right next door, for the summer. After all, though, it is really none of our business, and Norma, merely out of the kindness of her heart, tells me that it was simply because she did not want the care of quite so large a home as was her own beach place.



☞ Irene Rich's dog thinks he is Narcissus, all on a summer's day.



ANOTHER NEW GIRL MAKES GOOD

WHEN you see Jean Arthur playing opposite Richard Dix in a rollicking comedy of baseball called *Warming Up*, you'll say, 'Aha—another new girl arrived!' or words to that effect. Jean will probably be new to you. But she has been in pictures for two or three years, working and hoping hard. Somehow she never seemed to get the breaks. She played colorless parts or in serials, and for a while there she thought she never would get a chance to be herself. Jean is really one of the prettiest girls in pictures, but nobody ever gave her a role where she could prove it. How can a girl make good when she has to pretend she is a sap? Then Richard Dix, who is a regular Columbus anyway, happened to see a test of her, and before she knew it she was signed up to be his leading woman—in a role after her own heart, where she could be her snappy, provocative self. Naturally she played it for all she was worth, and as a result she has really arrived. She is a natural-born comedienne, just as Richard is a natural-born comedian, whether he likes it or not. Let's root for this team!

☞ Richard Dix and Jean Arthur in a scene from 'Warming Up.'

In New York—Continued from page 31

now twenty-three. He's a little more dignified, maybe; but that's a help, because when he left New York for Hollywood he was a shade too shy. His mother sat next to him at the luncheon, and when Mr. Lasky referred to her and asked her to take a bow, the lady from Kansas who contributed the leading juvenile to the screen looked very proud and happy. And Buddy looked happy, too.

About that 'Buddy.' He says he tried to live it down. On the screen, in all the billing, he was just plain Charles Rogers. But all the fans who wrote to him called him Buddy. And he finally decided it was a compliment, and now he'll stick to it, and he may even be billed in the future as Charles 'Buddy' Rogers. While I talked to him in his hotel suite the phone kept ringing. Mostly the calls were from old boy friends and Buddy's end of the conversation usually ran something like this: "Why didn't you call me before? Why, of course, I remember you. Are you trying to high-hat me? Come right on up." Buddy is just as enthusiastic and eager as he ever was. And he proved, when he made a radio 'appearance,' that he can still make that old trombone wail. He's a nice boy, and clean-cut, and handsome—everything a movie star should be. Why, yes—didn't you know? Good old Papa Paramount is conferring stardom on Buddy Rogers. His first will probably be a college story called *Yale*, and Buddy will be coming east again soon to take scenes at New Haven. Now, girls—don't push!

* * *

Vilma Banky and her "English language" stopped off for a few days on their way back from Europe to Hollywood. Rod was a huge success with the home folks in Hungary. Vilma's mother is so little she only comes up to Rod's breast-pocket. She liked her big new son-in-law the minute she saw him. All Budapest was down at the train to greet their favorite daughter and her favorite movie star. Mrs. Banky, as soon as Vilma wrote her that Rod La Rocque was about to become a member of the family, hurried out to see him in *Red Dice*—the first time she had encountered him in celluloid. It happened that in this picture Rod first appears in shabby clothes, in a sort of tramp character; and Mama Banky was a little distressed until, as the story developed, her daughter's choice had a chance to dress up and look more like his suave, elegant self; and then she cabled her approval.

If you asked Vilma the old question, "Tell me pretty maiden, are there any more at home like you?" she could truthfully answer, Yes. She has a fifteen year old sister whose one ambition is to become an American movie star, "just like Vilma." When one of sister's pictures play in Budapest, little sister sees it through twice, enthralled; and then comes home and acts Vilma's part herself, with added flourishes. When she's a little older she may come to Hollywood to visit Vilma; and then we'll see her. There is also a brother Banky, who is interested in the pictures from the directing end. With true independence he has gone to England to make his own way as a director before trying his luck in Hollywood, where his famous sister is so well established.

Vilma, of course, is as pretty as the proverbial picture. She's a Greuze maiden come to life. Her English is getting better all the time but she still turns to Rod when she can't find the word. Her delicacy and quiet charm are an interesting contrast to Rod's swagger and exuberance. They're a picturesque couple, the La Rocques.

* * *

Ronald Colman slipped away to England and slipped back again—shy and retiring as usual. He was amazed and distressed to find that London recognized him and that crowds followed him wherever he went. Ronald is a miracle of the movies—a popular star who just can't believe it's all true, and who would really rather stay at home with a good book than make a personal appearance. Imagine!

* * *

Comedy from contented comedians—how's that for a slogan? The happier the funny boys are kept in real life, the better they will perform on the screen. Look at Charlie Chase. Does he brood and long to play Hamlet? Not Charles. He's the original contented kidder. He likes his work making two-reelers for Hal Roach and he doesn't care who knows it. He's been making them for three years now and he'll keep right on turning them out as long as people continue to pay to see 'em. Three cheers for Charles!

He looks more like a prosperous young business man than a movie actor. He's tall with humorous blue eyes and dark hair that's turning white at the temples. You know how interesting white hair is, in the right place. He used to be a director until one day he decided to double in brass and play a part too. He was so good that the home office wired the studio to take his megaphone away from him and put him in grease-paint permanently. Now he makes one two-reeler a month for Hal Roach-Metro Goldwyn, and if you think that isn't a job you have never sat in on a gag meeting. The Chase comedies are always funny and what's more, almost always true to life. He gets his ideas from

his next-door neighbor, from folks he sees on the street and at the ball game, from the clerk at the corner drug-store. He used to work in a drug-store himself, when he was fifteen years old. But he wasn't satisfied. He'd heard that the popular song-singer in the movie theatre around the corner was getting fifteen a week for warbling in accompaniment to the colored slides thrown on the screen. That was ten dollars a week more than Charlie was getting. So when he heard that the singer had left, Charlie trotted around to see the manager of the theatre. "Can you sing?" asked the manager. "Sure I can sing," answered Charlie. And as it turned out, he could! Eventually he left his home-town with a musical comedy troupe, and reached Broadway. From Broadway to Hollywood isn't so far. He'd like to play the leads in *Burlesque* and *Broadway* when those popular New York shows of stage-life reach the screen. But he knows he can't because he's all sewed up in his contract. And—he isn't worrying.

* * *

There have been lots of girls in pictures who have been dubbed "the girl next door," apparently in tribute to certain homey qualities. But I have really only just met my first one. She is Marceline Day, and she is as nice and eager and natural and sweet as that mythical "girl next door." She has spent the last two or three years of her nineteen in the film studios but it hasn't made her any different from the average school-girl of her age whose one great dream is just to peek inside the gates. Marceline is young and wholesome. So is Mrs. Day, her mother. She isn't the kind of movie mother that only a daughter could love. She's a regular. It was their first visit to New York. Marceline came to be Buster Keaton's leading woman in a news-reel comedy, and they were making New York street scenes. Next time the Days come east they will bring Alice along. She was working so she couldn't make it. Marceline is one year younger than sister Alice. She has pretty blue eyes and a refreshing gamin



☞ Evelyn Brent and Adolphe Menjou might as well take off those trick hats—we'd know them anyway. You'll see this scene in 'His Tiger Lady.'

grin. She has a good hearty laugh and she still gets a kick out of going to places like Coney Island. May she never grow older!

* * *

Harold "Speedy" Lloyd came to town for the opening of his new picture. *Speedy* isn't a brand new title. It's been Harold's nickname with his family and friends for years. I think it all started when Harold rolled up records for playing hand-ball.

He went to Washington to lunch with the President. He also dashed up to Montreal, where he was made a chief by Canadian Indian tribes. It was a very solemn ceremony, with the red men doing a ceremonial dance around the honored guest. It got almost too serious when the Indians danced up to Harold and went through all the motions of scalping him—just as part of the dance, you understand. Harold went through all the emotions of being scalped but, according to his uncle, Mr. William Fraser, who was present, he never turned a hair. One nice thing about Harold Lloyd—he was very much impressed by the Indian ceremony, and not a bit blase about it. He's still considerable of a boy, even if he does make thirty thousand dollars a week.

Mildred and Gloria came east only just in time to return with Harold to California by way of the Panama Canal.

* * *

It makes it very hard for me. I promised Eleanor Boardman I wouldn't mention It. She showed It to me, and talked about it a lot, but she made me promise on my word of honor that I wouldn't breathe a word about It. So, of course, I can't. Anyway, Eleanor gives me plenty to talk about. She is looking more beautiful than ever and talking more brilliantly. And she's doing her hair in a new and piquant fashion, so that she no longer looks the least bit like Lillian Gish. Yes, Miss Boardman is decidedly more stunning than she used to be. Just as I was telling her so, a telegram came for her. She ripped it open and read it and then passed it on to me. It went something like this:

"Just previewed your new picture *Diamond Hand-Cuffs* and everybody says it's by far the best thing you ever did and that your picture career is just beginning. King Vidor."

Eleanor was pleased. "It's a different part than I've ever had," she said. "I've almost always been the Good Woman, bowed with sorrow, or something. This time I'm a gold-digger who loves diamonds. I've no use for diamonds myself, so if I'm good in the part it will all be acting."

King Vidor came east himself soon after that and the Vidors sailed away for France. They intend to be gone four months—just wandering around as they please. They took It along, too. No—it isn't Elinor Glyn's It, but the Vidors' own particular brand. What is it? Well, it's like this. Eleanor Boardman wants the public to like her for herself alone. The public—that's You—is very apt to confuse a screen star with her private life. If she's so-and-so in the newspapers and magazines, she is often not accepted as an actress of different roles on the screen. She wants, this girl, to stand on her own feet, to build her own career as Eleanor Boardman, not as somebody's wife and somebody's mother. There—I've given it away. And if you knew Miss Boardman as I do you'd be scared to death to break a promise to her. But I don't mind telling you, now,



☞ Louise Fazenda and Clyde Cook try out their new car. They can have it.

that if you put two and two together it might spell B-A-B-Y. And a darned cute and pretty baby, too. But—give Eleanor Boardman a chance, won't you?

* * *

Extra-extra. All about Ernest Torrence's double life! This man you love to hate on the screen turns out to be the most mild and charming of gentlemen. And when I say gentleman, I mean Gentleman. It's a mystery to me how he can play such mean parts and stay so spick and span in private life. He and his wife celebrated their silver-wedding anniversary not so long ago. They have a twenty-one-year-old son, Ian. They own a beautiful, authentically English home in Beverly Hills. Their one dissipation is travelling. And all the time you know that Mr. Torrence and his family couldn't possibly be so correct and cosmopolitan and altogether delightful if Mr. Torrence, in public, weren't such a low-down, dastardly character.

I asked him how come the Jekyll-and-Hyde. He said, "Well, I won't accept a role unless its villainy serves a purpose in the picture. And you may notice that I rarely play an uninteresting rascal. They are all more or less originally sinful. Villains point the moral, while the heroes adorn the tale."

Before he became Hollywood's favorite villain, Ernest Torrence was a well-known singer on Broadway. His latest pictures are *The Cossacks*, with John Gilbert; *Across to Singapore*, with Novarro, and *Steamboat Bill, Jr.*, in which he officiates as Buster Keaton's father. Mr. Torrence, by the way, is a sort of Big Brother to the boy stars of Hollywood. The south pole and the north pole of movie idols—Jack Gilbert and Ronald Colman—are special pals of his. He roots for them impartially and they like him. Mr. Torrence has only good words for everybody in Hollywood, and Hollywood, amazed, can only stammer good words about him. Why not? Ernest Torrence is as likeable off the screen as he is execrable on. He's probably the third most popular Scotsman in the world, only Sir James Barrie and Harry Lauder outranking him.

Mr. and Mrs. Torrence were on their way to France, to Italy, and, finally, to Edinburgh, the Torrence home town. Anyway, he said, that was what they were planning. But usually when they got over there they

only stayed a month or so, because they'd be so homesick they'd have to hurry back!

* * *

It wasn't exactly a honeymoon, according to Pauline; still, as it was the first time she and Jack had time to take a vacation together, they were secretly regarding it as such. Pauline was Miss Starke before she married Jack White, who is major-domo or director-general of the Educational Comedy Company. Pauline looks and dresses like a New York girl, perhaps because she always manages to take a trip east every year. She loves the shows and the supper-clubs, and saw enough of both this time to see her through for another year.

* * *

The newest blonde to arrive in New York was Lilli Damiti, Samuel Goldwyn's discovery. She brought with her her mother, twelve trunks, golden hair, and a million dollars' worth of pep. Lilli is a real Parisienne, with all the verve and chic of song and story. She has appeared in motion pictures made in France, but I believe none of her foreign-made films has ever been shown in this country, so that she will emerge in a blaze of glory as Ronald Colman's leading woman in *A Tale of Two Cities*.

The Goldwyn Company gave a tea for Mlle. Damiti while she was in New York, and she captivated everybody. She says "And how!" at the proper time, and if she mixes up an occasional "Bon jour" when she passes the time of day I'm sure nobody will object to that. She says she is sure she will love Hollywood—the quiet, and the fresh air, and the sun, and the sea. All these things, says Lilli, appeal to her vastly. But it seemed to me there was a naughty twinkle in her brown eyes when she said: "I love ze quiet life. I nevaire go to night-club much, no, no."

She looks something like a blonde Louise Brooks. She wore a rather daring white lace dress, made for her by Jenny, than whom there is no Parisian couturiere thanwhomer. Mlle. Damiti says that she is looking forward to playing opposite Mr. Colman, whom she has long admired in celluloid and whom she met in person during his recent trip abroad.



BELLE BENNETT is starred in 'The Sporting Age,—a new film which has everything in it to make a good picture. She is an inspiring heroine, with Carrol Nye as her support.

New Screenplays—Continued from page 52

And now—even as you and I—the pulls a boner. Or at least that's what the picture *Veils of Happiness* would seem to suggest.

Clemenceau wrote the Chinese fantasy from which this picture was made. And he had a good idea for it—that life would be infinitely happier if only we could overlook the faults and misgivings of our neighbors. But somehow, the film didn't live up to the ideal Georges had created. A human failing of many of the creations of lesser folk.

THE WOMAN TEMPTED

Some time ago there was a pitiful case in the papers. At least it seemed pitiful to me. It was when the Countess Cathcart, the pretty and young English noblewoman, was temporarily refused admittance to this country because of what our Government termed "moral turpitude."

In other words, it meant that the Countess had given up home, society, friends and country to go to South Africa with the man she loved. As you remember, after a while, her lover, as so often happens, decided he had enough and returned to his patient wife. And so one of life's tragedies was closed.

But when the Countess wanted to come to America to produce a play, our Government didn't want her. Even though her former lover had been admitted to the United States only a little while before.

Ho, Hum. So goes the world. And they speak of feminine supremacy!

However, we are no board of International Relations. What we are concerned with today is the picture, *The Woman Tempted*, which was made from the play the Countess wrote. The play had as its thesis that charity is a greater virtue than chastity. The critics say that the picture doesn't prove anything. Maybe so. But perhaps you recall a verse from the Bible which says: "And the greatest of these is charity."

WAGON SHOW

Now, kids, if you missed Barnum and Bailey's for want of cash or any other little thing, here's your chance. Ken Maynard in a knock-out western picture with a great circus background. There's a real circus parade, lots of love-making, plenty of fights, and your old friend Maurice Costello giving the world a square deal.

PUT 'EM UP

Westerns are like blondes—you can't see too many. And in this one there are villains a-plenty, kidnappings, hard riding, hard shooting, hard loving, with Fred Humes, the hero, holding the pretty Gloria Grey in his arms as the curtain falls.

As bloodthirsty a western as ever the most action-starved person could desire.

THE LITTLE YELLOW HOUSE

There used to be lots of agitation around our house when I was a kid as to whether movies were or were not fit for children to attend. My father was an ardent Methodist. And we were raised on portions of fried chicken and John Wesley, equally divided. The verdict in those days was all against the movies.

Now perhaps today there are a few of those old-fashioned parents left who want to be sure that their kids receive no harm from the world, the flesh and the devil. In case there are, any time there is a picture in town marked F. B. O. it means that it's full of fun and action but void of dirt and scandal. The reason for it is that Joe Kennedy who heads this outfit has eight kids of his own. And he doesn't produce any picture that all his children couldn't see without harm. And I'm not fooling you, either.

That's the reason you are going to like *The Little Yellow House*. It's the same type as *Freckles* and *The Girl of the Limberlost* and *The Harvester*, and all those books you used to read until the cover came off.

Martha Sleeper is the heroine and one of my favorites. I hope you all get to

like her too. Because no girl could have a lovelier or more distinguished model.

VALLEY OF HUNTED MEN

A Mexican border story, with a darn good lot of fighting between the border patrol and the outlaws.

The plot revolves around the "heavies" who are smuggling arms and liquor—the first into Mexico and the second into the United States.

Buffalo Bill, junior, is the hero who gives a grand performance both from an action and from a comedy viewpoint.

Much better than the average western.

MY HOME TOWN

There's been more than one heart-ache caused in little towns by silly gossip. By folks trying to pin an unsavoury reputation on some boy or girl through circumstantial evidence only.

This is the story of a small town boy who gets a bad break in his own village and goes away to the city "To forget it all," thereby jumping from the well-known frying pan into the fire. But, in the end the yokel finds happiness.

THE SPORTING AGE

Belle Bennett is starred in this new film which has everything in it to make a good picture. A race track, a train wreck, and even an aeroplane on a plunge to the sea.

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Lot Talk — Continued from page 77

The first will be *Behind the Front Lines*, official pictures of the World War, which will be released as a special. The second will be Sir Harry Lauder in *Huntingtower*, written by John Buchan. This production marks Lauder's first appearance in films. Vera Veronina, Paramount featured player, appears opposite Lauder.

The Model of Montmartre, third of the foreign pictures, was produced in Paris under direction of Leonce Perret, who has directed a number of American-made productions. Henri Bataille, famous French novelist, wrote the story. The cast includes Ivan Petrovitch, star of *The Garden of Allah*, and Louise La Grange, beautiful French artist's model, who appeared in many Paramount pictures.

Elinor Glyn has completed work on a new screen story, *Tiger Skin*, which will serve as a forthcoming starring vehicle for Greta Garbo. Madame Glyn, most of whose novels have been transferred to the screen with excellent success, plans to go abroad in the near future.

Ricardo Cortez, the Paris of *The Private Life of Helen of Troy*, has been signed by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for a featured part in *Excess Baggage*, picturization of the current Broadway play which is now in production under James Cruze, with William Haines in the starring role.

Stephen Tromholt's Wife, a novel by Hermann Sudermann, German author, has been purchased for the screen by MGM and will be filmed under the title, *The Wonder of Women*. This is the second Sudermann story to be screened by this company. *Flesh and the Devil*, was an adaptation of the German novelist's *The Undying Past*.

Willow Walk, Sinclair Lewis's novel of dual identity and regeneration, published some years ago, has been purchased for the screen by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and will serve as a starring vehicle for Lon Chaney.

Fred Thomson and Alfred L. Werker, his director, have just returned from a tour of nearly 2,000 miles in Arizona in search of locations for scenes in *Kit Carson*. A number of places were found which are exactly as they were when Carson visited them on trapping expeditions.

One of these is Oraibi, an Hopi Indian village of adobe buildings dating back to prehistoric days. It was visited by Coronado in 1540. Carson's trail from Taos, N. M., to Arizona is to be picked up at several points in the making of the picture. One of the spectacular sequences, the annual rendezvous between trappers, Indians and traders, is to be made at the base of the San Francisco Peaks, the second highest mountains in the United States. These are north of Flagstaff.

Headquarters for the company will be established near Tuba City in a camp. Arrangements have been made for the use of several hundred Navajo Indians.

Production is scheduled to begin about May 15. Nora Lane will have the leading feminine role opposite Mr. Thomson.

Step right this way, Ladies and Gents. We have one of the greatest attractions on the map. A real motion picture studio in full blast. Closer, please. That's it. Don't

crowd, folks. Plenty of room for everybody. Here on my left is the last set in which Colleen Moore worked for her picture *Happiness Ahead*. The picture is now completed and the star is on her way to Honolulu for three weeks' vacation. Her mother and father accompanied her. Over there you will see an old-fashioned room. See the quaint furniture. That is for Corinne Griffith's picture, *The Divine Lady*. And there is a magnificent palace set, where Emma meets the king. Who is Emma? Why, surely you know—she became Lady Hamilton and was the sweetheart of Lord Nelson. His inspiration. Just take a look at the wardrobe department. See all those gorgeous gowns? They are worn by Miss Griffith. Look at the naval uniforms of England in the early Nineteenth Century, aren't they fine? Yes, ladies and gents, there is the room where Richard Barthelmess made the final scenes of his picture *Roulette*. Squalid, isn't it? Just the home of a girl who has gone the pace and is on the downgrade. There is where the accidental murder takes place. There's the big courtroom scene with real cement pillars fifty feet high. Also for *Roulette*. You know Barthelmess played a dual role in this film. And just cast your eyes in this direction for a moment, please. It's a scene for the big melodrama *The Whip*, with Dorothy Mackaill featured. Note all the jockeys, the fashionable folk out for a day at the races. And here is my own set, *The Barker*. Yes, folks, permit me to introduce myself. Milton Sills, at your service. Miss Mackaill is featured in this picture also. There are Betty Compson and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., both in the picture. I hope you'll like it. There's a lot of excitement and plenty of thrills and romance. There is the carnival, picturesque, isn't it? And over there you will find Jack Mulhall making "The Butter and Egg Man". Yes, that's Greta Nissen, his leading lady. It's a theatrical story. Over there is Charlie Murray, the inimitable, making "The Head Man". Full of laughs, folks, one every minute. Loretta Young is his leading lady. She's the youngest in the studio. No pun intended, either. There's Harry Langdon in his new comedy with Doris Dawson as leading woman. Isn't she cute? What about Billie Dove? Oh, she will soon start a new one. Also Mary Astor and Lloyd Hughes, who are to make "Heart to Heart". So you see, Ladies and gents, this is a busy lot and you'll see the greatest show of your lives if you come in now—step right up and don't crowd, folks. That's right. Let that old lady through. Step up, closer, this way, everybody—The greatest show on the earth.!

"War in the Dark," new starring vehicle for Greta Garbo, has gone into production at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio, with Betty Blythe added to the supporting cast. Conrad Nagel has the male lead in this film, which Fred Niblo is directing from an adaptation of Ludwig Wolff's novel of European military intrigue.



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Somehow I've never had the knack of making friends. I was never noticed at a party. Always I found myself sitting alone. I guess it was my own fault, though. I had nothing to offer! No musical ability—no gift of wit—nothing to entertain others. So I was left to myself more and more—left to dreaded solitude.

One night my spirits were at their lowest ebb and the four blank walls of my bedroom seemed to crush me like a prison. I could stand it no longer. Anything was better than that lonely room. I wandered out into the deserted streets—unconscious of the drizzling rain.

Suddenly the sound of jazz and happy laughter caught my ear. For an instant my spirits rose, and then fell as I realized that the fun was not for me. Through the open window I could see the couples dancing—others talking—all having a good time.

Everything seemed to center around the young man playing the piano—Tom Buchanan. How I envied him! He had friends—popularity—happiness—all the things I longed for—but *didn't have!* I was just an outsider. I turned away with a lump in my throat.

All the way home I kept thinking of that scene through the window. It depressed me. The next evening I dropped in to see Tom. He greeted me cordially: "Hello, Dick, glad to see you."

"Feeling pretty blue, Tom, so I thought I'd call. Lucky to find you in, though. It

doesn't happen very often," I answered.

"Well, you came to the right place. Music will soon make you forget your troubles."

Tom sat down at his piano and began to play. Never have I been so moved by music. The happy hours sped past as rhapsodies, waltzes, jazz hits, sonatas poured from his expert fingers. When he had finished, I sighed—sighed enviously.

"Thanks, Tom, it was wonderful. What I wouldn't give to play like that! But it's too late now! I should have had a teacher when I was a kid—like you!"

Tom smiled and said, "Dick, I never had a teacher in my life. In fact, not so long ago; I couldn't play a note."

"Impossible!" I exclaimed. "How did you do it?"

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Then he told me about a wonderful new short-cut method of learning music that had been perfected by the U. S. School of Music. No teacher, no weary scales and tiresome hours of practice. You played real music from the start. When I left Tom, it was with new hope. If he could learn to play this way, so could I! That very night I wrote for the Free Book and Demonstration Lesson.

Three days later they arrived. I was amazed! I never dreamed that playing the piano could be so simple—even easier than Tom had pictured it. Then and there I knew I could learn to play!

The course was as much fun as a game. No more dreary nights for me. And as the lessons continued they got easier. Although I never had any "talent" I was playing my favorites—almost before I knew it. I soon will be able to play jazz, ballads, classical numbers, all with equal ease!

Then came the night that proved the turning point of my whole life. Once more I was going to a party, and this time I had something to offer. But I never dreamed that things would happen as they did.

What a moment that was when our hostess, apparently troubled, exclaimed: "Isn't it a shame that Tom Buchanan can't be here! What will we do without someone to play the piano?"

Amazed at my confidence, I spoke up: "I'll try to fill Tom's place—if you're not too critical."

Everyone seemed surprised. "Why, I didn't know he played!" someone behind whispered.

Quietly I sat down and ran my fingers over the keys. As I struck the first rippling chords of Nevil's lovely "Narcissus," a hush fell over the room. I could hardly believe it, but—I was holding the party spellbound!

Then as I played, I forgot the people and lost myself in my own music. The room became a field—a field dotted with nodding white flowers and filled with rich, fragrant perfume.

When I finished, you should have heard them applaud! Everyone insisted I play more. Only too glad, I played piece after piece. My heart was filled with joy—for I—who had been an outsider—was now the life of the party.

Before the evening was over, I had been invited to three more parties. Now I never have a lonesome moment. At last I am popular. And to think it was all so easy!

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(See Page 96)

Eddie Nugent—Continued from page 32

"I returned from La Jolla on crutches with my back strapped up. It was the 13th of August and I told myself that I would hand in my resignation at 5:13 P.M. At five o'clock that afternoon came a message that Harry Rapf wanted to see me. I knew it was good news before I went. It was. Somebody had told him that I had suggested lots of gags on pictures and on the strength of it I was offered a job as gag man. Did I take it? I'll say I did!"

"And then?" I questioned.

"Well, I had done so many things before that but you wouldn't be interested."

I assured him that it was important he give me all the dark and dirty details of his past and for all his twenty-four years he has had quite a past, my dears.

His background is auspicious. For five generations that name Nugent has meant something in the theatrical world. Actors, vaudevillians, circus people they've been. When our hero was nine years old his father was stage manager for a stock company in Yonkers. Eddie had been dragged on the stage from the time he could walk. Even in productions where there was no part for him he haunted back stage and knew every line of the show. This turned out to be his degradation when *A Fool There Was* was being given.

Perhaps he spent more time at the theatre than was his wont because he fell in love with a golden haired actress a year older than he. She was beautiful, such an actress; she had such charm. And then she fell ill. His heart was sad, and he was a tortured man. Then, as if that were not enough he was called to fill the breach. A golden wig was fitted over his cropped head. A frilly, white organdie frock with a wide pink sash was put on him and he, a man humbled and heart broken, took his sweetheart's place on the stage and lisped out her lines.

Then it was discovered that Eddie had an alto voice. His father had taken over the stage management of the Metropolitan Grand Opera Company and Eddie became one of a boys chorus. It was during the production of *Parsifal* that his career almost came to a sudden end. High in the upper regions of the stage ten little boys in overalls and sweaters were concealed from view. Only their voices were heard as a faint angel's chorus.

One angel's foot slipped and, like Lucifer being thrown from heaven, a startled little boy in overalls came tumbling down from above into the midst of armoured knights about to go in search of the Holy Grail.

"I ran off that stage in nothing flat," Eddie remarked, "and I hid for three hours."

A vaudeville act with his father followed. And then he decided to go to California. He found work in a Grauman prologue and shared a dressing room with a young Mexican lad named Ramon Samaniegos. The name was changed a few months later to Ramon Novarro.

Times became hard. Eddie took a job as an usher at the theatre. Other jobs followed both in and out of the industry and then he found work as a prop boy for independent productions. He worked so hard that the picture was finished and he was out of a job before he had expected.

Then he found work as a stunt man in serials. Perhaps his famous fall from the top of the Metropolitan stage had given

him the idea that he led a charmed life.

The existence was as hazardous as it was uncertain so he went back to props again at M. G. M. He had a good eye for comedy situations and suggested gags to the directors with whom he worked. It was several of these gags that caused him to be called into Harry Rapf's office and given a steady job as gag man.

Happy that he had gotten a break and a white collar job at last he settled down to the serious business of being funny.

It was on the 13th of March that he crossed the lot to be stopped by one of the powers that be in the casting office, John Lancaster. "We're going to give a test this afternoon for a good part in Harry Beaumont's picture."

"All right," said Eddie, "I'll bring my negligee over."

"I'm not joking," said Lancaster, "they are interested in you and we understand that you're a good trouper."

"I'm not joking either and besides we need rugs over at our house."

That lucky thirteen followed him again and by the time the lights and cameraman were ready for the test Eddie's wristwatch read five-thirteen. It was, you remember, the 13th of March.

The test was a success and Eddie not only got one of the leading roles in *Our Dancing Daughters*, but a five year contract as well. Rumor has it that he is already cast for two other big pictures.

The first role is a break. As I understand it there are six leading people in the picture, three girls and three boys. Joan Crawford, Dorothy Sebastian and Anita Page hold up the feminine side while Johnny Mack Brown, Nils Asther and Edward Nugent are the gentlemen in the case.

The boy has a decided flare for comedy. His talk is the easy banter of stage folk; yet there is something wistful in his face, a quality necessary to every great comedian.

It's easy to believe that he is twenty-four when you look at him, but the strange checkerboard pattern of his life has given him wisdom beyond his years. There's no chance of his being spoiled by the admiration he is getting at the moment.

And it wouldn't surprise me to hear that on the 13th of some month not far away at five-thirteen Eddie Nugent will be signing his name to a stellar contract. This prophesy is well founded. His director thinks so, too.



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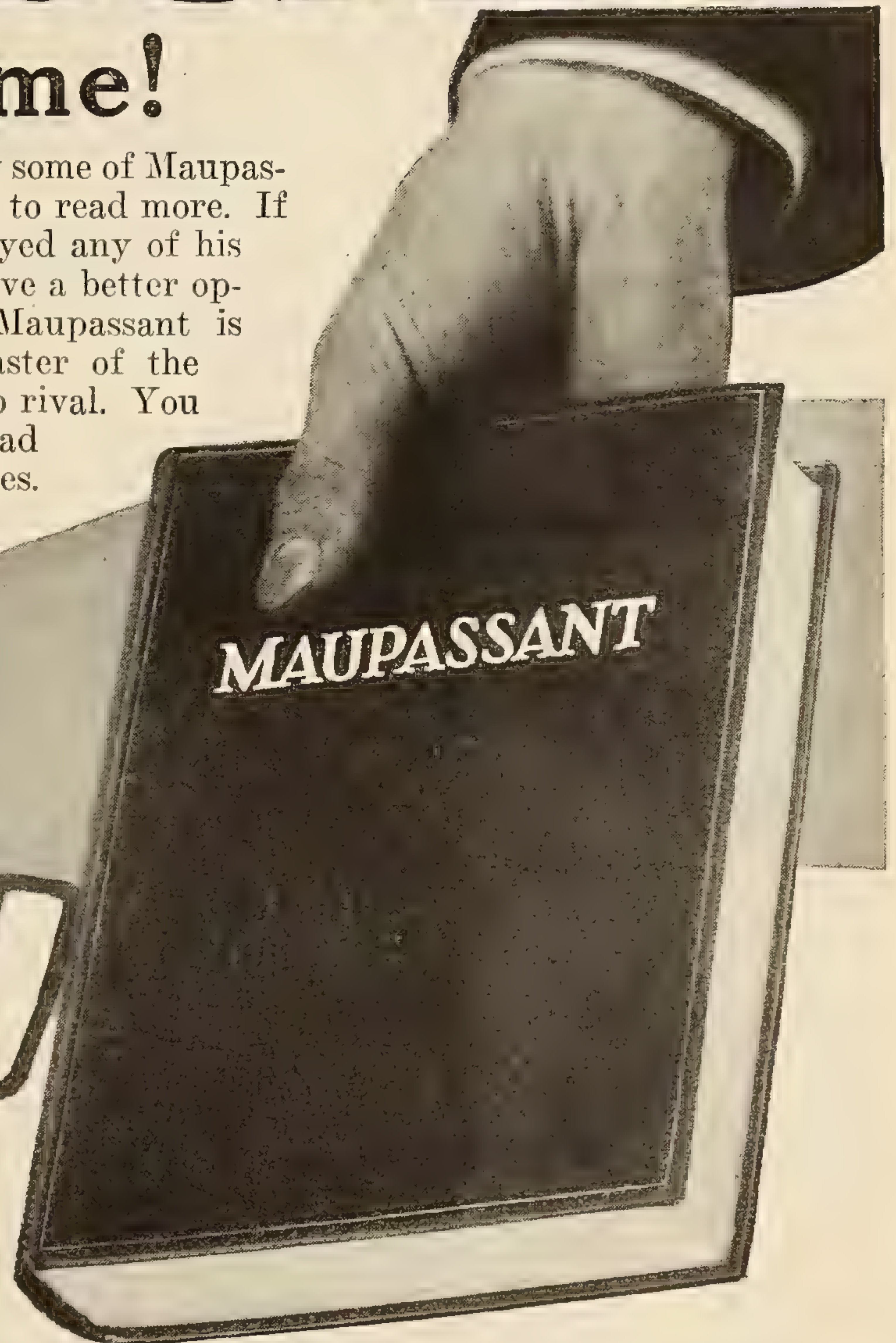
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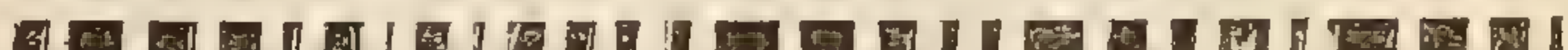
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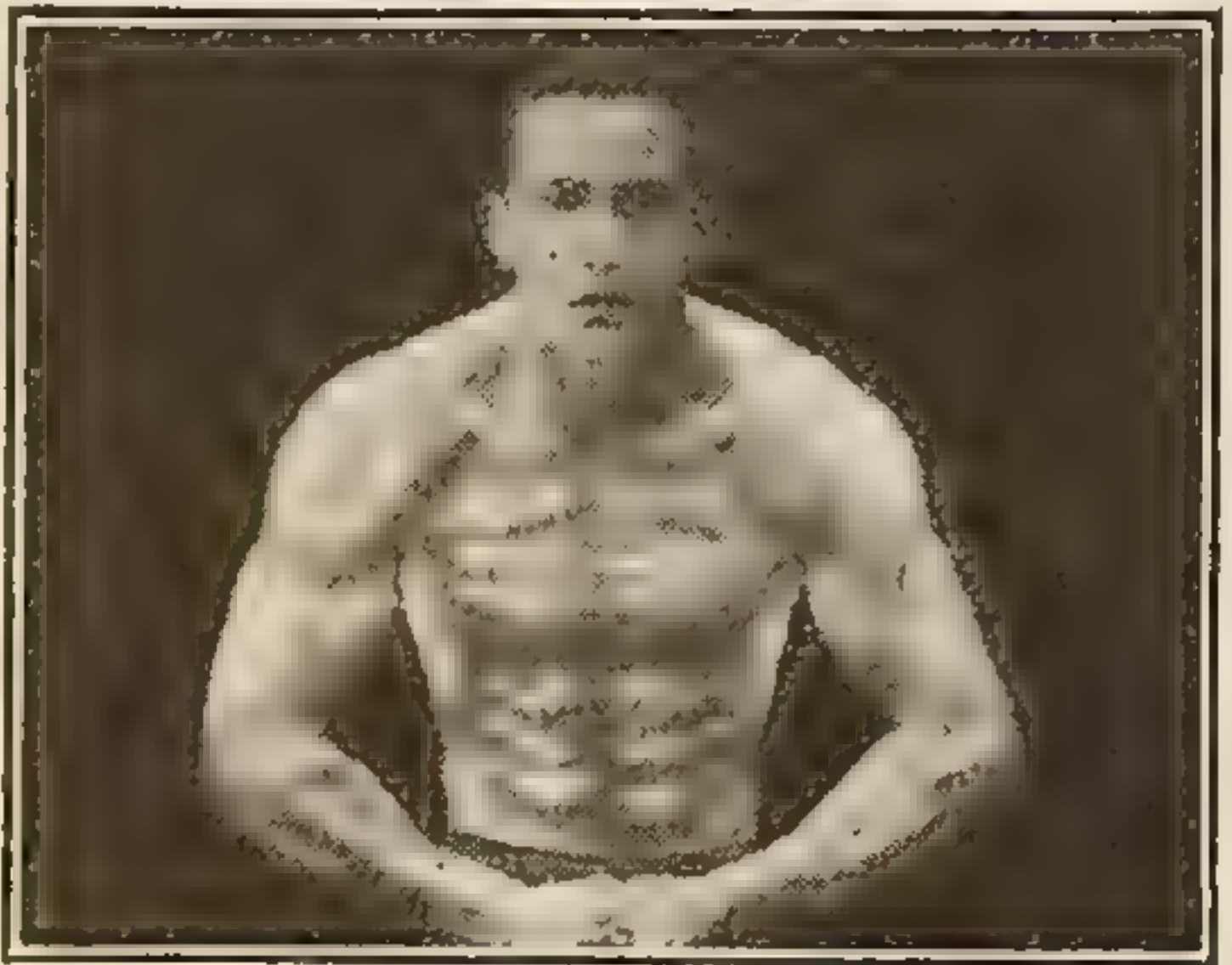
BEFORE:

This boy looks pretty hopeless, doesn't he? I'll bet he hated to step out on the beach in a bathing suit, and he had to stand a lot of bullying from the other boys in the gang.



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Richard Arlen—Continued from page 37

clothes a year. This was before Dick was sunk. He was excited by his good fortune, plenty of money, friends, luxuries and a movie contract!—and the extras smiled sadly and said, "See, I told you so." Dick soon had reason to believe that the producers weren't really serious, however, and the extras wondered too. For he played only small parts, often cut out after the film had been completed. Not even a glimpse of the tall, dark, young man reached the public.

Dick was naturally depressed when no parts came his way. When he found he had spent all his money he was stunned and he received a still greater shock when he realized that all of the 'friends' who had collected about him and had enjoyed his hospitality became suddenly distraught, wandered away and forgot to come back simultaneously with his lack of money. Dick had done everything to entertain them. He had let his friends use his cars as if they were their own, had taken them to dinner at the Ambassador, had given theatre parties en masse. The participants had seemed to like him and had sworn eternal friendship. Then he found himself broke and the 'friends' vanished overnight. He had to sell everything except one car—known throughout the movie colony as 'Sex Appeal'—because of its long smart lines which Dick had designed himself. He reluctantly dismissed his servants and moved to a small room at the Hollywood Athletic Club. Dick felt the full force of an old adage which means: Success and the world succeeds with you, fail and you fail alone.

No one ever called Dick to ask him to dinner. His telephone never rang. People knew he couldn't entertain them or lavish money on them. There was no one for him to talk to; no one to listen to his new found troubles. Difficulties seemed to pile high and fast. He was even requested to change his name. Michael Arlen, the well-known author of *The Green Hat*, sent a word to this poor extra player he had heard about and inferred that his joint ownership of a name might prove embarrassing to him—people might think they were related.

One person, however, refused to desert Dick. This was his former valet. Dick would not allow him to work for nothing so the valet obtained a job near Dick with the secret understanding with his new employer that he could have two hours off every morning. During those two hours the man went to Dick's small room and he cleaned and pressed the young man's clothes and tidied the room where he spent much of his time. Talking things out with his valet Dick tried to discover his mistake. He blamed himself for his sudden financial failure. The valet often over-stayed his time because he felt Dick needed to talk longer, to think out loud. So he remained quietly and listened.

The valet urged Dick to show the producers that he could act. Dick feared that they would not renew his contract. And he needed money. Now that his money was gone, he had to be sure of a steady income. He did not stop to think that there were other players under contract more important than himself. The producers had to satisfy them, they had stars to deal with, stories to read and decide about, production problems to discuss, financial difficulties to straighten out, reorganizations, and hundreds of little details to absorb their time. They could not possibly give their undivided attention to Dick and his worries.

Dick worried so much he wore himself thin and sick. If he could only stop worrying and find happiness. But Fate shrugged a disinterested shoulder. Finally it relented a little and gave him a small rôle in a Raymond Griffith comedy. He hoped the Paramount executives might give him a bigger part after seeing his work.

Weeks passed. He didn't get another part. He worried because he was afraid he would never get an opportunity to play on the screen again. He didn't know how he would earn his living if Paramount did not renew his contract. He grew thinner. He wanted a good part so that he could prove his ability. He had watched other screen players and ached to get before the cameras and show the world that he, too, could express emotion. He knew he could lose himself sufficiently to give a convincing characterization. Officials of the company smiled pleasantly but gave him no encouragement.

In desperation Dick made the rounds of the other studios and thought he might be able to rent himself out of his Paramount contract. Mae Murray was to begin a picture in a few weeks at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios. Dick rode over every morning. He had a screen test made. For a few mornings it looked as though he might be given his big opportunity. At the height of his optimism he learned that the part had been given to an older player.

Dick felt at this time that every one in the world was against him. About this time the turning point came into his life. Lois Moran and her mother arrived in Hollywood. Lois was to play the leading role in *Padlocked* and there was a rumor that Dick would play opposite her. Later the producers decided Dick wasn't ready to play the role.

Another actor was given the part and Dick played a small one in the same picture. It was then that a great friendship began.

Mrs. Moran was introduced to Dick one day while she was on the set with Lois. Dick had heard that Mrs. Moran was the wisest business woman of all the mothers who had daughters in the business. She knew the field thoroughly, had trained Lois so that the youngster quickly advanced to one of the highest-salaried ingenues in the business, under her mother's wise guidance.

Dick talked to Mrs. Moran on the set. She gave him advice. She taught him to eat raw vegetables and fruit. He retired early. When he awoke early in the morning he went to gym, exercised and plunged into the pool for a swim. He ate fruit and drank fruit juices for breakfast. And in two weeks he gained five pounds! He spent hours with Mrs. Moran, who gave him sound advice. His mind cleared. He forgot a great deal of the unpleasant aspects of his past career, and in return he has expressed his undying gratitude and appreciation for her help.

He played with Lois after she returned from the long hours at the studio. He drove Lois and her mother north into the cool mountains. A great many people wondered why he didn't fall in love with her. Aside from the fact that just any young man doesn't fall in love with every beautiful young girl, but at the same time can be friends, Dick had just separated from his first wife and never wanted to fall in love again. He enjoyed being happy with her friendship. But, although happier, still he had not played the part he

wanted. He was given an extra rôle among the thousands of others in *Old Ironsides*.

Then one day Dick Arlen met Jobyna Ralston!

Paramount had made preparations to produce *Wings*. Dick wanted to play a part in the picture he had heard about—he wanted to marry Jobyna Ralston, the successful leading lady for Harold Lloyd, who earned more than six times Dick's salary.

Things happened fast. Dick rushed to the studio, told William Wellman, assigned to direct *Wings*, that he wanted to play in the picture. At first Wellman said "no." He knew that this young man had never played a big part and had heard he often begged the directors to give him a chance. But while talking to Dick, Wellman realized that something had happened. Dick more than asked, even more than demanded that Wellman let him have a test. He convinced the director that he could play any part. There was a new force behind the unheard-of extra.

Dick ran to his club, phoned Jobyna he was to have a screen test the next morning and jumped into bed to rest for the ordeal.

The test was a success. Dick was given the part and he was highly praised for his work in *Wings*, the aviation special.

Today Dick Arlen is a strong, healthy, earnest young juvenile happily married. His dressing-room is lined with pictures of his wife.

"Look at this one. Did you ever see anything so sweet? She is too, you know. Here look, I like this one—it's a lot like her," etc., etc.

It was after *Wings* had been completed that the producers cast him for another picture—*Rolled Stockings*. And then came *The Blood Ship*, and leads opposite Bebe Daniels, Esther Ralston and Clara Bow.

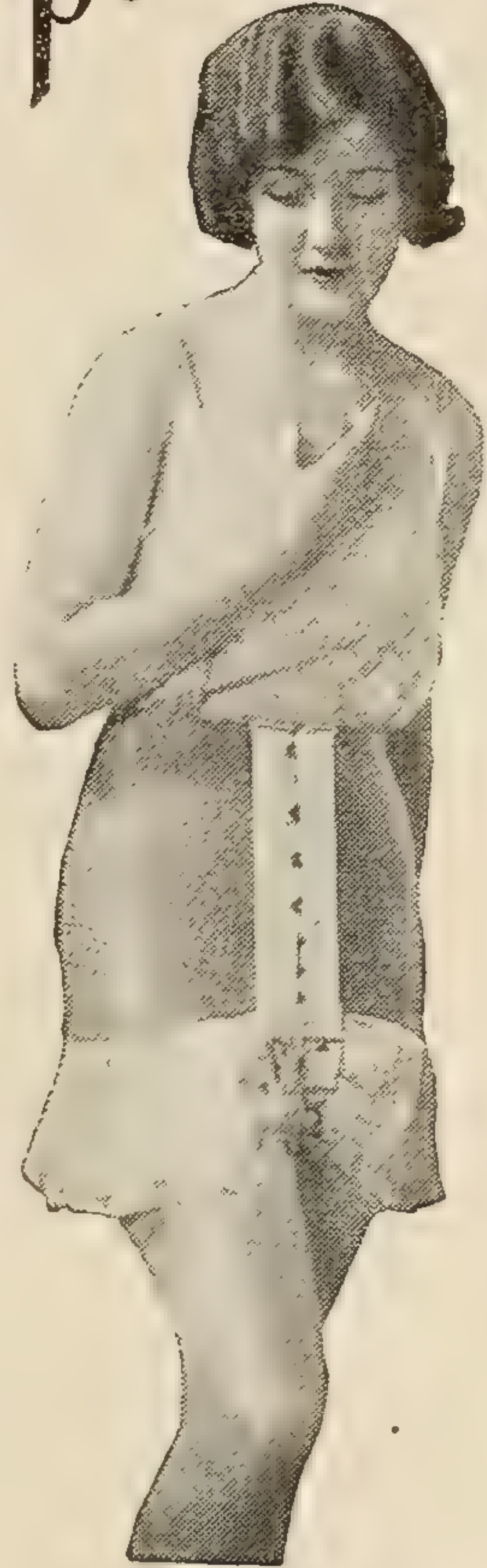
His future is already planned. He inherits another fortune when he is 31, he has a wife he loves, and a new contract. He knows that it doesn't pay to squander thousands of dollars foolishly—in fact, Hollywood is just a little bit sore because Dick has learned so much so soon, and is benefitting by his experiences. They don't exactly know what to make of this very happy young man.

The Honor Page Girl Keeps It Up



This would seem to be a Marion Davies year. Metro-Goldwyn has signed the star for three productions for next season. These will be in addition to the picture Miss Davies has just finished—*Show People*, in which she is co-starred under the direction of King Vidor. An announcement is expected shortly regarding her first vehicle of the new season, which will go into production as soon as *Her Cardboard Lover*, in which Robert Z. Leonard is now directing her, is completed. Meanwhile Marion sails off to Europe, happy that *The Patsy* is such a success, having earned a gay, care-free vacation. Bon voyage!

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Every Lover Has His Line

Continued from page 21

school he is doubtless even now doing the dinner dishes while friend wife goes to the movies. Just his way of making love. On the other hand if he was the sort of little devil who kissed the girls and made them cry he is still kissing and they are still crying, let the mascara melt as it may.

If you want a line on lovers come along to Hollywood, where they grow. There's just room for you on my Magic Carpet, if you're really rugged. Promise to curl up and sit tight and try not to take up all the room. Can't you move over a little more? What's the matter—do you think this whole Carpet belongs to you or what? Stop shoving. If you can't be nice you will just have to get out and walk—and how would you like to walk home from a Magic Carpet ride, eh? Now will you be good? Well, here we are at Hollywood, home of the Great Lovers and Rin-Tin-Tin.

Doesn't it look like one great long Lovers' Lane, with mushy couples eternally strolling up and down, up and down, and occasionally tripping? But for a glimpse of most of the real Great Lovers we'll have to peek inside the match-factory—I mean the studios. Careful, there, or you'll bump your big head on a Kleig.

As I live and breathe, isn't that Charles Farrell? Pinch me—not so hard; that's enough. It is Charles Farrell! The 1928 Reply to a Maiden's Supplication. Chico—Gino. A very remarkable fellow. His line is all his own. He is ardent one moment and humorous the next. And you know how women love humor. The more you humor them the better they like it. Charlie Farrell is also quaint. So is Harry Langdon. But Charlie is quaint—plus. He's the one great screen sheik who can be quaint in the love scenes and live. He is ambling and he is awkward but he's a bona-fide Don Juan. When you have seen Mr. Farrell in *Seventh Heaven* and *Street Angel* you have met the Kid himself. He's the same off. He's a nut, some say, but a lovable nut. In pictures he is exuberant, extravagant, picturesque. In real life, the same. He still drives the same dilapidated old Ford he rode around in when he was an extra. He arrives at a formal party in overalls if that's the way he happens to be feeling. He may be really naive or he may be merely clever; either way, the girls are for him.

Some men think only of the future but the kind of man that makes a permanent hit thinks of the present. It may be flowers or fiction, bracelets or bonbons. Charlie said it not so long ago—to a certain beautiful picture star—with a prize Great Dane dog. He has the grand gesture. You'd recognize it no matter where you met it. It's his line.

Another of Nature's masterpieces is Charles "Buddy" Rogers. They called him Buddy back in Olathe, Kansas, and the name has stuck. Because Buddy isn't so much a nickname as it is a disposition. A boy named Buddy, for instance, would always be good to the girls. He'd begin by being kind to his mother and he'd keep on being sweet to his sweethearts until finally he was just grand to his grand-daughters. He'd be nice and chivalrous whether he was tucking a girl into a cradle or a chummy sports roadster. How could he help it, with a name like that? And the girls would always be good to him. You bet your life they would. They couldn't help it either. They would fuss over him and spoil him and call him Buddy even when he was get-

ting an old, old man. I don't know what he'd do with the old man but I know he'd be good to him.

Buddy Rogers is Charles Rogers now—a star in all the programs. But he hasn't changed much. His line is boyish and he still swings on it. He's a sort of male Alice in Wonderland, getting a great kick out of his adventures and hungry for more. Every new picture is an event in Mr. Rogers' young life. He can still get excited about the selection of a new leading woman. The boy will grow older, but nothing can really change him. Look at all that has happened to him in two years. Two pictures in long runs on Broadway at the same time. He has made movie love to Mary Pickford, Clara Bow, and Nancy Carroll—demure Mary, exotic Clara, saucy Nancy. But Buddy never changed his technique for anybody. It's the same in Hollywood as it was back in Kansas, and just as potent. His acting has improved. He plays big scenes now like an old trouper. But the really important part of his contribution to the art of the motion picture, that will live down through the ages, is the hurt, appealing way he looks at a girl. No wonder somebody wrote a song called "My Buddy." The question is, whose Buddy are you?

If you want to be popular with John Gilbert, just write him a letter and tell him he is the Great Lover of the Silver Screen. Go ahead; I dare you. Only don't sign your real name. Sooner or later, Jack would get even. A great lover is the last thing in the world he aspires to be. He wants to be known as an actor—nothing more or less. He likes to play parts as widely varied as possible. He wants to be versatile. And give him credit, when he has a chance he is. Is it his fault that no matter how well he plays a part he is always remembered as John Gilbert? Mercy, no. But it is a hard, cruel fact that when he is most lover-like he is most himself. The Jim of *The Big Parade* was an entirely different character from the Danilo of *The Merry Widow*—until he began to make love. Then they were brothers under the skin, all right. Dough-boy or prince, it was all the same. Both John Gilbert—fiery, forceful, victorious. Mr. Gilbert belongs to the Smouldering School. He is true to its best traditions. He looks at the fair heroine and smoulders until she succumbs. Fascinating is no word for that young man. And he is just such a fascinator in private life—if he has any. There's nothing very private about his life, when you get right down to it—and do let's. The stunning Leatrice Joy loved and married him. He's still, they say, her favorite actor. The woman was never born who can resist Mr. Gilbert's line. Don't forget that even the elusive and languorous Miss Garbo was in *Love* with him. Sometimes when he has just been called a Great Lover all over again, Mr. Gilbert gets good and mad and threatens to stop acting and turn to directing. I guess that would spite us! No, it wouldn't, either—we could count on the love scenes being good.

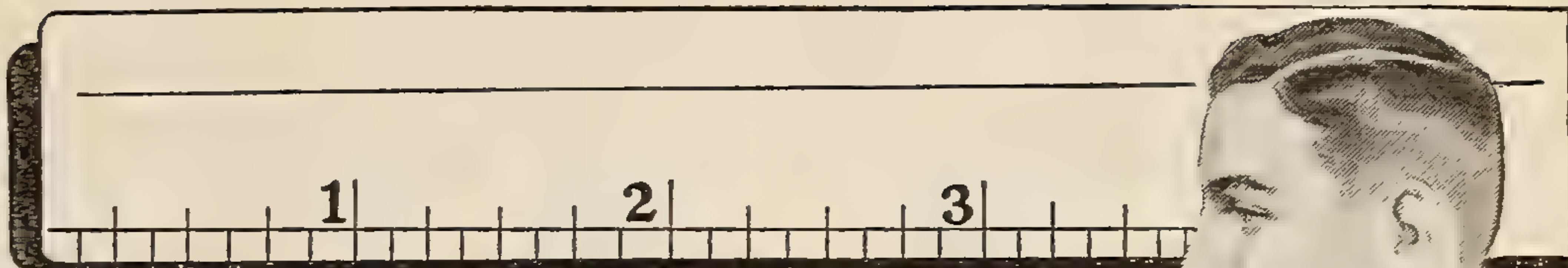
Ronald Colman! Ah! Oh! Ooh! Also, Umm! Swoon if you must, but remember that Mr. Colman won't catch you when you fall. Ronald is practically indifferent to the feelings he arouses in feminine breasts. You get the idea that nothing in his life is worth getting awfully worked up about. You know how—even when he is embracing the beautiful Banky in a scene—he looks positively indifferent? Yes, he

loves her, but, dash it all, it is a bit of a bally bore—what? Ronald is nonchalant. Nothing matters—much. This indifference, of course, is his charm. He has it in real life, too—oh, how. He isn't rude or high-hat. Nothing so obvious. He is courteous and charming, but even with the prettiest girls he gives the impression that he would rather be somewhere else. Where? Well, perhaps on a tennis court with Ernest Torrence or Charles Lane or Bill Powell. Or at home before the fire. But even before the fire Mr. Colman manages to keep cool. Aloof—that's Ronald.

He was almost mobbed by frantic admirers when he went 'home' to London. He went over just to visit his mother, you know. He actually never dreamed the public would be after him. He took his mother to the theatre one night and a crowd quickly formed. Girl fans called out: "Ronnie—Ronnie! Hullo, Ronnie!" Colman heard them but he pretended he didn't. His sweet mother reproved him gently: "Why, Ronald—aren't you going to speak to your friends?"

A brief bow from this retiring young man is more to be desired than hugs from another. When he takes the trouble to escort a girl anywhere she may well consider it an occasion. When he was in New York on his way back from England he went to the theatre alone instead of calling up any one of the dozens of young ladies who would have been thrilled to a frazzle to go with him. "Maybe it is that he is par-tic-u-lar!" smiled Vilma Banky. Maybe it is. And that's his charm. When you see him wending his way through *Two Lovers*, simulating a burning passion but all the time wearing that slightly bored expression, you can brag to all your friends that you have been out with Ronald. He is always like that.

Hew to the line, boys—let the chits fall where they may!



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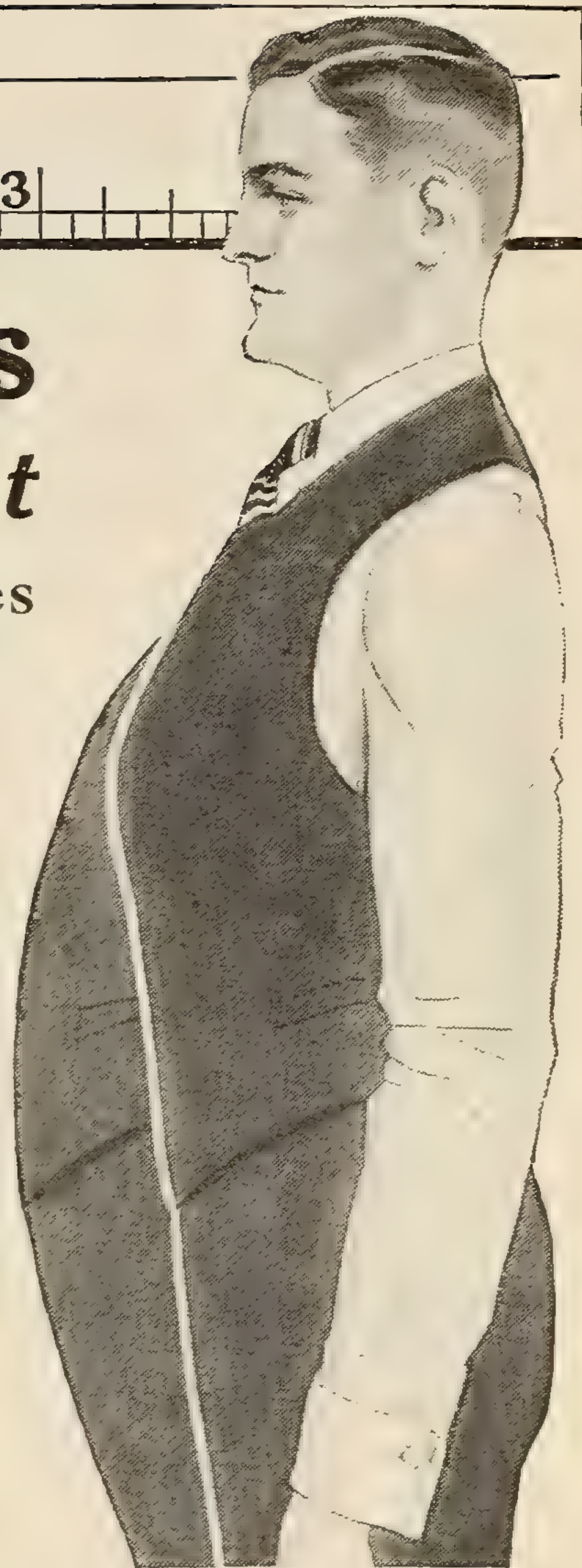
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Clarence Slifer, the author of 'Camera Angles,' is assistant cameraman on the De Mille lot.

Camera Angles—Continued from page 25

requires. Footage is counted on the basis of 16 frames or one foot of film per second, although in actual cranking, we crank about 18 frames per second. The faster you crank the slower the action will appear on the screen and vice versa. You can readily see how helpful this is. For instance, coming down the road, in the far distance, is an automobile. By cranking at about 10 or 12 and as the car approaches increase cranking gradually to normal speed we can obtain a realistic effect on the screen. When this bit of action is projected on the screen, it will take less time to show than the event actually did itself, but will look more natural and be less tiring.

During the time spent for rehearsing the action, Pev Marley and the head electrician, Grant McDonald, light the set, and the characters appearing in it. Grant has thirty-four electricians in his crew. It is up to the cameraman entirely, to secure the beautiful lightings you see on the screen. Working with sunlight requires a different technique and with daylight and booster lights (artificial lights) still another.

Were you at the studio during the preparation for a shot, you would hear a running conversation much like the following:—

PEV MARLEY: Light 'em Mac!

Mac blows his police whistle and all the spotlights are lighted. Two more blasts and on go the broads, scoops, and sun-arcs. Looking thru a "blue glass," Pev and Mac ascertain the quality of their light. The "blue glass" reduces everything to a monochrome. The high lights stand out as they will photograph, and you can somewhat tell how the scene will appear on the screen. Then comes the changing and adjusting that will require considerable time,

depending upon the effect desired and if it is a close-up or a long shot.

MARLEY (speaking again): Mac, move the "Crecos" in. How many "silks" on the right "scoop?"

MAC: Four.

MARLEY: Take two off. Pull that "broad" back. (Speaking to the boys in the parallels). Overhead frost number forty, then. Grant, the light on Marie looks weak.

MAC: Okay. Danny, take the gauze off the sun and just use the florentine.

Perhaps some stray light will be hitting the lens, causing a "kick" or flare, so Pev calls to Eddie Manriquez, the head grip (stage hand), "Tin-gag, Ed, for this static box of mine." And Eddie will shout to his second or third assistant for a tin-gag. These commands or suggestions come fast and are speedily carried out. The picture is costing over a thousand dollars an hour and there is no time to lose. If the chandeliers in the set are lighted, perhaps they will cause bad halation, so Pev calls to Floyd Baker, painter for the company, "Brownie, tone down the practicals," and Brownie will paint them with brown water color. Other bothersome highlights as brass buttons, etc., are dabled with floor wax.

The camera is focused by looking on the ground glass and by running a tape line to the person or object to be photographed. The lens being scaled in feet and inches, it is an easy thing to turn to the correct distance. Both means of focusing are used, as they serve to check one another.

Most pictures are now diffused or soft focus. This is obtained by using glass

diffusion discs or by using black silk gauze as chiffon, tulle or marquisette.

If the scene is of great importance, a test shot is made. An assistant cameraman develops this test in a "test box" (a small portable dark room) and in a few minutes he has a small strip of developed film. All the lights are set and everything is O.K. So Pev calls, "Shoot It!" but as Mr. DeMille has not yet arrived the order is changed to "Rest 'Em!" At three doleful blasts of Mac's police whistle the electricians turn out the arc lights.

During this period of waiting for "CB" the company indulges in a little clowning. The set orchestra, composed of violin, cello, bass violin and organ, play music for us. The entire troupe join in with wonderful effects for the "Anvil Chorus" and "A Hunting We Will Go." There are anvils and dogs in every nook and cranny of the stage. The orchestra suddenly ceases playing and starts playing a certain overture, which means that Mr. DeMille has arrived. The clowning stops and we resume the business of making pictures.

The electrician whistles for lights, which groan and howl, when they are first turned on, till they gain full brilliancy. Mr. DeMille has the players run through the action that is to take place and if it is satisfactory, announces over the loud speaker system, "This will be Picture!" At the word, camera, the action is photographed. Each bit of action like that is called a "take" and after each take, I slate the scene. Sometimes the action does not completely stop at the word, cut, or the blowing of a siren. During our fight sequence, I was on the receiving end of an over-ripe tomato and during the fire sequence, considerable water. So you see, slate holding has its grief. If the action is faulty, I hold up the reverse side of the slate and slate it N.G. or no good. Five or six are always made of every scene.

The action for that scene was satisfactory. Mr. DeMille, with a view-finder, selects his next line and indicates where the first camera will set. The other cameras group around it or set up on special lines. Certain takes are printed of every line. These prints are known as the dailies or rushes and are shown every night at projection. It is at projection that the best camera lines are chosen for the first cutting. The action in the long and close shots is the same. The picture then may be cut, from a long to a close shot or vice versa, at will.

The next order is "Strike that line," and we, assistants, pull out our cameras and set them up on one side of the set, where we reload them, change tripods, clear the mat-box, or do any of the many things that will be necessary for the next shot.

Mr. Urson now poses the actors for a still picture, while "Bill" Thomas, stillman, gets his camera ready. "Mac" blows his whistle for the lights to be flashed; this lowers the carbons, and they will burn several minutes more without flashing again. After the "quiet pictures" a shout goes up, "New deal, shuffle them," and everything is reset for another scene.

The language used on the set—not profane, by any means—is full of colloquialisms. The ordinary bystander would not know what it was all about. Such words as the following are in common use: pancake, two foot green, six inches, box, flag, nigger, gobo, funny-gag, flag, broad, tower of jewels, hay wire, aurora borealis, little elevation, young ladder, baby spot, iris, frost, wobbly-head, snoot, shelf, rotary, and many others. Bystanders are referred to as "set-lookers" and light-blockers," as they are generally in front of some light.

In our picture, we used a great number

of "breakaways," i.e. crumbling walls, falling ceilings, beams, and flaming masses of wood. These "breakaways" were designed by Mitchell Leison and built by Roy Jones. The breakaways are built of real brick and plaster and are dangerous if not timed right. The only thing false about them is that we control when and just about where they are to fall. This is done from an electric switchboard, by "Mitch" Leison who stands directly behind the cameras.

The fire in the picture is both real and artificial. Real fire and smoke do not photograph well, so we make our own. It is not as hot and is controllable. Some of the fire was handled from guns, like liquid flame, and the smoke comes from powder and burning oiled rags. Don't let this explanation of how it is done belittle the fire sequence because it is very natural looking and the actors were in constant danger. The interiors of the fire sequence were made inside stage six (the stage is big enough to hold a football game). The wood, stage floor was covered with asbestos before the cement was poured and the walls of the set were real brick. The overhead runways were protected from sparks by tin sheeting. Two fire engines stood by, with their crews, and eight hose lines carried water pressure for immediate use.

The *Godless Girl*, like all big pictures cost a large sum to produce. That was necessary to obtain realistic sets and excellent casts. Mr. DeMille certainly strives to secure a most natural picture. During much of the picture, I was as thrilled as if the actual thing was happening in real life. I could quote numerous figures and tell how one night's work cost \$45,000, but I don't believe that it would interest you or add to your enjoyment of the picture.

We have shot our pre-arranged number of scenes. Mr. DeMille says, "That's all for tonight" and selects the first line for the morrow. The boys yell, "Wrap 'em up" and everyone prepares to leave the set. We, assistants, tired by this time, pack our cameras on our shoulders and worm our way through the crowd, shouting, "Hot Points! Hot Points!" Tripod points are very sharp, you know.



Janet Gaynor is packing a 'legit' house on Broadway with 'Street Angel.'

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Ethel Jackson—Continued from page 15

tain to burst in cinematic glory within the next few months. Maybe some producer will "discover" her behind the counter, or in her father's office. Who can tell? The Cinderella story is always interesting. Anne Morgan in a limousine stops no traffic. But Peaches Browning does.

Miss Jackson was in school when First National called her a few weeks ago to make a test for *The Barker*. Betty Compson was awarded the part a week later. What an interesting story, to a million young school girls, it would have been if Ethel had gotten the part!

But here is what the newspapers would not have told.

Ethel Jackson is the daughter of Herbert Jackson, Hollywood stockbroker. Mr. Jackson may or may not be a millionaire. I don't know. But he has money enough to keep his daughter in a private school (just now he is providing her with a tutor), to keep two or three cars and a chauffeur, to entertain lavishly, to maintain a big home. Most of his clients are well-to-do residents of Hollywood. That means that in some manner they probably are connected with the motion picture industry.

Ethel at the age of fourteen was interested in the stage. She was attending Los Angeles' best dramatic school. Some of the older pupils had played in pictures.

One day the thought of her future occurred to her. She had written some poetry. But poetry butters no parsnips. She was an excellent dancer. But the life of a dancer is none for a young girl who is fond of home life.

Pictures! That was it!

Ethel inherits the determination and the quick initiative that has made a fortune for her father. The next day she was at Culver City, talking with Bob McIntyre, casting director at the MGM studio. And the next day she was playing a young peasant girl in *The Tower of Lies*.

All of which sounds easy—a task that any determined young girl might attempt with some prospect of success. But Ethel has worked two years. She has had unusual success. Every penny she has made in pictures is in a fund created for that purpose by her father. It amounts to about \$600. She hasn't spent a cent for board or room, or clothes, or entertaining. Entertaining. There is possibly the secret of her success. And there is the door that no young stranger in Hollywood could unlock.

Since she started her picture career Ethel has been seen consistently and regularly at the Montmartre, at the Cocoanut Grove, at the Roosevelt Hotel, at the social functions of the Breakfast Club, of the Edgewater Beach Club, of numberless other organizations. She is always with her parents, or at least with her mother. Other young people are in the crowd.

She dances superbly. With Victor Gusti, Roy D'Arcy's young brother, and other partners she has captured twenty-three cups for her skill. Most everyone in Hollywood knows her by sight and by name. Through her father's business connections and her mother's social connections, she has met practically all of the producers, the directors, the studio executives. When she goes to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, to United Artists, to Fox, to First National,

to Lasky's, to Warner Brothers, everyone speaks to her. She isn't just a young girl looking for a job. She is a social acquaintance, the daughter of a man who can do financial favors for those with funds to invest, of a mother who entertains lavishly.

D. W. Griffith watched her dancing at the Cocoanut Grove a half dozen times. One night he sought an introduction. The next day she was at the studio. She played a minor part. D. W. saw it in the rushes. He put another costume on her and she played another character. And another and another, until she had played eight. She was on the set all during the making of *The Drums of Love*, at D. W.'s side, listening to his advice, absorbing his picture wisdom. He kept her there during the making of all the secret scenes, when everyone except those actually working was kept outside the enclosure.

I asked him about her one day. "She can act to beat hell," he exploded. Hollywood rumor is that he intended using her in the part Sally O'Neil is playing in *The Battle of the Sexes* but that the business office demanded a name already made. He made no comment to Miss Jackson but "be patient; you are young."

In *The Latest From Paris* she played the daughter of Tenen Holtz, the shopkeeper, who tried on the clothes Norma Shearer was selling. This was to have been her first screen credit, but after the picture left the studio her part was cut and so was her credit, along with Polly Moran, who appeared in the sequence with her.

More than a hundred girls were tested for the lead in *The Godless Girl*. Finally it narrowed down to Miss Jackson and Lina Basquette. The more experienced girl got the part. But Miss Jackson had been preferred to more than a hundred other girls. Of course this isn't official. No choice except the last is 'official.' Possibly the studio will deny this statement. But I have my information from a source which admits of no doubt as to its authenticity.

No story about Ethel Jackson would be complete without mention of the car she drives. An exact reproduction of one of the old Concord coaches, in the original yellow and black, it attracts notice wherever she goes. Built by Judkins at a cost of \$22,000, on a Lincoln chassis, it has in it upholstery that had been stored in the Judkins' factory since the day forty or fifty years ago that it stopped making the old vehicles. It is beautiful as well as striking and known through all of Southern California.

An expensive car, a chauffeur, a practically unlimited clothes account, a beautiful home, parents with a large acquaintance in Hollywood, facilities for entertaining extensively—and in two years Ethel Jackson has earned about \$600. Next month or the month after you will hear of the young school girl who has just been cast for an important role in a big production. A year or two later a native aptitude for acting, a dramatic training, experience and opportunity will perhaps have put her on top of the heap. Ten thousand young girls will sigh and nine hundred and seventy-six will start for Hollywood with an average capital of sixty-four dollars!

The announcement of the winner of the Ford car offered by Harry Langdon will appear in the August Screenland.

He Told the World

(Continued from page 29)

the island where the Germans had set out the flags to mark the smoothest landing. There were hillocks about two or three feet high—and you couldn't tell whether they were hard or crumbly, but we landed safely.

I was nearest the door and I opened it and fell out, the others right after me, and we ran up to Baron Huenefeld and Captain Koehl to shake their hands.

"Greetings from the United States," I said, "and from New York and from Paramount News."

Then when the hand-shaking was over I asked if I might have the honor of making the first moving pictures of them.

"Please, won't you please," said the Baron and Koehl.

They both understood English and could talk a little. We had no trouble at all in understanding one another. They posed and helped and made suggestions for pictures. They wanted us to be sure to get pictures of the country they had been flying over. The Baron and Koehl both got a big kick out of having us come in from civilization to see them. Except for Duke Schiller's ship, we were the first to go in since their arrival, and it was no particular fun being stuck for days up there in the ice. They got a thrill out of the visit all right, and neither of them had the slightest idea of the sort of reception that was waiting for them when they got down here.

I took moving pictures of them there where they ran out on the ice to meet our ship. Then Koehl and the Baron said, "Now you must come to see the Bremen; you must come to lunch; you must come on to the island with us; we have dogs here ready."

So we all got aboard the sleds. We were about a mile and a half from where the Bremen had come down. And the drivers kept shouting, "Klack, Klack, Klack," to the dogs as they raced along with us across the ice. Soon we came up the slope and onto the island, and there we had to get out and walk, for the ground was mostly mud. It was a nice bright day at the island. The Baron kept looking up at the sun and saying, "It's heaven to be here," even away up there in the north.

They took us all into the lighthouse-keeper's house and we met Mr. and Mrs. Le Templer. We had to take more pictures there. First of all the flyers wanted to be taken reading the welcoming telegrams they had from President Coolidge and Mayor Walker.

And then we ate lunch with them. I was so excited at the thought of the pictures and at being there that I didn't have any appetite. But the Baron kept saying over and over what a wonderful cook Mrs. Le Templer was and what delicious food it was. And it was wonderful, too. But all I could eat was a big slice of raspberry layer cake which was the Baron's specialty, and I kept drinking healths with Koehl—in milk.

Of course we took pictures of the Bremen too. They took us over there and walked around her and pointed out the damage and patted the old baby. I thought then that there was the surest chance that they could fix her up and fly out all right. It is a wonder how they got down with their lives where she was. They had no one to put out red flags at the smoothest surface when they came down, you see.

After we were all warmed up and like old friends, Koehl said to me, "I've got

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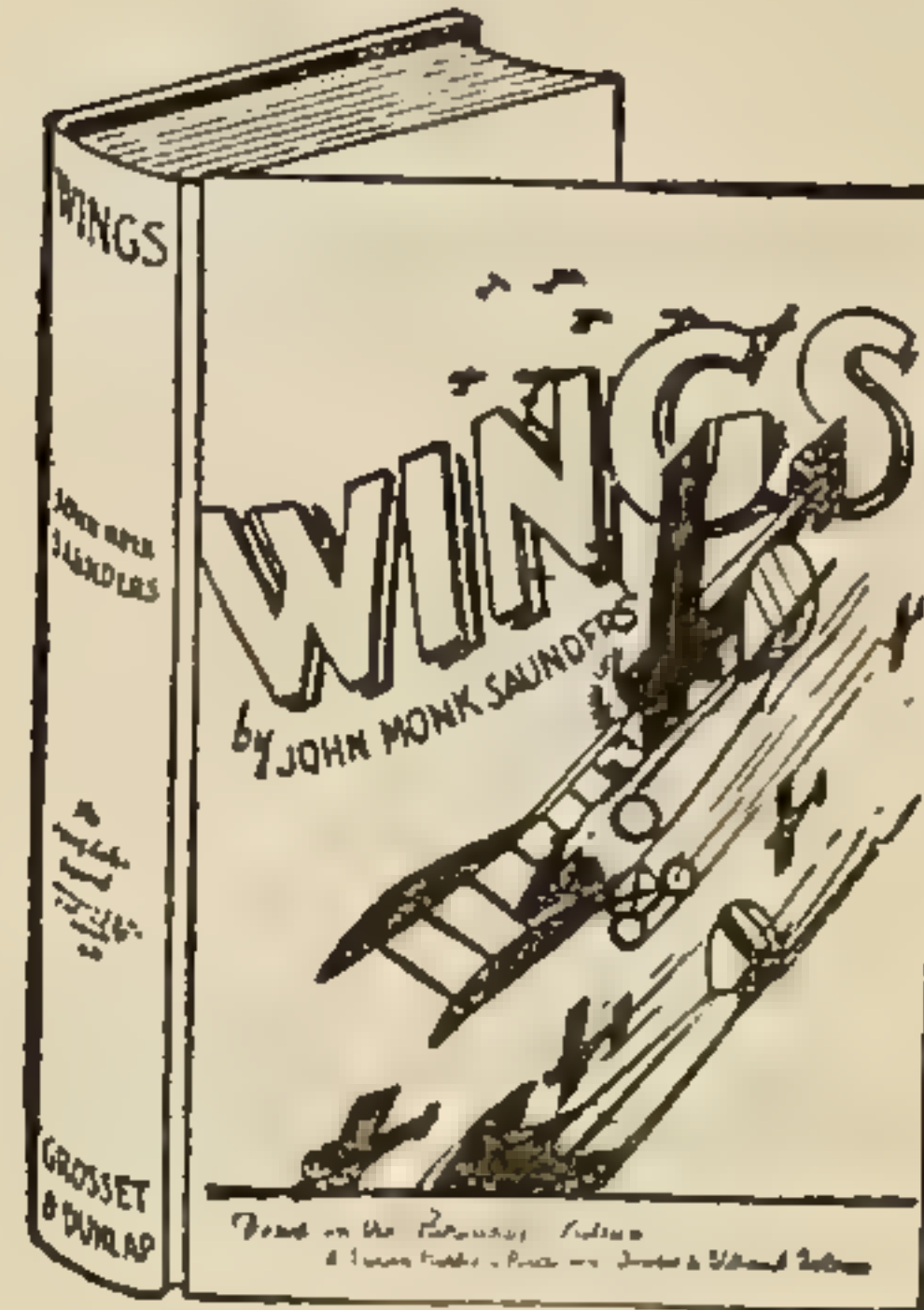


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something that will interest you." And he dug into his pocket and pulled out a card which had been given him when he took off at Telpelhof Field, Berlin, by Stoll, our Paramount News man there, who photographed his departure. He was sent away and welcomed both by Paramount News.

There was the warmest feeling between the Germans and their Irish flying-mate, Fitzmaurice. I mentioned Commander Fitzmaurice to them, and Captain Koehl corrected me, with a touch of pride, and said: "You know he's Major Fitzmaurice, now, after this flight." And I photographed Major Fitzmaurice too, earlier, when he arrived at Seven Islands, before we took off for Greenly Island.

He is an awfully likeable, square sort of fellow. He came ahead with the free approval of the Germans to bring out some of the Baron's newspaper manuscripts and because he spoke English perfectly and so could arrange for help. Captain Koehl is quiet and calm. The Baron is just like electricity. Everything he does is flavored with the charm of his personality. He is tremendously polite, a wonderful fellow, and very nervous.

We took off after about two hours on the island, with the flyers and the people waving and cheering, and our job just half done. For we would not be finished until our pictures got onto the screen and in the newspapers.

The whole trip took five days. And there was one bit of routine connected with flying in that northern country which illustrates the difficulty of arctic exploration in the air. It took at least an hour every morning to get the plane going. In the first place, every night we had to fold back the wings of the plane, drain out the oil and take it with us to be kept beside the fire where we slept. The next morning we went out by dogsled to the field—wherever we happened to be it was always the same. We had to put a canvas tent and chimney around the engine and set two blow-torches to work inside, heating it up. Then we poured in the warm oil. Meantime, the others were putting the wings in place, hammering the skis to break them loose from the frozen surface and shoveling off the snow from all over. When the pilot got the engine started he first taxied around the field a couple of turns to polish up the skis so they would slip smoothly, and then while it was still moving, we would run and hop in. And so we took the air, every morning for five days, Sunday to Thursday, inclusive.

I think luck is the big element in coming through that way. Paramount News gives its cameramen the best mechanical equipment and great support. We were constantly in wire touch with the New York headquarters, and everything we could ask was given us in the way of assistance and direction. If the human element is as good as the mechanical, we ought never to fail. Except when luck enters in.

For instance, we were forced down by fog once in the midst of a field and landed up against a fence. Nothing seemed damaged, and we got away the next morning. But we found the fence post had smashed the fuselage in two, directly beneath the motor. That was luck, when we got up and away without falling to pieces in the air!

But as I say, it gave us the biggest thrills of our lives to look down after that long journey over the ice and see the Bremen. Most of the time an airplane assignment is all in the day's work. But it's a different story when there's the Bremen at the end of the journey.

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High Comedy — Continued from page 27

MAGAZINE, bearing a 1924 date line and carrying a story about Peggy Hopkins Joyce in which she said that the best screen kiss she has ever seen was done by an almost unknown player called William Haines. He might have gone on like that and we would have been the loser of *Brown of Harvard*, *Slide, Kelly, Slide, West Point, The Smart Set*, etc., etc.

Brown of Harvard happened. Hundreds of tests for the title rôle were given. Billy never dreamed he'd get it. He explains it by saying that everybody else on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot was tied up by another picture and couldn't take the part, so he was last choice. It may be so, although you can cut everything Billy says in half and still be far from the truth. The fact remains that 'Brown' was the beginning of an amazing comedy career. He played the role of a boy with an inflated ego, about the same size as the ego of the average boy that goes away to college. A hero? Well, hardly; your pet heroes don't go out and get drunk while they're in training for football, nor do they turn yellow at crucial moments and say to the devil with dear old alma mater.

The picture had everything: tears, laughs and reality. And it began a new era. It established Billy Haines in a characterization. He was a comedian that American audiences could appreciate. For who among us has not sworn to play the ubiquitous life of the party? We know you, Billy. We know smart-cracking guys like you,

and we're tickled to death when the regular fellow takes your girl and you've got to come to it that you're just a conceited fool and must begin all over again.

Billy wears his smart cracks like Chaplin wears his derby hat. The only prop he uses is his characterization. And this characterization is built upon firm ground, for Billy is not only a comedian but can play delightful romance equally well.

Let's consider his latest, *Telling the World*. He starts out as a cub reporter. You just know you'll hate him. So does the city editor. The young pipsqueak wants to be Paris correspondent. Ask your city editor about that every morning and see what happens to you. A smart cracker? He's certainly that. And then he meets a girl. Does he realize at once that she's the light of his life? Not much. It wouldn't be natural. It wouldn't be in Billy's character. It would be as much of an anachronism as for Harold Lloyd to appear without his eye-glasses.

The girl is a cabaret entertainer. She's crazy about him, but he's only leading her on. Then she goes away and he knows that he really loves her and when he finds that she's in trouble, mixed up with a war in China, he forgets to smart crack, becomes a hero and saves the girl by letting the world know through the channels of the telegraphic service of the newspapers that an American girl is in trouble.

That's the way *Telling the World* goes. Haines, as you see, did not need to rely upon athletic feats for his comedy, or for his pathos. And now he's doing the helplessly romantic character of Eddie Kane in *Excess Baggage*.

You've cried with Billy Haines, haven't you? He can make you cry as all great comedians can and you've laughed both at him and with him.

The proof of the success of Billy Haines is that he is already being imitated by lesser lights. This is the sincerest form of flattery and no great star has been without his imitators.

Billy, himself, is frankly amazed at all this he's started. "I guess it must be good," he says, "but I don't know why. The whole gag is that I play a character that is very much like myself. That's why I can't understand why it should be popular. I can't believe that anything that is as simple could be liked and could bring me in the salary it does."

Now right here Billy has hit upon the secret of his success. It is the simple things that are the greatest. When an actor strives for an effect, when he tries to evolve some new and tricky way of being an actor he loses sight of the fact that acting is living. Therefore, Haines' artistic logic is sound. He himself is a smart cracker. He plays himself on the screen. He acts natural and although it seems easy to him the result is better than if he strived for something else.

How he achieves the pathos you'll never know. I watched him while he was doing a scene. One minute he was asking his leading lady, little Anita Page, the newest discovery, how the plaid over the eyes was doing (Anita, new at making up, had experimented with every sort of shade for her lids) and the next minute he was in front of the camera with tears in his eyes. The second the cameras had stopped grinding Billy was back again engaged in standing a property man on his head.

If you can find out how he does it you're a better man than I am. Billy, himself, either can't or won't tell you. It's a



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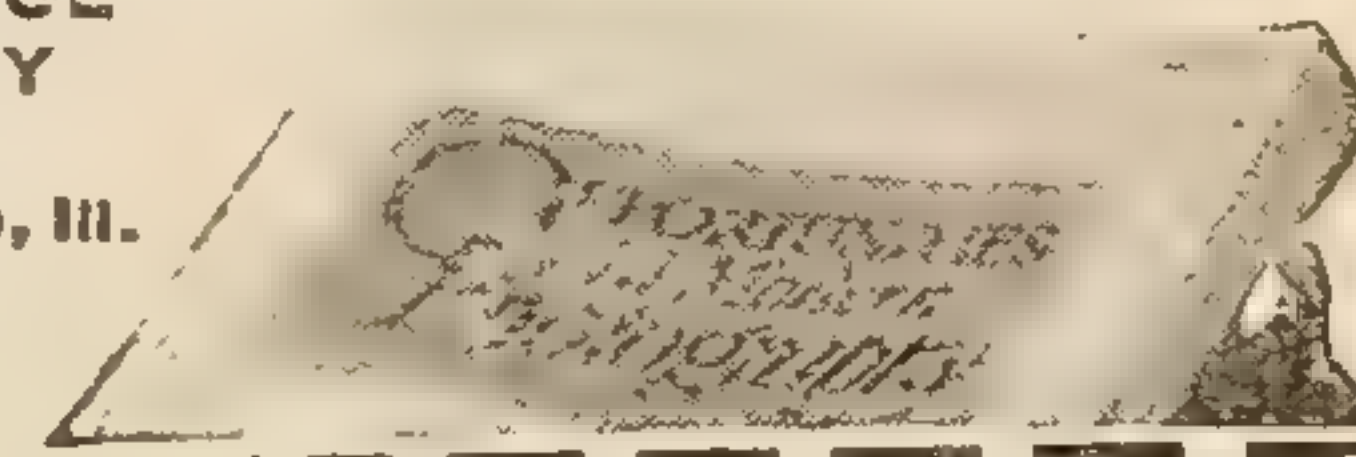
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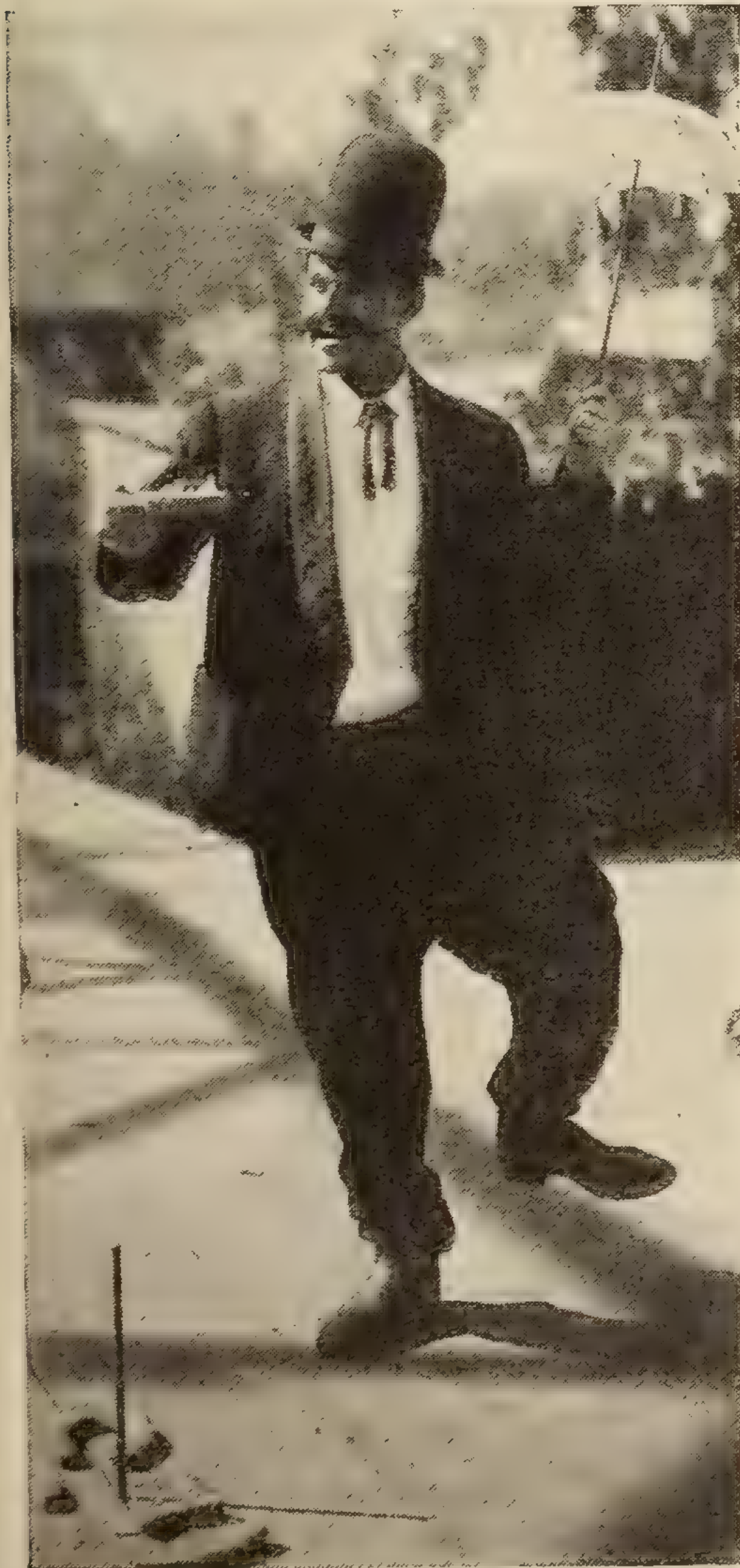
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little of both I imagine for Billy, who scorns with a healthy sincerity those who prate of their act, could not afford to let himself in for the kidding by prating of his. None of the sentimental emotions are sacred to this young Virginian. Young actresses who sigh that they give their entire lives to their careers are but grist to Billy's mill of wit. He will never quite get over being amused by the Hollywood beauty who remarked in her best California Brit-tish that "pictures take up so much of one's time."

With this wholesome dislike of pose you may imagine that it is impossible to analyze his work by anything that he might say. You'll find the secret of his success in the opuses themselves. He's a little ashamed of his pathetic moments and recounts with glee of two men who sat behind him at one of his pictures and said, "Will you look at that great big guy crying like a woman! He ought to be moving pianos."

It doesn't matter anyhow how he does it but that he does it. The fact remains that Billy Haines is an institution in the American home. He is as definite a type, as true a comedian, as great an exponent of the art of laughter as any of those with trick moustaches and trick clothes and trick hair-cuts.

The Villains Are Coming

(Continued from page 17)

does he lose his magnificence when he steps from the screen into the drawing-room.

But don't let me mislead you. The intense Torrence neither is nor tries to be a lady killer. On the contrary, he strikes you as a somewhat shy Scotch gentleman, with an enormous gift for characterizations and a real talent for music.

Torrence was born in Edinburgh. The youngest of many children, and the only one with any artistic talents, his sisters and brothers wished him to have every advantage. First, he was sent to Stuttgart, Germany, to the famous Conservatory there. Then he studied the piano. Later he came to London and had his voice cultivated at the Royal Academy. During all of this time, however, he was learning the violin, which, I understand, he plays remarkably well.

When he was twenty or so, he started in on the musical comedy stage of London. And a hard time he had, too. Year after year he worked. And never did he earn more than twenty dollars a week. But in those days, four pounds was good weekly pay for a musical comedy man.

Finally, because of economic conditions in England, he decided to make the Big Leap. He borrowed money from his sisters and brothers and came to America.

He didn't find it much easier here, either. He had a wife and child to support, having married an English actress a few years previously. Long weeks on the road with his wife and son miles away. Months with no work at all. Round after round of squalid boarding houses.

Many times he approached various film companies asking for a chance in pictures. But he was always refused: "You are too tall," they told him. "It is ridiculous for you to hope to make a career in the films."

But along about that time *Tol'able David* was being cast. Torrence was given his first big part. And ever since, he has been crawling slowly to the top of his profession. Until today, after his impersonation of Peter in *The King of Kings*, and of the prison shipmaster in *Captain Salvation*, not forgetting his wonderful share in *The Cov-*

ered Wagon, Ernest Torrence has won the respect of his colleagues and a tremendous following among the men and women and children of America.

Now Torrence is an important member of the band of character men who are bringing cruel, ruthless, elemental passion to the screen. Although he has never been actually starred as a lover, it is not at all impossible that he could be successfully featured in a gigantic character role. I can well imagine him as an 'Elmer Gantry,' hurling his sermons on Heaven and Hell from the pulpit, and making love to the pretty choir singer in the vestryroom after service is over. For, as I have said before, there is a magnificent bigness about him that attracts women. There is a warmth in his eyes and a quietly concealed sort of magnetism about his person that has a mammoth pull.

Torrence spoke for a long while about the powerful sex appeal which Bill Powell, Emil Jannings, George Bancroft, Arthur Edmund Carewe, Noah Beery, John Barrymore, Lew Cody, Conrad Veidt and the great Russian Leonidoff—as well as several others—possess. He explained their recent vogue this way: "Today intelligent women demand response and satisfaction from their screen idols. For their minds and spirits, as well as from their physical characters. It isn't sufficient that the actor has a handsome face and a well-knit figure. He must possess power. Menace. Tremendous personality. And that is where Jannings and the rest have their innings.

"Jannings," he continued, "is easily the finest character actor there is. But there are many Americans who are coming to the front. Bancroft particularly is outstanding.

"But," he went on, "in addition to power, menace and personality, a character actor must have that human quality which appeals to all. They must not be perfect—beyond reproach as the hero always must be. But they must be so human that every small town bad man can imagine himself

in the role for a night.

"And don't forget, many a young screen actor would give a lot to have a chance at this character work. Since *Twelve Miles Out*, John Gilbert has been pleading for another opportunity to play the bully. But the producers won't have it."

No, Gilbert must stick to his role. Give his honeyed kisses and hold out fervent arms to whatever film favorite happens to be playing opposite him. The same stories, the same roles, the same handsome dashing youth, the same happy saccharine endings. All quite beautifully satisfying up to a little while ago to the movie public. But now this public is aroused to the verities of life. And they are demanding something more from the films—less butterscotch, and more red meat. Or as the old Kentish phrase puts it: 'They are not satisfied with plain bacon. They must have some butter on it.'

And now, sisters of the Cinema Jury, it is up to you to decide. For your decision presently becomes the decision of the director, the casting office and the producer. Now that your verdict is that villains have sex appeal, we may expect to see the bad men married off to the pretty girls in the seventh reel, and carving Sunday roasts instead of surly companions.

Jannings started something certainly and Lya de Putti seemed heartily to approve of the first character lover in screen history. So a new reel begins. Ernest Torrence and the other character actors are following close in Jannings' steps. For they have learned their lesson.

What lesson?

Why, the lesson that any psychologist or psychiatrist might tell you if you asked him in confidence.

And that is?

That the man who brings lasting happiness to any girl has three decided parts to his character—since we are but human. And those parts are the hint of the beast, the hand of the man and the heart of a God.

Jackie Coogan — Continued from page 23

ter-educing the Mississippi Roustabouts—charlie chaplin (very small)

and JACKIE COOGAN" (very loud)
On another occasion, he expressed an even more subtle sense of humor. Charlie said to him:

"Jackie, suppose you came to the studio one day and found another little boy playing your part; what would you do?"

Jackie looked at his god for a long time, and then answered with just the suggestion of an impish twinkle in his eye:

"I'd walk right out of that gate, and you'd have an awful hard time getting me back."

Here's one showing his sense of drama. Every day the publicity department had taken innumerable stills until every possible composition had been apparently exhausted. Then one noon Jackie piped up:

"I've got an idea!—set your cameras there. — Now come here, Mr. Chaplin. — That's it. — Now, you and I will come from behind the camera and start up the street, and when we get about — here, have somebody behind the camera shout 'The Cops!' — Then, as we both turn to look, scared to death — shoot the picture!"

It was by far the most popular still used in advertising *The Kid*.

What is to become of this remarkable

child? Is he to disappear into the oblivion which has swallowed up so many 'child prodigies?' Heifitz survived the trying period of his adolescence, and I think Jackie will. I met him the other day on the Metro-Goldwyn lot. Strolling along with Conrad Nagel I saw a fine-looking lad in military uniform playing ball with another boy.

"You're not Jackie Coogan?" I said.

"Yes, Mr. Wagner."

Remarkable that he should have remembered me, considering the thousands and thousands of people he had met since those baby days in *The Kid*!

Well, as we talked I could see that the boy had inherited his mother's beauty and character and his father's fine spirit and artistry. Furthermore, he was apparently going to pass through his adolescence without those ugly physical manifestations that make children of that period so distasteful. I left him, firmly convinced that he was about to enter upon a splendid and artistically successful manhood.

It is fashionable for the parents of the thousands of 'Coogans' who have come to Hollywood to say that Jackie is a mere accident—that Charlie Chaplin 'made' him. Jackie is no accident, and though Charlie Chaplin gave him a grand opportunity, he is not responsible for Jackie's extraordinary talents.



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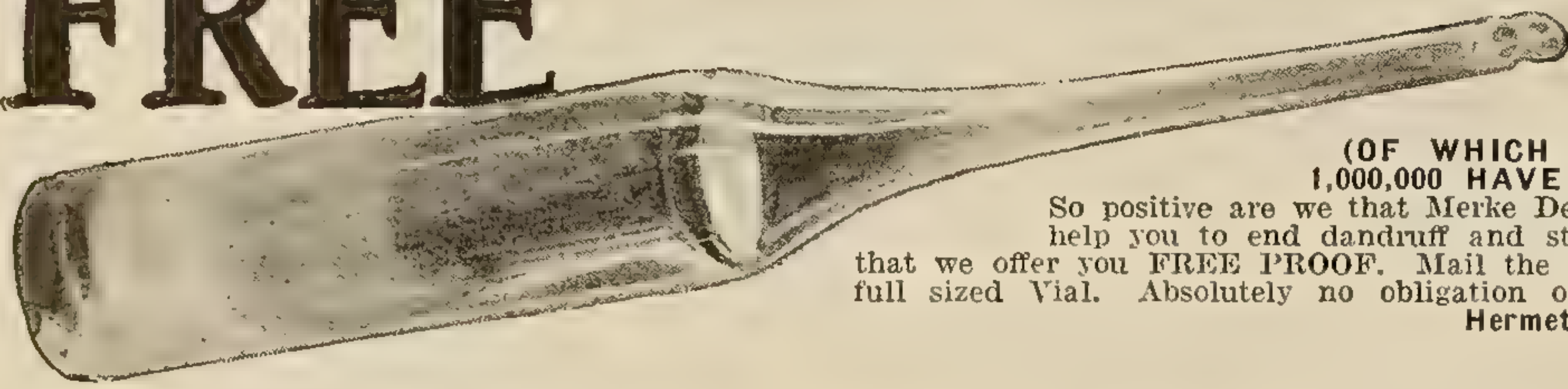
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Alois Merke developed this remarkable, hair-saving treatment only after exhaustive experiments with hundreds of actual cases. Research proved conclusively that most cases of hair trouble are caused by germs or microbes.

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The Stage Coach

(Continued from page 65)

you want, this is musical comedy weather.

Here's How! is Messrs. Aarons and Freedley's gift to the summer of 1928, and awfully kind of them, too. It isn't quite what we expected—they have been doing better—but in view of the weather, it will do nicely, thank you.

Of course, if we wanted to, we could be captious. Aarons and Freedley have accustomed us to a show with the Astaires or with Gerty Lawrence. And if the Astaires or Gerty Lawrence are in this show, then they must be hidden in the upper right-hand corner. You know, one of those things where you have to turn the picture around so that you can see the missing rabbit protruding from the old man's whiskers.

But there! Fred Thompson and Paul Gerard Smith have turned out a workman-like book, and if some of the gags are fifteen-year employees, some of them are new and nearly all of them are funny. Ben Bernie acts and conducts his band, and does them both with his inimitable and justified self-assurance. Irene Delroy looks even more beautiful than ever, and Allen Kearns again portrays a hero who is not a moron. Bill Frawley is riotously funny in the only role in which he has convinced us of his comic ability. Eric Blore does the boob Englishman to a T. Irving Caesar has turned out some nice lyrics for the tunes by Roger Wolf Kahn and Joe Meyer. We particularly liked John Wenger's settings.

There! Don't let anybody say a movie ever gave more credit than we did. And, oh, yes, Sammy Lee did the dances.

The Scarlet Fox

Every day, in every way, Willard Mack writes a play. Every other day, he acts in it. And most of the plays Mack writes are awful; now and then he writes a good one. *The Scarlet Fox* is one of the good ones.

When we say good ones, we don't contend that it should have won the Pulitzer Prize in preference to *Strange Interlude*. But the theatre is a pretty wide institution. And there's always room in it for a good melodrama about the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

Mr. Mack appears again in the character of *Sergeant Michael Devlin*, that canny Irishman who wears the scarlet coat of the mounted and is as foxy as a—well, fox. He mixes again a recipe that is tried and true—but so is the recipe for a whiskey sour. And we never heard any complaints about the whiskey sour, provided the whiskey was good.

So here are the makings of a swell movie. A murder, and the *Scarlet Fox* sent on the trail. He mixes his comedy with daring, and gets his man—and his woman, too. A darned nice piece of entertainment, say we. But we'd better warn you that there's one word which we had always thought reserved for drawing-room circles, and which—in our experience, at any rate—finds itself on the stage for the first time. And yet, thanks to Mr. Mack, so in character is it, so swiftly does it pass, so little stress is put on it, that the audience, after a startled gasp, promptly forgets it and thinks it hasn't heard correctly.

READ SCREENLAND EVERY MONTH

Ask Me—Continued from page 4

Beeza B. of Los Angeles. I'd like to meet the "answer man" who told you Theda Bara was dead. As this answer man is a lady, allow me to have the last word in the controversy. Theda is very much alive, even if we don't see her on the screen. In private life she is the wife of Charles Brabin, the director. Has Theda a twin sister and what do I think? I've been called all sorts of names, proper and improper, but please don't accuse me of thinking. Wallace Beery's latest film is *Partners in Crime*.

Important, Paterson, N. J. Are you a chip off the block or just a plain sliver? Steady now; my bark is worse than my bite, too. Forrest Stanley played opposite Marion Davies in *When Knighthood was in Flower*. Mary Pickford was *Rosita* in the film by that name, way back in 1923. Alice Terry and Ramon Novarro played in *Scaramouche*. Lila Lee has been on the stage for several months and her many fan friends will be glad to see her again in pictures. Her latest film is *You Can't Beat the Law* with Cornelius Keefe and Warner Richmond.

S. M. B. of Vinta, Okla. Yes, you can call this department an information bureau or even a high-boy if you like—it can

stand up under most any strain. You ask if Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. is about 17 and unmarried? Strange as it may seem he has reached that age and is still a single man. But to be very accurate in these vital questions, Douglas, Jr. was born Dec. 9, 1910. I don't try to keep up with the latest "fads" or beauty secrets of the stars but as far as I know, diamond bracelets and slender diamond anklets seem to be quite good just now and though a bit old-fashioned, skirts are still being worn in some circles.

Brown Eyes from Minneapolis. How can you get a picture of Gilbert Roland? I know how I'd get one but you didn't ask me that. Suppose you write Gilbert a nice friendly letter and send it to First National Studios, Burbank, Calif. where he is playing in *His Slave*—don't miss any heavy dates, waiting for his photo by return mail, but in time I think you'll be rewarded. Address John Gilbert at Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Calif. William Boyd and Elinor Faure can be addressed at Pathe De Mille Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Billie, Ticonderoga, N. Y. Where did you get the idea that you'd see your name in the very next issue? There are no two ways about it, this is a one-way street and an accident like that could never happen if we stick to the rules and regulations. When my department was an infant, years and years ago, something like that could occur, but now that we are in the adult class, we stand in line for our replies. No, Mary Brian and Ramon Novarro are not married to each other or to any one else. Mary was born in Dallas, Texas, Feb. 17, 1908. She has brown hair, blue eyes, is 5 feet 2 inches tall and weighs 105 pounds. Ramon was born Feb. 6, 1899 in Durango, Mexico. He is 5 feet 10½ inches tall and weighs 155 pounds, and has black hair and brown eyes. How is that for a neat little compact description?

E. H. G. of Chicago. Boom-bang! You see I know my Chicago. This is going to be all about "Who's married to who!" Louise Brooks is the wife of Edward Sutherland. Norma Shearer is Mrs. Irving Thalberg. Wallace Beery and Rita Gilman are one, though which one, I can't say. Raymond Hatton and Frances Roberts are man and wife. Octavia Broske, of musical comedy fame, is the wife of George Bancroft. Jack Mulhall is the husband of Evelyn Winans. Buster Collier hasn't found the lucky lady but cheer up, Buster, she may be just around the corner. Bebe Daniels is a single miss, very much devoted to her mother and grandmother and has somehow overlooked the matrimonial market.

Dodie, via Air Mail, Calif. We will just have to get together on our foreign relations, birthdays and who killed cock robin. Oregon may claim Anna Q. Nilsson but she was born in Ystad, Sweden. She has blonde hair, dark blue eyes, is 5 feet 7 inches tall and weighs 132 pounds. Anna played with Babe Ruth in *Babe Comes Home* and with Lewis Stone in *Lonesome Ladies*. Her latest film is *Sorrell and Son*, playing the part of Kit's mother.

Just Another Fan from Ottawa, Ontario. If I don't get your letter, I'm to return



Ⓐ Polly Ann Young (brunette) and Dolores Brinkman (blonde) are very proud of the letters on their bathing-suits—M.G.M., meaning Make Good Movies.

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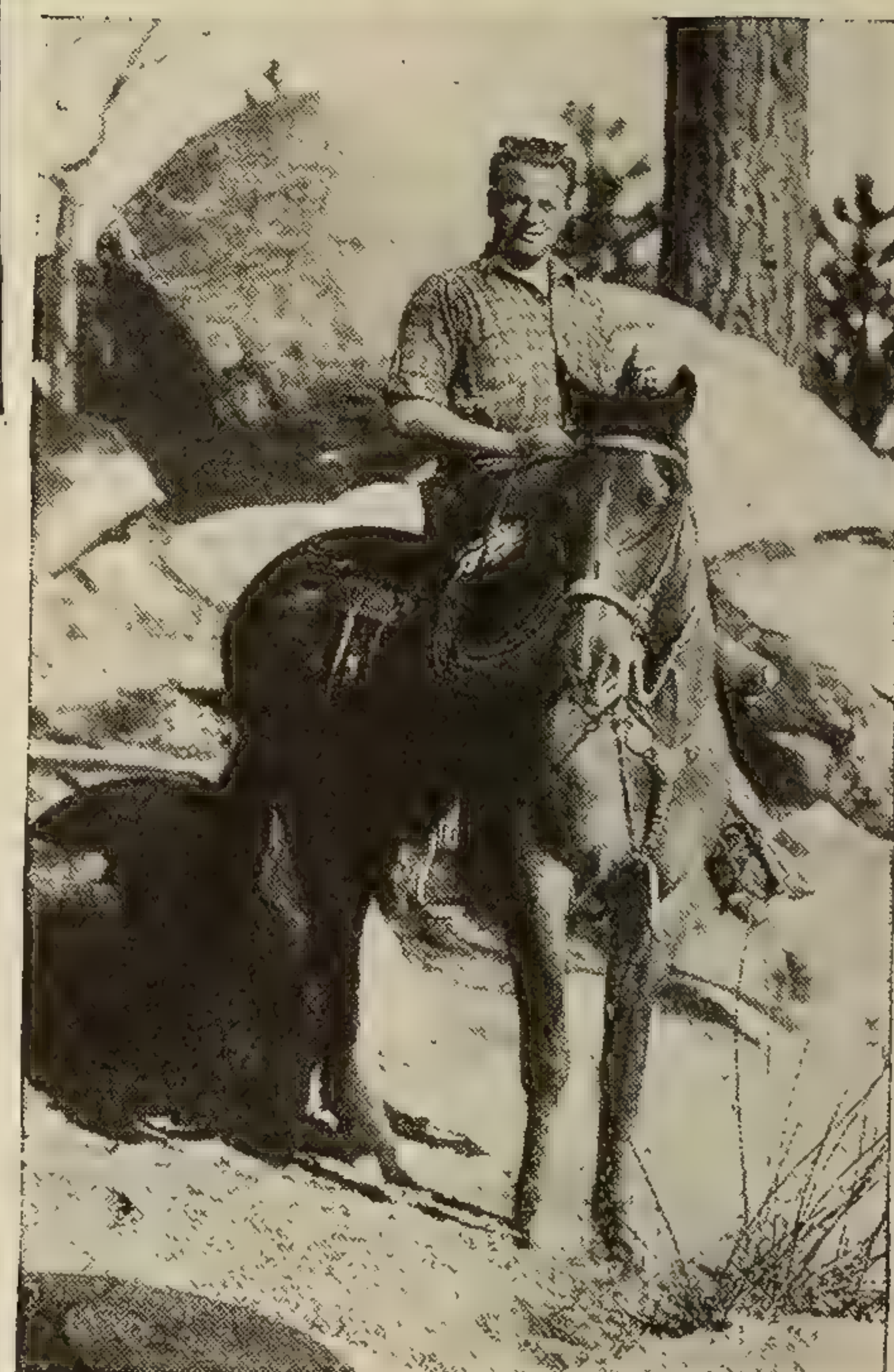
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Reginald Denny literally flies away from the studio to his camp in the San Bernardino Mountains, where he spends most of his time on horseback.



it. Help! Man over-board. When I get over this wishy-washy mental agitation, I'll try to referee the latest argument. "Dad says Doris Kenyon is 20 years old and I say she is 25, now what do you say?" Well, I have the last word and what referee hasn't? Doris was born Sept. 5, 1897. What's the answer? Cullen Landis was born July 9, 1895 at Nashville, Tenn. He is 5 feet 6 inches tall and weighs 145 pounds. He has curly brown hair and deep blue eyes. Cullen's latest film is *The Devil's Skipper*, produced by Tiffany-Stahl, 4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Just Margaret, Pittston, Pa. Who is queen of the movies, and has Vilma Banky cut her hair? That's easy, who wants to be queen of the movies and get crowned? As far as I know, Vilma has never bobbed her pretty golden hair and who wants her to, anyway? Ronald Colman is separated from his wife. Vilma's and Ronald's last co-starring picture, *Two Lovers*, has been completed. As soon as I know their future screen plans, I'll tell you all about it.

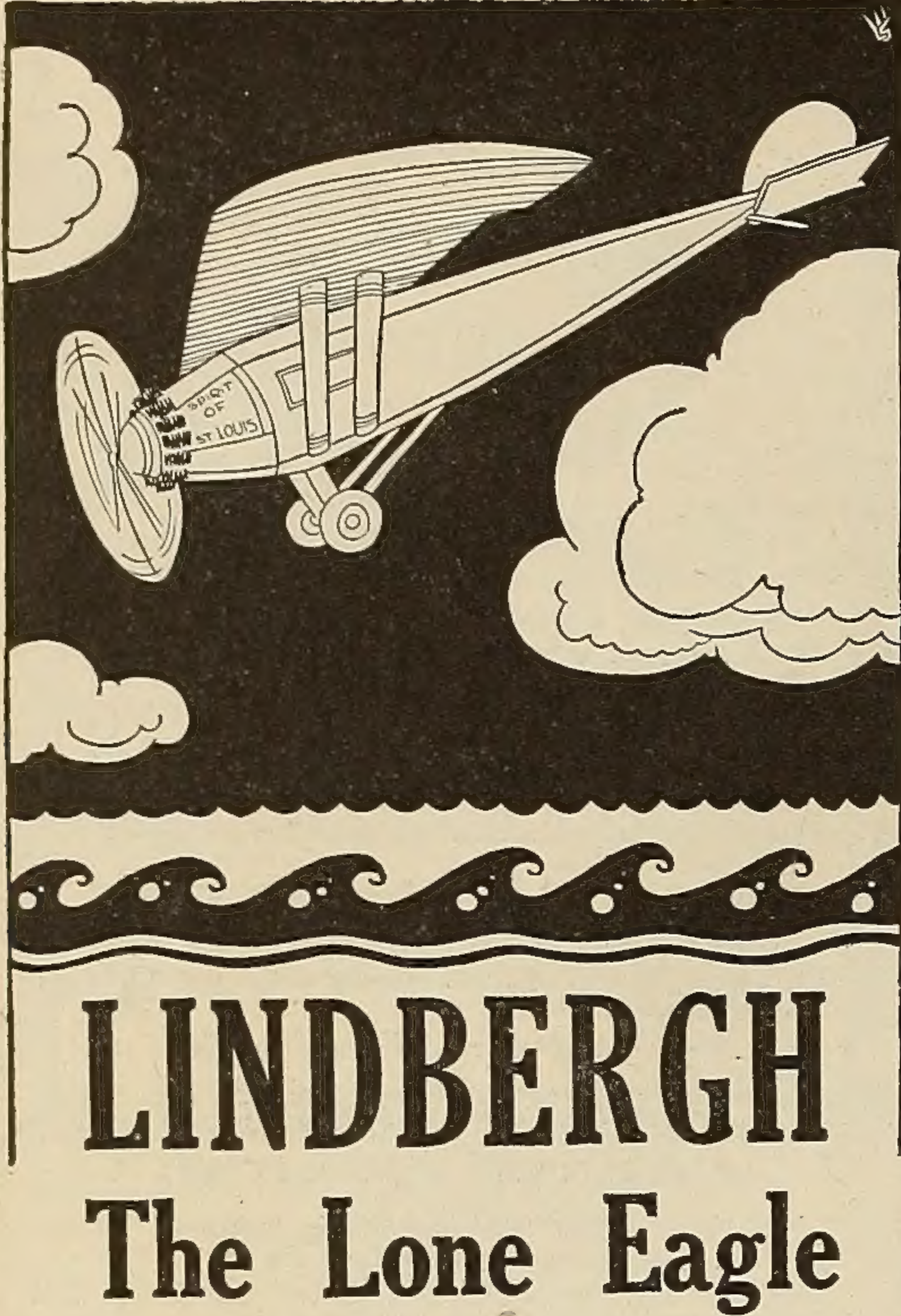
Lonesome, Flint, Mich. You think SCREENLAND the best magazine going, do you? You're right, it is and keeps me stepping lively to keep two jumps ahead of the Editor. Buck Jones is married and I'll pass the word along that you think any woman should be proud to call Buck her friend husband. Hurrah for Buck! Gary Cooper is not married but Ken Maynard is. Art Acord is separated from his wife. And so the merry little game goes on.

Speedy from Nanticoke. Look out, here comes some swift action from the side lines! Training for a stunt actor and everything, are you? Congratulations, Speedy, and when you batter down the gates of Hollywood, let me be the first one to tell you, "I told you so!" You can address Richard Talmadge at Consolidated Pictures Corp., Pacific Studios, San Mateo, Calif.,

where he is back at work. Richard was born in New York City about 30 years ago. His real name is Richard Matzetti. Jack Gilbert was the soldier boy, Jim Apperson, in the *Big Parade*. He didn't have his leg taken off but he lost his heart to little Melisande, played by Renee Adoree.

Whozis of Wherezat. When in doubt, consult my department—that's a bright idea and in the future, unload all your "brain-storms" on me. It really does not seem consistent that Gary Cooper could be 22 on Tuesday and on Wednesday of that same week be 27. Yes, I'm glad you turned to me for comfort. Gary was born May 7, 1901. Before you read this, Gary will have celebrated his 27th birthday. He is 6 feet 1 inch tall and has blue gray eyes and brown hair. The home town folks know him as Frank J. If the directors will only give Gary something to smile about in his pictures, we fans will die happy. Colleen Moore and Gary are filming *Lilac Time*.

Vincennes Fan. Your letter never as much as looked at the waste basket so I hope you'll come again. Don't you worry any longer about John Gilbert's mustache, for we'll take up the matter with Jack right now and see just what can be done about it. The storm of protest that has come from all over the fan world about that little bit of black eider-down (excuse me, Jack) has caused me many a sleepless



THE most romantic hero in history. The shy, bashful lad, who came unheralded, clear across a continent, to conquer the mighty Atlantic by air. Alone, through the many sleepless hours over the ocean, with nothing but the steady, monotonous drone of the motor for company. Hours of mental agony, when to think meant to fear. And ever uppermost the thought that an injury to his motor meant the oblivion that enveloped Nungesser and Coli.

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Arthur Lake, assisted by Lilian Gilmore, in a little ditty entitled 'I've Got Those Hollywood Beach Blues.'

Madrid, Spain, and is married. Jack Mulhall was born in New York City and is married. Ben Lyon was born in Atlanta, Ga. and is single. Renee Adoree was born in France and is the wife of William Sherman Gill. Greta Nissen was born in Norway and is not married. Greta Garbo is a native of Stockholm, Sweden, and is enjoying a husband-less existence.

J. M. of Richmond Hill. Is Laura La Plante's hair dyed or is it naturally wavy? I can't give you the word of her hair-care-taker but if my eyes don't play me a low down trick, I'd say nature gave Laura her blonde beauty. Why don't you ask her? She gets her mail at Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif. Ronald Colman never has changed his name and why should he? I know a lot of girls who would trade their names for his—and like it.

Elk from Hollis. You can't fool me, I knew you without the tooth and antlers. Never a day passes that my typewriter doesn't spell Tom Mix, so we will be lonesome without Tony when he goes away off to South America to make pictures. Before you read this, he will be sampling the alfalfa in the Argentine. I mean Tony, not Tom. Mary Astor is playing in *Dressed to Kill* at the Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Avenue., Hollywood, Calif. Richard Barthelmess is making *Roulette* at First National Studios, Burbank, Calif. Mary Brian can be reached at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Calif. Gloria Swanson is making a film at United Artists Studios, 7200 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. Alice Joyce is abroad just now, after completing *13 Washington Square* at Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif.

Miss H. S. of Verona, N. J. Lack of space prevents me from giving you all the films your favorites have played in. If you'll send me a self-addressed stamped envelope for a personal reply, I'll be glad to dig up the old ones. The three small children who played in *Children of Divorce*

were Joyce Marie Coad, Yvonne Pelletier and Don Marion. You might send your Don Marion letter to Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Calif. and mark it "Please Forward." Others in the cast were Clara Bow, Esther Ralston, Hedda Hopper, Gary Cooper and the late Einar Hanson. William Boyd was born in Cambridge, Ohio, in 1898. He has brown hair, blue eyes, is 6 feet 1 inch tall and weighs 170 pounds. Laura La Plante was born in St. Louis, Mo., Nov. 1, 1904. She is 5 feet 2 inches tall and weighs 112 pounds and has blonde hair and blue eyes.

Bobby of Long Branch. Just 14 years old and hasn't missed *The Big Parade* yet. Now I ask you, who will cast the first stone at that record? Barry Norton was born in Buenos Aires, Argentine. You can write to him at the Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Calif. John Barrymore can be reached at United Artists Studios, 7200 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. I am glad that you enjoy my answers and I think you'll find my column what every answer department should be and no questions asked, if you follow me and I hope you do.

J. A. of McKeesport, Pa. Here is a good word for all the staff of SCREENLAND and may the best "ASK ME" column in the world live forever! There's a case and not a kick in it. You are a movie fan worth shouting about, coming all the way from the western end of Penna. to see Buddy Rogers in *Wings*. If that isn't devotion, what is? If you saw him in *Get Your Man* three times, how many times are you going to see *My Best Girl* with Buddy as Mary Pickford's leading man? That's up to you, J. A. He is playing in *Cream of the Earth* opposite Marion Nixon at Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif. Charles is 23 years old, is 6 feet tall and has black hair and dark brown eyes. He is fond of outdoor sports and could earn his living playing in orchestras and singing, if ever out of a good acting job. It's Kansas this and Kansas that, since Buddy put her on the map.

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