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GRET A GARBO Painted by Anita Parkhurst

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

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ANOTHER GREAT FOX PRODUCTION
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Lew King

Walter G. Springer, Publisher

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Ask your Theatre Manager for the dates of all the great Paramount Pictures of 1928—
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An Answer Page of Information
Address: MRS VEE DEE
SCREENLAND Magazine
49 West 45th Street
New York City

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

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

Jersey Mosquitoes, Carly of Baltimore, Carol of Beaufont, Jimmie's Admire from Pittsburgh.—And many others who are ard-ent James Hall fans, hearken: here is something you want to know about your favorite. Yes, James is married, it's sad but true and what are we going to do about it? He played opposite Bebe Dan- (Continued on page 102)
He hadn't come to her, so she went to him. He was rough, almost brutal. Pluckily she tried to keep back the tears. Then she saw before him, half hidden, her little photo. He saw her face light up and knew the reason why. He dropped the ashes from his cigarette upon her picture. "All right, Big Boy," she said, with a catch in her throat, "it's O. K. with me," and walked away. Why did he act that way with the girl he loved? Thus harshly he gave her up. Did he get her back?

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

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

Remembering William Boyd in "The Volga Boatman," "Dress Parade" and "The Night Flyer" you'll want to see him in this.

He and Alan Hale, the bang-'em and slam-'em rough neck riveters, flirting with death far above the street, always fighting with one another yet inseparable, you'll love them; Sue Carol, who just can't understand why her riveter should pour his heart out to her one minute, then "throw her down" the next; Alberta Vaughn as the girl who didn't much care who the man was so long as she had a man; what a cast it is and how they fit their roles!

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

**Directed by**
HOWARD HIGGIN

**Pathé Distributors**

**DE MILLE**
**Studio Production**
Easy to Banish Fat

Try This Modern Way

Not always by abnormal exercise or diet. That is hard and slow. Most people who try it lack the patience to continue. And a method has been found in late years that has attained enormous use. It is easy, pleasant, scientific, based on modern research. The slender figures now so common are largely due to that method.

That method is embodied in Marmola prescription tablets. People have used them for 20 years—millions of boxes of them. They have told the results to others. Now in almost every circle there are people who can show you what they do. Marmola contains a substance which, in the body, turns food into fuel and energy rather than into fat. The complete prescription is distributed in every box. Also the reasons for results. This to banish any fear of harm and to let you know just why you get the benefits that come.

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

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at 25c per box. If your druggist is out, we will get them at once from his jobber.

WARRANTED ADVERTISING

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

SEE CALIFORNIA FOR 25c

A ultra-modern edition of an old, old tale.

Love—the exalted, the all-consuming emotion, is tested in an era of cynical sophistication.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

In a desperate attempt to beat these two male creatures at their own game and get back to civilization, the girl succeeds in stealing away in a small launch. A sudden storm complicates matters. From shore the captain sights the tossing, pitching boat and struggles to save the lone occupant before the sea claims her. The captain reaches the launch safely and finds his terror stricken captive at the wheel. The boat is carried out to sea by the storm and tossed upon an unexplored island of the Alaskan coast.

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

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

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

Marriage, divorce, companionate ties dissolve into meaningless theories before the rush of unquestioning devotion.

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

To me, the strongest chapters of this story deal with the development of twentieth-century youth in stone-age environment. The dawn of love in the midst of chaos and struggle is one of my pet personal theories for I have always maintained that a man and woman must face disaster, disappointment, tragedy and suffering together before they can face the world and say, 'Our love has been put to the test, and was not found wanting.'
How Much Can You Remember—for $50?

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

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

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

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

Ralph Forbes' Memory Test

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

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

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

Winners of the Norma Shearer Contest of January

ALICE KERFOOT
Riverdale, Maryland
WILLIAM T. TRAGSDOR
Nessville, Wisconsin

Autographed photographs have been sent to the next 50 prize winners.
The Key to Hollywood

HOLLYWOOD! Meeea of the aspiring goal of the ambitious...now the hour. How many of us cherish the hope to eventually see this most fascinating of all cities...this playground of the world? But—how few know that their wish can be realized?

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

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

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

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

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55 West 52nd St., New York, Dept. 24

Please send booklet "The Key to Hollywood".

Name ____________________________
Address ____________________________

What’s Doing in Times Square

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

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

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

Broadway welcomed many stars this month but the one that had the greatest interest for me was the newest star, well practically the newest star, in pictures. His name is Nick Stuart and all of a sudden Screenland was deluged with interviews and news items concerning him. One of them said that he had been on the Fox lot a long time and that seemed to click with something in my memory.

About eight years ago when I was on the Fox lot myself I seemed to remember a little boy who never walked—he always ran. If it was just across the sidewalk and he had only three steps to take, he took them running. On a thick black taffeta of hair stayed miraculously a little round worsted cap and his big brown eyes were always very earnest. His face when he smiled, which wasn’t often, was suddenly transformed into a burst of sunshine. How he got on the lot you can read in the screen news from Broadway article on page 30 but his first job was as an actor. Then, rather than leave the atmosphere that he loved, he stayed on as an office boy until there was another opening for him as an actor. He was a good office boy too, he gave the best he had to the job that meant to him the gateway to paradise. As he grew older he found many things around the lot that he could do. He became an assistant cameraman, an assistant director and even helped with the continuity of the stories. He eagerly drank in all the knowledge he could, not only because it interested him but because he knew that the more angles he had on this work that he loved the better he would be when his time came to act. And now it has come, and I could wish that even a third of the aspirants now storming the gates of Hollywood were half as well prepared as Nick. There’s nothing to stop him from rising to the top and sticking there, chiefly because he has a level head and I really think Nick will keep it. And what do you think he did while in New York? He rode a fire engine (Continued on page 95)
You'll enjoy it as millions have enjoyed Johnny's previous hits—

HOME MADE
WHITE PANTS WILLIE
ALL ABOARD
THE BROWN DERBY
STEPPING ALONG
RAINBOW RILEY

Presented by C.C. BURR
Adapted from the melo-comic extravaganza by OWEN DAVIS.
Directed by CHARLES HINES

First National Pictures
Take the Guesswork Out of "Going to the Movies"
HIDDEN GOLD—
in your hair too!

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MAGIC KEY TO YOUTHFUL "LOCKS"

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Here's a chance, Slive Freckleface, to try a remedy for freckles with the guarantee of a reliable company. It will not cost you an arm and leg unless it removes your freckles; while if it does give you a clear complexion the expense is trifling.

Simply get an ounce of Othine—double strength—from any drug or department store and a few applications should show you how easy it is to roll yourself of the lonely freckles and get a beautiful complexion. Rarely is more than one ounce needed for the worst cases.

Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine as this strength is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove your freckles.

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"Oh
Broadway
DO YOU
Remember?"

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

By
C. A. Leonard

Just a honey mooning movie girl now, but once upon a time she was a little piece of Broadway herself.

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

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

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

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

Quite a few years before Blanche's humbly entry into the business world, a lad of sixteen, the son of a New York lawyer, took the advice of his father, an adherent and, although it almost killed this boy of sixteen, he lifted him. He can still lift them today, even though he is a millionaire and doesn't have to.

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

When George Haasen was already directing the activities of several oil gushers, Blanche's childish beauty was blossoming forth into womanly perfection. Through the kind offices of several friends she obtained an interview with Florent Ziegfeld, glorifier of America's finest femininity. No time was lost thereafter. Blanche was uprooted from the secretarial notebook and transplanted to the first line of human flowers that swayed in the breezy music of the Folies of 1913. There her beauty shone until Hal Roach uprooted her again, to implant her in his comedies. No need to retrace the steps of her picture career. She
has since advanced to that point of ability and popularity where she can afford to freelance, that is, choose the company to work for and the kind of roles she likes to play.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

SCREENLAND is the fastest growing fan magazine.

S C R E E N L A N D

Now You Can Reduce 2 to 4 Lbs. in a Night

Eat what you please

Wear what you please

Do what you please

Take no risky medicine

Send the coupon for your first three FAYRO Baths

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

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

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

The Hot Springs are now Brought to You

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

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

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

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

 Lose Weight Where You Most Want To

Fayro reduces weight generally but you can also focus your money to reduce a question, hips, legs, ankles, chin or any part of the body you may wish.

Results Are Immediate

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

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The regular price of Fayro is 3.00 a package. With the coupon you get 2 full size packets and an extra sample. You are given 3 to 4 pounds of the necessary poisons. Send no money. Pay the postman. Your money refunded instantly if you want it.

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"I weighed 16 pounds less and felt younger and sleep better. Fayro is wonderful."

"My double chin vanished in the magic of Fayro baths."

"My hips were always too prominent until I commenced Fayro baths. I have lost 12 pounds."

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Send me 3 full sized boxes of Fayro in plain package. I will pay the postage 25c plus the necessary poisons. It is understood that if I do not get satisfactory results with the first package I am to return the other two and you will refund all of my money at once.

Name ____________________________
Address ___________________________
City __________________________ State __________________________
If you do not live in the United States send international Money Order with coupon.
That's That

ONCE Mack Sennett had a little girl from Chicago working for him. He would have done well to have kept her but no one can keep Gloria Swanson. She will not stop climbing. She got into straight pictures and made Manhandled. That was a peak but it only gave Gloria greater vision. She went abroad, married a nobleman, made Madame Sans Gene and returned greater than ever. Would Gloria accept a salary? Oh no. Still climbing she must produce for herself. She did. While we liked Sunya it was only partially successful. But Gloria had just started fighting and so she made Sadie Thompson and it's one of the best pictures this year.

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

© Lionel Barrymore and Gloria when the reformer begins to find radius in Sadie.
"The Mirrors of Character"

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

An Editorial by
ELIOT KEEN

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

The combined energy of the rest of us has set the average of existence for you to share. Remember this on some indigo Monday. You must buck against the current to fail. In America success is downstream. Our average is health, comfort and happiness. Perhaps you want to be one of the few prominent ones. If you do it’s all right with us. We have to cheer for someone and it might as well be you. Come on, we’re ready.
Clara Kimball Young, that whirlwind of emotion with the gorgeous eyes, was looking regal in black velvet and silver as she welcomed us to her lovely apartment in one of the smartest hotels in New York City. She is in vaudeville doing dramatic song interpretations and is most successful.

We asked Miss Young if she was thinking of returning to pictures again. She said, “Yes, I do think about it, but I’d miss the theatre. I’d miss seeing the faces of my loyal friends and yet I know it’s because I was in the movies that they really like me. Oh yes, they still like me,” she smiled at us her eyes sparkling. “I know because the applause I receive is wonderful and I just want to hold out my arms to my old friends. Here are some of the letters I have received asking me to come back.”

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

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

“First, I intend to travel around the world and then I shall settle permanently in London. You can tell them that I may make a picture in Germany. I’d like that. You see, last year while I was in Europe, the Ufa Company in Germany asked me to make a picture with them. It is a standing invitation and I may accept it sometime. We hope you will come back Clara—for the fans are loyal—they like the new friends but indeed, they don’t forget the true and tried ones. Whichever it is, here’s wishing you happiness wherever you go.
Bohemia in Pictureland

The Alleyways of Hollywood are the high roads of Ambition.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I figured that I
could get ten cans
of beans with that
dollar. If I ate one
can of beans a day—
I might manage to
keep alive for ten
days!" she told me
(Cont. on page 96)
Have you ever lamented over the old wheeze, "Beauty is skin deep, but ugliness goes to the bone?" Have you ever wept hot, salty tears into a hot and crumpled pillow in acceptance of it when you have seen your best young man walk out with the town beauty? Well, dry your eyes, because it needn't happen again. Not if you buck up and go in for preparedness of a constructive type. V. E. Meadows says so, and he ought to know. Do I hear you grumble, "Who's this V. E. Meadows guy and how does he get that way?" Well, tune in and listen to the Hollywood dirt.

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

What, in your opinion, is the saving grace of many a girl's uneven features? Why, their skin, you little dummy. If a girl has a beauti-
The wand of the Beauty Magician but brings out the radiance of the loveliness your carelessness conceals.

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

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

The true color light is used to determine just what type Billie Dove is and what her beauty problems are—we add, if any.
Enter This Fan Letter Contest for

Can You Write The Best Letter?

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

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

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

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

Make your letter brief and clever and address it to

Address—
Lucila Mendez
Screenland Contest Dept.
49 West 45th Street
New York City

Contest closes May 15, 1928
Here is the question you must answer to enter the contest:
Which affects your actions most; that is, which makes you most ambitious, affectionate or charitable—a story, physical exercise or a picture?

Photo, Hal Phyfe

Ralph Ince, husband and director of Lucila Mendez for FBO pictures.

Lucila wearing the shawl that perhaps you will win.
She is the newest screen star. She has just been signed to a two-year contract at a fine salary, for one of the biggest companies. She has made the hit of the season in one of the new 'big' pictures. She is the latest Hollywood sensation.

Who is she?

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

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

She is an inspiration when she says: "It only goes to show that if you have it in you, someday, somehow, your
Margaret Mann has had a happy life time climbing the sunny side of the mountain of Fame.

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

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

A year ago she was making the rounds of the studios, an extra. Just the other night—at the Broadway opening of her picture, Four Sons, the Archduke Leopold of Austria came up to her and kissed her hand and told her he was proud to have played a small part in the same picture with her!

Fifty years or so ago, back in Scotland, little Margaret Mann stood on tiptoe to watch the Queen ride by, on her way to Balmoral—Queen Victoria, her childhood idol. Today, people are telling her how much she looks like that same queen, in some of the closeups in Four Sons. Audiences whisper that the motion picture actress has the poise and dignity associated with the memory of the great ruler. Yes—Margaret Mann has travelled a long way in those fifty years. She has come through hazards and privation and often heart-ache. But, as she says gallantly, it's been worth it!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

She had the pioneer spirit, this little Scotch girl. She decided she could do better away from her home town of Aberdeen. South Africa appealed to her imagination—and one day, she up and sailed for Johannesburg! It was, although she didn’t realize it at the time, her first step toward fame and fortune. That trip picked her right up out of the rut and set her on the right track—the broad highway of ambition. In Johannesburg she met James F. Smythe, an Englishman, and they were married. Seven years in South Africa—and the pioneer urge exerted itself again. Margaret Mann Smythe suggested that they pull up stakes—and seek their fortune in a new land—America!

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

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

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

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

It was a party scene, with the extras seated around at tables in all their finery. Margaret Mann must have looked an important and handsome dowager, for the director picked her out of the mob for a bit. ‘I’ll give you a title to speak,’ he said. ‘Look around at all the guests and smile and say: ‘What a wonderful gathering this is!’ Get it?’

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

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

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

(Cont. on page 77)
The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

COLLEEN MOORE
in
Lilac Time

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

W. WORDSWORTH
GRETA NISSEN—blonde and preferred by all including the Scandinavians. Hell's Angels is her next picture.

Photograph by Russell Ball
LANE CHANDLER has arrived. You will find him entangled with Clara Bow in Red Hair.
SUE CAROL'S next picture will be Walking Back—another great pedestrian drama.

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

Sue Carol has never had to struggle. She is the daughter of a very wealthy society family of Chicago. She visited California, went sightseeing in the Fox studio, played an extra part in 'Soft Cushions' with Douglas MacLean, and made the audience all Carol.

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

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

By James M. Fidler

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

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

In fact, about the hardest thing Sue had to do was open. (Cont. on page 98)
Rod La Rocque made the most unusual speech ever made by a motion picture actor over the radio the other night—not a word about himself.

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

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

Look at Sally Phipps and Nick Stuart—just look at them. They won't hurt your eyes, not at all. Maybe you think these two kids didn't enjoy their sojourn among the bright lights! It was their first trip, and they were just plain thrilled.

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

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

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

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

They say that every good Follies girl has two ambitions: to become a movie star, and to marry a millionaire. Blanche McHaffey has achieved both. She’s one Follies beauty who can say 'Success!' and not exaggerate. From the time she left the Follies, where her Tiffin tresses were much appreciated, for the movies, where she started as a Hal Roach comedienne, she has made good. Blanche had graduated into drama and was doing well, thank you, when a millionaire oil man came a-wooing. He won, and Blanche cast on the first lap of her honeymoon. From here they will go to Havana, Cuba. The lucky man is George J. Hausen. Mr. Ziegfeld wired her an offer to come back to the stage, but Blanche will stick to the screen, although she and her husband will probably take a trip to Africa first. Maybe she’ll do a Mrs. Martin Johnson.

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

(Cont. on page 99)
Father's Fame may be a load upon youth's shoulders.

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

One day down at the Beach Club I was wrestling on the sand with my two boys when a fine-looking lad with the body of a young god came up. "You don't remember me, Mr. Wagner, but I'm Douglas Fairbanks'
son, and I sure would like to learn some of those holds.” So we ‘rassled’ around until the boy was sand-scratched from toes to forehead.

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

“Paramount doesn’t think so,” he replied solemnly.

“Why, I thought they were starring you!” I exclaimed.

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

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

Yes, Paramount would take him back, but he would have to play in stock at half his former salary, and take what small parts he could get. He was no longer the son of his father, but merely one of many hacks who had to make good on his own merit. Just as the studio had blundered in prematurely raising the boy to stardom, it blundered again in the opposite direction, now finding no merit whatsoever in him. This was eloquently indicated by again cutting (Cont. on page 78)
inviting us to lunch!" exclaimed Patsy in delight, as she danced about with a little note in her hand. "And Harry Crocker is going to be there too!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

We went into the drawing room, where we found a
The picture girls first make the occasion, then celebrate it.

We chatted about The Circus, and about Charlie’s plans for his next picture, but of course it isn’t at all certain what that picture will be. “Let’s just get a cop and begin!” suggested Harry Crocker humorously. Harry is working with Charlie in all his stories now-a-days.

At any rate the picture won’t be Napoleon’s life, said Charlie. “There won’t be much real love interest in the story when I make it,” he suggested. “Because I do not think Napoleon took love very seriously. It was only another manifestation of his power to have women in love with him, that’s all.”

Lunch was served in the dining room, which is fitted up with some sort of dark polished wood, and with exquisite table accessories and service. After lunch we went out and surveyed the grounds, and wandered about the interesting paths that lead under the trees down the side of the hill.

Presently we came to a kind of little summer house on the slope. “This is where I thought out The Gold Rush,” Charlie told me. “I’d walk up and down this little path,”—he illustrated his distraught tramping up and down in his own funny pantomimic way.

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

In the library, Charlie played the pipe organ for us, and how! He can make the simplest (Cont. on page 90)
Between seams Camilla, in her pajama shop, danced and dreamed.

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

G

Got any girls?' the Marshal said to the lady from over the Rhine,
The lady shook her flaxen head and civilly answered 'Nein.'

'Got any boys' the Marshal said, 'but you haven't, I opine;'
Again the lady shook her head and again she answered 'Nein.'

Husband, of course?' the Marshal said, 'and he must be pretty fine,'
The lady smiled and her blue eyes shone as again she answered 'Nein.'
The devil you have,' the Marshal said to the lady from
Another great European actress comes to Hollywood and is immediately cast opposite John Barrymore.

Camilla Horn’s Pajamas

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

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

Pretty blonde Miss Horn was at work on the Tempest set where she is playing opposite John Barrymore in his second production for United Artists, when I first saw her. Swathed in a clinging black velvet gown, a graceful cape of the same material falling from her shoulders, she came hurrying down a cobbled street alone and frightened, hemmed in by sinister night shadows, apparently emulating Mr. Pepys in an attempt to get ‘home and so to bed,’ but she was thwarted in her un-Hollywoodian (Cont. on page 80)
This is not the hairy ape but Jean Hersholt in a character role.

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

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

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

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

David Butler whose h o s e put him in Hose Who.

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

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

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

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

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

Since this fashion descended upon Hollywood the denizens of the cinema city have had to wear ear muffs because of the screaming and whistling of the gales and typhoons of the gusty California spring as the wind blows through the actor's whiskers.
In Hollywood the Picture
Actors recently formed the
Academy of Motion Picture
Arts and Sciences and started their magazine. SCREEN-
LAND has been given permission to give wider distribu-
tion to this fine article from the first issue of 'Motion
Picture Arts and Sciences.'

The moving-picture
art—or industry—or what you may
call it—has a term
of its own for what the poet
Gray bewailed in his Elegy:
the gem of purest ray serene
hidden in the dark, unfath-
omed caves of ocean; the
flower born to blush unseen;
the noble rage repressed, the
mute, inglorious Milton.
The mute, inglorious movies
call it 'the Face on the
Cutting Room Floor.' It is
a joke, but a brave flippance—
one of those we-laugh-lest-we-
weep cynicisms.

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

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

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

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

But the spiritual loss is incal-
culable. Mr. Jack Dempsey says
that the blows that miss take
more life out of a fighter than
those that land. And the cli-
maxes of emotion that
a director and an actor
achieve and never see in
the finished pictures take the heart out of
them more than the contemptuous press-
notices or the studio jibes they receive for their
manifest failures.

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

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

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

The famous stars played love
scats of the utmost inten-
sity. They gave unre-
strained lessons in what
Lewis Carroll called 'real-

Hollywood's most famous writer tells the story of
ing and writhing. Yet the more ardently they embraced, the more frenzied their amorous contortions, the more the audience howled with laughter. While the heroine and the hero shuddered with desire, the audience whooped with ridicule.

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

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

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

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

(Cont. on page 86)
The CROWD

Step Lively, Pull--ease!

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

You'll see yourself and your next-door neighbor in The Crowd—and you know how much fun that is. The Boy and the Girl are too much like you and me to make it entirely pleasant to sit through eight reels or so of their trials and troubles. It's an experience, nevertheless, that mustn't be missed. The Boy's father was sure he'd be president some day. Instead, he gets a job as a clerk, goes to Coney Island, meets a girl, marries her, becomes a father—twice, loses his job, and has a hard time landing another. That's all there is to it—you, that's all. But it is more than enough for Mr. Vidor. You can take his picture anyway you want to. According to a subtitle, once you lose step with the Crowd it goes hard with you until you get back into step again. According to an advertisement for the picture, you've got to rise above the Crowd if you want to get anywhere. Maybe Mr. Vidor would be content to call it the epic of Everyman and his Wife, and let it go at that. At times The Crowd out-stroheims Mr. Von in its realism. There's a Sennett touch in some of the comedy. It begins to look as if Mr. Vidor is all of the 'big' directors rolled into one. At any rate, he does wonders with his actors. James Murray is amazingly good as the Boy. Eleanor Boardman is even better as the wife. I don't know any other actress who could have played this part. Submerging her delicate beauty, Miss Boardman achieved a portrait of a middle-class lady that she should be proud of. This girl should be starred. If her husband is a composite of all directors, she's all actresses in one small package. Some girls can play wives, some can play mothers, while others excel as sweeties. Eleanor can play 'em all. Darned clever, these Vidors!

FOUR SONS

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

I'll be frank with you. I didn't want to go to see this picture. I fought against it. Another mother-picture! I have nothing to say against mothers as a rule; and a whole lot to say for them. I have a pretty good one myself and I know a lot of other folks who are proud of theirs. But I don't like to see them on the screen. They aren't Mothers; they're monstrosities in shawls and bonnets; they cry all the time. So I thought I wouldn't go to see Four Sons. Then I thought, 'Well, Jimmy Hall is in it;' and the minute I think of Jimmy Hall I want to see him again to decide whether I like him or don't like him. Well, I went. And I wouldn't have missed it for anything, not just because it made up my mind for me about Jimmy Hall (the answer is: Yes; I do.) But it showed me a real Mother on the screen. Margaret Mann plays her, and she's more like a mother really than I'd ever hoped to see in pictures. She doesn't whine or weep. She makes cookies, and keeps the home-fires burning. Miss
Mann and Director John Ford have given us a great performance, in a picture that is emotional without being mushy, and dramatic without turning morbid.

Four Sons is a war picture with only one war scene. What self-control this director must have! It's a great little plea for peace, for it takes us on the other side of the trenches and introduces us to the enemy—three of whom are Mother Bernle's stalwart sons. The fourth, played by James Hall, is fighting with the Yanks. But they're all brothers. After the war, Mother Bernle leaves the old country for the new. She has to 'learn her letters' first, and her struggles with a new tongue amid strange surroundings provide a comedy ending to the picture. Everybody in the cast is splendid, but Miss Mann and Mr. Hall are outstanding. It's Jimmy's first chance to act, and he will surprise you. I've never seen more exquisite photography. John Ford has done some beautiful things in his direction, too. I like the way he creates characters instead of depending upon types. He offers his comic relief with a deftness that Shakespeare would have loved.

And speaking of Shakespeare—if his plays are ever, by accident, put on the screen, John Ford is just the director to do it, if he keeps up the high standard he sets in his Four Sons.

Sadie Thompson

It Aint Going To Rain No More

How to spend your rainy afternoon: watch Gloria Swanson as the heroine of W. Somerset Maugham's best story. Gloria does one of the greatest come-backs in history. Give this girl a role she likes and she has a good time and gives everybody else the same. Acting from contented stars is what this industry needs. Miss Swanson is one of the most fascinating personalities in pictures, but when she appears in a badly-fitting part, she loses her lustre. Mr. Maugham is a good tailor. His Sadie Thompson is just what Gloria needed. It's her best part—the sort of thing we want to see her do. Gloria as a 'good' girl is Gloria wasted. She's one of the few film idols we like to see cut loose. The more exotic her part, the better we like her. And so—Sadie Thompson offers her everything. Besides, it's a good picture. This is Gloria's lucky year. Raoul Walsh has directed in just the right high spirits, and himself plays the important part of Sergeant O'Hara with gusto and virility. Sadie has had rather a bad reputation in film circles since Will Hays exiled her; but as a matter of fact the little girl is going to do a lot of good in the world or I miss my guess. She makes a great sermon for tolerance, and stages an exciting tirade against hypocrisy. Her heart is big, her manners are careless and her morals are nobody's business. When she appears in Pago-Pago in the South Seas she excites the interest of a detachment of Marines and the animosity of one Hamilton, a virulent reformer. He attempts to wreck her life, which she is striving to mend, and almost succeeds. Sadie fights back and wins, aided by the wholesome Sergeant O'Hara.

Gloria's just great. You'll like the picture. It isn't so often we're treated to a swell star in a picture worthy of her. But Sadie Thompson is it, and plenty of it.

Her WILD OAT

Sows Your Old Oat

Who doesn't enjoy fairy tales? Who's too old? Oh, you aren't either. You just think you are. Everybody loves a fairy-tale, and don't tell me different. But if you think you need any excuse to go to see Cinderella Moore's latest yarn, you can always say: 'Well, I'll be bored, but Junior and Sister will like it.' And then you'll be tickled silly all the way through, you big hypocrite! Colleen was never so cunning or so clever. She has a real characterization in Her Wild Oat, against the old familiar fairy-story background. She plays the proprietress of a prosperous lunch-wagon, who splurges all her savings on one grand spree at a smart summer resort. Of course she meets the Prince—in disguise. And of course, he loves her for herself alone. She goes back to the lunch-wagon just long enough to find her happy ending. Miss Moore has some charming comedy scenes. She's abetted by Larry Kent, whom I'd like to announce right now as my favorite leading man for 1928—so far. He's the only actor I've ever seen who is really reminiscent of Wally Reid, with all of Wally's ingratiating good looks and humor. You watch Larry Kent. On second thought, don't bother. I'll keep an eye on him myself.
SPORTING GOODS

STARRING a Good Sport. Richard Dix may prefer to play in drama, but you'd never guess it from the pep he puts into this comedy. He plays it as if he likes it; he slams it over through sheer force of exuberant personality. The story is highly improbable but it's so engagingly directed and acted that you don't care a hoot whether it could happen or not. Every salesman should see it, no matter what he sells—undershirts, or elevators, or himself to his girl. Richard explains in his inimitable fashion that it isn't so much what you have got to sell, as how you sell it. Gertrude Olmsted is in it, and isn't she pretty? The object of the high-powered sales-drive delivered by the star is none other than Ford Sterling, who is the three funniest character comedians in the world.

Estelle gives a glowing performance

The WHIP Woman

ESTELLE TAYLOR played Lucrezia Borgia once, and don't you forget it. She can't; they won't let her. They have handed her another mean part, giving her a whip to crack instead of poison and dirt to dish. She's a peasant girl whose hut is her castle, and just let any man try to crash the gate. Down comes the whip, and out goes the man. But there's always an exception, or there wouldn't be any motion pictures. This time the exception is Tony Moreno. The whip girl beats him up, then picks him up and carries him home. After that, the picture just goes all to pieces. Sometimes she loves him, sometimes she whips him. It doesn't make much sense finally. Especially when you see the gorgeous Hedda Hopper trailing around as Mr. Moreno's widowed mother. That's funny. Miss Taylor gives a glowing performance as the whip woman. But at that, she revives the hope that some day, some how, the producers are going to forget that she ever played a Borgia and just let her be her charming, sociable self.

Oh well—we're all happier close to nature

ROSE MARIE

OH, you Rose-Marie! Some kid! This little French-Canadian girl has had quite a career, all the way from musical comedy to the movies. She's almost as famous as Abie's Irish Rose. Up there in the northwest where men are mounties she has all the males at her feet, but of course the one she picks—she would—is a fugitive from justice, so she has to go trudging up and down mountains and get buffeted about by the elements—all for him. Fortunately she is played by Joan Crawford, who is one of those lucky girls who always looks beautiful under any given set of circumstances. She's especially radiant as Rose-Marie, displaying more dash, or verve, or whatever you want to call it, in a simple little blouse and a wisp of skirt than she ever did all dolled up. Oh, well—we're all happier close to nature. James Murray, House Peters and Creighton Hale are the men in the case, and I give you the usual three guesses as to which one Rose-Marie fastened her affections on. Wrong the first time. James Murray, not House Peters. The sterling Mr. Peters has been away from films so long I think they should have handed him the heroine just as a gesture of welcome, don't you?
THE movies are getting good—and tough. I'm all for it, myself. I like the rough-and-ready atmosphere of such a picture as A Girl in Every Port.

My boy friend does, too. Tip to girls: if you want to be The Girl in your particular port, don't turn up your nose at the pictures of the What Price Glory school, unless you want to pay your own way to the movies. You may prefer to see the smiling face of your pet actor to the scowling countenance of Victor McLaglen, but don't you let on. And when you see one girl after another parade on the screen, smile, darn you, smile! It seems that no longer must movie men be beautiful. McLaglen and Robert Armstrong, his team mate, will certainly never win any prizes for pulchritude, but the boys are there with the wallop just the same. They're a great combination, artists at fisticuffs or kisses, getting away with murder and everything but matrimony in every port. Don't pity the poor sailors any more; don't waste your pity. Although there are gobs of girls in this sailor's paradise, there is not a single Heroine, or even a married one. Louise Brooks, Lella Hyams, and many, many more are present, to liven things up; but not even Louise makes more than a dent in the big, big heart of the two sailor-boys. They're soon off on another cruise, and—there's a girl in every port.

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

Love and Learn

Who could not learn to love, and love to learn, when Esther Ralston is Teacher? This luscious blonde is far from lazy. Instead of letting her beauty do all her work for her, she pitches in—and acts. She's a corkscrewing comedienne, as her latest will testify. Love and Learn isn't much of a picture, I'll admit—just a trifle, in fact; but its lovely star is very much worth while going to see. Also, she is assisted in her latest set of escapades by a new young man, named Lane Chandler, who is, believe it or not, an entirely original type of leading juvenile. Thought there weren't any more, didn't you? Love and learn! He plays a pompous young judge who is all for law and order until Esther appears in his court and says 'Good Morning, Judge,' in that sweet, melting way she has. Then he doesn't care much what happens to him as long as it happens with her. There's one of those French-farce bedroom scenes which might be naughty if it weren't played by these two clean-cut young Anglo-Saxons. As it is, it's funny. This Esther Ralston—I must say it again—is a great beauty who deserves a certain measure of immortality because she possesses that air of complete unconcern about her charms. What a gift that is! (Cont. on page 78)
Since the inspired days when they made 'Passion' in Germany Emil Jannings and Ernst Lubitsch have been, professionally, separated.

From one-reelers years ago in Germany to the most ambitious picture of Paramount's 1928 program today—From mutual suspicion to unbounded confidence in each other—
That, in broad strokes, is the story of Emil Jannings and Ernst Lubitsch.

The one-reelers were made with Jannings playing opposite Ossi Oswalda. A young man who had been acting in the German Theatre was given his first directorial chance in making them. The young man was Ernst Lubitsch.

Emil Jannings played in them. He was merely a ghost, a shadow, unnamed on the screen, a phantom of nothing, although he was one of the foremost stage actors of Germany. So unimportant were motion pictures—so far from importance were those who played in them at that time. Indeed, long after, with the filming
of *Passion*, afterwards world famous and its makers also, Jannings still remained a shadow, nameless on the screen, just one of the players. Lubitsch was little better known.

But not for long. The German studio hired a secretary to open and answer wires from every corner of the globe, asking 'Who is the man who plays the role of Louis XV in *Passion*?' Lubitsch too. And Pola Negri. All three of them — and UFA — and Paramount, who released the film in America. There was glory and to spare for everyone who had the least thing to do with *Passion*. Exhibitors basked in box-office cream. UFA responded graciously and gave Louis XV a name. The name was Jannings.

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

When they met in the one reeler darkness, Jannings looked down from his lofty six feet three or six or whatever it actually is, on stalky, mocking Emil Lubitsch, broad, short, and neither cared much for the other. That was before Jannings had any respect for motion pictures or the men who made them. It was also before Lubitsch had come to know that Jannings was a great harp for his master fingers to play upon with such genius that it is doubtful if there are two such men in the motion picture industry today. It was the day of small things, beginnings, nothings. Jannings was getting forty marks a day — Lubitsch got less, very much less. So much less that sometimes it
Fashion favors the Frial, and the star of 'Drums of Love' finds the latest styles express her natural simplicity.

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

You'd think she'd get the habit and want to wear old world clothes all the time—they are so full of beauty and romance—but not Mary. She can't wait to zip into tennis togs or a simple, cool, untraily frock of the variety shown above, 'something that doesn't take all your strength to carry about,' says the diminutive young star.
For high tea or dinner this orchid crepe frock with ribbon velvet trimming of a darker shade and ruffle of its own material is one of Mary's favorites.

Photographs by Freubel
CONEY ISLAND

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

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

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

Clowns and a millionaire. Carnivals and a political boss. Plenty of Ballyhoo. Of the finest grade.

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

THE FEARLESS RIDER

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

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

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

FASHION MADNESS

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

The last time I saw Claire Windsor she was dashing down Hollywood Boulevard in a wide-brimmed red hat, and a short, clinging red dress. And I bet nobody refused her any favors at all—that day.
For she never looked prettier. Not even in her new picture Fashion Madness.

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

THE LAW AND THE MAN

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

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

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

SOUTH SEA LOVE

I like Ralph Ince, darn his hide. He can do more with a pretty girl, a grass skirt and a hulking old sailing ship than anybody I know. I like his swashbuckling ways. I like his lusty, brawny, take-it-or-leave-it pictures. And in South Sea Love he had plenty to work with. The prettiness of Patsy Ruth Miller. And all her deftness. The loveliness of a tropical sea, a tropical land and a tropical sky. But this film is really not worth what Ralph put into it. He was tied down by an impossible story. Why every single one of you could write a better scenario than the one with which Ralph and Patsy had to work. The story just stumbled around and fell over its own feet, dragging all the hard work of the cast and all the beauty of the settings down to mediocrity.

OPENING NIGHT

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

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

An unhappy film both in its theme and its direction.

GOLDEN YUKON

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

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

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

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

THE LEOPARD LADY

You would think that the beautiful Jacqueline Logan plus a couple of slinky leopards would be about enough to put any picture over, wouldn't you?

To say nothing of an ape who commits suicide. As well as a lot of other unusual 'props.'

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

WOMAN WISE

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

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

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

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

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

The whole film is crammed with a genuine picturesque quality which you don't often find. And clear up until the wind up when the American boys, of course, save the day, the comedy is perfect. June Collyer, Walter Pidgeon, William Russell and a couple of dogs will keep you laughing until the finish.

An excellent film, Excellently directed.

JAWS OF STEEL

Of course, now, you all know what Will Shakespeare said about the man who does not love music. Well that's just what I think about the man or woman who doesn't love dogs. They are fit only for 'treasons, stratagems and spoils.'

There is something radically wrong in the character of a person who does not love dogs. Big dogs, I mean. Mind you I don't care myself for these sweet smelling little Poms that childless women drag around in their arms and feed on cream.

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

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

CHICAGO AFTER MIDNIGHT

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

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

Ince himself is splendid in the role of the father. His work is repressed and cleverly shaded, different from anything he has ever attempted before.

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

Photograph by Irving Chidnoff
JANE WINTON next will be sophisticating around in The Patsy.
A DOLPHE MENJOU is going to Paris to be married. He promises to love, honor and be gay with Kathryn Carver.
Photograph by Hennel
Joan Crawford's next picture is The Dancing Girl and it doesn't matter whether she does the 'Black Bottom' or a mean 'Varsity Drag' just as long as she dances.

Photograph by Arpola
Conducted by Morrie Ryskind

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

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

And deservedly so. Go and see Yarbough, is our tip.

"Rope"

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

New York, as is so often pointed out to us, is not America—more's the pity. Even in New York, however, we have fellows like Dr. Straton to contribute to the front pages. But here we regard them as so many freaks. We find it hard to visualize an entire community brought upon Stratonism; a community where reading and writing are looked down upon as being affectations; a community that regards evolution as the belief that 'your grandmother was an ape;' a community that has never heard of Darwin or Huxley or Shaw or Wells or Anatole France; a community that would be right at home if time moved back three hundred years.

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

Stribling etches slowly, but surely. You believe. And then you begin to understand how a mass of men, in the name of the Almighty, can don masks and go (Cont. on page 80)
Hollywood is a land of opportunity.
Two men using brains and ingenuity, have made a motion picture at a total cost of $97, and are well on their way to fame.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Florey’s idea was to call it The Life And Death of 9413.
What Florey means is the life and death of one of Hollywood’s thousands of extra people—a man practically without identity.

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

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

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

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

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

Obviously it would be of little use to the two experimenters to make a picture for 897 if they couldn’t get it shown. But they are going to. A special musical score is being written now for an early screening of the film at a Broadway house in New York City.

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

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

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

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

It made the blood run cold in the heart of a prominent insurance executive when Harold Lloyd announced his intention of sending the original Lloyd horn-rimmed glasses to the Hague for the international film exhibition in April.

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

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

—o—

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

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

—o—

Hollywood’s new master of bons mots is William Powell.

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

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

—o—

A honeymoon in Havana!

Lucky Kenneth Hawks and happy Mary Astor. They will be there by the time you read this, for they are to
be married Feb. 23 at Mary's home. It will be a quiet wedding. Only her people, his two brothers, and a few friends will be invited.

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

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

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

What do you think of this for a sub-title?
"Marcia, the bride, had prepared for the big battle of marriage with a number of short engagements."

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John Krafft wrote it for A Blonde For the Night.

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

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

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

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

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

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

There will be sun-porches, wide verandas, nooks and two more rooms.
And when this work is finished Vera will have a homey home without drawing too heavily on the bank account.

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

Chester Conklin.

I wish you could see him play.

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

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

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When Samuel Goldwyn’s research department was digging around in preparation for Two Lovers, it was discovered that in 1740 women wore wedding rings on their thumbs instead of the third finger.

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

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

Margaret Mann, 69 years old, an extra playing her first part, swayed uncertainly before a great and brilliant audience, which cheered and cheered her.

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

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

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

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

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

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Another Hollywood tragedy!

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

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

Connelly is now a Hollywood bolshevik.

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

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

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

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Eleanor Boardman is going to carry her baby to Europe with her. She won’t be the first. Agnes Christine Johnston, the scenarist, went her one better and carried her younger around the world in a basket.

Eleanor and her husband, King Vidor, will leave as soon as he finishes Marion Davies’ next, Polly Preferred.
"See, I'm not going out with me any more."

It was friend Dix talking—talking about friend Lois Wilson.

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

"D—," finished Richard, the good natured, "d— again!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Just exactly like Ronald Colman, to pack up his duds and sail away from Hollywood without a single word to anyone! Oh, I suppose he told his Buddies, Dick Barthelmess and Bold, Bad Bill Powell, but not a single word to anybody else.

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

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

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

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

When you go visiting in Hollywood these days, very casually you pick up your hook rug material, lug it along with you and then when you reach your destination, just as casually take out your work and go to hook-rugging. Yes, that's the very latest in Hollywood, and to prove it, I simply ask you to watch Gladys McConnell over in the corner, going it likkety-split, as Gram would say, without even letting it hinder her conversation. The best part of it is that they are beautiful things when they are finished, and if you make one yourself it costs less than half as much as you'd pay in a store. Anyway, that's us in Hollywood these days—just hook-rugging it, likkety-split!

* * *

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

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

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

* * *

No wonder young Tomasina Mix's birthday party included a matinee at Sid Grauman's Chinese Theatre where he has an almost entire honest-to-goodness circus playing right along with Charlie Chaplin's Circus. Tomasina had about twenty guests, and if every single
one of them didn’t see enough to keep each talking for a month or so after the show I miss my guess! Maybe you’ll think I’m fooling, but with the whole lobby of the Chinese Theatre filled with circus, it’s a wise father or mother these days who starts down the Boulevard on the other side of the theatre—that is if they want to get anywhere. Such a circus! Such a bunch of performing bears and dogs and horses! No wonder Tomasina’s birthday party was the shining social event of the winter for the younger set.

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"It is too, I tell you.

"Oh, it is not! You don’t think he’d be standing there in line, do you? Waiting to get in just like any common, ordinary person?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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I met Ray Hatton on the Paramount lot the other day, and the first thing I asked him was how his opera singer, Ted Novis, is getting along. Ray beamed. The jest of Ray’s reply was that Ted is really knocking "em dead over there in Italy, what with learning their language down to a ‘T’ in no time, and showing up a lot of the native sons in a few short months. The real truth of the matter is that Ted has already learned five complete operas, and for the benefit of those of you who know as little about it as I did, Ray tells me that that is nothing short of marvelous. And if you don’t believe that Ray is getting the greatest kick in the world out of it, just write him a letter and ask him about it!

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Everybody seems to be vitaphoning it out here these days. The latest on the list, which includes folks like Lionel Barrymore, Henry Walthall, Hobert Bosworth, Irene Rich, May McAvoy, Buster Collier, Conrad Nagel, Lois Wilson, Helene and Dolores Costello, and even Rin-Tin-Tin,
is Norma Talmadge. A new great picture house in New York is to open with a Talmadge production, and because Norma cannot be there in person, a vitaphone record has been taken out here and Norma will be Master of Ceremonies in the east, by vitaphone. Remarkable, isn’t it? Also, I have it direct from Rin-Tin-Tin, personally, that Vitaphone is a very fine thing. He not only feels that it gives one a new field for developing voice culture, but admits quite frankly that when he watches himself on the screen with vitaphone he is entirely at a loss to discover where all the talking of himself comes from!

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

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

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

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

(Cont. on page 78)
**NEWS from the PICTURE MAKERS**

Every item means a lot to some one.

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

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

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

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

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

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

In *The Bullet Mark*, however, he was called upon for his greatest swimming effort. After making a high jump which would never be attempted except by the nerviest of men, Donovan landed in the water and swam through the rapids for a distance of slightly more than a mile. Additional to being exceedingly rough and full of treacherous whirlpools, the stream contained many huge rocks and projecting logs, all of which made swimming, in full cowboy regalia, a very difficult proposition. Even this was not enough, for the water was exceptionally cold, being a stream which has its foundation in the high Sierras.

**J**ack Holt is returning to Paramount.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Frank Lloyd is to direct this picture and is busily engaged in laying out the massive production which it is declared will excel in brilliancy anything in which Miss Griffith has hitherto appeared.
The romance of Lady Hamilton and Lord Nelson is one that has been told in many ways and whatever the opinion that exists or may have existed in the time of its occurrence, the last remains that it is one of the most striking in history. The character of Lady Hamilton is one of the most fascinating. The subject of the film is to be a dramatic, intimate portrayal of her experiences, as she handled a world of men and Palmers, as well as the men she knew. The film will be produced by Paramount.

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

Belle Bennett, Stella Dallas herself, and Jean Hersholt, alias the Deacon himself, have been selected by Mr. Griffith in The Battle of the Sexes.

The next Griffith film is being scenedarized by Gerritt Lloyd, who did the script of Mr. Griffith's Drum of the Front. Word has just come from Universal City that plans are under way for a novel chapter play to be called The Final Recognition, the material for which will be taken from G. A. Henty's famous series of books for boys. Newton House, heretofore of Universal City, Champion Boy Rider, in a series of western featurettes, will be starred in this picture. It will be made under the supervision of William Lord Wright.

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

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

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

The Dragnet has been selected as the title for George Bancroft's next picture, soon to go into production at the Paramount Studio. The actor's first picture in which he appears as a star was The Shakedown. The cast for The Dragnet will include Evelyn Brent and Fred Kohler, both of whom were prominently featured in The Shakedown, and the director of The Dragnet will be Joseph von Sternberg, maker of Underworld and also of The Last Command, the drama of the Russian revolution in 1917. Blue Rain is appearing.

In the old days of the West pulling a gun was a far from easy business. The man who had the quickest pull had the best chance of reaching a ripe old age. Some of the famous figures of the time used one gun, others two, all of them traditional styles of getting the 'drop' on a man.

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

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

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

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

Rousette gives the First National star an entirely new characterization, something different than any he has hitherto attempted. In the past year, Barthelmess has demonstrated his versatility by playing the prize fighter in The Patent Leather Kid, the college boy in The Drop Kick, the gangster in The Noose, and the mountain boy in The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come.

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

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

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

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

Bebe Daniels' next picture will be titled, The Fifty-Fifty Girl, and not she Wouldn't Say Yes as was previously reported. Miss Daniels has recovered from her recent accident and has resumed work. Accompanied by her mother and a nurse she has gone with her company to the Yellow Avon Mine at Randsburg, Cal., to film a mining sequence for the picture. James Hall is her leading man, Roseo Karns is in the cast, and Clarence Badger is directing.

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

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

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

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

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

Eddie Cline was at the megaphone on Vamping Venus, which is from an original with the same title by Artie Hoagland and was adapted for the screen by Howard J. Green. Included in the cast are Big Boy Williams, Russ Powell, Spec O'Donnell, Janet McLeod, Fred O'Beck, Gus Paratos, Gustav von Seyffertits and many others.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

George Marion, Jr., has been assigned screen is now appearing in Harry Langdon's current production for First National. This personality of instantaneous success, who for years was starred in Vitagraph productions and was the first player to introduce a dog on the screen.

Years ago Miss Turner brought her talented collie dog into the motion picture field and scored an instantaneous success. Though it has been years since Miss Turner appeared in a motion picture, her work in Langdon's starring vehicle reveals that she still retains her remarkable ability and finesse.

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

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

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

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

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

She was enthralled over her trip, having gone in native boats to practically every island in the group. She traded with the Polynesians in the more remote of the islands, securing many more treasures of native art which she plans to take in her home. Preparations are now going forward at Universal for Miss La Plante's next starring vehicle, The Hushand Hunt, from the story, The Man Duster, by Fred and Fanny Hatton. Wesley Ruggles will direct.

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

Murietta Milner, Loretta Young and Allie Semple will play the principal roles with Florence Vidor in her new starring picture, The Magnificent flirt. Work on the picture has just started at the Paramount studio, following Miss Vidor's completion of her assignment in support of Em Jannings in The Patriot.

One important element in the next Wallace Beery-Raymond Hatton comedy, and Paramount studio officials have been experiencing difficulty with the casting. The roster now is complete; however, and the names of the big family are James Mason, Ralph Yarlsie, Bruce Gordon,
Leo Willis, Ethan Laidlaw and Robert Kortman. Mary Brian will play the feminine lead, and the leading juvenile role goes to Gardner James. Production already has started.

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

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

Chet Thomas, a former baseball catcher with the Boston Red Sox, has joined the company including Mike Donlin, former Giant's star outfielder and other baseball notables, for the new Richard Dix picture, Knocking 'Em Over. Beans Reardon will play the role of umpire.

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

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

The Matteen Idol, the new production which was adapted from Come Back to Aaron is Frank Capra's third production. An insight into tent show life is a masquerade ball and a barnstorming queen and Johnnie Walker is the black-face comedian of a musical revue. Lionel Belmore, Ernest Hilliard, Sidney D'Albrook and David Mir head the supporting cast.

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

Success at 60 — Continued from page 24

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

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

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

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

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

Then she went home and waited, and waited.

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

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

And it did come. The call from the studio—Miss Mann to report the next morning—for Mr. Ford's picture, Four Sons! The plum was hers. And then she was excited.
And she stayed that way all through the picture. All the cast loved making it. Grandma Bernie more of all. The last scene was taken, she went to her dressing room and put her head down on the make-up table and cried. She didn’t want that. She knew that was a place to be. She didn’t know, then, that the Fox people were to be so enthusiastic over her work that they would offer her a two-year contract for a splendid salary, that special stories were to be written for her, that she was to be a star!

Young Doug Did It—Continued from page 33

his salary in two.

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

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

The name of Fairbairn Jr. created little interest on a program that invariably contained the greatest names in Movieland. Furthermore, as the sophisticated auditor had seen the young man on the screen, they were prepared to be mildly disappointed in him. Some, no doubt, expected Douglas to burst upon the scene with the well-known smiling exuberance of his joyous dad. Instead, there appeared a tall, quiet, serious-minded young man with the poise and charm of a well trained actor of the stage.

Perhaps the most interested spectators at that notable performance were Doug and Mary. Sitting unobserved in the back of the Players’ Club, they were anxious to give the hothouse, but as the scene went on and he noted the resonant fluency with which his son read his lines, and the ease with which he used his handsome young body, he looked about at the approving smiles on the faces of his neighbors, and exclaimed: "By gad, Mary, the boy can act!"

One more play at The Writers’ and Douglas was cast for the title role in Young Woodley at one of the big down-town theatres. Here he played opposite Doris Lloyd—who, by the way, because of her notable work in The Writers’ Club plays, has at last been discovered by the picture producers—and the combination created a dramatic sensation. For a necessarily limited run of three weeks Young Woodley enjoyed capacity houses, then went up north and played for three weeks more with The Theatre Guild of San Francisco. So much was received was Douglas in that very cosmopolitan and artistic city that he was curtain-called and called until he had to come out and meet a special audience.

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

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

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

Delight Evans’ Reviews—Continued from page 45

THE LATEST FROM PARIS

The latest from Norma Shearer is accepted with thanks right now, as far as I am concerned. It’s her best in a long time. Not much of a vehicle, maybe—but it does give our Norma a chance to exhibit her own special kind of pre-war, high-powered charm. She should always play ultra-modern girls. No more Kathie! Beneath her delicate beauty, Miss Shearer has a strain of steel which is essentially twentieth-century stuff. She’s a go-getter, and this picture, The Latest From Paris, presents her with the part of a lady traveling-salesman, and how she gets the orders is everybody’s business. She gets ’em on merit—and if her customers fall for her, that’s their own hard luck. She isn’t that kind of a saleswoman. Our heroine even applies her own methods to the game of love, and before she knows it she is unrolling long, loud, for life, to Ralph Forbes, a rival salesman. Girls will be girls, no matter what. And when they wear such clothes as Norma wears so smartly, it’s all right with us.

FEEL MY PULSE

Recommended for anyone with heart-trouble—and who hasn’t heart-trouble of one kind or another? Even if you haven’t, which I don’t believe, you are apt to have after watching Bebe Daniels in her adventures as a hypochondriac who mistakes a speck-easy for a sanitarium. It doesn’t really matter, matter, matter—Bebe is cured just the same. There are cases—and cases, as this column will prove—of rich Arlen as a brave young reforming boot-legger who positively guaranteed to produce violent heart-murmurs among the young ladies in the audience. And Bebe can always be depended upon to furnish pulsating pulchritude. The moral of Feel My Pulse is fall in love and forget your troubles. Try to find a rich Arlen or a Bebe Daniels before you fall.

They Say—Continued from page 73

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

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

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

"I’ll never turn away from ‘coffee and,’” he slowly said, "If you’ve ever been without the price of it, with the emptiest stomach on earth simply yelling for relief, you know how friendly ‘coffee and’ can be after some pal loans a dime. If you never have been without the price, then you can’t possibly imagine what a beautiful feel ‘coffee and’ has been to me."

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

I have recently seen The King of Kings for the first time. Many folks have told me this and that about the production, but it took seeing it for me to find out something for myself. Maybe it is on account of the tone and theme of the play that it struck me so forcibly, and of course you’d have to be a part of Hollywood, as I am to have it hit home. It is this:—they are all there in the production. By that I mean that among all those faces in The King of Kings every single little bit is played by some actor or actress who has been struggling around Hollywood for many, many years, and as in the case of all De Mille players, he hasn’t forgotten one single one of them in his King of Kings. When I recognized faces and places, it was a thrill, but somehow akin to the Christian-like spirit of the picture. I knew that on account of The King of Kings and this man that Hollywood calls "C. B.," many folks are regularly for at least a time. And when "C. B." makes his next picture, no matter what it may be, he won’t forget again. Yes, "C. B." knows them all, and what’s more, he never does forget.
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Name
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Do you remember Iris Stuart, the 'cover girl,' who came to Paramount and Holly-
wood about a year ago and who was go-
ing along so beautifully when her health
gave way and she had to leave us for an
eight months' perfect rest? She told us
then that she'd be back as sure as rain
could be. She certainly wasn't beaten,
nothing could have made me happier than
meeting her over at Paramount this month,
much heavier, eyes brighter, cheeks filled
out and eager to get to work again. Isn't
that fine? and aren't we all wishing her luck
and more luck in this 1928?

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

Just exactly what we wanted—girl,
beam Taylor, and pretty soon cigars were
handed out, and those who didn't smoke
cigars were munching all the candy
they could eat. Sam calls the little lady his
Christmas present, and I don't blame him
in the least when he tells us that she's
much different than most babies are.
How My Wife Learned to Play the Piano in 90 Days

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

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

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

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

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

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

Well, that little musical party was a howling success. When the kiddies had gone singing to bed, my wife showed me the marvelous new method by which she had learned to play in three months’ spare time.

Jimmy, Jr., had told the truth; no method was so simple and easy that anyone at all from 8 years up could learn by it. By this method the U. S. School of Music, the largest in the world, has already trained half a million people, teaching the secrets of any musical instrument almost in the same way a school-child learns to read. But very few, because older children and grown people have better trained minds, and know how to study and think.

When first learning to read you look at every letter separately, and spell out every word, cat, man. Later you do not see the letters; you see the words as units, “cat! man!” By and by longer words become units to you, and you find that whole expressions, like “up the steps,” “on the train,” no longer are seen as separate words, but immediately as one unit, without spelling, without thinking words, you see each expression in the unit form. This skill in seeing in units develops until you see and know as units hundreds of long familiar phrases; and it is even entirely possible, if you wish, to easily increase your reading speed four or five times the average, grasping paragraph thoughts complete, sensing a whole page instantly, reading and remembering all, with your pleasure exactly the same as the slower reader.

The same easy understanding and complete enjoyment is similarly a part of the new way. The alphabet of music lovers follows the alphabet of language. Each note is a letter, and playing is practically spelling the notes together correctly. The first note on the piano is A, or if you wish, is P. Whether you sing or play, it is always F. The four notes shown above are F-A-C-E, easy to remember because they spell “face.”

Certain strings on the mandolin, or notes on the piano, certain parts of all instruments, are these same notes. Once you learn them, playing melodies is a matter of adding what you see.

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

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

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Send Address of Friend
Address of Friend
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The treasure into her eager hand, upon which Sam Taylor, the director, called “cut” and that meant that Camilla and I were free to seek the privacy of her dressing room and have our private little talk, with the assistance of an interpreter.

Feeling as much about one of the party as an underling at a wedding, enveloped in an atmosphere of guttural and animated ejaculations that registered zero on my intelligence, we arrived at the young leading lady’s. While the long velvet cape was tossed across a chair exposing its jade-green lining, and the slender figure in black was deposited with a sigh on the couch, the black and white of a gold and pearl gold watch, while the interpreter and I arranged ourselves comfortably and the interview was on. The usual stereotyped questions were gotten over with neatness and dispatch, the net result appended herewith—Camilla Horn was born in Frankfort-on-Main and educated in Switzerland. Her father had been a railroad official after a brief and unsuccessful attempt to live on a musician’s meager pay. But he never lost his love for music and the good inherited his sense of rhythm and love of song.

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

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

Did she like New York? She could say much about that as she was there only three days, and most of her views framed in a hotel window, but she did like the tall buildings and Fifth Avenue shops. She is a fine, fine young woman, and having a bit of a flair and having it twirled and warped into another language was rather dull. Besides the you had to be a little sleepily, and you had to be a little sleepy, and you had to be a little sleepy, and you had to be a little sleepy, and you had to be a little sleepy. The words was fast becoming appealing to her interlocutor.

Table after she arrived in Berlin, she started boldly out alone to sell her wares, had been a hundred times and on of the highest class haberdashers in the city.

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

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

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

What to do? Excited conferences, with a doctor of surgery by business name, business name, business name, business name, business name. The fusion finally subsided Camilla had borrowed the necessary money from an old friend of her father’s, a sewing machine from the friend with whom she was visiting, and the entire family went into the pajama manufacturing business and within the stipulated time theOMETEOR hand-made pajamas were delivered to the expressmen’s—wear shop; and young Miss Horn had made a nice little profit.

Generously sharing her good luck with the friends who helped her in her enterprise and with her assistance, Camilla started on sight-seeing trips in the city of Lindens when there came another order from the haberdasher—this time so big as was at once apparent.
I Made the 10 Minute Talk that Changed my Whole Career!

"Well—say something" he sneered.

Then...

Frank, you’re wanted in the conference room," said the president’s secretary. "Listen... Gregg is in there, passing the buck to you because that Pittsburgh deal fell through. I’m afraid you’re in for it."

Three months before, I would have grabbed my hat and bolted from the office rather than face the big guns and make an extended speech. Yet now I strolled in nonchalantly, sat down, and listened as Gregg finished. "...and if Reynolds had carried out the little deal would have gone over big. How about it, Reynolds? Don’t sit there agape—say something," he sneered.

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

In 20 Minutes a Day

That was a year ago. Today I sit at my desk and wonder if I am really Frank Reynolds. A salary of five figures a year at a department manager’s job! In demand as a popular after-dinner speaker at lodges, clubs, business meetings, and social affairs! I reach in my desk and glance fondly through a little booklet that pointed out the path which changed my whole career. It showed me how in 20 minutes a day at home, in my spare time, I could banish the faults of nervousness, timidity, and self-consciousness, and un-cover the “hidden knack” which seven out of ten men own as a natural gift.

There is no magic, no trick, no mystery about becoming a powerful and convincing talker—a brilliant, easy, fluent conversationalist. You, too, can conquer timidity, stage fright, self-consciousness, and bashfulness, winning advancement, in salary, popularity, social standing, and success.

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 more of lesser ability get what they want by the sheer power of convincing speech. Not only men who have made millions but thousands have sent for this book—and are using it in their work of it. You are told how to bring out and develop your priceless “hidden knack” — the natural gift within you—which can 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.

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501 Michigan Ave., Dept. 5783, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me my copy of your inspiring FREE booklet, How to Work Wonders with Words, and complete information regarding your Course in Effective Speaking. No obligation.

Name:

Address:

City:__________State:__________
that the work could not be done at home. Nothing disinterested and unrented until one day, he hired several other seamstresses, and within three weeks had business going full blast. With twelve women under her, the courageous child got up at six every morning, and midnight was the earliest she ever got into her hard little bed, and more often the clock in the steetle struck two before he tired broken soul could sleep.

Nothing more enlivening and artistic than pajama-making, and no one has ever seen a more beautiful or graceful woman than Camilla at her pajama business. She was caught in the catastrophe of fewer weeks than it had taken to build, the carefully erected edifice of profit crumbled—and came a day, as the title writers say, when Camilla realized her pajama business had gone, as the saying has it, the baby was weened. And did she sit, to the bow window and wail! She did not. She liked Berlin better than her home town of Frankfort. She had tasted the secrets of success and she simply looked about, like a Lady-Alexander, for more worlds to conquer.

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

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

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

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

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

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

When we both declined she tried to rouse our jaded appetites with half of a three-decker sandwich, which had been carefully laid aside in its waxed paper wrapping. After polite urgings had been met with equally polite but firm refusals, she gave a continental shrug, and, drawing her feet up under her, bounced into position on the couch, and while I again sat apart from the fury of oral waterfalls, she waved to one hand her California pear and in the other her substantial sandwich and told the rest of her story to Frau H— who in turn told me not only Camilla’s but the others too.

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

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

Disappointed but still delighting in Camilla’s dancing as seen through the bottom of an up-tilted stein, the adorer one night brought with him a friend, a man engaged at the moment in the big UFA studios in Berlin. Yes, my children, we have at last arrived at the connecting point between the motion pictures and pajamas. Neither Camilla nor any of her young persons, had her visions of fame on the screen but the pajama business had seemed a very remote trail to take to the shining palace of Picture-Land.

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

C. Lon Chaney is a little different in ‘Laugh, Clown, Laugh.’
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When you learn it the European way

Those sight-seeing days in Paris! How much more thrilling they will be if you can ask for information in the native tongue! The best time to visit the Louvre. The quaintest restaurants of Montmartre. How to see the Bois de Boulogne—the Champ Elysées. How to go to the Opéra—the Comédie Française.

What thrills are in store for you! And, in anticipation, you will find it as fascinating to learn to speak French by the famous Hugo method recently introduced from Europe—the method that enables you to speak French the way it is spoken in France—in an amazingly short time!

Now anyone can quickly master this fascinating language at home . . . without a teacher

OUT, certainement! It is such fun to learn French the simple, fascinating Hugo way! Like playing a game—a pleasant game for your spare moments. The famous Hugo method reduces the study of French to an easy, practical formula.

For more than a century the celebrated House of Hugo has been teaching language by this amazingly simple “at sight” method. This same successful European method has now been introduced in America. This means anyone can quickly master French at home—without a teacher.

No tiresome rules. No monotonous drills. No dull classroom exercises. This method, as its very name implies, is French at sight! It is unique, different, so very easy to master. Clever, too—and highly practical. You begin, not with forms or construction, but with words, phrases and sentences. Subjects you discuss every day. Colorful words with which to sprinkle your English and make it more interesting. Correct, idiomatic French, just as the French themselves speak it!

You learn so quickly—this way!

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YOU cannot imagine how delightful “French-At-Sight” is. Examine it, please, without obligation—and see for yourself! See how easy it is to master French words and phrases this way, how quickly you acquire the correct pronunciation and accent.

The wonderful thing about this simplified Hugo method is that it makes your own teacher. Easily, pleasantly, at home—in minutes that might otherwise be wasted—you learn to speak the language correctly and well.

Think what a pleasure it will be to be able to speak French! Unquestionably it is one of the most beautiful of all languages. In cultured, everyday American life the French word is inevitable. In business, in social life, in travel, in literature, at restaurants, at the theatre, at the opera—wherever you go, if people do not speak French they at least know enough French words to add color to their own language. Imagine the satisfaction of knowing this universal language—of being able to understand it and speak it in any company!

To be able to speak French is decidedly a cultural attainment, and is recognized as such. Use those spare moments to master French the famous Hugo way!

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Just mail the coupon and the entire course of 24 carefully planned lessons will go forward to you at once. Glance through it and decide for yourself whether or not this isn’t the most ingenious method of teaching French ever devised. Within 5 days you have the privilege of returning the course without paying one penny—or keeping it as your own and sending only $2.00 as a first payment and $2.00 a month thereafter until the full price of $12.00 has been paid.

We will include FREE a valuable French-English Dictionary containing more than 40,000 words.

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Dr. Bush—America's most famous practical psychologist and lecturer—has helped thousands of men and women to realize just such desires as these through the wonderful new method of VISUALIZATION.

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Visualization is one of the most potent forces in life—but not one person in a thousand knows how to use it! It is an amazing power that can be harnessed in such a way as to bring you things you never dreamed could be yours. Just as Dr. Bush has proved time and again that proper visualization will actually make desires come true—he will prove it in your own case!

In his book, "Mere for Visualizing," Dr. Bush tells you exactly how to use this gigantic force—exactly how to apply it—exactly how to make it work for you. In simple language he reveals to you the secret of getting what you want. This amazing book will prove a gold mine to you—yet its cost is only 25¢

Scraps for Oblivion—Continued from page 41

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

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

And now came the big night of nights for the youthful leading lady—the world premiere of Faust. A beautiful new dress, with a throng of excited relatives and friends, her delighted mother came all the way from Frankfort to witness her little girl's triumph. Flowers, telegrams, letters—and a request to send a gift for tonight's premiere!—a gift which cost 25¢.

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

There were two performances that night at the theater where she was to open and another the next night. The first showing elicited much applause and Camilla was surrounded by admiring old and new-made friends. She was in her apartments getting ready for her second appearance before the audience when there was a knock on the door, and the maid opened it to admit a pompous and well-dressed man who bowed stiffly, and announced, "I am Mr. X— the name on the card requesting tickets.

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

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

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

"Ah, Miss Horn," and the deep voice now held unmistakable reproach, "You do not understand—why, I bought many—many of your pajamas!" After Faust, Camilla had many offers from other producing companies, but until Joseph M. Schenck of United Artists gave her an opportunity to appear under his banner in the United States she was reluctant to make any change. All alone she crossed the wide Atlantic and all alone she crossed the continent to Hollywood. And now, at nineteen and within a week of her arrival in the crowded screen capital, she is playing opposite John Barrymore in Tempest. A Grimm's fairy tale come to life!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The actor was an old comedian who found his chance, for a role of pathetic ten- derness and created a masterpiece. He died unknown and the story entered oblivion with him.

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

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

It was when Charlie, having found the Kid in the ash-barrel, took it to the squalid celler where beds were rented to outcasts for one cent. On the next cot to him was a husky thug in an undershirt. He kept scratching himself with such violence that Charlie grew uneasy of his neighborhood.
Then he remembered that it was wartime and the hitherto unmentionable "cootie" was an emblem of bravery and agony.

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

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

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

At two previews, indeed, it had that effect.

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

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

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

When I first came out as a visitor to this port of missing scenes, I met a young actress who was in a dreadful suspense. After years of inability to get a chance, she had received a part in an important picture, had played it to the approval of the director, and had been assured that she was launched at last, only to hear that the role had been cut down almost to nothing. I dared not tell her that I had sat in a conference that afternoon and heard the coroner's jury agree to throw out the character entirely.

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

In one of my own pictures, if I may speak of the terrible things, there was a character for which an actress was engaged whose beauty was so tragic, so haunting that a celebrated foreign artist seeing the rushes, cried:

"That face converts me to the movies."

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

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

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

She smiled bitterly and said:

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

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

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

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

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

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

But where is the heaven for masterpieces of art? for the divinely chiselled masterpieces of the perished Greeks, for the most famous poems and plays of antiquity, for the lost gospels, the otherwise immortal manuscripts that have gone up in flame. For the voices of angelic singers, and the beauty of old queens? And where, oh, where, is that paradise of a projection room in which one shall witness the noblest attainments of the poor movie people?

"Where are the snows of yesteryear?"

Their fakes were beautiful, too. Perhaps, after all, the wisest thing is to laugh it off and mock the Face on the Cutting-Room Floor.

Shakespeare who said everything, said also this:

"Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion.
A great-sized monster of ingratitude;
Those scraps are good deeds past, which
Are devoured.
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon as done . . ."

O let not virtue seek Remuneration for the thing it was:
For beauty, wit,
High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service.

Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all To envious and calumniating time."

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**Valentino As I Knew Him**

By S. George Ullman

(With introduction by the famous writer O. O. McIntyre, who also was an intimate friend of Valentino)

---

THE authentic human side of one of our greatest actors.

Mr. Ullman's book is illustrated by photographs from the author's private library.

His sentence to jail; his reason for wearing a slave bracelet; his reported engagement to Pola Negri; these and scores of other interesting things about him are told in a manner in which only a close friend and adviser could tell them.

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

Offered by SCREENLAND at $2.00 prepaid to any address in the United States and Canada.

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High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service.

Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all To envious and calumniating time."
Falling Hair
Dandruff
Itching Scalp
are Signs of Approaching BALDNESS

NATURE has ways of warning us when certain parts of our body are sick or under-nourished. In the case of our hair the danger signals are itching scalp—dandruff—and falling hair. If neglected, these conditions will result in thin, lifeless hair—and eventual baldness.

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PROFESSOR SCHOLDER will accept no case that is incurable. To enable him to determine the condition of your hair, send a few locks in a small envelope or hand-written note. We will do this in an envelope with this card. You may also add any details which you think will help Professor Scholder with your case. He will then subject your hair to laboratory tests and send you a report as soon as the analysis is completed. This is FREE for this analysis and report.

FREE ANALYSIS COUPON:

Mail today a sample of your hair to PROFESSOR MAURICE SCHOLDER, D.8., The Professor Scholder Institute, Inc., 101 West 42nd St., New York, N. Y., Name ____________________________
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A new book, "Safe Counsel," just out, tells you the things you need to know about hair,印发 free of charge, 15 pictures, 157 pages, 8 by 11 inches. Address as above.

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At last your prayers have been answered. Girls.
Johnny Mack Brown and James Murray.
For the hair. Yes, you’re a brunette, but you’ve an olive skin and will wear the rich green shades of green you look far from your best. There’s a lot of yellow in the make-up of your skin texture and all the shades of green should be omitted. It is better to use red bring out the rich beauty of your skin. The greens tend to make you look sallow and therefore unhealthy. Now if you are a decided blonde there are certain shades of every color that you can wear. And if you have Titian coloring all the sulphurous colors are becoming. Emerald and olive greens are beautiful and leaf browns.

So, with your selection of materials, for clothes, should you be careful of the make-up that you use. But to go along with Mr. Meadows analysis, first he decides what fundamental coloring the star has and then he tells her what to do. For instance, Billie Dove was having some trouble with her make-up so during the taking of American Beauty she stopped to ask Mr. Meadows advice. He found that she was not blending the make-up of her face and neck properly and that she was using too much rouge. Billie’s hair and eyes are very dark but her skin is fair and he found that she was using the wrong sort of powder. He mixed some especially for her particular type of brunette beauty and she was amazed at the difference it made in her appearance. This for everyday wear, not pictures.

Lupe Velez, the lively little lady from Mexico, he had a hard time to do anything with. She was like a water spri, and would hardly hold still long enough for him to get a good look at her. Lupe couldn’t see why she should have to wear makeup on the street just as she did in the studio. It took so much time, and won’t just why a little powder and some lip rouge. Mr. Meadows explained to her that it was better to use many gags and gillig from the vivacious Lupe, and when he had put on a full street make-up and led her to the camera to be photographed, he thought, by the way she acted, that he had a ten year old child on circus day walking by his side. Every time the photographer got near her she would stick the head of her fur piece into the lens, so that when he looked again there was nothing but blackness. A little limb, as one grandmother would say, is what Lupe is.

Those of you who have raved about Eve Southern’s wonderful eyelashes may continue to rave, for they are real. Not until Mr. Meadows became really indignant would I believe myself. It just didn’t seem possible. But Eve has unusual beauty, and it is glamorous. Which shows that she is one of those favorite daughters of nature.

But to get back to you and me, and practical things; if there are any skin blennings or things, it may be a careness removal of make-up, or in your case or mine too much smoke and dust from the studios. If you are overcrowded and you’re told to cleanse your face with a liquid cleansing cream, then wash your face thoroughly with a pure, mild white soap and soft water and rinse it thoroughly to dissolve three tablespoonfuls of epsom salts in two quarts of lukewarm soft water and bathe your face with the solution. Then, when your face is dry, do a very soft one, and hold it sopping wet to your face. Don’t rub. When this has been done rinse your face thoroughly in soft water and rinse it thoroughly with a soft towel. Pat your face dry, don’t rub. In most cases it is necessary to put on a night cream but it is best not to put on much as the natural oils of your skin will do the necessary lubricating. The cold cream sits as if after rinsing, should remove the blemishes and clogged pores in from ten days to three weeks.

This you do once a day, but only at night the last thing before retiring, until the condition of your skin is right.

In the morning the picture girl is told to wash her face again with soap and water and rinse with lake warm water and cold water or red, put on a mild liquid stinging. Then a careful layer of foundation cream, which is not to be confused with cold cream as the two are entirely different in character.

Put a dab of cream on either side of your face, also don the center of face from forehead to chin. Then smooth it on with a puff in, always rubbing away from your nose in a half arc toward your ear. Never rub down or toward your nose. Don’t put on too much because the same cannot be comb. When you have done this put on the rouge, a salve is best. But the selection of it should be very careful. Just because the latest from Paris has vivid brick or vermillon is no reason for you to use it if it doesn’t harmonize with your individual coloring. There is a special shade that becomes your type and it is up to you to find it. Put the rouge on with the upward and outward stroke and keep these points in mind. If your face is long and slender begin the rouge from the end of the nose and arc toward the ear, rounding it out under the eye. Follow the natural color line of the cheek. This takes the drawn look that the long, slender face sometimes has and it makes it look fuller.

If your is a round face then work the rouge above the temple and lower on the jaw line toward the ear. This tends to lengthen and slenderize the face.

When the rouge is on take some shadow cream and work it in above the eye, over the lid and toward the brow. Then take a blending brush and put the shadow underneath the eye. Just a line which you smooth away with your fingers. Then take the rouge and put it all over your face, and see it still. You never want it to be that much that you look ‘made up.’ The effect is better so. Never put rouge on over the eyes or on the chin for street wear.

Then you put on your colored powder. It should also be carefully selected and blended to suit your particular type of coloring to get the best result. Never rub this on—pat it on with a puff or cotton. Then take a blending brush and go over the entire face, and then take a bit of cotton barely dipped in cold water and very lightly go over the face with it. You protect the neck with a finishing lotion, so that it blends with the face and it should be the same color as your face powder. This is a liquid and is blended with other colors on very thinly and rubbed one way only. Then clean the eyelashes and shape the brows with a brush. Shape the lips with a lip pencil, style and follow the natural outline. Don’t use the same rouge for your lips as you do for your cheeks. The smart woman now does not a heavy lip rouge. New York and Hollywood women are very sparing with it, much to the surprise of little Sally Andersen, winner of the Gilda Grey contest which was held in Screenland about a month or two ago. Sally said the girls in New York didn’t make up nearly as much as the girls in Mississippi, her home.

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Grace Kingsley's Gossip—Continued from page 35

ballad sound like a classic. His mood be-
comes one with the organ's, for music is
one of Charlie's best means of expression.
You can see that. His face takes on a
rapport look.

One of Charlie's most charming sides
comes out when he plays. But it makes
you realize his loneliness too. He sits on
the big bench at the huge organ, a little
figure with its beautifully gray-crowned
beard. And the music coming from all those
pianos around about is like voices of his
own wistfulness and loneliness.

His mood changing quickly, he smiled as
he led us into a song. He knew which pipes
are, and he took two or three out with
glee to blow into them—a very
joyous little Pan, all of a sudden.

Charlie's room is to be a library too, he
told us, and he is going to have all his

favorite books bound in exquisite bindings
of different but harmonizing colors. At
present there is a great pile of books on
the table beside his bed—mostly biography
and history and theatrical works. His
room is large, too, Charlie likes big, restful
solitudes.

"And somehow I think Charlie should
live alone," Patcy confided. "It really
takes all the wildness out of a man.
Charlie is too high-strung. Remember how
Loirel in Gentlemen Prefer Blonds says.
"Family life is good only for those that
stand a lot better. Well. I don't think Charlie
can stand it."

As we left, Charlie cordially invited us
to come some evening when they were
running a picture off in the library.

"You see, one whole side of the room

...
the ceiling, and that side becomes the screen," he explained. We had already noted the place for the projection machine in a tiny hole at the other end of the room.

"That 'some evening' will surely be some evening!" remarked Patsy. "I do hope Charlie won't forget!"

I'll tell you, Cinderella's fairy godmother did more for her than just to give her some nice clothes," remarked Patsy, as we hastened to dress for the party which Ruth Roland and Ben Bard were giving at the Breakfast Club the other evening. You know all Cinderella had to do was to just stand there and she was dressed in the twinkling of an eye. Really, I'd be willing to furnish the clothes if I only had a fairy godmother to dress me!

"Well," I said, "I think you are terrible to complain when Ruth and Ben are furnishing such a perfectly delightful party as this is sure to be."

The lights of the Breakfast Club shone cheerfully out on the road which runs past the place, as Patsy and I arrived, and were greeted by Ruth, who was looking very radiant, and a moment later by Ben.

We met Anita Stewart in a moment, and found she was with Robert Ramsey, a handsome Scotch actor, who is going into pictures here.

"I hear that Anita and her Doctor Monaco have had a little misunderstanding," confided Patsy, as we circulated through the large ante-room where we were to gather before going into the big Pavilion.

We met Lita Gray, Charlie Chaplin's ex-wife, there, too, along with her mother. Lita is looking stunning these days. She was wearing a gorgeous ermine coat. Lita is supposed to be going about with Michael Codally, the young millionaire to whom Joan Crawford was supposed to have been engaged once on a time, but he wasn't present at the party that night.

Corinne Griffith and Walter Mosarco were there, and I chatted with them a while, Corinne telling us how she was selling her big house in Beverly and how she meant to live for a while at the beautiful big new Beverly-Wilshire Hotel, where Norma Talmadge, Marie Prevost and some of the other picture stars are dwelling at present.

After they had left us, Claire Windsor told us of a perfectly lovely thing Corinne did lately for a poor sick youth, son of a cook in a family she knew.

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"She took the boy right into her home as a house guest," said Claire. "And when he was well enough she sent him off to the mountains to a boy's camp, where he is growing strong and well. Corinne does a lot of nice things like that that you never hear about."

Claire had come alone, but found her dinner partner was to be that nice Lawrence Grey.

Patsy Ruth Miller was on hand with a new beau whose name I don't remember. She was quite excited over her projected trip to Europe and though you would expect her to be wild to see Paris, she really looks forward more much, she says, to traveling through the English country and to visiting Spain at Easter time.

Patsy Ruth is wearing her hair long and wore long earrings that evening.

"Oh, dear," remarked Patsy the Party Hound, "Why will Patsy Ruth change her type, when she was so charming before!"

May McAvoy was there with her fiancé, Maurice Cleary, and told us how she had enjoyed her trip to New York and seeing all the new shows.

Just returned from Spain, Roland dashed over to tell us that Warner Brothers Studio was burning down, and May said that, Oh, dear, she had left her very best negatives and tea-set in her dressing room there!

We noticed that both Ruth Roland and Claire Windsor wore huge bunches of or-
diches.

"They were sent us," Claire announced with a bit of blush, "by Prince Mohamed Ali of Egypt, who is visiting here, and whom I met when I was down in Egypt making a picture."

We remembered then having heard that this Prince was a great admirer of Claire's when she was down there. "But she couldn't see quite living in a harem, and besides she was in love with Bert Lytell then."

We went into the supper room, where we found four long tables arranged for us, and where the orchestra was playing for us to dance.

The first couple we saw were Gloria Hope and husband, Lloyd Hughle.

"There is the real romance of Holly-
wood," remarked Patsy.

We caught a glimpse of Dorothy Reid and Walter Lang, who are supposed to be engaged—you know Dorothy is the widow of Wallace Reid—and we said hello too to Pauline Starke on the way to the table.

Doris Palmer and Hugh Allen, Shirley Dorr,
man and a dozen others.

Lovely little Mary McAllister came
with a young man who isn't in the picture busi-
ness, and Billie Dove came alone, quite
surprisingly, until we found out that her
husband, Irvin Willat, was away working
on location.

Just as the party was nearly over,
dashed Vivian Duncan, who had come after
her show was finished at the Pantages.

After the party, some of us went over to
Lawrence Grey's house, a very handsome
place near Jack Dempsey's home. Rita
Grey and Mary were in the party, and
Mary McAvoy and Morry Cleary, Mary
McAllister and others.

Mary McAllister told us how she had
been long Gone to the hair. Then she
saw, and she saw an actress she knew with color of an O'Cedar mop, and she decided to
official her own ash-blond color.

We ask and thought of Lawrence's fire for a couple of hours, and then home, just as the sky began to look as if dawn
were coming.

"Orr, Norma Shearer and Irving Thal-
berg are going to be guests of honor at a
party which Mr. and Mrs. Mannix
are giving at the Beverly Hills home.
Of course we mustn't miss that!" exclaimed
Patsy.

We found Norma looking sweet in an
afternoon dress and a black velvet
mantle, cutting a huge cake.

Suddenly everybody gave forth a huge
"Ahh!" and Norma dropped the knife! Of
the cake flew two white doves.

"Symbolic, I suppose," suggested Patsy,
of Norma and Irving as two love-doves, bride and groom.

Norma caught one of the doves, and
quieted it, but the other flew to the top of a picture frame, down in the den, where it remained until Mrs. Mannix gave it to that
pretty blonde, Ruby Blaine, quite appro-
priately, as Ruby is shortly to marry Frank
Orsatti.

We chatted with Norma about her Euro-
topean trip, on which she will have started
by the time this reaches print.

Irving wants to go to Spain so that he
can show off his Spanish, which he speaks very
well," explained Norma, laughing.

"And I'm going to get even by going to Switzerland so I can learn to ski. But
both of us are glad to go to Sorrento,
because that is said to be the ideal place
in which to have a honeymoon.

You know, you know, I think it is very sen-
sible to put off a honeymoon trip until the
bride and groom get used to each other.
Then they can put their minds on what they
are seeing."

Norma is taking four trunks full of
clothes.

"I'm not going to shop much in Paris," she
said. "I think men hate to be with a woman who is always leaving him to go
sight seeing alone while she goes shopping. Besides, I can't imagine spending all that
time having fittings when there is so much
to see in Paris."

Norma's nice mother was there, and she
and daughter were beginning to realize what
it means to be truly parted.

"Just so long as she was in the same
town with me, I didn't mind so much," remarked Norma, affectionately patting her
mother's face. Norma and her mother have

C. Ralph Forbes as he appears in "The Actress."
always been very close to one another.

A ship made of flowers adorned the buffet at the end of the dining room. In honor of Norma's wedding trip.

We had come with Vernon Rickard, who has a perfectly gorgeous voice, and who is singing with Warner Brothers Vitaphone pictures these days.

The Hawaiian orchestra was playing down in one end of the den—the same orchestra that often plays for Vernon at the studio. They were playing pretty loudly, and people around were trying to talk; so Vernon called over to the musicians—

"Hey, there you louder! There are still some people over here who can hear each other talk!"

Gertrude Olmsted and Vernon talked about the hostess, but it all ended in Gertrude's former sweetheart, who was Vernon's chum, and Vernon told Gertrude how the youth used to rave about her and weep on his shoulder whenever he quarreled with his lady love.

Robert Leonard, Gertrude's husband, meanwhile was serenely playing cards out in the dining room with Sid Grauman, Louis B. Mayer, Hunt Stromberg, Joe Schenck, Sam Goldwyn, Jack Conway, and some others, because no matter what was said over the cards, they never reverted card-players dashed for the card tables, where they became as solemn as owls, while their wives and sweethearts chatted together or talked with such men as preferred talking to them to playing cards.

That's of course how it happened that Darius, the fortune teller, had the attention of a dozen charming women at a time.

Buster Keaton and Natalie Talmadge, his wife, dropped in very late.

I suppose everybody would like to know whether Buster really is always frozen faced, and I must say that he is except when occasionally he is much amused, he lets out a big, happy laugh. His face lights up, too, when his eyes rest on his wife. These two being very happy, and he will play for an hour at a time most zestfully with his children.

Beautiful Frances Howard, who is Mrs. Sam Goldwyn, you know, was there, pretty and sweet-faced as ever. She exercises and diet and keeps herself looking very sweet and beautiful. She danced with Eddie Mannix and with that jolly, whole-souled Benatz, who dances, plays cards, mixes punch, makes money and love all equally well.

That sweet little Mrs. Harry Rapf came with him, and he was all dressed up and made a dash for the card table. She had just come back from a gorgeous time in New York; and then there were Mrs. Mike Levee, Mrs. Jack Conway, Mrs. Louis B. Mayer, Mrs. Hunt Stromberg, all of whom hung on the words of the fortune telling Darius.

Mabel Normand and Lew Cody were there, both looking lovely and charming, and as full of fun and jokes as ever. She and Lew seem very happy.

Paul Bern came in late, and as usual, tactfully did what people wanted him to do, merely looking out for other people's happiness instead of his own. So he danced a little and played cards a little and chatted a little.

There is a funny waiter over at the Ambassador, who lately is in demand at parties. He was on hand, and Patsy not knowing him asked him to find her Spanish shawl which she had left somewhere on a sofa. He came back bringing a white table-cloth.

"Thought maybe you left it in the kitchen," he said.

Patsy was about to grow very indignant when all the men at the card table began

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laughing, and then told her about the comic food purveyor.

"Well, of course, if its supposed to be funny, remarked Patrice.

The waiter went about the den with a broom, cutting up antics, pretending the stuffed eggs on the side table were billiard balls for instance, and having a lot of fun with a cue. He is really quite an artist, as he is very unobtrusive with his kidding.

Gertrude Omstid was there alone, his fiancée. Dorothy Sebastian, being away working on location.

As we were leaving, very late, Gertrude Omstid came to ask us to dine with her and Bob.

"We're in a new house, you know," she explained. "You remember the other burned down house?

That brought us to another ten minutes' stay, as Gertrude told us how she came home to find the house on fire and one of her pet dogs suffocated.

The whole house was beautifully decorated with flowers, and when Norma and Irving left, we showered flowers upon them.

"There are so many late evening parties at the Breakfast Club these days that I'm sure they don't know how to get through with supper in time to get breakfast!" remarked Patsy, as we wended our way to Claire Windsor's party over the street.

Claire greeted us at the door, seconded by Gertrude Omstid and Bob Leonard.

Claire was wearing a new kind of perfume, which Patsy at once noted.

"Yes, I gave Claire that for Christmas," Gertrude Omstid said. "I'm trying it out on her!"

"Ah, but it might suit my personality and not yours!" warned Claire.

Gloria Swanson was there with her husband, Henry de la Falaise, the Marquis. But everybody calls him Hank, because he's such a regular likeable fellow.

Gloria danced several times with Tony Moreno, with whom she danced extremely well, especially the difficulty tango. There is a sort of aridor in Gloria's face sometimes which quite makes up for her not being really beautiful.

Tom Mix and Vicky, his wife, were among the guests. Vicky dancing a lot. But Tom, just recovering from his most recent accident, a broken hip, preferring to sit and chat.

"I'd rather talk with Tom than dance with him anyhow," remarked Patsy. "Not that he doesn't dance well, but that he does talk so awfully well. He is a lot like Will Rogers with his brilliant native wit."

Tom is writing a lot these days and told us how he is at work now on a satirical article, "Tales From Court House."

Bernie Fineman brought Mollie O'Day. We heard he is engaged to marry Greta Nissen, but Greta was working that night and couldn't come. But Mollie is a saucy little piece who could keep any man interested.

Leatrice Joy danced a lot with Richard Barthelmess and seemed to be enjoying herself. Billie Dove looked as lovely as she always does, and Irwin Willatt proved as clever and interesting as usual.

Louis Weber and Captain Cassidy were the two Misses Weber impressed because he had just been burglarised for the fourth time.

"Bragging—just bragging!" retorted Johnny Hines. "Why, if we were burglared ever once I'd be cleaned out!"
What's Doing
In Times Square
(Continued from page 8)
up and down the streets while the fire chief rode in his little red bus a block ahead of Nick to clear the way for him. You will see it all in The News Parade—that is if they don't change their minds and cut the sequence out—because Nick was 'working' when he was on this picnic. I must say that it wasn't an entirely free experience however, for he almost fell off when trying out some of the action required of him by the story. 'But it was a great thrill,' he told me with shining eyes.

King Vidor's The Crowd opened up at the Capitol with such a bang that it was turned into the Avtor for a special run and is packing that house. I understand that this is a record in the history of pictures—to have a picture taken from a program house at popular prices and put into a feature house at $2.20 top. And folks—you who have not the misfortune to live in New York can see the same thing for a quarter. Think of that. And you'll be getting your money's worth too. Following The Crowd at the Capitol was a very amusing picture The Latest From Paris with Norma Shearer and this week Bill Haines is clowning about in his usual style, in The Brave.

Shepherd of the Hills with Alec B. Francis ran at the Strand followed by The Patent Leather Kid with Richard Barthelmess and Chicago with Phyllis Haver. The Paramount offered Bebe Daniels in Feel My Pulse, and you should see the crowd rush in to try it—Esther Ralston in Love and Learn, Richard Barthelmess in Sporting Goods, and George Bancroft and Evelyn Brent in The Showdown. The Colony has Finders Keepers with Laura La Plante. The William Fox picture Four Sons opened at the Gaity and is still running and Mother Machree is playing at the Globe. The Jazz Singer is still at Warners. Love with Greta Garbo and John Gilbert still packs the Embassy and the Rivoli still holds Gloria Swanson to Sadie Thompson. Then Wings still plays the Criterion and Sunrise at the Sam Harris. Erich von Stroheim's Greed is revived at the 55th Street Cinema Theatre. And now Times Square waits for Ronald Colman who is expected soon.

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(Continued from page 17)

**Bohemia**

with a plucky grin. But the pluck behind the grin won out—friends in the alley came to the rescue—today the girl is being mentioned as a real possibility—possibly as star material. It would be unfair to give her name.

It is not an uncommon story—the folks back East seem to think our sun-kissed state is a sort of Garden of Eden. A garden through which one strolls in the sunshine picking oranges from the trees when the pans of hunger grow too great. Easterners do not know of the life in the alleyways.

To be sure there is always 'The Community Chest,' a charitable organization, but youth is proud and would rather starve than ask for charity—and somehow in Hollywood's 'Bohemia' they always manage. They are all hard workers and far more self respecting than the securely salaried people. They are so ambitious, they have no time for promiscuous love making. And vice is expensive—and no alley-dweller can afford expensive indulgences. So you will find them an idealistic crowd of young people.

The two good angels of the alleyways are Winifred Dunn and Beulah Marie Dix. Miss Dunn is the girl who wrote Sparrows for Mary Pickford and put into continuity form The Patent Leather Kid and The Drop Kick for Bartheu. Miss Dix (or Mrs. Flebbe as she is called in private life) wrote The Road to Yesterday and The Country Doctor and though both of them are now at the very top of their profession they still remember the days of their early struggle and help whenever they can. Winifred is always finding jobs for people—just at that crucial moment when they are about to give up in despair. Mrs. Flebbe sends big boxes of food and candy to encourage the discouraged.

Strictly speaking, the Bohemia of Hollywood lies between Hollywood and Sunset Boulevards. And runs east of Bronson Avenue.

If you happen to know your Hollywood you will remember that this section of it was once its most conservative quarter. Here, about ten years ago, lived the very prosperous, the very satisfied citizens. Here were only a few motion picture people in the neighborhood.

Among them were Mr. and Mrs. Tom Mix who lived in a comfortable, sprawly white bungalow whose garage stood on an alley. Victoria Mix's mother, known on the screen as Eugene Ford, occupied a house across the street from them. Fritzi Brunette was a nearby neighbor and Jane and Katherine Lee were neighborhood kids.

But the Mixes have moved to Beverly Hills and no one ever hears of Fritzi Brunette these days. The Lee kids are in vaudeville. Only a few of the old residents are left. The section has been zoned for business and the alleyways have built up, and down them lives Bohemia.

Years ago some of our greatest stars rose to high places in the cinema heavens via 'Bohemia.' But at that time the bohemian district lay down and about the Los Angeles Plaza, near Chinatown and the Mexican Quarter. Here in the old Baker Building (once a fashionable hotel) were studios where struggling artists met and starred for 'Art's Sake.' It was that Beatrice Joy and Ramon Novarro, then unknown, posed for the evening costume class for fifty cents an hour—and were glad to get it. Here it was that some
of our best known art directors studied and
drew nights—but at that time they were
not highly paid art directors, they were
boys struggling for a foothold in the
studios.

The Baker Building was taken over by
some missionaries and "Bohemia" disbanded
—for the time being. Only to gather to-
gether once more in the alleyways of
Hollywood.

Hollywood is supposed to be a wicked
place—a place where frightful orgies occur
—and this may be true but Hollywood's
Bohemia does not attend these orgies. It
has its own "party".

In the evenings they indulge in long
games of 'Fan Tan.' Each player donates
the cigarettes they happen to have on
band and they play for these. Lemonade
is served—you see lemon trees have a way
of hanging over the back yard fences into
the alleyways.

It's a cinch to grab off a few lemons.
And there are always flowers for decora-
tion. Every vacant lot, every garden,
every hedge is full of color and perfume.
A beggar may wear a buttonhole bouquet
in Hollywood.

And gin parties may exist— you hear a
good deal of talk about gin-drinking.
There are headlines in the newspapers about it.
But 'Bohemia' cannot afford gin—the big
stars cannot afford it either for gin has a
way of corroding one's face and making
puffs under one's eyes. Ginger ale—yes!
But very little gin.

Almost every alley has one tenant at
least who owns a radio, and when the
operas were broadcasted last summer, the peo-
ple who owned or were paying instalments
on radios, were very popular. But when the
returns for the Dempsey-Tunney fight were
broadcasted there were not enough radios or
listening room, to go round. One smart
younger overcame this difficulty by having
a most expensive radio sent up 'on approval'
—he returned it the day after the fight—
he had lost all his money on Dempsey
which was hard luck for the radio concern
—but every one in the alley heard the
returns.

I lost a million dollars at poker last
night!" a young man told me excitedly:
"on paper of course!" he added losing none
of his excited manner. "I offered to sell
back to the loser his indebtedness for fifty
cents in cash—I needed a hair cut" he
continued. Only in the alleys of Holly-
wood could you fail to sell a million dollar
debt for fifty cents.

There is only one pawnshop in Holly-
wood—it is tragic when one has to pawn
a typewriter or violin or one's only even-
ing clothes for these often are the means
of a livelihood. But it is comical when
one has to pawn one's wife's pet Pekingese
puppy as a certain young actor has to do—a young actor now well on the road
to stardom. I saw the pup sitting in a
forlornly astonished manner in the pawn-
broker's window among all the dusty
ukuleles and tarnished watches.

Ilyas Tolstoy, son of the famous author,
has leased a bungalow set among the sweet
grasses and flowers on the edge of 'Bo-
heimia.' The alley behind his house ends
up, three blocks away, at a studio where
a young artist lives—a man who devises tex-
tiles and special properties for the period
photoplays. An alley cat with her litter of
kittens keeps house for him.

Several scenario writers—a poet—a press
agent—an author of fiction, for the maga-
zines—and several extra
men (who are a good deal in demand be-
cause they have raised interesting sets of
whiskers) are the most colorful personalities
in our Bohemia.'

The poet climbs a ladder to his room—
a loft over a barn. The chinks in the walls
are covered with poems cut from maga-
zines and newspapers. He writes among
by the best poetic atmosphere.

"But I feel like I'm calling on the hens
and chickens— when I climb that rickety
ladder to spend an evening with him!" the
press agent cried. "I'm not a snob, but
the ladder is made out of odds and ends
and I tear my pants every time I go up
—and my wardrobe's limed!"

Hollywood, of course, is the world's
wickedest city—read any newspaper and
you will find that out. But Hollywood's
'Bohemia' is young and gay and rather inno-
cent. Everybody dreams of— and riches
and fame are lurking just around the alley-
way. With a spirit like that in our midst
—we should worry about what the papers
write?—instead we develop a huge pride for
we are mothering talent. For our size we
are raising more gifted children and help-
ing them to recognize the bigger, snigger
cities who criticize us.

C. Frances Lee, Rose Lane and Marie Francis—Christie Comedy girls
heard about them that South Seas and decided to 'go-native.'
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PRETTY SOFT

(Continued from page 9)

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(See Page 96)
to supervise pictures in Culver City and the bride had to finish her work in The Actress—the screen version of Trelawney of the Wells. Mrs. Thalberg, as the wife of the ‘boy genius’ of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, is the queen of the lot now; but she's still the same sweet, unsupplied Norma Shearer that we knew before. It's her first vacation in two years, and her first one in ten. What a grand time they'll have if they can only cast care to the winds and just enjoy themselves! But can they? Their fame pursues them wherever they go. They can't dodge photographers and reporters. And they are both so crazy about their work that, even in the brief time their schedule allowed them in New York, they squeezed in a play, Excess Baggage, to see if it would prove a suitable vehicle for Norma. The whole world, I'm afraid, will be along on that honeymoon. Sometimes we wonder if the ordinary bride and groom would want to change places with the famous Thalbergs!

* * *

Rod La Rocque spoke over the radio while he was here. It was the most unusual speech ever made by a motion picture actor. Not a word about himself! Rod stood there speaking into the Mike in that low, thrilling voice of his—just wait until he makes a talking picture, girls—and told the world all about Vilma Banky—her new picture, her beautiful ways and her wonderful acting. Can you blame him? He's married to her! It's a real romance, this La Rocque-Banky western union. Not so common in this day and age to find two young people—both famous and handsome—so crazy about each other that they won't go to a dinner party unless the hostess assures them before hand that they may sit side by side. They have set a new style in Hollywood in their own particular group. All the husband's and wives sit together now! Rod and Vilma, like Mary and Doug, dance together, or they don't dance. They have had every meal together since their marriage nine months ago, even taking their lunches to the studio and going off to some remote corner to be alone together for an hour or so—until Vilma's trip to Europe. She's over there now, to see her parents, who have missed her so much since she left Budapest three years ago, to be an American star. Rod and Vilma wanted the Bankys to come to California to live; but the older folks are too much at home in Hungary to take the long trip across the ocean and across a continent. So Vilma went to them. At first, said the forlorn husband, "we thought it wouldn't be so bad. Just a month—over so soon—Vilma busy with her mother and father and I working at the studio—and then, three days after she left, I knew I couldn't stand it much longer. I rushed through my picture, Hold Em Tale, caught the first train east, and booked passage on the first boat that's sailing. I'll be with her in—let's see—ten days now. I wish it were tomorrow!"

And Vilma misses him, too. She sent him a pathetic little cable: "Rod Dear, please come and take me home!" Although she won't be an American citizen until she is married to Rod a year, she calls California home. Vilma's husband is a dramatic person, off the screen as well as on. He has color, personality, intelligence. At the same time he is boyish, even naïve—a devastating combination. It's hard to get him to talk about his own work; he'd so much rather rave about her. She'll be a star in her own right soon: Two Lovers is the last Banky-Colman co-starring picture. And Rod is prouder of her success than he is of anything he himself has ever done. He's been none too keen about his own pictures, lately. He possesses a perspective, rare in an actor, enabling him to size up his own career and contributions to the art of the silent drama. And—he doesn't care much about acting, anyway. He'd rather direct, and says he'll try it some time. Not before he has made a picture opposite his wife, though. That's their dearest dream, and they even have a story already written, by Frances Marion, which they hope to do.

"There as never been a divorce in Vilma's family or in mine," says Rod La Rocque. "We're happy in an old fashioned way. Marriage is based on intimacy. All this modern talk disgusts me. Nobody has been able to invent a substitute for the institution yet—and never will! My advice to young people is: get married, and stay married.

C. William Van Dresser, noted artist, does one of his famous lightning sketches of Phyllis Haver.
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He has burning brown eyes, a very small mustache, and an old look. Apparently he has only added them for the camera. Over six feet tall, and a perfect example of what the well-dressed young husband should wear. When he comes back, he’ll have to look like Rockwell to him, and then you’ll hear all about her, too—except that she will probably talk about him.

Patsy Ruth Miller was too excited to think of anything much except Her Trip Abroad! Not only was she looking forward to first glimpses of London, and Paris, but she was going out of social, and into genuine, theatre! The Nile should be coming to this little, vivid, brunette—who is so much more fascinating than she is in pictures, you wouldn’t believe it! They had Patsy playing Polly-annas on the screen—downdropted angels of the alley, society pets, and just about everything but the sparkling, clever child she really is. She could do the sort of thing Clara Bow does, and do it well. She’s one of the most modern of the Hollywood flappers—in fact, although she is most attractive, her mental reactions are most amazing. She is interested in everything, from Buddhism to birth control, with decided opinions on how once she was like Pringle. Patsy is a darling of the literati; and while we were lunching at the Algonquin no less than three of our leading intellectuals came up to the table to ask her to go places and meet people and do things. More than one New York young lady looked wistfully at the pretty little movie actress from Hollywood—for once unable to utter a scathing 'Beautiful, but dumb.' Patsy is beautiful, but she’s from the other side of the tracks. It’s not those girls who sit at someone’s feet and worship—not Patsy. She’s a talker, not a listener. She’ll give anyone an argument, on any subject, anytime, anywhere. But you can’t help liking her. She’s fresh, and Irish. Incidentally—and it did seem incidental to her, too, what are these movie stars coming to? It might be a little picture or two while in Europe. She’s had offers, and if she likes it when she gets back there, she may take them. Her contract with Tiffany-Stahl is one of a kind. It’s for four pictures, but it doesn’t say when; it doesn’t say how. It’s up to Patsy. If she likes it, she’ll play it. If not, better luck next time. Needless to say, she just loves working for Tiffany.

Betsy Bronson stepped off on her way to Europe for a while. She was looking forward to meeting Sir James Barrie in England and saying "Thank you!" Betsy really does owe Sir James a little courtesy for writing Peter Pan and Miss Kiss for Cinderella, for if it hadn’t been for the Barrie masterpieces, Betsy might never have had her big chance to show what she could do. She can still do it, and she can make no take about that. This little girl is there; and what she needs even more than a big hand is a big hand, big part, worthy of her talents.

Dolores Del Rio is going to play nice, ladylike parts from now on. No more un- draped effusions for Mexico. There are no things like The Loves of Carmen which im- press wits rechristened Legs of Carmen. Take it from Edwin Carewe—he’s positive. Mr. Carewe, you know, deserves credit for discovering Dolores. He is her picture guide, patron, and friend. He will steer her talents into more dignified dramatic fields from now on—beginning, in fact, with Raffles.

Carewe himself is an interesting figure. He is of the Chickasaw tribe of Indians. His real name is Chula, which means Fox. He was born in New York, lived in the Algonquin (honestly, we don’t get free meals there: it’s where everybody meets) he saw a picturesquewise man enter the dining room. His eyes suddenly lighted and he directed the host, and he asked his name. "That’s Konrad Bercovici," he was told. "And it’s his story, The Star-Tamer’s Daughter, that you bought for Dolores Del Rio to appear in." Carewe said that if Bercovici hadn’t turned out to be a well-known author he would have made him an offer to go into movies!

Lucila Mendez used to be a dancer in a Broadway show. Then she married Ralph Ince. Although she has been married two whole years, she’s still very much in love with her husband. So as long as Ralph Ince makes pictures in California, Lucila Mendez will still keep her Broadway ambitions. We call that devotion!

Ben Lyon came back. Three guesses why. In spite of all the rumors to the contrary, Ben and Marilyn Miller still seem to think a lot of each other. If Ben’s work didn’t keep them in California most of the time, Ben and Marilyn Miller were seen together at speakeasy clubs, here and there; and they make such a handsome couple everyone beams at them, and hopes for the best.

Ben Lyon is one of the nicest boys in pictures. He has lost the cup-like-com- tour which kept him so definitely in the juvenile class, and looks much more interesting. Incidentally, he has just about the most perfect manners of any young actor I can think of! Ben’s mother certainly did a good job.

It’s really Morrie Ryskind’s business to tell you, but in case he overlooks it this week you might like it. Mr. Ryskind is the repertoire company holding forth at the Cosmopolitan Theatre up at Columbus Circle, for the reason that it boasts an imposing list of names without a single name—a great deal, in fact—in pictures.

Robert Warwick, Frank Keenan, Vivian Martin and Charles Ray all belong to Mr. Ryskind’s leading group. "Within the Law," while the first three stars were in the all-star revival of Sherlock Holmes.

When Charlie Ray was on the road this season his picture fans crowded the theatre so the house did three times its normal business and the manager had to slip him out the front way into a cab after every play because of the stage door mob.
Together Again — Continued from page 47

The one reels went out and passed into obscurity. Their purpose was not to make fame or fortune. Their purpose in the scheme of motion picture history was to bring together Emil Jannings and Ernst Lubitsch. Out of them sprang friendship, respect, admiration, each for the other.

Bigger pictures followed. Lubitsch has a bubbling sense of humor. His little black eyes are twinkling with it three fourths of the time. Jannings has a laugh which shakes the studio walls. They were like school boys together. They still are. Years afterwards, with a great production like The Patriot on their shoulders, they can still play jokes on each other, still go to lunch with laughter over their food.

So Michael-Angelo might have laughed gigantic Homeric laugh as he munches his bread and cheese and drank his Tuscan wine, resting from his labors upon the carving of Moses from the rock, dreaming of sculpturing a whole mountain into giants. For Jannings and Lubitsch are doing that in The Patriot. They are carving mountainous figures out of history, Russian history, stark, terrible, bizarre, backed up against leagues of Russian snow, veined with a red net of blood. Jannings is giving the screen a monstrous characterization of Czar Paul, the First, of Russia: Lubitsch is framing it with a drama of terrible strength and reality.

Now, after ten years apart, together once more in the making of The Patriot.

A little older, a little mellower, but still the same pair of yesterday and obscurity. Jannings still loves mirth, good fellowship: still goes from a quiet chuckle to the amusing masterly pantomime which he has made his own. Lubitsch still smokes his black, copy cigars, chewing them at one end, burning them at the other. Between them, blending their wills, together, they are making The Patriot, the work of their combined genius which has ripened, full-flavored, after years of work, striving and creative effort.

"Me, I am very happy," says Jannings and shambles into the glare of the lights to play a scene of the fear-haunted Czar.

"Shoo!" says Lubitsch, his jaws nervously clamping his cigar. "That's good. Now Emil. do you remember—" and the pair go back with swift thoughts into the past they both have left so far behind them.

Three days later, Lubitsch and every member of the company received mysterious telephone calls from the Hotel Aldon. They were told that a great American producer was there. They were invited to come to see him and sign contracts for making pictures in America. In addition every actor in Berlin was invited. They were all given the same time for their appointment. Many of them hated each other; had not spoken for years.

On the day of the meeting, Jannings sat in his room at the Aldon, laughing great, wall-shaking laughs while the hallways were crowded with angry actors, all seeking the great American producer. Lubitsch was there, also. As the crowd began to realize they had been duped, Jannings appeared, smiling blandly. The crowd joined in his laughter, infectious, irresistible. The score between Jannings and Lubitsch was even.

Jokes! The story of their relations is splendid with them. They have strained their paths with mirth—and genius. Deception, Passion, Loves of Pharaoh, great pictures made together, world famous. And now, after ten years apart, together once more in the making of The Patriot.

C. Corinne Griffith is back at the First National lot again. The Divine Lady is her next.

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Ask Me—Continued from page 4

Isles in the Campus Field with and Pala Negri in Hotel Imperial, with Betty Bron-

in the actions of the company. THE Nerd in writing My Best Girl, so I suggest you

address her care of Pickford-Fairbanks

Studios, Hollywood, Calif. Nita Naldi has

not made a picture for some time but if

she does, I'll let you know.

Regina Youngood, Pa. Thank you very kindly for your congratulations on my departure. It gave me quite a thrill.

As far as I know, the film, The White Tower, is not yet in the theaters. Pickford was born in New York City in 1880. He has dark brown hair and eyes, is 5 feet 10½ inches tall and weighs 160 pounds.

He is the husky type of man that all so kind and considerate about waiting their turn to get their answers in print and that makes my work a pleasure. Kathleen Norris's film is in the early stages. You will remember Pickford in writing My Best Girl, so I suggest you

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she does, I’ll let you know.
ter keep it as Jimmy is married. He was born in Dallas, Texas, Oct. 23, 1900; is 5 feet 11 inches tall and weighs 176 pounds, and has brown hair and blue eyes. As far as I know, he sends out pictures to his movie friends. Did you know that Jimmy is a good singer? He was in musical comedy before the movies got him. He has been working at Metropolitan Studios, 1040 La Palmas Ave., Hollywood, in Heli's Angels but you can address him at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Calif., where he is again making a picture with Bebe Daniels.

Jeanne J. S., Newark, N.J. You are as ever but you don't say what-ever, and I've no head for figures, though my eyes are all right. You can reach Claire Windsor at Columbia Pictures Corp., 1408 Gower St., Hollywood, Calif. Louise Brooks at Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Calif., where she is playing with Victor McLaglen in A Girl in Every Port. Virginia Lee Corbin has left First National and will frelease for several pictures.

Amiee, Tanton, Mass. So you want your information on the instamat plan, do you? Sorry, but this is a cash and carry department and no extra charge on the original investment. There wasn't any Bobby Doyle in Jiggety Get Your Hair Cut, so you must join Jackie Coogan who played the role of Johnnie Daly. Others in the cast were, Maurice Costello as James J. Corrigan was "Pop" Slocum Mattie Whitting was Mother Flapp and Pat Harrigan was Jiggs Bradley. Now if it's Jackie Coogan that you have on your mind, I'll give you his address—673 South Oxford Ave., Los Angeles, Calif. Charles Delaney is playing in Home, James at Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif.

Jeanette of Gary, Indiana, here I come! But I won't hold that against you. Look who came from your state—Alice Terry, Louise Fazenda, Louise Dresser, Buck Jones, John Bowers, Monte Blue and I could name others. Barbara Kent was born in Gadsby, Alberta, Canada, on Dec. 18, 1908. She has blue eyes, 5 feet 10 inches tall and weighs 105 pounds. Address her at Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif.

N. L. M. of Lansing, Mich. You want me to straighten out some things in your head? At your service—choose your own weapons. A-hah! This really promises to be good. Sally O'Neill was born Oct. 23, 1908, in Bayonne, N. J. She has black hair, dark blue eyes, is 5 feet 2 inches tall and weighs 105 pounds. Those don't believe you can name Dickie Bow in the Blond for she has dark brown hair and eyes with the longest black lashes, I hope you can't either. Dickie Bow is in The Love Mart with Gilbert Roland.

Norma, A John Bowers Fan. You touched my heart with your nifty compliments. I'm my department and off goes my heart. See, I'll never get that hat on again! I'll put in a good word to the editor about your request for a picture of John Bowers for this department. She was born in Indiana but he doesn't say when. He has brown hair and eyes, is 6 feet tall and weighs 175 pounds. His wife, Marguerite de la Motte, was born in Duluth, Minn. She has light brown hair and hazel eyes, is 5 feet 2 inches tall and weighs 105 pounds.

Emma E., the Screen Lover. Stand aside, all you good-looking screen lovers, I have the pleasure of presenting a new one from Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Calif., where he is again making a picture with Bebe Daniels.

Marion Elizabeth, Washington, D. C. Sorry about James Hall's birthday card but I can send him one on his next assign- ment. Sorry, you want a story about James—well, I'll have another conference with the editor and see what we can do for you. Josephine Dunn is stepping right along and you'll see her with Billie Dove in The Heart of a Folksie Girl. Josephine was born in New York, N. Y. She is 5 feet 4 inches tall, blue-eyed blonde, 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs 115 pounds.

Brown Eyes of Oregon. Speaking of pictures, have you seen Edmund Carewe in Uncle Tom's Cabin? He is the slave, George Harris. Mr. Carewe was born March 5, 1884, in Trebenzond, Armenia. He has black hair, brown eyes and is 6 feet tall and weighs 165 pounds. You no doubt, saw him in The Claw. You can write to him at Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif.

Freckles, Kaysville, Utah. So this is the first time you have tried to get in my cozy corner, and will I let you in? Climb right over that stack of letters—be careful. There's another pile! I can give you a word picture of Grant Withers but for the editor, and see what you can do for you. He is about 24 years old, has light brown hair and gray eyes and is 6 feet tall. You can address him at Universal Studios, 5450 Gower St., Hollywood, Calif. Alberta Vaughn was born in Ashland, Ky. She played opposite Eugene O'Brien in The Romantic Age for Columbia Pictures, 1408 Gower St., Hollywood, Calif. Larry Kent is one of the reasons why you will like The Heart of a Folksie Girl. He gets his mail at the First National Studios, 5618 Hollywood, Calif. He is 24 years old, has light brown hair and gray eyes and is 6 feet tall. You can address him at Universal Studios, 5450 Gower St., Hollywood, Calif.

Cherry, Darke, Myrtle Beach, S. C. With a voice like that you have in song or my eyes have played me a low-down trick. What-ho—and a bottle of mint-julep Clara Bow's a peach, you're a cherry and I'm a cherry in my patch. I'm glad! I'm not a lemon in your garden of verses. Clara Bow is 22 years old and she uses her own name in pictures. She is making pictures at Paramount Studios, but I can't tell you just how you would go about seeing her in Hollywood—you think up something, I don't want to get pinched.

J. T. G. of Lockport, N. Y. I'll be blessed if I give you some information, will it? Catch me missing anything like that! I can plainly see that Cecil De Mille, Tom Mix and Fred Thompson are getting to letters, and I'm no palm reader at that. You can write to Tom at Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Calif. Cecil De Mille can be found at the De Mille Studios, Culver City, Calif. Fred Thompson and his horse. Silver King, can be reached at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood.

Pal from Penna. Virginia Lee Corbin is not Jane Lee grown up. The Lee girls, Jane and Catherine, have been in vaudeville and doing a singing and talking act for the Warner Bros. Vitaphone. They haven't

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been in films for a long time. Norma Shearer's latest picture is The Latest from Paris. Lois Moran is playing with George O'Brien in Sharp Shooters. Dorothy Mackaill is starred with Jack Mulhall in Ladies' Night in a Turkish Bath. Reed Howes and Big Boy Williams are in the cast. Thanks for your good wishes, Pal. I need 'em.

Mimsey S., Santa Barbara. This is a rush order on eyes—blue eyes, brown eyes, black eyes or what have you? John Barrymore has light brown eyes and brown hair, is 5 feet 10 inches tall and weighs 160 pounds.

Alberty C. of Haverhill, Mass. Since Gary Cooper came riding along, your heart goes galloping too. Gary is good over big these days but it has not been all smooth riding for him. He was born May 7, 1901, in Helena, Mont. At the age of 13, when ready for High School, he was seriously injured in an automobile accident and for two years lived on his father's ranch in Montana. After two years at college, he worked as a cartoonist on his home town paper, then decided to try out Los Angeles. He started in the extra ranks and had small parts for more than a year. Then the good "breaks"—bigger and better parts. Children of Divorce, Arizona Bound, The Last Outlaw and now comes the best of all for Gary, The Legion of the Condemned. Address him at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Calif.

I. Ayers, No. Philadelphia. Why don't you write to Agnes and get your relationship straightened out? You bet I would! All my long lost film relations have been discovered and I made 'em like it, too. Agnes Ayres appears in a Technicolor film, Lady of Victories, a love drama of Napoleon and Josephine. Agnes was born in Chicago, Ill. She has blue eyes, blonde hair, is 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs 120 pounds.

Booby of Stoudburg. No, Johnny Hines is not married. Louise Brooks and Clive Brook are not related. Junior Coghlan is not the son of Chester Conklin and Johnny Hines' wire-haired terrier and Bozo, the goose, are just good friends. Viola Dana and Shirley Mason are sisters. William Haines' next picture is The Smart Set. Jack Cress has been seen lately from one good part to another. Her latest film is Rose Marie with James Murray.

Mr. Henry Boy from Celina. Is that the home of all the wise-crackers? Well, I've a few nifties myself. I'm not a man and I've never won a beauty contest but I'm no goose-berry! Mary Pickford has beautiful long curly hair and it's all her own. Gilbert Roland plays opposite Billie Dove in The Love Mart. Address them at First National Studios, Burbank, Calif. George O'Brien was born in 1900. He has black hair and eyes, is 6 feet tall and weighs 173 pounds. Gilbert Roland was born in New Mexico 23 years ago.

Dorothy and Clara of N. Y. Yes, it's true that Elmar Hanson was killed in an automobile accident. A fine actor and a charming gentleman. He was making a place in the hearts of the screen public when he was stricken. You might try writing to Paramount Publicity Dept. and ask if they could supply you with a picture of the late Mr. Hanson.

Rose Marie of Detroit. Billie Dove has her innings this month, and why shouldn't she? Her real name is Lillian Bohny. She has dark brown hair and eyes and is 5 feet 5 inches tall. The Costello sisters, Dolores and Helene, were born in New York City. Mrs. Lloyd Hughes was Gloria Hope before Lloyd persuaded her to change her name.

Miss Curiosity, Reading, Pa. If you describe John Gilbert would you know him? Can I make you see his dark brown hair and eyes if I tell you he is 5 feet 10 inches tall and weighs 160 pounds? Has he a mustache? Yes, he has; and you can see it, too. And he hasn't a brother Jack, for they are one and the same. He is playing in The Cossacks with Renee Adoree. You can address him at Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Calif.
Micky says.

"You may smile at my picture, but I'll bet you'd give a whole lot to have a skin as soft and smooth as mine!

"Well, just to show you I'm as good-natured as I look, I'll let you in on the secret: Mother bathes me every day—and she always uses BLACK&WHITE Skin Soap.

"It sure is great soap! I like the smell of it so well I'd eat it if mother would let me; but that wouldn't do, for my daddy uses it, too. So does my big sister; and oh, boy! you ought to see her complexion!

"Of course, her skin isn't quite as pretty as mine, but then Sis didn't start using BLACK&WHITE Skin Soap as young as I did. She's making up for lost time now, though, by using it every day.

"That's what YOU ought to do!"

If you would like a copy of Micky's picture, suitable for framing, address Plough, Box 1507, Memphis, Tenn.
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The Quality Magazine

Screenland

JUNE, 1928

LUPE VELEZ
Painted by Georgia Warren

GOSSIP!
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Black and White Beauty Creations are of a quality acceptable to those who seek the best, at prices within the reach of all—25c and 50c.

BLACK AND WHITE
Face Powder
Youth of Today—
Stars of Tomorrow!

 Paramount, the star maker! Clara Bow, Richard Dix, Bebe Daniels, Esther Ralston, George Bancroft—a few of today's favorites, Paramount made! Paramount policy is to constantly seek new faces to enrich the screen and new personalities to keep pace with changing public taste. Developing them, encouraging them, with the best in story and directorial talent and with unlimited resources, physical and financial. Paramount takes pride in presenting here, ten of its most promising candidates, the youth of today, stars of tomorrow! Give them a hand!

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RUTH TAYLOR

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What's Doing in Times Square

By Helen Ludlam

The most significant happening this month is the fact that there are two vitaphone films on Broadway. Al Jolson in The Jazz Singer, now at the Roxy and Dolores Costello at Warners in Tenderloin. For months now we have had films with Vitaphone or Movietone accompaniments. Attractions such as the Vatican Choir and the speech of Premier Mussolini precede the picture and are artistic triumphs. They have gotten past the experimental, tinspangled stage. But when dramatic pictures begin to introduce the use of Vitaphone in the punch scenes it looks as though the long laughed at 'talkies' were here to stay. Which is going to make it pretty hard for some of the screen people. A good many girls and boys had a difficult start on the stage because their voices were weak or strident and their diction bad. Unless they could overcome this fault they had to look about for a career in some other field. What a boon then were the movies, to these beautiful, ambitious youngsters whose faults did not register on the screen.

But a Nemesis has overtaken them. The talkies have arrived. Which means that the training of their voices will be even more important than it is on the stage to overcome the still somewhat metallic tones of this new instrument.

The movies require a finer quality of beauty than does the stage; they will also require more beautiful, better trained voices if they are to be convincing. They require greater perfection in scenery, costumes and makeup. The slightest wrinkle shows in pictures whereas one can get away with a few on the stage. Taking it by and large it would seem that the motion picture, after all, is the higher art.

Of course the talkies have a lot to work out of, but look what strides they have made and only the other day I heard that no less a person than Jesse Lasky was vitally interested in them. Over ten years ago I asked one of the most popular screen stars whether he thought talking pictures would be practical, but he was sure it was impossible. His reason was good too. 'Nothing is impossible' being my favorite motto I said to myself then that talking pictures wouldn't surprise me when they did materialize because a number of inventors were working quietly away at their dream, undisturbed by the comments of people whose vision was not as true as theirs.

The news reels are particularly interesting with Movietone. Lindy's Washington speech was thrilling and when Ruth Elder stopped off the boat the comments of the camera and press men were very amusing and exciting. This shows that the spoken word has its place in pictures; it only remains for those connected actively with their making to puzzle out the dialogue and action so that the words add to the drama instead of making it laughable.

The Trail of '98 opened to a packed house this month and so did The Two Lovers with Yolma Banky and Rod La Rocque, replacing Love at the Embassy. That theatre just goes in for romance. I always notice that Universal openings have quite an air about them. Not like a motion picture opening, more like a stage opening of long ago, though I don't know why exactly. One doesn't see stage stars there though there are usually several managers. But there is quite a whirl of romance about a Universal opening. This time the gathering was in honor of We Americans and it was darn good.

The Gaucho with Douglas Fairbanks moved into the Rivoli for a run and The (Continued on page 99)
Fate has tossed a nice young millionaire right into Lois Moran's lap—but love-hungry Lois can't decide whether to grab him on the spot or wait to see if love will bring handsome Larry Gray to his senses!

Wise little Marjorie Beebe knows what she'd do—and in doing it she reveals a genius for light comedy that gives her an undisputed place in the front rank of screen comediennes!

The doubts and longings of the two young lovers, worrying over the universal problem of how to be happy though married on $40 a week, make "Love Hungry" both human and humorous. It's a laugh-feast from start to finish. Don't miss it at your favorite theatre.
The parade of its sequences is new and thrilling. I forgot that I was June Collyer. My blood ran cold with terror and frustration overcome me when my screen father insisted on a marriage at midnight to an unloved one in the tiny chapel of our Irish estate. I found myself actually puzzling over the identity of the mysterious masked stranger in frits garb who appeared at the most unexpected moments apparently watching my screen husband, but none the less offering me a vague sense of silent protection. Oh the thrills of the horse-race! The burning mansion! The joy of finding myself free! You see I was completely Connaught O'Brien and June Collyer was a cloak that slipped from me the day I first read the script until the picture was finished.

"My co-workers, John Ford, who directed the picture, Victor McLaglen, new to his audience in the guise of the mysterious friar, Earle Foxe looking so handsome one wonders why villains must be villains and Larry Kent, the boy who makes dreams come true, all joined me in my enthusiasm for Hangman's House and I am sure you will too, when you have learned about it from the book and the picture."

"Hangman's House"  
By June Collyer

"Too many times when a woman commits herself to saying that she enjoys problems in the drama, she is misunderstood and her appreciation of the emotion that goes into great moments is mistaken for a certain morbid tendency," said June Collyer. "But I hereby boldly announce that I love problem plays and in spite of the fact that I have a sense of humor. I loved being the serious persecuted woman."

"And I have been given a splendid opportunity as Connaught O'Brien, daughter of the stormy Lord Chief Justice O'Brien in the Fox Motion picture Hangman's House adapted from the novel of that name written by Donn Byrne.

"The theme is a familiar one but, after all, the world still thrills and sympathizes with the Connaught O'Briens. The pampered daughter of a nobleman who forces her to marry against her wishes and suffer in dignified silence until unforeseen circumstances rescue and restore her to what ever paradise is to be hers... ah that is a plot as loved as the Cinderella motif.

"And although it's not a new plot, Mr. Byrne has made it a fascinating story, and..."
HE'S PROUD OF LEO, JUNIOR-

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Greatest of Feature Producers, has become Greatest of Short Film Producers

ALL of the BEST theatres ARE now showing COMPLETE M-G-M QUALITY programs—M-G-M short films AS well as M-G-M's BIG feature films—DEMAND the best! THAT'S M-G-M!

HAL ROACH, THE FAMOUS COMEDY PRODUCER, SAYS:

From letters that come to me, I notice a growing demand for short films in addition to feature length films. Watch these Short Subjects when you go to theatre and see how many of the questions below you can answer. I will give $50 and a handsome cane offered by Charley Chase to the man with the best score. The most successful lady will receive $50 and the tiara head-dress worn by Agnes Ayres in the Technicolor subject "Lady of Victories." For the next 50 best answers, the "Our Gang" rascals will present their photographs.

THE TEST

1 How many of the "Our Gang" comedy rascals can you name?
2 Tell in 75 words why the M-G-M News has become the leader of newspapers.
3 What company produces the Oddities for M-G-M?
4 In which Technicolor Great Events picture does the Father of our country appear?
5 Of what great living national hero has M-G-M made a special short subject?

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 June 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 contestant will be awarded a prize identical in character with that tied for.

THE CZECHINA'S SECRET—M-G-M GREAT EVENTS (entirely in Technicolor) are something new in film. Ask your theatre manager about them.

BATTLE OF OCTOPUS AND LOBSTER—M-G-M ODDITIES are thrilling moments from Life. Are you seeing these wonder films at your theatre?

"OUR GANG" chases the blues away. Never pass up a chance to see these rascals at work. If your favorite theatre doesn't show "Our Gang" comedies ask the manager to book them right away.
Uninteresting Thoughts about Movin’ Pitchers

By John W. Dull

THE SPHINX!

What stories it could tell! Silent—
inscrutable — emotionless, Indifferent to everything it sees and
It is in the Same Place Today As It Was A Thousand Years Ago
THE SPHINX CANNOT TELL ITS STORY—YOU CAN TELL YOURS! And it can bring you fame and fortune overnight. Things we see, read, hear and which happen to us every day, are the SIMPLE HUMAN incidents that are needed to make MOTION PICTURES. It is worth trying for. Right now a condition exists that holds untold possibilities for you. There is a TREMENDOUS demand for SIMPLE HUMAN IDEAS—original stories for Motion Pictures.

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has been paid for an original idea. There is no limit to the value of a screenable Idea. YOU DO NOT HAVE TO POSSESS LITERARY GENIUS. IDEAS—NOT WORDS—are needed. Your Ideas may be more valuable than any that have yet been filmed.

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The Key To Hollywood

The ideal story is a first degree murder story because it happens without premeditation. No advance publicity wears down the edges and you can make a couple of wrong guesses, use the imagination a bit before the facts arrive. Take Lindy for a flying example. His story broke all over at once. On the other hand, take Fay Wray. She was, as you very well know, Von Stroheim’s picture THE WEDDING MARCH and then JANNINGS used her and then she played in THE LEGION OF THE CONQUERED. The last shall be first and was. So with all the publicity poor Fay didn’t break at all. Every critic was ready and few liked her. But Fay Wray is good because any girl that can put over something new in a few close-up has imagination and as you ought to know by this time imagination is equal to four honors in one hand. When the hero, Gary Cooper, embraces Fay Wray she puts her head back and her face turns upwards and into her lips and eyes comes a new beauty because of the marvelous expressiveness of this pose.

Speaking of Lindy. The Saturday Evening Post recently had a story of the love affair of some fictitious somebody copied from our Lone Eagle and the morning paper had a front page box about the girls in some college who voted on whether or not they would marry the Colonel if they got the chance. What a story that will be when Lindy finds the girl! Why not a picture girl? They are the prettiest girls in creation and anyone of them would look well in a monoplane.

Life is made up of new days. The old rut may be familiar, the face you shave may resemble Plymouth Rock but anyhow the day is new. What of it? Well, every life changes and the sun goes down nightly on a different world than it discovered at dawn. And we like it. The trouble with pictures is that they round off and complete the stories so. Mr. Darwin found that the paleolithic individuals who ran nimbly before the advancing tide, escaped and mated and the children thereof grew up to be fleet. And we can all fight a bit one way and another when survival depends on it. Stories go along. Nothing yet is ended. Still thank goodness we can stop this.

The movies are the domain of youth and no crude tenant is safe from Mr. Zukor. If you’re suffering from youth the movies can do something about it. As a matter of observation we note that the moving pictures do not brag about their innocent years.

The screen produces King of Kings and Peter Pan, Dressed to Kill and Wings all in the day’s work and no particular mention is made of the workers or their ages. It remains for some of the magazines to really get the spirit of the times. The Cosmopolitan Magazine is as youthful as a high school eleven running on to the field. The drawings are fresh, chic, up to the minute and the whole paper just glows with the spirit of impulsive headlong immaturity. Among the boys and girls who are doing it are Irvin Cobb, Ring Lardner, George Ade, Dorsey, Charles Dana Gibson, Ludwigs and other infants. Keep it up children. The workers of the screen world are shouldering the responsibilities of seriousness Clara Bow, Charles Rogers, Betty Bronson and Greta Garbo carry the worries and are glad to see the gay cavortings of you youngsters who were in Who’s Who before Trader Horn sold a gridiron. That

(Continued on page 96)
A Woman's Master Stroke put Her Sweetheart into the $10,000 a Year Class... Made Him a Social and Business Leader...

By Marie Rogers

When Jimmy Watson proposed to me, he was making $25.00 a week. I had grown to care for him a lot. And I wouldn't have minded sacrifices if Jimmy had any prospects. But he didn't seem to be getting anywhere, and I didn't want to be tied to a failure. After some hesitation, I told him so.

"You have ability, Jimmy, but nobody but me knows it. You are too timid and self-conscious. When somebody speaks to you, you've hardly a word to say. You get all flustered and embarrassed when you're asked to give an opinion. I can't marry you unless you make some effort to improve yourself." Of course he was hurt and indignant. But I was firm, so we parted.

Then one night a year later, I received the surprise of my life. Jimmy drove up to the house one evening in a beautiful sport roadster, dressed like a fashion plate. His manner was entirely changed, too. He seemed supremely self-confident, and had become an interesting conversationalist. I could not help but marvel at the change in him and told him so. He laughed delightedly.

"It's a long story, Marie, but I'll cut it short. You remember that my chief fault was that I was afraid of my own voice? Well, shortly after we parted, I heard tales of a popular new home study method by which any man could quickly become a powerful speaker—able to dominate one man or thousands—a way that banished embarrassment, self-consciousness, and timidity in a surprisingly short time.

"That remarkable course was the making of me," said Jimmy. "With only a few minutes' practice each day, I made strides in a few weeks that amazed me. It wasn't long before I went to the boss with an idea that had been in my mind about reorganizing the delivery service, but which I had been afraid to take up with anybody. You should have seen me addressing that conference of department heads in the president's office—I just bowled them over. That was a few months ago. Since then I've climbed ahead fast. The boss is sending me to Europe next month to make a study of department store management over there. By the way, Marie, how would you like to go to Europe as Mrs. Watson?"

Today I am the proud wife of a successful husband—a business leader of our city. We travel in a very exclusive set and enjoy the luxuries of life. Turning Jimmy down had proved to be the second best thing that could have happened to him. It was a lucky break, though, that prompted him to develop his speaking ability which revealed his natural ability.

Today the rich rewards in business, popularity in social life, positions of honor in the community, go to the man who is an interesting, dominating, persuasive speaker. And there is no magic or mystery about this talent. No matter how timid or self-conscious you are when called upon to speak, you can quickly bring out your natural ability and become a powerful speaker through this amazing new 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. 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 astonished 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.

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See what a 6-fold creme will do for your skin. See what a difference it makes when tonic oils reach all three layers of skin—merely cleansing—not merely protecting the surface but clearing, whitening, and smoothing the skin to flawless texture.

LARGE JAR—Guaranteed

This six-fold creme costs very little more than the ordinary cleansing cream. I am introducing BEAUTY SECRET in large groups jars at only $1.50—an exceptional value. Use it as you would any cream for one or two weeks. Then, if not more delighted, I will refund full price for the creme. Simply mail coupon below, and when the package arrives pay postman only $1.50. Mail coupon today to (Mrs.) GERRWAHE GRAHAM, Dept. 6-MG, 25 W. Illinois St., Chicago, Illinois.

Gervaise Graham Beauty Secret

(C)Wheeler's letter said his nominee price was pristine and 'Our Gang' don't know whether to fight or not.

CHARLES ROGERS Fans North, South, East and West. Here we have 10 perfectly sane, safe and non-explosive letters from the four corners of our country, all wanting to know about Buddy Rogers. Since My Best Girl and Get Your Man have been released, Buddy has been swamped with letters; and dearies, just wait, 'you ain't seen nothin' yet!' When you see him in Abe's Irish Rose made at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Calif., his fan mail will be something to brag about, though Abe' Rogers is a modest chap and if you get a picture of him, you are going to do all the bragging. Charles was born in Olathe, Kansas, about 27 years ago. He has brown eyes, black hair, is 6 feet tall and has a contagious smile. He has never been on the stage except in a few amateur school plays. (Attention). Another University makes good. Charles attended the University of Kansas for educational purposes and came forth unharmed—look at the boy now, all set for the top of the ladder.

Miss Ada, N. Y. City. You find my department very amusing, do you? Thanks for the complimentary notice and permit me to say that the success of same depends on my fan friends, who provide the goods. Don't blame me. Your favorite screen star, Norma Shearer, is just now enjoying a long earned vacation, having gone abroad with her husband, Irving Thalberg. Her new film, The Latest From Paris was made at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif., and a letter addressed there will reach her upon her return.

J. A. M., Bellefontaine, Ohio. Well, here is a new one—did I know that Ronald Colman and Lewis Stone are 'it' on the screen? I thought Clara Bow outdistanced all runners up for that title—maybe I'm wrong again. Mr. Stone was born Nov. 15, 1878, has gray hair and nice hazel eyes. His wife is Florence Oakley.

Beppo from Auburn, Mr. You just couldn't lose faith in me, could you? Never can tell about Miss Vee Dee, so keep a sharp eye on her lines, first thing you know—whoo! there's the answer to that long lost question. I'm sorry not to be able to get you in print as soon as you like, but don't think you work's waiting for it. Ssst! Not so loud, of course the eyes have it or mine don't focus properly. Two of Hedda Hopper's latest films are, The Whip Woman and Lose and Learn. Hedda is so well-known that a letter addressed to her at Hollywood, Calif., will reach her. You can write to Audrey Ferris at Warner Bros., 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. She played with Irene Rich in The Silver Slave. Audrey's latest film is Beware of Married Men.

A Little Rhode Island Lad. So you are the fella who has been following me for years and years and have never said a word until now—you deserve all kinds of attention for such faithfulness. You can write to Dorothy Revier at Columbia Pictures Corp., 1408 Gower St., Hollywood, Calif. She played with Jack Holt in The Tigress. That handsome boy, Philippe de Lacy, was also in the cast. Greta Garbo can be reached at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif. Esther Ralston is at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Calif. Harry Langdon has just completed his new picture, The Chaser at First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.
Lucille of Springfield, Mo. Just to show you what a good memory I have, I'll tell you that your question was answered in a previous issue, but as I was using one of my numerous disguises at the time, you did not recognize the answer. You want Robert Taylor's picture, and in marrying Gloria Swanson in New York City. He is married but separated from his wife, Thelma Ray—try and figure that out. But he gets lots of fan letters at that. Address him at Samuel Goldwyn Productions, De Mille Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Gerald Fielding Fan, Commodore, N. Y. As I am not able to give you the information you want about the actor that made such an impression with his fine work in The Garden of Allah I would suggest writing him care of Rex Ingram Studios, Nice, France. Tell him how many times you saw the film in New York City and I think that will bring an answer.

Lotta Nora, Idaho. So 'Big Boy' can make you cry as well as laugh, can he? Believe us, it's no laughing matter the way he can wring tears out of my little hanky. His real name is Malcolm Sabiston—big name in the little feller, but how he delivers the goods. Don't grow up, 'Big Boy,' we want to laugh and cry with you in the 'land of make-believe.' He gets his fan mail at Educational Film Exchanges, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

Jean M. of Paris, France. So you have a Paramount Theatre in Paris. Your letter was most interesting and I'm delighted to know you are one of my readers. Patricia Avery is still in pictures, playing in Night Life with Alice Day and John Harron. Richard Barthelmess was born May 6, 1897. He is 19 years tall and weighs 138 pounds. Sadie Thompson is Gloria Swanson's latest picture but I do not know when it will be shown in Paris. Come again, Jean.

Muffins, St. Paul, Minn. Some like 'em hot, some like 'em cold, but I'll take mine any way you like with maple syrup on both kinds. Can it be true that you do not know Clara Bow's real name? She has had that snappy name forever since I can remember and Clara refuses to take any other. She is 23 years old or will be her next birthday which comes on August 8. You ask, is she making you pining like a sailor for mud or Clara? Billie Dove gets her mail at First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.

Inquisitive Ann, Utica, N. Y. Lucky Johnny Mack Brown, one day a football star, another day a most promising leading man and today the reason why girls leave home early to get to the theater where his pictures are shown. John Mack Brown was born about 24 years ago in Dothan, Alabama. Not married. His very first picture was with Marion Davies in The Fair Co-Ed. You can write to him at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.

D. C. of Anderson, S. C. Nice letter, Dorothy, and I'm sorry to make you wait so long for the information. Andre Berger will follow in the steps of May McAvoy and Conrad Nagel for Warner Bros., so you can address him at that studio, 7842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. Andre was born in a French ocean liner in Australia. He has dark brown hair and eyes, is 5 feet 10 inches tall and weighs 170 pounds. Ramon Novarro has black hair and brown eyes, is 5 feet 10 inches tall and weighs 160 pounds. He is playing in China Bound at Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Calif.

(Continued on page 101)
RONALD COLMAN

Photograph by Henry Watanabe
The NEWEST Picture Girl
Anita Page
Our Debutante

A new leading lady on a motion picture lot causes as much excitement as a new social light in a middle western town!
The studio buzzed with comment for several days before Billy Haines' leading woman appeared. The usual questions, 'Where does she come from?' and 'Who is she?' were answered in various ways. Everyone pretended to know more than they did. Some said she was a blonde, some stoutly insisted that they had seen her and she had raven tresses. It was reported that she was only fifteen and again the rumor circulated that she was at least old enough to vote.
I saw her the first...
They Hitched Their

This is only half the picture, the boys grow into screen heroes and in turn hoist many an ingenue to stardom.

The picture stars drag their leading men to fame, but they all Love 'em and Leave 'em.

LOVE-LIFE in Hollywood isn't all it is cracked up to be. Ah, no.

No sooner, it seems, is a western union widely advertised as deep and perfect and lasting than the male member of the team basely deserts his fair partner. As a result, the girls out there are learning to quote: "Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all." Somebody said that once—it must have been George Marion, Jr. But ask any beautiful movie actress. No—not that one. You would pick that one, wouldn't you? Do you want to get a sock in the eye? Ask that other one, over there. That's right. Now. This girl has lost her lover. Just as she was getting used to his kisses, he left her. She watched, and she waited, like poor Butterfly or some other silly. But he nev-ah came ba-ack. People tell her he is making love to someone else now. You can imagine how that makes her feel. But she has to hide her aching heart and look around for an-
other—not another heart, but someone to make it beat faster. Because she simply has to have a lover. Why, of course. What would a screen star do without one? Did you ever see a movie without love scenes? Or a movie star without a leading man?

Love 'em—and they leave you. Clara Bow knows. Once she had a handsome lover—on the screen. His name was Gary Cooper; he was tall, stalwart, smouldering. Oh, (Continued on page 93)
A fiction version of the theme of the beautiful South Sea picture just completed by M. G. M.

Long, smooth waves of green sea washed against the steel plates of the freighter, Muru, bound from Pelea in the New Hebrides to Duncan in the Solomon Islands. Phosphorescent and oily they lapped the sides of the freighter like huge cats rubbing themselves against a convenient object. Like cats they purred and murmured around her bow, and the sound of them was like silence—a silence broken only by the rheumatic thump-ata-thump of the Muru's old engine as they forced the steamer on her way. For miles around the waves rose and rolled in serried and silent magnificence, conveying to the little group of watchers on the deck of the steamer a sense of unutterable loneliness and desolation. The native crew pattered about the decks on naked feet, silently, while the officers, leaning over the
rail of the bridge, hushed their constant drivel about
the good, cool beer to be had at Sidney and gave their
minds to private reminiscence. A silver and crescent
moon hung in the sky like a constant lamp in a still
and deserted room.

Suddenly the spell was broken as, from the bow-
sprit where he had been stationed to keep an eye out
for reefs, a Kanaka sailor hailed the watch.

"Big fellow light, like brother belong fire, he stop
off starboard bow."

The mate, who had instantly translated the pidgin
English to mean, "A large light, like a fire, off the
starboard bow," looked in the indirected direction,
and sure enough there, high up and far away, burned
a bright light. It was reddish and flickered
into tongues of flame as if it were a fire of
brush wood.

"No island there," the captain remarked
looking at the light, "according to the chart
there isn't any island within two hundred
miles of this place, although I don't know
for certain. This is a bit off the
track, we're about a hundred miles
south of the steamship lane. That
cracked propeller shaft will bring
us in good and late this time."

"Think it might be a signal, Cap-
tain?" The mate asked.

"You can't light a fire on a ship,
can you?"

"Well, I hadn't" (Cont. on page 79)
Can you write your own original slogan or slogans and win a prize.

Alice White suggested it.
"They have lots funnier slickers than this," said Alice.
"They who?" asked Arthur Lake who as Harold Teen is just too collegiate, what I mean.
"Well," Alice hinted darkly. "Oh lots of fellows, why I know a simp whose slicker is so funny that the neighbors laughed—" "So that it rained into their mouths, an' they drowned, I suppose," Harold is just mean, you know.
Anyway Alice White says that a lot of her friends can write clever slicker slogans and she is offering twelve slickers, six for boys and six for girls, for the best slogans for peppy rain jackets. The slickers will be unlabeled and you can put your winning slogan on yours, when and if.
A SLICKER SLOGAN

In the event of two or more contestants submitting the slogan chosen as 'best', each of such will receive a slicker identical with the ones offered.

The slogans are supposed to be funny and short. You can send in as many as you like and the slicker they are, the nearer you are to the slicker.

Alice says she saw a boy with a sign on his right arm, "Take it or sleeve it alone," and, "Come in you're all wet."

"Ha, ha," laughed Arthur Lake derisively. He's just terrible—in fact Alice White asked him if he thought he was Czar Ivan.

Remember it costs nothing to enter. The slickers are given to the scintillating slogan writers, and Alice White invited you in, NOW GO TO IT.

Address your slogans to

ALICE WHITE
SCREENLAND SLICKER SLOGAN CONTEST
49 West 45th Street
 Contest closes June 15, 1928

Brighten up the rainy days with a slogan slicker. Let it rain slogans.

Get witty and avoid getting wetty. The best humor is dry.

Cry on me girls, I'm protected—A slicker at N. Y. U.
The other evening, feeling reminiscent, I wandered up to Hobart Bosworth's new home, with its beautiful Spanish house set upon a greenswarded hill, and guarded by a huge grove of towering eucalyptus, through which he can just discern the roofs of his two nearest neighbors—Polly' Fredericks and the Christie boys. Hobart had just returned from his daily ride over the bridle paths of Beverly Hills, and after greeting his pretty, bright-eyed wife and the child of their hearts, we strolled out upon the terrace to 'talk about it and about' as Omar says.

From our comfortable chairs we looked down upon the tiled roofs of Movieland, where two hundred thousand years ago animals as big as Pullman cars loved and fought in a manner that makes our cinema drama seem very tame. I called Hobart's attention to the changes that had taken place upon this famous stage.

"Yes," he replied, "and do you realize that only fifteen years ago this same stage was covered with fragrant citrus groves, the ranchers little realizing that they were occupying the site of what in a few years was to become the best known city in the world."

"Why, when Charlie Chaplin built his studio in the midst of that lemon grove the owner charged him what he thought was a stiff price because he was earning a thousand dollars an acre from his crop. This year, armed only with a camera, Charlie will harvest from those same three acres probably a million dollars."

"Do you remember—"

Yet, I remembered. (Incidentally Hobart and I are President and Vice-President of the Do You Remember Club of Movieland. Thousands and thousands have come here since those first flickering days, but we were here at the beginning.)

Yes indeed I remembered. As I contemplated this gray-haired but perenially young man, environed by the symbols...
The wise thrush: he sings his song twice over,
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture!

Robert Browning
CONRAD NAGEL is one of those he-men that women adore. His next picture is *The Michigan Kid*.

Photograph by Freidel
MARY and DOUG are bound for a trip abroad seeking a change of environment and rest after the shock of the death of Mary's mother.

Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser
CHARMING Marion Nixon plays light comedy with a mean sparkle—What I mean! *Silks and Saddles* is her next picture.

Photograph by Melbourne Spurr
The Screen News from Broadway this month is fast and furious: here they come and there they go.

By Anne Howe

There was a small stampede at the Ritz one noon. You should have seen the men milling about, pushing each other and stepping on each other's toes—all trying to peek in the crowded dining-room. Some wise ones had made reservations ahead, and looked very arrogant as they went in. I waited until the crowd thinned out a bit and then I asked the head waiter what was the matter. I thought maybe Queen Marie was back—or Peaches Browning.

"Why, didn't you know?" he answered in that head-waiter tone. "Miss June Collyer is back in town.

I might have known, at that. There aren't so very many girls in New York who could precipitate a near riot at the Ritz. One of the few is June Collyer. She left New York about six months ago or so to make pictures for Fox in California. Since then the Ritz hadn't been the same. Neither have several dozen young men. Neither has one man in particular. He was practically broken-hearted. You couldn't snap him out of it. Because just before June left she had told him that she loved him and would be back just as soon as she could, just to see him. And he had believed her, as men will. Time passed, and she didn't come and didn't come. His consolation was to hunt up theatres where East Side West Side was playing; or go to see Four Sons for the umpti-umph time. Fortunately, before he pined away she came back for a visit. There was a grand reunion, right in the Ritz. She rushed up and hugged and kissed him, and he kissed her. I was there, and saw the whole thing. Then: 'Daddy!' she cried. 'Daughter!' he said. It was just like a movie.

To her father, Clayton Heermance, a prominent New York lawyer, June Collyer is just Dorothea Heermance. No matter how great and famous she may be some day, she'll always be a little girl to him. He made a pal of his only daughter from the time she could toddle. He took her with him to Europe on business trips—combined with pleasure. He edited her beaux, supervised her debut, and pretty generally watched over her social career. For eighteen years Dorothea and her father have been the

To Con, my Irish sweetheart—the sweetest flow'r that grows.
No fairer blossom blooms on Erin's Isle.
She's my Colleen, my Macushla—my own wild Irish rose
And I'm happy in the sunshine of her smile.
Shure I love her as the flowers love the early mornin' dew—
As for givin' of her up, there's no use tryin';
And as surely as my prayers are said, I pledge my troth anew
To my little Irish sweetheart, Con O'Brien.
best of friends. And then—the movies came between them.

It happened when June met a friend of Allan Dwane’s. Said the friend: “He’s looking for a society girl to play in East Side-West Side. He’s tested every girl he could find and he’s still looking. Why don’t you go over to the studio and see him?” For a lark, she went. Once inside the studio, she stayed. Dwane said: ‘You’re it,’ and gave her the part. Fox saw her and signed her up for three years. Did Dad put his foot down the way stern parents are supposed to do? He did not. He’d always been a movie fan himself, and it thrilled him to see his little daughter on the screen. He said: ‘Go to it—if you think you can stand the hard work.’ That’s the kind of a father for an aspiring girl to have! Of course he knew all the time that June could stand the strain, because, for all her frail and delicate looks, she’s strong and husky.

She made good—for him. Her latest picture—she’s made only four—is Hangman’s House, and she is practically a star in it. She’s a Wampus Baby Star, new model; and one of Mr. Fox’s best bets. Is it any wonder she was given a vacation when she asked for it?

She’s one of the prettiest girls in New York or Hollywood. Naturally marcelled brown hair, with a glint to it; big brown eyes, satiny skin. Slim but by no means thin. And

she has the kind of culture that isn’t self-conscious. June Collyer is one of the very few real society girls to go into movies, and she’s a credit to society. She admits she has been lucky, jumping right into leading roles. But on the other hand, she asks: ‘How can I help it?’ My mother was on the stage; and her father was Dan Collyer, a well-known actor. Acting is as natural to me as breathing.

She had lunch with her dad every day of her visit. If anyone else wanted to come along they could; but father came first. Around her wrist she always wears a little bracelet with a silver image of Saint Therese, her patron saint. June is a sweet girl, with lively dimples, which is different from being merely a sweet girl. Of the Ritz, but not Ritty—that’s June Collyer.

* * *

You never saw anything like the way he looks at her! If glances could speak I’m sure his would say ‘Darling!’ Not that she didn’t call for pet names that spring day—in her new wrap lavishly trimmed with blonde fox fur. Kathryn Carver is a real blonde—one of the soft, luscious kind; and she knows the secret of dressing to suit her type.

Her fiancé, Adolph Menjou, appeared in the door of the hotel dining room with a mink, or was it sable? collared overcoat and a questing look. He went away and came back later looking happy—Miss Carver on his arm. They lounged by themselves—these two seem to have no need for outsiders. They’re blissfully happy. By this time they are probably in Paris—honey-mooning!

* * *

Emotionism in Dress! Do you know what that means? It might mean almost anything—or nothing at all. I was all at sea about it even after I was told that Emotionism is a new thought in dress, which will try to express the emotions and tendencies which vitally embody the permanent elements in American life and American thought. The strength of emotionism is that it embodies the expression of America—of America’s destiny. It is for people of diverse interests, people of business and
of leisure. It preaches the dressing of American women in beauty of line and of fabric. Yeah! Well, anyway, I went to a tea and saw some of the drawings and sketches of this idea, sponsored by Harry Collins; and I'm here to tell you that all Emotionism means to this femme is grander and more gorgeous clothes! Collins, long a famous Park Avenue couturiere, has been lured away from his shops to direct modern clothes for Fox films. He's been designing dresses for famous stage stars for years, but this will be his first experiment in the movies. He knows his lines as few designers do, however; so he'll be a success, I'm sure. He's been given carte blanche by the company to garb its feminine stars, and the stars, I believe, are to be instructed to wear what Mr. Collins gives them to wear, whether they like it or not. They better like it! Harry Collins is an intelligent man, singularly modest for one who has been credited with more original ideas in dress than any other designer in America. He likes to take a gown of the Elizabethan era, for instance, and adapt it for the use of the modern woman—retaining the best features of each! His dresses do not 'date' and he's proud of it. He made a dress for Madge Kennedy, I think he said, five years ago; he ran across the sketches for it the other day, and decided to make it again. A good dress, says Mr. Collins, is as good today as it was five or even ten years ago.

I went right home and pawed around in an old trunk and brought up something, but it didn't look as good today as it did five years ago. But then, Harry Collins didn't make it.

She had tea with Sir James Barrie! Betty Bronson wouldn't talk about it much. She was too thrilled. Barrie means a whole lot to Betty. He's sacred to her. He was her favorite author before she ever dreamed she'd be playing his characters on the screen. She worshipped him for his Peter Pan and his Sentimental Tommy and his Mary Rose—and she really owed her great chance in pictures to him. So you can imagine her feelings when her idol asked her to come to tea at his home—high up over the Thames—so that he could meet Peter in the flesh.

He smoked his pipe, she says, and paced up and down, and he told her how much he liked her Peter and her Cinderella. And then—Betty won't say any more. The shy little old man and the shy little American girl—what a picture they must have made together, in that study over the river. "It was the second great experience of my life," says Betty Bronson. "And I don't want to spoil it by talking about it!" Of course the first great experience was when the great Barrie selected a little, unknown extra girl to play his beloved Peter Pan.

Betty is like that. She's a rare little person—there's something so ethereal and rather spiritual about her that you can't ask her vulgar questions, or pry into her private life. She has a private life—make no mistake about it. It goes on in that tiny head of hers. Outwardly, she's just a demure, somewhat shy, palely pretty child, barely out of her teens, who lives with her mother and her grandmother and her fifteen-year-old-sister, and makes motion pictures for a living. But you feel that there's much, much more to Betty Bronson than that. She's a fairy-tale creature, and I wish some director or producer would hurry up and realize that she can give the screen something that no other star can. Some philanthropist should endow her.

Betty has never been able to live down Peter. The picture that made her a star, at the same time effectually blighted her career as an actress. There was a succession of pictures which any ingenue could have played. You liked Betty in them but somehow you vaguely resented her not playing Peter any more. Producers couldn't pigeonhole the girl no matter how hard they tried. Her elusive charm resisted all their efforts to make a box-office flapper of her. (Continued on page 100)
There were four of us engaged in a mild bridge game at the Hollywood Athletic Club and personalities were being tossed across the table.

I forget how the subject came up but we were soon arguing as to who was the wittiest man in Hollywood.

Three candidates were suggested, Wilson Mizner, John Barrymore and William Powell.

Bill's supporters cited his classic retort to a visitor who asked him what part he was playing in the Beery-Hatton picture. If you read Screenland last month you know Bill said: "the comedy relief."

Several days after this conversation I had lunch with Bill at the Paramount studio restaurant. At the next table sat a title-writer and a fairly well known heavy who is eternally denouncing motion picture reviewers. Although other players had doffed their trappings, while dining, our heavy still wore a cumbersome revolver which was attracting the not unwelcome attention of a number of tourists.

"Looking for critics?" I inquired innocently.

"No," he said. "A bullet kills much too quickly for a critic. They should die of slow poison."

"By the way"—Bill Powell leaned forward with a silky smile—"When does your next picture open here?"

That's the way Bill tops them. As clean as a rapier stroke is his wit. The best of it is he never strains for effect. His mind immediately forms the retort that the average man thinks of two hours after the occasion for it has passed.

Cold print, of course, does not permit of conveying the full piquancy of his remarks. One misses the trick of the lifted eye-brow, the innuendo of tone and the pause before the thrust.

"What on earth drives a man to become a title writer?" I asked Bill.

Bill looked at me quizzically. "One doesn't speak disrespectfully of the dead."

If ever a man shunned an honor, Bill rebels at being called the 'wittiest man in Hollywood.' He absolutely refused to sparkle when I mentioned it to him. "To begin with, I'm not," he says. "And if you tack it onto me, it will take me longer to live it down that it took Lew Cody to make people forget he was once billed as a 'he vamp.'"

"Think of the miserable life of an advertised wit," he admonished. "What more terrible fate—except being a great lover."

The effervescent quality soon reasserted itself, however. "Dick Barthelmess and I are the closest of friends," admitted Bill. It is a strange story. The first time I
saw Barthelms I hated him. I had gone to take my first screen test and was nervous about it. The ethics of the stage are that when anyone is trying to get a part, no one watches him. I didn’t realize this wasn’t the case in the movies, so when he insisted on standing behind the camera with a satirine look on his face, I burned up.

“A week later the director, meeting me at the Lambs Club, offered me a part in The Bright Shawl.

“I want to enter motion pictures very badly, but of all the people in the business it would have to be with that heel,” I complained.

“Since then I have learned that Barthelms expressed the same feeling when told of my selection to play the part. “The first time we met was on the boat to Cuba. It was a rotten boat and there was nobody to talk to. On the first night I met Barthelms pacing the deck. He stopped. ‘Rotten boat,’ he said disagreeably. I muttered.

“‘Want a smoke?’ he asked.

“I muttered again.

“We had made three complete circuits of the deck in silence when Barthelms slowed down before his state-room. ‘Want a smoke?’ he asked surly.

“I muttered.

“So we entered the state-room and one—smoke—led to another until it was really three days later when we came out again.

“Since then we’ve been great friends. There’s nothing like a — good cigar to dispel misunderstanding.”

C William Powell in “The Last Command.” His racing, maddening, menacing thoughts make this sequence alive with action.

A. Oh no, I believe in it all right, but you have just stated the chief difficulty yourself.

Q. What do you mean?

A. It is too much like living in an institution.

Clever, what? To appreciate his mental agility remember we were in a crowded restaurant, where mutton comes faster than masts.

In half a day on the set, one could record dozens of verbal lunges and parries in which William Powell participates and almost invariably dominates. I heard Josef Von Sternberg, now directing Powell and a ready wit himself, banteringly inquire: “Do you ever expect to act in pictures?”

“Not under your direction,” snapped Bill.

There never was a man more adept at limericks, but most of them are not for mixed company. Bill convulses his fellow workers a dozen times a day reciting his newest verse to a well known theme.

Here are two of Bill’s epigrams: “A favorable criticism is the truth accidentally written by a liar.”

“A motion picture director is a man who hears no evil, sees no evil and speaks no evil—of his own work.”

As I have remarked, the tang of his wit is diminished when detached from the circumstances giving rise to it and the personality of the author. Bill is quite worried over the whole matter. “At least I’ve said nothing objectionable,” he said. “I could have told a couple of stories—Lew Cody’s stories. But I didn’t. I suppose you might say—you remember the quotation, ‘He died for purity.’”

Which is a very interesting story, but, as I remarked to Bill, not very funny.

“I’m not trying to be funny,” he grinned.

So I suggested we talk about marriage.

“Let’s be morbid please,” he said.

But here’s what I wormed out of him presented in convenient court record style.

Q. Have you ever been married?

A. Yes.

Q. Did your wife mistreat or betray you?

A. No.

Q. Well, why couldn’t you get along together?

A. We were married.

Q. Am I correct in inferring then that you do not believe in the institution of marriage?
Did you ever try to break a superstition? Did you ever face a set of iron bound rules that you knew perfectly well wouldn't hold water if put to a good test, yet which cramped your own life almost to extinction? If you have been lucky enough not to be touched by a taboo there are many who have been maddened by them. There's Columbus for one. He maintained, as you all know, in the face of threatened torture that the earth was

C Greta Garbo. The wise ones have a hard time explaining how this tall girl became one of our most popular stars.

C Emil Jannings made character parts into hero roles.

C William Boyd begins a new tradition in 'Skyscraper.'
You Mustn’t Do That—Don’t Do That—Have you met these taboos? Some of the picture players have had to overcome many ridiculous beliefs.

By
Helen Ludlam

Drawn by
James Trembath

round and not flat, and that there was a New World somewhere in the wilds of the Atlantic. Because he disagreed with the able minds of the day who could understand just so much and no more, and looked with skepticism upon anyone who thought beyond them he was declared a devil and flung into irons. But a woman’s intuition and spiritual perception saved him. Queen Isabella felt (Continued on page 92)
Grace Kingsley's

PICTURE people seem to know better than anybody in the world what Sunday is for! exclaimed Patsy, the other Sunday morning, as we prepared to sally forth to a whole day of calls that yet would be no wear and tear on anybody because everything would be so quietly and nicely done.

As a matter of fact many of the picture folk go to church in the mornings, but the afternoons and evenings are for enjoyment.

Starting off we traveled over to the Miramar Estates Country Club in the heart of the wildly picturesque mountains near Santa Monica, where beautiful Spanish and Italian villas and their colorful estates dot the hillsides, and winding roads uncoil through the green country side.

Eduardo Raquello was taking us to the breakfast which Sydney Arundel and Claire Windsor were giving for Lois Weber and her husband, Captain Gantz. There we found already a number of guests gathered, including Cecil De Mille and his wife, Carmel Myers, Charles Rogers, Jose Mojica — the grand opera singer on whom Mary Garden is supposed to lavish her affections these days — Emil Jannings and his wife and Ernst Lubitsch and Mrs. Lubitsch.

The breakfast was served in the big glass-enclosed dining room of the Club House, which overlooks a wonderful vista of valley and sea, and the tables are on different levels, so that everybody may look at the view.

One jolly crowd at a table adjoining ours included Carmel Myers, Claire Windsor, Buddy Rogers and some others.
For street wear, Loretta Young prefers this attractive frock of cornflower-blue satin. Piqué-edged petals of the satin make a charming frame for Loretta's face and hands.

This smart dance basque frock was designed by Dot Grayson of pale orchid georgette over a flat crepe foundation. A narrow edge of rhinestones are its only trimming.

Into an evening one by taking out the movable georgette sleeves.

A smart ensemble is a lace blouse and flat crepe or satin skirt with coat of the same material and I noticed that the favorite costume for bridesmaids was the bouffant skirt of variegated tulle.
WE AMERICANS

We Americans is a good picture. A simple picture. But a picture that will touch your heart. It makes you proud of your country. It gives you the high and happy satisfaction of knowing that you belong to the youngest and the strongest civilization in the world. Every man, woman and child in America should see it. Particularly those snobbish ones who speak so glowingly of Europe without ever realizing or caring about the glories of their own United States.

The picture starts out with three foreign families, Russian, German and Italian, who emigrate to America seeking freedom from oppression, seeking warmth and light and air. But sorrow touches them in this new land. As they grow older and their children come to manhood and womanhood, they find they have lost touch with the younger generation. They have nothing in common with their children. And regretfully they watch the young folks go on their separate ways.

Particularly fine was the story of the Russian couple, George Sidney and Beryl Mercer. Their daughter, Patsy Ruth Miller, leaves home and sets up a studio for herself. The grief of the mother is beautifully enacted. She is like an animal in her pain—dumb, unknowing, unable to alleviate her misery by speaking. And then a schoolteacher visits her. He says: 'What have you to offer your children? Of course they are ashamed of you. Can you read English?'

The mother shakes her head. A little later you see them, the three middle-aged couples going to school, learning to read and write. It is a revelation to them. And then—the war breaks out. And these foreigners with scarcely the first layer of old world prejudices and old world ignorances scraped off of them, these foreigners give their dearest possessions to their new country—they send their sons to war.

One son, Eddie Phillips, comes back without a leg. And Beryl Mercer's son, George Lewis, never comes back.

It's a grand picture really. It makes you know the true meaning of patriotism, of loyalty. It makes you realize what Voltaire said so long ago—a man who is true to his country has no need of ancestors. Patsy Ruth Miller learns the beauty of that phrase when she becomes engaged to John Boles, a blue-blooded New Yorker, who comes down to her Ghetto home and takes her—unashamed of her humble heritage.

George Sidney does the finest work of his career. He is in the Jean Hersholt class now. Beryl Mercer makes you cry—because she doesn't. Her 'mother' characterization is unsurpassed. Patsy Ruth Miller was lovely and distinguished in every scene. And played with great emotional appeal. They were all fine, down to the tiniest character part. Even the Swedish woman who had only a bit to do, performed it like an artist.

A simple picture. But a picture to gladden the heart. A picture which I am grateful for having seen.
CZAR IVAN THE TERRIBLE

A magnificent picture which drips blood and brains at every turn of the camera. Heads hacked off at the drop of an eyelid. Butchery on butchery. Torture succeeding torture. Adultery, degeneracy, religious fanaticism cloaking a core of sensuality. Intrigue, jealousy, hate, love, lust, death—pursuing each other in vicious circles across the snow-drenched plains of medieval Russia.

If you see this new film—and you must see it for your own development—you will understand the recent Russian Revolution. You will understand even how an oppressed and infuriated people could drag out their pleasant weak-minded Czar and murder him in cold blood, together with his strong-featured German wife and their helpless piti-
ful children. It was because of the despairs, the heartaches, the tortures of hundreds of years which rolled up into a gigantic uncontrollable knot of torment. Finally bursting and shattering one-sixth of the world’s area.

Really to understand this film you must go back to the Fifth Century. At that time Russia was overrun by the Goths and the Slavs. For four hundred years they fought among themselves. And then seeing the futility of ever governing each other, they sent over to Scandinavia and asked for help. Accordingly three brothers journeyed to Russia and took over this business of government. Soon these three were followed by their faithful nobles. So once again the Gothic Slavic Russians were tinged with another blood. A little later from the east, the Tartars swept, conquering and killing as they went. Passing on to a country already clotted with many nationalities all the color, the barbarism, the passions of the East.

This then was the heritage of Czar Ivan the Terrible who reigned over Russia in the latter half of the Sixteenth Century. What a monster he was with his tall, gross body, his thick, dirty fingers, and his glorious, searching eyes. Ivan would crush the throat of a man and then march solemnly into Mass without even bothering to wipe his hands. Even as he crossed himself his hands were crusted with blood. But he was more than a monster. He was a clever business man too. From England he summoned nobles to buy his flax and to see the wonders of his country. He enlarged his borders, fought his enemies, ravaged his loves, swilled his ‘wines’, hogged his foods, scalded his jesters, and strangled his wife.

Nothing was sacred from his pudgy, profane hands. Not even the beautiful love of the little serf girl, Fima, for Nikita, the inventor, a peasant lad who even in those days built himself a little airplane, a set of wings which permitted him to fly slight distances across the snowy fields.

Nothing frightened the Monster-Czar but the old nobility of Russia, the old Bojars they were called, who lived in princely splendor while their serfs starved and hungered and died.

A bloody, merciless saga this picture is—and yet, I think it is one of the most intelligent films that was ever made. It is a milestone in the moving picture, marking an achievement of realism over phantasy. You never for one second doubt the truth of the scenes that flash before your eyes. When you see a man’s head hacked off, you know he is dead. When you see a girl ravaged, you know her virtue is forever lost. No pink and white cherry blossoms of sentimentality appear in this tragedy. But instead across the screen roar the realities of life, love, hatred, death and eternal damnation.

Leonidoff of the Moscow Art Players interprets the role of Czar Ivan. And there is no finer character work than he does. Saffiat Askardva enacts the role of the Tartarina. And such a portrayal of lascivious, sensual, wide-mouthed passion you have never witnessed. Klukvin, the young peasant who wanted to fly is marvelous. Inspired almost is the light in his eyes. And Garrel, as the little serf girl, Fima, is just what you would expect, a young, clumsy country girl treading her way from stable to kitchen and back again, with no thought in her mind of kindly cruelties, but with a prayer on her lips for her marriage day with her betrothed, Nikita. This betrothed who falls through a trap door and dies in agony upon the many-toothed prongs of a torture machine—this betrothed who falls and dies without ever once possessing his beloved.

TRAGEDY OF YOUTH
Now listen here, all you young misunderstood wives, there’s only one sure cure for an indifferent husband and that’s a little portion of saucy competition. Every husband in his heart holds with that old adage: ‘What’s the use of chasing a street car after you’ve caught it?’ And every husband in the world freshens up considerably and visits the florist when another man commences to admire the girl wife. Of course, you’ve got to be clever and subtle with this competition stuff. Don’t lay it on too thick or you’re apt to find yourself holding the bag with friend husband hopping the fast train for Reno. Moderation in all things, dear.

If the telephone has just rung and the boy friend says he’s detained at the office on important business and can’t get home for dinner, for Heaven’s sake, dry your eyes, powder your nose and go out to see that new picture Tragedy of Youth. This film will show you just what to do and how to do it—to regain that school girl popularity. Only, of course, I wouldn’t advise you to go as far as Patsy Ruth Miller did and get rid of the husband entirely. This picture will hand you a great little laugh. And do you know there’s one thing I’ve noticed about this life: tragedy can’t generate and grow in a home where there’s plenty of laughter. So let’s (Cont. on page 90)

Announcement

SCREENDLAND

CLARA BOW the most popular girl in all the world will offer through SCREENDLAND for July a gift to one of her fans. The gift is now on its way from Hollywood and the photographs of Miss Red Hair taken especially for this contest are, we are advised by our West Coast representative, the most attractive pictures that Clara has ever had taken. Perhaps the reason for this is the spirit in which she makes this offer. ’You see,’ said Clara, ’my love goes with it.’
DOROTHY MACKAILL is to be separated from her usual partner, Jack Mulhall, and will be featured in *The Whip*. 
ESTHER RALSTON is a good trouper. She can always be depended upon for her performance in any picture. Half a Bride is her next.
Photograph by Eugene Robert Richee
BARRY NORTON'S good work in *What Price Glory* and *The Legion of the Condemned* won for him a part in Murnau's *4 Devils*.

Photograph by Autrey
DOROTHY SEBASTIAN is engaged to Director Clarence Brown but he isn’t going to direct her in Our Dancing Daughters.

Photograph by Ruth Harriet Louise
ible Thursday evenings and
Saturday matinees at the Civic
Repertory Theatre, creaks even
more. He finds Le G.'s Hedda
a little more modern than the
play warrants. Second to none
in our respect for the aged pro-
fessor, we venture to disagree.

Here, we thought, was an
extraordinarily fine presenta-
tion of Ibsen's neurotic heroine. If she
wears short skirts or long, the
distinction to us is totally un-
important. People had libidos,
we are reliably informed, even
when petticoats were a sine qua
non of feminine apparel. Ennu
existed, we have read, simulta-
naneously with corsets and
bicycles.

And to be fair to the old
duffer—Ibsen, not Woollcott—
if his tale creaks a bit, it is
only that we have heard too
often his climatic lines. You
strain a bit, as the third act nears its close, waiting for
the pistol shot that Hedda
fires, and you are impatient for
the judge's 'People don't do such things.' Surprise no
longer exists for you. But the shrewd lines and situa-
tions remain as true today as they did when the Scandinavian
cut loose on a startled world. And as true as they will
still be, life being what it is, a hundred years from now.

So, if we were you, we'd run down to Fourteenth Street
for a thrilling time. Le Gallienne we thought perfect as the
Hedda; but Leyssac's Tesman and Alma Kruger's Aunt
Julia are not so far behind as spring after winter.

The Beggar's Opera

Nora Bayes is gone, and the cause of decent enunciation
has lost one of its best-loved apostles. We sold our first
song to Nora, so we had a good excuse for listening to
her more often than most. Others may have lived who showed
more gold in their voices—none ever gave her audiences a
better break. Whether you sat in the front row of the
orchestra or in the last row of the balcony, you knew every word that
Nora uttered. And it was the gallery, as always, that made her a
goddess.

Nora was not only insistent that everybody hear her. She was artist
enough to know the difference be-
tween the oral and the written word.
Any tough combination of consonants
she picked on immediately as unse-
bable. And if Nora couldn't sing it,
she told you what you could do with it.

And even words that sang well,
and yet might prove deceptive to the
ear, so that they formed a wrong im-
age, were out. Nora, in brief, knew
what she wanted; which is why her
audiences knew that they wanted
Nora.

What, you may ask, has this to
do with the revival of The Beggar's
Opera? Well, we saw it the other
night, sitting in the fourth row and
on the aisle, as becomes a critic. And out of the two-
score songs, we caught the words and the meaning of
only one. The music was lovely, the lines delightful—
but the lyrics? Who knows? The Opera, so far as this
needs is to be produced by people who
know the difference between opera and
pantomime.

Volpone

In a month that pays some tribute to
such old masters as Shakespeare, Ibsen
and John Gay, there are still some laurels left
over for old Ben Jonson.

Here is his Volpone, presented by the
Guild, and coming to us through a strange
route, indeed. Here is Ruth Langner's
revision of Stephan Zweig's adaptation.
From England to Austria to America—and
what a worthwhile thing has come from
this melting pot!

Here, with a glorious cast, is Jonson's
sardonic sneer at the whole pack of animals
that make up the human race. From
Volpone, the Fox, to Canina, the Bitch,
here is his bitter caricature of the world as
it is—the world as it was—and the world
as it always will be. A bitter pill, my
lords, for those who think the race makes
progress, but a pill worth swallowing.

And if the Guild does it lightly, the venom remains.
Lunt, Dugges, Westley, Gillmore, Leigh, Gosart and
Carmovsky are at their best to what must be ranked among
the finest things in town.
ONE of the most beautiful stories in the history of motion pictures was the devotion between Mary Pickford and her mother.

The death of Mrs. Pickford has saddened us all in Hollywood. She was universally respected as well as beloved. Back in the old days, D. W. Griffith tells me, Mary and her mother were the same as they have been since Hollywood knew them.

"I remember Mrs. Pickford once related to me an instance of this close bond," Griffith said. "She and Mary had had a little tiff such as happens in all families. They parted for the night in not quite the usual friendly affectionate mood.

"It began to rain hard during the evening and by midnight there was a downpour. In the worst of the storm, Mrs. Pickford told me, she heard the door bell ring. Getting up, she went downstairs and discovered it was Mary, All the way from her home — this was after Mary's marriage to Owen Moore — the daughter had come to make up with her mother. When they parted again an hour later, the tiff was forgotten.

"I think that is a sweet story, don't you?" Griffith asked.

As I write, everyone is so upset at the United Artists studio that nothing is certain about Doug and Mary's future plans. I believe Doug will postpone starting his sequel to The Three Musketeers for about three months now. This probably means that he and Mary will go away somewhere so she may rest and forget for a while.

There is need for Mary to rest. It has been months since I have seen her at the studio. About six weeks ago, while driving down the long paved road by the ocean, I saw Mary and her mother in the Fairbanks car. Mrs. Pickford was wrapped warmly and looked ill even in the brief moment I saw her.

One of the last motion pictures Mrs. Pickford saw was Griffith's Drums of Love. The picture was being previewed at a beach theatre. In the old Biograph days, Griffith directed all of Mary's films. Mrs. Pickford specially asked to be taken to the theatre so she could see at least one more of his pictures.

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I was interested to hear from Griffith that he discovered the 'fadeout' while making The Last of the Mohicans with Mary Pickford and Owen Moore.
"For a long time," he relates, "I had complained of the abruptness of the endings of the motion pictures of the day. We were just about through with the Cooper novel—Mary and Moore were standing on a knoll—when I got an idea.

"Taking a cigar box, we arranged it so that by closing the lid we could shut the light out gradually from the camera.

"When we saw the result on the screen, the fadeout had been invented."

Griffith also was the first to use miniatures and to shoot through a frame of painted glass. Do you remember the burning of Richmond in The Birth of a Nation? That was one of the first miniatures ever used. Griffith had tried the idea out in a few smaller pictures but never on this scale.

Not only miniatures but shots through painted glass were used in Intolerance, he says

"I was very lax in patents," he confessed. "Every time a use a fade-out now I have to pay a certain amount for a device, the original idea of which was mine."

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In some manner the rumor got out this month in Hollywood that England is considering offering a title to Charlie Chaplin. Despite an official denial by the British Government and embarrassed disclaimers from Charlie the report enjoyed wide vogue.

As is usual in such cases, even the details of the matter had been worked out. Charlie would go to England to make pictures and the knighthood would be his reward. Charlie points out with considerable reason that he has invested a fortune in his studio here and is tied up by motion picture contracts with United Artists, so he can't very well leave, even if he wants to.

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An insight into the character of Chaplin is to be had in the following incident which occurred on the set of Norma Talmadge's new picture, The Woman Disputed.

Henry King was scrutinizing a group of extras. "I want a little man with an overcoat," he exclaimed to an assistant director.

From the background stepped a man who answered this description. But King looked startled. It was Charlie Chaplin.

"Will I do?" asked the comedian.

Charlie went through to, an extra whose scene may never emerge from the cutting room although it is likely to for purposes of exploitation.

A $5 check was made out to Charlie for his services as atmosphere.

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Albert DeMond writes for The Back Pages: "I'm gonna be married and I'm as nervous as a puplet about to lay its first egg."

Perhaps you and I are the only two people in the world who have never tried to write a story for the movies. I was talking to Colleen Moore after she got back from a rest at Palm Springs and she confesses to have tried her hand at authorship.

She is very cryptic about the subject of the story but from its title, Yes, I wouldn't be surprised if it turned out to have a Hollywood background. Colleen says its for sale to the highest bidder.

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Some rushes I have seen in the projection room at the First National studio convince me that Arthur Lake is going to make a big hit in Harold Teen. By the time you read this Arthur probably will be in the midst of Fox's picture on commercial aviation.

It interested me, and likely will you that Universal made Fox agree to pay $25,000 if Lake is killed or permanently injured in any of the air scenes.
Right now Arthur is taking flying lessons along with Sue Carol who will play the feminine lead in the picture.

Bernie Fineman at Paramount startled me with the declaration that the biggest part of the year has been awarded to an absolute unknown.

It turned out to be Jewel Barnes, a six-ton elephant who is a part of the cast in Adolphe Menjou's Super of the Gayetys.

We who pay our sixty-five cents and settle down to enjoy the story and acting of a motion picture, scarcely ever realize the difficulties of the smallest item in making the film.

For instance, with all the years I have spent around the studios I didn't know until this month that the secret of how to photograph a diamond has long baffled cameramen.

John Nickolaus, head of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer laboratory, tells me that pinpoints of light from the facets of the stone almost invariably have caused 'fog' or halation in the film.

With Cedric Gibbons, art director for the studio, John designed a special stone this month, cutting so that plane surfaces predominated, in this manner reflecting light away from the stone instead of into the center of the lens.

To the naked eye the new stone appears dull and flat, but I saw a shot of it in the projection room and the film recorded a full depth and brilliancy without any reflection or distortion.

Here's one by George Marion, Jr. for Partners in Crime.

"It was an underworld law that gangs should not molest the sporting goods store of Mortimer Merton (Sing Sing '08.)"

The business acumen of Joseph M. Schenck neglects nothing. While the members of the United Artists were preparing for the nationwide radio broadcast which you undoubtedly will have heard long before you read this, Schenck had all their voices insured.

If they were too hoarse to talk they collected.

On page 91 there is an item about the $25,000 policy on the original Harold Lloyd horn-rimmed glasses. These are only two of the many freak policies in Hollywood.

Dolores Del Rio is back from Mexico with an exciting story of near shipwreck off the coast of her native land. She was with Edwin Carewe's company on location for Revenge. The yacht Carewe chartered went aground off Mazatlan, but the only casualty was one camera which was swept overboard. I think Dolores looks a great deal better and happier since
she returned from this little trip. Working on two pictures—The Trail of ’98 and Ramona—at the same time was a pretty heavy strain on her. We’re all glad to see her back. Dolores is a favorite in Hollywood.

I don’t know why, but for some time I have thought of Bill Desmond as a sort of a has-been in the movies. You never see his pictures in the big first run houses and in a city it is easy to forget about the other smaller theatres.

Bill tells me, and shows the letters to prove it, that his fan mail still runs to 1,000 letters a week. That shows how far I was wrong. Universal will make a serial with Bill as soon as the studio reopens. They will call it The Mysterious Rider.

One rainy afternoon this month—yes, we do have them in California—a half dozen of us were sitting in the publicity office of the Paramount studio. My eye lit upon the biography of Wallace Beery.

Did you know that he ran away from home when he was only 16 to become caretaker of elephants for Ringling Brothers? Or that he competed in California roadraces against Teddy Tetzlaff and other drivers of that caliber? Or that Wallace once was a baritone in musical comedy? Of course you know that his first film part was a Swedish housemaid in a two-reel comedy, but did you know that he took a company of actors to Japan to make motion pictures or that he once was western representative of Essanay pictures at Niles, California?

The biography of Jack Holt was right underneath that of Beery. Here are some interesting things about him: He is the great, great grandson of Chief Justice John Marshall, the finest legal mind this country has produced. His first job as a civil engineer was to check dump carts during the building of the Hudson River tunnels. He went to Alaska with a surveying crew, became stranded, got a job packing government mail and eventually saved up enough to buy a ranch in Washington. Jack used to be a stunt man, did you know that? He was nearly killed jumping his horse off a fifty foot cliff into the Sacramento River.

What with Edwin Carewe looking for 100 bears and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for as many kangaroos as they can get, it’s a wonder an expedition isn’t formed to hunt these animals in their native haunts.

Eddie is going to use the brains in Revenge, which originally was Konrad Bercovici’s story. The Bear-Tamer’s Daughter, M.G.M. is planning to build a story for Tim McCoy around the climax of a kangaroo hunt in Australia. It’s a very hard thing to find the kangaroos, however. The circuses refuse to loan theirs on the ground that the California climate isn’t healthy for the animals. It’s the first kick I ever heard from man or beast, but everything’s got to start sometime.

It’s staggering, really, the money that is hurled at movie people.

Constance Talmadge tells me she turned down $100,000 for a ten week’s tour on the Orpheum Circuit while Virginia Valli refused a similar offer of $30,000.

What a lot of money! But neither one of these girls has to worry. They saved it as they made it. It’s a pity everybody in Hollywood don’t do the same thing—including me.

Lilyan Tashman is on hand to state that while exercise is a valuable thing, it may have its drawbacks.

While she was engaged in a fast tennis game at the home of Norma Talmadge, Lilyan slipped and sprained her ankle so severely that she had to give up a role in a picture.
A pair of very good looking legs almost caused a riot in Hollywood this month. It was told to me by the colored gentleman who runs the shoe-shine stand in the barber-shop where it happened, and before he had told me half the story I thought he would have died a-laughing! It seems that there was a ballet dancing sequence in progress for one of the current films, and the fair ladies had to dance in short ballet skirts, sans shoes or stockings. Evidently it was news to at least one of the dancers, for at about nine o'clock, according to Sambo, a little bambino rushed into the barber-shop, hopped up into the chair, and oh my! oh me! called for a shave of the legs. Of course, I'm not saying that Sam will never get over it, but he swears he will never, never be the same again!

You know sweet Mary—and no one knows how sweet Mary Brian really is until they do know her—who is playing in Ray Hatton and Wally Beery's newest comedy? Doubtless you've seen pictures of her—hair flowing, and with raggedy clothes of the mountaineer type. Mary doesn't wear shoes or stockings for her picture, either, and when you see the great bruises on her right leg and ankle, be sure not to think that it is just 'put on,' 'cause it's real and as real as it can possibly be. They only pulled her down the cellar stairs for the picture, and the only 'kick' Mary has is a rejoicing that it happened during the first half hour of the first day's shooting so that there didn't have to be any waste film or any days of re-taking to set Paramount back! No wonder everyone in every studio all over Hollywood can only say about Mary Brian—'Isn't she the sweetest kid that ever lived?'

Columbia, Mo. 9BOc 124 and Santa Ana, Calif, 6BVX, RD4, Bx 314—Red Head Clara Bow has asked me to write you a little message to tell you that she received the radio note, to say that it thrilled her 'to death' and tickled her 'just heaps,' and to be sure to let you know that you are to hear from her the moment she feels a bit better and well enough after her operation to tend to her correspondence. She does want you to know, though, that she received it and that it gave her very much joy at a time when joy was a most welcome thing. From Clara, then—thanks a million!

Two-tone beards, according to Lane Chandler, will have to be the style in Hollywood! He has had to let his whiskers grow for a 'picture,' and if you wouldn't vow it is trying to play a good trick on him I don't know what you would call it. His mustache, and the field of stubble all around the upper part of his face is a distinct lightish red color, and
then, just as if a line had been drawn and someone had taken a brush and some paint, the entire lower part of the whiskers are cool black. Imagine his embarrassment when all the girls think he is dyeing his eight days’ growth! It’s almost as bad as the way he is accused of having his hair marcelled.

** * * *

Whilst tripping the light fantastic at the famous Cocoanut Grove the other night, whom did I spy as we waited by the tables but young Ricardo Cortez, returned from his trip abroad and seeming happy as could be to be back again among us. Looked sick, too, in his nice 'tux'. No, Alma Rubens wasn’t there and it seemed like a case of business, because there were just four of them at the table—all men—and they were deeply engrossed in talk almost every minute of the time.

And by the way—Evelyn Brent was there without friend Gary Cooper. It’s all right, though; it’s all right! Gary, of the deep blue eyes, assured me that it was merely a business before-pleasure affair.

* * * *

I received a letter the other day from a little girl in Indiana. She asked me why it was she couldn’t get a chance to have a scenario read that she had written, and how it happened that from most of the studios, a submitted manuscript came back unopened. I wonder how many of you who have had the very same trouble, happened to read in the papers this month about the trouble Mary Pickford is having right now because a writer accused Mary of receiving her manuscript, of returning it as unusable, and of then going ahead and using that writer’s idea as the basis for My Best Girl? There’s the answer in a nut shell. The producers simply cannot take a chance on getting into such legal scrapes, and so they have decided that the only thing to do is to not read any manuscripts which are submitted to them. Too bad, isn’t it, the way things have to be worked? * * * *

If young Kenyon Sills doesn’t quit growing I see no other alternative but that I’ll have to have the law on him! Why, just the other day, it seems like he was wearing great long baby dresses and lying in his crib, gazing round the ceiling like as if he didn’t know the rest of

![Image 1](image1.jpg)

![Image 2](image2.jpg)

![Image 3](image3.jpg)

![Image 4](image4.jpg)

 Nilsson that hers is the most mis-spelled name in the movies! Anna says that it is either spelled with two S’s and two L’s, or two L’s and one S, or, rightly, one L and two S’s, but the last syllable ‘sen’ instead of ‘son.’ So, all you folks who want to write her over at First National for a picture of herself, here’s the way to remember it. You know the first name Nils very well, like this fellow Nils Astor; then you know how to spell what your Dad calls your brother-son. After that, you merely put together that first Nils and the son, and presto, you have Anna Q’s name—Nilson. There you are—step right up to the head of the movie spelling class.
Dorothy Dwan is certainly what I would call a wise little acre! Dorothy has inherited some money, and she has at the same time put Satan far away from behind her so that he cannot push her into the great automobile salons, or the tempting jewelers’ stores. Wise little acre! She has invested in real estate, and there the money, will rest, untouched, until it doubtless doubles itself. Ah, Dorothy, would that we all as sensible could be!

Something very interesting has been called to my attention this month regarding a dark-haired, young Hollywood actor whose real name is Robert McKinney, but who goes by the screen name of Russell Ritchie. Doubtless you have read a great deal about this romantic bandit, ‘Billy, the Kid,’ whose gun carried many a notch of death, and on whose head was placed a tremendous reward. Have you heard that Metro-Goldwyn has bought the screen rights to the life story of this adventuresome ‘Kid,’ and that they are to make just as adventuresome and thrilling a motion picture production out of it? Oh, yes, and the funny part of it, or the coincidence is, I should say, that this young Hollywood actor’s Dad is one of the two men who finally succeeded in capturing the poor, misguided, ‘Billy, the Kid.’ I happened to meet the actor a day or so ago, and he tells me that when he was a tiny boy nothing pleased him better than to listen to his Dad’s stories leading up to The Kid’s capture; to hear how they captured him a number of times, only to have him escape, and then to take in every word of the tale of how the youthful bandit’s last words were regret that he should have been caught with his hat and boots off, hiding away in the home of his sweetheart. You have to hand it to Hollywood—always bringing forth some dark horse to make them ever more picturesque than they already are!

I figured that the trouble over at Hal Wallis’ Warner Brothers studio was just that the place has been practically closed down these last four months, with scarce a production going on, and making everything and everybody rather restless and a bit uneasy. But still, with picture after picture starting, and people breezing around full blast, there remains that feeling of unrest exactly as it was two months ago. Then, all of a sudden, I rounded Stage Number Eight, and caught the following conversation between two set watchmen:

“Well,” said the pleasant looking grey-haired one, “Have you heard for sure whether he will be back in time?”

“I can’t say that I’ve heard definitely yet, but, of course, you know yourself that Monte’s going to get back here from those South Sea Islands in time for that opening if he has to swim the ocean.”

“You bet your sweet life he will, and I’m telling you the place around here can’t get to seem the same with him away.”

And there you have it! Monte Blue has gone and left them for a few months, and they can’t get along without him! From the boy who lets me in at the front gate to the old fellow who lets me out of the back lot, they are simply talking about the day when Monte will return. Pretty nice to be missed like that, isn’t it?
I suppose 'Fatty' Joe Cobb of the Hal Roach Rascals has heard and read so much about stars getting temperamental that he figured he could get away with it, too! Director Bob McGowan had it all fixed for Joe to give away a Shetland pony at some Los Angeles function, and when the day arrived, Joe said he positively—just like that!—positively couldn't miss a football game for 'no ponies nor nothing.' The good-hearted Bob didn't say a word, and sure enough Fatty didn't show up to give the pony away. Next day at the studio McGowan introduced Fatty to another young feller just as fat, if not a little more so, than Fat himself, and casually remarked, 'Your under-study.' Joe stood it as long as the few years of him was able to and then he went over to Director McGowan.

'Honest, Mr. McGowan, I didn't mean to get so tem-p'rtmental. Won't you send that other actor away, 'cause he hasn't got my 'xperience in the movies, and anyhow, after Christmas I expect' to be much fatter'n him. You gotta admit a good actor's bound to show some temp'rtment, but I promise not to do it again.'

What could Bob McGowan say? As a matter of fact, he sent the other fat boy away and didn't say a thing, which, in my opinion, is one of the explanations of why he has been so successful with that gang of Hal Roach Rascals.

* * *

Figures may come and figures may go, but I think I'd feel pretty near satisfied with one like the fair Mae Murray's. Mae has been tripping the light fantastic this month at the Metropolitan Theatre, and while she was there, more gentlemen tripped and almost fell trying to get a front seat in the house than I've seen in a long, long time. Many folks deny that gentlemen prefer these blonde creatures of loveliness, but after Mae's demonstration out here I'm inclined to agree with the innocent little Lorelei Lee.
was reproduced on the lot under the direction of Bow- worth himself. The veteran actor has circled the globe more than once on old tramp steamers and clipper ships and is an authority on the harbor cities of the world.

* * *

Ben Lyon’s contract with First National has been taken over by Howard Hughes, president of Caddo Productions (United Artists).

For some time, it is said, Caddo Productions have planned to place Mr. Lyon under contract after his First National agreement terminated in July, but after his good work in Hell’s Angels, Howard Hughes decided not to wait but made arrangements to take over the contract immediately.

The talented young star is one of the original list of stars and players signed by First National almost five years ago, and has risen in that time from an unknown juvenile to one of the most popular players of the day.

During this period he has made more pictures than any other player on the screen, amounting to twenty-five in all. Among some of the best known are Painted People, The White Moth, Wages of Virtue, Lily of the Dust, So Big, Flaming Youth, Blue Beard’s Seventh Wife, The Pace that Thrills, The Tender Hour, and For the Love of Mike. * * *

“The children of widowed mothers always turn out well,” said Abe Lincoln years ago. The advent of motion pictures proves that Abe was right once more. The majority of the successful screen players are widows’ children.

Jacqueline Logan descends from the line of General Logan, but her own mother brought her up alone. Alice and Marceline Day have a widowed mother who made many sacrifices to educate the two children.

Dorothy Dwan’s mother is the widow of an army officer. Dorothy made a name for herself playing opposite Tom Mix, and has recently graduated into Technicolor films for M-G-M release.

Louise Fazenda’s mother is a widow, as is that of Billie Dove, Blanche Mehaffey, Joan Crawford, Gertrude Astor, Madge Bellamy, Mary Pickford, Lillian Gish, Gloria Swanson, Lois Moran, Margaret Livingston, Elinor Fair, Janet Gaynor, George Lewis, Warren Kerrigan and Robert Armstrong.

“The fact that a child has no father to provide spending money as the playmates have, early in life teaches the frugal spirit” says Dorothy Dwan’s mother. “Also, the sharing of responsibility during the school days builds solid character and dependability.” * * *

Tiffany-Stahl announces that it has just bought the rights to The Million Dollar Doll by A. M. Williamson and Every Inch A Man an original by Jerome K. Wilson and his wife, Agnes Pat McKenna. These are the latest additions to a splendid line-up of plays and novels by famous authors recently secured by this company. Among them are The Twelve Pound Look by Sir James M. Barrie; Ramsey Milholland by Booth Tarkington; The Indiscretion of the Duchess by Sir Anthony Hope; The Gun Runner by Arthur Stringer; The Luck of Geralda Laive by Kathleen Norris; The Yellow Passport by Abraham Schomer; Put and Take by Edmund Goulding; Helen of London by Sidney Gowing; The Floating College by Stuart Anthony, and four Jack London stories.

* * *

Tom Terriss has been assigned to direct The Albany Night Boat, an original story by Ben Grauman Kohn, who will collaborate with Terriss in writing the continuity. Terriss has just completed Clothes Make the Woman, in which Eve Southern is featured.

* * *

The distinction of having the first news reel camera girl belong to Kinograms, the news reel released by Educational Film Exchanges, Inc. She is Angela Murray Gibson of Casleton, North Dakota. She is a typical western girl and it was a representative western series of news reel shots that won her the position of Kinograms correspondent.

Miss Gibson’s courageous work in photographing the plunge of tear-maddened steers, and kicking, bucking bronchos that appeared to be about to topple over on the daring camerawoman at a rodeo held near her home town, made even the hard-boiled Kinograms editor sit up in astonishment. They plainly showed that the Kinograms girl had bravely stood her ground grunting away for dear life despite the warnings of the cowboys, right in the thick of flying hoofs, charging steers and blinding dust.

Miss Gibson was born in Scotland and studied motion picture work at Columbia University, New York City, going to Hollywood later to get first hand experience. She has been doing motion picture photography work for two years. One of her educational subjects is now being used in some of the schools in this country.

* * *

Approximately 2,000 sight-seeing tourists are turned away from the gates of Hollywood motion picture studios each week day.

This figure is based upon the records kept by the gate men at the various studios. The estimate checks with the figures for tourist traffic compiled by the Los Angeles board of trade.

Less than a quarter of one percent who try to ‘crash the gate’ manage to persuade the alert gate man to let them pass.

Bribes, threats, cajolery, lodge grips and pass-words are all tried— vainly. The gate man and the visitor from Iowa
may be brother Elks or pally Rotarians in their off hours but when the gatemans is on the gate, he is deaf to prayers.

Because a first-class motion picture studio, like the Paramount studio in Hollywood or the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio in Culver City is the modern equivalent of Barnum's "Greatest Show on Earth," every person in California, visitor or resident, not connected with studio work, would give his or her eye-teeth to get inside those mysterious high walls.

Experts have estimated that every visitor costs the studio in the neighborhood of $100. Visitors distract actors from their work, interrupt the intricate and highly complicated organization which has been built up for the making of motion pictures and occupy the attention of people who are receiving large salaries to produce pictures.

Through bitter experience studios have learned that two or three visitors admitted to the studio in a spirit of hospitality can cost their hosts a good many thousand dollars before their apparently harmless tour is over.

Visitors do get into studios, of course, but the vast majority of those who try, fail. Occasionally some one comes with introductions which cannot be ignored. Important persons from the east, visiting in California, are invited by studio officials to be the studio's guests. Once the gate is passed and the visitor accepted, the iron reserve melts into charming and gracious hospitality. Every effort is made to make the visitor feel at home and obtain a thorough grasp of the complicated mechanism of motion picture making. But a guide is always in charge of the party and distractions are minimized.

Californians themselves, particularly the people of Los Angeles, have never lost their curiosity concerning studios. Owing to the difficulty of obtaining admission, very few have ever been inside the walls of a studio. Once in a while they catch a glimpse of a company working on location. Sometimes, above the walls of the studio 'lot' they see the tops of imposing sets which pique their curiosity. Frequently at night, when some director is making night-shots, they see the sky stabbed with milky rays as the giant sun-areas illuminate a set.

Many a visitor from the east, with friends in Los Angeles, has been bitterly disappointed to find that these friends have as little chance of getting inside the jealously guarded portals as the man from Iowa.

Quite recently, when Ernst Lubitsch was directing night scenes for The Patriot, which is Emil Jannings latest Paramount starring vehicle, he used more than a thousand extra players on an enormous out-door set which represented a snowy square in Petrograd. The interest and excitement on this set which was increased by the crowd, communicated itself to the surrounding city. During the course of the night, thousands of would-be spectators, who could see nothing but the lights in the sky, gathered outside the lot. They could see nothing—there was nothing to be heard—they knew from experience that their vigil would go unrewarded. But such is the fascination of motion pictures that they came, stood long hours in the streets, talked motion pictures—and went home.

So intense is the curiosity concerning the mysterious realm inside the studio walls, that many people will resort to almost any expedient to obtain admission. Some manage to get work as extras and thus get in for a few hours. Acquainted to every form of excuse, the gatemans are not easily swayed. The word ‘No’ has worn a groove in their tongues from constant repetition to the thousands of wistful visitors who pause, baffled, before the massive gates which, to them, represent the entrance to a world of Arabian Nights wonders.

* * *

Universal has purchased the screen rights to Owen Davis' stage success Cupid at Vassar. Laura La Plante will star in this production which is regarded as particularly suitable to her type of light comedy.

Miss La Plante now has several pictures on her schedule for next season. Home James has already been completed under the direction of William Beaudine. That Blonde will probably be the next picture she will make under the direction of Fred Newmeyer. One Rainy Night and The Last Warning, an adaptation of Thomas F. Fallon's mystery play, will probably be made under the direction of Paul Leni.

Big pictures—from the standpoint of elaborate settings and large casts—are the order of the day at the First National Studios just now.

Never have the great stages been so filled with magnificent sets, the wardrobe department working at greater speed, nor the studio populated by a greater number of noted players.

With a hundred or more pretty young girls surrounding her, Colleen Moore has started work on Heart to Heart, a story that contrasts the small town with the big city, presenting the star in an entirely new characteri-
zation, with tense emotional scenes and an element of self-sacrifice strongly emphasized. William A. Seiter is directing this picture, produced by John McCormick.

Richard Barthelmess has some of his greatest scenes for *Roulette* where early episodes in Russia contrast with modern event in New York City. The dual characterization by the star is said to be exceptionally fine while the scenes are realistic and highly dramatic. A Gossack attack on a Russian village, a New York home, a touch of the underworld and a great court sequence are all included in this film, an Alfred Santell production.

Corinne Griffith is about ready to begin *The Divine Lady* with a brilliant series of scenes and settings; with Naval sequences showing the old time men-o’-war in action; court scenes and events in the lives of Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton. Frank Lloyd will direct this great story.

Milton Sills has some elaborate settings in his picture, *The Hawk’s Nest*, with a gilded Chinese cafe, strange moments in stranger settings in the shadowed precincts of the underworld. Benjamin Christ-tanson is directing and Doris Kenyon plays the feminine lead.

Billie Dove finished her work on *The Yellow Lily* this week with intense scenes in a great Hungarian prison. For sheer brilliancy this film, which Alexander Korda directed, has seldom been equalled. Miss Dove starts shortly on a new picture, *The Heart of a Princess*.

Harry Langdon is busy on his new and unnamed comedy, while Ken Maynard is engaged with a Northwest Mounted Police story, *Code of the Scarlet*. Johnny Hines is soon to begin a new one.

Charlie Murray has started a comedy that deals with small town politics in a highly humorous manner. It is *The Boss of Little Arcady*, which Eddie Cline will pilot to completion.

Jack Mulhall begins *The Butter and Egg Man* under the direction of Richard Wallace. Here is a real metropolitan comedy from a noted stage play.

One of the most elaborate of all is *The Whip* with Dorothy Mackaill and a big cast of featured players. This is from the famous English drama of the race track, with big crowds, the thrill of speeding horses and all the attendant excitement.

*First National Studios* have never been busier.

*The Legion of the Condemned*, Paramount’s newest was aviation story featuring Gary Cooper and Fay Wray is upsetting the box office records of theatres throughout the United States. It is exceeding the grosses of such productions as Harold Lloyd’s *The Kid Brother*, *Beau Geste*, the best picture of 1926 according to a nation wide poll, *Chang*, acclaimed the greatest picture of its type ever made, and, *The Last Command*, Emil Jannings second American made production which recently broke the house record for a week’s run at the Rialto Theatre, New York City.

Opening at the Rialto, New York City, the *Legion of the Condemned* on that day did $1200 more than the previous high record for the house held by *We’re in the Navy* Now. At the Strand Theatre, Minneapolis, its gross for the first week was $500 higher than that of *The Kid Brother*, $4,000 better than *Chang*, and $3,000 above the takings for *The Last Command*.

At the Tower Theatre, St. Paul, it duplicated its metropolitan performance outgrossing by $1,000 the receipts for *Beau Geste* and increasing box office receipts from $1,000 to $4,000 over the admissions received for such outstanding box office successes as *The Way of All Flesh*, *Underworld* and *Beau Geste*.

Petite Alice White, First National Pictures player, has announced her engagement to Dick Grace, famous stunt aviator. The two worked almost side by side on the same studio lot for weeks without meeting. They were finally introduced one day by Chester Conklin and soon Alice was wearing a new ring. The wedding date is not yet set.

The hobby of making hooked rugs is all right, as Thelma Todd, First National player, admits, but she also remarks that it is inconvenient, since one cannot bring a rug of 12x16 feet in size to the studio to work on between shots! She has made several such rugs in the last year, however.

While he hasn’t succeeded in deceiving the well-known studio gateman as yet, Richard Barthelmess has fooled some of his friends at First National with his make-up for one of two brothers he portrays in his new starring picture, *Roulette*. As the redheaded twin with a scarred face he is almost unrecognizable.

Gladys McConnell, who appears in a prominent role in *The Perfect Crime* an FBO drama based on the well known novel *The Big Bow Mystery* by Israel Zangwill, has the distinction of being hostess at the first aerial breakfast party — incidentally the first hot meal in the air—ever served, on a Ford plane of the Maddux Air Lines’ Network in California, with eleven newspapermen as guests.

That the transmission of a ten foot motion picture by wire from Chicago on April 4th has no particular significance for news reels, is the opinion of Ray Hall, editor of Pathe News. The experiment has been hailed as offering great opportunities for the shortening of the time between the taking of the picture and its exhibition on the screen.

“The American Telephone and Telegraph Co. is to be commended for its enterprise in the transmission of this motion picture,” said Mr. Hall, “but the application of the method to news reels is still very far off, if indeed it will ever be feasible. The Pathe News has conducted experiments for a number of months along similar lines. Negatives have been transmitted for us, but they have not been reproduced upon the screen since they were too crude. Our experts have discovered that the transmission of ordinary negative without enlargement is impossible under present methods because the light beam is
too wide to permit reproduction of detail. This especially affects news pictures where crowds are shown, or in long shots covering considerable territory.

"Some experiments have been made in enlarging single pictures from the negative, one after another. This leads into difficulties as to proper registration of motion picture film, as well as the loss of photographic quality through the necessity of re-photographing too many times. The greatest handicap of all is the amount of time consumed in transmission. By the enlargement method it would take 27 times the amount of time to transmit, as is necessary in sending close-ups, such as the one transmitted from Chicago. It took nine hours to get that picture on the screen. It is obvious that the loss of time thus shown would be a grave factor, since an air mail recently made the trip from Chicago in four hours and twenty minutes.

"Close-ups are rarely of use in a news reel, as they do not tell the story. A close-up is merely an illustration of a caption. Any method of transmission of motion pictures by wire to be useful to a news reel must first give detail in medium and long shots, secondly give a material saving in time over air mail delivery, and thirdly have good photographic quality. The methods used in the transmission of this pioneer picture from Chicago will have to be very materially simplified and improved before they will be applicable to the news reel and the handicaps are very great."  

Under Henry King's direction, screen players lose their real life identities during the filming of a picture and become, in his eyes and mind, the actual characters they portray.

Thus in The Woman Disputed, the latest Norma Talmadge vehicle for United Artists, the star and members of the supporting cast are always addressed by their character names. Miss Talmadge is "Elise," an Austrian street girl; Gilbert Roland, leading man, is "Paul," one of her sweethearts; Arnold Kent is "Nika," the third member of the triangle, and so on for the rest of the cast.

"When we are making a scene, I think of the actors in the terms of the story," says King. "They are living their roles, and I believe the director should see them only in their characters. It would never even occur to me to speak to Miss Talmadge as Miss Talmadge while we are on the set."

The Woman Disputed is in the second month of production.

Douglas MacLean, the star of the film farce Soft Cushions of the past season and of many another smashing success, has returned to Paramount.

He just was signed by Al Christie to star in two feature productions, to be released during the coming season of 1928-29. The star made Soft Cushions with his own producing organization, but it was released by Paramount.

As light comedy and farce, such as MacLean displayed in The Hotenticot and Going Up is the particular forte of this star, it is likely that Christie will present him in the same type of films for the new season.

The first of the new comedies is expected to be filmed next summer. Several stories and plays now are under consideration for MacLean, and the titles are expected to be selected by the first of May.

The world's first hotel with an airport attachment will be built by Pola Negri, according to announcements made in Los Angeles by her architect, Richard M. Bates, Jr.

Plans for the novel departure in hotel and club accommodations are well under way and the $500,000 apartment hotel which the Paramount actress will build on property in the exclusive Wilshire district is intended to provide housing space for planes of 210 tenants.

The building will be of six stories, with 210 rooms.

Sam Wood, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer director, has signed a new long-term contract with that company, Louis B. Mayer announces, and will direct Norma Shearer in Ballyhoo, Beth Brown's story of carnival life, as soon as the feminine star returns from Europe. Wood has just completed He Learned About Women, starring William Haines, and his other recent pictures include The Fair Co-ed and The Latest From Paris. He has earned a reputation as a pioneer in the development of new film talent, since he directed Karl Dane and George K. Arthur in their first co-starring pictures, Rookies, brought forward Johnny Mack Brown in The Fair Co-ed and Anita Page in He Learned About Women, and is believed to have made a new 'discovery' in the person of Eddie Nugent, former property boy who recently signed a contract as featured player.

Staking his reputation as a showman and a film producer for fifteen years, Jesse L. Lasky, first vice president of Paramount Famous Lasky Corporation has gone on record that Anne Nichols' personally supervised film version of her famous play Abie's Irish Rose is the greatest motion picture ever made.
The inspiration that made Miss Nichols turn over her play into the greatest theatrical property the world has ever known has carried on many-fold into the screen version," Lasky stated. "I make my claim for the picture after carefully weighing all facts that enter. I know that the public expects me to say that the picture is good. But I go farther than that. I say that, in my judgment which is based on fifteen years of motion picture production experience, Abie's Irish Rose has the greatest entertainment value, and it, through its message of universal tolerance, will do the greatest good of any motion picture made to date."

Mr. Lasky paid unstinted tribute to Miss Nichols, and also praised whole-heartedly the direction of Victor Fleming and the acting of Jean Hersholt, Nancy Carroll and Charles Rogers, the principals.

Jerry Hoffman, Hollywood correspondent for the New York Morning Telegraph, was present at one of the audience test preview of the picture. In his review, he said: "Anne Nichols' Abie's Irish Rose is the greatest box-office picture made in years ... Anne Nichols supervised the making of every scene in Abie and without detracting any of the glory from Victor Fleming, one can't help but marvel at the tender care Anne has given her offspring in this new stage of its life. If there remain any records to be shattered ... the picture will shatter them."

After weeks spent in the careful selection of a cast, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's picturization of The Bellamy Trial, has started under the direction of Monta Bell. Bell's last film was John Gilbert's Man Without a Soul. Leatrice Joy has the chief feminine role in The Bellamy Trial, and the complete cast includes George Barraud, Margaret Livingston, Anita Page, Eddie Nugent, Margaret Seddon, Polly Ann Young, Jack Raymond, Kalla Pasha and Cosmo Bellew.

Carmel Myers has been signed by Tiffany-Stahl to play the feminine lead opposite Ricardo Cortez in Prowlers of the Sea, suggested by a Jack London story. John G. Adolphi is handling the megaphone.

Upon his return to Hollywood after a brief visit to New York City, C. C. Burr makes the announcement that Black Magic is the title of Johnny Hines' next feature comedy for First National Pictures. The forthcoming offering is from an original story of the same name by Jack Townley, a well-known Los Angeles newspaper man who has written a number of screen successes.

The nature of the story of Black Magic is being kept a secret by both comedian and producer, and it is stated that the story is unusual for a screen fun-maker and will give Johnny Hines a different characterization from any that he has recently attempted.

While no announcement has been made at this date as to the supporting players, C. C. Burr is angling for a number of prominent names to fill the various important roles in the picture. At the present time the comedian's scenario and gag staff are busily engaged gagging the story and supplying the comedy sequences. The direction of the picture will be in the charge of Charles Hines.

Hoot Gibson, Universal's cowboy star, commences production on his next picture soon. Clearing the Trail is the title of the story. Revere and Rogers are the producers.

Dorothy Gulliver, Wampas baby star, will play the leading role opposite Gibson and Fred Gilman, former cowboy star, will play an important part. Other members of the cast include Philo McCullough, Captain Anderson, Andy Waldron and Duke Lee.

This is the third Hoot Gibson picture for the coming season. The others now completed include The Danger Rider and Burning the Wind.

In celebration of the rise to movie stardom of one of their former colleagues, thegirls now appearing at the Winter Garden in The Greenwich Village Follies gave a tea in honor of Nancy Carroll recently after a matinee. Miss Carroll has the principal feminine role in the film version of Abie's Irish Rose.

Three years ago Miss Carroll was appearing at the Winter Garden in The Passing Show of 1925. Then she left New York to make her home in Los Angeles, where her great beauty attracted the attention of some of the leading motion picture producers who offered her contracts. She appeared in a number of small roles in various photoplays, until ready for more important roles.

After giving a screen test to more than 500 applicants, Paramount selected Miss Carroll for the role of Rosemary.

After more than five months in the South Seas, the unit which has been engaged in filming Southern Skies is back at the California studio. W. S. Van Dyke, director of the new picture, Monte Blue, who has the masculine lead, Racquel Torres, Robert Anderson and twenty other members of the company arrived in Los Angeles recently. A practical working studio was constructed on the island of Tahiti last December, and, using this as a base, sequences were filmed here and in the surrounding waters, with natives as extras. Monte Blue had a narrow escape from death during the making of a scene off Curtis Island when he dove from a cliff and landed on a jagged coral reef.

With a supporting cast made up almost entirely of former stage celebrities, Lon Chaney has begun work on his new picture, Easy Money. The story is one of under-world adventure, with Chaney in the part of a detective. The cast includes Lydia Yeamans Titus, Richard Carle, Clarence Lyle, Polly Moran, Wheeler Oakman and Carroll Nye.

On April 23 Ben Hur completed a run of a solid year at the Madeleine Theatre, Paris, a record quite without parallel in French cinema history. The best previous long run was that of The Big Parade.
thought of that fire, you know."

"You just seem itching to do some work. You can shoot up a rocket, if you want to, Mister!"

Before the mate of Muru could dig a rocket out of the locker room, the mysterious fire was tossed up wildly, and then died completely away. Again the dark sea, gleaming with phosphorous, the silver moon and the yellow lights of the Muru, were the only things to be seen.

"Shoot 'er up anyhow," the captain ordered.

Into the sky, like a streak of white fire, the rocket sped, and then fell, a shower of sparks, into the sea. There was no answering gleam from the place where the fire had been.

"Evil spirits—big fellow devils," said the crew in explanation.

"A meteoric phenomenon," said the mate, a constant reader of books guaranteed to improve the individual.

"Some derelic vessel set a fire by spontaneous combustion," was the captain's thought.

"Must have been the cook on the Flying Dutchman emptying the galley stove overside," the boatswain explained, as he stowed away the signalling apparatus.

"The silver ship of Aflatun and Aristu," thought the young pearl trader homeward bound, and his thoughts turned to England, and to the girl who was wont to read Flecker's verse to him. He could almost smell the yellow roses in her garden and her words were clear in his memory.

"And a great cry rang around the sky." Of glorious singers sweeping by And calm and fair on waves that alone The silver ship sailed on and on.

And, the Muru, stubby little freighter, reeking of petroleum, coal, copra, and the smell of the native crew, steamed on and on. The mysterious light was soon forgotten.

Four months earlier, Dr. David Lloyd, who had acquired a degree in medicine and a taste for Scotch Whiskey at the Lir, and the sky of Edinburgh, from the same sea lane in which the Muru steamed had watched smaller lights weaving to and fro over the surface of the water. But it was with eagerness that he had watched the many lights flash along, nor did his mind bother to grope for an explanation. He only reasoned that lights meant human beings, and human beings meant food and water. As his deserted schooner, sails flapping uselessly around the yards, had drifted closer and closer to the shore, Lloyd had made out the significance of the many lights he saw. They were torches held by natives spearing fish.

The sound of surf beating on a coral reef came dimly to his ears—a familiar and a welcome sound, one that he had not heard since he had been shanghaied aboard the schooner at Hikupo, a pearl lagoon far north in the Polynesian group. A painful bruise on his head still reminded him of the incident. He could remember his quarrel with the wealthy pearl-trader, Sebastian Hikuero, of the natives, the quick push which had thrown Sebastian into the water, and also the clever ruse— the lie that men were sick aboard—that had lured him out to the vessel. Men were aboard, lying in negligent postures on the deck when he climbed over the rail but before he could do so much as glance at them, he had been struck on the head and consciousness had gone out of his mind like water running through a broken dam.

When Lloyd had regained consciousness he found all the sails spread and the schooner, with her wheel lashed, making good headway over the tranquil sea. Hoping that at least one of the many men whose bodies lay aspavel upon the decks was alive, Lloyd had gone from one to another. All were dead. He had been lured aboard a chahaha ship, the entire crew of which had died. As he thought things out, he saw whose hand was behind this. Sebastian, the schooner had floated here and there over the Pacific at the mericles of whatever current chanced to grip its keel. Now they had brought the vessel and Lloyd to an uncharted island.

For hours Lloyd strained his eyes toward the spot from which he had first seen the gleam of torches over the water, waiting for the first streak of daylight and the illumination of the island. The blackness of the tropical night turned to a misty gray, and a faint streak of salmon color heralded the rising op of the sun. Lloyd could see a white foam of breakers and beyond them a towering mountain, clad in dense verdure a mass of green paint swept from a tube into the palette of God. A moment later the schooner grounded with a sharp grating sound on the coral bottom, and Lloyd, eager for the feel of land, ran out onto the bowsprit and cast himself into the water, striking out for the beach. After a sharp struggle with the surf, Lloyd felt his feet touch the bottom, and a moment later he cast himself to the beach, sitting the sand through his fingers ardenty.

After his first joy at the sight and feel of land, Lloyd began to search for the natives whose torches he had seen. Toward the interior the towering mountain was cloaked with brush and rank tropical growths, cut off Lloyd's view, and he decided to scale the mountainside.

Weak from want of proper food and lack of water, Lloyd made a long job of the scramble up, and did not reach the crest until long after mid-day. From the top he could see that the island was of volcanic origin, and that to the west and north it was high and mountainous, while to the south, pleasant valleys and lowlands spread out to the sea. From the most southern point of the island smoke was rising, and Lloyd made up his mind on that direction. He started down the mountain, but found that his way was cut off by a precipitous cliff. As far as he could see, the cliff extended to either side of him, and there was nothing for him but to attempt a descent. For a time he cautiously, clinging to tree roots, and sliding where there was only loose earth and shale. Within a hundred feet of the base the cliff suddenly became rocky and sheer, and try as he might, Lloyd could find no easy way to reach the bottom of the valley. He tried to retrace his steps, but the loose soil made his journey like that of a bullock on a treadmill. A dozen feet or more below the spot where the cliff sheered off steeply were the tops of cabbage palms, soft and feathery to the eye, and as the sliding soil carried him closer and closer to the brink of the cliff, Lloyd decided to change a leap onto the top of one of these. He leaped and the next moment was conclusively grasping at the fronds on his way to the ground. His momentary hold on the fronds, and the mass of the leaves through which he had to slide, broke the force of his fall, and he landed on the grassy floor of the valley unhurt.

A stream flowed along the valley bed, and Lloyd scooped up some of its sweet water in the palm of his hand. Refreshed

--Continued from page 19
by his drink, although still faint from hunger. Lloyd made good progress down the valley and soon found himself at a place where a brook baulked itself over a huge boulder into a deep pool on the other side of the rock, forming a sparkling little waterfall.

As Lloyd approached the waterfall there was a shrill cry, and he heard splashing. Looking down into the still waters of the pool from the top of the waterfall, Lloyd could see the squirming bodies of half dozzen native girls swimming under water.

The sunlight, filtering through the green fronds of the palm trees, and the light mellow fall, fell in cleft and panels into the still water, causing the sleek brown flesh of the girls to glow luminously. Lloyd watched them fascinated, as they turned, like a school of fish, still swimming under water, made off on their way downstream.

A path followed the brook, and Lloyd took this path in the hope of finding a village. He was put up to the behavior of the girls whom he had routed from their bathing pool. They had taken alarm and fled like shy wild creatures. The Kanakas Lloyd had known at Hikuro had never acted in that way. White men were to be pleased and placated; feared a little, and fended a good deal more for the safety of their treasured which would reward the properly amorous maiden. These girls had red. Lloyd wondered if the island on which he had landed was one perhaps never before visited by a white man.

Coming around a bend in the trail, Lloyd was surprised to see a horde of natives before him. At their head was an old chieftain, close by him, her body still glistering wet from the water, was the most beautiful of the girls who had been frightened by Lloyd. She was talking excitedly to the old native, while the other natives peered over the shoulders of the chief with great interest at Lloyd. To his relief the white man noted that none of the natives were armed, and also that they seemed more surprised than warlike. At last, after a close inspection, the old chieftain advanced cautiously to Lloyd's side and put out a tentative hand, touching him, feeling that his cheek, despite its whiteness was the result of a light head. man called back this startling news to his villagers and they flocked around Lloyd touching him, as if in wonder, and all the while chattering together like a band of monkeys.

Lloyd, confounded by the crowd and weak from hunger, fainted. In a moment the simple Polynesians, mused their chatter, and sought to find out what it was that had made Matta Loa, the white man, ill so quickly. Fayaway, the daughter of Mehevi, the chief of the tribe, suggested that it was perhaps hunger which has made this strange white person faint, and Mehevi ordered two of his stalwarts to pick up the white man and carry him to the village.

In the village they placed him on a mat in Mehevi's hut, and Fayaway forced coconut milk down his throat. Lloyd, unconscious, swallowed it automatically, and strengthened by it, awoke.

"Matta Loa," she asked in her musical native tongue, "from what island do you come?"

Lloyd, too exhausted to make answer, did not try to comprehend her words, but pointing to his stomach, made his complaint of hunger in the pidgin English which was employed in conversation between white men and Kanakas at Hikuro.

"Big devil stop and walk around 'ella stomach belong me," he said.

Fayaway smiled. She did not understand his words, but his gesture—a hand pressed against his stomach—was eloquent. She brought another bowl full of coconut milk and put it in his hands. Lloyd drank greedily.

Beckoning to some other girls who sat in the back of the grass hut. Fayaway, called out, "Omi-Omi." Lloyd understood this. He had often seen the omo-omi administrator to divers who had bribed themselves at Hikuro. Filling the palms of their hands with coconut milk the girls began to massage his body. One girl rubbed his tights, another his stomach, a third massaged his chest and armpits, while Fayaway gently rubbed his forehead, neck muscles and chin. Lloyd felt waves of deliciousness steal over him as the girls continued their omo-omi. Fayaway's beautiful face, brown and satiny of complexion, like milk chocolate, and her laughing black eyes seemed to recede further and further. Soon Lloyd could see only the high-light on her eyes, and then he fell asleep.

When he awoke, Lloyd felt strong and refreshed. He was alone in the hut, but he had scarcely risen from his couch than Fayaway brushed through in the doorway and began to speak to him. Lloyd silenced her, and then slowly and painfully, attempting to recollect the few words of Polynesian he had picked up at Hikuro, he began to question her.

"What name has this island?" he asked in Polynesian.

"It is the island of Mehevi—who rules over it."

"Have other Matta Loa been here?" he asked.

"The Shark god has never sent one before thee," her tone implied her wonder at the fact that he should think that other white men beside himself existed. Lloyd questioned eagerly.

"Do the big canoes without paddles pass by the island of Mehevi?" Lloyd questioned.

Eagerly Fayaway answered him, "Yes. Twice we have seen canoes as big as the mountain pass by. So big were they that they had fires in them to cook food for the Shark god and his friends. We could see the smoke of the fires."

Lloyd smiled, well pleased with her answer, and then as she bent and looked inquisitively at his nickle plated belt buckle, he removed it, and put it in her hand, at the same time pointing to her reflection in its polished surface. Fayaway looked and smiled, and then looking at the person mirrored in the belt buckle was herself, she exclaimed rapturously, "Little Fayaway! A little Fayaway! I shall take her with me wherever I go. What present shall we give thee in exchange for this, Matta Loa?"

Lloyd grinned, and said in English, "I'll collect later—after I've eaten."

He had not long to wait for food. In the afternoon, at a solemn conclave of the village worthies it had been decided that the Matta Loa was an emissary of the gods, and must be treated with respect and honor. A feast had been planned. The women had gone into the fields to dig taro roots, vegetables and berries. The boys had gone gathering up the palm trees to collect nuts, palm leaf salad, and palm toddy. The men of the village had gone hunting and fishing. The huntsmen had gone with bows and arrows to hunt down the wild pigs that roamed through the island's jungles, while the fishermen had gone to spea and angle for fish in the lagoon, and youths, expert in diving, had gone diving down to get the shell fish that they had need of for the feast that had been collected.

A conch shell blew the signal for the feast, and Fayaway, leading Lloyd by the hand away where he was to sit, she led him to an open space where a hundred and fifty natives gathered. Around this space sat the men and women of the village. Serving them with food were the youths and maidens who ran here and there busily waiting on the feasters.

As he ate of all the delicious native foods set before him by Fayaway, Lloyd's ears were entranced with the rhythmical music of the native drums, and his eyes by the wildly flung legs and bodies of the dancers. The men of the village danced war dances in his honor, and the maidens danced their ritual dances of love and passion. Finally when a group of maidens had finished a whirling, merry dance, a bush fell upon the native audience and transmitted its air of expectancy to Lloyd. Fayaway got up from her kneeling position at Lloyd's feet and taking a bouquet of tuberous flowers from another girl, began to dance.

(Cont. on page 84)
A Trick Worth Knowing

Even his stenographer noticed it and commented about it.

"Since you began eating Life Savers between smokes," she ventured slyly, "I notice you don't have the frazzled nerves you used to have after a day of hard smoking."

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PIERRE - 37 WEST 57TH STREET - NEW YORK CITY
In the torch light she moved as light and agile as the flame of the torches. The light picked out the sensuous beauty of her body—its golden crescents under her satiny smooth skin, her swelling breasts and rounded arms—with all the witchery of the light and all the attendant shadows. Several times through the week Lloyd caught Fayaway's glance as she danced and held his attention for a moment. As he watched her, Lloyd felt longing and desire, as no woman in all his checkered past had ever roused in him.

When Fayaway ended her dance and threw her hands into his, the signal mark of honor, Lloyd looked at her with longing. Primitive and intuitive, the men and women of the village could see what lay behind him at Fayaway and they rose threateningly. Mehevi, the chieftain, waved them back to their seats, and then explained to Lloyd that Fayaway was the chief's daughter, tapua to all the young men, and only to be married to the son of a chieftain.

In the days that followed Lloyd speedily became a favorite in the village. He learned the dialect spoken by them, and by questioning found out the fact that he had never before seen a white man, and believed him to be a god of some sort. However, the fact that they invested him with divinity did not keep them from regarding him being friendly and familiar with him. To them their primitive minds a god was a friend, neither more nor less; one called to the gods for aid—only in such cases where one's friends could not help one. Even so, the villagers did not consider this new god, the white man, to be of importance enough in their lives to match with Fayaway, the princess of the island.

One day, while swimming in the lagoon, Fayaway called Lloyd to one side and asked him to go with her. In her canoe they went to a little visited part of the island and wandered about in the cool jungle. Lloyd was not paying much attention, and climbing quickly into the tree where the little animal slept, Fayaway captured it. As she cuddled it close to her, Lloyd climbed the tree and whispered in the ear of the little creature's attention. Fayaway had never before heard anyone whistle, and begged Lloyd to teach her how to do so. At the sight of the mouth which his lips to see if her mouth were held in the proper position to whistle, Lloyd had all he could do to restrain himself. Sitting together, he taught her to close her lips. Then the body close to his, Lloyd had an almost overpowering impulse to forget the tapua imposed upon him and Fayaway by the primitive mores of the Polynesians. Fayaway, to whom a kiss was unknown, did not feel the same stirring of passion which troubled Lloyd in his South Sea home.

As he hesitated for a moment, resisting the impulse which drove him to clasp Fayaway in his arms, a thunder of sound shook the air. The Kanaka telegraph, a hollowed wooden log, covered with skin covering at both ends, was being beaten to summon the villagers together to receive calamity news. They had been taken over a member of the tribe. Fayaway and Lloyd hurried as fast as they could to the village, and there found that Maupau, Fayaway's young love, had been drowned. Mehevi and his wife were frantic with grief, and the other Kanakas were also weeping as the primitive nature of Lloyd, all his doctorly instincts around at the sight of the dead boy and the grieving natives, took the nicke]e plated belt buckle from Fayaway and held it over the drowning boy's mouth. A few drops of water collected on the polished surface, and Lloyd set to work to resuscitate the lad. After an endeavor Lloyd's arm was flung back and he breathed painfully. Moved in gratitude, took Fayaway's hand and placed it in Lloyd's hand. The tapua had been fulfilled.

One day while it had been decided in the communal eating house that they were to have oysters for the next day's mid-day meal, Lloyd watched one of the men who was engaging in the cooking.

As he idly watched, it suddenly dawned on him that he had never seen pearl adornments in the island. Even as this thought occupied him, Lloyd did what he could do to keep Lloyd's single coat and trowsers in repair. All day long they either hunted or fished or sported about on the island, and in the waters of the lagoon, it was a simple and a beautiful life. Yet Lloyd tired of it.

One day while it was decided in the communal eating house that they were to have oysters for the next day's mid-day meal, Lloyd watched one of the men who was engaging in the cooking. As he idly watched, it suddenly dawned on him that he had never seen pearl adornments in the island. Even as this thought occupied him, Lloyd did what he could do to keep Lloyd's single coat and trowsers in repair. All day long they either hunted or fished or sported about on the island, and in the waters of the lagoon, it was a simple and a beautiful life. Yet Lloyd tired of it.
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85
When he had learned this, and the bea-
on was built high. Fayaway and the native
saw him but rarely during the day.
The path up the mountainside to the bea-
on was worn smooth with his journeys up
and down. All day long he would sit
watching the sea, hoping for some sight
of sail or smoke to herald his release from
the sameness of the island paradise.
At dusk when it would be time for him
to return to the village, a great temerity
of light to the beacon would seal into Lloyd's
heart. Always it seemed to him that some-
where in the far darkness of the horizon
there must be a vessel with a lookout
looking to see his beacon fire. All the way
down to the village he would crane his neck
toward the sea, hoping that the last few
minutes of day light might vouchsafe him
a glance of some passing vessel.
One night after such an all day vigi
Lloyd's face was haggard and care-marked.
Fayaway, in an effort to draw him away
from the strange devils which seemed to
her to rule his mind, cuddled near to him,
in kittenish mood, and began to play with
the cloth of his outer garment. A strange,
interesting phenomenon to her untutored
eyes. Her hand passing near a slit in his
jacket, Fayaway snuggled it inside, caus-
ing his shoulders. Lloyd looked down,
seeing that she had widened the rent in his
coat, he jumped up, furious at her for
having torn such an important remnants
of civilization as his patched canvas jacket.
He groped for savage words in Poly-
nesian—there are none.
"Damn you," he said in English, "can't
you let one alone. Do I always have to
put up with your darn trifling?"
Fayaway did not take him, nor
the reason for his anger, but the note
of fury was unmistakable. She clung to him but
Lloyd thrust her roughly aside, and in the
dark began the ascent of the mountain. There
must be a ship tonight! Somewhere on
its bosom the sea held a ship this night,
and that ship must see his beacon light! It
was unbelkiable that on such limitless
stretches of sea and in such fathomless
depths of darkness there could be no ships
hidden from his eyes. He climbed steadily.
At the beach Lloyd pulled out the
beacon, and tender which he had concealed in a
little dry place under a stone, and began
to twirl the fire sticks. Soon a little glow
lit the tender under his hand. He bent his
mouth to the embers and began to blow,
the embers shot up in tiny flames, and
carefully shielding the tender flame with
his hand, Lloyd brought it to the beacon.
The dry brush he had so carefully piled
cought fire quickly and in a moment a
great sheet of flame swept up into the
sky.
The heat of the fire seared Lloyd's back
as he stood facing the sea waiting for some
sign to tell him that the ships which must
surely be somewhere in the word and
darkness had seen and were answering
his signal. No answering light went up.
"God, can you see it?" he called out to
the darkness. "Can you see it, Lloyd?"
Fayaway had crept up the mountain
behind Lloyd. She was anxious to know
what took Lloyd from her in such haste
and in such anger. She had watched the
beacon blaze up, and thought at first that
it was some sort of victory offered when
Lloyd was burnsing to his gods, but then
his cry, although in English, could not be
mistaken. The longing and the despair
were too evident. Fayaway understood.
Lloyd was calling to his gods, begging
them to take him away from her. Tears
coursed down her cheeks. In desperation,
she ran to him.
"Mattie Loa, Mattie Loa, what have I
done to thee," she implored, "What have I
done to thee that you wish to leave me?"
The firelight threw its light and coloring
upon her. Lloyd was sitting. He had
long ago forgotten how beautiful his wife
was. Now in the flaring light of the great
beacon she stood revealed in all her beauty.
The firelight gilded her body, making it
glow like polished bronze, deepening
the shadows of curve and hollow and bringing
to gleaming relief the contours of her
figure. It flashed on her soft face and eyes,
and showed clearly the tears which ran
down her cheeks.
You've done nothing to me, Fayaway," Lloyd
answered, "Nothing that has not pleased me, and yet I want to go home—
you understand, home to my own village.
But this is your home—Fayaway's home
is your home. Do I not cook your fish
and taro root, Matta Loa? Do I not put
the leaves that grow on this hill in your
leaves for your couch? I make your home
for you, Matta Loa. Is there another girl
on another island whom you would rather
have to cook your food and pile your
coconut?
Lloyd, looking into her tear-wet eyes,
thought upon what she had just said.
No one before Fayaway had given him
devotion, no one before her had bothered
to build his hut and pile sweet-smelling
grasses for a couch for him. She was right,
his home was where Fayaway lived.
It could be in no other place. The white
race could build the pearl of pearls
would not make a home for him, nor
be happy at his coming and saddened
at his going.
Cook and freezing beer and
sparkling, iced wines did not make such
a home for his body and such a haven for
his spirit as Fayaway's love would build.
Fayaway, studying his face, noted the
trend of his thoughts, and going close to
Lloyd put her arms about his neck press-
ing her warm body close to him. Lloyd's
arms went around her, and he bent his head
to her neck. Fayaway whispered to him,
said, "for a home that never was, that
never will be for me, except with Fayaway."
Then, remembering that the fire still
burned and the wind doused it, Lloyd
withdrew and went to his tiny village.
He lay in his little thatched "house of
the night-hid sea" a vessel to come and take
him from his new found happiness. Lloyd
gently released himself from Fayaway's
embrace and began tearing down the bea-
con, throwing the burning pieces of brush-
wood over the cliffs into the sea below.
Fayaway helped him at this work, laughing
all the while.

When only a few glowing embers
remained, and the darkness closed in around
them, warm and scented with the odors
of the valley below them, Lloyd and Fayaway
embraced. As they stood close
side by side, out to sea the Murua released
her signal rocket. They could see it go
up, like an arrow of white flame, and then
dissolve into a slivery shower of stars.
"What is it?" Fayaway murmured in
superstitious fear.
"Do not be frightened, Fayaway," Lloyd
answered, smiling. "It is a sign from my own
God, and he has told me that I should always
stay with you."

The Murua steamed on about her scrubby
business, while Lloyd and Fayaway went
down into the valley, their arms about one
another.
Have You These Symptoms of NERVE EXHAUSTION?

Do you get excited easily?
Do you become fatigued after slight exertion?
Are your hands and feet cold?
Do you suffer from constipation or stomach trouble?
Is your sleep disturbed by troubled dreams?
Have you spells of irritability?
Are you often gloomy and pessimistic?
Do you suffer from heart palpitation, cold sweats, ringing in the ears, dizzy spells?

These are only a few of the signs of weak, unhealthy nerves that are steadily robbing thousands of people of their youth and health.

Career and Home Wrecked!
Many a promising career and happy home has been ruined by some impulsive word or act. Of 100% of all the misery of the unhappily married is caused by Nerves. People lose their tempers and flare up, women begin to worry and nag, children become unmanageable and why the reason is always the same—IRRITATED NERVES.

Misery Could Be Avoided!
There is not in a hundred persons that really know how to keep their nerves sound and healthy. Women living an ever active emotional life with the daily drudgery of household duties and men through worries, intense concentration, excesses and vices, quickly begin to show signs of nerve exhaustion. Be on Your Guard! Nerve Exhaustion comes on very gradually deceiving thousands of men and women who appear to be in good health. Now through the famous Blackstone treatment it is possible for you to recharge your rundown ragged nerves and live a full happy and glorious life.

How to Strengthen Your Nerves
No tonics, drugs, medicines or magic system of exercise can ever restore the health and vigor to weak, sick, unbalanced nerves. To re-establish lost nerve force, to build up strong, sound nerves requires an understanding of the action and nature of nerves. You need a knowledge of natural laws of nerve fatigue, mental and physical relaxation and nerve metabolism. And it is only through the application of these laws that stubborn cases of Nerve Exhaustion can be overcome.

Have You These Symptoms?
Get Easily Excited?
Become fatigued after slight exertion?

Hands and feel cold?
Suffer from constipation or stomach trouble?

Sleeplessness?
Is your sleep disturbed by troubled dreams?

Have you spells of irritability, gloominess, pessimism?
Suffer from heart palpitation, cold sweats, dizzy spells?

Are you Bashful—Shy—Afraid?
Do you suffer from Sex Weakness?

Are you troubled with Pains?

WHAT READERS SAY

Testimonials from Readers of Book "New Nerves For Old"

The great improvement in my condition is apparent to everyone, and I do not hesitate to recommend your book to anyone suffering from nervousness, insomnia, distraction, sleeplessness and that continual tired feeling and lack of ambition.

More reading your book "New Nerves for Old" I feel myself again, and am happy and satisfied.

I want you to know how grateful I am for the changes in my life and in my disposition.

I am sure it will help you.

Before I read your book I was very nervous and irritable. My appetite was weak, and my digestion was very bad. I used to tire at the slightest effort. Now I feel like a new person. I can work and play all day long without tiring. I certainly feel great and I intend to give it all to my book.

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Based upon many years of intensive experience and study, the famous Author, Richard Blackstone, has written a remarkable book entitled "New Nerves for Old." In plain language he gives certain easy-to-follow rules that have enabled thousands of men and women to regain their lost nervous energy and to acquire glowing health and pleasant spirits. It enables you correctly diagnose your own case and shows you how to bring back your lost nervous vitality. "New Nerves for Old" is worth twice its price—and yet the cost is only 25c in stamps or coin.

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STOP WORRYING!
Grace Kingsley's Gossip

Continued from page 37

other polo players were already riding their horses about.

"If you want to think you've died and gone to Heaven," said Eduardo Rauquello, quite solemnly, "you want to come quickly from Poland, as I did, and take a tour around Beverly Hills. I went right from Olcott's Flirtinde, of a Sunday afternoon, visiting those picture stars who are keeping open house for free-to-the-public good time. And I could see so much beauty that you'll be thankful not for pictures, but for so much opportunity for happiness and content.

That was right up to Leatrice Joy's pretty English house.

Leatrice was having charades that day, and asked us to drop in. Lois Wilson and her newest professional beau, whose name I cannot remember, were there, with another number of people, and the charades were already under way.

Lois Wilson cavorted with a terrible make-up on and her hair all stringing about, with a soiled kitchen apron adorning her figure.

John Boyle, the cameraman, guessed what the play Lois was representing was—I forget to tell you they were acting out the names of plays—and we all laughed when he called out:

"Why Men Leave Home!"

Gloria Swanson and her husband, the Marquise de Sadursky, were there, and we all had to travel from Leatrice's away over to Flirtinde, to James Cruze's lovely, hospitable Spanish home, so we reluctantly started off.

"Lois, Leatrice and Gloria are great friends," remarked Patsy, as we threaded our way carefully through the Sunday traffic, along Beverly and Hollywood Boulevards, and out through the valley to the foothills of Flirtinde, at the very edge of which finest of professional couples, James Cruze and lovely Betty Compson, his wife.

Like the warm, golden sunshine itself was Jimmie's and Betty's greetings as we drove up in where everything was gay and unusual, and looking ruddy, clear-eyed and sunburnt, and Betty looked exquisite as usual in some sort of floating, chiffon filmy dress, which was brought to us by her lady's maids and the Beatty always seems to wear that sort of clothes. They sort of merge into her personality.

Jimmie was a pleasant 'coolth' after the heat of the valley, and of course, one always, at Cruze's house, makes straight for the big, beautiful patio, with its lily ponds, its wealth of cool ferns and its colorful array of cyclamen, of which Cruze and Betty are both very fond. Beyond is a big lawn and a swimming pool, the latter hidden by a high wall.

Jimmie laughed as he told us how some lady tourists entered his grounds quite unasked and began picking his camellias.

"I went out and asked them to please desist," he said. "But, 'One of them asked me, 'Oh, ah, lady,' I told her, 'I'm only the keeper here, but I must see that orders are obeyed.'"

We found Edward Everett Horton reclining comfortably in a big chair in front of the fireplace out in the patio. Of course, there was no fire in that fireplace, as it was early now, but it is very comfortable to feel its glow after a long ride.

Eddie Horton is going back on the stage for a while at least, although he may work at pictures during the day. He said he was all worn out, on account of having been pulling weeds over on his little ranch, and Crescent City, he looked so brown and fit we couldn't feel sorry for him.

Lovely Marietta Milliner was there, charming and exquisite with her red brown tresses and her big, soft brown eyes and perfect features.

Milliner told us about traveling around the world, especially in the Orient, making a picture, and how she loved Japan best of all, particularly that out-of-the-way thing, which she had done her best to be made, a real Japanese, and of how she loved their cere- monial tea-parties.

"I tried to learn a little of tea ceremony but I never realized how clumsy we westerners are until I saw that exquisite little Japanese woman perform it. Besides it takes a whole life time to perfect one's skill in it."

Gaston Glass was there. Gaston had just had a birthday party the night before, and he told us how his highly accomplished and expert cook, who was a native and graduate of a Catho- lic bridesmaid ever to take part in a wed- ding of anybody playing in Abie's Irish Rivals.

George Melford brought Louise Gorry, formerly of the Follies, now of pictures, and we found her possessed of a most gorgeous sense of Irish humor. In the dining room a buffet supper was spread out on a huge side board and everybody babbled for himself.

"It was too hot," he said, "we are all too hot to stay outside in the patio, we came into the big living room and card rooms, and Betty Compson, perched on the arm of a big chair, with the look of a queen and the voice of a ukelele while Jimmie Cruze sang wild songs of the sea. All of us who could find room crowded onto the sofa, with Jimmie leaning and delighting in his voice till the welkin—whatever that is—rang.

Garrett Ford, the writer, brought his friend, Mary Stewart, whom he married the very next day, and there were Rex Dunn, a noted musician, who has been over in the Hawaiian Islands, putting the natives out of business with his symphony orchestra, and Arthur Guy Empey, who wrote Over the Top, and A Helluva War.

Empey is a jovial, wholesome young Irishman, with a fund of droll stories. He told how Jack Pickford had written him a letter when our country got into the war, in which he said: "Read Pickford's book on the war—'mean Over the Top'—about the army. I'm joining the navy."

Jim Tully was there—the 'tramp' author—and his wife. He is rather short, stocky, red-haired, full of pep, sharp in repartee, and brilliant when he starts telling a story. He is a man of long patience and a good nature and a certain mental arrogance, which is a sensitive person underneath.

His wife, it seems to us, is quite the one for thin—screentalk—practical, with a quiet sense of humor, and a sort of motherliness...
which must mean a great deal to her genius husband.

We left quite late, but not yet was our delightful Sunday finished, as we were due at 9:30 to a new social function. We had just pronounced our perfectly adorable wife was being given an after-theater supper party by Joseph Schildkrut and his wife, Elise Bartlett.

On the approach of a Hollywood hill, and after we had ascended the winding stairway to their picturesque house, we found Joseph Schildkrut and Elise sitting in their French bedroom before the fire in the huge fireplace of the living room, chatting with some other guests.

We knew that Mario Carillo was there some time back, his voice emerging from the dining room above, calling us up to eat the spaghetti which he had a reputation for knowing how to make better than anybody else in Hollywood. He learned to cook in the Italian army, we told him.

We set about the table and listened to Carillo's stories of the time when he was in command of French and Italian soldiers down in Egypt. One story he told us concerned an Italian bandit who played in some way, making a great deal of trouble, robbing and killing on the desert. Carillo, who was Captain, caught him once and when the bandit was brought before him when orders came from Cairo that he was to be allowed to go, as he was really a friend of the government.

"I told him, though, if I ever caught him again, it was goodnight," said Carillo. "And he impudently replied that if he got the drop on me, it was to be curtains for me. I did catch him a few months later in the very act of committing more crimes and was about to hang him, when he went down on his knees to me and with tears before his eyes said, "I'm a Mohammedan who doesn't know how to pray." I allowed him to go, and he was never heard from again, was anxious to enter into the house of Abraham."

But to our story—Alice was making her way into the house, and Patsy, Vernon and I were a little early, so we had a chance to chat with our hostesses. We took a little stroll through the grounds, by the light of the electrics which have been switched on, and were shown just where the flowers and the new fountain are to go; also the sort of little castle effect—at least that's the way it looks from the street. The conservatories and sun parlors can be kept warm and served in the garden.

The doorbell began to ring a good deal, and so we went inside the big living room, where we sat down in huge chairs before the great fireplace in which a fire was burning cheerily as an added welcome to the guests.

Carl Laemmle, Jr., and his director, Nat Ross, were almost the first to arrive, and Carl told us that he thought he would have to go back to college for a half term.

"Not to study—Heathen, no—but to get some more atmosphere for my collegiate stories. I find it rather hard the last few months to keep in the spirit of them."

Carl, Jr., is so kiddishly good-looking, I wouldn't like to confide anything of that sort in him. I may, he will, he said. But he is planning to take his players to Europe, and of course that would keep him quite busy enough without acting.

He isn't certain when he will go, though.

"All my interests are here," he explained. And as he said it his eyes rested, we thought, on Alice Day, whom he is supposed to be engaged, though neither will admit it.

Connie Keefe came in with Mollie O'Day, and Sally and Isabel O'Neill came a little later. Isabel had been ill, so she didn't take any part in the party, but Mollie O'Day and Sally chatted about with various partners, to the music of the radio.

Don Alvarado came with his beautiful wife, Ann Alvarado, and Mal St. Clair brought his charming wife. Both of them looked like fashion plates.

A little later on Claire Windsor arrived, and Richardfon Quinn sent word to say Hello to Pauline and Jack.

"Oh, do come in and see grandmother's present!" cried Pauline.

Alice had given a birthday party that very day to her grandmother, a perfectly darling and lively lady whom it would be hard to call old, so witty and bright and red-cheeked is she! Indeed, even at that 2 o'clock morning hour, there she was, still bright as a dollar.

"Oh, Irene, Alice and Marceline are giving a party! And when the Days give a party, you stay parted!" exclaimed Patsy.

"Anne sounds exactly like a song title, Irene, Alice, Marceline, and the others are singing about them!" declared Vernon Rickard, who was having tea with us, and who in his big way桑he sings where there's behind the radio, but who will soon blossom forth in Warner Vitaphone pictures, as he is making a number of them now.

Alice and Marceline Day, and their nice, jolly, brown-eyed young sister, Joan Day—she seems over so much younger, sometimes, than her two rather staid daughters—were giving a huge and noisy soiree at their family Hill home, which is a sort of Italian villa, with a big, charming walled garden and lawn, flanked by a swimming pool, where Irene, Alice and Marceline expect to hold many an outdoor garden fete as soon as the weather is warm enough.

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Alice had given a birthday party that very day to her grandmother, a perfectly darling and lively lady whom it would be hard to call old, so witty and bright and red-cheeked is she! Indeed, even at that 2 o'clock morning hour, there she was, still bright as a dollar.

"Oh, Irene, Alice and Marceline are giving a party! And when the Days give a party, you stay parted!" exclaimed Patsy.

"Anne sounds exactly like a song title, Irene, Alice, Marceline, and the others are singing about them!" declared Vernon Rickard, who was having tea with us, and who in his big way桑he sings where there's behind the radio, but who will soon blossom forth in Warner Vitaphone pictures, as he is making a number of them now.

Alice and Marceline Day, and their nice, jolly, brown-eyed young sister, Joan Day—she seems over so much younger, sometimes, than her two rather staid daughters—were giving a huge and noisy soiree at their family Hill home, which is a sort of Italian villa, with a big, charming walled garden and lawn, flanked by a swimming pool, where Irene, Alice and Marceline expect to hold many an outdoor garden fete as soon as the weather is warm enough.
off with the tear stuff and on the merriment. Nobody loves a weepy sister. Weeps went out with barrooms and hoop skirts.

THE LAW OF FEAR

For all lovers of good old fashioned melodrama and those just what third fourths of the plays on Broadway are today—step right up to the box office and buy your ticket to see Ranger, the dog, in his newest film, The Law of Fear.

This movie, unlike most dog pictures, has an excellent story behind it. It tells the tale of a bandit who is a peaceful rancher by day and a mysterious bandit by night.

Plenty of action; Plenty of fights; Plenty of horses; And fine scenery.

SATAN AND THE WOMAN

If you were born in a little town and had to live out your life there; if your home happened to be on the wrong side of the railroad tracks; if you were left out when all the other kids were sucked away to the country club dances; if loneliness and misunderstanding and heartache have been your portion, this is the picture you want to see.

Claire Windsor plays the part of the granddaughter who lives in a poor quarter of the town, unacknowledged by her grandparents, and who lives in state on the gloomy hillside. Claire scores another success in this unusual picture and looks very lovely in all of her scenes.

A MODERN DU BARRY

The three most intriguing words in our language after 'I love you' are 'Paris in the Night'. And in Maria Corda's new picture, A Modern Du Barry, you will see Paris in all her dusky midnight splendor. One shot after another of genuine scenes of Paris life. It is all real, not faked, and you will make your long trip not only to pack your little trunk and hop the first boat for France.

Maria Corda starts out in life as odd job girl in her favor. She is betrayed by a man! Picked up—just as she is about to drown herself in the Seine — by a distinguished white-haired man, fed and given a job. And then her amours progress into higher and higher society until the young King of Andalys falls in love with her.

Such clothes, jewels, yachts and palaces. King, financiers, counts and princes all pursue Maria. And to tell you the truth she isn't worth the chase. For if she's not laughing, she's crying. I never saw a woman laugh so much and cry so much in any film. Restraint, control, are foreign words to Maria in this picture.

The excitement grows hotter and hotter.

An enormous wealthy man falls in love with her. And after upsetting half the world trying to win Miss Corda's some-what freely given affections, he handsomely withdraws at the climax when he finds Maria 'really loves' her king. The financier lifts the mortgage off of Andalys, pays off the army, and then he stands and permits Maria to become the King's lawful, wedded wife.

Carol, himself, of Reuimania, new performed a feat of Salvador than did this movie King when he took on Maria's suitors and giggles for life.

Jean Bradin, as the King, gives a splendid characterization. He will make a lot of our own leading men watch their steps. California will see him sure.

THE CLEAN-UP MAN

A pretty fair western. The old story of the mysterious rider who is really one of the town's leading citizens.

Ted Wells is the star rider. And with the exception ofWesterns this is handier than any hard riding cowboy I know. Worth looking over, girls. Something new in the ranks!

SKINNER'S BIG IDEA

It's all very well to be a noble philosopher. But when a woman finds a great bunch of gray hair growing out in her part, and when a man notices his hair receding from both temples—there is no philosophy in the world that will make middle age seem more endurable.

If you are not afraid and would like to be, go to see Skinner's Big Idea. It will cheer you up. For it shows that long as there are gymnastums, beauty parlors, and the police, middle age is only a name to frighten flappers. You don't believe it? Well, drop into your favorite theatre someday and see Skinner's Big Idea. Skinner is played by that handsome old timer, Bryant Washburn. Well Bryant gets the grand idea that some new pep and enthusiasm is needed in his business, so he decides to fire his old employees. But the junior partner steps in and hires a pretty show girl to liven the party up. Martha Sleeper is the girl in question. And what a knockout Martha has turned out to be. In the first place she is beautiful. In the second place she is distinguished. In the third place she knows how to act. Why, Martha just puts that picture over. But the whole cast is good. William Oland, James Bradbury, Robert Dudley, Dorothy Ness (there's some good acting in this), Charles Wellesley, Hugh Trevor (a fine looking boy, all right) and Ethel Grey Terry all combine to turn out an amusing picture. No super-specials. It's neither caviar nor cabbage. Just a good, amusing, unpretentious picture that will send you home with hope in your heart.

NAMELESS MEN

Claire Windsor, as fragile and as fragrant as ever, devotedly loves her handsome, scapragge brother, Ray Hallor. But Ray commits a robbery and hides the money. Resulting in his being apprehended and sent to jail. There he sits on the edge of his bunk, night after night, listless and hopeless, thinking with Shakespeare: 'My grief lies onward and my joy behind.'

But his despair is lightened when Antonio Moreno joins him in his cell. He tells Tony that he is being wronged. Antonio Moreno has had himself committed to prison so he can learn where the money is hidden. But it's hidden in the same, narrow prison room, Moreno is freed. And he goes to a little town to await the day when Hallor shall be at liberty also. There he meets Hallor's sister and falls in love with her. In a romantic hotel, surrounded with beautiful trees and gardens, love scenes take place between these two which are both charming and touching. Love scenes, however, in to which Eddie Gribbon, a pal of Hallor's, doesn't fit at all. Eddie is a great comedian.
Books

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For $1.00 Each

WHEN the dreary day is done, and you head your tired body homeward, you dread the thoughts of facing the evening. You know that your library, originally small, has been sadly depleted, and you have read every book of interest it holds.

What greater feeling then, than to think of the new books you have just ordered. The latest brainchild of your favorite author, and others you have often wished to read.

After dinner, comfortably ensconced in your big easy-chair, you spend what develops into one of the most pleasant evenings you’ve ever had. Then you realize that you were glad you did not pass up the advertisement offering this marvelous collection of the most popular novels of the day at the extraordinarily low price of $1.00 each.

A special offer of six of any of the titles listed below may be purchased for Five Dollars.

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Hunchback of Notre Dame...Victor Hugo
The Master of Man...Hall Caine
The Sons of the Sheik...E. M. Hull
Towers of the Sea...Victor Hugo
Big Brother...Rex Beach
The Diamond Thieves...Arthur Stringer
Face Cards...Carolyn Wells

The Night Riders...Rigwell Cullom
A Poor Wise Man...Mary Roberts Rinehart
The Poisoned Paradise...Robert W. Service
Yellow Shadows...Sax Rohmer
When a Man’s a Man...Harold Bell Wright
The Pearl Thief...Bertha Ruck

(The published April 1)

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Child of the Wild...Edison Marshall
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and he steals the picture right out from under the noses of your two favorites, Tony and Claire.

The climax of the film is a terrible gun battle on board a boat. Gibbon is killed. And he dies game. Claire is rescued and — oh well, you know how these pictures always end.

This is a picture which will hold your interest. And the most absorbing part of it all is the beginning which shows the gruesome daily life within gray prison walls. Watch the different faces of the prisoners. Each one tells its own sad and sordid tale.

BRANDED SOMBRERO

Come on now, you Buck Jones fans, here’s a picture that will make your eyes roll around so fast in their sockets that you’ll get a ‘hot box’ before the movie is half over.

If movement and action are what you crave, pack into the theatre, sit yourself down, and watch Buck Jones conquer the village belle. Into the jail it takes him; then after a fast freight train on his high-stepping horse; and at last the big peak of the evening is where he captures the ‘bad man’ — and how!

Strong movie meat for hungry western fans.

A WOMAN AGAINST THE WORLD

A murder movie. Full of suspense. In which Gertrude Olmsted and Harrison Ford get unsympathetic roles. And where Georgia Hale and Lee Moran walk off with the acting bouquets.

A chorus girl is found murdered. Harrison Ford as Schuyler Van Loan is arrested on his wedding day and taken away from his bride, Gertrude Olmsted, and brought to trial. Gertrude leaves him flat and procures a divorce. Ford is convicted of murder and sentenced to hang at midnight on March 31st.

A thrilling movie which keeps you keyed up until the last shot rolls by.

HAROLD LLOYD’S GLASSES

Harold Lloyd is a sentimental person. $25,000 insurance on a pair of horn-rimmed glasses! ‘The ideal’ you may say. But those spectacles are the first pair he ever wore in motion pictures.

In one of his rare leisure moments, Harold talked to me recently about his career, and how he came to use the glasses. If you remember, Harold’s present screen character is the third he has assumed.

His first was called ‘Willie Work’ and he wore an extravagent make-up which was popular about fifteen years ago.

His second was ‘Lonesome Luke.’ This character was somewhat similar to Charlie Chaplin’s—little dots of mustache, clothes too big, shoes on the wrong foot.

It was Lloyd’s ambition to create an original character, coupled with a hint that he got from some unnamed burlesque actor who wore horn rimmed glasses, that lead to the establishment of the Harold character of today.

WATCH OUT FOR

Clara Bow’s Gift
in July SCREENLAND
"A New Skin in 3 Days"

Get Rid of Your Pimples, Blackheads, Acne, Oily Skin, Freckles, Tan, Freckles, Uneven Color and Blemishes and Marks of Age This New Way

READ THIS FREE OFFER

A New Skin in 3 Days

There was something in existence beside the world they lived in. So strong was her faith that she was ready to take a chance on a visionary like Columbus. So she sold her jewels and financed his trip herself. And in case you haven't heard about it, Columbus actually crossed a new world.

Ah, where would we be if it weren't for our women and our Columbus?

Just as Columbus smashed the cherished taboo of the existing world at that time, so can we, in our own lives, break the superstitions that strive to choke our belief in something we can see but others can't.

A taboo which blocks our path to success and happiness, came along with something to give and let anything stop us are a lot of saps.

One thing is important though. We must be sure something to give and then try to present it a little better than anyone else.

The world has no place in the front ranks for mediocrity.

Taking the careers of the screen people you will see the mean.

About fifteen years ago when a man with a handsome Greco-Greek profile, blond hair and the body of an Apollo tried for a job in pictures he was out of luck. He was given several casting calls by an agent or tor. A young man in those days had to have black curly hair and dark eyes to be good in pictures. Acting didn't count at all. But, counted was whether you could ride a swim and play tennis and golf. You might never be called upon to do any of these things, but if you were blacklisted if you didn't say you could do them.

The casting director would clear up these points for you in a bored manner between two yawns, or snappishly without giving you more than a scathing glance, according to his type. Never did he use his brain. He was not casting director for that purpose. Of course even the average casting director in the present movie world, but generally speaking he was the perfect machine carrying out the orders of his world.

Every dark, curly haired and dark eyed young screen actor was then in. But all rules are made to be broken by some adventurous soul who sees beyond them into the possibilities of the future, and so, eventually, Bill Farzana had come along with curly hair to be sure, but it was not very dark. He was as blue eyed as the noon day sun and had Heroclean proportions. He crashed the dark haired, dark eyed screen tabbo in The Spoilers and set a new standard for the screen hero. The perfect hero must now be strong and tender. The blue eyed menace was over, but in its place loomed one quite as ridiculous. It was, that if the hero couldn't hurt all the villains and the villains over his hands and hold the girl quite easily with the other, he wasn't a hero at all.

Then came Valentino with his sleek, suave, graceful manner, and his smile that amused into his heart of men and women alike. He marked a new epoch in pictures which permitted a wider choice of players. But with the slender, ethereal Valentino as the vogue, what a gate-crash ing Jannings had on his hands. Of course we come inevitably to Jannings who can't wait. He says he's here to stay. No sort of holding back. By no stretch of the imagination could Jannings be called a handsome man. Distinguished yes, but not handsome. What did that matter to him anyway? He was doing something in so convincing a manner that no one cares whether he is handsome or not. If he had a part to play where the man was the hero he could be handsome no doubt. Look at him as the Archduke in his palmy day in The Last Command.

But Jannings is a type alone and has fallen into the rut of matinee idol. He is too versatile an artist for that.

Blond heroes have had an uphill road so far. Why the producers have been unable to see a blond hero is a strange thing. But they are beginning to come into their own. Conrad Nagel was perhaps the first who became prominent, but he has made good in such a variety of parts that he cannot be thought of just as a hero. Jimmy Murray is on the up grade but he is not a decided blond. Bill Boyd then seems to be the man to take. He has a black bow and when he bursts forth in Skylcraper I predict a sudden increase in his fan mail. He's there with the cave man stuff that every actor likes only. He has pop but there is tenderness too, and his fists know how to double up when he needs them. Perhaps Bill Boyd will be the first blond hero.

The girls had had just as hard a struggle against the menacing taboo. For years, really its influence lasts even to this day, heroines had to have blonde curls because Mary Pickford had them. It was as though everyone thought it was Mary's curls that made her dear to us; but it doesn't seem possible that everybody could be so stupid. If it was just Mary's curls I wonder if there would be more Marys. But there is only one.

Mary's curls however, caused many a raven haired beauty to drip bitter tears into her morning coffee. She had been sold on a big property to a rich manufacturer of hair products who lost many talented, young lovely actresses because of the bigoted idea that heroines must be blonde. A few to be sure defied the scourge. There was Mary Fuller, Clara Kimball Young, Alice Joyce and Norma Talmadge, but three of these girls married men powerful in the producing world and while they were both very popular, Norma Talmadge and Alice Joyce lastingly so, they didn't noticeably smooth the way for other dark haired girls. But Betty Byrne landed the Queen of Sheba, but that was a special picture and Fritz Leiber, who played King Solomon was a very tall Al. Although Betty made a tremendous personal hit, her success didn't open the doors for further leading parts either for herself or others. But it did open the taboo on raven haired and gradually dark haired girls have been accepted until now there are several favorite raven haired lasses, Dolores Del Rio, Ruth Miller, Estelle Taylor, oh and a dozen others.

Their advance was so gradual, however, that there was nothing sensational about it. 

Rob Wagner,—whose knowledge of the film colony dates back to the days when pictures were only infants, super production was single reelers and actors were cowhands,—writes every month for Screenland.
The other tabs still held good. A heroine must be blonde, she must have curly hair, she must be black-haired, dark-eyed and sticky-looking. Vamps couldn't be blonde; heroines couldn't be brunette.

Columbus' good S-3 standard in, harder out. If straight as a razor, bald was singularly large in, Can no those... The Hollywood story was, There were no doubts in the minds of those press men after that. And when she got out to Hollywood it was discovered that she was a Singularly poised young woman. The taboos of Hollywood didn't suit her. She had the fair brown hair of this young Swedish girl. Not understanding English she was unconscious of most of the rules, and if anyone attempted to explain them to her they seemed too trivial for serious consideration. She was an actress and she knew her stuff. What else could she do? She felt like it and if she felt like it she curled her hair. That is if she felt the part that way. But you will notice that Greta's hair remains as individual as she is. No crimped, set, marcel waves for Greta. Every hair stands out, a separate tongue for the crying down of the conventional coiffure. And her heaviness is a relief.

But see what a wall Greta walked through, indolently and gracefully. Would Phyllis Haver ever have landed the part of Roxy Hart in Chicago if Greta hadn't smashed tradition? Maybe she would but we doubt it. Phyllis has been doing some pretty good trouping for a long time but she was always a "good" heroine until after Greta's success is. Then Phyllis came into her own as an adventures.

Perhaps you are thinking, "What about the red-heads?" Ah yes, the red-heads. Well, my children, the red-heads don't count. No, they don't count because, as perhaps you have noticed, the red-heads can get any where, any time—if they want to. If you haven't noticed you might turn your attention to Clara Bow, whose red locks and laughing lips crash every gate long before she gets to them.

You'd think the producers would have had bad hair days in pictures. There is Anna May Wong for instance. As fine an actress as the screen can boast. A lovely, fragile mystic creature, evening every part she ever played. Yet when they have a real chance to let her reap the reward of her years of splendid work they turn it over to someone else.

And although Anna May can produce thousands of fan letters to prove her popularity, many of her fans resenting hoyd the fact that she does not have a star part, the producer is afraid of tongues in their chests and shift from one foot to the other in doubt and dilemma. Anna May's taboos is harder to overcome, I think, than that of any other star. She is gain- ing ground. UFA has signed her up and she will have commenced her first starring picture with them by the time this is being written. One wonders if it is, written expressly for her and she is the heroine.

Some day, all taboos will be consigned to the ash can as ridiculous and cramp- ing. Even this is a particularly slack season for them except that men can't be bold if they want to go on the screen, which seems amusing when one considers all the fine wigs they there be had. And if you are clever at make up who is to know the difference. Look carefully at the audience of some of the hairless men in pictures. In Jannings' closups can you tell that his mustache isn't real? Can you tell Jean Hersholt's? Or Tully Marshall's? Harry Warner? Yes, and I have always held against him that ugly, bristly, crudely put on beard that wore when he played the most enviable of all heroes, the Christ.

So what's a bald head when there are wigs? Of course a squirrel eyed heroine isn't so exciting, but other things being equal she wouldn't be altogether impos- sible. The obvious reason for girls at present are that a girl must have wide apart eyes and she must be thin, but la, in a few years the bloom less may be all the rage, and then where is the taboo?

So dry your eyes little girl or boy, no matter what it is you want to do, remem- ber this. If you are determined and sin- cere and are willing to work, there is no limit to what you can do. Once upon a time it was said that no one would pay five cents to see a movie. The other night, people paid five dollars to see a seat for the opening of Harold Lloyd's new picture Speedy. And the house was packed.

Nothing is impossible. If the mind can conceive an idea, the will will be to carry it out sometime, somewhere. There is no taboo that can hold against sin- cerity, hard work and selflessness.
best in My Best Girl. Never mind—Cora—a girl you will always pick winners. You're a magnet for the handsome leading men. There's Lane Chandler.

If a beautiful, red-headed star can't seem to hold her man, what can you expect of a suffering cinema flower like Miss Lilian? Playing opposite Lillian is love's labor lost. A Gish hero doesn't always get his girl, not by a couple of kisses. You really can't blame the leading man for staying lame her to make sure. When you consider that Ronald Colman couldn't capture The White Sister. Dick Barthelmess played opposite in Broken Blossoms, at least to be long, with little film romance was concerned. But its compensations included stardom for Richard. Lars Hanson didn't have such a good time as the hero of The Scarlet Letter. Jack Gilbert was reunited to Mini too late to do anybody any good. The course of love never did run very smooth for Lillian's screen heroes. Just the same, they liked the job. Not only was there considerable prestige attached to paying an unrequited court to the screen's Duse, there were fat contracts forthcoming.

The White Sister sent Ronnie straight to stardom with Vilma Banky. And now, alas, Vilma, too, has loved and lost. Samuel Goldwyn now has the cruel task of separating the two. Vilma is looking for a brand-new leading man. Don't spoil my story by reminding me that Vilma hasn't very far to look. She has a handsome man right in her own home who is wild to play opposite her for pictures any old time. Aug. 19 Boys-the hero of The White Sister.

What a climactic combination Connie Talmadge wore in Breakfast at Sunrise! Don't misunderstand. I'm referring to her very becoming leading man in that picture—Don Alvarado. The screen's Duse was just the type for Connie's blonde loneliness. But—she was soon forced to find a new autocrat for her cinema breakfast-table. Don Alvarado was lured away—to beat the Drums of Love for Mary Philbin. You love them—and they get a better contract.

I did think Alice Terry could count on Ramon Novarro—didn't you? He was the great lover of her (screen) life, you know. I didn't see how she could ever live without him—especially with her brain and beauty. But she survived the separation; and a kind fate reunited them in Lovers. Everything went well for a while, and then Jackie Ramon left her again—this time to make love to different women all the time. He has to; it's in his contract.

The Duncan sisters shared the screen attraction of Nils Asther in Topsy and Eva. He loved them, though after the fashion of a big brother. But it was good enough for them. Then he rode away, on important contracts. Now he's the handsome hero of Sorrell and Son and Laugh, Clown, Laugh. Loretta Young is the latest lucky girl to listen to her love-making—until Herbert Brenon calls 'Cut.'

You wouldn't guess it from her pictures, perhaps, but Colleen Moore has known what it is to suffer, all for a man. Only in Colleen's case it isn't one man—the little minx! Seems that all Colleen has to do is to play around with a certain young man and all the other girls in Hollywood are jealous of him. But when the other girls cry long and loudly enough, their cries will be answered—especially when backed up by their producers' financial argument.

In Colleen's case, or cases—there was Ben Lyon. He loved Colleen—who could doubt it after Flaming Youth and So Big? It began to look as if the attachment was lasting. Then word got round that Ben was the newest and snappiest thing in screen writing, and he's订 to find himself doing for his services. Before long Ben had ceased to be any star's support—except his mother's. Colleen bore up bravely. She went right ahead. And within a few months we've got to find me a new leading man. She should have told him to find a half-dozen, to use one at a time.

There was Donald Reed. He loved her, too. In Naughty Ashley. After Colleen had introduced Donald to the public, the public said: 'Where has he been all our lives?' and 'We want more!' Result: Donald is the new leading man to the girls in The Mad Hour and other films. Playing with Colleen is a great experience for any young actor, and not only an inspiration. From a technical point of view, she is a practical help. She will always stop to explain a scene. She has unlimited patience, and has never been known to lose her temper. A good job for a bright boy, a lead with Colleen. And if every leading man she gets runs away as soon as the picture is finished it's because the prestige of playing opposite one of the biggest names in the business has put him into the front ranks and all the other girls want to play with him, too.

Bebe Daniels gave Lary Gray his chance. Gloria Swanson helped. Now Lary is so much in demand Bebe and Gloria is playing with him these days.

When you consider how much in demand a personable young man is in the Hollywood studios, perhaps you can blame the boys for loving and leaving. Don't blame the boys for loving and leaving. Don't blame the boys for loving and leaving.

And, perhaps, you can blame the boys for loving and leaving.
a hit on the stage. Marion gets a new leading man.

Vidor took Jimmie Murray out of the extra mob only to put him in The Crowd. But he did him a favor at that. Opposite Mrs. Vidor—Eleanor Boardman—young Murray was splendid. Everybody said—"Here's another great team!" Then the company took her new leading man right from under her nose. Jimmie is making love to other ladies now.

Laura La Plante may look like the muse of Mirth, but she, too, has had a secret sorrow. She, too, has swallowed her sobs and carried on. She, too— and guess this settles it, all right—has loved and lost. She knows what it is to have a perfect leading man—two, in fact—snatched from her. You remember how happy she seemed to be with Reginald Denny? As Mr. and Mrs. Skinner, they were a blissful young couple. The Denny-La Plante union was a huge success—in fact, so profitable that their company decided that if they were such woes together, they would make good separate, too. So it proved. Laura La Plante is being the boy of loving her best leading man—with the sympathetic assistance of her husband, William Seiter. He promised her he would help her to find another one. She was such as well—and he kept his promise, because he's her director.

Glenn Tryon turned out to be another perfect foil for the La Plante charm. Here, at last, was one screen romance that would survive the wear and tear of everyday shooting. But no. Glenn is of stellar stuff himself. They just had to star him. Laura isn't worrying. She knows her husband will keep her supplied with suitable leading men.

There's a broken heart, they say, for every Don—a real. I mean—eulogize Broadway. That goes double for Hollywood. Where girls love handsome boys only to lose 'em. Of course, I always tell the girls, it's all for the best. If they didn't change lead-
ing men often, the public would complain. Darby and Joan make a pretty pair in a picture, but not up a street. We want our lovers young, and subject to sudden change. The girls who have loved and lost are good sports. When they go to see the very latest, the greatest, to keep making love on the screen, they can always chuckle and say: 'He made love to me first!'

What's Doing in Times Square
(Continued from page 4)

Clara Bow stopped traffic at the Park
mount in Red Hair and this week Florence
Vidor is there in Doomsday. For their anni-
versary program, which was repeated the second
week, Roxy offered Dress of Kill, with Edmund Lowe and Mary Astor in the
leading roles. The next two weeks The
Jazz Singer played there. Children No
Insurance is at the Fifth Street theatre
this week and Tartuffe, the Hypocrite, a
Jennings picture, plays the Fifth Avenue.

Lon Chaney in The Big City held the
Capitol for two weeks. Dick Barthelmess in
The Noise played the Strand and then came
Rod La Rocque with Lupe Velas in Stand
and Deliver. Ivan the Terrible has held
the Republic and continues to thrive. The old stands are still with us such as Sunrise at the Times Square. Wings at the Criterion, Uncle Tom's Cabin at the Central and those of more recent date. Four
Saws at the Gaiety, and Mother Machree
at the Globe.

Altogether a very entertaining picture month and a prophetic one.

Free
1 Regular
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(of which more than 1,000,000
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So positive are we
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Merke Demo Vials of
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hair that we offer you
PROOF without obligation.
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DANDRUFF? FALLING HAIR?
New Kind of Liquid in Vials
Kills Germs that Cause Them!

Now thousands can say goodbye to
worrisome hair troubles—to dandruff,
thin, falling hair, approaching bald-
ness. For modern science has developed
a remarkable remedy—a new kind of
liquid, hermetically sealed in glass vials,
that is positively guaranteed to end dan-
druff and stop falling hair—or costs
nothing.

This new treatment is the result of countless experi-
ments by the famous Allied Merke Institutes, Inc.,
Fifth Avenue, N. Y. Those experiments prove
that all cases of hair trouble are caused by tiny
parasitical germs.

By burrowing their way down into the scalp, these
germs, which are unseen by the naked eye, slowly
infect the hair roots, causing them to become dormant—dead. Result: With the roots no longer able
to supply their vital nourishment, dandruff soon
forms, and the hair becomes dry, brittle and falls out.

Ordinary tonics and dandruff remedies fail to help
results because these merely treat the surface of the
head; the cause of the trouble, the harmful bacteria
embedded below the surface.

But this new treatment, called Merke Demo Vials,
is a highly concentrated fluid which actually kills
the harmful bacteria, carries off the un
healthy, scaly substances which cause dandruff and
falling hair and at the same time, acts to promote a
healthy circulation which supplies the dormant hair
roots with the vital, hair-growing nourishment they
need.

Allied Merke research laboratories concluded with a
wonderful discovery—merely a few drops of these
vials killed the test organism (bacteria) in less than
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Uninteresting Thoughts
(Continued from page 8)

reminds us of an instantaneous mot from the wisdom of Irvin Cobb. He and another Maude Decade boy were in a theatre and two girls several rows in front kept turning around and looking back at the two famous ones and there seemed to be something a bit flirtatious about their glances. Cobb's friend commented on the mystery and wondered if the looks were meant for them, but supposed not. "No," said the jovial Cobb, "they probably think we're a couple of out patients from Grant's Tomb.

It takes forty years or so to know how charming youth is.

* * *

In Scribners recently The State of Riverbank by Roman Laim packed hints. We quote the introduction: "The saga of Shantytown, the community beyond the pale, which the ordinary laws of property, marriage, even of life and death never touch. Not only communism and anarchy but also polygamy, polyandry, free love, companionate marriage are tried daily without our benefit of sociologist."

We remember Tess of the Storm Country and feel that a story along modern lines could well be screened with Shantytown as a setting.

The Lens Hath a Million Eyes
(Continued from page 23)

and you certainly have a pictorial eye; why don't you try these here moving pictures? There's a company started out in Eden- vale, the Selig Polyscope, I think it's called.

Bosworth looked at me suspiciously. Then glancing around to see that he was not overheard he whispered: "Sh-h-h! I have, but you mustn't tell! I'm working under an assumed name. Perhaps you wouldn't believe it to look at me, but I've got T.B.—or at least I had. I've been over in the desert painting and starving out the bugs. The doc says I'm all right now, but that I must give up acting and live out doors. Moving pictures permit me to do both. You must come over and see me. But don't tell the villagers, for you know what the stage people think of moving pictures—nothing could be lower."

My first visit to the studio of this lowly and despised art was a more important event in my life than I ever suspected, for it was ultimately to lure me from my palette and start me in a new profession, that of celebrating this new art in the magazines.

"A characteristic pose of Hobart Bosworth's. With him are Linda Loredo and Charles Delaney in "After the Storm."
At a time when no great stage actor would stoop to play in pictures Bosworth was naturally a greatly respected figure. The Company, in spite of his anonymity. It was not long, however, before he permitted them to proclaim their triumph to the world. Bosworth and his young starlets were struggling with the new medium and clearly a future that none of his contemporaries felt, he cut all his bridges for himself. He was a splendid bruiser of a man, an actor whose reputation was based on the success of his fellow artists of the stage. After the box office boundaries of the day, he had lived to see the greatest of them seeking and winning Back the glory of the silent screen. His beautiful estate is the reward of his courage and confidence. Nor was Bosworth's transition as easy as it seemed. He recalled his great struggle of adjustment.

"Frank," he said to his director, "this is perfectly awful trying to act without an audience. I get no reaction from that ticking box. It is like talking to one's self.

"Hobie," replied the patient fellow, "if you just forget me and the camera and realize that a million eyes are watching you through that lens you'll have the biggest audience you ever played before."

A million eyes! From that moment Hobie began to shine. It may seem strange to the fans that are familiar with Bosworth only in 'father' parts to know that he began his career as a romantic young hero. In which capacity he had won over many a young girl from those days he was the Jack Gilbert of the screen. But here I am reminiscing on my own hook.

"Rob, do you remember when that tall chap named Dave Griff came out here with a bunch of kids—Mae Marsh, the Gish girls, Mabel Normand? And—do you remember that comical chap, Mack Sennett, who used to play the smart-alec parts? Queer little fellow that while Griff was nursing a bunch of coming stars our studio was incubating directors—Bob Leonard, Al Green, Henry Otto. And do you remember a little fellow that came to work for us at two dollars a day and a half a day and was destined to become one of the greatest directors of them all? But Sid Franklin had brains and a wonderful nervous energy in that little body of his. And do you remember...

But when Hobie and I get to remembering the kindliest editor will lose his patience.

The Newest Picture Girl Continued from page 15

Billy Haines brought her over to be introduced. You could see at once that for all her youth she had poise. No little giggling, girlish ways. Anita Page. Somebody warned her that she mustn't fall in love with Billy and she answered, "Oh, but I started to do just that when I first saw him on the screen!" And if she goes back for a younger girl who might well be too awed to say a word.

When she told me goodbye she remembered my name and when I saw her a few days later she still had not forgotten it. That girl will get a long way in pictures with a memory like that.

Now let's get down to the business of sorting out the rumors and seeing what is real and what isn't. Her home was in New York and like every other blonde in Hollywood—brunettes and red heads, too—she wanted to go in pictures. And, having a wise mother and father, no objection was made. She did a few bits around the studios. Her agent called her one morning to report for a screen test for an independent company, Kennelworth Productions.

The test was good. She played the leading role in the picture and was told that immediately afterwards the company was moving on to California and that she would have to go along. It was en route, in Chicago, that she and her mother discovered that Harry Thaw was financing the company. This caused much agitation in the family; however there was nothing to do but to go on to California and see what could be done about it.

When the troupe arrived in Hollywood there seemed to be very little activity in Kennelworth Productions and Ann and her mother rejoiced that weeks slipped by and so did the contract. It was a splendid nique yet and I'm just learning about timing. But everyone is so nice to me. If Mr. Wood shouted at me I'd die, but he's so patient and Billy is so good and gives me such a wonderful time. His scenes I suppose everybody tells you all this.

I asked her about how she felt when she was having the test that was to either get her the part or leave her stranded in California.

"No," she said, wide eyed, "I honestly wasn't a bit afraid. I always try to think..."
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that it isn't very important; for if I'd stopped to realize what it meant to me I couldn't have done a thing. So I kept thinking that it was just a game and that it didn't matter one way or the other. Honestly I'm not a bit afraid of the camera."

"And what did you do when you were told that you had gotten the chance of your life?"

She giggled, such a young, infectious giggle. "I'd always been interested about girls pinching themselves to see if they were away."

"So I did that because I thought I should, but it didn't make me realize it at all more as a scream or scream or dance or anything. You don't do anything hectic where there are big crises in your life. You just sit still and try to take all in and aren't able to. At least that's what I did."

"I have the funniest feeling about it all, anyhow. I'm really leading a dual life. At the studio I've somehow gotten to be the feminine lead opposite William Haines in He Learned About Women. And somehow there is a contract and I'm to do a lot of pictures. I had dress fittings in all my own and the hairdressers and wardrobe people fuss over me and are all so nice. Whenever I've a new dress on I've watched on the screen and I am a part of this great industry that is so glamorous and wonderful."

"Then I get home at seven-thirty o'clock and there is my mother and dinner is ready and she tells me that I shouldn't have left the house this morning without my coat."

"She reminds me when everything comes that I've got to get ready for bed if I'm to be fresh for work in the morning and she comes and tucks me in and kisses me good night and if what had happened at the studio that day hadn't happened at all."

"My mother is beautiful. She's so young. She was only seventeen when I was born. My father is coming out here in a week. My little brother, he's only four years old, is out here, too, and he isn't a bit impressive that I'm William Haines' leading woman."

"There's a remarkable paradox in Anita Page's character. She looks like a child. She has such a childish heart, yet she won't take a good deal to disturb her innate poise. She has all the attributes of a show woman."

"There's nothing that could keep her from telling you to see her face and eyes and it is just as if what had happened at the studio that day hadn't happened at all."

"But the poise keeps her from being awed by all the startling events that have made up her life in the last few months."

"And then she continued, "I don't believe it is really the poise, it is the habit, the every night and I can certainly see what is wrong with what I have done. Roses are a great help in learning to act but I still can't be able to learn what my camera angles are for I'm so amazed that Mr. Daniels can make me look like that on the screen. He's marvelous for me and for myself, 'That isn't you, Anita it's just awful good photography.'"

"So much for what Anita thinks of herself. Her director, Sam Wood, was not loath to tell what he thought "and, he
added, "you can go ahead and print it because it won't turn Anna's head a bit. She's not that kind of a kid."

She is young and she has a sophistication that is natural to inexperienced youth without the swagger and cockiness that so often spoils it. She photographs can be said of no less than three thousand girls in Hollywood today.

The thing that won her the contract and the lead with Billy Haines is the fact that her screen personality is unlike that of any other leading woman on the screen and is, at the same time, appealing.

"Never ever be able to watch a picture of hers and say, 'This girl looks like Norma Shearer,' or 'Isn't that a remarkable likeness to Greer Garbo?' A page on the screen looks like no one but Anita Page and that's why she will go a long way.

"Besides all this, she has the God-given gift of the ability to act. She is quick to catch the fine shades of feeling in a scene.

I don't have to tell her what to do more than once."

Billy Haines, in characteristic manner, said, "She's a swell little kid" and then, as was always the case with Anita, he turned to his daughter and said, "But she must learn to give more respect to the star of the picture and not steal scenes from him."

And Anita giggled and assured me that Billy was only kidding, that she couldn't steal a scene from him if she tried because she didn't know enough and that I mustn't pay a bit of attention to anything I heard him say.

She slipped her arm through mine and walked to the end of the set with me.

My last glimpse of her was as the sunlight caught her shiny hair and made a tone poem of her. Her eyes became like a light and she called out as I left, "I can't tell my dear public how much I love it, because I haven't any public yet. Or yes, I did get one letter but it didn't count because it was from a girl I used to know in school."

Ralph Forbes — Continued from page 24

she was the only member of the family to come to the picture.

Like most parents who know the hardships of a certain phase of life, his mother determined that he should find work and began first that he should become a barrister, but the tedious law books and the musty offices could not chain as bylye a spirit as Ralph's. He strangely refused to be a lawyer, so they decided that he should become a naval officer.

"I should never have been able to make the time on time," said Ralph knowing that I would readily believe this since he had been the better part of an hour late for the interview.

So Ralph set out to seek his own career. He naturally thought first of the stage, but knowing how his mother dreaded this he decided upon the cinema. The English companies were so new that they were anxious to sign such a personable young man who was also the son of Mary Forbes.

I've been living for the moment when I could tell you the name of Ralph's first picture. He played the lead in The Fifth Form of St. Dominick! Fancy that for a boy who never entered a school in England! He is an American electric lights! Imagine what an American exhibitor would say when a salesman tried to tell him a production with a name like that!

And when I howled as he told me this title Ralph proved that he was not as Americanized as he would have you think by saying, "But it was a damn good picture!"

The English cinema did not hold him long and his mother, now convinced that he would be a sailor rather than a naval officer, let him go. Ralph Forbes, how the Hollar's Green is called, decided on aviation.

He had the type of mind that is quick to reach conclusions. He decided that man could fly and he was determined to be the first to start to the skies.

"The English have luck as well as the Irish," he said. "Imagine my getting a break like that. Nobody could see me in the part at first. I'd been doing dress-up roles and they couldn't picture me in fur caps and makinaws and top boots.

"That location in the mountains of Colorado was an experience that I shall never forget. It certainly made us realize the enormity of the picture and we went through hardships that were as intense, at times, as those undergone by Ralph's boys, as the hardships undergone by those who really went up the trail."

"I was glad for the experience and was glad for the part. I hate the thought of being a type. Most directors hear my accent and immediately think of an English role, but an actor must not be pigeonholed. If he is a real actor he knows the difference between playing and acting a part."

"Anybody can act. By acting I mean going through all the strenuous emotions, but it's hard to do that part without the stereotyped manner. By playing a part I mean really living it, throwing yourself into it completely that you cease to be yourself and take on the personality of the role you play. When you can do this you are no longer a type, but an actor."

"People don't do the dramatic things in the dramatic moments. They do simple, foolish ordinary things when a crisis is at hand. They're dramatic when they're concerned with the eyebrows of the other fellow. It's mighty hard to act natural on the screen. It is easy to act."

America has been Ralph Forbes' promised land and he loves it. "I enjoy the bustle and hubbub of America," he said. "We work harder over here than we do in England. There seem to be more things that want doing and somehow the days expand so that we are able to get them all in."

It only took twenty days for us to make the last picture in which I worked, The Dog of War. Such a thing is unheard of in England. But maybe we work more carefully here. I'm afraid that we are too meticulous, that we devote too much time to detail. Here we strive for broad effects and we get a certain intensity and virility that is the very essence of drama."

Ralph Forbes usually talks like that, in generalities. He's that unusually free from stray bits of gossip and comments about his fellow workers and he tries to shy from the topic of women.

"The different types in English and American girls? Oh, I say, do you think that's quite a fair question?"

"I like American girls, however, because they're so frank and honest. There isn't much mystery about them it's true, but they have something better than mystery, and..."
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that is the ability to be pals with men. English girls stand rather in awe of men because they haven’t the chance to know them like American girls have.

"Here the girls are sent to the same school as the boys. They all sort of grow up together and it gives them a camaraderie that isn’t often found in Europe, but fundamentally they’re no different. The American wife has the reputation of being the ruler of the house, the master of the show who makes the hepped husband jump through the hoop. English wives wield the rolling pin quite as successfully as American ones. They do not get as much publicity about it in the comic papers, that’s all."

And that with his refusal to follow the subject further and insisted that we talk about Betty, particularly long, deep fashion, favorite authors, Galsworthy and Swinerton, and the time was gone before I knew it.

The seriousness with which Ralph takes his work, his anxiety to play a part rather than act it will assuredly take him out of the type class. Not just a very handsome man who can wear a uniform divinely, he has the potentiality of a woman and definite as to his goal, the son of Mary Forbes bid false to become one of the most popular young idols of the American cinema.

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In New York

(Continued from page 31)

They kept on trying until, finally, she rebelled. She decided she wouldn’t play any more of those hit-or-miss parts. She was a pretty star. She would be a definite five feet high. She said to her folks: "We’re going to Europe. Yes—" I’m going to take a vacation. Forget all about pictures, take a trip abroad, and when we come back—we’ll see!"

Betsy is the gentle boss of the family. So—after seeing that Grandma would be looking after what with hundred friends and a special friend in Blanche Sweet’s spry young grandmother —Betsy, mother and sister-—they spent glorious weeks seeing England—and Paris—and the South of France. Betty bought photographic from Roberta Edward. In London. And of course, there was Barrie.

When you ask her what she thinks she will do when she gets back to filmtown, her eyes take on that unfathomable look and she says: "I don’t know. But I feel refreshed and beautifully free. She confided that she hopes to play girls of her own age as she feels they should be played—not as smart flappers or hoodlums, but as interesting, human, believable girls—yes, and that can be done. Betty is just such a girl, herself.

Virginia Lee Corbin, one of the most beautiful blondes in—out of—pictures, came to New York on a mysterious mission. She wasn’t on a vacation. She wasn’t sailing to Europe. She wasn’t merely shopping. And then it came out—she was about to burst into vaudeville as a full-fledged star in a great, big act. Virginia Lee only nineteen—had a very easy to check up on her age, because she was only four or five when she was a child star of the Fox ‘kiddie’ films, notable among which was British and the Beautifully. Then she began to grow, and until she was past the awkward age she retired from pictures. When Mother decided she was old enough to come back, Virginia found herself cast as
a flapper. She was tagged by the producers, and she was never allowed to play anything else. It began to get on her nerves—she was too ambitious to like the idea of a life as a perpetually flapper. So, when the Keith vaudeville offer came, she left California flat and came east to rehearse. She and her company played at the Keith Theatre on Broadway, N. Y.—mecca of all vaudevillians. Miss Corbin will sing a little and dance a lot. She's always loved to dance.

No matter how big a hit she makes on the stage, however, I don't think she'll ever forget pictures. She loves them, they gave her her start, and she'll go back some time. Her pretty blue eyes are a little wistful when she says the movies are her first love. Virginia, by the way, has a pair of the prettiest orbs in pictures. They have long curly lashes, and a trick of narrowing humorously when she laughs. And she laughs a lot, this nineteen-year-old. Her mentality is very young, too, is partly responsible for Virginia Lee's happy outlook on life in general. They both love the movies, and, when they came to New York the first thing they did was to take in all the movie theatres, between rehearsals for Virginia's act.

One of the most interesting self-made men in the movies is Fred Kley. You may never have heard of him, but everybody inside the business knows him well. He has been in the picture business for fifteen years, starting with Dustin Farnum in Spars Man days, and continuing with Cecil De Mille and the Lasky Feature Company through the years until Cecil De Mille formed his own company. Kley went with De Mille on condition that he remain out of the productions. Having amassed a comfortable fortune he intended to retire—and he almost did, to the extent of becoming president of a bank, vice-president of a corporation, and a few other things. He was still thinking seriously of retiring in earnest when an old friend of his, Douglas Fairbanks, offered him, with a great idea. According to Douglas, the Argentinian was a swell place to make pictures. Why not join him, take a western star down there and make a few million dollars? Douglas gave such impressive reports of the possibilities of picture-making in South America that Mr. Kley hesitated not an instant. Having decided to try it out by signing up some western star, a cameraman, an executive staff and complete technical equipment and making Buenos Aires their head-quarters.

And then it was that Fred Kley had another great idea. Tom Mix's Fox contract was expiring. Why not try, at least, to sign the greatest western star of them all? One morning at 10:30 Kley visited the Mix mansion for 'a half-hour's talk.' At forty-thirty that afternoon he and Tom happened to remember that they hadn't had any lunch! What a conundrum and mystery? He had sold Tom the idea, and it was all over but the signing. Mix, his wife, Victoria Forde, and baby Thomasina will leave for Argentina by air as soon as Tom and Tony complete their vaudeville tour. Tony? Oh, of course Tony is going to South America too. Fred Kley, having shipped the airship, has already left for Buenos Aires to smooth the way. And everybody is wishing him success.

Anna May Wong! The very name conjures up poetry and romance. And the girl it belongs to lives up to it. Anna May is probably the best-known Oriental girl in the world. She gets letters every day from all over the world—and you'd be surprised at the distinguished signatures of some of these letters. Her charm seems to be universal. Her hotel suite in New York was banked with flowers; and when she sailed away to Germany on a midnight boat, her stateroom was crammed with flowers—hundreds and scores of flowers. Anna May Wong is in a class all by herself in the movie world; and some of her Occidental sisters must envy her popularity. One reason for her suc-
cess must be her humbleness. She has neglected to acquire the airs and trappings of stardom. She remains a wise, quiet, unassuming little Oriental. And she never too busy to dress up in one of her many gorgeous costumes for your delectation.

When her mother and father were told of the handsome offer from Europe, they refused to let their daughter go. Then one of Anna May's seven sisters and bro-
thers spoke up and said: 'If you will permit her to go, I'll go along.' So it was arranged for one of the sisters to accompany her. Anna May Wong was born in Cali-
ifornia, but her family is true to the tra-
ditions of old China, and the land of her honorable ancestors calls her with a strong call. If she can, she will come home by way of China. While she is in England, she will meet T. S. Ruxton, by way of an introduction by their mutual friend, Charles Chaplin. The author of Limehouse Nights and the little American movie actress who has already changed their appearance of being friends are friends already, for each knows and admires the other's work. The picture she will make in Berlin will be called Schlamm over there. Its author is Karl Voelmuller, who wrote The Miracle. Its Singapore setting insures its being pictur-
esque, and it has a great part for Anna May. We wish her good luck!
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black hair and deep blue eyes. Sally has been in films since 1916. The Marriage of Figaro, presented at the Orpheum Theatre, Burbank, Cal. In the cast with her were Alice White, Donald Reed and Larry Kent. Don't tell me that cast won't interest you at your theatre. Lawrence Gray played opposite Sally in The Callahan's and the Murphy's. Larry is not married and his birthday is July 27, 1899. Ramon Novarro was born Feb. 6, 1899.

Sue, Haperville, Ga. I am going sailing, sitting pretty, thinking I've made quite an impression. Sue, win two more week's this time. S. O. S. Are you sure you get my line? Now follow me while I repeat the well-worn tale. Ben Lyon is 27 years old and unmarried, which means his future wife is still looking for him. Buster Collier was born 27 years ago and even at that advanced age is still a single man. Sally O'Neil is not married, which is, no doubt, a bit of good news to all male fans. Barbara Kent was born Dec. 18, 1908 in Gadsby, Alberta. Charles Daragh says he doesn't know how old he is, but he's old enough to have signed a marriage certificate.

L. C. L. of Louisiana, Mo. How old is Stella Dallas? Are you trilling with my sense of humor? For full particulars about Stella, consult Olive Hughes Prouty, who put Dallas in the picture. But wait a minute, perhaps you mean Belle Bennett who played Stella so beautifully in the picture. Name—illy do, take off your hat to you and will pass the thought to Belle. Myra Loy was born in Helena, Mont. She is 5 feet 6 inches tall and has blond hair. Laura La Plante was born in St. Louis, Mo., Nov., 1, 1904. She is 5 feet 2 inches tall and weighs 112 pounds. Her hair is light brown and her eyes are gray. Helen Moore was born in Port Huron, Ohio, Aug., 8, 1902. She is 5 feet 3 inches tall and weighs 115 pounds.

Haydey of Montreal. So you think I'm one of the magazine's best bets, do you? Now I ask you, what could be better? I'm glad to tell you about Ruth Graves, the actor and director. He was born in Cleveland, Ohio, U. S. A., on July 23, but he did not tell me the year. He has brown hair and brown eyes, is 5 feet 11 inches tall and weighs 170 pounds. His latest film is Bachelor's Paradise with Sally O'Neil, for which you can address him at Tiffany-Stahl Studios, 933 No. Excellent St., Hollywood, Cal.

Dixie Lee, Topoga. You are right about these baby-grands, they are so terrifically uninteresting—but they are growing and going up, these Juniors. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., William Collier, Francis X. Bushman, Jr. Buster Collier has an interesting role in The Tragedy of Youth, playing with Patsy Ruth Miller, Warner Baxter and Margaret Gruen. You may reach him at Tiffany-Stahl Studios, 933 No. Stewart St., Hollywood, Cal. Francis X. Bushman, Jr., is one of the Four Sons that is doing a smashing business on Broadway, N. Y. City. James Hall, Charles Morton and George Meeker are the other three boys of Mother Berule, who is undoubtedly the most delightful Margaret Mann. One of Doug's, Jr.'s, last films was Dead Man's Carve for FBO, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. He has been signed to do a picture for Tiffany-Stahl, temporary title, Power.

Phil of Camarillo, W. Va. Do I pronounce the last name of the famous Bow like the o in cold? Yes, I do. But Clara's not cold. Warner Richmond has just signed for The Captive, a Film from the Heart of Maryland. Lars Hanson played opposite Lillian Gish in The Scarlet Letter. There isn't a sweater girl in pictures. No, even with rose colored glasses can I make my eyes behave like violets. No, I never heard that Joan Crawford was engaged to James Hall. You see, James has a wife. You have told me that Joan's eyes are gray and I've told you they were brown and you want the truth or you'll tell me you've seen her all about it—but what's the difference so long as they are beautiful? I don't find the names you mention in Winning of Wilderness, but I'm sure McCarthy, Edward Connelly, Roy D'Arcy and Tom O'Brien were in the cast. Tim McCoy is 5 feet 11 inches tall and weighs 150 pounds. He is one of the three interesting children. You perhaps saw one of his boys, that cute little Mike, in Young Hollywood.

Alger Veé, Ontario. Shake hands across the line, Veé, I thought I was the only living soul with a name like that. If I'll keep this a secret, I'll tell you I've had offers to change it but try and make me do it! I don't try to keep up with the latest style in divorces or who has been the most 'married' in the film colony, for I'm no sleight-of-hand performer and I never take these rumors seriously.

Kathryn McGuire was the girl friend of Colleen Moore in Naughty but Nice. Kathryn is Mrs. George Landy in private life and I hear she is known to be pictures as Kathryn Landy in the future.

Dakota Sue. We've had several calls for Seena Owen and here she is with Marie Prevost, Harrison Ford and David Butler in The Rush Hour. Seena was born in Spokane, Washington, but I don't know the date. You can address her at Pathé De Mille Studios, Culver City, Calif. Alice Calhoun is free-lancing at present but she gets her fan mail at 626 South Lorraine Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.

Alice, of Fort Hamilton. Hold it while I bring up Bill Boyd! For the number of questions to the square inch, you will over all records. William Boyd is the devoted husband of Elinor Faire. They have no children. Bill was born in 1898 in Campbell, Bridge, Ohio. He has made a name for himself in pictures. His last two films are, Sky-scraper and The Night Flyer. He answers his fan mail, does he? That's fine and here is where I see you get a letter from your favorite. King of Kings is a picture for all religions.

Irish Annie, Avon-By-The-Sea. A million dollar figure, laughing brown eyes, long wavy brown hair and a heart of gold—you forgot the eye-lashes. A wonderful conception, but I think the hair and figure could be a bit better. Gwen Lee is 5 feet 7 inches tall, Greta Garbo is 5 feet 6 inches, Esther Ralston is 5 feet 6 inches, Gertrude Astor is 5 feet 7 inches, Eleanor Boardman is 5 feet 6 inches, and John Gilbert is 5 feet 10
inches tall. Now that I've answered your questions, are you still thinking of having me fired? Don't waste your powder.

Patty Ray of Hazard and M. E. P. of Logan County, Ky., met both of you and hope you won't get your information mixed. But this department is all for one and one for all and may the best man win. I think if you write to S. George Ullman, 1410 Broadway, N. Y. C. City, you may be able to get a picture of Rudolph Valentino. Lois Moran can be reached at the Fox, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Calif., where she is playing in "Love Hungry." I don't go about with my heart on my sleeve, but Mary Pickford is the one other actress I go to. Billie Dove is 24 years old. Clara Bow is not married and if you don't believe me, ask Clara. The Caftan in his latest Douglas Fairbanks Picture. Sally O'Neill is 20 years old. Her real name is Virginia Noonan. Address Norman Kerry at Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif. Lois Moran is a favorite of my heart. O'Neill and Daniel's recent picture was made at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif. Ben Lyon is playing in "He'll Angels at the Metropolitan Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Calif. Ralph Forbes is married to Ruth Chatterton, the actress. If you have such good luck in getting the stars' pictures from the addresses I give you, don't you keep up the good work?

Phyllis of St. Cloud. So you think the east is the best when the sun's in the west—

Leona R., of Elgin, Ill. I'll bet you make every second count in your town for didn't I hear that time is made there? It warms my heart to think you get results faster than we can write. Pat and I have a photo there, and the first after that was "Nothing," and the last film was made at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif. Ben Lyon is playing in "He'll Angels at the Metropolitan Studios, 1030 Los Palmas Ave., Hollywood, Calif. Ralph Forbes is married to Ruth Chatterton, the actress. If you have such good luck in getting the stars' pictures from the addresses I give you, don't you keep up the good work?

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Charles Rogers and Baron, his German police dog. Buddy's next is Abie in "Abie's Irish Rose."

Life of Helen of Troy is the latest film of Ricardo Cortez, made at First National Studios, Burbank, Calif. Leatrice Joy was at one time Mrs. John Gilbert.

Melancholy Babe, Bellingham, Wash. How can you be a constant reader of my department every month? The living image of Clara Bow, and still be so blue! Something is not hitting on all six cylinders, so maybe I'm it? If you will read this column carefully, you'll find Clara's address elsewhere. Mae Murray and Hope Hampton are both on the stage just now so I'm not able to give you their permanent addresses. The handsome chap who played with Mary Pickford in My Best Girl was Charles Rogers.

The Original Florida Cracker. My stars, what a noise! Greetings to Uncle Sam's boys on the high seas. Clear the deck, fall in line or overboard but don't sink the ship. After all the messages you send Billie Dove, how could I skip you? I want you to know I'm no skipper. I'll tell the Editor you want a speaking likeness of Billie Dove in Screenland so keep your eyes open. As a starter here is page 60 of this issue. Billie was born in New York City, May 14, 1904. She is 5 feet 6 inches tall and weighs 114 pounds. She has dark brown hair and hazel eyes that in some lights appear gray or blue. Billie's last two films are The Love Mart and The Heart of a Folies Girl.

Mary of Keystone State. Are you one of the Liberty Bells? If I told you all about the stars you mention, I'd be telling the same thing over and over again. Why don't you try writing your favorites, ask for a picture and assume an air of no-chance (whatever that is) and see what happens. You can address Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks at the Pickford-Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, Calif. Jobyna Ralston is at the Pathe-De Mille Studio, Culver City, Calif. Write to Clara Bow at Paramount Studios, 1451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Calif. Ramon Novarro at Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Calif. Address Harold Lloyd at the Harold Lloyd Productions, 1040 Las Palmas Ave., Hollywood, Calif. William Haines can be reached at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif. Percy Marmont was born in London, England. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 155 pounds, has brown hair and gray eyes. You can write to him at Gotham Productions, Fine Arts Studios, 4500 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

little appeal, be it ever so royal, H. R. H. The only way to reach Clara is by mail. I wouldn't advise a trip to Hollywood. You can write to her at Paramount Studios, 1451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Calif. Larry Chandler is her leading man in her latest picture, Red Hair.

Harriot B. Hyde, Manor, Va. No, I won't forget you really live in Florida and that you have gray-green eyes, but where in Florida do you live? Annette Babelisch was the brunette in Blonde or Brunette with Greta Nissen. You can address Greta at Metropolitan Studios, 1040 Las Palmas Ave., Hollywood, Calif., where she is playing in Hell's Angels, Pauline Frederick has not retired. Her latest picture is The Nest. Richard Barthelmess has not married again but lives with his little daughter, who's his very best pal.

F. S. G. of Detroit, My word! Who ever told you that Madge Bellamy was the wife of Larry Gray? Madge is married but not to Larry. Madge hails from the Lone Star state. June 30, 1903 was her birthday. She has brown eyes, light hair, is 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs 110 pounds. Is 5 feet 7 inches too tall for a girl to be in the movies? No, that won't keep you out.

Milly of Circlelile, Ohio. Your favorite, Evelyn Brent is gaining new friends with every picture—her fine work an outstanding feature of each film. You like her 'dash and fire'—Evelyn knows her weapons. She was born in Tampa, Florida in 1899. She has brown hair and eyes, is 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs 112 pounds. Her best films are Underworld, Beau Sabreur and The Last Command.

May Fern, St. Louis. As far back as 1922, Ralph Forbes played a small part in a motion picture starring Olive Brook—this all happened in England. Mary Brian comes from Texas. She was the original Wendy in the film version of Peter Pan. Mary has blue eyes, brown hair, is 5 feet 2 inches tall and weighs 105 pounds. Betty Bronson was born in Trenton, N. J., Nov. 17, 1906. She has blue eyes, brown hair, is 5 feet tall and weighs 100 pounds. And Betty is the Peter Pan we all adored.

Patsy Ruth, Minneapolis. For the benefit of all inquiring fans, the fact that Colleen Moore has one blue and one brown eye, does not fuse her in the least, for she goes right on making pictures. The Private...
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YOUR actual experiences — your life story — your love story — your sorrows and joys ALL contain an idea for a throbbing MOTION PICTURE if properly developed. MOTION PICTURES today are based upon simple ideas — human incidents and experiences — true to Life. SCENARIO WRITERS are MADE not born. SCENARIO construction CAN be taught. IT is not an art — it is a business — that can make you world famous and wealthy overnight.

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Fifty Thousand Dollars has been paid for one story and the price is going up! There is no limit. You can know the thrill of seeing your name flashed on the Screen — in electric lights. See YOUR own Motion Picture — and become famous and wealthy.

We CAN make you a scenario writer. Our book, "The Key to Hollywood" tells how. Send for it NOW — it will surprise you.

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Mail Course in 53 West 42nd St., New York.

I am interested in the Hollywood Academy Course in Motion Picture Writing. Please send me a free booklet.

Mr. Mrs. Miss

Address

City State Zip

The Key To Hollywood

His real name is "Sunny" McKeen but "Smookums" and his turn-up haircut are all right with us.

Ask Me

An Answer Page of Information Address: Miss Vee Dee

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, Natalie Kingston, Natalie Joyce, Dorothy Mathews, Elena Jurado, Gretel Yoltz, Marie Casajuana and Phalba Morgan make up a cast that 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 Legitmates 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 Vesra, 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 costarring 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 Vaughan is in the cast of Skylcreaper 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 live in a nice house like Jimmy Lawson. Why don't you make lots of money like Jimmy's father?"

"Bless, 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 chaced 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 retain 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 seemed 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 busy superiors, I was a well-polished, 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 jus knew you'd do it, Daddy." 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-
$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. Becoming frequently, young men possibly the makers of SCREEN TESTS in almost any town and city throughout the United States with their cameras, light, 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, you are at a loss. In Hollywood, it is almost an impossibility, therefore you can realize what this opportunity means to you. Only a SMALL FEE is charged. Write for a SCREEN TEST of OXLEY these reproduced 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 FULL UPON REQUEST.

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Send me your FREE booklet on skin treatment.

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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 Plaherty, who made Naxoog, should start there at once, before Schoedack, 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.

I have an idea for a movie that will not, alas, make the Dull family independent, nor will it ever be stolen or 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 scorch 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 birdsie sing to her and all the girls left in the city are shown in the fadeout safe at last.

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 glas.

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

Take Walter 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 tippy dancing, wit, zappy 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!

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

DIAMOND HANDCUFFS with ELEANOR BOARDMAN

LON CHANEY in LAUGH, CLOWN, LAUGH

SYD CHAPLIN in SKIRTS

NORMA SHEARER in THE ACTRESS

RAMON NOVARRO in ACROSS TO SINGAPORE

DANE & ARTHUR in DETECTIVES and CIRCUS ROOKIES

WILLIAM HAINES in TELLING THE WORLD

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.
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.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

"More Stars than there are in Heaven"
DULL HAIR—
DULL COMPANY
~men seem to think!

Why not be rid of this handicap
tonight?

So needless, now—that depressing dullness that
spells the effect of lovely frock or pretty face! Just
one shampooing with Golden Clint will banish it tonight!
Rich, generous lather cleanses each hair. You rinse—re-
move all trace of soap. Your hair appears shades lighter.
Then you apply the extra touch—the "pluss" that makes
this shampoo different! Instantly—all trace of dullness
gone! Hair soft, fragrant, lustreous, alive with those danc-
ing lights that speak of youth! Of course "pluss" will notice
the difference! Nothing to bleach or change natural color
of your hair. Just a wonderful shampoo! Ask at your
favorite dealer's or if not, send 35 cents to J. W. Kobi Co.

Golden Clint
the SHAMPOO plus
MAGIC KEY TO YOUTHFUL "LOCKS"

KATHERINE A. MACDONALD'S
LASH COSMETIC
CHOOSED BY
THE STARS
OF HOLLYWOOD!

Her motion picture work showed Kath-
erine MacDonald the need for a lash cos-
metic that was truly waterproof, yet that
would make eyelashes soft and pliant.
Research developed Katherine MacDon-
ald's Lash Cosmetic, now the choice of
Hollywood.
At drug and drug stores and beauty
parsors...or send Katherine MacDon-
alnd $1 for full size bottle.

Katherine A. MacDonald's
NAMEO BEAUTY PRODUCTS
HOLLYWOOD CALIF.

AT LAST — A SPECIAL
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 yet a glorious cleansing
cream in the result. Delightfully rich in consistency, cool, refreshing and marvelously
efficient, this new Almohunted Lemon Bland
cream leaves the skin soft and finely textured, free from perspiration with none of that census,
 sticky feeling so common in hot weather when
beauty creams are used.
This new summer cream takes the place of all
face creams. It helps 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.
Pottage prepaid to you.

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

S C R E E N L A N D

Books for Fans

“The Bellamy Trial”
comes to the SCREEN

By Monta Bell

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
provocational reading matter for mil-
lions of newspaper readers, but no one
had made a murder trial the entire sub-
ject 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 resume of the story itself
seems unnecessary in this review. In fact,
in filming this subject with Lestrice Joy,
Kenneth Thompson, George Barraud, Betty
Bolson 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, peo-
ple 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
rated public intelligence much higher than do
others—so only to see how well or how
badly the director has handled his subject.
I am not a professional literary reviewer,
not during my years as a professional writer
of novels, 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 web 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 
the story—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 sit-
uations 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 lights the book,
and through the eyes of Judge Garver. 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-talking reporter and his sym-
thetic little sweetheart. All are equally
well drawn. To the less important char-
tacters—the various witnesses and court at-
tendents, justice has been done with rare
insight and a well trained ability to char-
acterize 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.

Excess fat means a serious blight to beauty, to health and vitality. Many a husband, if wives only knew, would give much to see it ended. Why not make a bargain?

The way is not hard, not unpleasant. Simply correct the cause, which often lies in a gland deficiency. Leading scientists, thirty years ago, discovered that cause for obesity. Their method of correction has now spread the world over. Physicians everywhere employ it.

Marmola prescription tablets embody that method. People have used them for twenty years—millions of boxes of them.

You see the results in every circle. Perhaps many of your friends can tell them. Excess fat, as you can see, is far less common than it was.

Abnormal exercise or diet is neither required nor advised, but moderation helps. The aim is to correct the cause—in faulty nutrition—in the best way known to modern science.

There are no secrets about Marmola. The complete formula appears in each package, also all known reasons for results. You will know the reasons for loss of fat, for the new vitality and health. So you will have no reason to suspect harm from results which seem so magical.

If you over-weigh, you owe to yourself a test of Marmola. Simply take four tablets daily and watch how the fat disappears. Not too rapidly, but in the right way, by correcting a deficiency.

Probably Marmola has proved itself worth its weight in gold to friends of yours. Learn now what it means to you. You cannot afford excess fat.

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at $1.00 per box. Any druggist who is out will order from his jobber.

MARMOLA

Prescription Tablets

The Pleasant Way to Reduce

CASH

STORIES SUITABLE FOR THE

FREE

YOUR

SCREEN

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BOOKLET

PLAY

FOR THE

PLOT

ASKING

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Regular Fall begins October 26th,

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MAYBELLINE CO., CHICAGO
Marion Davies

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

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

C. Louise Fazenda turns to silk ones as a relief.
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.
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 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.

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"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
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 film's 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."

"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."

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

"Ladies and gentlemen! — in (Cont. on page 99)"
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...
Major James Fitzmaurice at Seven Islands.

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


Ray Fernstrom

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)
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!

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 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
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 'location' 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—broad-minded but not hard-boiled, humorous but not smarmy, 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 Rosy 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 hairdresser 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)
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, kept 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 forever. 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

DOLORES 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
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
RICHARD ARLEN represents the impetuous irresistible gob 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)
They're Up in

By Grace Kingsley

Johnny Hines spoke his own German to Greta Tissen.

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

“Dolores 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 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 D'El 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)
Write a letter telling your idea of the kind of a man who could make Clara Bow happy ever after.

Address—

CLARA BOW
Screenland Contest Dept.
49 West 45th Street
New York City

Contest closes July 15, 1926

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

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 lovely 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.

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 grown-ups 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 family 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.
SPEEDY

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 peck 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 rehearse 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 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.

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?
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 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 unfilmed, 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.
THE MAN WHO LAUGHS


The movie is taken from the famous novel of Victor Hugo. And if you liked The Hunchback of Notre Dame and Les Misérables, 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 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 laugh-
ing." 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 Chancharlie'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.

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

Many other
characters of in-
terest are woven
into the plot. Jo-
sephine Crowell
as Queen Anne
is little short of
magnificent. Olga Ba-
clanova 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
its ferris wheels, side
shows, freaks and all—
realistically and remark-
ably 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 hor-
rible 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 man-
er in which she handled
her hands.

The picture has faults.
It drags, and it has a
ludicrous, uncalled-for cli-
max 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 come-
dienne shares the honors in the film with Johnny Walker and
together they work out a romance in which laughter and tears
are neatly dovetailed.

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
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 Besaé, 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 Besaé 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 betterers 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 Romeo.

George 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 Roméo 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-exhilarating 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 George 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 suaveest 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 Gallow 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 bangle and give him the icy stare? Not at all. With a "rates 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 Luden 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 Em- den, 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)
DORIS KENYON as she appears in the character of Madelon, the dance-hall girl, in The Hawk's Nest.
AUDREY FERRIS is stepping along nicely, in fact she is one of the *Women They Talk About*, her next picture.

Photograph by Kendall Evans
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
CROOKS are in clover in this season's films and Edmund Lowe makes the most fascinating crook of all.
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 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 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)
CHATTER

By
Martin
Martin

FAMOUS authors, artists and dressmakers 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 pathos. An andante. Dr. Riesenfeld thinks Charlie’s walk might have light music synchronized to it, however.

Ramon Novarro—A fox-trot.

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 Lehár’s “Count of Luxembourg.”

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

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

Douglas Fairbanks—a brilliant march.

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

from Hollywood
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 floral 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 Mchailey illustrated the summer divorce fashion in a black flat crepe frock, sleeves and bodice embroidered in bright peasant colors, and a black hat with uneven brim line.

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 curry 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.

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 Daniels' 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."
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.

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, 363 species of reptiles besides Noah's family.

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.

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."

Sue Carol is receiving the strongest 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 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 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

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 barefoot 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—or—lost them, and such was her three-year-old

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

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

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 regularly since a week ago Saturday 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)

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Do you want

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...
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
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 his 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 Seyffertitz, Michael Vavitch, Olga Baclanova, Marian Templeton, Boris de Faz, 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 comedienes on the screen, and since she severed connections with FBO about a year ago, has played leads for Lasky Famous Players, Metro Goldwyn, Pathé, 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 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 Chalupetz in Lipnau, Poland—and William Austen, native of British Guiana, Marietta Millner of Vienna, and Vera Veronica, whose first home was in Odessa.

The south is represented by Ivy Harris, a New 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 Rembrants, 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 iconoclastic disregard for established filming methods in 1908 that paved the way for the present era of technical and artistic pictorial 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 shatterd 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

Stockings or Stockingless—Continued from page 19

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 unevolved life would then be! Husbands would no longer have to listen to wife 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 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 unstockinged legs when she is fully dressed. Although many of Hollywood's flappers have been going about with unstockinged 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 fogey absolutely opposed to the no- stocking 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 men should try and dictate in a case like this. Personal taste should be the deciding factor, and if I wanted to go around without socks, 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 keynote 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 youngest 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, heromeneless.

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 courtengest 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 do' 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—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 mystery 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 stuff 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 kind-ness 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.

ANOTHER NEW GIRL MAKES GOOD

W
defy 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!
now twenty-three. He's a little more dignified—but that's a bow, 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 egger as he ever was. And he proved, when he made a radio 'appearance,' that he can still make that old trombone work. And he's clean and handsome—everything a movie star should be. Why, yes—didn't you know? Good old Papa Paramount is conferring stardom on old Daddy 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. Vilma's mother, who 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 out to learn to greet their new, most beautiful daughter and her favorite movie star. Mrs. Banky, as soon as Vilma wrote her through the La Rive, 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 a bag 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 called her approval.

If you asked Vilma the old question, "Tell me pretty maidens, are there any more at home like you?" she could truthfully answer, Yes. She has a fifteen year old sister whose 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, extinguished; and then comes home and art theory to 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 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 kiddie. He likes his work making two-reeler 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 he'd 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 nineteen 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 an accompaniment to the color 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 any 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 to peek inside the gate. 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 her 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

C.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.'
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. The red men dancing ceremo-


nial 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 his Canadian honeymoon, and not a bit blaze about it. He's still considerable of a boy, even if he does make thirty thousand dollars a week.

Mildred and Gloria came only just in time to return to 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. I really didn't want to tell you 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. Anyhow, 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 Dia-


mond-Hearted, 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 Vidores sailed away for France. They intend to be gone for a long time—just wandering around as they please. They took It along, too. No—it isn't Elmo Glyn's It, but the Vidores' own particular brand. What is it? Who knows? We'd like this. Eleanor Boardman wants the public to like her for herself alone. The public doesn't. Yes—it's very apt to con-


fuse a screen star with her private life. If she's so-and-so in the newspapers and maga-


zines, she is often not accepted as an actress of 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. It's always easier to write about it away from the screen. 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, that if you put two and two together it might spell B-A-B-Y. And a darning 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, lan. They own a beautiful, authentically English home in Beverly Hills. Their one disputation is travelling. And all the time you know that Mr. Torrence and his family couldn't possibly be so correct and cos-


mopolitan 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 part unless it will serve a purpose in the picture. And you may notice that I rarely play an uninteresting rascal. They are all more or less originally smug, vil-


lains 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 Tor-


rence is as likeable off the screen as he is execrable on. He's probably the third most popular Scotman in the world, only Sir James Barrie and Harry Lauder out ranking him.

Mr. and Mrs. Torrence were on their way to France, to Italy, and, finally, to Edin-


burgh, 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, accord-


ing to Pauline; still, as it was the first time she and Jack had time to take a vaca-


tion together, they were secretly regarding it as such. Pauline was Miss Starke before she married Jack White, who is manager or director-general of the Educational Com-


edy 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 Dammiti. 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. Dammiti while she was in New York, and she captivated everybody. She says: And how's it at the proper time, and if she misses 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 a quiet life. I never 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, whom there is no Parisian couturier than-


whomer. Mlle. Dammiti says that she is looking forward to playing opposite Mr. Colman, whom she has long admired in celluloid and whom she met in person dur-


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

Clémenceau 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 reason, you wasted 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 aplenty, 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.

Belle Bennett is an inspiring sort of heroine, anyway. Lots of women sit down and moan just because they've reached their thirtieth year and think there's nothing more ahead, now that the double chin is here to stay and friend husband starts admiring sixteen-year-olds. But Belle Bennett, with her thirtieth year behind her, started out and achieved world-wide success in *Stella Dallas*. And as each year passes over her head, in place of adding only lines to her face and fat to her figure she gathers an added youthfulness and beauty which comes from throwing your heart into the profession you love and refusing to be conquered by mere material years.
THE only preparation of its kind on the market. Leaves no sediment or stain. Lasts for hours. Absolutely harmless but magical in its effect. And so simple to apply ... a few drops briskly rubbed in until the skin assumes a beautifully pearly white appearance...instantly removes glossiness and redness. You'll be amazed and delighted every time you see it.

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WHEN the dreary day is done, and you loud your tired body homeward, you dread the thoughts of facing the evening. You know that your library, originally small, has been sadly depleted, and you have read every book of interest it holds.

What greater feeling then, than to think of the new books you have just ordered. The latest brainchild of your favorite author, and others you have often wished to read.

After dinner, comfortably ensconced in your big easy-chair, you spend what develops into one of the most pleasant evenings you've ever had. Then you realize that you were glad you didn't pass up the advertisement offering this marvelous collection of the most popular novels of the day at the extraordinarily low price of $1.00 each.

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D'Arblay Mystery, E. Austin Freeman
Mine With the Iron Door, Harold Bell Wright
Bella Donna, Robert Hicks
The Desert Hunter, E. M. Hull
Big Brother, Rex Beach
Face Cards, Carolyn Wells
The Flaming Jewel, Robert W. Chambers
The Night Riders, Rigwell Cullum
A Poor Wise Man, Mary Roberts Rinehart
The Poisoned Paradise, Robert W. Service
Yellow Shadows, Sax Rohmer
When a Man's a Man, Harold Bell Wright
The Pearl Thief, Bertha Ruck
The High Adventure, Jefferson Farrel
Fire Brain, Max Brand
Child of the Wild, Edison Marshall
On the Rustler Trail, Robert Ames Bennett
The Celestial City, Baroness Orczy
The Purple Mist, Gladys Edson Locke
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SCREENLAND
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 Huntingstauer, written by John Buchan. This production marks Lauder's first appearance in Vera Veronika, Paramount featured player, appears opposite Lauder.

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

Elinor Glyn has completed work on a new scenario, which will serve as a forthcoming starring vehicle for Greta Garbo, Madame Glyn, most of whose novels have been transferred to the screen withrtle hottest, 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, the adaptation of the current Broadway play which is now in production under the wintage of William Haines in the starring role.

Stephen Tronholm'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 the World. Sudermann story will be screened by this company. Flesh and the Devil, was an adaptation of the German novelist's The Doyle Porting.

Willing Walk, Sinclair Lewis' novel of rural life and regeneration, published some years ago, has been adapted 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 scenes for their picture. A number of places were found which are exactly as they were when Carson visited them on his expeditions.

One of these is Oraibi, an Hopi Indian village of adobe buildings dating back to prehistoric days. It was visited by Corono in 1540 and Carson's trail from Agua N. M., to Arizona is to be picked up at several points in the making of the picture. One of the spectacular scenes, the annual rendezvous between Indians, traders, 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 Indian reservations. 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 Gentlemen...

We have one of the greatest attractions on the lot—A real motion picture studio in full blast. Please. That's it. Don't

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 completed and the story is one of the best of the year. Mr. Hoglund 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 mag- netic new palace set, where next 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 depart... See all those gorgeous gowns... They are worn by Miss Griffith isn't it? Lady Hamilton and the sweetheart of Lord Nelson... His inspiration... Just take a look at the wardrobe depart... See all those gorgeous gowns... They are worn by Miss Griffith isn't it? Lady Hamilton and the sweetheart of Lord Nelson... His inspiration... 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Just take a look at the wardrobe depart... See all those gorgeous gowns... They are worn by Miss Griffith isn't it? Lady Hamilton and the sweetheart of Lord Nelson... His inspiration... Just
Less than a year ago I was friendless, lonely, unhappy. No one seemed to take me to. Then came the amazing event that changed my whole life. Suddenly I found myself with hosts of friends—the center of attraction—the life of every party. I was popular everywhere! Here's how it happened!

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 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 friends, apparently touched, exclaimed:

"Isn't it a shame that Tom Buchanan can't be here? What will we do without someone to play the piano?"

Amidst my confusion, 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.

Quickly I sat down and ran my fingers over the keys. As I struck the first opening chords of Nevin'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 world. The room became a field dotted with nodding white flowers and filled with rich, fragrant perfume.

When I finished, you should have heard them applaud. This never before, I placed piece after piece. My heart was filled with joy—of a world that 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 in this it was all so easy!

"You, too, can learn to play your favorite instrument by the remarkably easy "at home" method that has helped almost half a million people all over the world to increased pleasure and musical gain. And there's nothing marvelous about it. It's just a common sense practice method—so simple anyone can learn to play the instrument of your choice in almost no time and for just a fraction of what old schools cost.

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(See Page 96)
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Now It's Your Turn

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 13th 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 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 distratcied, 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 car and had given them, in their own words, a dinner at the Ambassador, had given theatre parties on masse. The participants had seemed to have had and enjoyed a formal internal friendship. Then he found himself broke and the 'friends' vanished overnight.

He had to sell everything except one car—his little one. He had been used to build his strength, and he could not have sold it. His money was gone. Dick felt the full force of an older adage 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 and they were related.

One person, however, refused to desert Dick. This was his former valet. Dick would not allow him to work for nothing to save the valet. 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 times. Dick never let the 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 him 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 told the Loinds, and they said there were other players under contract more important than himself. The producers had found that they didn't have to deal with, stories to read and decide about, production problems to discuss, financial difficulties to straighten out, re-arrangements. Dick was the first who wanted to absorb their time. They could not possibly give their unaveded 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 his shoulders. Finally it relented a little and gave him a small role in a Raymond Griffith comedy. He hoped the Paramount executives might give him a break after they had learned about his misfortunes. Weeks passed. Dick couldn't get another part. He worried because he was afraid he would never get another opportunity to play on the screen again. He didn't know how he would earn his living, and Dick didn't 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 decided to get before the camera 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 played that 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 got new 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 last 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, a valet arrived in Hollywood. Lois was to play the leading role in Padlocked and there was a rumor that Dick would play opposite her. One of 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 of the stars. She knew the field thoroughly, had trained Lois so that the younger 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 advise. 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. While 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 at times 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 played with Lois and her mother north into the cool mountains. A great many people wondered why he didn't fall in love with her. Dick explained that he had been with many young women without falling in love. At the same time he knew that he could not find in one of the young girls. But at the same time he knew that he could not find in one of the young girls. But at the same time he knew that he could not find in one of the young girls. But at the same time he knew that he could not find in one of the young girls. But at the same time he knew that he could not find in one of the young girls. But at the same time he knew that he could not find in one of the young girls. But at the same time he knew that he could not find in one of the young girls. But at the same time he knew that he could not find in one of the young girls. But at the same time he knew that he could not find in one of the young girls. But at the same time he knew that he could not find in one of the young girls. But at the same time he knew that he could not find in one of the young girl.
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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 that kissed the girls and cried 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 the Golden Age—there they are—don't they?

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 scenery. 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 never have a dance with a handsome fellow. How would you like to walk home from a Magic Carpet ride, eh? Now will you be good? Where we are at Hollywood home of the Great Lovers and Rin-Tin-Tin.

Doe'sn't it look like one great long Lovers' Lane, with mushy couples eternally strolling up and down and up and down and occasionally tripping? But for a glimpse of most of the real Great Lovers we'll have to peak inside the match-factor—means I don't mean the's in the envelope, are, 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. He and his heroines may tell you 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 amusing and he is awkward but it'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 made the same kind of figure, done the same kind of work, with a charming piquant. In pictures he is exuberant, extravagant, picturesque. In real life, the same. He still drives the same dilapidated limousine in which old Ford ran, when old Ford ran, in 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 great gesture. You'd recognize it no matter where you met it. His line.

Another of Nature's masterpieces is Charles "Buddy" Rogers. They called him Buddy back in Olhio, 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 girl. He'd begin by being kind to his mother and he'd keep on being sweet to his sweetheart until finally he was just grand to his grand-daughters. If he'd be nice to the little girls. Whether he was that. Then he'd be artful. He'd be a winner. He'd be a sucker. He was a sucker. He was a swindler. He was a swindler. He was a swindler. He was a swindler. He was a swindler. He was a swindler. He would. They couldn't help it either. They would fuss over him and spoil him and call him Buddy even when he was getting 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 the boy destined to star. His face has changed but his body hasn't. His face 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. His 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 he won't 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 Gita, saucy Nancy. But Mary never changed the technique for any body. 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 with a sort of quiet intensity, but the really important part of his contribution to the art of the motion picture, that will live down through the ages, is the hut, appealing way he plays the boys. Nobody—nobody—so 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 in 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 never makes enemies to be. He wants to be known as an actor—nothing more or less. He likes to play parts as widely varied as possible. To him it is a matter of technique. And given 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 and John Barry are very, forcefully attractive actors, 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 suit him, but it would not enable him to count on the love scenes being good.

Ronald Colman! Ah! Oh! Ooh! Also, Umm! Swoon if you must, but remember Ronald Colman is the boy who you fell. Ronald is practically indifferent to the feelings he arouses in feminine breasts. You get the idea that nothing in the world is of importance in his life but you can never quite put your finger on what it is. You know how—even when he is embracing the beauteous Banky in a scene—he looks positively indifferent? Yes, he
Oves her, but, dash it all, it is a bit of a tally 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 at 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. Ahof—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 particular!" 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.

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

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Camera Angles—Continued from page 25

Camera Angles

requires. Footage is counted on the basis of 16 frames or one foot of film per sec-
cond, 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 in-
stance, 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 pro-
jected 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, Mac 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 prep-
aration for a shot, you would hear a run-
ing conversation much like the follow-
ing—

PEV MARLEY: Light 'em Mac!
Mac blows his police whistle and all the
spotlights are lighted. Two more blasts
and on go the broods, scoops, and sum-

merces. 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 some-
what tell how the scene will appear on the
screen. Then comes the changing and ad-
justing 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 (foot number
forty, then. Grant, the light on Marie
looks weak.

MAC: Okay, Danny, take the gauge
off the sun and just use the floretine.

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 chan-
deliers 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 dabbed 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 photo-
graphed. The lens being scaled in feet
and inches, it is an easy thing to turn to
the correct distance. Both means of focus-
ing 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 marquisees.

If the scene be of great importance, a test shot should be made. An assistant cameraman de- velops this test in a "test box" (a small portable dark room) and in a few minutes he has a small strip of developed film showing the arcs light. Everything is O.K. So, Prev. calls, "Shoot It!" but as Mr. DeMille has not yet arrived the order is changed to, "Rest!" A three-dolored portrait of Mac's police whistle the electricians turn out the arc lights.

During this period of waiting for "C.B." there is an opportunity to dress in a little dressing. The set orchestra, composed of violin, cello, bass violin and organ, play music for us. The entire troupe join in with wondrous effects for the "Anyil Chorus" and a "A Hunting We Will Go." There are anvil 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 clapping stops and we resume the business of making pictures.

The cameramen whittle for lights, which groan and howl, when they are first turned on, till they gain full brilliance. 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 graphed. Each shot 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 bleeding of a scene. During our fight sequence, I was on the receiving end of an overripe tomato and during the fire sequence coolable water. So you see, slate holding has its grief. If the action be faulty, I hold up the reverse side of the slate and slate it N.G. or no go. 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 cam- era will set. The other camera groups around it or set up on special lines. Cer- tain takes are printed of every line. These prints are known as the dailies or rushes and are shown every night at previous. 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 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. Uron now posses 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 lights and will permit several minutes more without flashing again. After the "quiet pictures" a shout goes up, "New deal, shuffle them," and everything is rearranged and the scene ready.

The language used on the set—not profane, by any means—is full of colloquial-isms. 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, gob, funny-pag, flag, broad, tower of jetons, hay wire, aurora borealis, little elevation, young ladder, baby spot, iris, frost, wobbly-head, snoot, shelf, rotary, and many other Bystanders are referred to as "set-lookers" and "light-lockers," 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 when the blasts of Mac's police whistle the electricians turn out the arc lights.

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 oil rag. 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 car- ried 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 for a portrait of many 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 $47,000, 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.

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**SCREENLAND**

Ethel Jackson—Continued from page 15

tain to burst in cinematic glory within the next few months. Maybe some producer will "discover" Ethel, and in time find the girl, or in her father's office. Who can tell? The Cinderella story is always interesting. Anne Morgan in a limousine stops traffic. But who are the girls?

Miss Jackson was in school when First National called her a few weeks ago to make a test for The Barker. Betty Compson, who was away from school at the time, was engaged on a dramatic native in the Coconut Grove street drama. As the new girl, Miss Jackson was almost a half dozen times. She started to be noticed. The next day she was at the studio. She had much big picture stuff, in The Battle of the Sexes but that the business office demanded a name already made. She made no comment to Miss Jackson but her agent, Mr. Davis, was excited. In 'The Latest From Paris' she played the daughter of Tenen Holtz, the shopkeeper, who tried on the clothes Norma Shearer had worn to her. She had written some poetry. But poetry butters no parsnips. She was an excellent dancer. And 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 to approach. 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. She has put another about sixty. She hasn't spent a cent for board, or clothes, or entertainment. Entertaining. There is possibly the secret of her success. And there is the question of any young stranger in Hollywood could unlock.

Since she started her picture career Ethel has been seen consistently and regularly at the Montmartre, at the Coconut Grove, at the Roosevelt Hotel, at the social functions of the Breakfast Club, of the Edge water Beach Club, of numberless other organizations. She is always with her parents, or at least with her mother. Other young people are in this wealthy girl, in her usherhood, the old Concord coaches, in the original yellow and black, it attracts notice wherever she goes. Built by Jenkins at a cost of $22,000, on a Lincoln car, the car was 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 lavishly and in two years Ethel Jackson has earned about $600. Next month or the month after you will hear of the young girl who has just been cast for an important role in a big production. A year or two later a native aptitude for acting, dramatic training, experience and opportunity, and Ethel Jackson has something of the 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!

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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 Teplitz 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 into 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 dog sled 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.
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 role 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 site 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 concocted 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 is a characterization 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. A new picture, a new story, a new character. Billy is an old character. He just you'll have 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 Anderson and 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 your 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 Baggie.

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 ashamed at all the fuss that's started over this character. He must be good," he says, "but I don't know why. The whole thing is that I play a character that is very much like myself. That's why I can understand why it's popular. I can't believe that anything that 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 white 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 permed it 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 camera 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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little of both I imagine for Billy, who scores 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 joy in the opposes 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 lectures and said to one another that 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. To 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 haircuts.

5
The Villains Are Coming

(Continued from page 17)
JACKIE COOGAN—Continued from page 23

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

AND JACKIE COOGAN" (very loud)

On another occasion, he expressed an earnest and sincere feeling of admiration.

"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 a mischievous twinkle in his eye, "Oh, I'd fire that guy, 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 morning they dipped 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 walk down the street, scare 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 extinguished so many "child prodigies"? Heititz 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 Jackie Coogan?" I said.

"Yes, Mr. Wagner."

Remarkable that he should have remembered me, considering thousands of thousands of people he has 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 'coogs' who have come to Hollywood to say that Jackie is a mere accident—that Charlie Chaplin made him. Jackie is no accident. Charlie Chaplin gave him a grand opportunity, he is not responsible for Jackie's extraordinary talents.

S C R E E N L A N D

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

Now Torrence is an important member of the band of character men who are bringing back the loves, 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 tried in a picturizing 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 youth in the vestry room 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 quiet 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, Gorden Voight and the great Russian Leonidoff—as well as several others—possess. He explained their recent vogue this way: "Today intelligent women demand an actor who is a complete man. They feature the 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; he must possess power. Menace. Terrible 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 do well 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 don't have it."

"No, Gilbert must stick to his role. Give his honeyed kisses and hold out fervent arms to whatever film favors him to a staying one the moor to the movie public. But now this public is aroused to the verities of life. And they are demanding something more from the film—less butterscotch, and more blood and red meat. Ours, as the old Kentish phrase puts it: 'They are not satisfied with plain bacon. They must have some butter on.'"

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 youth in the vestry room instead of stirring up Sunday day roasts instead of surly companions.

Jannings started something certainly and Lya de Putti seemed hearty to approve of the first character lover in screen history."

"So a new re beginning. 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."

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A new kind of scalp treatment is ending hair troubles for thousands. Alois Merke, famous New York Hair Specialist, has developed an entirely new liquid, hermetically sealed in glass vials, that is positively guaranteed to end dandruff and falling hair—and doesn't cost a penny.

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

These invisible germs burrow into the scalp toward the hair roots and thence upward toward the hair tips. Thus, the supply of nourishment to the hair is cut off—hair and scalp become dry and lifeless—dandruff forms—and the hair starts falling out.

Ordinary hair restorers, dandruff removers and scalp salves usually fail to overcome this condition because they treat only the surface of the scalp while the germs are hidden, unattended, carry on their harmful work underneath.

Alois Merke's new treatment is called, works its way below the surface of the scalp and kills the troublesome microscopic germs concerned. At the same time it gets to set up in the scalp a vigorous circulation of the blood which carries to the hair roots the natural, vital nourishment so necessary to hair health and growth. Thus dandruff usually disappears entirely—hair should stop falling out—and again take on now, natural healthy life and lustre.

We quote from a report rendered by one of the world's foremost research laboratories after making exhaustive tests with this liquid: "The results indicate that the tonic killed the test organism (bacteria) in less than three minutes. The results also indicate that this tonic is capable of penetrating and preventing the growth of the test organism (bacteria)."

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We are so confident that Merke Derma Vials will help you end dandruff and falling hair that we are willing to let you try it at our expense. Mail the coupon today for one regular size Vial absolutely FREE. Alois Merke Institute, Inc., Dept. D-477, 512 Fifth Avenue, New York.

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Please send me, without obligation, one of the regular size Merke Derma Vials absolutely FREE, and tell me how to use it.

Name

Address

City

State

The Stage Coach

(Continued from page 65)
you want, this is musical comedy weather.

Here's House! is Messers. Aarons and Freedley's gift to the summer of 1928, and an awfully kind of them, too. It isn't quite what we expected—they're 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 Gertrude Lawrence. And if the Astaires or Gertrude Lawrence are in this show, then they must be hidden in the upper right-hand corner. You know, one of those things where you know they're there, but you can't see the picture around so that you can see the missing rabbit protruding from the old man's whisker.

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 justifiable self-assuredness. 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 confounded us of his hideous; Eric Blore does the bugle 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, Sunny 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; and now they have a writer who is a good one. The Scarlet Fox is one of the good ones.

When we say good ones, we don't contend it should be that the Scarlet Fox won the 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 have 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 went on the trail. He mixes his comedy with daring, and gets his man—and his woman, too. A daring nice piece of entertainment, say we. But we'd better warn you that one word which we had always thought reserved for drawing-room circles, and which—in our experience, at any rate—finds itself on the lips. And yet, thanks to Mr. Mack, so in character is it, so swiftly does it pass, so little does it jolt the audience, that the audience, after a startled gasp, promptly forgets it and thinks it hadn't heard correctly.
Ask Me — Continued from page 4

Beena 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 old block or just a plain silver? Steady now; my bark is worse than my bite, too. Forrest Stanley played opposite Marion Davies in When Kindness was in Flower. Mary Pickford was Rosita in the film by that name, way back in 1922. 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 perfectly accurate in these questions, Douglas 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 slenderer waists 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 Ann Sothern are 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 Brose, of musical comedy fame, is the wife of George Bannister. Jack Mulhall is the husband of Evelyn Wiman. 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.
Be Popular
Beloved—Magnetic!

Within YOU, as within every other man and woman, lies a strange, magnetic power to bend other men and women to your will; to make them actually WANT you as a friend or as a partner in business or marriage; to make people go out of their way to do you favors; to overcome weakness and habit; to triumph over anxiety and ill-will—all through this curious power called "Personal Magnetism."

The magnetic person draws others to him, irresistibly, as the magnet attracts the iron. They MUST yield to the magnetism, fascination and charm which radiates from the strongly magnetic person!

GET WHAT YOU WANT—YOU CAN!

Once you know how to use this power, develop it and direct it, then you may also obtain your thousand and one desires. Before you realize it, things will begin to come your way—the things you have always longed for come to your eager grasp—people begin to seek you out—you become popular and sought after, socially and in business. All the use of this irresistible magnetism which lies within you is like a sleeping giant, ready to be called forth to lift you up and push you through to any goal you wish—be it financial independence, happiness, success, popularity, health, or fortune!

So Simple!—And So Easy!

This power of yours can be exercised like any muscle. Secret and unseen as it is, it can never be developed by the simple scientific system, in our famous course on "Personal Magnetism." No tiresome study, no expense, no troublesome practice, no self-denial. Everybody is anxious to learn and they are amazed that anyone who can read at all can master its magnetic message and rise to the top level of life, affluence, security, popularity, or fortune. Sure you will deny your fitness for better things?

AMAZING SECRETS
Bared In This Wonder Book

How to win love, affection, trust, and friendship. How to obtain money, credit, success, and capital. How to overcome nervousness and ill-will. Why loving ties of each other. Methods of cultivating charm and character. How to become popular, admired, and beloved. Secrets of raising funds of $50,000 a year. How to read the character and secrets of others. How to overcome weakness and fail. How to prevent and alleviate diseases. How to become a real power and leader. Secrets of history's famous characters, and many fascinating revelations.

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Fuller Bible, Dist. M-601, Jersey City, N. J.
Send me your book, "Personal Magnetism," for examination. I will return your special order for the book, if I don't get absolute satisfaction, or if in 3 days, I will return it for full refund in 3 days.

Name ____________________________
Address ____________________________

---

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.

Vincennes, Ind. 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 the over the world about that little bit of black eider-down (excuse me, Jack) has caused me many a sleepless

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.
LINDBERGH
The Lone Eagle

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.

Lindbergh, the greatest hero of them all, provides the material for the greatest story of them all. "Lindbergh, the Lone Eagle" written by a master biographer, George Buchanan Fife, deals with the aviator's life from early childhood, his fundamental aviation training, his hardships in the preparation of the flight, climaxing in a tale, which for human interest is unequalled—of the hero's emotions during the long trip between the New and the Old Worlds.

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I enclose $1.00 for which please send me a copy of "Lindbergh, The Lone Eagle," by George Buchanan Fife.

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

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 Street" 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 Diverse Ones" 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 Edna Hase. 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, Argentina. 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 McKeever, 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 "Crescent of the Earth" opposite Marion Nixon at Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif. Charles is 25 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.
Magic Face Powder makes skin new, soft, satiny!

"My DEAR, I've never SEEN your SKIN look so SOFT and SATiny! What DID you DO—have your FACE lifted? You say you only use KISSproof FACE POWDER? I've NEVER seen ANYTHING LIKE it! It CERTainly makes you look years YOUNGer, my dear! Let me TRY some of that MAGIC POWder im-MEDIately!"

Kissproof is a new type of face powder made from a secret formula imported from France. Rosalie knows it gives her skin a new, soft, satiny tone that she could never before obtain with any other face powder.

Kissproof stays on!

And unlike ordinary face powder, Kissproof doesn't wear off like a first love affair! It is aptly called the Extra Hour Face Powder—it clings hours longer than any face powder you have ever before used! We urge you to see what NEW SKIN this Extra Hour Face Powder will give YOU! Most French Powders of its type sell for $5.00 a box, but Kissproof can be obtained at your favorite toilet goods counter for only $1.00. Don't delay. Try Kissproof today! Insist on the genuine—be sure the box is plainly marked "Kissproof," If you would like to try before buying.

Send for Kissproof Treasure Chest

As a Special Introductory Offer we will send you a darling Loose Powder Vanity of Kissproof Face Powder; a genuine Kissproof Lipstick in brass case; a Kissproof Compact Rouge complete with mirror and puff; a dainty package of Kissproof Pasre Rouge; a bottle of Delica-Brow with camel's hair brush for applying; all for coupon below and only 30c! Not stingy samples but a whole month's supply of each—the full size packages would cost over $3.00! Ideal for week-ends or your hand bag.

Accept, for your beauty’s sake, the test offered here. Send coupon now! Find out for yourself what genuine Kissproof Beauty Aids will do; what ordinary unnatural cosmetics will never do! Kissproof are youth's own beauty aids—made to enhance natural youthful beauty. And how they STAY ON!

WARNING!

Never accept any cosmetic as "Kissproof" unless the name "Kissproof" is plainly marked on the package. For your own protection insist on the genuine. There are many spurious imitations but none are "Kissproof." Genuine Kissproof cosmetics are on sale at all modern toilet goods counters. Always ask for Kissproof BY NAME.

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER

[Printed insert with offer details]

Kissproof, Inc., Dept. B-109
3012 Clybourn Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

For 3c enclosed (stamps or coins) send me Kissproof Treasure Chest as outlined above. Include two, 8x10 Art Print of Kissproof Girl and 16 page Beauty Booklet, "The Secret of Perfect Makeup." I use—

- Flesh
- White
- Brunette
- Ivory Face Powder. Check which.

Name.

Address
City
State

8x10 Art Print of this famous painting. Signed and numbered. Included with your Kissproof Treasure Chest. Framed in 15 colors, mailed flat for framing.
HAVE A CAMEL

It’s the favorite.

When smoking is recognized as a pleasure, Camel has the call.
Complexion Beauty that Lasts All Day

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

Black and White Peroxide (Vanishing) Cream makes this ideal a reality. It whitens, refines and protects the skin; banishes "shiny nose" and other annoyances; holds face powder on for hours without renewing; and keeps the complexion looking fresh, smooth and beautiful.

This dainty, vanishing Cream is available at all dealers in two popular sizes—25c and 50c. Try it—today!

BLACK AND WHITE Peroxide (VANISHING) Cream
THE Biggest Hits of 1928-1929 will be PATHE HITS — Watch for Announcements at the Best Theatres.

Pathe

HERALDS NEW PROGRAM OF DE LUXE FEATURES

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

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in
"THE COP"

with ALAN HALE, JACQUELINE LOGAN, ROBERT ARMSTRONG and TOM KENNEDY
A DONALD CRISP Production
Screen Play by Tay Garnett from the story by Elliott Clawson
Ralph Block, Associate Producer. DeMille Studio Production

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

“TENTH AVENUE”
with
PHYLLIS HAVER

VICTOR VARCONI and JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT
A WILLIAM C. DE MILLE production
From the stage play by John McGowan & Lloyd Griscom
Continuity by Douglas Doty
DeMille Studio Production.

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

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

Magazine Builders, Inc., at 49 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y., U. S. A.
"best show in town!"

Some time soon a great motion picture is coming to your town, Erich von Stroheim’s “The Wedding March” — a throbbing story of love-mad, reckless Vienna into which von Stroheim as author, director and principal player has poured all his great genius.

If your theatre is equipped for sound, Paramount is prepared to show “The Wedding March” with synchronized music score and sound effects that greatly intensify its realism. Many of the scenes are in Technicolor. By all means see “The Wedding March” — your Theatre Manager will give you the date.

THE WEDDING MARCH

ERICH VON STROHEIM

with

FAY WRAY
and all-star cast

Paramount Pictures

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

PARAMOUNT FAMOUS LISKY CORP.,
Adolph Zukor, Pres., Paramount Bldg., N.Y.
The following is a page from a magazine article. The text appears to be a combination of advertisements, editorial content, and letters from readers. Here is a transcription of the visible content:

**WANTED!**

**MOTION PICTURE STORIES which YOU can write!**

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

Determine to Act—Now

The Hollywood Academy, under the personal direction of a former writer of long experience in the field of motion picture production, transports motion picture writers from the spiritual nil—in a practical, beginning, motion picture studio—giving you instruction based entirely on fact, imparting knowledge which would undoubtedly require years of actual studio experience to acquire. To your home, in your favorite easy chair, you can now equip yourself for success in scenario writing or for one of eleven other delightful big-earred positions in the motion picture field.

Get the Facts—Today!

Mail coupon now for illustrated book—"The Key to Hollywood," giving complete information and money back guarantee offer. Small coupon payment — no contract to sign — with the satisfaction of knowing that you are one of a family of students receiving the personal and individual instruction of the educational director of Hollywood Academy. Mail coupon now.

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"The Key to Hollywood!"

---

**S C R E E N L A N D**

**Ask Me**

"I made every word I say!" roared this lion interrogated for screenland. Mary Astor is impersonating Miss Vee Dee.

Franklin B. of Fullerton, Ky.

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

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

L. G. P. of Lansing, Mich. So you have followed Kathryn Williams ever since the days of Adventures of Kathlyn—that's loyal devotion and something to write home about! Kathryn hasn't been playing in pictures for some time but here she has one of the leading parts in Our Dancing Daughters. That will be joyful news for you. She is Mrs. Charles Eytton in private life.

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

Bunny of Cleveland. What would Easter be without a bunny, also Cleveland and all points north and south? Yes, what would? You haven’t been any bother to me so I’m going to be sweet and give all the information you asked for and that’s not all. You’ll see Gary Cooper with Colleen Moore in Life’s Time, and that’s enough to make any bunny sit up and eat lettuce. You can write to May McAvoy at Warner Bros. Studios, 3842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Bell Bennett is at Tiffany-Stahl Studios, 4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Rod La Rocque at Pathe-DeMille Studios, Culver City, Cal. James Hall, Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Eleanor Boardman (Continued on page 101)
Wilder than any of the Arabian Nights are the tales that might be told of some modern "Roadhouse" nights—and here is one of them you won't forget in a hurry!

Lured by a voluptuous siren who acts as the "come-on" for a gang of crooks operating a popular roadhouse as a shield for their real business, Larry Grayson runs the gamut of drink, passion and wild abandonment until he wakes up to find himself on trial for murder!

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

With Maria Alba, Warren Burke, Lionel Barrymore and Julia Swayne Gordon in the leading roles, "Roadhouse" is one of the most powerfully enacted stories of modern youth ever filmed!
Just Published—
“THE STORY of the FILMS”
Edited by JOSEPH P. KENNEDY
PRESIDENT, FBO PICTURES CORPORATION
The Intimate Story of the Unpublished Secrets of the Movies, Past, Present, and Future!

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

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

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

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

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

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

Tessie Moves Along, by Rob Wagner, is a brilliant novel of the movies. It tells vividly, dramatically, the struggle of an extra girl for fame, with its heartaches, discouragements, its glamour, its promise of reward and finally the achievement of a great success.

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

Bill Haines and Marion Davies in "Show People," when "the jester's motley covers an aching heart."
"KALIMA, SHE POSITIVELY DANCES TODAY!"

"Step right up, folks!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

"BARKER"

with MILTON SILLS
DOROTHY MACKAILL
and BETTY COMPSON

GEORGE FITZMAURICE

PRODUCTION

A First National Picture

Takes the Guesswork Out of "Going to the Movies"
The PICTURES that TALK

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

(C)Jolson in the famous pose of his 'Mammy' song. One of the first successes of the 'Talkers.'

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

I have watched for years the development of talking pictures and have been associated with their progress, and it is very gratifying to me to find that the public enthusiastically backs up the enthusiasm of the pioneers. A history of talking pictures is hardly necessary, for the developments are too recent. As every one knows, the advent of radio and loud speakers or, in other words, of Dr. DeForest's Vacuum Tube made possible the magnification of sound, so that a theatre could be filled with sound and also, this marvellous invention furnished a method by which the sound could be conveyed from the projecting machine to the screen.

By Edwin Howard

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

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

That talking pictures are liked if the sound is not too loud; if there is no distortion and—this seems to me the most important point—if the sound serves a real purpose. The Movietone News-Reel Features are absolutely wonderful. They fulfill the dreams of the most imaginative prophets. The other night we had the pleasure of listening to President Coolidge and Lloyd George from the same comfortable chair, though the speakers had made their utterances thousands of miles apart, within a period of three weeks. It was interesting to hear these voices. It brought the atmosphere of the event more convincingly than any photograph alone ever had succeeded in doing. Hardly one of these real incidents, recorded both phonetically and pictorially, failed to arouse the greatest enthusiasm. If all the years and (Continued on page 84)
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER brings great news to you for the coming year. JOHN GILBERT and GRETA GARBO will appear in a great role of Life", and JOHN GILBERT will be in two other pictures and GRETA GARBO in three. "Show People" brings MARION DAVIES and happy WILLIAM HAINES together in a marvelous special production. MARION DAVIES has three additional pictures and WILLIAM HAINES has four. "The Loves of Casanova" is a surprise special from M-G-M.

LON CHANEY will be in "While the City Sleeps" and three other films; RAMON NOVARRO in "Gold Braid" and one more; NORMA SHEARER in "Ballyhoo" and three other productions, and LILLIAN GISH in "The Wind". BUSTER KEATON appears in "The Camera Man" and in another comedy.

 plans include "Camping Out" and three additional fun films. CODY and PRINGLE offer the Broadway hit, "The Baby Cyclone" and two more pictures. TIM McCOY has six adventure pictures. That amazing dog, FLASH, has two thrillers. There will also be three COSMOPOLITAN PRODUCTIONS and three ELECTRIC LIGHT HITS with big, absorbing themes. Rounding out M-G-M's new offerings are its famous HAL ROACH comedies: those rascals, OUR GANG; and the laugh artists STAN LAUREL and OLIVER HARDY; CHARLEY CHASE and comical MAX DAVIDSON with HAL ROACH'S ALL-STARS. The M-G-M NEWS will again bring you the world's happenings and, with M-G-M's GREAT EVENTS Series in TECHNICOLOR and M-G-M's famed ODDITIES, there's the best entertainment in the world in store for you.

AT YOUR THEATER NEXT SEASON!

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

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

"GOOD NIGHT RADIO—WE NEVER MISS AN M-G-M PICTURE"
Golden Glint
the SHAMPOO plus
MAGIC KEY TO YOUTHFUL 'LOCKS'

“Arlington Operated”
HOTEL ANSONIA
Broadway, 73rd to 74th Streets
NEW YORK CITY
5 minutes to Theaters and Shopping Districts.
12 minutes from Penn. and Grand Central Stations.
1,260 ROOMS (All Outside)
New York’s most complete hotel. Everything for comfort and convenience of our guests.

TWO RESTAURANTS
Open from 6:30 A. M. until midnight.
Music, Dancing, 2 Radio Orchestras, Ladies’ Bath, Beauty Parlors, Drug Store, Barber Shop.

300 Rooms and Bath, per day . . . . $4.00
Large Double Rooms, Twin Beds
Effective . . . . $6.00 per day
Parlor, Bedroom and Bath (2 persons) . . . . $7.00 per day
Special Weekly and Monthly Rates
A restful hotel—away from all noise and “dust” of the “Dancing Parlor.” No room rooks, one steam plant equipped oil fuel. Coolest Hotel in New York in Summer.

THE ANSONIA
In conjunction with the Hotels Marseilles, Vindar and Constitution.
“Arlington Operated”

AN AMERICAN ACADEMY OF DRAMATIC ARTS
Founded 1884 by Franklin H. Sararent
For 44 Years the Leading Institution for Dramatic and Expressional Training
Prepares for Acting, Teaching, Directing, Developing Poise and Personality
Fall Term begins October 26th
Extension Dramatic Courses in co-operation with COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY
For Catalogue and full course from room 222-I. CARNEGIE HALL, New York

For Brighter Times
HAVE BRIGHTER HAIR
One shampooing now gives hair new youthful radiance!
Your hair—soft, fragrant, lustrous—alive with that youthful sparkle that everyone admires—you can achieve this charm tonight, with Golden Glint! Rach, generous father, dyes your hair. You rinse—remove all trace of nap. Then you apply the nata touch—the “plus” that makes this shampoo different! Homemade new plus—a new finish! All trace of dullness gone! Now your hair is worthy of the face it frames! Millions use it regularly—Nothing to bleach or change natural color of your hair. Just a wonderful shampoo—play! At your favorite dealer’s, or send 25 cents to J. W. Kohn, Dept. H, 67 Ranier Ave., Seattle, Wash. Money back if not delighted.

C’O tempora, a Torres, oh, boy! Raquel Torres came from Mexico to motion-land and the temperature went right up.

A few months ago Tom Terriss, the director—returned from abroad and nothing would do but that we must listen to the wonder of motion pictures in Russia. As a good Republican we know that nothing can possibly be good in Russia, and we smiled upon him with superior wisdom. (Find out why it is that every time we feel superior we are wrong.) Well, Tom was full of it. “They consider motion pictures the most important thing in modern life,” said Tom or words to that effect. And on he went, and he knows so damn much about these here new motion pictures that I decided that he was just blowing off, and giving the Russians some of his own ideas, for Lord knows he’s got them. The other day a Soviet film, The End of St. Petersberg, came to New York, and sure enough, it is way beyond us. I mean it is better than the motion pictures we make; as a picture, as an entertaining feature, and as a work of Art. Now all the critics are figuring out why it is better. It reminds me of a conversation with Lon Chaney when he was here the other day. We were discussing a plot for a picture. Here it is. The New England village is a one-factory town, and the owner is practically a baron. He is a nulid and loving man and so he lavishes upon his small hands everything that he can think of short hours, high pay, parks, homes, and so on. They are unhappy, dissolute and in a poor way generally, so the man goes away and comes back in disguise (trust Chaney for thinking of that) and he grinds the poor down and lengthens the hours of work and cuts the pay and raises the rents and shuts off the books and closes the parks, and then, the plot goes on, in a dozen cellars in this abused town the midnight oil burns, a great opera is composed by a tired worker, a painting springs from a hungry machine hand and a great leader rallies the workers to learn to think Chaney figured how the love affair and the hero could be worked in also, but we now are interested in this story because it is like Russia. When they all get to eating regularly, when they have found out that their great men are and who is going to get hold of the money, their Art will shrank to fit the vision that sits on a fat pocket-book. In the meantime they are pace-makers for the rest of us. Tom Terriss and others will bring their viewpoints and the first thing you know the lead will be ours again. Perhaps it might be ours already. Mr. Symon Gould, who does a great deal for the movies in New York City, not long ago showed a film—it was about the time that Varny had us all thinking of German direction—and in this film was a scene made by David Wark Griffith. He had made the sequence ten years before and it had the very same psychological viewpoint that we were giving the Germans credit for. Perhaps there is in Hollywood a better man at motion pictures than any beneath the blue skies of all the Russsias. I am sure that there is. In the meantime, remember that you produce better stuff when you know that you have to.

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

-But from the First Word, I Held Them Spellbound

THE banquet hall was crowded. Suddenly I heard the chairman’s voice say—"We will now have a few words from Mr. Byron Munn." It came like a flash of lightning! He was unexpectedly calling on me for a speech! No time to beg off—no chance to wriggle out of it! As I started to get up, I heard a titter run around the table. "Watch him make a fool of himself," I overheard someone whisper. "He’s so bashful he’s afraid of his own voice.

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

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

"But When I commenced To Speak—"

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

When I finished, there was an instant of dead silence! And then it came—a furious, deafening wave of applause rolling up from one hundred sides of hands—oppressions, excited, thrilled! Someone pushed forward and grabbed my hand. Others followed—and everyone started talking at once.

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

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

Was Once a "Human Clam"

After it was all over, Jack Harty fell into step beside me as I left the hall. "Joe, that was a great speech", he said enthusiastically. "You certainly raised yourself in the eyes of every person in that place right off!" And yet they used to call me ‘a human clam’—and the question was in the air! It was true, too. All my life I had been handicapped with a shy, timid and retiring nature. I was so self-conscious that it always hurt. With only a limited education I guess I could express my ideas in a coherent, forceful way. As a result I saw dreams of men with less ability pass me by into positions of social and business prominence simply because they were good talkers and knew how to create the right impression. It was maddening!

A Lucky Accident

At last I began to despise my own inability—when I acciden-tally ran across a little book entitled, How to Work Wonders With Words. And I want to say right here that this little book actually helped me change the course of my whole life.

Between its covers I discovered certain facts and secrets I had never dreamed of. Difficulties were swept away as I found a simple way to overcome timidity, shyness and self-consciousness—and how to win advancement, popularity and success. I don’t need to say that there was an "magic" or "mystery" about it, because I went at the thing systematically in the privacy of my own home, simply applying 20 minutes each day. And the results were certainly worth it! Today I hold the sort of position that I had always longed for. My salary has been increased! I am not only in constant demand as a speaker in public but I am asked to make several speeches than I have time to attend. To say it all up, I am more useful to people, earning more than I ever dared expect and enjoying life to the fullest possible degree! And furthermore, the sheer power of constructing speech has been the big secret of my success!

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

Get This Amazing Book FREE!

Right now, we offer to send you absolutely free, a copy of How to Work Wonders With Words. This remarkable little book will show you how to develop the priceless "hidden knack" of Effective Speech, which has made millionaires, success, social position, power and wealth to so many. It will open your eyes to a new realization of what he holds in store for you! You can obtain your own free copy of this magnificent book! Simply sending the coupon!

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Name ____________________________
Address __________________________
City ____________________ State _______
To honor a comedian, laugh at him. This page is to testify to the laughter which, like a Movietone attachment, accompanies his pictures, an obligato of happiness.

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

It is not enough to act dumb or forever to bear the mask of stolidity; what wins our approbation and applause is the tumbler's skill and the whole-souled generosity with which he spends his talents. And, freely giving to us, wins for himself our sincere liking.
THE news about the actors of the pictures comes to us all. A Hollywood love affair is an amour international; a divorce rends the universe, and a baby in the picture colony humanizes millions. Then, after months of hearing about him, we go to see the talked-of one again, and it is like having a wandering boy return, or a hero back home after the parade.

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

We meet them, and again warm to their personalities.

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

Make up your face into a smile.
Nancy Drexel's advice to the young girl about to enter a newspaper beauty contest with a promise of a Hollywood career, is the same as the advice of Punch to the young man about to get married. It is, briefly, 'Don't!' Miss Drexel should know whereof she speaks. She spent some distressful months trying to work out her salvation as a beauty contest winner in the movies. It is only now, after a year and a half, that she seems finally to have shaken off the incubus of such a supposed honor. In fact, one of Miss Drexel's distinctions may be said to be that she is one of the few beauty contest winners who have ever made good and eventually achieved a leading role.

About 18 months ago Miss Drexel bade farewell to her friends in the Cathedral High School in New York and left Manhattan with high and almost dizzy hopes. Was she not the triumphant survivor of a pulchritude tournament conducted by an Eastern newspaper? Was she not the proud possessor of a contract with a California film company which promised her employment at a pretty figure? Was she not about to set out for Hollywood? Was she not bound to make a great big thumping success from the start?

As to this last—Yes, she was not. Arrived in the film belt, Miss Drexel's hopes slowly but consistently went glimmering, as so often happens with the fond hopefuls who descend upon it. At first she was given a few scanty bits to play, then the bits had become nothing but vague and watery promises of more work. The company paid her salary—for a while. Then everyone seemed to have a strange lapse of memory. They forgot, practically without an effort, that Miss Drexel was around, eager and ready for service to the great American public.

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

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

C Catch 'Em Young, Keep 'Em Cute, and Collect a Fortune. (Latest Producers' Slogan.)
Old Man Hollywood is being led around by the nose by Picture Loveliness— and Likes It!

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

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

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

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

Imagine Old Man Movie submitting to cajoleries and caresses from pretty little girls who tug at his beard and bounce on his knee and go through his pockets for candy. When they only find contracts they cry and cry as if their poor little hearts would break. But they don't break, because movie contracts are much better than candy for growing girls, as even the dumbest baby will tell you.

O Mirth and Innocence! O Milk and Water! (Quotation.)

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

(Continued on page 96)
Tom Mix

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

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

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

The representative of P. B. O. Pictures, for which company Tom will soon be making some new pictures, brought the great western star to make the selection while Tom was in New York City playing in vaudeville at the Hippodrome. Even though the time between shows was limited, it proved to be sufficient, because Tom knew just what he wanted and it was easy to see he enjoyed picking out the different articles.

The equipment is light and practical and consists of:
1 Hikelite Tent
1 Boy Scout Axe
Mosquito Front and Pole
1 Pack
2 Blankets
1 Candle Lantern (folding)
1 Hikelite Cooking Outfit
1 Match Box
1 Camp Grate
1 Poncho

The tent is made of Tantalite, which is the best material for light-weight tents, and is dyed by the same process as
Invites YOU to CAMP

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

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

The cooking outfit is for two, and is the most compact ever designed. It is an outfit worth working for, and the thought necessary to enter this contest will be beneficial whether you win or not.

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

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

The winner will receive the outfit in time to go camping in September.
"It is the 'Open Sesame,' the Magic Incantation that uttered by a Clinging Vine turns the Strongest Oak into a Sapling—with the Accent on the Sap."
All over the world you can almost hear the hum of the cutest encouraging the bucks. They are called bucks because they take so much bucking up.

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

The male animal responds to this slogan as a tom-cat does to catnip. Every great accomplishment has been achieved to the music of it, and for its utterance alone women were given speech. They may say a lot of other things and I'll go so far as to say they do, but so long as they retain "You're Wonderful!" in the monologue, the rest won't be hard to listen to.

Perhaps since we are all just a mass of vibrations, as Dr. Millikan says, we are keyed to these particular waves. In any event they are the greatest words in the language. Don't you think so? I knew you would because — You're Wonderful!

C Sally Phipps and Nick Stuart. What can't a man accomplish with a little sympathetic jollying? Nothing can stop Nick now.

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

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

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

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

“That’s Louise Fazenda,” said Billie, proudly pointing to the dumpy little old woman walking by my side. “You ought to get her signature.”

“Oh, gosh!” exclaimed the youngsters as they turned again to beauty.

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

There was a sting even in Louise’s first success. She had been working extra in mobs on the Universal lot when one day she was engaged as one of only six girls in a southern story. Given a pretty frock with ruffled skirt she spent several days curling her hair in imitation of Mary Pick-
Miss Fazenda has a tremendous popularity which doesn't depend upon her beauty.

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

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

The other girls dismissed the financial temptation with a laugh. But Louise was made instantly thoughtful.

Five dollars! That was two dollars more than the regular ticket. And the Fazendas were very poor. Louise struggled between beauty and duty. My, how she wanted to wear those pretty clothes. It was like a Cinderella dream come true. But at last duty won, and turning in her pretty frock she made up as an ugly pickinny. It was the beginning of her career. She injected so much humor into the characterization that she instantly established herself as an artist.

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

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

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

"When I fell in love with Hal," (Hal Wallis is the Warner Brothers' publicity chief whom she married a year ago), "I naturally wished to look beautiful in his eyes, so when I was doing my ugly characterizations I sneaked in the back way and then hid..." (Continued on page 88)
"Sunday morning sleep isn't for these busy Hollywood people!" I telephoned to a very sleepy Patsy. "You know we have three parties today! Franklin Pangborn is calling for us at eleven. Agnes Christine Johnston is having a party down at her Santa Monica Canyon home and we are to have lunch under the trees and then go to the polo game. Jack Holt and Will Rogers are going to play, and maybe Frank Dazey, Agnes' husband.

"Then there's tea with May Robson and after that Kathleen Reynolds is giving a Gay Nineties costume party."

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

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

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

It was very lovely under the trees, and all the comforts of home were combined, since the picnic table was close to the brick barbecue oven, and there a regular chef and waiter, all in spotless white, were cooking our chops and potatoes.
We found Frank Dazey arrayed in polo togs, as he was going to sub, and we knew that he was just hoping and hoping that somebody might at the last moment decide not to ride, so that he could have a chance at the ponies.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Snowy Baker was riding and so was Jack Holt, both of course wonderful players. Will Rogers didn't play, but he (Cont. on page 94)
The Players from Hollywood
Find their Fame has preceded
Them.

By Anne Bye

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

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

© Glenn Tryon, a stranger in our midst—may his shadow never grow less.
Almost every chorus-girl on Broadway is a small-town girl who dances for the sheer joy of being a part of the big city.

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

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

Can you picture it?

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

The curtain rises. A gasp goes through the theatre. Beauty. Youth and beauty.
York and her living expenses after she arrived. And Mr. Wayburn, recalling the griefs and turmoil of his own threadbare youth—when he was a boy with dance desire in his heart and not an internationally recognized producer and master of dancing—agreed to let the young winner have a free scholarship at his studio.

Hundreds of contestants sent in their photographs. But Sally was the chosen one. Chosen by a unanimous vote. Now it may surprise you to learn that Sally isn't at all the popular conception of a dancer. She has neither the blonde prettiness of Mary Eaton nor the languid grace of Claire Luce. Sally is a thin edition of beloved Isadora Duncan. Her hair is purple black. Her eyes are shining soft. And her figure is glorious with unadorned beauty.

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

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

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

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

When all had left the house, Sally's mother took her out into the garden and sat down. "Did you ever hear the story of Saint Sebastian, Sally?" the mother asked out of a clear sky.

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

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

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

"About three hundred years after Christ was born, there lived in Rome a young archer named Sebastian. He was chief of all the imperial archers at the court of the Emperor Diocletian. But the Emperor was a pagan. And Sebastian at heart was a Christian. When Diocletian discovered this fact, he became so enraged that he condemned the young archer to death. Late one afternoon, Sebastian was bound to a tree by two tall Ethiopian slaves. And there at twilight while many cedarwood fires filled the air with flame and odor, the fair young man was shot to death by his own archers. "You see, Sally, the Emperor couldn't understand Sebastian's desire to be a Christian. He couldn't understand why the boy wasn't satisfied with all the fêtes and the luxuries of the court. But Sebastian knew that in Christianity he had found the only true beauty and happiness. And he was willing to die for his belief."

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

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

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

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

Photograph by Melbourne Spurr
THE 'Middles' at Annapolis have a treat in store for them. Jeanette Loff is going to make her next picture at the Naval Academy.
You can learn screen technique just by watching the moving figures to catch the music cues!

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

You see, Jeanette Loff had unusual gifts and graces, to start with. Born at Orofino, Ida., she grew up in a world of art, a home transplanted from Copenhagen, Denmark, to Idaho and then to the wilds of Wadena, Saskatchewan, where her father continued his profession of violinist. He is a Dane, and her mother Danish and Norwegian.

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

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

(Continued on page 93)
Is every girl really in duplicate—she and her shadow—two natures—one good, one bad? Not exactly. She has one that God gave her, but civilization has taught her a thing or two. That there is a little bit of bad in every good little girl no psychologist can deny. In fact, that's what makes her so good.

But there can be no doubt that a wise girl knows her material, and dresses to suit both of her natures. No twentieth-century charmer ever dresses like little Eva when she is feeling like Eve. She knows that as she dresses, so will she be treated. And if she craves rough treatment she wouldn't wear a gingham gown with a sash, unless the sash had a sash-weight.

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

If, on the other hand, she feels pensive, and shy, and
C. Norma Shearer and Ralph Forbes in
'The Actress' in the tempo and manner of petticoats and laces.

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

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

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

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

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

(Cont. on page 86)
A D I C T I O N A R Y  f o r

A-mer'i-can. Richard Dix
A native of America; orig., an American abor-
gine; now, a person of
European descent born in
America. Three cheers
for the red, white, and
Richard! He showed his
Americanism in The Van-
ishing American and he
will prove it again in Red
Skin.

ar’is-to-crat’ic.
Aileen Pringle
Characteristic of, or originating with, the aristo-
cracy. That’s why Elmor Glyn, an aristocrat
herself, once chose Aileen
to play a princess, in
Three Weeks.

at-trac’tive. Nancy Carroll
Having the power or quali-
ty of allurement, charm.
Nancy has all that—ask
Abie, whose Irish Rose
when he saw her; or Rich-
ard Dix, opposite whom
she played the love scenes
in Easy Come, Easy Go.

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

boy-ish. William Haines
Like, pertaining to, or af-
ter the manner of, a boy.
That’s why they call him
Billy. Watch him teasing
Anita Page in Telling the
World or making love to
Marion in Show People—
just a play-boy, that’s
Billy.

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

cute. Sally O’Neil
Clever or shrewd; attrac-
tive by reason of dainti-
ness or picturesqueness, as
a child. Sally has only to
walk on the screen flounc-
ing her tiny skirts and
tossing her Irish head, as
she did in The Mad Hour,
and all over the house you’ll hear “Isn’t she
cute?”

de-light’ful. Marion Davies
Highly pleasing; giving
delight. Marion Davies
is always giving something
—she is generous-hearted
and democratic and this
spirit shows in her pic-
tures like The Patsy and
The Fair Co-Ed.

bash’ful. Harry Langdon
Very or excessively mod-
est; shy; diffident; retir-
ing; as a bash’ful child.
That’s Harry all over. Remember him in the
baby carriage in Tramp, Tramp, Tramp?

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

re-fined. Irene Rich
Polished; cultured; free
from vulgarity. Who can
play a lady the way Irene can? Remember *Lady Windermere's Fan?*

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

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

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

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

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

**romance incarnate.** Dolores as Charmaine, Carmen, Ramona.

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

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

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

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

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

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

The NEWS PARADE

Hip, Hip!

This started out to glorify the American cameraman. It ended by glorifying Sally Phipps in a bathing-suit—which was all right, too. But the epic of the camera-man was left far, far behind—for no matter how much you like Sally, you must admit she's not an epic; she's too little. While it's a good break for her smile and her—er—suit, why not call that a picture (and a darned pretty picture, too) and make another revolving around the exploits of the intrepid news-reelers? Nick Stuart is the hero, awaiting his chance to shoot Sally's capitalist father. Not a Bolshevik; but a brave camera-man intent on a scoop. Of course he gets his pictures—both of 'em. But not before The News Parade has turned first into a travelogue, and then into a serial, involving Earle Foxe and fisticuffs. Fun for the kiddies—and for the real camera-men.
HANGMAN'S HOUSE

Bad Noose.

Here's just the thing for that tired feeling. Why spend a depressed evening at home when you can go to see Hangman's House? This picture will make you thank your stars that your old man isn't an executioner. Or maybe he is. How should I know? In that case, you can thank your stars that your house isn't on fire. Or that your daughter didn't marry a bigamist. Or that a villain didn't shoot your pet horse. All these dandy accidents occur in the merry opus entitled Hangman's House, adapted, ever so faithfully, from the novel by Donn Byrne, who certainly must have been feeling good when he wrote it. It's a story about Ireland and the Irish; an Irishman, John Ford, directed; so you see the real thing instead of the usual movie paste emeralds. Hobart Bosworth plays Judge O'Brien, 'the hanging justice,' who sees his victims in his own fireplace and before he dies marries his only daughter (June Collyer) to a rascal (Earl Foxe) when she really loves a lad played by Larry Kent (and why not?). The poor girl is harried and hounded until Victor McLaglen, also Irish, comes to the rescue and retribution overtakes the villain who, by the way, is of the blackest dye ever cast on the screen. A corking fire which consumes Hangman's House and the villain provides a cherry finale to send you home in a good humor. There is a good cast. If you liked the fog in Sunrise you'll like it in Hangman's House. It looks enough like the same fog to be its twin brother.

One of those pictures with a laugh and a tear

Laugh, Clown, Laugh

Stop Tickling.

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

Throw Out the Laugh-Line.

M. I-S, S-I-S, S-I-P-I! That’s right. Old Man River, himself. He’s the background for this comedy about an old steamboat named Stonewall Jackson, her skipper, Steamboat Bill, and Steamboat’s son, Junior. Senior is Ernest Torrence; Junior is Buster Keaton—and they are the last word in comedy teams. They are the Tiffany of all screen funny acts. Big Ernest and little Buster—both at their best, and you know how good that is. Burly father and scared little shrimp of a son just back from Boston with high-class ideas and a ukelele. Father smashes the ukelele and tries to remodel the ideas. But he doesn’t get very far. Junior proves that brain is equal to brawn, and he saves the day and the entire cast before he is through showing off. There’s a wind storm that’s the funniest ever filmed. Buster has always been one of my favorite comedians so I feel like saying ‘I told you so’ after Steamboat Bill, Jr. He is really very funny, and his acrobatic falls will make you wince. Ernest Torrence is a perfect foil. A little girl named Marion Byron proves that it is possible for a comedian’s leading lady to make her presence felt—if she is as pretty and as pert as Marion. Steamboat Bill, Junior is a great show for seniors and juniors and everybody else.

JEMPEST

In a Teapot.

Once there was a peasant who loved a princess. Once? Well, it happens once more in Tempest, to the satisfaction of all concerned. John Barrymore, for the first time in many moons of make-up, is permitted to be humorous and debonair, and you’ll like him. He plays a Russian soldier whose devotion to duty earns him a promotion to Sergeant. He is getting along swimmingly—but unfortunately his general’s daughter is, too. She’s in bathing and he happens along and falls for her. This is lesse majeste, to say the least. His infatuation proves his undoing, and if it hadn’t been for the Revolution, in the role of Old John Nick-of-Time, Mr. Barrymore—I mean Sergeant Ivan Markov—would have been in a bad way. His pal, Sergeant Bulba, boisterously played by Louis Wolheim and his nose, saves the day, and the ex-peasant and the general’s beautiful daughter are seen speeding away in their sleigh-built-for-two to seek happiness in a new land. It’s as simple as all that. Tempest is hardly an important picture. The Revolution will not make anyone see red. But it is always good to look at, especially Camilla Horn. This German girl shows beautiful eyes and lovely hair and good form. But she is cold, after the manner of movie princesses. John Barrymore doesn’t look or act like a Russian peasant; he looks and acts like John Barrymore in a genial mood—which is much more pleasant.
The YELLOW Lily

(pre-war stuff)

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

Now, please—don't tease. I don't know why it's yellow instead of white or red any more than you do. But I do know that yellow lilies neither toil nor spin, so they can't be so much different from the rest. Billie Dove is the small-town Hungarian beauty who captures an Archduke's fickle fancy and, what is more important, holds it. At first she spurns him, which only spurs him on. Then she shoots him and finally runs off with him. Clive Brook is a beautiful beautiful Archduke. Billie is a vision. Between the two they prove that love was love even when girls wore long hair and skirts and men said it with serenades.

The BIG Noise

(louder—and funnier)

Somebody referred to this picture as satire the other day. If this is satire then I am Mary Pickford, and I'd rather be Greta Garbo. The Big Noise is a comedy with a good idea that somehow never quite comes off. It gives itself away in a title when it says (in words to the same effect): 'The Big Noise is just a whisper.' Chester Conklin and his walrus whiskers are ingratiating as always, but otherwise the hilarity is absent. Mr. Conklin—now that he is a star I can't call him Chester—plays a man of the crowd who finds himself suddenly famous. He gets his pictures in the papers and hears himself eulogized and begins to believe it when someone pinches him and he wakes up—to find that all his friends were of the fair-weather variety, and that newspaper clippings don't make a hero. Hollywood papers please copy. Alice White plays his daughter; the program says so. But Alice, where art thou? Anita Loos was the original author of this comedy but that is the only resemblance to Gentlemen Prefer Blondes.
Richard Dix sends innocent by-sitters into hysterics.

Easy Come, Easy Go

It takes Richard Dix to become highly involved with a dignified old bandit and a beautiful young girl. Being honest, he does his best to extricate himself from his mix-up with the bandit; but being young and virile he gets himself in deeper and deeper with the girl; and between beauty and bandit he’s sunk.

But you know Richard. Down, but not out. He blunders right on, upsetting a sanitarium and riding a tandem bicycle and sending innocent by-sitters into hysterics until he sees his chance to return the blondes—I means bonds; or was it a pay-roll? Anyway, the Girl is a red-head. I’m sure about that because she is Nancy Carroll. Miss Carroll has all the traditional piquant charm that is supposed to supplement titian tresses. Some benefactor should put Nancy in natural-color movies.

A series of breathless adventures in a haunted house

SOMETHING ALWAYS HAPPENS

Who Can Stop It?

Very little picture has a mystery all its own. The latest is Something Always Happens, Esther Ralston’s new comedy, which is a series of breathless adventures in a haunted house. Well, it may not be really haunted but what with black cats and cobwebs and clutching hands it might as well be. Esther is in search of a thrill and she gets it. So does the audience. Also shivers and a good case of the creeps. Frank Tuttle has directed in amusing style though he never seems able to make up his mind whether his picture is mystery drama, farce, or burlesque. Whatever it is, it’s good and exciting. Esther is ably assisted by Neil Hamilton, Sojin, Charles Sellon, and Roscoe Karns. And if anybody asks you—Sojin is not in the picture just for fun. He means business, as usual; and—Something Always Happens.
**The ACTRESS**

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

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

**The ESCAPE**

**Look Around Now.**

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

Here isn’t Big Sister back again! I thought she had gone for good. She and her sacrifices! After a long and honorable movie-career, too long and far too honorable to suit me, she seemed about to retire to that little farm she was always babbling about. It was all right with me, her retirement. It couldn’t come too soon. Now along comes The Escape, which is no escape for me. It brings back Big Sister to me. You can’t lose her. This time she protects little sister from the city feller, and a low life among brutal bootleggers; and finally settles down on that little farm, and I’ll bet little sister liked that! If Big Sister had been played by any other actress than Virginia Valli, I couldn’t have stood it. As it was, Miss Valli’s charming and intelligent performance made The Escape interesting. She runs the well-known gamut of emotions you have heard so much about, practically ragged. Thanks to her I am reconciled to Big Sister. I liked little sister, too, as played by a newcomer with great big pleading eyes and winning ways. Her name is Nancy Drexl. George Meeker has a thankless role—that of a weakling whom the heroine regenerates. But George almost convinces you that weaklings are much to be preferred to he-men. I don’t know how he does it. Finally, The Escape gives the latest low-down on the speak-easy racket. After watching Bill Russell as a hard-boiled bootlegger at work you won’t drink even a bottle of pop before having it analyzed.
When Marceline steps out of a summer afternoon she wears this day-time coat of white silk faille, with its long tuxedo collar and cuffs of coral matellise.

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

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

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

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


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

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

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

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

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

THE FLYIN' COWBOY

When Tom Mix gets tired of all the froth and fury of film acting, I know one boy who will be ready to step into his saddle. And that's your old friend, Hoot Gibson. Hoot is getting better all the time. He always was good so far as riding and shooting and loving goes. But now in addition to all that, he's getting some fine western material to work into his stories. In his new film, The Flyin' Cowboy, he does the best work the writer has ever seen him do.

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

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

Reviewed by Rosa Reilly

Olive Southern and Walter Pidgeon in 'Clothes Make the Woman.' A film that should not be missed by lovers of romance and beauty!
CLOTHES MAKE THE WOMAN

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

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

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

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

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

The director then gets the idea of filming a picture around the events. And when he goes to cast the movie, by one of those queer quirks of fate, he actually engages members of the Czar’s family for the leading roles—members who, according to the picture, escaped just as the supposed Anastasia claims she did.

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

THE LIGHT OF ASIA

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

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

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

The picture was made in India and the cast is entirely native. The settings are magnificent. And the marriage scenes of Gotama and Gopa are (Continued on page 78)
Loretta Young is arriving. She is now on her way. Two big parts in two good pictures—Laugh, Clown, Laugh, and The Magnificent flirt. So much in demand that First National, with whom she is under contract, hardly has a chance to use her in its own pictures, it's been so busy "lending" her to other companies. Yes, this little girl has been getting a good hand up.

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

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

"Big families are wonderful, though. There isn't one of us I could spare. They get behind you solid, but oh boy, if you think they stand for any dizzy ideas of self-expression, you're crazy!"
LORETTA YOUNG. Once upon a time she was a child actress and now, grown to heroine size, she is again before the camera.

Photograph by Harold Dean Carney
GEORGE BANCROFT, the 'smiling villain,' made crooks fashionable and now he is going to glorify long-shore-men in The Docks of New York.

Photograph by Hommel
JOHN GILBERT, the most interesting, envied and talked about man in movies.

Photograph by Ruth Harriet Louise
GARY COOPER, a Montana rancher, has branded a number of pictures with his personality and made successes of them.
Photograph by Eugene Robert Richee
Idaho family when their college-trained daughter comes back with a New Yorker whom she has chosen as her husband-to-be. The material is there for the sort of thing that Booth Tarkington could have done wonders with; for the sort of thing that Frank Craven did in The First Year.

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

The Art of James Gleason

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

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

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

Well, time passed, and there came to town Rain or Shine, a concoction with Joe Cook making merry, and an alleged book by—guess!—James Gleason and Maurice Marks. The show is a smash, and Mr. Cook is grand. But the book, the book! Whether Mr. Gleason wrote half of it only, and which half, is immaterial—it is at least one of the ten worst pieces of dialogue we have ever squirmed through.

Don't think that we're the type that asks a musical comedy book to have the plausibility (Cont. on page 100)
Mercurial Pola's latest temperamental outburst was received in Hollywood with discreet smiles. Like most of her tirades, it was without malice—more of a flash of sparks from two high tension wires. The two wires were Pola and her director, Dr. Ludwig Berger.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

You may not know this actress, although she has appeared in three pictures for the company. One of them was Pola's Three Sinners, by the way. Another—now that I think of it they all deal with sin—was Emil Jus-
ning’s *The Street of Sin*. Her latest role is in *The White Sin*, which was known as *The Perfumed Trap*.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Women like clothes,” a girl friend of mine tells me, “why not write about them?”

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

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

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

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

Pauline Starke, now more concerned in being Mrs. Jack White than in making pictures, was as smart as you please in a white two-piece sports costume with middy collar and cuffs and marine motifs on sleeve and collar corners. She wore a white milan hat edged with black.
Which ought to be enough clothes to give you an idea of the styles. Credit for the description of the gowns goes to my lunch date.

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

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

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

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

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

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

A star who has just returned from Paris tells me that Captain Alastair Mackintosh, former husband of Constance Talmadge, has quit a job in the United Artists Paris exchange to be Rex Ingram’s production manager in a film called, Three Passions.

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

Two other European travelers are due back in Hollywood soon. They are Mary Pickford and Doug Fairbanks. Doug looked conditions over in Europe and decided it would be better to make his picture in Hollywood. I was sitting in Bob Fairbanks’ office when he got a wireless telephone message from Doug in London. What a thrill! Talking across the ocean! We’ve read about it, of course, but the miracle seemed so much greater sitting in the room where a voice was being heard which was speaking across all those miles.

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

The weary months preceding Mrs. Pickford’s passing showed Mary as a woman of character. She holds the respect of Hollywood and is more than ever its queen.
Did you know that Gary Cooper was educated in England? It was new to me until he told me this month. Gary was a cowboy, you know, riding the range in Montana for two years. He also was a cartoonist on a paper in Helena, Montana, and sold advertising in Los Angeles. He worked a year in pictures before he got a chance for a real screen test.

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

I saw a familiar face, but one which has been long absent from the Boulevard—J. Barney Sherry. I wonder if you remember him. He played in Tom Ince’s pictures for almost 13 years. It’s been seven years probably since Sherry was in Hollywood. The last his friends heard of him he was on the stage with Mary Boland in “$1000.”

What a laugh on Dick Grace! With my own eyes I saw the stunt flyer who crashes airplanes for a living — you saw a sample in Wings—dodging about in the greatest concern when the signal turned and he got caught between two streams of traffic on Sunset Boulevard and Vine Street—right where the old Lasky studio stood before it was torn down to make way for business property.

You’d hardly suspect a screen villain of writing songs, but that is exactly what Earle Foxe does. He is the author of the lyrics for “Dream House,” a very popular radio piece, which is now being made into records by four companies. Lynn Cowan, the leader of a band in a Los Angeles suburban theater, wrote the music.
They keep on giving him another chance. I mean Eric Von Stroheim. Any other man would have been in the discard long ago, but Von has something they all want—genius. He is like a water-fall. If they can only find a way to chain his power, great pictures will be the result.

A canny banker, Joseph P. Kennedy, believes he can trust Von to make Gloria Swanson’s next picture. Gloria also believes and I suppose Von believes himself. He starts out with the best intentions and is perfectly willing to agree to have his salary stop after a prescribed number of weeks, whether he is through or not. But in the past when the salary stopped he kept right on working—working until an impatient company at last hired another director and until Von as usual was broke. He is Hollywood’s most erratic genius. Yet he wins sympathy everywhere. The reason is his eccentricity is backed up by accomplishments. It’s not merely temperament. Von’s soul is completely that of the artist—one who is never satisfied with his work.

Paramount is going to make an Indian out of Richard Dix again. He played one in The Vanishing American, which attracted wide attention. The new story is called Redskins and Richard is seen as a Navajo tribesman. Thoroughly recovered now from his illness, the star is anxious to start to work. He has cheerfully postponed Moran of the Marines in favor of the Indian story.

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

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

Joseph Schildkraut was born in Vienna but has lived almost his entire life in this country. He is an American citizen, having taken out his final papers in 1926. Because of his parentage, however, his nationality is almost an international alliance. His father, Rudolph Schildkraut, is a Roumanian, his mother a Hungarian, one of his grandfathers is Turkish and one of his grandmothers, Spanish. While the elder Schildkraut was at the head of the German stock company at the Irving Place Theatre in New York, Joseph was attending the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, from which he graduated into his American debut in Pomander Walk. In 1924 he returned to Berlin, where he attended
Hamburg College, and most important of all, became acquainted with Max Rheinhardt, under whom he appeared in a number of productions in Berlin, notably *The Prodigal Son*.

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

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

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

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

During the past three days tests of several renowned screen leading women have been taken to determine which one was best suited to act as a foil for Buck Jones. Miss Ralston was finally selected as the ideal type to support the romantic movie plainsman. Her extensive fan following and proven power at the box office left no room for doubt.
Perhaps all romance does not begin in an old-fashioned garden—but it should. The wise director of 'Noah's Ark'—Michael Curtiz—chose this sylvan spot for a screen lovers' rendezvous, so that the scene breathes beauty and promise.

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

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

“Have you bought the marriage license as yet, Roy?” I asked. He gasped.

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

These actor people—I certainly cannot understand them, and I have an idea that all of them are children at heart, and will never, never grow up! One who has been trying his luck around these Hollywood woods a long, long time, and who has succeeded during the years in getting a small part or bit between the extra work, is entirely elated this month. A couple of weeks ago Ed Heim called him on the phone and told him to come down; informed him that some money from a picture made about eight years ago, had at last come in! They had made the picture “on paper”—in other words, getting no salary, but the written agreement that when the picture was released the salary would be forthcoming. That was, as I say, about eight years ago, and the six dollars my actor friend just received wasn’t the thing that made him smile so broadly and feel so happy. Oh, no, that wasn’t it! That silly actor thinks it simply means a change of luck. He says he already has had a most promising call from the casting director of one of the biggest studios, and it is surely on account of the lucky six. Gosh, I hope it is so—he deserves it, all right, and he certainly has starved through his share of days for the sake of his art.

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

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

Then there are Doug, Jr. and Betty Bronson. I remember some two or three years back, when Betty was making Peter Pan, how Doug used to be on the set morning, noon and night with Peter. After the day's work was over, we folks in Hollywood saw them together at the theatre, at dances, at parties. And, of course, everybody had them engaged. Then, just as suddenly as it began, everything was over, and each was seen with other beaux. Now, only a week or so ago, it was announced that they were to play the leads in this companionate marriage thing that Judge Ben Lindsey, himself, is to supervise. For that length of time I have been wondering if things would be patched up, but alas! all of another sudden it is announced that not Doug, but Richard Walling will play the lead in the picture. Then I hear that Doug's manager didn't want him to play opposite Betty, and on top of that, the very, very latest most confidential

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

If you folks could see Buddy Rogers after his return from New York and the opening of Abie's Irish Rose! You never saw any young man so tickled to death and surprised at the way the New Yorkers treated him. "Why, Marion," he laughed, sort of bashfully and really as if he didn't believe it himself, "they even knew me when I walked down Broadway, and pretty quick I'd have a bunch of people following me. They came to my hotel; they wrote me letters; sent me telegrams and all that sort of thing. Golly, it made me feel good, and I sure hope they weren't disappointed in me." At that I took another good look at him, and with the bit of needed added weight he had acquired, you fluttering fair hearts can take it from me that they were not disappointed. Then I asked him about Claire Windsor, and though there is no question but that they both enjoy each other's company, and are having a corking good time
together, neither one is really serious and I don't think there has even been a thought of marriage in their minds. Anyway, Buddy and the rest of the Paramount location troupe left so soon to shoot college sequences at Princeton for Buddy's first starring picture that there wasn't much time to do anything but get some clothes laundered and pack right back East again.

** * * *

Robert Armstrong. 'C.B.'s latest find, was telling me about his dog. Bob and his side-kick, Jimmie Gleason, were on a tour with their act, and happened to be playing in London. How many of you folks know what it is to be homesick? Well, if you have had a chance to get that awful, awful feeling, you can better imagine Bob and Jimmie, far across the Atlantic from home, no friends or anything, and the homesick-est boys that ever left the land of the free. Bob says he simply couldn't smile, and all he felt like doing was to stick his head in a pillow, and have a grand old cry. I know just how he felt! Then, instead of the cry, Jimmie blazed forth with an idea and in less than half an hour the two big homesick babies had bought a wire-haired terrier and were making more fuss over him than a cow makes over her first calf. By this time you have doubtless seen many photos of the spoiled pet, who has travelled all over Europe keeping a couple of men from crying and who couldn't be bought for 'love nor money.' Lucky dog, of course, and if that's the secret of cure for homesickness, remember, be sure to give Bob Armstrong credit for letting you in on it. *

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

** * * *

Now, on the Excess Baggage set, in the presence of one producer named James Cruze, Mr. Chadwick has informed me that two fingers of his hand were broken by a fall down the steps in his own home on Highland Avenue. Possibly I should not say that Producer Cruze villainously gave me the wink, almost sobbingly shook his head, and turned away. In desperation, poor Cyril turned to me. With tears in his eyes, and his English accent pleasing beyond measure, he begged me to go to the phone, to call Mrs. Chadwick and ask if all is well. I'm sure she had no idea that to any English gentleman, and I want it distinctly understood that the accident occurred is absolutely immaterial as far as I'm concerned. But—falling down the stairs—a hand-ball game two hours before—oh, well, let Jim Cruze be the judge! *

** * * *

I have had the loveliest time buying some things, absolutely unmentionable and just perfectly exquisite, with Marie Prevost, and I think maybe you'll hear some more later.
The prize offered Harry Langdon for the best comedy gag resulted in a very popular contest.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Harry Langdon, the boy from Council Bluffs, Iowa, gives the Ford car and a few graceful gestures.
spectacular to the point of barbarity.

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

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

An unusual picture—magnetic, exotic, beautiful.

**CARMEN**

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

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

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

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

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

Louis Lerch plays Carmen's lover—and plays it splendidly. Here's a new hero for you, girls, one with fire, passion, and marked dramatic power. There's a superb bull fight, an astounding mountain battle, and a duel thrown in for good measure.

As you sit in your theatre, watching the movie and listening to the splendid Carmen music, give a thought to Bizet who composed the opera. For this music so indicative, so redolent of Spain, was written by a Frenchman who never stood on Spanish soil until years afterward. A Frenchman who died in sadness, not realizing that he had created a masterwork.

**THE LIVING IMAGE OR THE LADY OF PETROGRAD**

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

Now White Gold was a grand picture, even if it did end unhappily. And there have been several others. But girls and boys, don't waste any of your quarters or half-dollars taking that chance on this new Russian movie, *The Living Image*. Unless, of course, you have a real interest in character actors and actresses. And then it will be more than worth your while to see this second-rate Russian story just to get a glimpse of Claire Prelia, and also of Roger Karl. For Claire cuts a distinguished and magnificent picture, and Roger does some exceptional work.

It's an introspective sort of yarn. Emmy Lynn is a young Russian matron in love with a youthful officer. But her elderly husband, Roger Karl, a general, shoots the lover, and takes his wife away to the blue Mediterranean to forget. So far, so good. But here's where the director burnt out a bearing. And from then on the picture goes almost grotesque. Paintings. Gasps. Convulsive neck clutchings. All these contortions waste a good bit of picture footage and spoil a movie that otherwise might have proved both thrilling and amusing.

**RIDING FOR FAME**

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

Which sad look into the future brings me up to tell
you that I've seen Hoot Gibson in Riding for Fame. Hoot can't turn out too many horse operas for me. I'm all for the Lochnvars who come out of the Westerns. You know, the Romes with the red blood corpuscles, who get all of a lather bustin' brochos, shootin' lowdown cattle thieves and savin' winmin.

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

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

BROADWAY DADDIES

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

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

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

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

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

THE HOUSE OF SCANDAL

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

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

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

And then, of course, the trouble starts. A taxi accident, a beautiful young girl with a twisted ankle, a gang of robbers, a jeweler and a lost necklace—all these form a chain of coincidences which make things look pretty bad for the handsome boy from the old country and his girl.

In the end, naturally, the Irish boy wins his maid—but only after she has served a term in prison. Which is a pretty hard thing for any bridegroom to laugh off.

SUNSET LEGION

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

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

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

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

THE DEVIL'S TRADEMARK

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

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

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

DAUGHTER OF ISRAEL

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

Then, too, you will see exotic, semi-civilized Constantinople, whose harbor has no equal in all the world for strange and wild loveliness.
A new record for fan mail receipts by a motion picture star of Hollywood was today established with the announcement by P. P. O'Brien, postmaster of Los Angeles, California, that during the month of May, Clara Bow, fiery-haired empress of the flappers, received 33,727 letters from all parts of the world.

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

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

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

The increase in Clara Bow's fan mail over the comparatively short time she has been a screen star as well as that of young Buddy Rogers, has been truly phenomenal. Before the picture It was released Miss Bow was receiving around 3,000 letters a month. Now she receives in ten days more than she did when first entering her career as a full-fledged star.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Screenland suggests that Broadway has its name changed. "Via Dolores" is obviously the proper legend for its sign-boards. Dolores Del Rio is at the Astor in The Trial of '98 and across the street at the Rivoli in Ramona; while Dolores Costello in Glorious Betsy is at the Warner and in Tenderloin at the Strand.

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

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

A third location trip picture and one which takes a two-reel company further from the studio than any location trip ever contemplated, is that of The Collegians to
is playing the role of an opera singer in M.G.M.’s Her Cardboard Lover, starring Marion Davies. He ought to find it a cinch to play his role in the current Davies film as he is portraying himself! The original name of the character according to the script was ‘Senor Torino’ but, inasmuch as he is supposed to be a great opera singer, it was decided to make the part more realistic and at the same time pay tribute to the former great star of the Metropolitan Opera Company by giving the character the name of the man who is playing it, ‘Andres de Segurola.’

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

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

It is for Richard Barthelmess’ new starring vehicle Out of the Ruins, from the Sir Philip Gibbs’ story of France in the final days of the great conflict. Barthelmess appears in the opening scenes as a Blue Devil, and fights in the trenches with his fellow soldiers. The greater part of the story, however, deals with a romance in which the charming Marian Nixon plays his leading lady.

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

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

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

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

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

** Screenland **

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

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

* * *

C. Nick Stuart has a hose connected with a brewery—pardon—a reservoir when he plays tennis.
wear my hair and she'll spend an hour or so experimenting with it to see how she can improve my looks.

"But we put them back on the shelf. When you have a big family you naturally make your home headquarters for your amusement and because you want to be friendly to bringing our friends, so mother could get in on our good times too, we bought a new home.

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

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

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

"My Georgianna—that's the baby—will be ready to go into pictures soon, too," said Violet. "Georgianna has big blue eyes, oh, much bigger than Sally's or mine, and she's awfully cute. You'd like Georgianna," she continued—her pride in Georgianna and herself could get together on Remy de Gourmont or other important topics.

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

"Families are funny, though," reminisced Mrs. Loretta. "There are so many things they don't understand. Even mother didn't understand at first why I should sit in front of the glass and make faces at myself for more than an hour at a time."

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

"Loretta, my honey, a soft, light brown, now reaches to her shoulders in ringslets, enroute to the fashionable mode of 'doing up' length."

"She smiles a broad, glamorous smile, the frank Jackie Coogan smile that is more youthful than feminine. This smile is almost boyish in its simplicity, her teeth, large and sparkling, and her face, have added animation to a face that seems to gaze upon life for the first time."

"Her eyes, of course, were the big talking points before the directors. They are blue of cornflower shade, and they take on various hues as her moods and her modes dictate."

"Loretta has been cast in a child star. She was educated in a convent, and when she came out she and her parents realized that she could no longer trade upon that fact. She had been cast as a child actress, and she had to begin all over again. So 'Baby Gretchen' was left far behind and a rather chubby, lively little girl began to be noticed around Hollywood. She started in six-year-old roles at the age of four. The only parts she's been offered in the last few years are-- The Primrose Ring, in which she played a fairy queen, and White and Unmarried, with Tom Meighan."

"At four, she was a six-year-old in size. At nine, she looked at least twelve. So she hid herself back to the convent to wait until the awkward age had passed. Exercises helped to develop her body and singing away some of the awkwardness."

"You know," she says today, "I like to think of emerging from Baby Gretchen like a butterfly emerges from its cocoon."

"The convent was the cocoon. And I suppose now I'm the butterfly—anyway, something is starting! My sisters sometimes call me Daisy."

"One of my first bits was in Colleen Moore's picture Orchids and Ermine. Miss Moore takes very little work, and had them enlarge the part somewhat. She encouraged me and gave me advice, which was so helpful that I secured several other small parts. Then First National offered me a contract—not as a leading woman, but as a little ingenuous stock player. They happened to need one, and I was right up there, having the most fun."

"Of course you know that my first big chance came in Lon Chaney's Laugh, Clowns, Laugh. As it happened, I didn't get the part. But my audacity was rewarded. I was working at First National and met Alice Joyce and her brother."

"You're like that dream girl, Lon Chaney declares. "We'll see about that."

"The last picture was in The Gay Divorcee, which featured my next picture! they told me. 'Why don't you send you your tests?""

"First National Studio sent various film tests, and I was chosen for the role. It was a wonderful picture. Mr. Chaney was so kind, and helped me so much with my part."

"So was Herbert Brenon, the director. They told me I was a real actress, and no mistake. I fairly flew to Miss Moore to tell her that, and she said, 'Ah, hah! Didn't I tell you! She's such a dear, and her faith in me meant so much!'"

Sally Anderson

Climbs the Ladder—Continued from page 32

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

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

Ned Wayburn works the heart out of you. And if you haven't the proper stuff you have to keep acting, keep acting, keep acting to waste on delicate, dancing dilettantes. It takes a strong mind, a strong back and a strong faith in yourself to keep up the pace he sets for you. And if you can't keep up his pace, you haven't got one chance of a professional career. For he knows his business. And he has learned it by training hundreds of the best-known professionals of the day, Lina Basquette, Gilda Gray, Ann Pennington, too many other picture players.

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

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

Then, too, these northern boys seemed to like Sally pretty well. Chorus girls always have a habit of working more when you consider Sally's sweetness and refinement you can understand why she had many 'bids' to teas at the Biltmore in the late afternoons, and to dinner dances down in Greenwich Village's charming, exotic restaurants. "Boys up north," Sally said, "are more serious—more ambitious, I mean, than the boys down home. But don't you tell anybody that because Sally might get in wrong with the boy she left behind her.

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

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

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

As she stood there her heart failed her. It seemed an impossible task for her to make the theatrical grade. The school was (Continued on page 89)
The only preparation of its kind on the market. Leaves no sediment or stain. Lasts for hours. Absolutely harmless but magical in its effect. And so simple to apply ... a few drops briskly rubbed in until the skin assumes a beautifully pearly white appearance...instantly removes glossiness and redness. You'll be amazed and delighted every time you see it.

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Hundreds of men and women are now doling it at home—in the quiet of their own rooms—without the knowledge of their most intimate friends, emerging in a few days with a new, soft, velvety, clean, spotless, youthful skin on face, neck, arms, hands, or any part of the body where a new skin is desired. It's astonishing among all who believe it. Send now—the book is absolutely free to readers of this magazine. Address Marvo Beauty Laboratory, Dept. 637, No. 1700 Broadway, New York.

The Pictures That Talk

Continued from page 8

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

The Vitaphone makes a circular disk record while the picture is being filmed and the synchronism is obtained by having the phonographic-plectrum-picture projecting machine locked together in unchanging relations, duplicating in this sense the camera and the sound recorders which are also definitely projected. Vitaphone, the first in the field, is entitled to credit for its pioneer work and particularly for the unequalled artistic error which inspired these pioneers to reject the orchestra notion. While enjoying a Vitaphone picture, one is entertained by the finest of symphony orchestras recorded by the proved method through which all phonographic records are made, and reproduced in perfect synchronism.

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

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

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

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

In this line the possibilities are limitless and each possibility adds to the entertainment quality of the film. When we can derive from the theatre the same enthralling, fascinating, stimulating emotional quality of sound that dramatic incidents in life give us, our entertainment will not only be more pleasing but the scope of the art will be greater. Let us conceive for a moment a few of these possibilities: Visualize a moving picture sequence of a bed-chamber and a thief stealing in; the flashlight flits across the room and discloses the sleeping face of the heroine. The thief's figure is silhouetted against the window and the lighted street; the sleeper moves; the thief steps backward to hide behind the curtains and we see a stand with a vase of flowers slowly leaning toward its fall. The thief moves backward an inch. The stand goes over; the theatre is filled with the sound of this crashing glass. The heroine awakes and a piercing stream of horror sounds the terror of the scene through every inch of us.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

In view of the general interest in this subject, Mr. Howard will next month give criticisms and suggestions on "The Talkers" for Screenland.
I Was Afraid of This New Way to Learn Music

Until I Found It Was Easy As A-B-C

Then I Gave My Husband the Surprise of His Life

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

"But, Jack, it's..."

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

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

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

I was, so disappointed at Jack. I felt very bitter as I put away the magazine containing the advertisement. For a week I resisted the temptation to look at it again, but finally I couldn't keep from "peeking" at it. It sat on the piano and played some old sweet song...or perhaps a beautiful classic, a bit from an opera, or even the latest jazz hit. When I heard other people playing, I envied them so that it almost spoiled the pleasure of the music for me. For they could entertain their friends and family...they were musically. And I, I was a mere listener. I had to be satisfied with only hearing music.

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

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

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

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

So only a few months later Jack and I were playing together. Now our musical evenings are a marvelous success. Every one compliments us, and we are flooded with invitations. Music has simply meant everything to us. It has given us Popularity! Fame! Happiness!

If you, too, like music...then write to the U. S. School of Music for a copy of the booklet "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," together with a Demonstration Lesson, explaining this wonderful new easy method.

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Has Every Woman Two Natures?

Continued from page 39

tailored suit, but she wore with it a soft
blouse with a pleated jabot down the front.
It made a soft line about her face. Her hair

had draped over one side of her face. She was
the very picture of femininity, yet as chic

as a Parisienne.

"I felt the urge for and the charm of
feminine clothes when I had my first fit-
tings for my costume in The Actress," she

said. "Oh, I had lifted my voice about the
liberation of women. I had looked

averse and declared that mannish clothes
showed the trend of the times. 'Women
are free now,' I had said. 'We will have
one of styles that hamper our freedom.
We do not want to look feminine. We
dress simply for comfort.'

"And then I tried on the clothes I

was to wear in the picture and I didn't
want to be free. I didn't want to be a modern
woman at all.

"It was my feminine nature asserting

itself.

"I shall never forget one frock. It was
of pale pink organdie with a fitted bodice
and a dream of a skirt, all ruffles and petti-

caps and lace. And the hair was done

high on the head with a sweet little tiara
of pearls.

"I looked at myself in the mirror and

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

"Costumes in a picture do more than

any other one thing to create the mood of
the characterization. They are more lasting

than music. A melody spurts you up to do

one scene, but a costume carries you

through an entire sequence. I didn't have
to learn to walk like the women of those
days did. I just walked that way naturally

in those clothes. It would have been im-
possible to make a false gesture. You can't
be anything but dainty and feminine when
you're wearing ten petticoats. You wouldn't
dare cross your legs or put your

hands on your hips. Such an anarch-

ism would be as shocking to you as to the

onlookers.

"Gwen Lee and I used to talk about it

on the set and laugh at the way that our
manners changed immediately that we
were in our costumes. We didn't want to
be free women and simply dress for

comfort.

'The talk about women's being liberated
began to seem quite silly to me. Heaven

knows the women in those days got what

they wanted. They made their husbands

too the mark and they worked alone and

subly. Woman should never be gregarious.
They lose their charm when they travel in

groups. Men are perfectly splendid in

mass formation. You cannot look at a troop

of soldiers marching without feeling a

jump rise in your throat. Can you im-

agine 500 women marching down a street?

"Women are individualists and when they

dress alike and act alike and think

alike they have lost their power.

"As I told you I used to hate to put on

my own clothes after I had been wear-\n
ing the costumes of The Actress all day

long and then it dawned upon me that

there was no use in wearing mannish

clothes, that I could be both smart and

feminine at the same time.

"On the heels of this came word from

the fashion creators that the afternoon

frock was as important in style displays as

the sports type. That was something de-

cidedly new. For the last five years you

didn't have dreamed of having but one or

at the most two afternoon gowns and even

these were tailored and straight. And sud-

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Louise Fazenda — Continued from page 23

from him on the set. Hal was always chivalrous enough to say he could see the real Louise Fazenda with grease paint, but "Louise" and she laughed.

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

Here's no special confession that betrays a repressed sensitiveness to the ugliness of her artistic life. I was asking her what she did on her days off from the studio.

"Just like the London cabby," she laughed, "who spends his holidays riding in his friend's cab. Go to the beach for a rest! Not I; I dress up in my prettiest clothes and go to the best restaurants in the studio. And then when someone says: 'Why, Louise! I wouldn't know you!' I get a thrill that goes singing through my veins and makes me sing back!"

That's the price she pays.

"What are the compensations?" I asked.

"Laughter!" she exclaimed with a radiant smile but let her crows go uncountered and extra laughing at my work I get the thrill of my life, for I know then I am succeeding in the thing that's expected of me. I forget all about the ugliness of my screen life—if I hear them laugh!"
When Fat Departs

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Excess fat is a blight to beauty, to health, to longevity and youth. Any man or woman who fails to correct it limits the joys of life.

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one has friends who will say that the reason is Marmola.

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SCREENLAND—In New York—Continued from page 27

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Mr. Barrymore's loyal audiences differ with him—but not to his face. Nobody differs with Mr. Barrymore in Mr. Barry- more's presence—not at an interview, any- way. The complacent Barrymore interviewer is "Yes, Mr. Barrymore" or "What do you think?"

He had been in New York a week when he consented to be interviewed. He hadn't come to New York to be interviewed, nor to appear at the premier of Tempest, but to take an electrician back to California—The electrician was an off-duty offi- ciate at Mr. Barrymore's open-air produc- tion of Hamlet at the Hollywood Bowl in California. Barrymore is a professor of drama at the University of California in Berkeley. Barrymore's Hamlet was played 101 times in New York City five years ago or so, breaking the record of Edwin Booth and the hearts of all the susceptible femininity.

In London the Barrymore Hamlet scored the most notable success a Shakespearean play has had since 1930. So you can imagine what it will do to California. It will be enacted in the moonlight—under the stars.

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

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

All the Barrymores are famous for their wit and John is said to be the wittest. He has been rumored to take a new and brash member of her cast who greeted her as "Etzel" with the retort: "He be so formal, this person men don't ask me my name if don't know anything about that. All I know is that he is growing a moustache and is supposed to be scared to death of interviewers."

Tom Mix, a white ten-gallon hat, and a cream colored suit, stepped off a train at Grand Central into what looked like all of Young America—boy scouts and girl scouts and other girls and other boys yelled and cheered and pushed as Big Tom came through the gates—brown, weather-beaten, an old cowboy, and a kindly, pleased smile. He had asked that nothing be done to celeb- rate his arrival. He just wanted to catch in on a traffic on a day early in the week in vaudeville, at the Hippodrome, the movie palace that is the kids' paradise. He was all tired out from a strenuous tour. But New York knew he was coming, and New York laid itself out for him as it does for a favored few such as Lindsay and the three German musketeers. At Tom's request the traffic was held for a glimpse of him. To oblige the newspaper photographers he went up on the roof to

Tom Mix, a white ten-gallon hat, and a cream colored suit, stepped off a train at Grand Central into what looked like all of Young America—boy scouts and girl scouts and other girls and other boys yelled and cheered and pushed as Big Tom came through the gates—brown, weather-beaten, an old cowboy, and a kindly, pleased smile. He had asked that nothing be done to celeb- rate his arrival. He just wanted to catch in on a traffic on a day early in the week in vaudeville, at the Hippodrome, the movie palace that is the kids' paradise. He was all tired out from a strenuous tour. But New York knew he was coming, and New York laid itself out for him as it does for a favored few such as Lindsay and the three German musketeers. At Tom's request the traffic was held for a glimpse of him. To oblige the newspaper photographers he went up on the roof to
pose for some pictures with Joe Cook, Jr.,
son of Joe the comedian, an old friend.
Tom taught Joe Junior a few tricks with
the lariat. Then at last he went down to
his rooms for a little rest. But no sooner
had he laid down and dozed off than an
alarm-clock began to tinkle. Then another
— and another. A dozen or more clocks,
set fifteen minutes apart, had been secreted
in the room by practical-joking friends.
Nobody laughed harder than Tom.

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

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

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

Frankly, I was scared!

WHEN I volunteered to do some typing for our factory manager,
— I was petrified! Suppose I should make a mistake—suppose I
could not use this kind of typewriter. The manager's secretary was
ill—and he had asked if anyone in the factory could type an important
letter for him.

AT LAST—HERE WAS MY CHANCE! The opportunity I had been prac-
tising for—would I be able to make good? I sat down at the typewriter—
found it very much like my Allen—fitted the paper into the machine—and
quickly turned out a perfect letter.

THE MANAGER WAS AMAZED! "Where did you learn to type so well?" he asked.
When I told him I had studied the Allen Course in typing and shorthand at my home,
he promptly appointed me assistant secretary—AND NOW—I'm confidential secretary
to one of the Nation's biggest executives, at many times my former salary, have shorter
hours, more time to play, my own little car, pleasant surroundings—a happy, trans-
passive life. MY FIRST LESSON HAS BROUGHT ME BIG REWARDS
—and the Allen Course has been the foundation of all my success.

YOU TOO CAN BUILD A FOUNDATION OF PROSPERITY AND HAPPINESS—in
a few hours' practice at your home—with the Allen Course to guide you. I consider
it the easiest, most complete method in America today for learning shorthand and type-
writing. Each lesson gives you new important-concrete instructions for the work—teaches
you to use any make of machine—to take shorthand easily and rapidly—and almost
before you realize it, you are an expert, ready to travel this pleasant road to success.

Allen Supplies the Machine! A brand new simplified 2-hand Allen type-
writer—not a renewed machine or a rebuilt one—but abso-
lutely new! is furnished free with each course—and becomes your property when
the course is completed. The Allen typewriter is light, strong, compact, simple and
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profitable course.

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$4.50 in monthly installments or $44.50 in full at the beginning of the course. After
three day examination, if you are not satisfied that this easy, complete course will help
you on your way to better pay, your money will be refunded.

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at the beginning of the course, or $44.50 in monthly installments for my typewriter,
which will be sent upon completion of the course.

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Address
Town

My reference is

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

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

Jean Hersholt has not only one severe pall and best criteria; he has two. And brought them both along when he made his first trip to New York. Introducing, for the first time to eastern audiences, Mr. and Mrs. Hersholt and Junior, Junio, handsome lad, is only thirteen, but he's as big as his dad. He is a movie fan and tells his father just exactly what he thinks of his screen performances. "Father, you fine in the first part of Abie's Irish Rose," says Junior, "but I didn't like it so well when he got old. He isn't old and I don't like to see him play old men. I ought to play his own age for a change!" Jean Hersholt smiled. He has a very winning smile. "I should please you, then," he said in his soft, Danish accent, "when I play the heavy in The Girl on the Barge. I, too, am tired of playing old men. I want to do a human for a change!"

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

able Phyllis Haver.  

You must see Hersholt off the screen to appreciate what a master of make-up he really is. It seems incredible that this good-looking man, in his late thirties, could ever have come to us at a moment's notice into Ramon Novarro's old tutor, or Charles Rogers' father, or Pok's Italian patron of The Secret Hour. Of course, Hersholt's make-up box doesn't hold the secret of his suc-  

cess. He would be a great actor even without it. He can cry not second by second, can juring up some sad memory, while directors work over other actors for hours. He sees nothing remarkable in this. "If I couldn't do that I'd be nothing," he says, "I would not be an actor!" "

There are a few magic names in the picture industry—Griffith, Pickford, Chaplin, Pickens—and it is only if one hears the least is Sennett. Mack Sennett is a big Irishman—and he is retiring. But he was coaxed out of his shell at a swell party given in his honor by First National Pictures, and he told everybody about his new big picture, The Goodbye Kiss, which will open on Broadway soon. It's the first picture Sennett has in several years, and he is enthusiastic about it. He introduces three new stars, his dis-  

coveries: Sally Eders, Matty Kemp, and Johnny Burke—the latter a comedy rec-  

uit from vaudeville.  

Sennett is picturesque. He has keen blue eyes, massive shoulders, a booming laugh. He used to be an actor himself, in the old Biograph days. But now he prefers to direct. He has probably picked more beautiful girls than any other man alive with the possible exceptions of Flo Ziegfeld, Consider Gloria Swanson, Mabel Normand, Phyllis Haver, Marie Prevost, Alice Day, The Sennett studio also sponsored Chap-  

lin, Charlie Murray, Jimmie Durante, Annette Konklin, Louise Fazenda, and Harry Lang-  

don. Sennett made a million or so and he could retire, but he knows he will never. He still gets a kick out of producing pictures.  

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

"Yes, Mr. Sennett?"  

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

This, from the gentleman who has presented to the world more modern Venus de Milo all equipped with perfectly good arms, than any other man, was something of a shock. "I mean it!" said Mack Sennett, "Gloria Swanson isn't appearing in bathing-suits today, is she? I picked her for those unusual eyes of hers that the world later raved about. My latest dis-  

covery, Sally Eders, is very young, fresh and sweet—she is very pretty, too, but her beauty was not the reason I picked her. I saw a soul in her eyes." Mr. Sennett must be right. Results prove it.

Those cute little sisters, Viola Dana and Shirley Mason, were in town. Viola is going into vaudeville—and she is also, it is said, going back to her husband, "Lefty" Flynn. Shirley came here with her hus-  

band, a scenario writer in quest of material for a film studio.  

Everybody in the world thinks he can write for the movies, says Paul Bern, but only a few quality. Mr. Bern should know. He is the scenario editor and supervisor for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and selects all the stories which are later filmed by that big company. He comes to New York regu-  

larly to see the new plays. He skims all the better new books. And he listens to "the idea of the century" from friends and strangers. There is a brightness and kind-hearted gentleman, and also because sometimes, somewhere, he just might find a real idea.

Just in case you are contemplating sending him your own pet brain-child to read, be warned that Mr. Bern only buys
Jeanette Loff — Continued from page 37

Being an ardent movie fan, she followed the exciting actions of her screen heroes and heroines with more than merely professional eyes, and was ready to capture anything in the "hand brain" at the back of the small shapely head directed the movements of the swift fingers over the keyboard of the theatre pianola. She did all extra jobs she could get. It happened that tiny beautiful blondes were very much in demand in Hollywood, especially were they wanted in the so-called "hoopopera's." It also happened that Miss Loff as a free Western girl of the "great open spaces" has a firm seat on a horse and can act natural in the saddle. It thus eventuated that Leo Maloney chose her as leading lady of one of his "horse-opera" series, i.e., wild Westerns. Small golden blondes look awfully good against rough, black-haired cowboys!

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

They tested her and hired her, and sold Rod La Rocque on the idea of having her as opposite in a new Western, "Yale!" This was a right cunning idea. You see La Rocque had been suffering the bedevilments and embraces of a terrific little Mex.—(Lupe Kellogg) and all. They were "stand and deliver," so to hand him a quiet-mannered and demure little golden beauty as his professional play-fellow in his next picture was really doing him a favor, at which he readily caught.

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

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

Whatever she does or does not do, it is by safe instinct that this brilliant new comer won't be eclipsed (like some of the "silent stars") by the onrush of synchronous sound into the historic art of movie pantomime.
more than compensated by coming over to chat with us, telling us about his own polo ponies and grounds.

Owen Moore They had been away a time when I was away," he drawled, "keeping my polo grounds, and forgot all about my polo ponies.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"The family album come to life!" exclaimed Patsey, as we met Kathleen and caught a glimpse of the funny costumes which she and her guests were wearing.

"Thought very snappy in 1899!" exclaimed Kathryn Perry, as she whirled about so that we could get a good view of her ballroom sleeves, pompadour and long, trailing skirts.

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

"I'm sure glad I didn't live in those days," gasped Kathryn. "However did those women breathe—much less ever get up to enough to cope with anybody or anything."

The poor men had to go to all lengths to make themselves look funny, since, as Patsey remarked, "a man's clothes don't change much. If he adds an inch to the tail of his coat in a decade he thinks he is being terribly radical."

Roland Drew's costume was the most remarked of the men. He wore a checked brown and white striped trousers and gray shoes with pearl buttons! But he looked wonderfully just, the same.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Dillon were there, and Osa Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Tod Browning, and others.

You played roulette if you wanted to, or cards, or danced to the music of a big regret music box which played for very few minutes if you wanted it to keep on the job.

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

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

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

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

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

"Polish food, Polish costumes, Polish music, handsome Polish men—what could be sweeter?" she went on.
Louise Fazenda was there and insisted that Eduardo teach her some native words. She learned to ask the question, "Do you speak Polish?" and thereafter asked the question of all the foreign guests in turn, who brightened visibly as they answered "Yes," but waited again when they saw her, and they realized that when she got through with her question she was finished so far as the Polish tongue was concerned.

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

There were scores of people, including Mr. and Mrs. George Fawcett, Don Alvarado and his wife, Vera Reynolds, Audrey Ferris, Fritz Ridgway, Carl Leemnn, J.R. King, Alva Colton, Silvia K雲enanti, Sylvia Querato, and a lot of others.

Some Polish musicians played their native music, and after dinner Eduardo led us all out into Mr. Kaminisky's studio, where everybody had a try at the dances. "For a joyful, harmless lot of fun, give me these Polacks," remarked John Davidson as we sped away.

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

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

Speaking of flowers he told us how, when he first arrived in California, he had gone to order ten dollars' worth of carnations for Gloria Swanson. "I asked to see the blossoms," explained the Count, "and they kept bringing them in, basket after basket, until I halted them. 'But I just said ten dollars,' worth, I told the attendants. 'They are for just one lady, and I don't want her smothered.' "Well, this is ten dollars' worth," they answered, showing me a whole field of carnations.

We were hailed to Sally O'Neil and to her escort, Al Hall, an aviator, who had just taken her up in an airplane that day; and to Ray Hallor, Island O'Neil, Molly O'Day, Bessie Collier, Johnn Harron, Ben Lyon, Pauline Garon, Finis and Lori Fox, Hugh Allen, Charles Delaney, Danny O'lena, Mabel Normand, and a lot of others.

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

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

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

Up in Dolores' room, where we went to remove our wraps, we found Mrs. Conrad Nagel, who was very happy over Con-
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The Ten Commandments
When a Man Loves
Monsieur Beauciaire
Loves Greatest Mistake
The Enemy
Gentlemen Prefer Blondes
Anna Karenina
(Movie Title "Love")
The Jazz Singer
Beau Sabreur
Able's Irish Rose
Four Sons
The Gaucho
The Legion of the Condemned
Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come
Mother Machree
Quo Vadis
Speedy (Harold Lloyd Edition)
The Trail of Ninety-Eight
The White Sister
Cobra
The Clansman
(The Birth of a Nation)
The Fool
Manhandled
La Boheme
Main Street
Prisoner of Zenda

Wings
A Romance of the Air

The Patent
LEATHER KID
Dick Barthesle's
Smashing Success

The King of KINGS
Carries a message of the highest spiritual appeal

Resurrection
Today's genius at its best

Ben Hur
The book which was translated into every language

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

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

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

thing else.

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

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

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

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

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

The Innocents Conquer Hollywood

(Continued from page 17)

charm than one hundred and twenty pounds of experienced allure. Hollywood isn't rubbing the cradle. The cradle kids are rocking Hollywood. Shy spots of semin- nity are capturing most of the fat parts in the big pictures. Extreme youth and unsophistication are in demand. The divas of Hollywood are no longer 99% per cent pure. They are one hundred per cent pure.

The big bets in filmland are girls of twenty or under. The nineteen-year-old Janet Gaynor suddenly startled the world with her passionate portrayal in Seventh Heaven. Now a dozen other little girls are in Seventh Heaven with her. She encour-

aged Fox and other companies to search for new talents—new charms—new youth—Innocence!

No longer does Hollywood believe "You must live to act. Now it's You must act to live." Little girls whose only kicks have come from playing charades in the family parlor back-home, unenlivened by even an occasional game of kiss-the-

pillow, are now called upon to portray anguished emotions; and they respond with all the savoir faire of a stock company character woman. Why not? It's just their job. Innocence accepts without ask-

ing questions.

Anita Page never suffered—except from a small brother. He used to tease her until she wished she were a great, big movie actress 'way off in Hollywood away from it all. Now she is a movie actress, in Hollywood, but because she is only eighteen she still lives with that small brother and submits to his teasing and to her mother's advice. And likes it. Metro-Goldwyn is going to star Anita soon as
éro, with the two little world how it could possibly be so cruel just to a little bitty girl like her. Nancy will get along. She is eighteen or so—

the age when most girls are wondering where their next date is coming from. All that worries Miss Drexel is her next part. If they are all as good as the one she played in "Peep and Pep" Nancy need look reproachable no longer, but I hope she does. She looks so darned cute.

A nickname is a sure sign of popularity. It doesn’t matter so much what the nickname is. A girl called "Peanuts", for instance, is almost certain to be a knockout. Only a corking girl would be called "Peanuts." A very pretty, pleasing and impish child, playing in the Music Box Revue in Hollywood, earned that nickname. Everybody knocked her because it was discovered for the screen and given the lead opposite Buster Keaton in Steamboat Bill, Jr. She couldn’t be programmed and was a nice one to know her as Morton Byron. And I’m sure you wish you knew her better.

Mary Brian is one of the youngest players in pictures, outside of Our Gang. Mary has been on the screen several years now, having started in Peter Pan, as Wendy. Having arrived at the ripe old age of nineteen, Mary has attained the distinction of playing high-school girls, as in Harold Teen. Some day she may play a college girl, but that won’t be for a long time yet. Mary is just as nice and unspoiled and modest today as when she first stepped inside a studio. Next to movies, she likes painting. She paints just for fun and her work is nice. She is really a promising artist in crayon and in oils—not banana. Hollywood has been good to Mary, and Mary has been good for Hollywood. She is one of the many wise, good, and hard-working nymphs of screenland.

If you think it over, you’ll admit that the Innocents have lasting appeal. There is Mary Pickford, leader of them all. Mary’s chief charm is innocence. Pise, mature actress that she is, it is still her girlish winsomeness that strikes home. Lilian Gish has been the chaste heroine of many movie dramas, and she still draws the crowds. They want to see Innocence triumph. Mary McAvoy, Betty Bronson, and Lois Wilson are always in demand. They know that Innocence pays.

What about the boys? Is it fair to leave them out? A thousand ringing "No’s!" Let them in. Come ahead, boys. It’s all right. We’re decent. Well, then—here they are. And what are you going to do with them now they’re here? They flatly refuse to play drop-the-handkerchief, and they say that if anyone yells "Innocent" over them I can stay, there are almost as many fresh boys in Hollywood as there are girls. Consider Charles "Buddy" Rogers. And Nick Stuart. And Barry Norton. And Matty Kemp. And David Rollins. And Ray Hallor. And Rex Lease. And Hugh Allan. All good, clean boys, but don’t let them hear you say so. Hollywood has gone innocent, all right, but it hates to admit it.

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The Newest Picture Girl

(Continued from page 19)
working education. But Nancy had other notions which were being carefully and secretly nursed in her small head.

A few years later she heard that Lee and J. J. Shubert were about to revive Floradora, and were planning to introduce a juvenile sextette to put new life into the famous high-stepping six. Nancy was quite convinced that she was destined by history to be one of that juvenile sextette.

So she set out to befriend the Shuberts in their private offices. She was able to scamper away from family control for two important reasons—her mother happened to be shopping on this day, and her brother was attending the movies.

Little Miss Drexel, dressed in her best, sailed into the Shubert headquarters with the utmost aplomb. Before anyone quite knew she was around, she had slipped past the outer guardians with the cat-like agility of a trained dancer. Before she herself quite knew it, she was in the inner sanctum of J. J. Shubert himself.

Now, J. J. Shubert is quite an awesome person even to some of the most hardened personages of Broadway. Strong men have been known to turn pale and perspire in his presence. Little Miss Drexel, for all her scant dozen years, saw no reason for turning pale, and perspiring would have been unlady-like. It was another instance of the blind courage of youth.

She stated her case firmly but politely—she always believes in being polite to everyone, including producers. And doubtless much to her own astonishment, J. J. Shubert engaged her for the juvenile sextette.

The Shuberts were so captivated by the charming showing which she made in Floradora that they engaged her again for their musical version of Gaudry Street. But after that, mother again became active. Nancy had been appearing before the footlights at night while attending school in the day, and mother decided that this double load might harm a growing child—perhaps stunt the girl’s growth. And mother figured that she would rather have a headlong normal younger than the most talented of the Singer Midgets.

So Nancy was tied down to her education again. Still she nursed that cosmic urge toward professional life. And when the beauty contest was announced, she felt that Heaven was flinging manna in her lap and it would be positively criminal not to tear off a big hunk. So she entered—only to find that the manna could turn sour, like other easily plucked fruits.

Perhaps the reader has been wondering just who this Nancy Drexel is, and whether he has ever really seen her on the screen—or whether his pictures were cut and showed her brief flitting through The Way of All Flesh. No, there hasn’t been a mistake. The reader did see her, but in another incarnation. Here’s the story of the original Nancy Drexel; her name used to be Dorothy Kitchen.

She was known under that name in all her previous screen manifestations. When she was corralled by Fox, it was decided to change her name to Nancy Drexel, because it was shorter—and the astute producers were forewarning the day when her name in electric lights might run into money. Also, perhaps, there was a haunting thought that it would be nicer to wipe the slate clean for a girl who had begun her screen career under the dubious auspices of a newspaper beauty contest.

With Fox she played opposite Tom Mix in The Bronco Jammer, based on a story by Adela Rogers St. John. In this she was pursuing the natural trail that seems to point toward fame for so many of the screen’s leading girls in the footsteps of Clara Bow, Billie Dove and Olive Borden. She also received seasoning in the two-reeler class under Gene Forde—and the two-reeler she is now being recognized, is one of the most fertile fields for helping budding talent to sprout.

Miss Drexel is regarded by the directors who have handled her to be a natural actress of a high order. In addition, this diminutive player has that other vital quality—a desire for photographs without any worries for the cameraman.

No less a director of discernment than Murnau foresees fine possibilities for her. Murnau’s judgment is coming to be regarded as a trade-mark of success in Hollywood, since he picked Janet Gaynor from a print of Pigs (The Midnight Kiss)—shipped to Germany, and his direction of her in Sunrise added much to the glamorous Janet’s standing.

In a similar way Murnau was struck with Miss Drexel in her early pictures, and when he was casting for 4 Devils, his latest picture, this demure miss was one of the first to be tagged for the coming comedy.

She plays a role that gives her wide scope for a great exercise of talent, not only emotionally but physically. For she is a trapeze artist with a painting background, and at 16 she is a stunt girl, and has won the respect and admiration of the world’s greatest trapeze artists.

She enjoyed her role immensely in 4 Devils, just completed, despite the fact that it entailed some arduous stunts. She had to report to the studio at 8:30 on many mornings at the studio, in order to practise her tricks on the flying bars under the guidance of circus experts. The long hours of drilling and the constant shots before the camera cut her hands with innumerable blisters, and put a strain on her shapely arms. And yet she liked it. "It’s really a wonderful thing," she acknowledges, "for it’s the only time I’ve ever been able to be the heroine." For she has long been edged toward the close of the picture, "more fun than I’ve had in a picture in a long while. And I’ll be sorry when the picture’s over and we can’t do our trapeze exercises any more.”

She still cherishes a lurking fondness for Broadway—though taken with Hollywood, but now and then she feels life won’t be complete unless she can pay an occasional visit to Gotham.

C Nancy Drexel is in ‘4 Devils’ and at least two of them are lurking in her eyes

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The Stage Coach
(Continued from page 65)

of Dreiser or the deftness of Molnar, but we do expect—except in a burlesque—something besides ham dialogue of the Laura Jean Libby period. And we didn’t get it. And there is the case of The Shams of Broadway, recently departed from the shores of Manhattan after a nine months’ run. Who wrote it? James Gleason, none less.

Here again Gleason displayed, in the midst of unbelievable gauderie, an ability to contrive one scene and a smart crack. But it was perfectly possible—indeed the feller on my right did it—to snore soundly through his first act and not miss a thing. Indeed, in spite of the one good scene, we are inclined to think that snoring through the three acts could have been accomplished without a vital loss. Mr. Gleason may have needles of pure gold in his system, but as far as this dyspeptic critic is concerned, he hides them in Woolworthian haystacks. And being constitutionally lazy, we doubt that it’s worth the trouble.

The Art of the Astaires

It has long been our contention that all you needed for a hit musical was the Astaires. Of course, we have never denied that music and lyrics by the Gerhins have helped—but give them a special Adele. Oh, we like Fred, too, but not That Way.

As a matter of fact, we have been That Way about Adele since Lady Be Good. That’s a few years ago, but we have been constant. And, in reply to those cynics who don’t believe in the Happy Ending, you may have noticed that Adele finally capitulated and was married the other day—to Another Guy.

It is our contention that Lady Be Good was better than their present vehicle, Funny Face. But the Astaires are so good that it doesn’t matter. We should go to see them in Abee’s Irish Rose.

Let us, for a moment, consider Adele. She is the grandest of the musical comedy gamins. She has a charm that is like the charm of Gloria Swanson at her best. When she flips a wise-crack, it sounds as though she had just thought of it. And when the situation calls for her to be cute, she is not only cute, but charming. When she does a burlesque dance, we defy Queen Mary or President Coolidge not to warm up. We could go on like this, but you get the idea.

Fred Astaire is not the ordinary musical comedy hero, either. The Arrow-Collar man has something on him, and so has the Prince of Wales. Fred’s hair, like our own, is not of the varnished brand usually offered; it is, indeed, more or less vanished. But when Freddie starts to dance, all is forgiven.

Watch him putting over a song. The songs in Funny Face happen to be cued in with the delirium of a bull in the proverbial china shop. Further, Freddie’s voice is something less than Jeritza’s. What he does after singing a number is to dance it over. Nobody, we venture to say, would get out humming a song after Fred’s mere singing of it. Nobody, we believe, can stop humming a song after Fredd has danced its rhythm into your blood. And, as an occasional lyric writer, we’d rather have Freddie sing one of our numbers than Jeritza. We think we’d make more money in the end.

The Art of Jed Harris

The scarcity of new shows led us to go to see a tryout of The Front Page. Jed Harris’ new production. You can, on our guarantee, go to see it. More anon.
and James Murray can be reached at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif. He is a handsome man, and Mrs. King Vidor, is enjoying a vacation abroad with her husband. Richard Barthelmess was married to Mrs. Jessica Sargent at Reno, Nevada, a short time ago and after a brief Honolulu honeymoon, will be at work again at First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.

Only Carol, N. Y. Thanks for your praise of my popular page. My heart is gentle and my bark no worse than my bite, no matter how snappy the lines, if you know what I mean. Elinor Fabe and William Boyd have been married about 3 years. I believe, but I haven't the exact date or place. Elinor was born in Richmond, Va., Dec. 21, 1904. William was born in Cambridge, Ohio, in 1898. He will play opposite Lupe Velez in La Prueba for United Artists, according to current reports.

Whaust from Inglewood, Calif. You can search me; I know your face but I didn't get the name William Collier, Jr., born in New York City, Feb. 12, 1917. He has black hair and brown eyes, is 5 feet 10 inches tall and weighs 150 pounds. His last two films were made at Columbia Pictures Corp., 1408 Gowen St., Hollywood, Calif. They are Night of Mystery, and So This Is Love. Shirley Mason and Johnnie Walker were in the cast of the last-named picture with Buster.

Bobby De S. of Spring Valley, You'd like to know why Jack Mulhall has to lead in the worst set of pictures released? But does he? I know several films that could leave Jack's a mile behind but I'm not telling. In well-chosen English, I don't 'see nothin' wrong with 'em; they're all right with me. Jack was born in New York City, Oct. 27, 1918. He is married to Evelyn Winans. The Butcher and Egg Man is Jack's latest picture, and no wise cracking on the title. You can write him at First National Studios, Burbank, Calif. My records show that Ricardo Cortez was born in Alsace-Lorraine, France. I don't know his 'off-stage' name, if any, but why worry about that?

Peggy of Taylor, Texas. How can you call me 'your dear Mr. Answer Man' when I always have the last word, and usually the first too? I may answer you in a masterful manner but that is one of my disguises. For the benefit of all fans, I'd like to say, please don't expect an answer to your letters in the next issue, for that's impossible; but you'll see your name in due season. Charles Ray's latest film is The Garden of Eden, with Corinne Griffith, produced by United Artists, 7200 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. Donald Keith was born in Boston, Mass., in 1903. He is 5 feet 9 inches tall and weighs 140 pounds. Jack Gilbert will be 31 years old July 10. Happy birthday, Jack.

Cutie, Mexico City. So another little Mexican maid has movie yearnings! Well, I wouldn't advise you to go to Hollywood on hope, but I can't help admiring that Mexican beauties are considered very good this season in the film city. Of course Dolores del Rio started it all. This young lady went in the movies at the suggestion of Edwin Carewe, a director who with his company was down in Mexico on a location trip and were entertained at the home of Senor del Rio. She came to Hollywood, made film tests, and almost immediately sprang into fame. I think her first film was Joana—anyway, it was one of her first; and from then on she soared. Of course you have seen her in What Price Glory? Carmen, Resurrection, or Ramona. Dolores is now divorced from her Spanish husband, Jaime del Rio, but she says she has no intention of marrying again. She lives with her mother and is wedded to her art. Lupe Velez was discovered by Hal Roach, and appeared in two-reel comedies until she was given the lead opposite Dougg in The Gaudo. Her second big picture was Stand and Deliver, and now I hear she is playing a Parisienne opposite William Boyd in The Love Song, for United Artists. Still another of your country-women is Raquel Torres, who has been signed to a long-term contract by Metro-Goldwyn on the strength of her work in White Shadows in the South Seas.

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Denny is working at Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif. Harold Lloyd can be found at Haloid Industries at 6350 Melrod Hollywood, Calif., where he is at work in Johnny Hines' new film, The Wright Idea. Bert Lytell will get your letter at Tiffany Productions, 833 No. Seward St., Hollywood, Calif. Gilda Gray can be addressed at 22 East 60th St., New York City. Claire Windsor and Antonio Moreno are playing in The Club at Tiffany Productions, 933 No. Seward St., Hollywood, Calif. Address Viola Dana and Anna Q. Nilsson at F. B. O. Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Calif. The studio house is The Red Dance for Fox, and in Revenge, for United Artists under the direction of Edwin Carewe.

A Mary Astor Fan, New Orleans. I'm keen about your two-in-one letter. In this age of face-lifting and trying to keep two jumps ahead of our permanent wave, one just can't know all the newest crinkles in stationery, can one? Mary Astor was born in Quincy, Ill., May 3, 1906. She has auburn hair, dark brown eyes, is 5 ft. 4 inches tall and weighs 95 pounds. Her real name is Lucille Langhanke. She was married to Kenneth Hawkes on Feb. 23, 1928. Louisiana is represented in the colors by Leslie Howard and Robert Edeson, both stars claiming New Orleans as their birthplace.

Anne from Chicago. You've been following my column every month, closely watching your chance to hold me up for some information; that's all right. Anne, if it's only information you want. Marie Prevost is a favorite of mine. Did you know that Marie has a fine role in Cecil B. De Mille's The Godless Girl. You can address her at Pathe-De Mille Studios, Culver City, Calif. No doubt you'll hear from her soon. She was born in San Antonio, Texas in 1905. Her real name is Lucille Le Sueur. Write her at Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Calif.

A Faithful Reader, Delaware, Ohio. At last I've something to brag about and love it. Another letter like yours and I'll ask for more. I bet the air is so crisp that it didn't keep your sense of humor down, for I'll be your favorite along with Norma Talmadge, Billie Dove, Raymond Hatton and Lindbergh—very lucky Lindy. How's that for a sky-line? Norma Talmadge was born May 2, 1897. Why don't you send me a lovely book you've made that contains all of Norma's screen activities, film reviews, pictures and what not? Aw, go on, be yourself and send it to me. I guarantee that I won't be disappointed in what I'd like to know. Betty Bronson is 21 years old. Raymond Hatton was born in Red Oak, Iowa, but he doesn't say where. He says he's a blonde with brown and Miss Vee Dee's are always dodging this or that, sometimes they're blue, oft times black. It depends upon what strikes them.

Variety from Calif. You're safe, Frances: my gun isn't loaded and the horses and cat-calls from the fans will not be heard, for I won't print a word you said. Now throw one. Beau Sabreur was released in March, 1928. Kathryn Keblish was the first Helen and Dorothy Ellis the blue-eyed blonde you saw in Is Zat So? with George O' Brennan. You want to know the names of all the horses in the pictures—I'm sorry. I can't keep up with all the horses, they're too fast for me.

Blonde Dot, Unca, N. Y. Something tells me your mirror doesn't lie to you, so why don't you ask? Why did Midge Bellamy suddenly turn blonde? If I don't know what to say now, I never will, so let me spell it out on your fingers—Midge knows it all. The reason is that Mary Minter is living in Paris and is reported engaged to Joseph Diskay, the Hungarian tenor. Mary is not making any pictures. She just wanted to make two pictures for one of the smaller companies. His latest film was The Isle of Forgotten Women for Columbia Pictures Corp., 14th and La Brea, Calif. Mary Margaret Clark is married and has retired from the screen.

Sunshine of Brooklyn. Just 18 years old, single and still optimistic. That's a good line; hang on, you'll catch something yet. Is John Gilbert a snob? I'll bet he is. When Jack is 30 he's been 9 years old but before you read this, he will have another birthday on July 10. His melting glances and kisses are for screen shots only. Housewife only on line that. Logan, Utah, is the birthplace of your hero. Address him at Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Ruby of Florida. Where in Tampa have you been not to know all about Richard Dix? He has been in love more times than a cat has lives, and ever tottering on the brink of matrimony on the screen, but Richard always says 'no' in real life. His baseball picture, Warming Up, has Jean Arthur as leading lady. Not a bad picture. If you're going to shine your nose and powder your shoes and give the diamond a glad hand. Marie Prevost can be reached at Pathé-De Mille Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Blue Eyes from Springfield, Mo. Here's the good news about Ronald Colman. He is best of all the blue-eyed boys. He might be a color actor to watch, isn't he? The first blue-eyed boy of a fair lady from Paris, a blonde with brown dark brown eyes, 5 feet 3 inches tall, weight about 115 pounds, and 22 years old. Just another preferred blonde to add to your starry constellation. Meet Ronny's new leading lady, Lilli Damita, a French dancer who has been playing leading picture roles in Berlin. Lilli has been married but is separated from her husband.

Bubbles from Ottawa, Ont. Clara Bow may be a 'peach' at jazz but I've never stepped out with in a wooded girl both mixed something. The Heart of a Follies Girl was a Billie Dove release with Larry Kent playing opposite. Clive Brook plays with Billie in The Yellow Lily, and what could be grander, more ultra-ultra than that, I ask you? Lloyd Hughes is married and has a young son. Lloyd has brown hair and gray eyes.

Mae of the Great White Way. I'll look for you when next I hit the trail, for I'd know your face any place. You think

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I enclose $1.00 for which please send me a copy of "Lindbergh, the Lone Eagle," by George Buchanan Fife.

Name

Address

City. State

Why the girls of Santa Monica can never seem to learn how to swim—I mean they honestly can't: John Mack Brown, Flash, and Charlie Farrell.

Malcolm McGregor is the real thing, do you? Joan, his 7 year old daughter, thinks so too. You can address him at 6043 Selma Ave., Hollywood, Calif. Alberta Vaughn plays with William Boyd and Sue Carol in Skyscraper, and is back with F. B. O starring in a series of two-reelers.

So Long Theresa, Newton, Mass. So you're the girl who never goes home from the movies. What a life. Your letter was a bundle of happy surprises. Your friend's sister's boy friend looks a lot like Billy Haines and that's no joke, but who wants to? Alice Day plays with Billy in The Smart Set. His next film is Show People, opposite Marion Davies. This wise-cracking chap, who comes from Virginia, suh, was born Jan. 1, 1900. He is 6 feet tall and weighs 172 pounds and has brown hair and eyes. I'm telling you about William Haines, not the boy friend. You ask do I send pictures of myself to any of my writers? If I did, my career would be cut short and I favor the—and so long Theresa.

Keitha, Findlay, Ohio. Will I care if you write me again? Go on, try it and see if I care. Norma Talmadge played with Ronald Coleman in Kilt. Bebe Daniels is 27 years old, so take off the extra 8 you've added and let Bebe be her age. May Allison was born in Georgia but I don't know when. She began her picture career in 1913 but hasn't made any films for some time, I believe. She has golden hair and blue eyes, 4 feet 8 inches tall and weighs 125 pounds. The latest is that Miss Allison has turned author and will write stories for Fox Films.

The Novak from Detroit. Your letter gave me no end of a thrill. I feel like joining your clan. Hoot, man, hoot! You expect to get results with your two cents when you write to the stars for photos, don't you? Take it or leave it, you're not going to waste another fortune on John Barrymore and Vilma Banky. Thanks for the timely suggestion about adding a bee to my name but I refuse to get stung. How can I give you a brief outline of Evelyn Brent and all her relations, take a jump and skip a paragraph, but keep right on and not miss anything? What is this, a game of hop-scotch? Evelyn was born in Tampa, Fla. She is 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs 112 pounds. Her eyes and hair are brown. She has been in pictures for a long time but the past two years have given Evelyn good breaks, Underworld, Beau Sabreur, and The Last Command, films that have put her on the top of the ladder. Alice Day is playing in Phyllis of the Folies at Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal. You will find Alberta Vaughn's address elsewhere in this department.

A James Murray Fan, Auburn, Me. When others fal, you turn to me, do you? Here is a case for an M. D., not Vee Dee, but I'm a good loser so thanks for the well-meant flattery. James Murray was born in New York City, Feb. 9, 1901. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 178 pounds and has light brown hair and green eyes. He played with Lon Chaney, Marjelene Day and Betty Compson in The Big City.

H. I. of Hegewisch, Ill. You're right, Helen, this country is not going to ruin, it's going to the movies. You can write to John Mack Brown at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif. Rex Lease is a freelance photographer. He is appearing in a Rayart picture, Phantom of the Turf, with Helene Costello and Forrest Stanley. June Collyer's real name is Dorothy Heerman. She was born in New York City, Aug. 17, 1907. She plays with Nick Stuart and Ben Bard in Me Gangster, a Fox production.
At play or at work on the set... admiring eyes follow the lovely blondes of the screen...

America's own fair beauties. Gorgeous creatures with golden tresses from Britain, Scandinavia and the Continent, thronging Hollywood, its boulevards and gathering places — the stars of the silver screen. As they dance or golf, heads turn and eyes follow for off the set or on, they form the center of attraction.

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FOR the new season Pathe has cornered the market on Youth and Beauty—players with color, dash, beauty, personality! Pathé’s stars and players are youthful—comers—typifying today.

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Here are names that sparkle, that connote big scenes, fine roles, worthwhile pictures.
PATHÉ HAS THEM.
Books for FANS

At the moment I can think of no precedent for a motion picture of the type of The Man Who Laughs. Movie audiences are supposed to like their heroines sweet and sympathetic, and their heroes handsome, noble and good. Thus it was with some trepidation that we approached the task of transferring to the screen the mighty novel of Victor Hugo’s, which incorporates for its romantic interest a heroine beautiful but blind, and a hero noble and good—but repulsively mutilated. There was no question of compromising the issue as some Hugo enthusiasts feared might be done; Dea does not recover her sight in the last reel, nor does Gwynplaine, the Laughing Man, turn into a model of movie heroes by a hocus-pocus operation.

Those who love Hugo—and I number myself among his most ardent readers—are not repelled by the printed form of his absorbing tale; why then, I thought, should the visual aspect of the story be repellant? There were many who felt that the transfer could not be successfully accomplished, but I was so convinced that the beauty and drama of the novel would carry the same uplifting sweep on the screen that I set to the task with confidence. It is, in fact, the very points that are apparently unpleasant that actually elevate the love between these two strange, lone-some people into heights of great beauty. Superficially, Gwynplaine is not an object that would command devotion. Carrot-haired, lean, with large teeth bared by the unerasable grin that has been carved on his face in his babynhood, he is, to the unseeing eyes of the multitude, only a curious and original clown; it is Dea in her blindness who alone sees him for what he really is.

Dea recognizes the beauty of soul and steadfastness of character that is the true Gwynplaine, and so it is that the very affliction that might have been her tragedy is the instrument to complement her happiness. For with Gwynplaine she is happy. Had she not been blind, she, too, might have seen but the surface—and there would have been no story.

The tender attachment between the two grows out of their entire dependence upon each other. There is no fleeting, light-hearted romance; it is bred in deep and bitter need. Have you ever noticed in real life that it is not the prettiest girl and most charming man that make the happiest couple so often as it is the plain unwanted woman and the simple, unpretentious man? The very fact that these two hold no charms for others, that they were lonely and unhappy before the miracle of finding someone who could hold them dear came into their lives, makes them cling to their partners with a desperate and fulfilling joy. So with Gwynplaine and Dea. Only the boy who had grown up with her could altogether understand the beautiful, frail Dea. Only the blind girl could be a suitable partner for the monstrous-looking man. Here was the ideal union—each had found a perfect mate.

This was the theme I felt should be raised paramount in the picture, and I bent every other incident to be subservient to that. The fact that the public, too, has taken poor Gwynplaine and his Dea to their hearts, has approved and applauded this violent upsetting of traditional movie amour, makes me feel very humble and proudly that I have succeeded in establishing the theme of that master dramatist, Victor Hugo, on the screen.
“We can get seats for that picture across the street”
“I’D RATHER STAND ON LINE AND SEE THIS METRO - GOLDWYN - MAYER PICTURE – THEY’RE ALWAYS GOOD.”

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You’re always sure of seeing
The biggest stars
The finest stories
When your theatre shows you
M-G-M pictures

Leo’s Question Contest

Leo, the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Lion, is staging a question contest of his own. He offers two $50 prizes—one to the cleverest man, one to the cleverest woman, for the best answers to his questions. And furthermore Leo will present autographed photographs of himself for the fifty next best sets of answers.

Leo’s Questions
1. Name three famous animals in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer pictures and Hal Roach comedies.
2. What popular song bears the same name as a current M-G-M picture?
3. Which M-G-M featured player, not yet starred, do you consider most worthy of stardom? Tell why in not more than 75 words.
4. Name three famous M-G-M "teams" of actors.
5. What are five of Bill Haines' picture successes?

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 September 15th. Winners’ names will be published in a later issue of this magazine.

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

Winners of Contest of June, 1928
Mrs. John D. Jesi, 214 E. 51st Street, New York City
Charles Churchill, P. O. Box 316
Carson City, Nevada

"More Stars than there are in Heaven"
Pictures that Talk

The feeling about Talkers has clarified more or less. No one seems to know where to start when it comes to whether the orchestra is created at the moment or canned. Not does it seem to be that the music is so exciting as to be completely lost.

Regarding the real art of the Talkers, a great deal of argument has been produced by the effort to place the sound. For example, when Senator Moses spoke he was shown in a close-up, and the voice seemed to be as near as he was and actually to come from his mouth. That the sound was being heard was a matter that had the screen been an open window looking out on the Wembley stadium. In the case of the singing of the English football audience, the sound seemed to come quite properly and as might have been had the screen been viewed in the panel through which it was projected. The importance of this wonderful method of reporting has been brought out by the shots and records made at the conventions. Also the unattainable rows of crowds are curiously exciting.

The Fox organization had its stars talk experimentally for Movietone records, and I'll tell you now that Louis Moran is wonderful in this new art.

However, let us add, the Shaw picture was nothing viewed as a motion picture, nor was The Lion and the Mouse. We await the director who can feel and produce a real picture adding the drama of sound.

The questions are often asked, "What about the foreign artists whose English is not perfect?" and "How about the foreign sales on pictures that speak English?"

One seems to answer the other. I do not see how an elaborate production could not be made and have two or three players for each important role. The expense of the set is paid for by the English production, then Renee Adoree steps into place and runs through the action for the French issue; or Vilma Banky does it for her native land in her own Hungarian. Every producer knows that against the whole cost of the production, the stars' salaries are a small part. Such films released in the native tongue in the foreign lands would doubtless bring in more than any silent picture ever did.

As a matter of fact, if the role was of a French girl in America a little broken English would prove very captivating.

Look at the success of Milt Gross!

The ease with which the photographic sound recorders can be moved about will help directors to combine sound with their plays. For instance, they can make a sound record from an auto beside a running horse and get the yell of the rider as well as the thud of the hoofs, if they will.

Why surrender the art of motion to the phonograph? Why not combine them?
"Our Love Must Wait—
the Enemy Will Not!"

Once a little giddy girl—her breathless beauty had made her the enchantress of an Empire! A nation's nobles, pliant playthings of her charm. And now, for one fleeting moment, her first true love lay close upon her heart. She had forgotten duty, honor, and all else... But she remembered and to save her nation she denied her love... Sent England's greatest naval hero forth to change the destiny of Europe—or to die!

You'll worship

**CORINNE GRIFFITH**

in

**"The Divine Lady"**

—for its

Celebrated fact romance of one of history's greatest loves—

Cyclonic spectacle of the naval battle that made Lord Nelson famous—

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Does your hair ever seem dull to you—drab, lifeless? Have you not wished for something that would keep it looking prettier—richer in tone?

The secret lies in proper shampooing! Not just soap-and-water "washings," but regular use of a shampoo that really beautifies—one that was created especially to bring all hair and add that little something extra so often lacking.

If you really wish to make your hair bewitchingly lovely, use just one Golden Giant Shampoo. It will show you the way! No other shampoo, anywhere, like it. Does more than merely cleanse the hair. There's a youth-impacting touch—a beauty specialist's secret in its formula. Millions use regularly. At your dealers, or send 25c to J.W. Kobr Company, Dept. B, 617 Rainier Ave., Seattle, Wash. Money back if not delighted.

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A Philosopher at the Pictures

CHANGE! You have a cubit more mentality today than you had yesterday. But before we bow to your tremendous tower of knowledge we find that the world we were to measure you by has changed, too. Did it grow more than you or you more than it? We cannot tell you, as unfortunately our own dimensions shrank considerably.

We read Show Cases; we saw Telling the World and Porgy (not a picture); we heard some synchronized phonos and photos and we confess to a nice low viewpoint.

We are low because of the continual degradation of art. If we make pictures that talk we kill the art of pictures. If we combine bas-relief and painting we ruin the values of the color and lower the art of painting. (John S. Sargent did attempt this in his Boston Library frieze, but the direction of the source of light was known to him.) If we draw accurately, too accurately, we are photographic and art is nil. A symbol is art and beauty. A circle to symbolize God is true art. The dimly-seen shadow of the scurrying old man as played by Emil Jannings in The Last Laugh was a symbol of the emotional reaction and hence cinema art. In Telling the World little Anita Page finds a gesture to express sincere love and beautiful surrender. It was symbolic. It is art.

Change! Our beloved screen has begun to squawk and caw at high heaven; and art, all art, every art is being degraded. The uplifting ethereal songs we have heard through Victor Records are weighted down by pictures of fat men in the solo numbers—oh, let's call them 'Singsies!'. The Talkers speak the most utterly commonplace, undramatic, incredibly stupid dialogue and the picture has neither action nor art.

Change, the inevitable change will take place in talking pictures and soon, too; and the change will be growth. If the dialogue is stupid now, then play-writers will be hired to give of their cleverness. If the pictures lack action now, skillful directors will introduce it. As it always has been, so it will be in talking pictures. The art of pictures will grow to include some of the beauty of sound and much of its drama, and will not lose because of the change.

Changes, however, do not come because of the seasons. First there is man as disturber. Such a one is Joseph P. Kennedy, who is taking into his hands, from weaker drivers, the reins of power. He has cracked the whip over Fathe, De Mille, F. B. O., and his own F. B. O. is gathering speed to lead the procession, possibly. At the Roxy, the other evening, we saw The Hit of the Show, an F. B. O. picture, and it and Joe Brown, the leading man, were good entertainment. It was not realistic, nor sordid. It was gentle with sentiment and emotion. It carried on the art of entertaining by a good old formula and one at which every cynic can scoff. If this is the artistic attitude of Mr. Kennedy we heartily compliment him. Good plots, good players, good directors and let art take care of itself. It will. Art has a way of cropping out where experienced sincere people are trying, and, we imagine, Mr. Kennedy is an inspiring boss.

I think it was the great actress Rachel who was once at a loss what to recite and repeatedly the alphabet in Polish, which her hearers could not understand. But such was her art that she made them shudder with laughter, chill with horror and weep for sorrow. The talent that can put emotion into sounds is about to be crowned in Hollywood.
Once We Called Him a Wallflower

Now He's the Best Talker and Most Popular Man in Town

I COULD never figure out what was wrong with Jim Begley. Knowing him intimately I knew he wasn’t the dumb-bell that everybody had him labeled. When alone with me, he was his natural self. On the subject of business, he could sit for hours and tell me how he would like to change things in his company. And damn ideas, they were, too! He could be witty as the best of them. He could discuss politics in a very logical way.

But, oh boy! How he’d close up when in a business conference or when talking to strangers! And socially—what a dud he was! He’d sit back like a clam, trying to make himself as inconspicuous as possible. And one night there occurred an incident that crushed his pride. A girl whom I knew Jim admired came up to me and said:—“Say, why don’t you leave that wallflower home? He doesn’t contribute anything to the fun.”

Luckily for Jim, he was standing close by and overheard every word. When the job broke up, Jim had vanished. I called him up next day but the operator told me he had quit his job. I tried to locate him but was unsuccessful, so I soon dropped him from my mind.

A Chance Encounter

One night about a year later I heard someone calling me from a passing automobile. I turned around and—lo! and behold! Here’s Jim. Sitting at the wheel of a snappy red sport coupe, dressed like a fashion plate and looking like a million dollars. Observing my astonishment, he winked and said breezily—“All questions answered, Bill. Meanwhile, let’s close at my club. I’ve got to address the House Committee.”

During the evening I couldn’t help but marvel at the change in the man. Gone was the aura of diffidence and bashfulness. He was the Lion of the party yearly points. He completely dominated the conversation. Once he’d need an inch of breath in relating a funny experience he had with an Irish jester. Next we breathlessly listened through a description of his adventures as a drafthead in France. Later he told us about his wonderful position and how he expected to leave for Europe in a few days as a market investigator for his company.

But it was not until we were driving home that he unfolded the most amazing story of all; the explanation of his change from a shy, self-conscious wallflower to a dominating personality. He told how a remarkable new home study training had enabled him to overcome timidity, and stage fright; taught him how to become an interesting, forceful speaker; and how it has shown him a short cut to advancement in business, social popularity, and real success.

“Take my tip, Bill, and do what I did,” he said. “There is no magic, no trick, no mystery about becoming a powerful and convincing talker—a brilliant, easy, fluent conversationalist. You, too, can conquer stage fright, self-consciousness, and bashfulness, and win advancement in salary, popularity, social standing, and real success. Through this amazing new training you can quickly shape yourself into an outstanding influential speaker, able to dominate one man or thousands.”

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This new method is so delightfully simple and easy that you cannot fail to progress rapidly! Right from the start you will find that it is becoming easier to express yourself. Thousands have proved that by spending only 20 minutes a day in the privacy of their own homes they can acquire the ability to speak so easily and quickly that they are enabled at the great improvement in themselves.

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How to address business How to enlarge your vocabulary
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How to make a political speech How to acquire a winning personality
How to tell entertaining stories How to strengthen your will-power
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Now Sent FREE
Lionel Barrymore

First the machine, and then the god. First the airplane, and then Lindbergh. First the talking film, and then Lionel Barrymore!

He alone, of all the actors who have tried to make Talkers, has realized their possibilities. Never once in The Lion and the Mouse could a printed title have taken the place of Barrymore's pregnant speech. His lines are no longer just words. They become by the magic of his voice the hissing snakes of hatred and the cajoling purrings of hypocrisy.

Talking Pictures were not an Art until Lionel Barrymore made them so.
Acting All Over

An Editorial by

ELIOT KEEN

AND it really doesn't mean a thing! Pola, one of the greatest actresses (never well managed in America), has that strange talent for acting which suggests to you the word 'sincerity.' She can imagine an emotion and then let go, and presto, you'd think it was actually the heart of Pola Negri that was being trampled and torn.

William Haines, always merry and bright around the studio, can very quickly drop into the mood of a character, any mood, any character, any time.

This sincerity which is so hollow is an admirable thing, and makes for success in life. Colleges should train their young even as Hollywood. It is simply the art of not being self-conscious. We have seen men who were trying to tell the truth look like knaves and liars, and it has been our pleasure to see good story-tellers choke up on a tale which they knew was fiction.

Give us the noble gesture! Believe in something, and flaunt the banner of enthusiasm. Full pocket-books are carried by those who carry conviction. If you worry enough about it you can believe that the stuff you sell or the song you sing is not quite a bit of perfection. But we wouldn't if we were you.

You can only think one thought at a time, and while it may be intelligent to know that every statue has its shadow, if you know what we mean, it is better to put in your time thinking of the remarkable and commendable qualities of your goods. And when you reach this belief you will find yourself happier, your neighbor will have more respect for you, and you will be more like Pola—which is reward enough for anyone!
Eva Von Berne

A happy beauty far from home.

In a homemade dress Eva arrives in New York.

Before the camera Eva Von Berne jumps Norma Shearer's discernment.

Former soldiers of Austria, now extras, meet her at Los Angeles.

Eva Von Berne is the newest and loveliest of European importations. Eva, living in a little suburb of Vienna, the daughter of a war-impoveryished army officer, never dreamed that she would ever be a motion picture star. Forced to work, she had chosen the teaching of aesthetic dancing as her occupation and was diligently studying for the examinations to be held in May, which would enable her to secure a license to teach. She never took those examinations.

Norma Shearer, vacationing with her husband, Irving Thalberg, a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio executive, in Europe, was attracted by a photograph of Eva which she came across in a dance magazine while waiting for her husband in the ante-room of a Viennese restaurant. Miss Von Berne's picture had been published as one of a group of pupils, but so greatly impressed was Norma Shearer by the beauty of the young girl, her graceful posture and quaint, enigmatic smile that she showed the magazine to Mr. Thalberg. He was immediately enthusiastic, and asked the Vienna representative of his company to look up the pretty girl and arrange for a screen test. Even as he gave orders (Cont. on page 99)
Will the Mating Call re-echo through our theatres and Seductive Murmurs be heard all the way from Hollywood?

What are the wild sound waves saying? Spanky, spanky!

Whoever said that actions speak louder than words was just a great, big bully. You thought you knew all your favorite movie star's lines and here she is pulling a fast new one. Yoo hoo! Here's shouting at you.

'Say it with flowers' is a pretty figure of speech for Mothers' Day but it isn't what you'd call practical on other occasions. A man may look at a girl That Way and hand her a sheaf of sweet peas and make her feel good; but a few well-chosen words, such as 'Name the day' or 'What do you say we get spliced?' sound better. A tender look may tell volumes but maybe the girl has a book. In that case she craves something more substantial. Silence may be golden, but a little gold band is better.

All the sweet glances in the world were never so potent as a couple of words and a little music. The banjo Romes used to waft the wails of 'Sweet Adeline' upon the night air and get a great kick out
of it—usually from some old shoes. The ukulele laddie of a later generation sends the strains of 'Get Out and Get Under the Moon' up to cutie's boudoir casement.

After all, there's nothing like 'O sole mio!' sung in the moonlight by a romantic swain to an equally romantic maiden hanging out an upper window—you're darned right there's nothing like it, and nothing like the cold in the head the morning after.

But can't you imagine our excitement when Ramon Novarro and his Spanish harp stage a movie serenade scene to Marceline Day or Renee Adoree up there on her balcony, underneath the moon?
MARIE PREVOST'S
Gift Offer

To be given to the writer of the best solution to her perplexity.

There is a homely old saying, "She'd give you the shirt off her back." It expresses generosity limitless and beautiful. Marie Prevost has such a reputation for giving, and so SCREENLAND's Beggar sought her out and asked if she would like to offer a prize in a contest for the many fans who enjoy helping the stars with letters of suggestions.

"Do the fans really tell the stars what they think?" asked Marie.

The Beggar assured her that telling stars where they get on and off has ever been the prerogative of gallery gods and picture fans.

"Well," said Miss Prevost, "there's something that I really want to know and if I could only round up my fan friends and ask them I'd appreciate the chance very much." And she smilingly added: "All I want to do is to please them."

The Beggar could guarantee that she would have her question answered, and now you must do your share. Here's her question:

Marie Prevost wants to know if you like her best blonde or brunette?
"What shall I give for a prize?" asked Marie, and finally it was decided that if she would pose in it, some lingerie would be perfect. Because the people who didn't win would still get a kick out of the photographs.

The best letter will receive the prize consisting of one birds'-eye blue crepe-de-chine combination, one georgette negligee, one crepe-de-chine nightie (not pictured), one pair silver-cloth mules, and one pair of yellow garters. Each piece of lingerie is trimmed with beautiful lace. The 'undies' were purchased by Marie herself, and you can be very sure they are beautiful or Marie would never have been willing to pose in them.

Address: MARIE PREVOST
SCREENLAND Contest Dept.
49 West 45th Street
New York City

Contest closes September 10, 1928

*By 'best answer' is meant the briefest and most convincingly expressed opinion.*
If you were in the buggy business, what would you think of Henry Ford? If you were an actor in the silent drama, what would you think of Talking Pictures? The Hollywood stars feel keenly about it. Here are their opinions.

There is excitement in Hollywood! There’s a question that is crying for an answer. It is: what about the Talkers? Will all the companies make talking pictures? Are they here to stay? If so, which stars will be able to stand the supreme test of personality and art by facing a microphone and a camera at the same time? It is a big problem, and Hollywood is tackling it in Hollywood’s usual vital way. Sound films have the movie colony on its ear. The actors with trained voices are commiserating with those whose silence is golden. Playwrights who have become scenario writers are dusting off the old text books for dramatists. Title-writers are wondering what’s next. At various studios carpenters’ hammers are swinging, making new sound-proof stages for talking movies. At the Metro-Goldwyn Studio, for instance, Stages 1 and 2 have already been torn down to make way for the new process.

Nightly in Hollywood the talk turns to Talkers. Tune in! Take Ramon Novarro, for instance. He isn’t worrying. In spite of his Mexican accent Ramon will find new happiness and a new forte in talking pictures. He has a charming tenor voice, with which he has already won success on the concert stage and on phonograph records. He welcomes the Talkers.

On the other hand, director Monta Bell can’t see the spoken films except for short subjects. His latest picture, The Bellamy Trial, presented peculiar problems which spoken sequences might have solved. The author told her story by means of the testimony of the witnesses in a court-room. When the book was made into a movie, this testimony had to be shown in action. Bell preferred to do it that way to using the new device of synchronized sound.

The famous director of Man, Woman, and Sin and many other films, brought years of experience as a newspaper editor and writer to motion pictures.

By Monta Bell

When every motion picture is accompanied by sound, then it will no longer be a motion picture, and a definite art will be discarded. One can stand the sound
of the voices for a few minutes but not for an hour and a half. The short subjects—the two-reelers—have been marvelous. Talking news-reels are perfect, one hundred percent more interesting than the silent news event, but an entire picture—never! The public will not listen that long. I might have used talkies to good effect in one sequence in The Bellamy Trial, when the attorneys sum up the evidence and make their final speeches to the jury. That might have been effective. It would have lasted but a few minutes, but to have done it for the whole picture would have been absurd.

The hero of Tenderloin and Glorious Betsy was well equipped to be the first movie actor to use his voice, for he has the degree of bachelor of oratory and began his career on the stage.

By Conrad Nagel

The talking picture has not yet been perfected nor will it be for many months. Now it is curiosity that draws people to the theatres. They’re interested in hearing how their favorite stars sound. They’ve seen our pictures in every angle. They know all about our home life and the way we think and what we eat for breakfast, but they haven’t heard our voices and the novelty of that brings them to the theatres. But there’s more than that. One must have vision to see what is going to develop from the talkies.

Of course there will be a temporary artistic set-back, but that will soon be overcome. In the early days of the moving pictures the spectators were amused by the fact that the pictures moved. We were thrilled that a girl waved. Now the mechanics are interested. The audience is intrigued by the fact that the pictures speak. At a recent news-reel the seagulls’ call got a hand.

But this state of affairs will not last. The artist has always been able to surmount mechanics. Any technique is mechanical, yet it becomes insignificant when the artist steps in. We’re pioneering with this medium, of course, but the stuff is there.

‘The Girl who always Gets her Man’ is one of the most vivid successes of the silent drama. She stepped from a Brooklyn high-school to the screen.

By Clara Bow

I love them. I have seen and heard every talking picture that has been released in Hollywood. I can hardly wait until I get a role in one. There will be a number of us who will have to take lessons in voice placement, but it will be something new and worthwhile to conquer for a new and worthwhile art. It is rather difficult to say whether all future pictures will be talking films—that remains to be seen; but I do think the use of sound effects in all films will be adopted, for they add suspense and realism to any production.
The great European actor first won fame on the stage in productions staged by Max Reinhardt before going into pictures.

By Emil Jannings

More than ten years ago in Berlin, I was convinced that the combination of motion pictures and spoken drama was one of power. My conviction was caused by the clever usage of film for scenes of spectacle in the very midst of a spoken drama, an innovation that is seldom adopted outside of Germany. For mob scenes, ballroom scenes, etc., a screen curtain was quietly dropped and the drama would evolve itself on the screen. When the scene was completed the screen disappeared and the stage became the center of the spoken drama. They synchronized perfectly; one did not feel that the action was fantastic or unconvincing. Talking pictures are but a step beyond—a step upward, I should say. Talking pictures should be the means of bringing to the public some of the finest acting the world can offer today.

The beautiful lady from Mexico stepped from society to the screen and found fame within a year.

By Dolores del Rio

After years of struggle there has been founded a form of entertainment called the silent drama, which is now perfected to a point that laughter, tears, comedy, and drama are produced. This was entirely apart from the speaking stage. Now when the voice is injected it destroys the realism of the pictures and no instrument can ever register the voice in its absolute natural condition. Again, how can talking pictures be released in the various foreign countries without making them in separate language? In my opinion talking pictures will never supplant the silent drama but as a novelty will be bound to interest temporarily, as do all novelties, good or bad. Personally, I feel there is still sufficient improvement to be made in silent drama without going into the talking pictures angle.

One of the greatest box-office attractions in America, he brought his famous voice to the movies and started it all, with The Jazz Singer.

By Al Jolson

Why it took me so long to get into the movies, is no secret. I was afraid of the camera. I always felt perfectly at ease when I could use my voice—that's why I liked the stage. But the thought of going through motions silently frightened me—I still don't know why. I tried it once and found that as soon as the camera started to grind, I lost a hold on myself. I felt ever so far away from my audience because they couldn't hear me. The Vitaphone has eliminated all that for me—and now when I stand before the camera and know that my voice can be heard, I feel that I am on the stage, with not a few hundred people hearing me, but a few million. And to an actor that is the greatest incentive. If he sees a few people in his audience, he is discouraged before he begins. But when there are millions, well, that's a different thing.

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Here is a sound wave photographed. It looks something like a streak of lightning striking Hollywood.
By Ronald Colman

I am inclined to think that the final result of talking pictures will be their use as an incidental dramatic device in films the major portion of which will be made according to silent drama technique. Right now the public are interested in the novelty of all-talking pictures but whether they will enjoy them so much when the novelty is worn off is a question which certainly I don’t feel I can decide. So many wonderful things have happened in this century that it is quite possible the complete talkies may some day dominate the field. My present opinion is that they will not. We will have a certain proportion of all-talking pictures made from stories peculiarly adapted to the all-talkie form—but I think they will remain a comparatively small fraction of the whole film output.

The question of musical accompaniment and sound effects is another matter. I think this phase has been developed to perfection and the development will help materially every picture being made.

Perhaps my views on this whole subject are best illustrated by my

(Con. on page 81)
Hollywood PARTY
—till the sun comes up

"Being merely an immigration party," remarked Patsy, "I don't suppose that there will be any Russian Dukes or Italian Counts or such, but I'll just bet that immigration or no immigration complex to the party, there will be a lot of aristocrats of the stage there."

Patsy was talking about the Immigration Party to which we were proceeding. It was being given by Robert Edeson, at his home, and was sure to be just heaps of fun, especially as Mrs. Edeson is one of the sweetest hostesses in Hollywood.

The Edeson home is on Pinehurst Road, on a hillside, and the street winds with charming irregularity underneath...
ancient pepper, eucalyptus and oak trees that nearly hide the houses. But from Bob Edeson's big front windows the light gleamed cheerfully forth.

We found our host clad as the skipper of the ship, and his wife was made up as a South American Senora, which she is.

The house is built in a fascinating manner with all the floors on different and receding levels, so that, from the large living-room below, you ascend by a few steps to another living-room just back of it and higher up. You can look right down through a grille, over a sort of balustrade, into the living-room below. There is a wide fireplace in the upper living-room, with many vast chairs and sofas, and the bedrooms are on still a third level, above, farther back. Up there is Bob Edeson's studio, too, where he paints when he isn't working in pictures.

We found Julia Dean and Eulalie Jensen there already, Miss Dean wearing a bright costume, kerchief, boots, wide skirts and all, and when we asked her what nation she was supposed to have immigrated from, she said she thought the Baltic States would about cover it!

Eulalie Jensen wore rather a surprising costume, beginning as an evening dress around the neck and bodice and running off into wide Turkish trousers at the bottom. Being made of beaded pink georgette it had the effect of evening dress if you didn't observe the trousers.
PITY a POOR

Many Players have given a Thought and Kept a Dollar for the Morrow.

Drop five thousand dollars a week into the lap of a fellow who only last year was a window-washer in the Crystal Palace or a girl who was a devilled-egg stuffer in a cafeteria, the result is likely to be ridiculous or tragic—ridiculous while the money lasts, and tragic when it ends. We have had a few such spectacles in Movieland and their colorful exploitation has caused a jealous citizenry to snort indignantly: “Bah, the movies!”

This phenomenon, however, is not peculiar to the land of silver screens and golden garter buckles—if any. Every year the Chicago stock-market, Texas oil fields orBoostburg’s real estate are blowing human bubbles that start right in to prove the old axiom of a fool and his money. Yet nobody says: “Bah, oil!” or “Isn’t that just like a business man!”

After all, the tales of Hollywood spending are jokes compared to the capers of social headliners throughout the country. I have yet to hear of a ‘monkey dinner’ in Movieland. Nor have any of our silliest spenders ever given an ‘equestrian banquet,’ with the guests arriving in the ball room on horse-back. I know of no ‘movie maggots’ who own racing stables, internationally known diamonds or million dollar steam yachts.

On the other hand, I’ll bet there is more downright thrift to be found among the successful stars and executives of Movieland than in any similar group in the world. Take my own town, Beverly Hills, for instance, where most of the successful filmers live. As I sat writing this little SCREENLAND piece under the big acacia tree of our back garden I tried to think who among my friends...
and neighbors could be classed as extravagant spenders.

There’s Mildred and Harold Lloyd, for example. Up in the hills of Benedict Canyon they are building a beautiful home adequate to their needs but without the slightest effort to impress. I was up there one day—weeks after the ground had been broken. “What’s the delay?” I asked. “It’s the architect, Bob,” replied Harold. “I don’t know whether they thought I was a show-off but I’ve made them cut their plans right in two. I don’t want a hotel; I want a home!”

Farther up on a higher hill Fred Thompson and his very successful wife, Frances Marion, have built a beautiful home which has become the playground of all the young people in the neighborhood, and with an upkeep as nothing compared to their joint incomes.

Douglas MacLean, enjoying one of the biggest salaries in Movieland, seems utterly contented in a house over on Canyon Drive that I bet didn’t cost over twenty thousand dollars, and that would not attract the slightest

(Cont. on page 94)
He has studied Crooks, Thieves, and Murderers, and in their behalf he defends the scales of Justice from the Reformer.

Lon Chaney dabbed at a pot of grease-paint in which he was mixing a new color, gauged the blend with one eye closed, and added a few drops of a bright green liquid. We were talking about his New York trip, in his dressing rooms at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios, while he was making up for his role as the sinister 'white voodoo' in West of Zanzibar. Chaney had studied humanity at first hand, in the Tombs, the Night Court, and
Speaks for the **CRIMINALS whom he UNDERSTANDS**

By Clarence A. Locan

Welfare Island, and had stored away innumerable characters, for further reference, in the cross-index of his brain. Also, he had stored away a few more ideas to add to his already well-grounded notion of prison reform, which is one of his hobbies.

"Human nature," he continued, as he stirred his make-up, "is a good deal like this pot of grease-paint. We can add a little blue, and turn it to purple, or a little yellow, and turn it to orange—we could add black and make it perfectly dark if we wanted to—but, after all, it would still be the same thing—grease-paint. And I guess this is the principal rule they'll follow when they finally make prison reform some thing practical!"

"Just what did you see in New York?" I asked him.

(Cont. on page 88)
New Yorkers, in case you haven’t heard, are all too prone to say that reporters of the wild open spaces, like Harold Bell Wright, are all wrong. Westerners are supposed by effete easterners to be hicks from the hinterland who had better stay where they belong. But New York has changed its mind. Harold Bell is all Wright. Those big he-men he writes about are Nature’s noblemen, and no mistake.

Ever since Gary Cooper and Lane Chandler landed in town, New York has gone western. These two boys only stayed a few days, but that was enough. If they had stayed longer there might have been an alarming exodus of New Yorkers to the wild and woolly places—at least by the feminine population. Gary and Lane work in pictures for a living. But they are not movie actors. They are men.

Both blond and blue-eyed; both about six feet four; both handsome. And, what’s even more exciting, both nice, honest, modest boys. Gary is already a star, and Lane is on his way to stardom, and travelling light and fast; but there are no signs of stardom about either. They were both born in Montana, and rode the range. They started on the screen as cowboys but they...
were so good the company promoted them to bigger and better things—if possible. From the saddle to Louis Quince love-seat; or, from range to drawing-room. And how do the boys like it? Well, they want to make good. They work hard and are in earnest. But once in a while they admit they get fed up with movie acting and would like to chuck it all and go back home to Montana. But they never do and they never will, except for vacations; for pictures have really ‘got’ them.

Cooper and Chandler play brothers in The First Kiss, which they came east—to Maryland—to make. Gary is the hero, opposite Fay Wray. Lane plays a bad boy who later reforms and becomes a minister. Chandler, by the way, is in luck with the talkers coming in. He has a splendid voice. He used to sing in a small way, he says; but you cannot imagine him doing anything in a small way. From his size to his sense of humor he is big.

Why not include a little Scandinavian? Take a long look at Greta Nissen and try to think up just one good reason why she should not be included. You'll fail to understand why she has never been on that short and select list of famous foreign favorites—Greta Garbo, and Vilma, and Olga, and Pola, and Camilla. Miss Nissen is a Greta of another type, but she is just as exciting in her own way. She has rare charm. She should be one of the leading lights of Hollywood and instead she is rehearsing for a Broadway play. Hollywood needs girls like Greta—not that Broadway doesn't; but why be selfish?

I went uptown to see Greta at her hotel—not one of the swanky ones, either. I waited a while. She had said she might be a little late, what with rehearsing all day long. As I waited I conjured up a vision of what Greta would look like. Of course her imported perfume would precede her into the suite—and of course she would be living in the best suite. She'd be wearing one of those clinging, slinky negligees, and run her ringed hand through her hair, and maybe even sip a little champagne while she toyed with her pearls. Oh, I had it all figured out! And then I saw a little girl coming across the lobby. She was dressed in a correct little dark-blue suit, topped by a saucy tam. She wore low-heeled shoes and no make-up—but somehow I knew it was Greta. “I am so sorry to be late,” she said in a nice, unaffected voice, with just enough accent to be quaint, “but I was so be-c-y.” She said she would take me upstairs only she just had one room and it was crowded with (Cont. on page 86)
She **BOSSES** the STARS

*The Story of Ruth Harriet Louise.*

By Katherine Albert

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUTH HARRIET LOUISE—OF COURSE.

If you saw her walking across the lot you'd think that she was a star going from one set to the other. She is as pretty as a star but instead of being one of them she bosses them!

You have seen Ruth Harriet Louise's name almost as often as you've seen Greta Garbo's. It is usually printed in small type under the photographs of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer stars. Ruth is the twenty-one-year-old portrait artist, the only woman photographer in the business.

On the top of one of the tallest buildings on the lot is her studio and there she makes the stars look as they really are. There she photographs moods and there she has learned to know the faces as well as the personalities of the screen favorites. Those who work before the movie camera have an innate dislike of the still camera but being photographed by Ruth Harriet Louise it's like being photographed by no one else in the world.

In one corner of her bright little studio is a phonegraph. In another corner is a tea set. To photograph a mood she uses music and to allow the sitter to rest and relax she serves tea. But there is a different technique required for photographing and handling each star who comes to her.

"William Haines is the most trying subject I have," she said. "He completely upsets my dignity with such amusing little pranks as setting my focusing cloth on fire and walking out of the picture just when I am lined up on him. I try to play lively music for him and he goes into a big Russian dance and each time I think that the photographs are going to be terrible and each time they turn out well because Billy has so much spontaneity and such a remarkable flair for real acting!"

"Every time John Gilbert comes to sit for me he is in a different mood. He hates having his picture taken and sometimes he walks up the steps like a petulant little boy who has something to do like an arithmetic lesson. Then it is my job to kid him out of this..." (Cont. on page 94)
The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

FAY WRAY AND GARY COOPER
in
The First Kiss

"And ever the waters flow to the sea
And maids to the arms of their lovers."
ANON
MARTHA SLEEPER is joy-riding to success in Taxi 13 with Chester Conklin.

Photograph by Ernest A. Bachrach
SHE'S collegiate! Rah, Rah, Rah! Mary Brian was a high-school flapper in Harold Teen; now she's a co-ed in Sophomore.

Photograph by Eugene Robert Richee
CHARLES FARRELL knows the secret of happiness. He started in the gutters of Seventh Heaven and reached a Duke's estate in The Red Dance.

Photograph by Autrey
Charles Farrell left his home in Onset, Massachusetts, four years ago. A friend with a vaudeville troupe interested him in the sights to be seen with the wandering Thespians, and Farrell developed wanderlust—(the only kind printable).

The company finally arrived in Los Angeles. The prospect of getting $7.50 a day as an extra appealed to Farrell, then nineteen. He decided he liked Los Angeles, the vaudeville troupe moved on, and the need for bed and board became plainly imperative. Also, he was not without hopes of skyrocketing into film success, having heard and read of such sudden good fortune.

His experience in seeking and finding work was no different from (Continued on page 80)
The clever extra girl should have at least one evening gown in her wardrobe. This one worn by Miss Philbin is made of apricot satin with ruffles of net edged with silver. The ribbon bow is of green satin and so are the slippers.

For garden-party scenes, Mary suggests a costume like this. The dress is of royal blue satin and net, with touches of embroidery done by hand and a large bow of deep rose fastened at the waist. The large blue hat has matching flowers.

When the extra girl receives a 'call' for a smart luncheon sequence, she should be ready to step out, like Mary Philbin, in a skirt of platted metal cloth, topped with a blouse of black crepe trimmed with bands of metal braid in gold and colors.
Any girl who hopes to make her way into the motion picture studios must have the right clothes, for usually the extra girl must furnish her own. It occurred to Mary Philbin that her own experience, in the days before stardom came, would be valuable to girls just stepping on the first rung of the ladder. Mary is practical. She knows that extra girls must count their pennies. She also knows clothes and how to wear them. So after thinking it over she decided that five costumes would solve the problem and answer the needs of the girl who is starting out in pictures.

Whether you are an aspirant to screen honors, or a girl in the business world, or even if you stay at home and have time to make your own clothes, you will profit by Mary Philbin's own little style show!

A period costume is a good suggestion for the extra girl who believes in 'Preparedness.' There is a great demand for girls who own crinolines. This dress is Mary Philbin's choice—of simple print, inexpensive but pretty.

For street scenes, a cloth coat trimmed with fur is indispensable, according to Mary Philbin. Hat and shoes should be simple and the bag to complete the ensemble as tailored as possible.

You need more than youth and beauty to break into pictures. A well-chosen wardrobe is essential, too.
A NEW FEATURE that you will LIKE

“Off On LOCATION”


By Helen Ludlam
Screenland’s Location Lady

RING-A-LING-A-LING! went my telephone at the Hollywood Plaza Hotel. “Gosh darn it,” I muttered wearily struggling out of bed to answer it, for I had spent the previous day in the ocean with Patsy Ruth Miller, and what the Pacific waves can’t do to a swimmer out of practice is nobody’s business.

“How would you like to go to the Sherwood Forest location today?” asked a brisk, cheerful voice that I recognized as Barrett Kiesling’s, director of publicity for Samuel Goldwyn.

In a moment my weariness was forgotten, for if there is one thing that appeals to me more than another it is to trail a company location. It is just great fun.

“When do we start? I can be ready in half an hour.”

“Fine. I’ll pick you up then.”

Getting to location isn’t always so good but this was a gorgeous fifty-mile drive along the road to San Francisco, through orange groves and the largest walnut grove in the world—so the sign said, and by the look of the grove I wouldn’t be at all surprised if they spoke the truth.

We spun along at forty-five an hour and in good time arrived at Sherwood Forest where the chuck wagon had been stationed for a week or ten days ministering to the wants of The Awakening company. This picture is of especial interest because it is Vilma Banky’s first since her professional parting with Ronald Colman. Walter Byron, a young English actor, is Ronald’s lucky successor and Victor Fleming is the director.

They were in the midst of a scene when we arrived so we stood watching them. The story is laid in Alsace-Lorraine about the period of the late war—but it isn’t a war picture. This particular scene had to do with a haunted house, and there it was, shabby thatched roof; broken windows; sagging doors; a wilderness for a

© Vilma Banky’s wedding anniversary in Sherwood Forest, with Walter Byron, her leading man, Louis Wolheim behind Vilma’s hand, and Helen Ludlam next. Across the table are, at left, Director Victor Fleming and William K. Howard, a visiting director, behind him. Rod La Rocque was on another location and couldn’t come.
of wedlock, and in that little village when a girl did that and it was found out, she was so ostracized by society who poured pitch over her door as a warning to all to keep away. It was a cruel custom and resulted in many tragedies. In this case the girl, laughed at by the man she would have died to save from pain, scorned by the villagers and spurned by her parents, found nothing but death facing her. Since then the house (Con. on page 78)

Corinne Griffith and Victor Varconi as Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton in 'The Divine Lady.'

Frank Lloyd took his company to Catalina to make 'The Divine Lady' with many a broadside.

Vilma, who for sheer loveliness hasn’t an equal on the screen to my mind, was dressed in a colorful peasant’s costume, and Walter Byron, who was with her, wore an officer’s uniform.

The officer, laughing, tried to enter the garden. Vilma pulled him back, her eyes wide with fear, her beautiful, sensitive mouth trembling with emotion.

“What’s it all about?” I asked Henry Hathaway, chief assistant.

The story ran that a girl had lived in that house years before who had given herself to the man she loved out

Waiting on the dock for the sun to arrive: H. B. Warner and Betty Danto, who is Corrine Griffith’s ‘stand-in.’

G. Varconi, Jean McNaughton, script clerk, Frank Lloyd, director, and Bob Freeland, the studio news-boy who is playing the part of Nelson’s powder-monkey.

Vilma, who for sheer loveliness hasn’t an equal on the screen to my mind, was dressed in a colorful peasant’s costume, and Walter Byron, who was with her, wore an officer’s uniform.

The officer, laughing, tried to enter the garden. Vilma pulled him back, her eyes wide with fear, her beautiful, sensitive mouth trembling with emotion.

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TELLING
the
WORLD

"You Tell 'Em, Bill!"

The 'T Boy comes back with a picture called Telling the World—and I'll tell the world it is a world-beater. Oh, I know it is supposed to be just a program picture—not scheduled as a special or anything important like that. But as far as I am concerned it is an epic. It is the most charming romance since Seventh Heaven. It is real and clean and sweet. It no sooner works up a good big lump in your throat than it chases it away to make room for an equally big laugh. It presents in the most delicate manner possible all the beauty and pathos of very young love. And no matter what you cynics may say there is nothing as nice as very young love—when it grows up it isn't nearly so nice, unless it's Greta Garbo.

Billy Haines isn't as smart-aleck as usual. He lets a little slip of a girl make him—ashamed of himself. She thinks he is the most wonderful man in the world—and he has to make good. When he first met her his intentions were not so good. But because she believes in him he just naturally makes the grade. He has to go to China to do it, but travel is so broadening. Telling the World starts out snappily and keeps up the pace. From the minute you meet Haines as a rich man's disinherited son trying to land as a newspaper reporter—and being handed the job of interviewing his own crochety father on 'Why I Kicked My Son Out,' you know you will have a grand time. And now I have a little surprise for you. Here's the newest picture girl—and she's a treat. You're going to fall for Anita Page as hard as Haines does in the picture, only it won't take you as long as it did him. Anita is so young and fresh and pretty and radiant you can't believe she is actually a movie actress in a studio working at a director's orders. She might have wandered in from some girls' select seminary on a lark. May she never grow up. Sam Wood has directed—and if the Germans had thought of some of the tricks which tell the world how news is made and conveyed through a series of interesting dissolves, everybody would cheer. Made in Hollywood, the stuff is just as smart, and I am going to start the cheering now. I enjoyed Telling the World so much that I insist you see it. It has Haines in a new mood. It has Anita. It is guaranteed to make you feel as young and spry as these two beautiful youngsters.
Seeing White Shadows in the South Seas is almost as good as a vacation. So if you haven't had yours yet, go to see the picture and save money. Here are sun-kissed south-sea isles, graceful natives, sparkling waters, bevis of brown Gildas gambolling beneath the bread-fruit trees—all for the modest price of one movie ticket—much less painful than sun-burn, for instance.

This picturization of Paradise is so charming that only after you've seen it through and thought it all over are you conscious that you've been watching a most effective pictorial sermon on the evils of native exploitation by the white man. For White Shadows is no mere hula on the sands of time. It's a potent pill—sugar-coated, but strong. After you have swallowed it, you will want to go native, like Monte Blue. He plays a derelict doctor, embittered by the devastating influence of the sinister white shadow cast across the south seas. A shipwreck hurls him upon a virgin isle as yet untainted by the white influence. There he finds happiness, in a Garden of Eden which includes his own special Eve—until the White Shadow walks again, and he gives his life in a futile attempt to spike it. Monte Blue left Hollywood far behind when he played this doctor.

He has long hair, a beard, and an Alfred Cheney Johnston shirt—and he gives a free, strong, honest and untrammeled performance. Here is no immaculate actor, but a man who makes you believe in him, all the way. The Spirit of Polynesia is interpreted by Raquel Torres, Mexico's latest little present to pictures. She's very young and pretty. There are native dancers, and an educational insight into the pearl-diving industry, and—but you're not listening!

The STREET of SIN

Everybody loves a bad man. So when Emil Jannings as Basher Bill, terror of Limehouse, reformed into a good, self-sacrificing hero, The Street of Sin, which had been crooked, suddenly went straight—and slumped. Where was our Menace? He had turned hero on us, and interest was lost. It was as the tough-and-ready Limehouse Nightmare that Emil excelled. He was splendid, beating up Bacchanova and leering at Fay Wray. And then he took the Salvation Army lassie's sermons seriously—and began to wash babies, and turn the other cheek. And all of us sober, self-respecting, church-going folks in the audience sighed for the good old days, when Emil was the bad boy of the screen. Certainly, it was the thing to do, having him reform. But it wasn't much fun. Jannings seemed to me quite as good as usual in this picture. But even the great Emil needs a story. Fay Wray is exceptionally good in an insipid role. Although directed by Mauritz Stiller, The Street of Sin had studio signposts on every corner, once Emil went straight. Let that be a lesson to you!
The LADIES of the MOB

Girlie, Get Your Gun!

This is not a picture about extra girls. Ladies of the Mob refers to the girl-friends of the underworld boys, who do a little shooting on their own now and then, just to keep things lively. But they are nice girls, all the same—especially Yvonne, who is Clara Bow's little contribution to the short and simple annals of crookdom. She is in love with Richard Arlen—like so many other girls—and she makes him promise he will leave the racket as soon as he makes one more haul. Like one more drink, it only leads to another—until Clara and Richard find themselves fighting alone against society, 'shooting it out.' You'll have to see the picture to find out who wins.

The love scenes make any old Revolution look pretty tame

The RED Dance

That Revolutionary Rag

It seems there was a Revolution in Russia. Hollywood heard about it—and here you have The Red Dance. The California version differs from the Russian version, reviewed elsewhere. It is a spectacle, with glimpses of imperial court carryings-on, a sinister monk, downtrodden prisoners, champagne parties, a beautiful peasant girl, and a handsome Grand Duke. Raoul Walsh has done his darnedest to make the Russian Revolution as exciting as What Price Glory? He enlisted the aid of Charles Farrell, Dolores del Rio, and a brawny gentleman programmed as Ivan Linow, who plays one of those Beery-McLaglen bums to the amusement of all. He begins as a villain, carries on comically, and ends a hero. Ivan is the hit of the show as the big, clumsy Russian bear. Charles Farrell, the typical nice American youth, plays the Grand Duke, while the patrician del Rio plays the peasant whom he loves. At first she is devoted exclusively to the Revolution, but such is Mr. Farrell's charm—especially when he wrinkles that engaging forehead—that later on she says: "Love is a woman's only cause!" Cheers! Nobody is in the least surprised when, after appropriate bloodshed and political skirmishes, the two lovers leave new Russia flat—and the audience in a quandary as to whether the Duke and his dancing Duchess are going into vaudeville or the restaurant business. Well, The Red Dance may not be handed down to an anxious posterity as the last word on the Russian Revolution but it does show a perfectly dandy bear-skin love scene between Dolores and Charlie—which makes any old Revolution look pretty tame.
The Cossacks

Hotsky-Totsky

Hot? The Cossacks simply sizzles. John Gilbert is in it. As if he weren’t enough, there’s lovely Renee Adoree; and handsome Nils Asther; and Ernest Torrence. Not only that—but the masculine members of the cast are all equipped with high fur hats. My dears, The Cossacks will burn you up—especially on a warm evening.

It’s a slice of rich, red meat. Russia under the Tsars is the colorful setting. The Cossacks, those ridin’ fools, are featured—real ones, too. And Tom Mix and Tony and Fred Thomson and Silver King had better watch out. The riding in this one beats any western I ever saw. Gilbert plays the only son of Ivan, the terrible terror to Turks—Mr. Torrence. Our hero’s name is Lukashka, but he will always be just Jack to me. He loves Maryana—little Renee; but she won’t have him until he has killed his quota of Turks. That’s easy. He rides away and comes back with a string of scalps. But meanwhile Nils Asther as a Prince of Moscow has appeared and laid siege to Maryana’s peasant heart. He complicates things somewhat, though not for long. What a Cossack wants he takes. And Jack as the chief Cossack grabs his girl and rides off with her. Gilbert enjoys his role. He plays with inimitable dash and charm. After all, there is only one Gilbert. And he is equal to an army of other actors. If you like fighting and killing and riding and loving in the grand manner, The Cossacks should thrill you. It will bring out the fans, all right.

The latest series of movie murders—a grand collection

Dragnet

The underworld is sitting on top of the world these days. Nothing is too good for it. The best directors—like von Sternberg; the finest actors—like Bancroft and Brent and Powell and Fenton; and the best audiences—look us over. Try to keep the crowds away from the deep and dirty doings. Thrills—kills—chills. All the girls are getting crime-waves.

Dragnet is the latest series of movie murders—a grand collection, too. George Bancroft impersonates a captain of police whose business—and pleasure—it is to clean up the gangs. He rounds up all the crooks, including Evelyn Brent. Of course he falls for Evelyn—she is looking awfully well this season; and she falls for him, and that starts something. The King of the Underworld—William Powell—spurned for a mere police captain, vows vengeance, and hell hath no fury like Bill Powell scorned. He is the ideal master-mind, isn’t he—suave prince of darkness who incites underlings to violent deeds but never soils his own white hands—he wears kid gloves. When he loves a gal he means it. So he ‘frames’ George, who takes to drink, and everything goes blooey. Then Evelyn takes a hand, and when this little girl takes a hand she gets one. Dragnet is another Underworld, which means it is worth your shivers.
A great, big personal triumph for Lionel Barrymore

The LION and the MOUSE

Stop, Look, and Listen!

The first of the Talkers is a great, big personal triumph for Lionel Barrymore. The Lion and the Mouse brings a Barrymore voice to the silent drama. If all actors had voices like the Barrymores we would be all for the Talkers. As a tight-fisted and hard-hearted Wall Street magnate in this picturization of Charles Klein's old play, Lionel Barrymore is just grand. In case you are all prepared to hear a lion roar and a mouse squeak I'll have to tell you right off it isn't an animal picture. The Lion is Ready-Money Ryder—Mr. Barrymore. The Mouse is Shirley Rosmore (May McAvoy), daughter of Judge Rosmore, sub—Alec B. Francis. You know the fable, of course. What, you don't know the fable? Why, it seems that a big old Lion was in difficulties and couldn't get himself out, and—er—why, then a teeny little Mouse came along and helped him. There! Now you know the story. Ryder, having ruined his old pal Rosmore, is made to eat his words in Vitaphone. At intervals, then, The Lion and the Mouse turns completely talkie, with the four principals in the cast finding their voices. May McAvoy and William Collier, Jr., supply the love interest; Mr. Francis is an amiable as usual—but it is Barrymore who steals the picture, with his picturesque pronunciation of 'Pacific oil.' Old-fashioned as to plot, nevertheless The Lion and the Mouse should be seen. Whatever you may think of the crudities of this debutante talkie, you must admit she is a novelty. And who wants to be behind the times? Rush right over and pay your respects.

An important picture in every respect

THE END OF

St. PETERSBURG

Russian Percussion

The decline and fall of the Russian Empire has been written in motion pictures by the Russians themselves. For the first time in history, a nation has been able to tell its own story in its own words, so that the world may understand. The End of St. Petersburg is an important picture in every respect. You should see it if it comes your way. If it doesn't, go out of your way and find it. It's worth the effort. There is no star—in fact, there are only two or three professional actors in the cast of hundreds. But you will never miss pretty close-ups, for you will be watching the rebirth of a nation. You may never see another picture like it, for The End of St. Petersburg is not studio fiction; it is life. Director W. J. Pudowkin knows the difference between camera art and camera angles. Some of his scenes are beautiful. Some are distinguished by 'tricky' photography. But all show imagination. Sub-titles are scarcely necessary, although those included, by the American film editor, Donald Weston Bartlett, are just right. No matter what your political convictions may be, you can enjoy this picture as one of the few film masterpieces.

A peasant's wife dies. He leaves his farm for the city where, through his ignorance, he becomes a tool of the capitalists. Awakened, he plays his small part in the great rebellion. It is not his story that is told, but the story of all Russian peasants and workers. The gentleman who plays the peasant—Alexis Davos—is amazing. He is that peasant. Katrina Kaja, Paul Petroff and Natan Golow are also fine. But this is an impersonal picture. You may not remember the characters but you do carry away the conviction that you have seen something of the real Russian spirit.
Remembe Frank Stockton's story about the Lady or the Tiger? Well, this picture is nothing like it. It's an Adolphe Menjou picture. Go to see it in the mood that you read fairy-tales in and you won't be disappointed. What, you don't read fairy-tales? Why, you big rough-neck. I suppose you sit reading Boccaccio instead. Did you ever read the one about—but that is another story, isn't it? His Tiger Lady is fantastic romance. But who wants to see reality unreel all the time? Anyone who sneers at the highly improbable will never have it happen to him. When I go in to see Menjou, I leave care and criticism behind. He brings back the mood of the high-school crush on the home-town stock-company leading man. He recalls faded newspaper clippings and panises pressed in novels. He is as unreal as he can be, and that's why I like him. No man in real life ever looked at women so inscrutably—least of all Adolphe Menjou. Anyway, here he is playing a 'super,' or extra, at a Paris theatre—costumed as a Maharajah. But the minute he takes off the trappings he becomes a quiet, uninteresting little man. Except when he thinks of the Duchess—a beauty who sits watching the show every night, just to see the tiger act. He dreams of meeting her, and in a burst of courage one night he wears his Maharajah suit right out of the theatre and follows her home. She takes him almost seriously and promises her love if he will enter the tiger's cage and prove his courage. He does—and it is all very silly but somehow entertaining. The ending is out of place—so is the whole picture, for that matter. But there is Adolphe. And there is Evelyn Brent, in slinky gowns and tricky caps, though the illusion of lure she presents is not dependent upon the trimmings. Evelyn's eyes take care of that.

Introducing Mr. and Mrs. of Arabia Deserta

FAZIL

Harem-Scarem

Don't ask me how to pronounce this. Maybe it's Facial, and that makes it a clean picture, which it is, though it tries hard not to be. Fazil introduces Mr. and Mrs. Arabia Deserta, who aren't very much different from Mr. and Mrs. of Fort Wayne, Indiana, in that they love and fight and she wishes she'd never married him and he wishes he had another wife—and that's where he makes his mistake—he tells her. After that, what home-life they had left is all broken up. There is a sub-title about 'The wings of a bird beating against the bars of fate,' leading you to believe that Missus has stood about all she can stand and is on the point of leaving the harem and going home to that dear Paris. Mister, having decided to go native and take another wife, still doesn't want to lose Wife Number One, probably because he has not yet mastered all the irregular French verbs. Everything in the harem is all upset, and Missus makes it worse by trying to escape. And then, when it is too late, they decide they really love each other after all. Fazil could have been a wow; but it lacked that loving touch which makes us take heavy romance seriously instead of snickering at the wrong times. Charles Farrell as Prince Fazil reminded me of a sophomore playing sheik. Why won't they let Charlie be himself? Greta Nissen looked ravishingly lovely as the French girl who married into one of Arabia's best families, but neither she nor Charlie could make the love scenes convincing—somehow their hearts weren't in it.
Laugh that off!

"The whole house is built around the baby's room," Mildred said with sparkling eyes. And well might they sparkle, for Mildred Davis Lloyd was telling of the unfoldment of a dream that she and Harold have cherished together these many years.

A great deal has been said about the lavish extravagance of film folk and how they waste their money in riotous living. They are...
By Helen Ludlam

here today in all their glory, but where can you find them tomorrow? You hear of champagne suppers and gin parties, Rolls Royces, Paris gowns—then foreclosure, bankruptcy or suicide.

But of the actor who is also a business man and a provident father you hear very little.

I can tell you about a few, though. I can tell you about a great many, really. There is Wally Beery—fourteen years in pictures and not one cent invested in the business. Holdings in real estate and common stocks provide him with a large and dependable income. Louise Brooks asked Wally in her clear, sweet voice why he kept on working. They were on the Beggers of Life set waiting for a call to work but all afternoon Bill Wellman had been taking shot after shot of a scene in which the feature players did not appear. Louise, getting sleepy and thinking of all the things she would rather be doing than roasting there in the tent, decided that life was very hard indeed. "Why do you keep on working, Wally?" she repeated. Wally shifted to a more comfortable position in his location chair. "Well, what could I do if I didn't work?" he asked. "I get more fun out of working than anything else I do. It's
NEW SCREENPLAYS

Reviewed by Rosa Reilly

HELL-SHIP BRONSON

Once before I told you that the villains of the screen are walking away with the hero parts and sure enough here comes Noah Beery. Middle-aged, villainous, and all, Beery steps out with a sex appeal that’s apt to turn a couple of thousand sixteen-year-olds into sophisticated women of the world over night. For that’s what happens when you fall for one of these bold men of the screen.

It’s a tale of the sea, and a grand salty atmosphere it has. It’s a tale, too, of a lost son, a lonely mother and a misunderstood heroine. But the sea and the son and the women are only details. Beery is the whole picture, and he is magnificent.

Mrs. Wallace Reid plays the part of the lonely mother well. But she was cast by fate for tragedy. There’s a tragic look in her eyes that’s not acting. That tragedy was sealed in those eyes years ago.

Hell-Ship Bronson was the best picture I saw this month. And the most satisfying. It made me proud to call Noah Beery a countryman. For in this picture he touches moments of genius—real and rare.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF 9413

So many times we hear that hackneyed statement, ‘The moving picture industry is just in its infancy,’ without realizing at all what it means. But when you see the new short film, The Life and Death of 9413, a Hollywood extra, you’ll realize that the potentialities of moving pictures haven’t even been tapped.

When Richard Wagner produced his first opera, people left the opera house with a feeling of puzzled wonderment; they couldn’t grasp the stupendous movements which he had opened to their ears. The writer felt somewhat that way when she saw this new movie. For it was handled so startlingly, so sweepingly, so very impressionistically.

Every boy or girl who cherishes the desire to become a picture player should see this fantastic film. It deals with the soul of a man who is trying to become a screen star, rather than with his body. He comes to Hollywood with a letter of introduction addressed to ‘Mr. Almighty.’ He is given a place as an extra, and on his forehead a number is branded, 9413. And then the old grind takes up, ‘No casting today.’ ‘No casting today.’ These three words motivate his whole life. They get mixed up with his dreams. His dreams of being a star. Of being a success.

They follow him to the very gates of Heaven. He climbs up steps. Only to find himself—like the frog who jumped four feet and fell back six feet—lower than where he started.

This picture, which is said to have cost only $97.50, is a tremendous experiment. Go to see it. Dream of your own future, and dream of the future of pictures. Both are unlimited.

VIOLETTE IMPERIALE

Here’s your new friend Raquel Meller in a nice maudlin drama about Empress Eugenie and the sewers of Paris.

According to our recollection, the Empress Eugenie was the wife of Napoleon the third. After the great upheaval of 1870 she went to reside in England until her death. But for film purposes—what does it matter? Suffice to say, the Empress was about to be assassinated, according to the picture, and her body disposed of in the sewers of Paris! Wholesome ideas those foreigners get!
However, you'll enjoy this film. Meller is entrancing. The costumes and settings are beautifully reproduced. And the entire picture is glamorous and spectacular. No reason to let the fact of the sewers upset you. They are intensely useful film props. What would Seventh Heaven be without them?

WALKING BACK

In 'Liberty' not so long ago, there was a serial story called Walking Back about this much-talked-of young generation of flaming youth. It was a fair story but the picture made from it is not so hot. Oh, it's hot all right in places—too hot, maybe, but it all fizzles out. It's like a true story magazine. They get you all steamed up thinking the girl is going wrong, but she proves a virtuous young soul in spite of darkness, drink and dashing hero.

Sue Carol plays the heroine, and she could have done a whole lot better. Richard Walling is the boy in the case. He wasn't bad, if you can discount about ninety percent of the sentimentality.

There's nothing so disappointing as to go to a tea and get nothing but tea. And there's nothing so disappointing as going to a movie expecting a little heat and to get deluged with a lot of lukewarm water.

HER SUMMER HERO

The other day at a party I overheard the following conversation between a man and a girl seated on a piano bench:

'Said the girl: "Why don't you ever pay any attention to me? I've watched you for weeks playing around with all the girls in the crowd."

'I don't dare play with you," answered the man. "If I fell for you, it would be deep."

It might be a good idea to adopt that man's slogan, and leave off the mature dramas for a little while this hot weather. For if you fall for one of these mature heroes—such as Bancroft or Powell or Leonidoff, you've got trouble on your hands. Why not shop around and live on a light summer diet for awhile?

If you'd like to see a nice, lively, little collegiate affair, take in Her Summer Hero. It's harmless and amusing. And if it so happens you're far removed from the nearest beach, the water scenes will help you forget the fact. Hugh Trevor and Sally Blane about divide the acting honors, with lots of pretty girls and stalwart young men filling in the background.

(Cont. on page 84)
A Little Chorus Girl from Broadway Joins the Hollywood Dance.

WHAT HAS Josephine Dunn?
She’s made Haines while the sun shines, of course!

By Kitty Hubert

She was just fourteen years old and looked like the poster artist’s dream. Her dress was gingham. Her slippers had flat heels and yet you knew that she wasn’t going to play golf. Not only that but her eyes were very wide and very blue and her hair hung in curls, golden ones at that, to her waist.

You could tell that she was meek just to look at her. It was outside the stage entrance of a Broadway theatre where she had been left by a friend who was in the mysterious interior of the theatre looking for a job.

The doorman took pity on the waiting child and told her to go inside. Everything was different when she got there. She had never been inside a theatre before, never even seen a stage production. Her experience with the drama had been only in the dim movie palaces. And suddenly she found herself on a large stage with hundreds of girls everywhere. Her friend had disappeared.

Josephine looked at the amazing sights when suddenly she heard a man at the (Cont. on page 104)
JOSEPHINE DUNN is getting the breaks—
Al Jolson has borrowed her from M. G. M.
for his new picture.
Photograph by Ruth Harriet Louise
THE newest screen lovers—Ronald Colman and Lily Damita, a French importation. They are together in The Rescue.

Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser
JOAN CRAWFORD, the vivacious, and John Gilbert, the gallant, in a serious moment in *Four Walls*, their next picture.

Photograph by Ruth Harriet Louise
BILLIE DOVE'S sleep-disturbing charm will again be in evidence in *The Night Watch*.

Photograph by Harold Dean Carney
But as the pall of evening screens
The sex appealing cuties,
The hardy mountaineers come out
To do their daily duties.

By day the sirens sing and sigh
And long with prayer and fasting
For Lasky's looking out to see
And Harry Langdon's casting.

Kind nature gave each comber curves,
Mack Sennett to excite;
Yet from her bottomless supply
She treated Alice White.

The rolling breakers toss their manes
And preen their restless fixtures—
Thanks to the bathing girls they've got
A break in moving pictures.

© Nancy Carroll going upstairs to the ocean.

© John Mack Brown and Flash pretending they are a couple of loreliars.
About Mae West

By the time you boys and girls are reading this, it will be August, nice, cool, crisp August when the leaves begin to fall—or could that be May? At any rate, no matter when you read this—and you've only yourself to blame if you do—right now as we sit writing this it is July, Daylight Saving Time.

It is not only July, Daylight Saving, but it is July and 92 degrees. Yesterday it was July and 91 degrees. To-morrow—but we can't bear to think of to-morrow. Live today is our motto, and a pretty tough motto, too, come to think of it, for twenty-six people died of the heat this morning, and there was a time when we thought of making it twenty-seven.

It is the hottest July, statistics show, since the blizzard of '88. And that was the year when blizzards were blizzards. It is so hot that even our thoughts—and we are trying to keep them as cool as possible—melt on us. Try as we may, we cannot help thinking of Mae West.

You see what the heat has done to us? It took us three paragraphs to get around to Mae West. There was
a time when we could have negotiated it in one, but we're not on our game to-day. It's not the humidity, it's the heat.

But there we go on about the weather, just as though we were a forecaster. We are not a forecaster. Nobody in our family has ever been a forecaster; besides all the weather reports are fully covered by Delight Evans. The Evanses know weather when they see it. Suppose we drop the whole subject and go back to Mae West. All those in favor say 'Aye'; motion carried.

Well, then, we'll read the reports of the previous meeting. Our previous meeting with Mae West before the current year occurred when she played in Sex. At that time, you may remember, there was a loud outcry from respectable society about the play; preachers preached, editors wrote editorials, the police threatened. And where, we ask you, was the Dramatic Editor of Screenland while all this was going on? You may well ask; on that fatal Tuesday evening, the Dramatic Editor of Screenland was sitting in the second row, having a swell time. And, furthermore, what are you going to do about it?

Well, who were we against so many? Miss West went to jail for a short time, while we mourned our loss. But Miss West decided she would make it up to us. She didn't waste any time. When her time was up, she emerged with a manuscript entitled Diamond Lil.

Together with a lot of prominent society people—that is, they were in the same audience—we went to see Diamond Lil, and had a swell time, even. Believe us, those purity people are just great big fools if they lock Miss West up again. The next time she comes out, she probably couldn't get out.

By all of which, you might gather that Diamond Lil was hot stuff. It is—and yet, so help us, we think it is a good bit more than that. It has in it what most pornographic shows lack—it has something of the salt of truth, something of the mud of earth, and something—gosh, we feel awful about saying this—something that is perniciously close to what is known as Art. There, we've said it. That's not all—what is more, we're afraid we mean it.

We grant you all the vulgarity and cheapness of the show—yet out of it there comes something that is on the level. Some of you gray-headed ladies and bald-headed men may remember, years ago, Theda Bara. Theda was the first person on the screen to go after sex in a Big Way. She languished and panted—but all the time you knew it was just so much hooey. You knew Theda didn't believe it. If she did she was just a—well, maybe she did believe it. You know how hooey actresses are. No, were. Of course, this modern crew are the most intelligent, fascinating, beautiful bunch of girls ever gathered together in Hollywood. But in our day it was different. Wasn't it, Fanny? (That last question is addressed to Miss Ward, who may be around the premises. Yes, there she is. Goodness, hasn't that child gone to bed yet?)

But Mae believes in sex. And she has a good reason. She can make you believe in it. She exudes it. She may or may not know Freud and Shaw, but she certainly knows her Life Force. She believes in Life, Libido, and the Pursuit of Happiness. When she comes on the stage, no matter how dull and cheap the show has been before, it breathes. It has been vegetable; it turns animal. And animal it remains. When she turns to her hero and says, 'You can be had,' you feel she speaks out of a knowledge of things as they are. You may say, 'I don't know any people like that,' but still you know they exist. Mae West has proven it to you.

And another thing we like about Miss West is that she doesn't compromise. Her show winds up without a moral. There is no death-bed repenting in her. Virtue may triumph, but not in her plays. Virtue triumphs in too many plays as it is. She presents the puzzle of the universe, and offers you no key thereto. 'That's how it is,' she tells you, and suggests that that is the way it always will be.
The SLICKER SLOGAN Winners

Alice White awards the slickers to six girls and six boys.

"I ain't gonna rain no more!"
Is that so! Whether it rains or not, six girls and six boys of high-school age in these U.S. are stepping out in brand-new slickers—their rewards for submitting snappy slogans to the SCREENLAND-Alice White Slicker Slogan Contest.

Collegiate kids by the hundreds sharpened their wits and pencils and sent in slogans. It wasn’t so easy selecting the best twelve, but the judges finally did it, and here’s the result—all the twelve slogans scattered around these pages, with name and address of winner attached. All the boys and girls have proved that they have that priceless humor which makes Young America so amazing and wonderful.

"Call me spaghetti I'm noodles of fun!"

William Warde
465 North Paulina St.
Chicago, Ill.

"PET and TAKE"

Charles Rose
102 East Second St.
Auburn, Indiana.

"JAMAICA?"

P. F. Fayers
General Delivery
Kamloops, B.C.

"A Man For The Ages—Under 20"

Dorothy Barnett
Redkey, Indiana

"What do you do with your old shoulder blades?"

Philip Follus
4104 Park Heights Ave.
Baltimore, Md.

"If sitting bull had a good-looking daughter would you call her sitting pretty?"

Ruth Olive Brown
3900 Jeanne Mance St.
Montreal, Canada

Margaret Rigby
915 S. Clement St.
Gainesville, Texas
Alice White, the high-school heroine of 'Harold Teen' and the donor of the Screenland Contest Slickers.

Arthur Lake wanted a cutie to rub against the slicker, so he called a wrong number and tried to date her. He should have put on chains first.
Chatter from Hollywood
By Martin Martin

This Gary Cooper location shot is as good as a week's vacation. Everybody likes water—in pictures.

The United Artists Studio has spent a quiet month. Doug and Mary and her new bob have returned from Europe. John Barrymore has been renewing Broadway acquaintances and D. W. Griffith has been immersed in a new story, The Pioneer Woman, which he will make with Movietone accompaniment, by the way. I met D. W. at a movie party and he is enthused over the possibilities of the new device. When he talked of the sighing trees, the tinkling brooks and the chirruping crickets that you are going to hear in The Pioneer Woman, it was like sitting out under a large tree in the Kentucky hills where the story is laid. One of the most charming qualities of Griffith is his enthusiasm. He is as young as a school-boy and his mind is open to anyone's suggestion. D. W. made quite an impression on Hollywood with Drums of Love. Away from his contagious optimism and awe-inspiring reminiscences the younger generation in the film colony had come to look upon 'the master' as a myth. He had to come back home to show them.

Honolulu is becoming a suburb of Hollywood. Every star sails over for three weeks' rest between pictures. Norma Talmadge is the latest. Having finished The Woman Disputed, Norma slipped quietly away. Only the alert ship reporters discovered her.

Mrs. Talmadge, or 'Peg,' as she is familiarly...
known in Hollywood, went along, as well as Norma’s uncle. The handsome Gilbert Roland, also in need of a rest after strenuous work in support of Norma in *The Woman Disputed*, made a fourth to the party.

We all miss Jaime Del Rio, husband of Dolores, from the parties in Hollywood. He was an eager, gentlemanly fellow, universally popular. Jaime sold a play in New York; so we hear, and is to write it in Spain at his mother’s hacienda. Perhaps I should clarify by saying that Jaime has been commissioned to write a play. It is assured of production because an agent of the company which bought it is going to Spain to watch the progress and suggest any changes in technique. While he didn’t get much credit from it, Jaime is partial author of another play, *From Hell Came a Lady*, which Joseph Schildkraut produced in Hollywood. Jaime wrote a short story and George Scarborough used it as a basis of the drama. I don’t believe it was a great success but Edwin Carewe, the director, is willing to spend some more money on it if he can secure the rights from Scarborough, and if the playwright will do a little refurbishing.

A friend of mine who had never seen a studio asked me this month what was used in the champagne glasses on movie sets. He thought it was ginger ale. I wonder if you know yourself what really is used?—Casa Blanca, an apple cider bottled just like champagne.

Here’s an interesting thing. The Central Casting Bureau, which places all extras, will not take any more names of young people, but it will register middle-aged banker types and grand-dames. Even they must have a complete wardrobe.

The reason for this discrimination against youth is that the market for this commodity in Hollywood is flooded. There are 3000 men and 6000 women already listed at the bureau, and it is a good day that sees 900 placements made of both sexes.

About the only way a boy or girl can get his name on the list now is to attract the attention of some studio casting director, who will request that the bureau add the name to the 11,000.

The pageant of Hollywood is both humorous and pathetic. We have all seen children showing off to attract attention to themselves, but here the grown people are equally bad.

One of my earliest memories of the film colony is of seeing a Spanish cowboy riding through the streets on a roan horse with a white star on its forehead. This same fellow is still at it. Instead of using the street-cars, buses or walking from studio to studio seeking a job, he rides his horse. He is one of our most picturesque figures, attracting more attention than a Rolls-Royce or even than a street scene being shot off Hollywood Boulevard.
not realizing the nature of the amusement he excites.

One of the most ingenious of the grand-stand artists created a mild panic in front of the Paramount Studio by dressing himself up in a gorilla's skin and careening crazily to the curb at the wheel of a car. All the sympathy he got for his trick was an order to move on from a policeman.

I heard Monte Blue telling his life to an interviewer for a daily paper here and jotted down a few facts for this letter. Monte originally intended to be an engineer. He started in college to take such a course but money trouble intervened and he had to go to work. Jobs being scarce he eventually found himself digging ditches at a studio where D. W. Griffith was making one of his early pictures. Monte improved his noon-time by haranguing his fellow ditch-diggers on a controversial subject of the day, and while he was so engaged, D. W. heard him.

And that is how Monte got his first job in the movies. D. W. hired him to be a director's assistant with duties consisting chiefly of inciting the mob spirit in a movie crowd.

There is another fellow, more pathetic than humorous, who haunts the casting offices and whenever he sees anyone looking through the little barred window, goes through his tricks. He makes faces and shuffles about in imitation of Charlie Chaplin. If anyone smiles at him he goes into an ecstasy, which

...
Since that time Monte has been a circus clown, an engineer, and a half dozen other things.

Something for the baby stars to worry about is who will be Harold Lloyd's next leading woman. Harold hasn't said yet but it is agreed it will not be Ann Christy. She did Speedy, the first Lloyd picture since Jobyna Ralston became a free-lance dramatic actress.

Probably Harold won't choose a leading lady for a few weeks as he isn't really decided on his next story and he always takes a long time working on it before the actual work on the scenes begins.

You're not going to see Bebe Daniels in any more farce comedies at Paramount and you're not to see Pola Negri in any more pictures of any kind with this organization.

Jesse Lasky believes that comedies are on the wane. He has ordered Bebe back into romantic dramas of the type she used to do. Take Me Home will be the first.

Nobody knows just what Pola's plans are. She left Hollywood without any definite objective other than going to Europe with husband Serge M'Divani and making a picture abroad for someone.

The gossip is that both Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and the increasingly powerful Fox Company would like to have a try at making Pola into a popular box-office star. While none of her pictures have made a great success in this country, she is a strong attraction on the Continent, a market that the movie producers are taking into consideration more and more.

Speaking of Europe, by the way, Ben Jackson, head of the Fox Movietone, tells me that none of the Fox talking pictures will be sent abroad.

It's easy to see why. If the stars had to speak in the languages of all the countries the films are shown in, they would have to be linguists of distinction. Moreover, the scene would have to be taken over again for each country where the language was different and this would mean tremendous additional production costs. The foreign market is only one of the many problems arising out of the rush to the talkies.

A panic threatens among the actors. Most of them have no stage experience and those who have are a little rusty in speaking their lines. First experiments in talking pictures have shown that a single bad voice impression upon an audience may completely destroy the illusion about a star. It is distressing, and you can't blame some of the actors for worrying.

Charles Farrell is taking singing lessons and preparing to study voice culture. He is certainly one who has little to fear from talking pictures. Charlie's voice is one of his charming attributes. He sings in a clear voice, without tremolo and interesting.

The foreign actors who have a marked accent are the ones who are showing the greatest activity. The study of the English language has become of engrossing interest to them.

I almost forgot to tell you about the wedding presents that the stars gave Adolphe Menjou and Kathryn Carver. When the honeymoon couple got back from Paris, they found among other gifts: an Australian cockatoo from Bebe Daniels; a bejeweled letter opener from Clara Bow—it isn't surprising she thinks of this gift, as Postmaster O'Brien of Los Angeles told me that Clara is getting 1000 fan letters a day); an imported vase from Emil Jannings; a clock from Esther Ralston which tells the time of the day and the day of the week.
You know that for the last couple of months I told you it was going to happen. Only last month I reported to you that I had seen them together at a number of public places, acting like a pair of honeymoons. And now it has happened! Marie has gone down to the Judge and has told him what a fine fellow Kenneth is, and how she made a terrible mistake for ever filing suit for divorce. Neither she nor Kenneth wants that nasty final decree; they are more in love than ever before, and everything is hankadory. As the kid next door said, 'That’s the swellest news I’ve heard in a long, long time!'

I have made a resolution, and I want all my Hollywood and other-wheres friends to know about it—I have argued my last argu on the Vitaphone question! No, sir—no one this side of the equator can get me started on it again. ‘Can it last?’ ‘Is it any good?’ ‘Doesn’t it make too much of a grinding noise?’ ‘Does it sound real?’ We can’t agree, and I’m not going to argue it out with another person. Possibly it is because of the novelty, but all I wish is that I could pocket one little percent of the money the crowds are paying to see the ‘talky’ at Warner Brothers’ Theatre in Hollywood. In other words, I’ll take the money and let the rest do the arguing, but I’m a woman, and I must have the last word, and if the ‘talkies’ are only in for a novelty...
and won't last, as some of our best people say, I'll buy everyone all around a twenty-five cent marshmallow nut sundae! There! Now I'll never say another word!

* * *

“Oh, no, Fay won't be married for a long, long time. I don't want her to," said Fay Wray's mother to me about six or seven months ago. I wondered then why her eyes twinkled so, and why Fay pleaded, "Mother—don't." With Fay away on her honeymoon, with her brand-new husband, John Monk Saunders, Mrs. Wray comes to me and guiltily confesses that even then, while we were talking, Fay and the handsome John were engaged. They kept it such a real secret by never going twice to the same cafe or theatre, and when they were so suddenly married, no one dreamed that they have been engaged for at least seven months. I suppose you all know that they have rented Florence Vidor's beautiful home for the summer while the Vidors are touring Europe, and the thrill of keeping house is Fay's. A June bride, in a drowsy little Maryland town, that was Fay, and you simply have to stay happy when you are married in the merry month of June under such happy circumstances.

* * *

Here's something I almost forgot. You all know that it's no fun to talk about divorces, broken promises and all that sort of thing. But you know, too, that when you can talk about broken divorces, and Cupid's bow all mended up, why, then you've got something to talk about, and you blow from tip to toe and it's a grand and glorious feeling. What I'm trying to tell you is the latest news about the Alan Croslands. Did you know that everything is patched up; that after having started divorce proceedings, and having lived apart for almost a year, the whole business is blown into pieces and they are right back together again, even better than new? Absolutely—honeymooning all over again, just like Marie and Kenneth, and Nickled to death with each other whether they argue or not. It's the air in Hollywood—it's the air! And it can't be so very bad to feel that after everything is said and done the wife you picked and the husband you decided upon in the beginning was about as good a choice as you could make.

* * *

Now about the color of Lya de Putti's hair. In the first place, nobody is going to put another blonde wig over Lya's black eyes. That is final! A blonde wig does not go with a black eyed personality, and if you don't believe me, write to Lya and ask her. And Lya doesn't want black hair, either. It has to be red, to suit her temperament, she says, and anyone who wants to object might just as well not say a word, because she is an American woman now, and American women can do exactly what they want to do and must please themselves. Of course, the way she says it, in her own broken English, is half the battle, and between us, I'm not so sure if she really is saying exactly what she means. Her "like so" and "h-huh," copied from us with the European accent, is so entertaining that it doesn't make such a terrific amount of difference as to what color the rest of the world figures her hair should be. She is certainly a riot when she starts talking red and black and blonde hair in broken, bothersome English.

* * *

Another good hair topic is the new Pickford bob. It makes great afternoon tea arguments, too. I don't suppose anyone cares particularly much about the way I feel, but I would like to know why, if Mary were going to cut her goldy locks at last, she didn't cut 'em all the way. If you have seen her in pictures you know to the dot how she looks, because that's the way America's sweetheart looks in person. One more good clip and Mary would be in the land of honest-to-goodness bob. Why not? Her real curls are gone, anyway, and the thrill of taking the first look at herself after her locks are shorn is something Mary should never, never miss. I've got to put that down on my calendar, because Mary and I shall have to have a good heart to heart talk until I can convince her that she might as well finish the snipping.

* * *

You folks who are coming to Hollywood
for a visit—don't think you have to get a pass into a studio to have a look at the stars. Oh, no indeed. Saturday night on the Boulevard, first came Joe Swickard; then Victor McLaglen and Frank Nelson; after that, Nancy Carroll, George O'Brien and Jim Hall, all in the course of fifteen minutes or less. No, you do not need a studio to see the stars—merely pick a good spot on the Boulevard, any night in the week, and the film parade will do its stuff right before your eyes.

* * *

Bosom pals these days, Jim Hall and George O'Brien. And outside of its being a very pleasant companionship, Jim tells me that it is coming in mighty handy in these gob days of his for Clara Bow's *The Fleet's In*. George, as you doubtless know without my telling you, was a gob himself in days gone by, and as Jimmy tells me, 'He's putting me wise to every bit of gob etiquette.' Wait until you see friend Hall in his latest outfit! The dark-eyed Susan in the Paramount wardrobe department explains that he 'looks too cute for words.'

* * *

Bill Austin is on his way to England to see if he can't find another bathing suit like the one that made such a hit for him in *Red Hair*. Remember? Did you ever see such a ridiculous thing in your life, and would you think that another such relic could be found anywhere? Bill is a peach of a fellow, and I'll bet that when he gets back to the old home town near London, England, there will be many a toast said for the owner of the ridiculous bathing suit. May Bill's holiday be a glorious affair.

* * *

What a lot of difference one little year can make! Just about twelve months ago Buzz Barton was kicking because he didn't 'wanna make love to any girls in his picktures,' and now look at the young actor. I don't want to be telling any tales out of school, but do you know what Buzz thinks? Well, Buzz thinks that the name 'Annabelle' is pretty near as perfect a name as can be found. Another thing—Buzz has decided that maybe he ought to be combing his hair a bit neater, so he'll look a trifle more, well,
fixed up or presentable or whatever you want to call it. He needs new chaps, too, he tells Director Lew King, and if all the other fellows in the movies use a nice, smooth make-up in order to look desirable, Buzz wants to know why he shouldn't do the same thing. Love is a terrible, terrible thing, and if you don't believe it, ask Buzz. A year ago, of course, Buzz was a kid, but since Annabelle Magnes is the love interest in his new picture, and since she's a pretty good cure for about any kind of illness, why shouldn't Buzz get himself fixed up so that he'll look kind of decent to her?

* * *

Talk about Mayor James J. Walker and all his sartorial perfection! He may be good, all right, but it's to Hollywood he's got to come to learn a thing or two about the proper way to dress. (And I understand he is on his way.) For instance, could he tell the correct mode for a gentleman director who has to jump from a clean spot to a very dirty spot and then back again to clean, clean spot where everyone can see how he looks? If not, all he has to do is visit Josef von Sternberg at Paramount and learn Lesson Number One in the art of dressing for a day of movie work. For the morning of The Docks of New York, the Mayor would have been okay, but when it came to those dirty shots in the pit when he would have had to put the funny looking coveralls over all his finery, do you suppose he would have remembered to carry the cane the way our movie director did? I really am afraid to say, but I certainly do wish that you folks could have seen Joe walking around the studio garbed in his coverall outfit, but never for one second forgetting to carry the cane! We kidded him to death at the studio, but to no avail. He can't have Mayor Walker getting the best of Josef von Sternberg, and a cane certainly does dress up.

**I have wondered**

my last wonder about this Cecil DeMille man. Many a morning the DeMille roadster and chauffeur has passed with an empty seat, only to have me meet the car again down towards Culver City with its empty seat filled up by one Cecil Blount DeMille. The wondering days are over now, though, because I have learned the secret of the empty seat, and at the same time, the secret of the C.B. complexion. Here it is. Every morning of his life, C.B. starts walking, and he walks fully a mile and a half before the chauffeur comes along and takes him the rest of the way by machine. When you figure that C.B.'s working day never ends before eight or eight-thirty at night, it's a pretty long walk with which to start a strenuous day.

Remember the young chap that Wallie Beery adopted and helped a couple of years ago? Did you know that the boy went into pictures and has been getting along? Allan Whitney, seventeen, had a pretty good part in a Universal picture, A Hero for a Night, and everything has turned out exactly like a story book. The boy thought he was penniless and without relatives, and now what do you think has happened? An aunt saw him in the picture, and immediately it seemed to her as if the screen were showing her the face of her nephew, for whom she had been searching a long, long time, exactly the way they do in story books. Sure enough, she wrote to Universal, and only this month it has been definitely established that this boy who has been so befriended by Wallie Beery is the boy who has been searched for high and low. And not only that—he gets the inheritance, too, the way any good story has to end, and through the movies, instead of being alone and penniless, he has become independent and has found his family.
just to show you that I'm not proud," I told Bill. "I'll look your old accident over before I go back to town."

By that time we had been served with delicious fried chicken and fresh vegetables served on white enamel plates and there was iced tea in white enamel cups. Walter Byron didn't eat very much. "What's taken your appetite?" another visiting lady said.

"The sun," he replied promptly. "I'm not acclimated yet, and if you take much

"You have to cut a, Vilma," from Victor Fleming. "What, cut all this big cake?" An enormous knife was handed her.

"Wait, we have to take pictures first," said Barret Keeling, giving back to his role of director of publicity. "That lets me out," said Bill Howard rising.

Victor Fleming grabbed him firmly by the shoulder, pulling him down again. "You stay, my boy," he said.

There was a lot of excitement about the posing. Vilma was tried out sitting and standing in several different places. There, You're fine," said one. "No, she's covering Wolheim and Byron," said another. "Lean against the end of the table, with your face to the camera, Miss Banky," said the still man. She did, holding the knife in a dramatic pose over the cake.

"Shy to disturb you, Vilma, isn't you're on fire," said Victor Fleming, grabbing her apron string which had stayed over the candle's flame. Everyone laughed.

"Goodness sake!" cried Vilma in her pretty, broken English. "Vat kind of a picture will this be?" She blew out the candle and once more faced the camera. This time we were all set.

Shortly we returned to the French village.

"I never saw lights used on a daylight location before," I said. "Is it something new?"

"George Barnes is one of the best camera men in the business," said my informant. "That's an indoor man and knows all such things you know. It is not always possible to regulate the sunlight even with shade and reflectors, and it is easier for him to use the lights and not experiment."

We watched the make-up man take a spot of dust from between the eyes of Walter Byron. He had a neat location kit with everything in it from false hair to lip rouge, in case something should be missing from the players' individual supply. We noticed that Walter was as freckled as a ten-year-old boy. Nice, light tan freckles he has. But they don't show through the make-up.

"Where did you get all those freckles on your hands?" someone asked.

"I've always had them," Walter apologized. "I've got them on my neck and shoulders and stomach and everywhere."

"That's a peaches uniform you have on," from one of the actors.

In spite of popular opinion a good deal of attention is paid to details in pictures. The laughable mistakes that occur are in most instances anybody's fault but the technical man's. After he has worn himself to a frazzling trying to have every detail accurate in a picture the star, for an example which has nothing to be true personally. Vilma wants to wear a white wig because it is becoming to her. Then the technical man has to search history to find whether it is possible for a lady to wear a wig. At those times and arrange a scene that makes it plausible. Suppose it isn't possible. But suppose the star has a good deal of power and the studio head. Nice, light tan freckles he has. But they don't show through the make-up.

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"A picture costume of gold in Vilma's picture.

"Twenty thousand dollars bhoy!" she cried.

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There are two technical men on The Awakening payroll who know every loop and buckle, every manner and custom of England and the country in and about their home, The German is Baron Erich von Brincken and the Englishman is Lieut. Hatswell, who was detailed to submarine duty in the British navy during the war. All three of these men have had the thrilling war records and they and a few others are entitled to a special article which I hope some day to write. Enough now to say that their background and studies since the war fit them perfectly for the technical work they are now interested in, and that the costumes worn in this picture are accurately reproduced. Mr. Byron's uniform was made by the best man in town and was delivered in duplicate. A second costume is always provided in case the first gets torn or soiled. The bill for Mr. Byron's two uniforms was $700.

G. These jelly jars are really movie extras. snatching a few minutes from their arduous activities in the ship scenes for 'The Divine Lady.'

The rough and ignorant assistant director is a small part of the staff in movies. He only appears in cheap and inferior companies. These boys now are in most instances college trained. Usually they are well born and high minded. They are terribly interested in the future of pictures.

It was interesting to see them light a very shabby place in the background. The trees over the house cast a dense shade, and so that it would pick up in the camera, shiny tin reflectors caught the sun and threw the reflected light right into the dark. The subject of freckles seemed to trouble Walter Byron. As I said goodbye to him he stopped me. "Before you go I want to explain to you what freckles are," he said earnestly. "They are heat glands. And if we didn't have them we'd die in ten minutes. The natives of India have heat glands under their arm pits and it distributes the heat. We go evenly through their bodies, turning them brown. That's why some people are evenly tanned all over. Their heat glands are right. When the heat circulation is even the freckles disappear."

I think young Mr. Byron will be a sensation on the screen if one can judge by one day's rash and quite an unexplainable mixture of Jack Gilbert and Edmund Lowe, yet with a definite person-

asury uniform. There are two technical men on The Awakening payroll who know every loop and buckle, every manner and custom of England and the country in and about their home, The German is Baron Erich von Brincken and the Englishman is Lieut. Hatswell, who was detailed to submarine duty in the British navy during the war. All three of these men have had the thrilling war records and they and a few others are entitled to a special article which I hope some day to write. Enough now to say that their background and studies since the war fit them perfectly for the technical work they are now interested in, and that the costumes worn in this picture are accurately reproduced. Mr. Byron's uniform was made by the best man in town and was delivered in duplicate. A second costume is always provided in case the first gets torn or soiled. The bill for Mr. Byron's two uniforms was $700.

The rough and ignorant assistant director is a small part of the staff in movies. He only appears in cheap and inferior companies. These boys now are in most instances college trained. Usually they are well born and high minded. They are terribly interested in the future of pictures.

It was interesting to see them light a very shabby place in the background. The trees over the house cast a dense shade, and so that it would pick up in the camera, shiny tin reflectors caught the sun and threw the reflected light right into the dark. The subject of freckles seemed to trouble Walter Byron. As I said goodbye to him he stopped me. "Before you go I want to explain to you what freckles are," he said earnestly. "They are heat glands. And if we didn't have them we'd die in ten minutes. The natives of India have heat glands under their arm pits and it distributes the heat. We go evenly through their bodies, turning them brown. That's why some people are evenly tanned all over. Their heat glands are right. When the heat circulation is even the freckles disappear."

I think young Mr. Byron will be a sensation on the screen if one can judge by one day's rash and quite an unexplainable mixture of Jack Gilbert and Edmund Lowe, yet with a definite person-

ality of his own. Vilma, in her work with him, shows a side of her nature that we are not familiar with. She sparkles. She is vivacious and fun-loving—a different Vilma from the tragedy queen we have been accustomed to.

We stopped to look at the chuck wagon which has become an institution out here. And I find that all the hucksters are the only ones that cater solely to motion picture trade. They carry two wagons. One, a nice white enamel motor car with an ice compartment which also holds milk and butter. There are separate compartments for silver and dishes. They are all neatly stacked in their proper grooves. It is large enough to hold two hundred people. The other is a truck which carries the provisions and a huge eight-hole stove which was set up at the back of the mess tent. The chef was taking six delicious-looking berry and apple pies from the oven as we arrived. Scattered about were the sleeping tents to accommodate those who remained on location at night. They leapt into the air turning over three times and landing on its nose in the ditch with one of the men still in it. The other man had been hurled into the air when the crash came and landed clear. The company rushed up expecting to find men dead. They weren't even unconscious. Stunned a bit, but there wasn't a scratch on either one of them and the onlookers were far more shocked than they. It just goes to show that a person doesn't move into the next world until his bell rings—a phrase which must be the philosophy of the jay-walker.

The camera caught the crash—all of it, I think—and you will see it in The River Pirate.

And that's all I can tell you about that location.

Of a different sort was the location for The Divine Lady with Corinne Griffith, Victor Varconi, H. B. Warner and Mon-tague Love, directed by Frank Lloyd. The Catalina Isthmus was their head-quarters where there is a permanent restaurant and about three cottages. The rest are tents. The actual location was the Catalina Island and ship Vanguard of historic fame, which was riding at anchor about three miles west. To get to this location we were hauled out of bed at six A. M. and motored down to Wilmington, about forty miles from Hollywood. There we met a special speed boat which took us to Catalina in an hour and forty-five minutes instead of the regulation three hours and a half. It was cold and foggy and miserable until the last half hour's run. Then the glory of the Pacific and the rugged beauty of the Island made us forget our early inconveniences.

As we approached the dock we saw a lady in a brilliant satin saffron gown, swinging dainty slippery feet off the end of it, rod and line in hand and fishing busily. "Look at my catch," shouted Lady Hamilton alias Corinne Griffith, as she held up three fish for us to see.

But she certainly located an odd sight. She was in a rose satin gown with panniers and ruffles and lace, and elaborately coiffed in the period of 1800. A drawing-room flower perfectly at home on a fishing dock! Such a life in the movies.

H. B. Warner was holding an animated conversation with Betty Danko, Corinne's 'stand-in,' about the number and variety of fish to be found in that part of the Channel. His work had been over so he was waiting for the boat to take him to the mainland. He was so excited over the appearance of a gold fish about a foot long that he forgot he declared it was not natural to those waters and must have strayed from the coral reefs miles away. He tried to get a sympathetic enthusiastic mermaid for a Sheephead, a nice black and blue fish, without any result, and when he pointed out a sculpin, a hideous water animal, she turned her back altogether.

Stand-ins are comparatively new in pictures and perhaps need a word of expla-
the vast majority of extras for several months. A day or two, maybe a week of work, then fruitless applications at the casting windows.

"Why, I was so broke even the real estate agents wouldn't speak to me," is his illuminating comment on those days.

With several other hopefuls, Farrell posed as letter carriers, and they established themselves in a shack in the hills. The interior might well serve as the setting for a drama, "Hardships of an Extra." They rigged up with a short length of hose in lieu of a shower. Personal pantyhose were done with a hand-iron heated on an ancient stove.

The call of the East—Cape Cod, in particular, where his father owns several movie houses—became strong for young Farrell. Especially when Frank Borzage, who was to guide him to world-wide prominence in 7th Heaven within two years, advised him to turn to something else for a career. Charley had asked Frank for a job as an extra.

"I thought Charley was like a lot of other good-looking young fellows seeking something easy to do," said Borzage subsequently. "We've often kidded each other since about this that you was giving me the right steer.

After getting some notice in a minor role in Sandy, Farrell began going East cinematographically. On a set of old Salem, Massachusetts—sugar plums, etc.—he was started acting in Old Ironsides. He finished that big photodrama as a big hit, still in Catalonia but in the harbor of Tripoli in make-believe.

Figuratively, Farrell stepped off Old Ironsides to go to Texas and Cuba for The Rough Riders—still going East from Hollywood, you will note. Then as the lovable Chico in 7th Heaven, he spent many months on a set of the Parisian slums.

Next he went to Arabia, Venice and Paris as the locales of Paul, a drama of an Eastern prince and his Continental bride.

In Street Angel, in which he shares plaudits with Janet Gaynor, as in 7th Heaven, Farrell became Angelo, a street artist of old Naples. His latest vehicle to be completed is The Red Dance, in which he voyages on the screen to Moscow of other days.

In a third word, this Massachusetts boy has travelled some, and is still travelling. From his first success in Old Ironsides Farrell has been playing in big-time pictures—now expected to find a spot in the Broadway 'legitimate' theatres. His career so far has been just one big-time picture after another.
What the Stars Think About the Talkers

Continued from page 23

The screen star who has been in the silent movies for years and who knows everything about the screen there is to know, perhaps often falls into a rut because there is nothing new to interest him. Here the Vitaphone comes in, bringing to the perhaps bored actor a new form of expression, a new sphere in which to show his capabilities. Just as a person weary of a position that he has kept for years, so does a movie performer find work dull after he has been on the screen for a long time. He longs for something to give him a new inspiration and to help him awaken the same enthusiasm he had when he started.

If he knows he has to talk to his public for the first time, he must begin studying at once, and he is at it again, learning something entirely new in preparation for a new career.

He was a stock-company matinee idol before he went into pictures, and now he numbers his audiences by millions.

By Richard Dix

Talking pictures have overtaken us too suddenly to make any definite statements about their success or failure. Like every new venture there are the optimists, and the pessimists. I prefer to sit on the fence and watch developments, without putting my neck too far over the parapet. There is little doubt that the talking picture marks definite progress in the motion picture field, and none of us connected with this work can refuse to recognize its importance. I will be more than willing to make a talking picture, for experimentation if nothing else, for one cannot stand still in any industry. A year from now, even six months from now, ask me what I think of talking pictures, and I may have something startling to say.

One of the premier comedians of her time, she brings her comic art from vaudeville and revue to the movie—My Man by Fannie Brice

Having been in the laugh-making business for many years, I know just what there is in my work that produces mirth. Sometimes it is in the turn of the head or a shrug of the shoulders, at the crucial moment, but most of the time it is the dialect I use and the twists and turns it gives to an ordinary monologue, that tickles the success of my audience. I had never before considered going into the movies because I knew that I should be a complete failure as though I had given a pantomime on the stage. It could possibly be funny for a few minutes, but no longer.

Now through the Vitaphone I have a new field to conquer. This remarkable invention is something that could have ever been responsible for my going into the movies, and now I am happy to be in them. I don’t care about silence any more than any other woman does who is accustomed to talk.

The personification of young male America, he has risen rapidly from the extra ranks until today he is one of our foremost leading men.

By Richard Arlen

The biggest thing that has happened in motion picture history! There is no doubt that sound and talking pictures will revolutionize our work. It is certain to make the players兽 certain exciting and difficult, and production will take an enormous crew of technicians as well as a longer period of time for the completion of each picture. With the new Vitaphone, almost any voice can develop correctly, so I think there is little basis in the belief that the present players will be affected by the talking innovation.

First famous as John Barrymore’s leading lady, she has made good on her own, and in Tenderloin she spoke to her audiences for the first time since her musical comedy days.

By Dolores Costello

The Vitaphone has reached a stage of development which will call for a general reconditioning process in the picture business. Those people who train their voices for the stage will remain on the screen. The others will find there is no place for them in the "talkies." There will be no more phenomenal jumps from extra to star by mere chance or by winning a beauty contest. A star will be made only through intensive study and those who are not willing to devote their time to it will be compelled to drop out.

I am convinced that in time the silent drama will be a thing of the past and will be looked back upon as the incipient rebirth of the moving picture in which the characters not only move but talk.

He served his apprenticeship on the English stage but as a movie comedian his popularity has become international.

By Reginald Denny

Talking pictures cannot be international in scope and by introducing the talking picture American producers are encouraging a foreign output to do the same with our pictures in which the talking is in French, German, Italian, Swedish, etc. If talking pictures spread, American producers will find their market absolutely reduced to a minimum, the only sale being of silent films. The technique of a talking picture is more like the stage. That means little subtlety of action, absolutely reduced to a minimum value. What has been made pictures the success they are is that they have got outside the sphere of the theater and can take the audience anywhere. Subtitles are sold by action, stage plays by dialogue. So you can see that in releasing an English talking picture in France where the talking must be in French subtitles you have a slow druggy picture which will not be able to compete either with a photoplay made to be silent or with a French "talkie."

The Hungarian blonde beauty who was discovered by Samuel Goldwyn has become an American favorite since The Dark Angel.

By Vitina Banky

I don’t feel that talking and silent pictures should be mixed. To my mind a picture should be either all talking or completely silent. Many will not agree with me on this but it remains as a personal conviction. The two techniques are so different that I do not feel that they can be combined successfully.

On the side of "effects" and music I think sound devices are perfectly wonderful. As an accompaniment to dramatic action they will make better and more effective every story with which they are used.

Vitina’s handsome husband has a different opinion and perhaps he can induce his wife to change her mind and make a Talker with him!

By Rod La Rocque

The future of the talking picture offers unlimited possibilities, and the objectors to it are like those who objected to the first pictures close-up or to those who judge children of tender years by the standards of maturity. They say with the air of professors that the talking picture can do this or cannot do that. But they know nothing about it, for there is nothing to compare it with—except as you compare one ‘talker’ with another—as the new art is in its veriest infancy.

It is a fact that except for technical improvements there has been no radical advance in motion pictures for more than a decade. As an example of what I mean, there was little or no change from the date of The Whispering Chorus to that of The Ten Commandments. There have been improvements, mechanical, in effects, lighting; direction has been fine; but there has been no improvement in titles. It is about time we developed artistically, and to vary the old talking picture offers us the renaissance or New Birth of the art.

It will create writers and directors who must fit words to action and action to words, who must construct scenes psychologically and humanly. It will bring back to us the value of words and the value of the voice.

No longer will the camera have to hop about from room to room to establish minor facts essential to the progress of the action. You can have speech from off-stage characters, just as in the legitimate drama. Instead of long footage made in the next room, a few spoken words will convey the idea even more effectively. The world’s shortest and most dramatic sentence—Jesus wept—will acquire a poignancy it could never have in printed text.

Here is another point. The photophone personality may be even better than the flesh-and-blood personality. It is well-known there is such a thing as a "wire" quality. Such an appeal will be greatly in demand; in fact, there is no reason why one person cannot pose for the picture and another speak or sing for the voice reproduction.
Screenland

Ever since she started as Harold Lloyd’s singing lady she has been one of the big personal successes of pictures, whether in comedy or drama.

By Bebe Daniels

I’m all set; on my mark; ready to go! Talking pictures can’t become too popular too soon. It’s all on the stage as a child, and have always felt an urge to go back to the talking stage for a season or two. But now that’s out, talking pictures have all my stories and none of the disadvantages of the legitimate stage. I have been practicing before a microphone so that my voice will be trained for the first picture that is assigned to me. Let’s go, we’re all ready! So are the audiences all over the world.

There is no part he cannot play and play well, thanks to his innate ability and his training as an extra.

By Monte Blue

I confess that I like to be heard. That I usually succeed in being heard is due to the fact that Mother Nature supplied me with indestructible lungs and vocal chords which made it possible for me to emit, from the hour of my birth, such whoops as would have done credit to the biggest of my Big Injun ancestors.

A new and crack pursuit which I earned my daily bread before my motion picture life began made noise-making imperative. In fact it was while voicing my sentiments to a striking gang of ditch-diggers, from the vantage point of a soap-box, that fate, in the person of David Wark Griffith, walked up and offered me a job at having a moh in the picture he was making.

Theatricals were never sought by me, but I have often thought that if I had had my choice I should have picked out spoken acting—instead of the dumb play which leaves so much to the mercy of some more or less competent title-writer. Now along comes Vitaphone and I have my wish. From now on my friends of the movie world will have the opportunity, such as it is, to both ‘see and hear’ me. Her sunny personality and undoubted dramatic power have made her unique among all the girls of the screen and she has done a lot for the movie underworld.

By Evelyn Brent

We all knew it was coming someday. Since the beginning of the motion pictures almost twenty years ago constant experimentation has been going on quietly but steadily. I am surprised that talking pictures did not come sooner, but now that they are here, their popularity is a certainty. Almost every motion picture player has secretly longed for an opportunity to play on the legitimate stage. ‘Talkies’ will bring that opportunity to many of us.

Europe acclaimed him as one of her most promising actors of stage and screen and now America hails him as the star of The Man Who Laughs.

By Conrad Veidt

I see a great future for talking motion pictures. I think they will entirely replace our present motion pictures. Talking pictures are the merging of the art of the motion picture with the art of the stage and talking pictures will further prove the relationship of the two arts. Talking pictures will be a boon to the small towns where only third-rate vaudeville is now heard. Talking pictures will seriously hurt the playing stage and when the readjustment period is over we will find many famous stage stars on the talkie, many screen stars retired because of their lack of elocutionary training. Photographic beauty will still be required and this will save the stage stars from unnecessary work. We will have an entirely new classification of actors—those with the photographic personality and beauty of the present screen, combined with the acting ability of the stage. The voice will be of paramount importance.

This distinguished actress has made two short Vitaphone subjects as her first contribution to the new combined art of words and movies.

By Irene Rich

If the talking picture is successful it will be because it develops a technique entirely different from that of either the stage or the silent drama, although borrowing something from each of its older sisters. So far sound sequences in fact-length pictures have consisted mostly of the human voice synchronized with occasional close-ups of play. Talking pictures of which I am just now thrilled by the first victria and delighted with the radio when these mediums of sound reproductions were introduced. But the novelty will soon wear away and unless an improvement over the present method is developed. I do not think talking pictures will have a long life. Sound will have to be synchronized with the real action of the picture and not employed solely to speak subtitles through the medium of close-ups. More effective dialogue will be employed to correlate the picture with the dialogue will be employed to correlate the picture with the spoken voices, as is the case when a person is talking. I believe a new group of writers will be developed in the near future, who will understand both the technique of the stage and the screen and bring something of each to the talking picture. Silent films are rentful. Talking films are not. Therefore they must offer more entertainment value.

The sophisticated portrayer of cynical roles has done much to make movies acceptable to men and women of the world.

By Adolphe Menjou

The inability of motion picture stars to speak foreign languages will hinder the production of talking pictures for distribution on an international scale. Movies are distributed internationally, and most of the actors in Hollywood speak English only. How are you going to make talking movies for world consumption when the actors have only one language? And think how it would increase the expense of production.

She stands for sparkle and youth and light comedy in the screen world, this redentress who was schooled in the slapstick seminary.

By Laura La Plante

Talking pictures are very much in their infancy and are as much of a novelty now as were silent movies. I believe that we will see startling developments in talking pictures within the next few years. I think a photoplay should either be entirely silent or entirely sound. It is a shock to the picture’s continuity suddenly to have a sequence of talking in an otherwise silent picture. However, I do think we will always have silent pictures. Talking pictures will become a third art halfway between stage acting and silent motion picture acting.

Here is the young man who came from England to play Colman’s shoes as leading man to the beautiful Bondy.

By Walter Byron

Because I spent four hard years training my voice for the English musical comedy and can still remember the thrill of talking pictures provides a great opportunity for Walter Byron. Seriously speaking, I think that after the novelty is worn off the public will accept complete ‘talkies’, only if there is very great improvement in the reproduction of the voice. So far sound devices do wonderfully with music and effects. This side of them is perfect and a great aid to any picture using it. The talking part, however, is still in course of development, to my way of thinking, and until its final solution is found will not know completely until several years have passed.

Her quaint charm and unusual talents won her an outstanding place among the younger stars but she eclipsed herself in Drums of Love.

By Mary Philbin

Talking motion pictures, in my opinion, will not be a prolonged success. They are very much of a novelty right now and for that reason will be financially successful for a time. But when everyone has had his fill they will die. The idea behind the reproduction of sound will live, however, and I think every theater in the country will have talking devices but they will merely reproduce the score to the picture with mechanical sounds that are purely atmospheric, such as cheering crowds, gun shots, rain, etc. People, I think, do not want phonographic voices with their silent drama, for voices call for greater attention of the ear than our present motion pictures do of the eye. Relaxation is what people want when seeing a motion picture and they will not get it with talking films.

One of the most dependable actors on the screen, he still knows how to be interesting at the age of thirty—the secret of his steady following.

By Warner Baxter

The future of the Talker is uncertain. As a former stage actor I naturally welcome it, but as a screen player I feel that in certain kinds of motion pictures audience illusion would be destroyed by spoken words. For example, it seems to me that ever to give voice to Seventh Heaven would be a sin in it. The idea behind motion pictures when shall have attained the third dimension, i.e., depth and solidity of images—a more approximate perfection. At times I would prefer for motion pictures to go back to their silent drama and at other times the drama that talks. I think audiences share this feeling that the two are separate and distinct fields. We shall always have our beautiful silent drama, the art of pantomime raised to its highest expression; but alongside this we shall have another art, that of the talking picture. How far that art will go, is the factor of uncertainty. Certain kinds of stories will be found suitable to it, others not. Naturally the art will develop in the field, according to the appropriateness of the medium and the artistic carrying out of the author’s intention.
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SCREENLAND

Rosa Reilly's Reviews — Continued from page 51

GOOD MORNING, JUDGE!

What all women need, if you ask me, is not a new cigarette or a dashy recipe for gin cocktails, but what they all need is a novel dose of movie comedy.

Now, I'll tell you a secret. Most girls don't like picture comedies. They won't admit it because they realize they're admitting they haven't much sense of humor. But it's true—haven't much sense of humor. I'm one and I know. But here's the funny part. Every woman likes Reginald Denny's stuff. And the reason for it is he's such a delightful guy that even when he's clowning around, women are sighing—between laughs—and thinking: 'Oh what a lover that romantic looking Denny would make if he'd only stop that comedy business.'

In his new picture, Good Morning, Judge, Denny is as funny as ever and twice as good-looking. He falls in love with Mary Nolan, a mission worker, and pretends to be a crook just so he can hang around and be reformed. The climax is a lot of laughs in which Otis Harlan does great work.

SHOOTING STARS

A few months ago, Anthony Asquith, son of the famous Margot Asquith and of Great Britain's late ex-Premier, decided to visit Hollywood. While he was there he sold a producer on an idea for a film of English life, and strange to relate, the result of this idea is not half bad.

Everybody likes to read stories about screen stars and everybody likes to see pictures of studio life. Working on this theory young Asquith got together an admirably sensitive scenario concerning the lives of a married couple, Mae Feather and Julian Gordon, both English film stars.

Mae is offered a position in Hollywood provided she does not get mixed up in any scandal. She accepts the offer and is ready to leave when her husband discovers her love for Andy Wallis, a comedian. Tight-

ened with divorce and scandal, she is driven to the wall. In a moment of frustration she puts a live cartridge into the gun which is to be pointed at her husband in a certain movie scene. The gun goes off and kills her lover instead of her husband.

At this point the film is superb, as the dead comedian is carried past the husband and wife on the set. There is another sequence, too, the scene in the great Cathedral — where 'back-stage' life in the studio is revealed with startling reality.

An excellent beginning in the right direction is this young Englishman's first effort in screen supervision.

THE GIRL HE DIDN'T BUY

This is the kind of a picture that gives me a vast stomach ache. It's about a stage producer who gets all huffed up because the girl he promised to star 'won't be nice to him.'

Cecil de Mille once said if he had made love to every girl that he was supposed to have made love to he'd have little time left to direct pictures. Well, what goes for Cecil goes for Broadway producers, too.

Most of them look after their business by day and go home and smoke at night more excited over their low golf score than over the ravishing curves of some young maiden.

Well, to return to this picture, it gives the usual 'expose' of Broadway, and although it's far from true, there are some back-stage scenes which will make a hit.

If you prefer to believe that producers are slimy satyrs preying on 'innocent youth' instead of busy business men, this picture is your meat.

A HUSBAND BY PROXY

A celebrated bon vivant of the French boulevards once said: 'Women go wrong together for two reasons. The first is curiosity; the second, boredom.'

If husbands and lovers only realized what a gift French films are to American womanhood, they would suggest that the wife or the girl friend take in one a week as an emotional tonic. It would rid them of both the curiosity and the boredom. For French bedroom farces leave little to the imagination—only what our censor demands. And our wives and sweethearts file in, sit very solemnly and morosely while they watch the French woman 'go wrong!' Then they come home with that 'Bolder than thou' feeling and start off quite cheerfully making peach shortcake for supper.

A Husband by Proxy is the type of film that will pacify a bored or curious woman. It's a queer mixed-up affair of French high life, bronze keys fitted to bed-room doors, husband and lover and true French naughtiness all poured in together in grand passion style.

If you enjoyed Murnau's Faust you'll like to see again Gosta Ekman who played in that film.

HELLO, CHEYENNE!

"Cheyenne, Shy Ann

Hopt on my pony,

There's room here

For two, dear

And after the ceremony

We'll ride home, dear, as one!"

That's it—Tom Mix and a western girl, two rival telephone companies trying to be the first to finish a line between Rawhide and Cheyenne. The girl's father heads one company, and of course with the aid of Tom Mix, wins the day.

A picture with plenty of punch.

DOMESTIC TROUBLE

Just as Jack Gilbert wants to play bad men, and Mary Pickford wants to play grown-ups, so would Louise Fazenda like to be something else besides a comedy character with her hair pulled off her ears. Well, in Domestic Trouble, she had a shot at another role. She played a vamp. Back to the funny stuff for you, Louise. It's tough but true! She seemed all wrong as a vamp. You get what I mean? She wasn't actually wrong but we are so used to seeing her the other way we can't switch our minds around fast enough to satisfy ourselves that she would make a good vamp.

But wait a minute boys, all is not lost. You had better take in this picture, just the same. And you'd better leave the girl wife at home, for there's a fast-working, slow-talking, good-looking young man in this film who'll win your eyes. Her name is Jean Laverney. And she is large, but luscious.

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Itching Scalp
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FREE ANALYSIS COUPON

Samples of your scalp and hair

And it was Lon Chaney! In person, without make-up, not a moving picture. Mr. Chaney, in the flesh, is a nice man. I won't say you don't quake a bit in his presence as you do in his pictures. The man is serious and dignified and you can't imagine cracking any of those jokes beginning 'Don't step on it!' while he is around. You don't want to be Hammered down, and get it. A stonily-built man of medium-height with brown hair and penetrating eyes, he sat down and talked smoothly and intelligently about pictures. He is really interested in his work. It's a part of him—a big part.

'My contract has four more years to run. I'm, I'm happy—and Lon Chaney's half-smile is the most human and appealing thing about him, 'and at the end of that time I think I will retire. I think that I will take a quick look at the world, then I will never retire as long as there is life in me. Idleness is the worst thing that can happen to any man. I have worked all my life and I wouldn't know what to do if I stopped.'

His work is real work, too. Not the carefree, casual, playful routine of a handsomely paid man, but hard labor. Often he is at the studio beginning to put on a long and difficult make-up. The public knows he twists his body into grotesque contortions in the interests of a character, but it doesn't know how many hours of application necessary to achieve the effect. The part he likes best is the part that offers him a problem to solve—whether of intricate make-up or subtle shadings.

Chaney is no mystery man. Because he flatly refuses to read and answer fan mail, because he won't perform the publicity men of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer flock to his vacation lodge, because he dodges interviewers, he has the reputation of being as inscrutable as his technique. He is a keen, clever businessman, a good husband and father, and a helpful friend. Incidentally, he is a great actor.

If you imagined Janet Gaynor on her first trip to New York as a sort of awed, shy, naive Janet-in-Wonderland, change your mind. Janet turned out to be as self-possessed as her little film predecessors. She had big eyes and reddish-gold hair and childish mouth, not to mention the just-five-feet of feminity, would lead you to expect a sweet, appealing child, she is a very fine woman, (all)

Chaney is no mystery man.
fortunate she had that rest for she didn’t get it here. The Gaynors were literally in 7th Heaven during their stay—high up in a luxurious suite at a palatial Fifth Avenue hotel. They were feted and cheered. But—just to show you what I mean when I say that Janet is first, last, and always a wise business woman, in the midst of her trip to fairy-land she found time to collect ‘atmosphere’ in the interests of a forthcoming film by spending a day at Gimbel’s Department Store incognito, as a salesgirl. None of the matrons and schoolgirls who purchased or ‘just looked’ at Misses Dresses that day ever suspected that a famous movie star was masquerading in the demure, efficient little clerk! New York liked Janet.

Pola and her Prince, or the Prince and his Pola, whichever way you wish to put it, spent a hectic day or two in town on their way to Europe for a vacation. Hectic, because Pola was almost continually in conferences. Conferences are things that happen to movie stars and big business men. Pola’s interest in the interests of her future motion pictures. She is through with Paramount—her last is The Woman from Moscow. Several companies are said to be bidding for her services. Ironically enough her two final films for Paramount are her best. Never has she looked so magnificent—never, that is, since her days of Passion. She may make a picture or two abroad. But she wouldn’t commit herself before sailing.

I didn’t know what to expect when I went to see Raymond Hatton while he and Mrs. Hatton were vacationing here. I mean I expected almost anything. I have seen him play every part under the sun and moon, from park-bench bums to Park Avenues aristos. I’ll admit I wasn’t prepared for the dapper, blue-eyed, and very charming man I found. Raymond Hatton has that immeasurably scrupulous look and you can’t see how he can possibly transform himself into one of the disreputable characters he delights in playing. He is a veteran picture player who doesn’t look it—one of the old-timers who is going stronger than ever today. He could apply for work as a juvenile if he wanted to—and get the job. But he doesn’t want to. He loves characters.

Hatton knows his movies—and loves ‘em. “I wouldn’t have stayed in pictures all this time if I didn’t,” he says. “The only fault I have to find with pictures is not in the pictures, but in the practice of forcing too much of a good thing down the unprotected public throat. It’s like asking a man if he likes bananas and when he answers yes, handing him a whole bunch. When the public likes a certain picture, it is imme- diately surfeited with dozens just like it.”

Mr. Hatton himself has suffered from this sort of thing. He and Wallace Beery co-starred in a rollicking comedy called Behind the Front. It clicked. So the company has starred them in similar situations in no less than six consecutive pictures. As a result Raymond Hatton has played the same character over and over again—when he is one of the great character actors of the screen and is simply yearning for a chance to prove it again. From now on he says he will try to select his roles with discrimination. He hopes to appear in talkers and has already re- ceived many offers but he is biding his time. He has earned a vacation. He used to be on the stage, you know, and his fine, mellow voice will be a great help if he goes into speaking. He is one of the lucky ones!

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A vision appeared in the doorway of the Screenland office. At first she was mis- taken for Gretel out of the fairy-tale; then for Brunhilde out of the opera, and finally for Lorelei out of German legend. Then it all came out. She was Eva von Berne, Metro-Goldwyn’s latest little import. She had just landed from Germany and was on her way to Hollywood. She was discov- ered by Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg during their recent European tour. A five-year contract was Eva’s re- ward for being blonde—of the reddish variety—and gray-eyed and seventeen. The eyes, by the way, boast long black lashes. She ‘had no English’ except Whoopee and Ronald Colman.” The latter is her favorite film star and the former needs no explanation.
Lon Chaney Speaks for the Criminals
Whom He Understands

"Well," said Chaney, "I guess I just saw what I could see on the street—humanity.

"Of course, in my business I have to look

for types—types that can be reproduced

by makeup and acting on the screen,

and one can find an interesting type almost

anywhere. As a matter of fact, when one goes
to a prison to find a criminal type

for a screen role, one usually is

appointed. For the screen character has to

look like what the public will feel is an

evil nature. The man in prison who has

transgressed the law usually doesn't look

his part at all.

"Judge Louis Brodsky, of the Municipal

Court in New York, gave me a great deal

of interesting information. I sat on the

bench with him and watched prisoner after

prisoner pass by in the Night Court, and

then the judge discussed cases. He's a

wonderful man. Judge Brodsky is one of

the keenest analysts of human nature I ever

saw, and a man who has managed to keep

his humanitarian viewpoint despite his San

Francisco service on a bench that might well

make a man "hard boiled."

"The most villainous face we saw in the

night court belonged, he explained, to a man

afterward, to a welfare worker, and the

most dangerous criminal we saw was a mild

dapper little fellow who I was told was

really somebody dangerous. So physical

appearance doesn't exactly echo a character.

John Hoyle, former warden of San Quentin,

and father of prison reform in the West,

was a great friend of mine, and a wonderful

criminal. He looked more like a prize

fighter than the leading prison humanitarian

of his time.

"I could well understand what Judge

Brodsky told me about these cases, because,

after all, I'd found out the same thing in

acting criminal roles. It's not enough to

put on a strange face and make up and

paint over all the physical marks of the

screen villain until you're blue in the face—and

that's no joke. It takes a great deal of skill to

paint up a villain's jowls, you know)—and still,

unless you can do more than that, you don't

impress the audience with your villainy.

You have to prove by your acting and

thinking it. After all, the real secret of make-up is in the actor's

brain, and not in the way he paints his face.

"But you really get your characters from

life, don't you?"

"Yes—but seldom from one particular

real-life character," said Chaney. "For instance,

there was 'Singapore Joe' in The Road to

Mandalay. He was a one-eyed renegade in a

water-front dive in Singapore, who had once been a sea captain and

came from a good family. The idea for the

make-up I got from a one-eyed organ-

grinder in the Italian quarter in San Fran-

cisco. That was the facial part of it. The

idea of the character I got from a dive-

keeper in Tia Juana who told me he was

educated at Columbia."

"The original of the character in The

Unshy Three came from the city prison

in Berkeley, where the University of Cali-

fornia is. A young criminologist, told me of a hotel thief he

had arrested who was also a physician, and

described him as a study for a character in the idea for 'Professor Echo.' Incidentally, I

understand his man reformed, and, after

serving his term and taking his medicine,

has rehabilitated himself in society.

And this is the path of the criminal reform. Coddling prisoners does no good. It gives them only a contempt for those who coddle them, and a desire to do better to avoid the same factors. You can't reform a man by speaking to him, but only make him more pathological to the reform.

But usually as in the case of Vollmer and the erring physician, does the work. I have talked to hundreds of convicts, and never found one who showed any self-pity, or who wanted that he wasn't getting a square deal. Their viewpoint is

that they're taking their medicine, and will take it like men.

"Police Commissioner Joseph A. Warren
told me of some of the things they were at-
tempting to do in New York in this line that

interested me a lot, because it was right along the line I have always tried to take in depicting a character. I always try to keep the character from showing any self-pity, not only because it alienates the sympathy of the audience for the character, but because I have felt that it is basically incorrect. I believe a man knows perfectly well when he deserves what's coming to him."

"Well, that's the theory in New York. Commissioner Warren handles a prisoner in the assumption that that prisoner has no self-pity in his make-up. He doesn't promise to lighten punishment—he knows and the prisoner knows that the man has to go straight. The Commissioner

told me that he goes straight to go straight; the Commissioner will give him every chance. In prison they try to find out just where a man's moral fiber has deteriorated, and correct the trouble there. Some men go into crime because of a thrill complex—and often this can be guided into other channels. In other words, they find something that can supply the thrill craving by this particular mentality. And this is corrective reform. prison. Commissioner Warren told me of a case of a

hold-up man who tekes thrill out of taking risks, now gets the same thrill out of being an electric lineman—so he takes the chances he used to make-up requires that way—and is a useful member of society.

Commissioner Warren told me many instances like this, and described them in detail.

"It just goes back to what I said before—

the average convict doesn't plead to be treated humanely, but asks to be treated intelligently. Men don't cry for mercy as often as they cry for justice.

"I have dozens of letters from convicts

commenting on my screen roles, and all say

the same thing: that they appreciate most of my characters because, no matter how evil the characters are, there is always the human element. In The Big City I played a gangster, for in-

stance, but despite his criminal activities this fellow wouldn't stand for seeing a character's death. The judge was called in, and they found this true of almost any one of them.

"You see, a man faces a sort of moral

dilemma from the time he is a child. He

has to choose a side, and sometimes on the other. He may yield to temptation, or perhaps get a wrong slant on a certain angle of morality; maybe
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Look about you. Note the slender figures which once were fat. You will see that some new factor has changed the old conditions.

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Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at $0.06 a box. Any druggist who is out will order his stock.

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Simply get an ounce of Othine—double strength—from any drug or department store and a few applications should show you how easy it is to get rid of the little spots of freckles and get a beautiful complexion. Rarely is more than one ounce needed to get results taken.

Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine as this strength is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove your freckles.

MOYIE STAR PHOTO

Latest Posses

great to play golf and fish and laze around but it would be hell if I had to do it all the time!"

Then there is Ruth Roland who was called 'Batty Ruth' in the old days because, with every cent she could scrape together, she bought real estate. Now she can thank her own shrewd thinking for the millions standing to her name.

There are dozens more but this story is about Harold and Mildred Lloyd, and the home that they built for their baby.

Four or five years ago Harold found the location he thought ideal for the home he intended to build. It belonged to Colonel Benedict and was considered one of the most beautiful scenic spots in Beverly Hills. It reminded him of the hills of Florence which surround Firenze and he had no hesitation in declaring his love for Italy. So he bought sixteen acres of the Benedict tract. From them one overlooks Hollywood and Los Angeles on the east, Beverly Hills, the Pacific Ocean and Catalina—on a clear day. As a gesture toward truth I am bound to add 'on a clear day.' We haven't had one during the six weeks I stayed there, so many friends and without bitterness, for being a native I adore the golden state in all her moods.

Planning the layout for the new estate was a fine fund of children for they are hardly more children—a great deal of enjoyment.

Did they too their horn and make a big noise about the house that would be completed in six months with a pool and trees and roses and grass, as many California houses are constructed, just as though they had always been? Had they large plans for an immediate and elaborate housewarming? Indeed, no. Harold carries a wise head around on those shoulders of his and he knows that anything done in a hurry will not stand the test of time.

What they particularly wanted was a place with a solid foundation; a place that was an unfoldment of their ideals for comfort and livableness that would be a home for generations to come.

It was not to be a showy place but it was to have everything on it that bespoke happiness and comfort. This sort of a place would cost a lot of money to begin and to maintain, and Harold Lloyd waited until he was sure of his income before he turned a nail.

With this idea in mind Harold selected his landscape gardener and architect with great care, planning everything with them. The highest knob was picked for the house site, the land fronting on it in great and useful natural terraces on both sides until it reached the road level 150 feet below. Landscaping was begun first, nearly four years ago. You see what a deliberate mind Harold has.

The natural terraces were taken advantage of and provided excellent locations for gardens and pleasure grounds to fit every mood. Just beyond from the house is an enclosed Italian garden with a lily pond 15 by 40 feet. Only yellow and pure white lilies are planted here. Around the pool is a cement walk with a three-foot border of flowers graduated in color from white to yellow and from yellow to deep orange, and twelve inches to four feet. The whole is enclosed by a cypress hedge, with stone benches at either end, the lower one with a strange pergola to shelter one from the sun—a wonderful retreat to dream the day away.

Once outside this walled garden all changes. For miles beyond lies the open country. Below lies the golf course and the falls with a hundred-foot cascade gurgling and splashing in the sunshine. In the dry season, water for this is furnished by a waterfall which also supplies the car washing.

The tennis court, 800 feet in length and winds through the half course providing a water hazard on each hole. This nine-hole golf course is one of the most interesting ever laid, so the professional golfers say, and almost all the headliners have played over it. It was completed nearly three years ago and once every twelfth month since then a tournament has been played. The record play is 28, held by Eddie Loos. Par is 32.

At a convenient distance from the first hole is a barbecue with pavilion and tables. It is of the type which has thrashed over every topic and still can't reach a conclusion they often pile in a car and tumble out at the barbecue. The first conference on his new picture was held here.

The canoe course shelters hundreds of wild ducks in winter and Harold refuses to allow anyone to shoot at them. "If they come to me for protection, they'll stay protected," says this lover of all nature.

Then there are the tennis courts and the swimming pool. Such a swimming pool, and when Harold and his executives have thrashed out every topic and still can't reach a conclusion. They often pile in a car and tumble out at the barbecue. The first conference on his new picture was held here.

The canoe course shelters hundreds of wild ducks in winter; and Harold refuses to allow anyone to shoot at them. "If they come to me for protection, they'll stay protected," says this lover of all nature.

A few feet away is a large pavilion with dressing rooms, hot and cold showers, a kitchen, a commissary and ball-room. Harold objects to the word ball-room. "It isn't a ball-room. That's such a grand-sounding word for it! It has plenty of space or could put down, because that is common sense. But there are no frills. It is just a good place to dance in with plenty of air and room to move around in.

When baby Gloria came along, a playground for her was begun. I don't know what this little Hollywood princess will turn out to be, but if beauty of surroundings and unlimited provision for health and happiness has anything constructive about it great things may be expected of Gloria when she grows up.

She plays with her halfcrime about half an acre of land and is enclosed by a miniature stone wall about six feet high with a mas-
Here think built garden suit think. Tiny bedroom, a perfect combination large long swings, the child is inside room."

Mildred conventional living-room, her own kitchen. Gloria will spend most of her time in her own little kingdom where she and her friends have perfect freedom, neither disturbing nor being disturbed by her elders.

She has her own suite in the big house too, for that is what Mildred spoke of when she said, "It is built around the baby's room." Only she should have such rooms, for there are three—her own, her nurse's, a living-room, and a large bath. They are at the extreme end of the house so the child can be utterly undisturbed at night. The house is built along the lines of Italian architecture, departing from the conventional in order to suit the needs of Mildred and Harold and the comfort of the servants.

The provision made for the servants is one of the most illuminating things concerning the character of the owner. That he was so careful to provide pleasant quarters for his domestic staff shows what a fine, loving nature Harold has. One wing of the house is given over to them. Their bedrooms open on a long gallery where they may sit on a warm evening or sleep if they like. The gallery overlooks a garden and the delivery entrance. Below stretches the valley and beyond the blue of the ocean. The rooms are large, light and airy with two baths, a dining room and living room. There is an underground passage that runs from the kitchen to the master's living room, and this is the nicest thing of all, I think. In the living-room there is a pipe organ and above it a movable screen that can be pulled down over it. Here family and friends gather for the unrolling of a picture and the servants, entering at the back of the room which really offers the best view of the picture, are free to come and go as their duty or desire may call, without embarrassment and without disturbing the guests. In this way they enjoy the fun as guests and not as servants. I think Harold and Mildred are thinking of that and providing for it!

The house itself is steel construction and reinforced concrete, a combination to withstand a pretty severe earthquake should one strike at this part of the country. In the centre is a large patio which will be planted with flowers—oh, there are several patios, and they give light and air to the house. Around this main one run open galleries, on both the ground and second floor, on all four sides. One opens into the formal entrance with corridor and stairhall. This stair will be wide, beautiful circular affair terminating at the second story. On the ground floor left is a large library with a conference room opening from it, where Harold and his pals can ruminate on the affairs of picture-making. On the right, a small reception room and beyond, the large living-room with organ and screen before mentioned. Every room has a fire-
Here's one place that the house is that on both sides of every room you look upon flowers and sunlight. Flowers in the patio—flowers and trees and hills on the garden side.

Upstairs it just takes your breath away! I don't know whether Harold studied the early Roman period or not—I forgot to ask him, but his personal suite reminds me of Pliny's description of his own country house in the Apennines. Harold's bedroom is enormous, with its exposures and walls going north opening onto a porch the roof of which is supported by pillars forming graceful arches. The view is superb in the day time, and to make it even more delightful from this, the starry sky above and the billions of twinkling lights in the valley below. I never saw such clear lights as they have out here in Hollywood. This balcony is quite as bright as the diamonds. On this balcony Harold can rest, read and sleep if he wants to. There is plenty of space to pace up and down here if you are pouting out an idea for your picture.

Adjoining Harold's bedroom is a magnificent bath with a weighing machine and dressing room. Next to this is a study, and an exercise-room. It will be equipped with a rowing machine, electrical belt, rubber table and heaven knows what.

Mildred's is a bedroom similar to Harold's on the west wing of the house with an open balcony on the north overlooking the hills and valley. There is a large adjoining room for a bath connecting steam room. Each bath is equipped with a built-in weighing machine, and Mildred's has an electrical belt, too.

The first guest room is in the south wing and almost as spacious as either Harold's or Mildred's. There is a gorgeous open balcony overlooking the valley and ocean and Catalina—on a clear day! A large connecting room, the dressing-room, adjoins the bedrooms. There are two other guest rooms, each with bath but without balconies. Both, however, have the lovely view of valley and ocean.

The house is spread out in wings and around patios so that there is privacy and quiet for each member of the household, which is a very important factor in this kind of house.

Another interesting and thoughtful feature of the place is the game-room reached by a subterranean passage, so that if the men want to look after the girls they can go there for billiards, cards, bowling, table tennis, or fencing. The room has no outside outlet and built as it is on the side of a cliff it is 80 feet above and 75 feet below of 75 feet, is not possible of access except through the underground passage. It overlooks the golf course and barbecue.

The orchards, planted with evergreen trees that grows in Southern California, are given over mainly to oranges, lemons and avocado pear trees. The perfume of the blossoms fill the air as one wanders over the beautiful estate. The gardens still in construction provide for jasmine bowers, rose plots and hundreds of flowering plants that are native to the California soil.

The landscape gardener is A. E. Hanson, a young war veteran with interesting and experimental ideas that agreed with Harold's tastes. There is just a suggestion of formalities in the gardens, but the effect is rambling when viewed as a whole.

With the landscape plans completed Harold turned to the architects, who mis-understood his ideas at first and after a year's work presented plans for a 40-room mansion. Harold gave the blueprint one long disappointed look and wrote out his check for $25,000.

"Take it away, boys," he said, "I want a home, not a museum." But the next plan he asked them to have a big enough house to hold down to the ground. The house is complete now for the finishing, but it will be nearly eight months before the Lloyds move in with their trunks and have their house-warming.

When Harold bought the land he calculated to a dollar what it would cost to lay out the gardens. He made his family a promise that many of his film brothers he has not stepped beyond his financial depth but waited until his income was solid and as permanent as anything can be in this changing world. His fortune is reliably diversified in common stocks, bonds and real estate and is carefully looked after. It is quite aside from the money he invests in his business. He has calculated the number of house servants, the gardeners—there have been fourteen—and their salaries per year; the cost of upkeep of the roads, the canoes, golf course and swimming pool. Everything was thought out and a surplus allowed before a cent was spent.

Harold never makes another pictures his affairs are in such condition that he and his family are assured of a luxurious living to the rest of their lives and their child ren's lives.

Everything on the place has been as well built as modern engineering and materials will permit, and each piece of furniture has been bought to last a lifetime. No expense has been spared to buy the most durable materials. Harold feels that it is extravagance to use things that are cheap and only good for one year.

Even in his unfinished state he has been offered twice what the place will cost him by several millionaires. Almost everything he has can be turned into money value. Out of his fifty-six dogs there is only one that he could not sell for at least $100, and for Prince and Illor von der Rhone he has paid $900.

People might think that having fifty-six dogs was ridiculous, but I wonder whether it really is. Harold needs dogs in his picture and likes to use his own when he can. They are well kept and have kennels in the wooded areas where they will remain. Kennels for only five or six will be built on the new estate because sixteen acres isn't enough to accommodate fifty-six barking dogs, and Harold has compassion on his neighbors.

While the Lloyds have many friends in the motion picture business they have more outside of it. Men and women of all professions are numbered among them. You will see doctors and their wives, lawyers, artists, ministers, writers, and an abundance of Germans. Yes, for the pool is finished. Harold plans to hold professional swimming contests.

It seems to me a very fine thing for people who have substantial fortunes to spend them in this way. It gives them a peaceful and beautiful home and it also gives employment to many people in ideal surroundings. They can spend their money so, than to let it pile up in banks. By spending it rightly you bless thousands of people who in turn bless you. It is the best way of giving thanks for all good—by sharing your good fortune with others.

The House of Lloyds is founded upon a rock of solidity, generosity and beauty.
Lot Talk

Motion picture production will hum at the F Paramount studio on Long Island this season as well as in Hollywood, according to the announcement of Jesse L. Lasky, first vice-president of the company in charge of production.

"We are going ahead full steam, both East and West, in the production of sound pictures," said Mr. Lasky. "I have gone over plans for a most comprehensive program which will occupy both our Hollywood and Astoria studios to their capacity. This program embraces not only feature pictures, but also the production of short novelty and the reproduction in sound films of big stage shows.

"We have engaged Monte Bell, the well-known director, as production executive of our Long Island studio. Mr. Bell, who is considered one of the foremost of the younger directors, will come here from Hollywood at once, and he will have active charge of the production of several subjects which we plan to start immediately at Astoria."

Mr. Bell is a former newspaper man, having been editor of the Washington Herald.

Thomas Meighan will leave Hollywood for New York when he completes The Making Call, his latest starring vehicle. Accompanied by Mrs. Meighan (Francis Ring), the Irish star will go direct to his palatial home at Great Neck, Long Island, where he plans to spend the remainder of the summer.

Speaking of Tommy, his protege, John Darrow, who plays the role of a cub reporter, The Racket, at one time held the distinction of "the handsomest page boy" in the national capital, Washington, D. C. Darrow, who also has an important role in Hell's Angels, Howard Hughes' acrobatic extravaganza, was a page-boy in the Senate during the Wilson administration before he came to Hollywood to follow a screen career.

Ben Lyon is noted among his friends as a clairvoyant of the first order. Ben's latest prank was perpetrated on Lupe Velez. Arising at 6 A. M. to fly to location for some air-scenes, Ben grabbed a telephone and called the express. "I just wanted to let you know I've got your telephone number," Ben remarked, and hung up. This is said to be the first time that Lupe, in a telephone conversation with a man, didn't hang up first.

Clara Bow is the ideal subject for the motion picture camera, according to Holly- wood's oldest film cutter, William Shea. Shea has seen them all in the twenty years since he started work at the old Fort Lee studio in New Jersey. For seven years he was chief film cutter for Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford. He is busy at present cutting scenes for Hollywood, the film for Miss Bow's latest picture, The Fleet's In.

"Miss Bow has a perfect screen appearance and manner, and I've never seen a scene of hers which had to be retaken because of fault in her acting."

George Bancroft lost eight pounds in six hours last week, and he wasn't trying either because his weight was just about right before. But victims of obesity may be interested to know that he did it shoveling coal into the red mouth of a ship's boiler furnace. It was the scene for his picture, The Docks of New York.

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Pity a Poor Working Girl
Continued from page 27

attention were it not for one of the little identifying numbers which stick up from the green lawns for the edification of visiting tourists.

Even Doug and Mary, despite their wealth and prominence, live as simply as any well-to-do suburbanite in your own home town. And you never heard of them giving wild or expensive parties. In fact, they don't even serve liquor at their dinners.

It is true that Charlie Chaplin may seem to have been extravagant in his ill-starred romances, but despite these costly adventures and hard-living, he lives as modestly as an English country gentleman. I have been with him on many an occasion when he has turned down a gorgeous dinner for the simple delights of a stack of wheat cakes at Child's or a 'rubber, medium' with a baked potato at T-Bone Reily's.

Then there is my nearest neighbor, Ruth Clifford, and her enterprising husband, Jimmie Cornelius. Ruth and Jimmie haven't even a permanent home, for they build houses and then live in them until they are sold.

Farther up the street lives Patsy Ruth Miller with her mother and her brother. It is a typical mid-west house of mid-west simplicity and gentle hospitality. At a recent 'Hollywood debash' I attended there, when we left at eleven o'clock the debs and ushers were sitting in a circle on the floor playing 'coffee-pot.' As I remember the circumstances I think Doug MacLean was there.

Then there are Ralph and Vera Lewis, Ernst and Helen Lubitsch—heaven's, I could name twenty or more of our leading picture people within five blocks of where I am writing who live less extravagantly than the successful business men of your own hometown.

While I was still peddling away at the above paragraphs who should stroll into the garden but Leatrice Joy and her little girl whom I had quite forgotten to mention. "Well," I exclaimed as she crossed the lawn, "between pictures?"

"Worse than that!" she replied laughing at the ancient albs. "The truth is my contract with De Mille is up and I doubt if I shall ever sign another. From now on I shall free-lance and work only in pictures that I like."

"But, Leatrice," I asked, "can you afford to be so choosy?"

"Yes," she smiled, "you could even make it stronger, and say 'choosed' and say 'sensitive'. Pray, what do you think I've been doing with my hard-earned money these past few profitable years—spending it on babbles and boxes? No, I have been saving while the saving was good, and now she has earned her artistic as well as her financial independence.

I'm going to build that!' she exclaimed breathily, and she forthwith unfolded a little scroll which revealed the perspective of what appeared to be a hotel.

"Take my own case," she went on confidently—(occidentally, Leatrice is one of the few girls who is prettier off the screen than on—(if that is possible)!—when I returned home from the convent in New Orleans I suddenly realized that though the old plantation was picturesque, mother and I were darn poor. So after the inevitable big parting scene I heroically grabbed my powder puff and started for New York to break into motion pictures. It was bed of roses and for two thin years I worked extra, and then finally managed to get out to Los Angeles. I soon found, however, that I'd never get anywhere without stage experience, and so I went to an agent and, lying about my experience, induced him to place me in a stock company in San Diego. I got by with my bluff and the training was so helpful that when I returned to Hollywood I got several small parts. It was a long, long time before I really landed a big role."

The next time you meet a young actress in New York, remember how you heard her story told the first time.

She Bosses the Stars
Continued from page 32

nood. Again he bounds into the studio fired with ambition to do a lot of work. On days like these we take dozens and dozens of pictures in a very few minutes and he is gone before I realize that he has been there. Sometimes he is very gay and talks a great deal and I have to catch him between anecdotes. But he is always charming and always vivid and I have never snapped two pictures of him where his eyes are alike.

"Marion Davies often likes to work late and she likes to be quiet and work for a long time. She usually gets to my studio about four-thirty when things are quiet and sits down on the floor. When the telephones are not ringing every minute and when dozens of people are not interrupting; then we work steadily until seven or eight or nine."

In this way I always get the best results, because Marion is one of the hardest workers and she loves to see a job well done. She always turns out an amazing amount of work and

"So I work late with Marion and early with Marceline Day. There's a girl who breaks into my rest for she insists upon com-
SCREENLAND for October will be on the news-stands on September 5th, and its appearance will signal the beginning of the Fall Season. There will be fall hats, falling leaves, Niagara Falls—but No Fall in Quality.

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intended, he said, to come as an Italian grind er with a monkey, but the monk had been rented out at the last minute.

We heard a fourth, and in entered May Robson. She was dressed as a Hungarian peasant, and she wouldn’t speak to anybody, but gazed suspiciously about at everybody, just as any foreign immigrant just arrived on Ellis Island would do. But when she caught sight of Edmund Breese and his bell, she couldn’t refrain from telling about the Scotchman who took his wife’s spats to the shoe-maker to be soled and heeled.

Kenneth Thompson arrived just then with his bride of a few days. She is a tall, pretty, blonde girl, who was formerly an actress in New York, her name Alden Gay. Kenneth was dressed as a Dutch immigrant, and his wife was an American emigrant to California in 1890, she said.

Gladys Brockwell was a Roumanian peasant girl, with a very picturesque kerchief turban, wide, short silk skirt and broad sash. She said she guessed she was a musical comedy Roumanian!

“In fact,” said the Park, “nearby all the costumes are silk—just a poor lot of immigrants, my word! Movie people’s ideas of immigrants!"

Enter Wallace, DeMille, clad in red Russian boots and peasant trousers, together with one of those black satin Russian blouses so much effected by gentlemen wine-drinkers these days. He explained that he was a “Russian peasant in an Emil Jannings sort of way!"

Supper was buffet, after which Edmund Breese, Griffith and some good friends took part in a couple of comic impromptu sketches, and then Bob Edison fetched out an accordion, and much to our surprise began to play. But his wife gave it up. It was a trick accordion, with self-made music unrolled from records.

Finally our host called us together and read the answers to the interested millionaires he had sent to us. They were very amusing. May Robson won a prize for the best costume, and it turned out to be a big, fat sausage.

“And I hear,” says Patsy, looking over my shoulder as I write, “that Miss Robson’s tea was so crowded next day that she ran out of food, and so her guests ate up the prize!”

If ever you want to see a beautiful spot, don’t fail to visit Santa Monica, if you chance to be in Southern California.

It was down there, at the Uplifters’ Club grounds, that Agnes Christine Johnson was given a very pleasant Sunday evening party for Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg, bride and groom, and for Sylvia Thalberg, Irving’s sister, and her bridegroom, Larry McHugh, who makes pictures for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Agnes and her husband, Frank Dacey, are living in a cottage at the Uplifters’ since they moved down, and we found them with a lot of guests already assembled in the vast living-room, including Sylvia Thalberg, but Norma and Irving were to be late, because as usual Irving had a conference on hand.

Johnny Hines told us that he had been working on a film: Nero, no scenes for a picture, and that everybody had been seasick but himself, whereas somebody reminded him that he was Scotch.

That in turn reminded Johnny that a good way to keep a Scotchman from being seasick is to tie his hands and put a gun in his pocket.

Gertrude and Bob Leonard breezed in just then, Gertrude looking awfully cute and pretty, and they were presently joined by Jack Conway and his beautiful young wife, who you remember, is a daughter of Francis X. Bushman. Kathryn McGuire came with her husband, George Landy, and they were met with Clarence Brown, the director, whom she is soon to marry. Indeed, she may have married him by the time this is printed, as I understand the wedding is to be soon. She was once supposed to be engaged to Raymond Griffith, but Raymond, I think, never quite forgot Bertha Mann, the stage actress, whom he had known for many years, and Ray and Bertha finally were married and went to Europe on a prolonged honeymoon.

However, Dorothy appeared quite consol ed as she danced that evening with Clarence to the music of the radio. Carmel Myers was there, too, and dancing with Johnny Hines and others in particular, and there were a lot other pretty girls.

Dinner was served in the patio of the Club House under the trees at long tables, after which we came back to the Dazeys’ where, whether or not Jack was playing, to the music of which you danced if you wished, or if you felt like playing cards, there was a card-room, and for other diversions there was a choice game of miniature yacht racing, with tiny yachts running on a long piece of green oclloth to represent water. Gertrude and Bob are of the in-laws so they always managing to come in ahead of everybody else’s, though Sylvia’s boats were in luck, too.

Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg came very late, Norma full of her trip to Europe and looking sick in a green sheer dress which she had bought in Paris.

“Why, we’ve been playing in a game of miniature yacht racing, with tiny yachts running on a long piece of green ocloth to represent water," said Norma, "because I intended to go about with Irving all the time; but he insisted, so what could I do?"

"Well, call it a cancelled trip," replied Patsy.

We asked Norma about the sights she saw, and she answered droolly, "Oh, a lot of night clubs, and I don’t know the name of any of them!"

Gertrude Olmstead joined our little group, and told us how she has been working in a number of pictures, one after the other, so hard and so fast that she hasn’t had any chance to rest, so that she guessed she was growing very irritable.

"But I’ve learned to say ‘Go to the hot place’ in Swedish—which nobody understands—so now I can safely blow off steam without making anybody mad," she explained.

We were sitting about the fire, the evening being cool, and Mrs. Jack Conway joined us to tell us about her infant son’s being named Mike, and very cross it had made her extremely handsome and aristocratic dad, Francis X. Bushman, to have his grandson, who resembles him, named such a rough-and-ready way.

"Oh, dear, I sighed Patsy finally, "I suppose we just must go home!"

"I don’t believe there’s any other place open," I acquiesced.

LITTLE Ethel Jackson, a sweet youngster of seventeen who is making her way in pictures, gave such a delightful party down
in Chinatown, the other night, at Tom Gubbins' place. Tom is well known as a purveyor of Chinese food.

The restaurant was a new one, and it was furnished quite luxuriously with Oriental rugs and wood furniture, and in the midst of the dining-room an elaborate altar with a golden Buddha on the shrine.

There was a crystal-gazing fortune-teller to tell our fortunes.

"But I shouldn't think it would be a bit hard in the case of Jack Dempsey, at least so far as telling that he is lucky in knowing who he is," remarked Patsy.

Though Estelle Taylor, Jack's wife, was with him, the fortune-teller insisted on telling the ex-champ that he would be married again twice, and that one of his wives would be a red-head.

"Imagine the rush for henna tomorrow!" exclaimed Patsy.

Guests were expected to eat with chop-sticks, but how relieved everybody was when the course came on consisting of shreds of chicken which you were supposed to eat with your fingers!

Leatrice Joy and her brother Billy were there, and so was Martha Sleeper, who chances to be Ethel's bosom friend, Sally Exley and Matty Kemp—whom they are supposed to be engaged—Victor Giusti, brother of Roy D'Arcy, Arthur Lake, Sally Phipps, and a lot of other charming young folks.

There was dancing after dinner.

"And I do wonder," whispered Patsy, "what Buddha thinks of that?"

"We're invited to Patsy Ruth Miller's party!" cried Patsy, the Party Hound, "and of course we cannot possibly miss it!"

Over at Patsy's we found a lot of people in the kitchen, including Glenn Tryon, Ralph Forbes, Pauline Garon, and a lot of other guests, while Pat herself and her brother—who, by the way, is turning into a very good stage actor—played tennis.

Presently some of these joined us in the house, where Patsy Ruth's adorable father and mother had greeted us, along with Pat herself, and Glenn Tryon told us he was learning to play the bass fiddle.

"How does one carry the thing about?" demanded Ralph Forbes.

"Well, you see," explained Glenn, "I'm going to buy a trailer for the car.

Eddie Lowe and Lilyash Tashman came in just then, and Skeets Gallagher, who is supposed to be devoted to Pauline Garon; also Mr. and Mrs. Ernst Lubitsch, Ray Cress and some others.

We had a buffet supper, and then Ray Cress played the piano in a manner, as Patsy put it, so that 'you couldn't possibly mistake it for a dud.'

Patsy Ruth danced with her brother, Winston, beautifully, although Mrs. Miller told us that six months previously the boy had remarked with the finality of youth that nobody circumstances would he ever be interested in dancing. And now here he was, doing fancy tango steps!

Patsy Ruth got a little fall when her brother didn't catch her in time as she was doing a little back bend, but she merely grinned and asked him 'please to support her in the manner to which she had been accustomed when dancing!'

Somebody discovered a collection of Percy Crosby's 'Sketchy' creations, which had been presented to Patsy Ruth by the author, with a little picture of Sketchy on the flyleaf, bowing to a pictured Patsy Ruth.
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When we started for home, we needs must stop and admire Ralph Forbes's new car, which is so big that it looks like a ship, and Patsy Ruth was devoted to christening with champagne and everything.

That sent us homeward with a laugh, which is, I believe, Patsy Ruth's motto.

"Oh, I see such a lot of budding romances!" exclaimed Patsy, as we entered the brilliantly lighted ballroom of the Biltmore. "I knew where the Mayfair was held, and whither we had gone with Eduardo Raquello. "There," she went on, "are Pauline Ganor and Skeets Gallagher, and there are Lowell Sheerman's divorced husband, and Ann Rork. Ann Rork seems to be running Patsy Ruth Miller an engagement race, doesn't she?"

"And oh, there's Le Veles dancing with Al Jolson! Isn't Lupe the original little vamp, though?"

Lupe just then came over to say hello, and to whisper in my ear, "You know I just don't take any man seriously!"

Of course she said it with a chic little accent.

"Maybe," I retorted, "that's why they all seem to take you seriously!"}

Ruth Chatterton was dancing a lot with Connie Keefe, too, and we hear they are great friends.

"Of course you know that Kathleen Key is engaged to marry Lansing Brown, the photographer, don't you?" said Patsy, but I had to confess that I hadn't heard of it. "Both of them are so handsome," Patsy went on.

We saw Mary Brian with James Gredman, the scenario writer, Dick Barthelmess had brought his bride, and we found that they danced beautifully together, even if Mrs. B. is a bit taller than the famous husband.

"There are a lot of Le Veles folk, too, with other people," remarked Patsy a bit cryptically as regards her English. "Take Mary Carey, the divorced wife of Eddie Carwe—doesn't she look beautiful tonight, by the way?—and she is with a tall, handsome man whom nobody seems to know. Also there is Helen Chadwick with another stranger, William Wellman with a girl I don't know."}

Albert Gran brought Ethel Barrymore in very late, as Miss Barrymore was playing at the Biltmore Theater, and of course couldn't leave until the show was over.

Mrs. Reginald Denny was there, looking cute as paint, but of course without Reginald, who is to marry his leading lady in pictures, Bubbles Steinfeld, as soon as he gets his final decree. I should think Mrs. Denny herself would do excellently well in pictures, as she is very pretty and is a most skillful actress.

Impromptu entertainment is one of the most fascinating features of the Mayfair. Al Jolson sang, preceding his singing by saying that he had been sitting with a lot of married people, and he thought that if he sang they might he get a break.

"If I'm a flop nobody on Vitaphone will know it," he grinned.

The comedian kidded right and left, leaning over toward Coleslaw's table to kid him about his 'built-in hair' in Glorious Betsy.

Jack White was there with Pauline State, and there were Edith Roberts and her husband, June Collyer, Paul Bern, Mervyn Leroy, Edna Murphy, Fred Niblo, Shirley Dorman, Pauline Ganor, Ben Lyon, Louis Johnson, Tilly and his wife, Mary Nash, Leatrice Joy, and just lots of others.
to have done, Thalberg voiced a doubt that the girl could be as pretty as her picture.

The company representative called at the dancing school and found out that the girl's name was Eva Von Plentzner, and also her address in the little obscure suburb of Miro—where she was sent to Eva, the first time, to invite her to take a screen test, and she, scarcely believing that it could be anything but a practical joke played on her by some female relative, consented to the test. Eva, it was a revelation of Eva's astounding beauty, quick perceptions and unfailing charm. Thalberg hastened to sign her to a most lucrative contract, wiring the studios that she had found a girl who was a combination of the opposite poles of feminine attraction as represented by Norma Shearer and Greta Garbo. Eva was discovered. Half a world away from Him, she would live fortune and the unfailing vigilance of the motion picture producers had found her out.

On the way over to America, Eva's name, Von Plentzner, a bit too long for movie purposes, was changed by a "naming contest" among the passengers to Von Berne. She was this country a brand-new name and a prospect of screen success ahead of her, a fairyland opened up for Eva. Since the war, Eva's family had been impoverished and it had been necessary for Mrs. Von Plentzner to make all of Eva's clothes. There are no luxuries in post-war Vienna, and even such things as silk stockings, necessities to the American test girl, are unheard-of luxuries in Austria. So Eva, with all her beauty, came to this country in a home-made dress and with coat which shapely legs of the interpreter were secured by the motion picture company, and with this interpreter Eva went on a shopping tour, buying her self all the lovely things which she had been as much as her glass slippers and satin dress. She could not even eat until she had tried on all her new dresses. "just to see how they look."

Eva is seventeen—an actual seventeen, not the seventeen of an actress with three divorces and a dozen loves in the background. She is of medium height, graceful, with a firm, springy tread and an erect carriage. Her skin is soft, finely textured. Her hair is wavy, soft and of a delightful honey color. Her eyes are quick, smiling — something of the sparkle that is incapable of pleasing from every angle. A reddish tint in her hair, the pink of her lips and cheeks, the ivory coloring of her brow and neck make her face a picture as Botrellii took pleasure in painting.

There is a lively charm to her movements, and her moments of repose are delightful. Innocent and unsophisticated, Eva Von Berne is full of life, and the world of what La Glyn has termed IT. She is, to be quite frank, a warmth and attraction to her sleek, warm skin, and well-rounded limbs. By any standards Eva Von Berne is a brand of girls who are beginning to be appreciated by people like Greta Garbo and Clara Bow will have to watch their laurels in this regard.

With the help of the interpreter, Eva told the brief story of her life. She was born in Sarajevo, Bosnia, the town where the assassination of an Austrian grand duke precipitated the World War. At the time of her birth, Eva's father, a Colonel in the Austrian army, was Administrator of Transylvania. Four years after Eva's birth, the Archduke Francis Ferdinand was assassinated and the town of Sarajevo became part of the theatre of war. Eva was taken to Vienna and placed in a convent school. Here she remained for four years. Eva finally became too mischievous for the nun's taste in conduct, and her father was asked to take her from the convent and place her in some other school.

She was then enrolled at a boarding school and here, where life was a bit more pleasant for the youngster, she remained until the end of the war and the beginning of the revolution which deprived her father, at that time an adjutant to Emperor Charles, of his livelihood.

Hard times followed the revolution for Eva and her family, and stripped of all the wealth they found it difficult to live. During the hard post-war years Eva had to do her bit to aid the impoverished family. From her earliest years she had studied dancing, and when she was thirteen years old, she was able to assist her dancing teacher by giving lessons to children from five to eight years old. In this way she was able to pay the rent of the dancing academy and also helped to augment her father's income.

At this time she studied anatomy and physical culture at the University of Vienna. In Austria, all dancing teachers are required to pass certain examinations before being licensed as full-fledged teachers of plastic and aesthetic dancing, and to hold this position she had the career Eva had picked for herself, she had to study these subjects at the University.

Eva's favorite pastime is sport, and with ready patience she expressed a liking for swimming, skating, boxing, fencing and dancing. When asked if she liked horseback riding she answered that her father had had horses, but that when she had reached the age old enough to ride, the revolution had come and he had been forced to sell his mounts. So it was that she has never ridden, but she expressed a desire to do so when she reached manhood.

Her favorite author is Stephen Zweig. Her favorite motion picture actor is John Gilbert and she explains that in Germany he is considered "the best killer on the screen." She refused to say whether or not this was the reason for her preference. She thinks melodrama is her favorite form of acting, but she has never acted, either on stage or screen. The selection of most of her admirers in Vienna were actors.

Her impressions of America, at the time of this interview, were still confused. She had been in the country but a few days, and she had arrived at the opinion that everything here was in the superlative. She laughed when describing how her press agent had piloted her from one photo session to the other, saying each time, "Here is the best photographer in New York." She was anxious to see Coney Island, and looked forward to riding on the roller coaster and all other varied amusement devices of the resort.

Simple, na"ive, as beautiful as a princess in a peasant's fairy tale, utterly unspoiled, with a fine sense of humor and quick pan-
tomimic gesture, Eva Von Berne comes to us and here she will find a real welcome.
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**How Does Sex Appeal Sound?**

(Continued from page 17)

You will see the strange sight of the actors going right on talking though not saying anything. This will be because too much has been said already, and censors aren't deaf. Any picture is apt to turn into comedy at a moment's notice.

But let's go back to Love. It's a nice word, Love. 'I love you' is even nicer. And it doesn't seem the same when it is reduced to cold type in a newspaper column. The cave boys, those original great lovers, never use to scribble their passion on stone tablets and deliver them with melting looks, did they? I should hope to tell a dinosaur they didn't. They remarked: 'Ug-glob-umph!' meaning 'That's how I love you' or even 'Come on, kid!' and then they'd drag Lady of Choice off by the hair without even waiting for an answer. Well, there's only one answer.

The Eskimos express amorous emotion by rubbing noses. - No wonder they're chilly. And who wants to be an Eskimo? How about a little 'Je vous aime?' spoken by Lily Damita; or 'Ich liebe dich' by Lya De Putti; or even 'Oh me, yeeoo yeh boo yin' guttered by Anna May Wong. (I'm only fooling you on that one. It's really the Chinese for 'I can do without it' and that's just silly. Nobody can do without it.)

In speak-easy scenes in forthcoming Talkers the audience, breathless, will be saying: 'He's got an eye on me. The last time he looked at me it was the Big Kiss. Will it be a good old-fashioned resounding smack? Or long and lingering? Will it be followed by a little soft sigh? The audience wants to know. It has to know. It has to act accordingly. Suppose a female and a male were planning to suit their actions to the words spoken by the screen star—in other words, planning to make the most of the oscillatory interlude—and just as the celluloid lips were about to meet after an exchange of compliments the villain should start in and there wouldn't be any kissing after all—except from a remote corner of the theatre? Ooh! Caught you that time!

Of course this deluge of audible movies will mean that a girl will have to be pretty careful who she goes to the movies with. Suppose she lets the Bill Haines of her neighborhood escort her to see John Gilbert? She will just get hopelessly mixed up in her technique, that's all. And I warn her it won't do. When Gilbert up there on the screen puts all the fiery passion in the movies into his eyes and voice and says: 'Look here—you belong to me!' to Joan or Greta, it would be awfully awkward to be handicapped with a wise-cracking kid in the next seat, now wouldn't it? For Billy Haines will not make love like John Gilbert—he never did and certainly won't begin when the big bosses tell him to say it with words. Billy's line will probably be: 'Sip us a kiss, sweetie!' While Ronald Colman's deep melodious baritone will chant: 'When will you marry me?' What do you bet that Ronnie comes right out with matrimonial intentions in the first love scene?

Choose your partners if you want to enjoy your movie evenings after the Talkers take the screen. Timing will be important, while always a modulated voice will not be amiss—not very long, anyway. When the talking love scenes come on, croon in.

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“The Quality Magazine of the Screen,” which is the popular nickname for SCREENLAND, will again prove, with the October issue, to be a neat description of your favorite fan paper.
Fancy Stahl Productions, 4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Lawrence Gray can be reached at Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Bebe Daniels Admired by Saginaw. You can't worry me with your questions, why waste time on worry when we can laugh it off? So let your age and sex about it. Bebe Daniels was born in Dallas, Texas, Jan. 14, 1901. She is 5 feet 3 inches tall and weighs 110 pounds. Luella Mender was born in Venice. She has black hair and eyes, is 5 feet 6 inches tall and weighs 125 pounds. Lupe Velez was born in Mexico, July 18, 1909. You can reach her at United Artists Studios, 7206 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Gilbert Roland was born in Dec., 1905, in Chihuahua, Mexico. His real name is Francisco Alonso but for a time he played under the name of Luis Alonzo. Donald Reed was born July 23, 1902, in Mexico City. His real name is Ernesto Avila Guillen.

Dot of New York. Who am I to keep anything dark about The Secret Studio? Clifford Holland played opposite Olive Borden with Margaret Livingston and Jack Bard in the cast. Olive was born in Virginia 19 years ago. She is 5 feet 2 inches tall and weighs 105 pounds. Clifford Holland was born in Kenosha, Wisc. He has brown hair, blue eyes, is 6 feet 2 inches tall and weighs 185 pounds. You can address Clifford at the Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Tom of Philly. Where is Dick, and Harry? Here is a welcome for every one of you. Dolores del Rio was born Aug. 5, 1905, in Durango, Mexico. She has black hair and brown eyes. She appeared in Resurrection, What Price Glory, Loves of Carmen, Ramona, and is now in The Red Dance with Charles Parrell, made for Fox at the Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Miss Alice of New Bedford. So you are one of the great screen fans, are you? Pleased to meet you. That's my one hobby, meeting the great and near great. Pauline Starke appears in The Streets of Shanghai, produced by Tiffany-Stahl Studios, 4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Kathryn McGuire is with First National Studios. Burbank, Cal. Marion Davies is not married.

June Morris, Auburn, N. Y. T. After reading over all the fan magazines you have decided SCREENLAND is the best to take. Shake on that before taking. You'll never have cause to regret it. Barry Norton was born about 23 years ago in Buenos Aires, Argentina. He has dark brown hair and eyes. As far as I know, he is not married. Shush! Barry is a little devil, though—yes, one of the Four Devils in the film by that name. The other three are Janet Gaynor, Nancy Drexel, and Charles Morton. This picture is a story of life under the big top, a real-fair-see-em-story. F. W. Murnau, who directed Sunrise, has been working on the picture for months. Ramon Novarro leaving pictures! What a jolt that is to the fans, isn't it? But, yes, Ramon is signed for a picture in the new film. No monastery or concert stage for Ramon—not as long as his Metro-Goldwyn contract exists, anyway. He will make a picture called Gold Braid as soon as he settles down after his European trip. Neil Hamilton's wife is a non-professional, but quite pretty enough in her black-bohied, big-eyed way to be a good one if she didn't prefer being married to Neil. He, by the way, has just signed a new five-year contract with Paramount.

Fairbanks Fan. One of many, Junior or Senior? Ah, Junior, Well, Doug the Second is a nice boy and I don't blame him. He was born in Young Woodley in Los Angeles but is now back in pictures. His latest is The Barker. Not a rough-drop picture.

V. P. of Boston. You are just sus- penders to Florence Vidor, aren't you? In other words, a good strong support? She was born in San Antonio, Texas, on July 23, 1905—Florence is one of the brave and truthful picture girls whose birth-date stays the same. She is 5 feet 4 inches tall, weighs 120 pounds and has brown hair and eyes. One daugh- ter, Susanne. The Magnificent Flirt is her latest release, to be followed by The Patriot, of 1910, New York City.

Irishman of Georgetown, Ky. There's a combination! I'll bet you all your R's before you drop 'em. George O'Brien's latest films are Paid to Love, Sunrise, East Side, West Side. Is Zit So, and Honor Bound for Fox, and Noah's Ark; for Warn- ers. Tom Mix is 49 years young; Tom will never be old. Write to Dorothy Mackall at First National Studios, Bur- bank, Cal.

Just a Sweet Texas Girl from Ft. Worth. The home town of Dorothy Devore and other celebrities. Believe it or not, that's something to live up to. I'm sorry to dis- appoint you but Richard Arlen and Lloyd Hughes are the same as you. They are both kind-hearted chaps and will send you their pictures if you ask them prettily, if you get my line, you'll not have to catch, try writing George Ullman, 1470 Broadway, N. Y. City, and ask for a pic- ture of the late Rudolph Venentino. We do not send out photographs of the stars.

E. L. J. Box 694, San Pedro, Cal. Just by the merest chance I have located the long-lost Miss Barbara Starr who played in Blue Blazes. She is the wife of Gaylord Lloyd, who is casting director of Harold Lloyd's productions. They were married about three years ago but are not sailing the sea of matrimony on the same bark as we go to press. If Miss Starr will broadcast her address to Miss Vee Dee, her fan admirers will be tickled to death.

Betty Mae of Wallace, N. T. I'm glad you found me, for I didn't know I was lost. Buck Jones is on a vaudeville tour but will be back in pictures again. His wife is Odille Osborne. Tom Mix has signed on the dotted line for F. B. O. films and will be at work again before you read this. He has only been doing the big cities with a vaudeville act. His wife is Victoria Ford and he has two daughters, Ruth and Tomasina. Then of course there is his pal, Tony.

Dale C. H. of St. Louis. Next to tell- ing everything I know, I'd rather be a drummer in a swell orchestra. Nothing to
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footlights say, "Oh, Mary Pickford, come here."

"How nice," thought Josephine, "I'll get to see Mary Pickford." And she glanced about her expectantly.

Mary Pickford did not appear and her name was called again. Josephine waited, looking at every girl that moved, for it might be she. And then one of the girls whispered in her ear. "He means you, you little dumbbell! Go on down there to him."

A trembling little girl with long golden curls found her way to the footlights. "Step aside," the maître d'hôtel shouted for Mary Pickford, "wait until I get through talking to the rest of the girls. I want to see you."

When the girls had gone the interview went like this:

"What is your name?"

"Josephine Dunn."

"I've never been on the stage?"

"No, sir."

"Like to?"

"Why—yes, sir."

"How old are you?"

"I'm sixteen."

"Now we can't pay the girls very much. We're going on the road, you see, but it will be good for you. Forty-five dollars is all that we can pay."

"Forty-five dollars a month?"

"No, a week."

Josephine literally fell into her home and called her mother. "I'm an actress!" she announced.

"It always happens like that to me," she said, when I talked to her at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios the other day. "I'm always going somewhere with somebody and getting a job. I don't know what it's all about until it's happened and then I guess I still don't know what it's all about. I'm the original meek sister. Do everything that I'm told. Get to work a half hour early, never be late. And things just seem to happen to me."

"Mother thought I was ill when I told her that I was going on the stage. I was home from school and she let me go in the show only on the promise that I would go back to school in the fall but by that time I was working in another show and then I promised that I would certainly go back the next year and by that time I was in the Follies and then came the pictures and I never kept my promise."

She is such a wisp of a thing, so blonde, so blue-eyed, so fragile, so demure.

"I got in pictures like that, too," she said, "another friend of mine was going over to the Paramount Studios in New York to have a test made and I tagged along. We both sat in the make-up room until a man came in and made up my friend. Then he turned to me and told me to start putting cold cream on my face. 'But I'm not having a test,' I told him. But he said for me to put on a make-up anyhow and he'd take me down and ask the director to give me one."

"I'm either a very pliable person or else I'm just a child of fate, for I let them put on the make-up and I went down and had the test and they picked me up and I was called up and said, 'You're a member of the Paramount School!'"

Josephine, by the way, is one of the only two girls who has really done something important on the screen after having been graduated. Buddy Rogers is an outstanding success among the boys, but Josephine and Thelma Todd are the only two successful girls out of the eight who were enrolled.

She served her apprenticeship and worked in the New York studios until the last east and west coast combined, when she came to California with her mother and brother and played leads in Love's Greatest Mistake, Fireman Save My Child, and others.

Between pictures she did whatever the studio told her, "I was always called on to make personal appearances at the various theaters, or when new pictures opened in small towns, and I was always petrified. But I didn't know that I could refuse. I thought that if you worked in a studio you did what you were told.""When I made personal appearances I had a little set speech that I always said. It was so silly and dumb all about how glad I was to be coming to the city. I didn't wish everybody a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year in the middle of the summer. Besides that when I'm very nervous I almost stutter and I was always so scared that I'd start to stutter just at the wrong moment and spoil everything."

"One day I had an engagement with a friend of mine, a girl who had worked in pictures for a long time and she called me up and told me of a personal appearance. When I told my friend she said, 'You're awfully silly. Tell them that you have an engagement and that you can't possibly make it, that you will go out the next time they ask you but you can't do it now. I shall never forget how amazed I was. I didn't dream that I could get away with it!"

"Only once did I refuse a part and that was to play a bit in a picture in which they thought I was the lead. I simply couldn't have done that."

But for all her meekness, Josephine has poise and intelligence. The fact that she can laugh at herself shows that. Going into show business was the result of her poise. I was amazed that she could follow the routines, that she could even attempt to do it.

"Oh, the first show I was in was not a very hard dancing show," she said, "and, anyhow, I've danced all my life, although I had never seen any dancing except in the movies. It was marvelous experience for me, just being thrown into the theatrical business. It was one of those sink or swim things and I had to dance or get out of the show, so I danced."

"Things rather came to you. You must not strive too hard. The things that I've always wanted very, very much have evaded me but every time I've gone somewhere with somebody I've gotten a job or a part."

"This last break," she gestured toward the set, "was the only thing that ever happened normally. And it was certainly timely. My contract at Paramount was over and I needed money badly, when my agent called me and said I should go to M.G.M. for a test. That was as things should happen but so seldom do. The test was for this, the lead in Excess Baggage. It's marvelous, isn't it, such a grand show and playing opposite William Haines!"
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See and hear a Paramount Picture tonight! In theatres equipped to show "sound" pictures Paramount now presents the first quality "sound" program. Paramount Features, Paramount News, Paramount-Christie Comedies. Stage Shows on the Screen—all in sound, all Paramount! Watch the newspapers for theatre announcements of Paramount Pictures in sound. Silent or with sound—"if it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"

Paramount Pictures
PRODUCED BY PARAMOUNT FAMOUS LASKY CORPORATION, ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES., PARAMOUNT BLDG., NEW YORK
An Answer Page of Information

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

Clara Bow is Miss Vee Dee's only rival with the mail-men. Clara gets 5,000 letters a month from faithful fans. Miss Vee Dee has stopped counting.

MOVIE Lover from Oklahoma.
There are movie lovers and movie lovers, you know. For instance, there is the John Gilbert-Ronald Colman variety—the movie lovers. Then there are you and me—the movie lovers. Make up your mind. Marshall Nellan has signed up with F. B. O. to direct pictures. Address him at F. B. O. Studios, Hollywood, Cal. His wife, Blanche Sweet, was to have made The Green Hat in England; but when she got over there she decided they weren't wearing green this season; or else the hat didn't fit; or maybe she got home-sick. Anyway, she is now back in this country, making A Woman in White. Welcome back, Blanche. Robert Ames is on the stage now—William Collier, Jr., can be reached at Tiffany-Stahl Studios, 4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

A Freshie from Chicago. Not many handsome men in the movies? Where have you been? Not in Chicago, I'll wager; out there they know handsome men when they see 'em. Dorothy Mackaill is playing in The Barker with Milton Sills, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Betty Compson. I can't very well give you Jackie Coogan's height because it keeps changing all the time. He's a growing lad, you know. He was born in Los Angeles, Cal., October 26, 1914, Jackie is a school-boy now and hasn't made a picture since Buttons.

Greeta, North Haven, Conn. So you like the way I run my department, do you? Tell that to the Editor. Madge Bellamy is 25 years old, has golden-brown hair and brown eyes, is 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs 110 pounds. She has been married but is separated now. Her real name is Madge Philpotts, I believe. You can reach her at Fox Studios, Hollywood, Cal. Her latest is made with sound—Mother Knows Best. Buck Jones was born about 38 years ago in Vineennes, Ind. Lya de Putti was born in Vesca, Hungary, in 1904. John Miljan was born in Lead County, Dakota, about 30 years ago. He's 6 feet tall.

Mary of Pittsburgh. Mary Brian's twin sister, are you? Does Mary know about it? I'm still gasping for breath over all the questions you ask about your better half. Mary was born in Dallas, Texas, Feb. 19, 1908. I never saw her when her brown hair was straight, so we'll say it has a permanent wave. Her eyes are a beautiful blue, with long thick lashes. She is 5 feet 2 inches tall and weighs 101 pounds.

J. M. of New York City. You're right; love at first sight is a great time-saver but who wants to be in such a hurry? Olive Borden is no longer with the Fox organization but Columbia Pictures, 1408 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal., has signed her for a comedy drama with John Boles as her leading man. George Lewis can be reached at Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal. Billie Dove gets her fan mail at First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. Lois Moran at Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

A Western Movie Admirer. Welcome stranger; come in and tarry while I count the gold you toted in from them that hills, as we say in the movies. Sally Blane, Gary Cooper and Richard Arlen can be addressed at Paramount Studios, 5431 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Janet Gaynor at Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal. Buck Jones is now on a vaude-

(Continued on page 6)
IN FOUR SONS William Fox has made another notable contribution to screen art—a great, human masterpiece that will provoke the world's tears and smiles.

John Ford, distinguished director of such outstanding pictures as "Mother Machree," "Hangman's House," "3 Bad Men" and "The Iron Horse," has in FOUR SONS made a world celebrity of an unknown—an obscure "extra" repulsed and rebuffed by Hollywood for ten years.

They're calling Margaret Mann a sixty-year-old Cinderella. Patience she worked and waited for her big chance and when it came she "made good" with a performance that will rank for all time among screen classics.

FOUR SONS also brings to the screen several rising young actors of great promise—Francis X. Bushman, Jr., George Meeker, James Hall and Charles Morton (watch for him in Murnau's forthcoming "4 Devils"). Their portrayals of difficult roles justify the prediction that they will be among the great stars of tomorrow.

The FOX-MOVIEPONE accompaniment, especially arranged by Erno Rapee—played by the world famous Roxy Symphony Orchestra—and the tuneful theme song "Mutterchen," add much to the enjoyment of this beautiful picture—which you "hear" as well as "see".

"Seventh Heaven," "Street Angel," "Sunrise" and other current FOX pictures have taught discriminating theatre-goers to expect fine films from FOX—pioneer of sound on film—FOX-MOVIEPONE.
LINDBERGH
The Lone Eagle

THE most romantic hero in history. The shy, bashful lad, who caused unhe-ralded, 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.

Lindbergh, the greatest hero of them all, provides the material for the greatest story of them all. "Lindbergh, the Lone Eagle" written by a master biographer, George Buchanan Fife, deals with the aviator's life from early childhood, his fundamental aviation training, his hardships in the preparation of the flight, climaxing in a tale, which for human interest is unexcelled—of the hero's emotions during the long trip between the New and the Old Worlds.

This is a special edition, bound in hard cover, with an attractive jacket. It is printed on high grade paper in very legi-bile type. This special edition is being offered by the publishers, A. L. Burt Company, to SCREENLAND readers, at the unusual price of $1.00 per copy. It con-tains thirty-two illustrations.

Fill in the Coupon Below and Send for your copy today.

SCREENLAND,
Dept. 10-28,
49 W. 45th St., N. Y. C.

I enclose $1.00 for which please send me a copy of "Lindbergh, The Lone Eagle," by George Buchanan Fife.

Name
Address
City
State

DASH OF Hartford, Conn. Skip along now to beat the band and no stop-over—
that's the way to speed 'em up. Tom Mix was born in Texas, Jan. 6, 1879. He is 5 feet 10 inches tall and weighs 165 pounds. You can write to Tom for a photo at F. B. O. Studios, 780 Gower St., Holly-
wood, Cal. Renee Adoree's real name is Renee de la Fento and in private life she
is Mrs. William Sherman Gill. She is 5
feet 2 inches tall and weighs 105 pounds. Write to her at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
Studios, Culver City, Cal. Louise Brooks has black hair and brown eyes, is 5
feet 2 inches tall and weighs 120 pounds. She was born in Wichita, Kansas, in 1907. She gets her mail at Paramount Studios, 5411 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Lucille C. from St. Joseph, Mo. You can't always tell about me—and if you can't, you shouldn't. Clara Bow was born Aug. 8, 1905. She is 5 feet 2 inches tall and weighs 100 pounds. Clara is not married though not for lack of proposals. In one month Clara received over 33,000 letters from her admirers; can you beat it? Ricardo Cortez is the husband of Alma Rubens. Bebe Daniels is married. John Gilbert is single. Helen Lynch is the wife of Carroll Nye.

A Fan from Beaver Dam, Wis. Just because I'm fired with enthusiasm, doesn't mean that I've lost my job. As far as I know, Bebe Daniels does not use a double for her pictures. James Hall played with Bebe in Senorita. Her latest film is Hot News with Neil Hamilton. Norma Shearer is appearing in The Actress with Ralph Forbes. Edmund Lowe plays opposite Colleen Moore in Happiness Ahead. Gary Cooper with Colleen in Lilac Time.

Dot of Youngstown, Ohio. No trouble to give you the information you want but what's a little trouble between friends? Warner Oland was born in Sweden in 1880. He played on the stage with Viola Allen, Julia Marlowe and E. H. Sothern. He has brown hair and eyes, is 5 feet 11 inches tall and weighs 180 pounds. He plays with Rod La Rocque in Stand and Deliver.

Clara of Oakland, Cal. I'm glad you get lots of laughs and some information out of my department. I get a giggle or two myself. Leatrice Joy is in The Blue Danube with Joseph Schildkraut and Nih Asther. Write to Richard Dix at Para-
mount Studios, 5411 Marathon St., Holly-
wood, Cal. Milton Sills at First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. Marion Davies at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

The Question Box. Los Angeles. Can I tell you if Esther Ralston, Clara Bow and Bebe Daniels smoke? That's a hot one! And what make of automobile do these girls drive? That's a fast one! You'd like to be Clara Bow's sister if she hasn't one—couldn't you manage to be a brother, too? We do not give home addresses of the stars but your letter will receive just as much attention if sent to the studio ad-dress. You can reach Bebe Daniels and Clara Bow at Paramount Studios, 5411 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Buddy's Admirer from Canton, Ohio. You'd be surprised how much I know about Buddy Rogers but 'my-know-a-lot' is all to the good and that's no joke. He gets more fan letters than any other male star and if it hasn't gone to his head—Buddy seems to be vain-proof. Here's a well-meaning tip, Buddy, don't let this popularity stuff get you—we want you as you are. He has (Continued on page 101)
LOVE GAVE HIM COURAGE
FOR HIS DEATH DEFYING SLIDE

WILLIAM HAINES
in EXCESS BAGGAGE
with Josephine Dunn and Ricardo Cortez

A James Cruze Production—Based on the play by John
McGowan—Continuity by Frances Marion—A Metro-
Goldwyn-Mayer Picture—Directed by James Cruze

SEE—REMEMBER
AND CASH IN

Mighty few people can remember what
they've seen after it's all over. You can test
your own memory—and possibly win a
prize, by answering these five questions.
To the man sending in the best answers I'll
give $50 in cash and the domino I wear in
my new picture, "Excess Baggage." To the
lady sending in the best answers I'll also
give $50, and Miss Dunn, who plays op-
posite me, will give the make-up kit she
used in the back stage scenes. In addition I
will send autographed photographs for the
fifty next best answers.

YOU'LL laugh—you'll cry—
YOU'LL thrill to "Excess Baggage"
ON the screen
AS thousands did on the Broadway stage.
AND it's only the first
OF Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's big pictures
FOR your enjoyment this season.

Ask your theatre manager when you can
see the new M-G-M pictures: William
Haines in "Excess Baggage"—Lon Chaney
in "While the City Sleeps"—"Our Danc-
ing Daughters" with Joan Crawford—
Buster Keaton in "The Camera Man"—
"The Bellamy Trial."

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

Winners of John Gilbert Contest
Don F. Russell, Newburyport, Mass.
Mrs. Belle McCaig, Dallas, Texas
KATHERINE A. MACDONALD'S LASH COSMETIC MAKES EYELASHES SOFT AND PLIANT!

Here beautiful sparkling eyes without effort made up.

Absolutely waterproof. No harmful ingredients.

Use Katherine MacDonald's Lash Cosmetic and be guided by the experience of Hollywood's stars. All new tinted goods equals... or send Katherine MacDonald $1 for full size bottle.

KATHERINE A. MACDONALD'S KAMEO BEAUTY PRODUCTS HOLLYWOOD CALIF.

Hairgon

"That safe depilatory"

Ready to use—quick acting.

Spread it on—Wipe it off.

Will not burn or irritate.

Insist on Hairgon at your beauty shop or $1 to us, together with name of your beauty shop brings it postpaid.

HAIRGON PRODUCTS COMPANY 2134 Hillhurst Ave. Hollywood California

Phantom Red LIPSTICK

INTO THIS everyday lipstick are mixed the natural beauty of flowers and herbs. A touch of Phantom Red—the real, true red—gives your pretty lips greater softness, with permanence, popularity. Waterproof, lasting. Smart red and black. 5c. Junior. 50c. Send this and $1 for Vanity Pink Red Lipstick and Mary Philbin's "Make-up Guide." (Another Phantom Red Brochure) 85c. 15c. 25c. 50c. 1.00. 2.00. 5.00. 10.00. 25.00. 50.00. All written.

THE WORLD'S FAVORITE

ALDOLPH VALENTINO

S. BRAM STUDIOS

729 Seventh Ave. Studio 208 New York City

Dealers Invited

Katherine Philbin's Picture is

Lois Evans.

Katherine MacDonald's Picture is

Alma Rubens.

Red Hairgon

"That safe depilatory"

AND

Hairgon

"That safe depilatory"

Edward Ferber's Famous Novel, 'Show Boat', Comes Down the Movie River. Toot! Toot!

By Alma Rubens

When I first heard that Show Boat was to be filmed by Universal, I did not realize the many difficulties which Edna Ferber's novel would present for the screen. I saw the story chiefly from the standpoint of the actress, as an intensely dramatic novel whose characters were drawn with the imaginative force that gave one the impression of reality. How delightful it would be to interpret these characters for the screen!

But Show Boat proved to be one of the hardest stories to adapt for picturization. A replica of the boat had to be built from the keel upward, and the whole country was ransacked for a calliope of the period. Finally, after Harry Pollard, the director, had searched six months, Captain J. W. Menks of 'The Golden Red Floating Palace' sent a picture of his boat to the studio. It was just what Mr. Pollard had been looking for so long. The boat's calliope was installed in 1880. It has been doing service on the Mississippi and Ohio rivers for nearly fifty years. The calliope is a strange but fascinating instrument, and we enjoyed rehearsing the jolly old songs and dances to this quaint musical accompaniment.

The wardrobe for the production covers four periods, ranging from 1885 to the present time. First came the bustles and wide-shouldered dresses, while the 'leg-o'-mutton' sleeves and the 'hour-glass' waist were the prevailing styles in 1906. Between 1901 and 1905, the Gibson girl was the rage. She wore flounced Princess dresses with dainty ruffled skirts and pompadour was the favorite mode of hair dress. The gradual change to up-to-date styles is well known. Some of the picturesque costumes of Show Boat were heavy and uncomfortable and we were glad to change them for the sensible modern clothes of today.

Laura La Plante plays Magnolia. We hardly knew her when she first came to the studio in her dark hair, but everyone agreed that it was very becoming. Joseph Schildkraut plays Gaylord Ravenal, the debonair river gambler, and Emily Fitzroy has the stern role of Parthenia Ann Hawkes. Jack McDonald plays 'Windy,' the pilot of the 'Cotton Blossom,' I have enjoyed my own role of Julie immensely.

And it has been a wonderful experience to play in Show Boat, and I have enjoyed every minute of it. I loved hearing the negroes sing and all the medley of the noise of the steamboat going down the Mississippi, the band leaving the boat and the grand parade in the town.
How big is "Big Boy"?

Smallest of the screen stars, and youngest, too . . . he's only "four, going on five"! But in personality and appeal he ranks with the biggest of 'em all! Millions on millions know "Big Boy," and everyone who knows him loves him. These millions have laughed over "Big Boy's" antics in "She's a Boy," "Navy Beans," "Kid Hayseed" and his other recent comedies! They'll laugh more than ever at the new ones coming for this season, for he's funnier than ever in them! We dare you to watch "Big Boy" for half a minute without smiling and forgetting your troubles!

See any of these and you'll know why Educational has led the field of "Short Subjects" for so many years.

Lupino Lane
in Lupino Lane Comedies

KINOGRAMS
First Among NEWS REELS

Dorothy Devore
in Dorothy Devore Comedies

OUR WORLD TODAY
A Modern Screen Magazine

Cameo Comedies
Charming Hair!

Now you can have it and keep it!

Your hair, soft, fragrant—lustrous! Alive with that youthful sparkle that everyone admires; having it and keeping it is as easy as a matter of proper shampooing.

Not just soap-and-water “washings”, but the regular use of a shampoo that really beautifies—one that was created especially to improve dull hair and make that little something extra so often lacking!

If you really wish to make your hair bewilderingly lovely—just one Golden Glint Shampoo will show you the way! No other shampoo, anywhere, like it. Does more than merely cleanse the hair. There’s a youth-imparting touch—a beauty specialist’s secret in its formula. Millions use regularly. At your dealers, or send 25c to J. W. Kobi Co., Dept. J, 617 Rainier Ave., Seattle, Wash.

Amazing discovery—STOPS RUNS!

LIQUID SILK

...the deep set of those lovely liquid silk eyes instantly stop permanently prevents all trouble of posteriors or bare silk! Dry a quickie! Hindi blended, India, tidal, tidied together...

Take advantage of this wonderful opportunity! Can't afford the regular tube of good silk? Don't! This gift offer will last you for 100 days! E-mail now!!!!

North American and Latin America Co. 313-315 Mission St., Los Angeles, Calif.

Send for a lovely little tube of this Sensational Liquid Silk. Remittances of the enclosed.

NAME...

ST. or R.F.D. No. ...

CITY...STATE...

Improve Your Figure

Remove Excess Fat From Neck, Arms, Hips or Legs.

The fashions of today call for a graceful, slender figure. Every progressive woman wants to appear stylish, and the shape progressive women everywhere are taking Be-Dure-Ites to banish unsightly fat and keep their weight down.

Perhaps you say that it is in nature to be fat. You may be as well. But your nature to have curve, lines, figures, form or a side-complexion. You don’t tolerate these defects merely. Because Nature inflicts them upon you. Why, then, should you endure the burden of superfatness any longer?

Be-Dure-Ites are guaranteed harmless in five from frequent doses. Anyone can take them without the least fear. They assist in dissolving accumulations of fat, no matter where situated. By a pleasant, natural way. Be-Dure-Ites are sold with the understanding that you will not be refunded if you fail or are not satisfied. A generous supply, enough the usual 5 weeks’ treatment, will be sent postpaid for 8c. If you please, enter check C.O.D. for postage.

SCIENTIFIC LABORATORIES OF AMERICA Div. 3, 440 Sansome St., San Francisco, Cal.

SONGWRITERS!!!

SUBSTANTIAL ADVANCE ROYALTIES ARE PAID upon publishable work. ANYONE having original ideas for songs, music, play, or motion picture adaptation, please send samples. —WALTER NEWCOMER, 1674 E. 51st St., New York, N. Y.

Pictures That TALK

Raquel Torres was the first screen player to make a test in Hollywood's electric recording laboratory which enables stars to furnish all studios with voice tests at the same time they offer screen tests. Mr. Paul Hodge, owner of the laboratory, is showing Miss Torres the wax disc, the master record, and the completed record of her voice. Apparatus on which tests were made is shown to the rear.

By Edwin Howard

The synchronized films are great successes. The musical score once played perfectly by a competent orchestra adds great pleasure for ever after. Warner Brothers discovered this as early as Don Juan, and now we shall have music of a much higher quality than we have been having for every picture. The tempo, the theme and the variety of the score of Pola Negri's Loves of an Actress were delightful.

The dialogue of the Talkers is coming to be accepted. Probably the speech will be heard only when the character is shown in close-up and there will be no confusion. When the characters are near enough we shall expect to hear them. When they are shown farther away we shall feel no strangeness if we do not hear them. In Richard Dix's picture, Warming Up, a very successful crowd sound added tremendously to the drama.

The change of the Silent Drama to the Speaking Screen is a steady march and every day brings fresh news. The talking newscasts are a great success. The so-called synchronized pictures with caused accommodations are most enjoyable. Added sounds like the crowd noises or musical scenes are, when artistically done a real addition, and at last the dialogue for pictures is being mastered. Just a little while now and all the faults will be eliminated.

The sound engineers could set many an anxious Hollywood player at ease. Mr. Dayton C. Miller, perhaps the greatest authority on sound, could tell the players many reassuring facts. He can take out certain sounds from a voice or he can put in other sounds, such as bell tones. He can make weak voices sound strong and so on. Now that the scientists are the bosses of the screen art, why not let them solve the troubles, too? You have only to listen to Graham McNamee's voice over one loud speaker and then listen to another to realize what changes can be made just by the difference in the inductance, capacity, tubes, condensers, and other gadgets.

It will be all right about sound in pictures. The actors and actresses who fear the new sound records were destined to fall anyhow. The ones who are generous, unsellish and kind will have voices we wish to hear. Cultured voices are not made in a moment. But there are millions of voices without a sound wave of culture that are loved for their soul-revealing intonations. The players have long known that hateful thoughts photograph; now they will know that voices reveal the soul qualities that we like and that we will go to the theatre to hear. The parts in a play rarely require silver-tongued speakers or cultured Harvard accents. But the quality of personality is always present. "She has a pleasant voice," we say; and we like her for it. The whole world is moving closer to Hollywood so that now we can hear as well as watch our favorites, and we will know them and like them better.

When we were very young we heard the great Joseph Jefferson as Rip Van Winkle speak the toast. "Here's to your health and to your family's health. May you live long and prosper!" That voice can never be forgotten.

Hollywood has dozens of players who are about to enter into a glorious life of complete expression. We never know when our great chance is coming.
PICTURE GIRL

The Newest PICTURE GIRL

Fly the Ocean and Land in Hollywood.

By Julie Lang

AMERICAN GIRL ATTEMPTS ATLANTIC HOP — ELDER AND HALDEMAN RESCUED NEAR AZORES — ELDER GIVEN GIGANTIC WELCOME IN PARIS — NEW YORK TURNS OUT TO GREET RUTH ELDER — RUTH ELDER WINS MOVIE CONTRACT —

Through flaring headlines and breath-taking columns and pictures, Ruth Elder has been introduced to the American public. She has been newsreeled, interviewed and photographed from Paris to Los Angeles; she has

(Cont. on page 82)
Why are some girls talked about, envied, copied and worshipped? Here's the answer.
Oh, to be colorful! Hollywood, in common with the rest of the world, wants good girls, and wants 'em bad.

'Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever' looks all right in a copy-book but it doesn't mean money in the bank. Good, sweet maids had better learn to be clever, too.

Every girl yearns to be a charmer. To be a charmer you have to be colorful. There is no color line in Hollywood. The more color you have, the more prosperous your career.

Color is what it takes. Don't call it sex appeal. Or It. Call it Color. Color is a combination of everything nice. It is sex appeal—but it is also spiritual. Oh, yes, it is, too. It is It—but it is also art. Imagination—allure—charm—culture—mentality—poise—fascination—humor, but not too much humor—all these agreeable qualities are included in the adjective colorful—with a dash of absinthe to taste.

You may have heard that virtue is its own reward. That must be why it isn't in more demand. You don't catch a group sitting around talking about Queen Victoria, do you? Well, she was a good woman. Or Lydia Pinkham? She was another. You prefer to let your mind's eye rove back to Cleopatra, or Mary Stuart, or Catherine the Great, or Nell Gwyn, or Ninon—all those grand girls who made history hiss. They kept the home fires burning, all right—in more than one home; and they didn't sit by one fire very long; either—they were too busy kindling others. Their date books were in as many volumes as the Encyclopedia Britannica. They were great, great girls. Lily Langtry is remembered today because legend says she slipped a piece of ice down a king's back. There's many a slip where charmers are concerned.

Some girls are born colorful. But if you aren't one of the lucky few, don't be discouraged. Cleopatra wasn't born colorful, either. She had to acquire it. She was born just a nice, quiet little home-body. Her one ambition was to be a good wife and mother. But Julius Caesar had other plans. He had had enough of home girls back home. Cleo was his slave. She had met her lord and master and he knew what he wanted. So she left her comfortable couch and went in for making history. (Cont. on page 79)
Lois Wilson's first success was a flop. Her success was in winning one of those ridiculous beauty contests. Her flop was in trying to cash in on it. Incidentally, it might be mentioned, the winning of these newspaper beauty contests is not determined by the contestant's beauty, but by the number of subscriptions turned in. A girl with a face like a prune soufflé will win over a Betty Bronson or a Janet Gaynor if her friends and family turn in four or five billion votes.

Lois Wilson, however, had both beauty and votes, and was Alabama's choice in the great state contest held many years ago. Coming to California, along with 'Miss Iowa,' 'Miss Mississippi' and other geographical 'Misses,' she arrived at Universal City to enter the final contest for screen stardom. But being a girl with the modest beauty of a Mona Lisa, she had about as much chance of attracting attention in that gum-chewing congress of newspaper pulpitude as a violet in a poppy show. For Lois was 'an old-fashioned girl' in hopeless competition with the so-called beauty standards of the day—baby-doll jazzbeauties with putty faces, pouting lips, and pin heads thatched with blonde shavings.

For a week or more the Belle of Birmingham wandered about on the Universal lot unphotographed and ignored. Then realizing the incongruity of her victory the well-bred young lady quietly, but decisively, hopped aboard a train and beat it back to where her kind of beauty was still in vogue. Back to the backward South!

Thus might the comedy have ended.

But Fate intervened. Stopping off in Chicago to visit friends she happened along just as Lois Weber, Universal's famous woman director, was shooting a picture. The
friends laughingly told Miss Weber about Lois's amusing adventure in Movieland, but the well-known maker of stars couldn't see the joke. On the contrary she saw what Alabama had seen, and straightway offered the little convent-mannered maid a job at twenty-five dollars a week.

Then came the real joke. After some forty states had suffered the humiliation of seeing their candy-faced beauties blow up before the camera and return to their home-town cafeterias, who should turn up at Universal but Miss Alabama, now a full-fledged 'movie actress,' sponsored by the greatest woman director in the world.

Lois Weber, however, was merely one woman in a great organization of gentlemen. And you know the kind of girls 'gentlemen' prefer.

Thus, for several years, excepting for the attentions of her fairy godmother, Lois Wilson was simply lost in the crowd of the biggest lot in Movieland. Finally she got a job at Famous Players playing with Wally Reid just as that fine and handsome boy's fame was at its height. The association was most fortunate, for the fans began to think Lois must be a peach of a girl if their god-like hero could love her so in many pictures. Then (Cont. on page 84)
"You Gotta have"

"Not necessarily,"

Ronald Colman

Love Making is the Tribute You Pay to Your Ideals.
William Haines and Joan Crawford in 'Spring Fever.' Is the first kiss strictly impersonal?

William Haines and Marion Davies in 'Show People.' A new player in the cast is a challenge to every other artist.


Ronald Colman will play with Lily Damita in his next picture. Will the change in leading ladies disturb this great actor? Will he become less the gallant knight without the distinguished beauty of Vilma Banky for his inspiration?

The lion mates but once. He is known as the King of Beasts and perhaps it is his steadfast heart that has raised him to the dignity of this title.

Vilma Banky is making The Awakening. Her lush loveliness will be as appealing even though Colman is far away; for women were ever fair and false. The word flirt is feminine gender!

Within every man is an ideal of womanhood, a wonderful creation that he worships in his own fashion. In pictures, the actor grows less if he loses the vision of this ideal and becomes conscious of the luscious snare and charms of one particular girl. The true actor is impersonal. Sir Henry Irving once said: "If the actor's tears are real, so much less is he the actor."

Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky in 'The Night of Love.' It is a player's business to stay in character. All art is achieved by the soul forever solitary.

We would like to think that for every man there is one woman who cannot be lied to—who receives only kisses inspired by sincerity. In our thoughts she is a splendid creature, beyond any man. At least, beyond all but one.
Lupino Lane, who makes those delightful Educational Comedies, is of the famous English family whose members have been on the stage since the fifteenth century. From father to son the art of pantomime has been handed down—so you see it is a gift.

And speaking of gifts—Lupino Lane has given Screenland's Contest Department this magnificent alternating current radio set, in order that your letters may show him your feeling about Talking Pictures. It is a beautiful Kolster set and works from the house current without batteries. If the winner's home is not on an alternating current supply a battery set of equal value will be sent.

With this radio set in your home and talking movies at the neighborhood theatre life for you will be happy indeed, and your pathway will be the Lupino Lane that hath no turning.

This is the prize Radio Set. It is a Kolster Console Model, operating from a lamp socket, alternating current, of course. Height, 11½ inches; width 27 inches.
Lane

Offers You His

Radio Set

FOR A LETTER

Just a touch between comedy and tragedy, in radio as in life, says the former Follies comedian, Lupino Lane.

All the world is enthusiastic today over Talking Pictures. Are they just a curiosity, or in your opinion will ALL pictures in the future be Talkers?

The best answer wins the Radio Set.

STATE briefly your convictions upon this important question. The best answer—that is, the clearest, shortest, and most interesting letter—will be awarded the prize. This radio set or a battery set of equal value will be sent to the winner.

Lupino Lane is very anxious to hear just what the opinion of the theatre-goers is in order that he may combine sound with his next Educational Comedy if the replies advise it.

The Kolster set is regularly sold for $250 and the tubes would cost $27 extra. Therefore the value of this prize is $277 and merits your attention.

Address—LUPINO LANE
SCREENLAND'S Contest Department
49 West 45th Street
New York City

Contest closes October 10, 1928
Out of the SILENCE

The Talkers have changed everything in the picture business. Stars have new opportunities, cameramen have new mechanisms, and every day something happens.

At last it has come. A revolution in Hollywood. Talking Pictures!

You have to hand it to Warner Brothers for sensing the possibilities of sound and putting their money on it. They alone had the vision. Whatever their artistic crimes have been you have to hand it to them for their courage in this.

Many other producers had the same chance. Every one of them closed their eyes to it, determined to turn over for another snooze.

Every one but one. Mr. Fox is not far behind Warner Brothers now that the storm has burst over Hollywood, and is several laps ahead of the other producers.

The crisis came so few months ago that it could almost be counted as weeks, when Warner Brothers had two dramatic talking features on Broadway at the same time and Fox had several Movietone newsreels. The line forming to the right was longest at the theatres showing talkers. It was a startling sight, for the producers who had tucked their heads under the pillows for that last snooze, laughing softly to themselves at Warner Brothers for getting up so early. They looked over their box office receipts and then came convention week.

The theatre managers had the same experience to relate no matter from what part of the country they came. The few—about 300—managers who had installed sound device equipment were in clover—the managers who had it not wrung their hands while the crowd surged by to the other theatre. Several theatres that had been consistently losing money put in sound device installations and immediately played to steady capacity.

So that now, on every motion picture lot in Hollywood there is seething activity. Wheelbarrows dodge engineers, electricians, masons, glass-blowers and curious actors. Everyone spinning in frantic circles; object—completion.

In the executive offices the same pandemonium reigns. Plans for improvement change so rapidly that in most places they can't get a statement to the press because before the copy could reach the newspaper office it would be out of date. That is an actual fact. I am now waiting...
OR What Hollywood is doing about Talking Films

By Helen Ludlam

for a final statement from Paramount having had two already and by the time this story is in print vast changes will have taken place in Paramount's plans.

Like a record day on the floor of the stock exchange, producers are wildly signing up authors, directors and actors from the stage, without too much discrimination. It is a great day, too, for a good many actors with stage experience who have had difficulty in crashing the picture gate. Their experience is now gold in the hands of the producers and their break has come at last.

Actors who thought big money was no longer for them have a better place in the sun than ever. Lionel Barrymore signed a very attractive long-term contract with M.G.M. George Fawcett, Richard Bennett, Robert Edeson, Gladys Brockwell and several others are now in demand at far higher salaries than they have recently had.

And now for the specific thing each studio is doing.

Paramount Famous Lasky is taking the epidemic seriously and in some instances cautiously. Their first step was to appoint Roy Pomeroy, called the Marconi of the Movies, who was responsible for the sound effects in Wings, technical director of all synchronization. With the aid of Western Electric engineers he has been able accurately and mathematically to apply sound to a workable basis. Their next step was to invite Robert Milton, one of New York's finest stage directors, to take charge of the voice building and dramatic action.

When it was found that a modern concrete sound-proof stage would cost in the neighborhood of $500,000, Mr. Lasky and Mr. Zukor checked the riotous current of their thoughts and turned to cold logic. "Look here," said Mr. Zukor to Mr. Lasky, "with new developments and inventions coming in every day, the last word in a sound-proof stage built today would, in six months, be crude. Let's build a temporary stage now and when things are further (Continued on page 76)
For the sake of Variety we have with us Lya de Putti. Lya is so hepp-ee! She says so herself. Now and then she been so hepp-ee in Amerika. That's fine. She deserves it. Lya de Putti is a swell kid, and she hasn't had any too much fun in this free country of ours. The trouble is, the country isn't so free when it comes to Lya. We got her over here and then proceeded to try to brush the bloom off her continental freshness. De Putti was famous for her special brand of screen seduction, but the American movie directors didn't understand her. Griffith's Sorrows of Satan turned out to be the Sorrows of Lya. She almost went back home after seeing herself in this film. Fortunately she isn't a quitter. She knew that if she could ever make herself understood over here she would be right back where her sensational performance in Variety put her—at the top of the ladder. So—she stayed. And now she is glad she did.

Alan Crosland, who directed John Barrymore's Don Juan, has made up to Lya for all she has suffered at the megaphones of other directors. He has made a Columbia picture called The Scarlet Lady, with the little Hungarian Rhapsody in a double role. It lives up to its title, I'm told; and it looks as if Lya will once more burn up our screens. She plays 'good girl, bad girl'; and everybody will be so hepp-ee!
They Cast Their Shadows Before Them on the Broadway Screens—Then the Stars Come to Town in Person, Welcome Visitors.

By
Anne Bye

Lovely Lya brought the bare-legged mode from Hollywood to New York. And you should have seen blasé New York sit up! Lya looks all of fifteen in her little white sports suit, her bare legs, rolled stockings, and sneakers. She went to a select and highbrow literary tea and met all the well-known writers of the town and they all fell. Lya surprised them by exhibiting a more than superficial knowledge of books. She knows her continental classics. She's one movie star in whose apartment you will find well-read books, not stacks of fan magazines—except SCREENLAND, of course.

She is a vital little thing who lives every minute. Her great dark eyes sparkle and snap with laughter one minute, and brim with tears the next. Her slim nervous hands gesture expressively. She is never still. No wonder she is learning to fly. She is up in the clouds most of the time anyway. She will have earned her pilot's license by the time you read this and will, as far as I know, be the first movie actress to fly alone. Not that she will be allowed to go up alone very often. There is a long waiting list. Next to flying she likes tennis best. I'm afraid this far-famed foreign star is as wholesome as some of our own corn-fed ingenues—maybe even a little more so.

When you meet Gilda Gray, don't say 'Hey, Hey.' That's old stuff to Gilda. She is not hey-heying this season. She is a full-fledged dramatic actress now, and doesn't expect to confine her activities to shaking those mean hips by any means. Gilda is going mildly British—for fifteen weeks, anyway. She has signed a contract to do a picture in London for the British International Pictures, what ho. Its name is Piccadilly, don't you know; by Arnold Bennett, no less. What, what!

(Continued on page 90)
"Edmund Lowe will call for you at ten minutes past eight tomorrow morning to take you to the Chatsworth location."

This exciting message was waiting for me when I returned from the luncheon given by First National to Mayor Jimmie Walker.

"Good enough," I thought, and began pulling out my old clothes, for I had heard the location was rough and I usually admit it.

Ten minutes past eight found me down in the lobby all set and rarin' to go, because morning light is precious in the picture business and I didn’t want to delay the troupe even by a minute. However, my virtue was rewarded by the necessity for patience, as virtue so often is, for ten minutes past eight came and went while I panted on the doorstep.

At nine o’clock a vision appeared in the doorway. With my eyes and mouth wide open I took in the brown suede doublet, outlandish green and white woolen socks which left the knees bare, and funny shoes. But what stayed me was the hat—a queer-looking little thing not half large enough for the wearer’s head with a cocky white feather stuck on one side.

This apparition was Edmund Lowe!

"For heaven’s sake, what are you made up for?" I asked as soon as I could get my breath, while Mr. Lowe bowed me into his car. "I didn’t know this was a costume picture."

"It isn’t," Eddie laughed. "I’m supposed to be a four-flusher who has to make good, with his girl by making a record climb. He thinks the proper clothes, or his idea of them, will help him make the grade—the name of the picture, by the way, is Making the Grade—hence the feather. The feather," Mr. Lowe added with great dignity, "is most important."

In the car with us was Lucian Littlefield whom you hated as Marks the lawyer in Uncle Tom’s Cabin, but who is really a very kindly person.

Driving through the orange country for about thirty miles we reached the mountains on the opposite side of the valley and began climbing. Up, up, up we went, nearly two thousand feet to the wildest, rockiest spot imaginable. California, as an old negro driver said of Panama, has everything. In a day’s journey you can reach any kind of scenery you want.

This location was supposed to be in the heart of the highest mountains and it would certainly fool you. There were boulders of every kind, summit after summit. Several of them had been split by time as though the entire place had, thousands of years ago, been under water and blown by dashing waves. Yet not 500 yards below this wild and desolate spot where nothing grew but sage and very little..."
of that, was a fertile farm laid out in fig orchards, the fruit of which was not, alas, ripe.

In a little clearing between two of the pinnacles the road ended and ours was the last of about a baker's dozen of cars which had brought the director, Al Green, and his staff numbering about thirty men.

When you realize that only two of the cast were working that day and that it required thirty men to handle the necessary location equipment the cost of pictures is not to be wondered at.

I climbed out of the car and admired the scenery while Mr. Lowe put the finishing touches to his make-up.

Way in the distance was a sheet of water, a reservoir I was told, which caught the sun like a mirror. Far, far below stretched mile on mile of orange, nut and apricot groves. And the scent of a million flowers and shrubs was in the air.

in pictures. There he was snoozing under a sage bush in the shade of a boulder. He didn't look so big.

"Well, just wait until he unfolds," said Eddie, "If you think he is a medium-sized bear you'll change your mind. I did."

It seems that the day before a shot had been taken of Eddie and the bear on a part of the rock where he had Eddie cornered. All went well until John began to get playful. He surged from side to side with the peculiar rolling motion bears have; his (Continued on page 94)
Viola Dana, who is welcome on any screen, gives the greeting sign of the picture clan.

“Is some circles a party is a huge event, to be planned on for weeks ahead and never forgotten afterward, and it must be given for some solemn thing like an engagement announcement, or because your father has just returned safe from a long trip to the cannibal isles, or something like that, but in Hollywood, a great, big, elaborated party is likely to be given on a moment’s notice, and just for——” remarked Patsy.

“Just to show there’s no hard feeling, for instance,” I suggested.

“Exactly,” Patsy concurred. “But I do think it’s awfully nice, just the same, to give Jane Winton, who has just been in Europe, and Priscilla Dean, who has been out a whole year in vaudeville, a hello party now that they have come home. The fatted calf—but not too fat a calf—horrors and heavens, no!—is to be killed for them over at the Roosevelt Hotel, and Claire Windsor and Peggy Hamilton—Peggy creates styles for Hollywood actresses—are to be our hostesses.”

We found Clure there chatting with Patsy Ruth Miller and Don and Ann Alvarado, when we arrived, while Peggy rushed about looking after the flowers for the table, and greeting those guests who strayed in at the wrong door. Don soon faded away, because the party was to be ‘a rosebud garden of girls.’

The crowd gathered first in the beautiful big patio, where the fountain plays musically amid the coolth of the mission arches, and presently appeared Priscilla Dean, the first guest of honor to arrive. She looked awfully well, though she said she was tired from her long siege of playing the three-a-day. She told
By Grace Kingsley

Lina Basquette was formerly premiere danseuse of the Follies.

Virginia Valk — unique in charm before the camera, before midnight or before breakfast. Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser

Molly O'Day has an Irish bloom that makes her popular at parties.

Jane Winton at the book-stalls along the Seine in Paris.

us that the regular vaudeville folk didn’t like very well the idea of the picture stars entering their preserves; but she said she would like to write a story about them, they are so human and colorful and amusing—that she loved the way they washed their clothes and cooked and ate and fairly lived in their dressing-rooms, and that she had made some good friends among them. Priscilla is going to have a nice vacation before she even thinks of going back to work, and says that if she goes back into vaudeville she will go as a single, because it is easier than having a company of five people, as she did.

Mae Busch arrived just then. Mae is going into vaudeville, too, with a very dramatic act called Capital Punishment, written by Adele Rogers St. Johns.

Priscilla is interested in the talkers, too, and probably will do some for the screen. She said that Viola Dana was in vaudeville, too—that she had seen her, and that little Vi, so used to the outdoor life of pictures and athletics when she was in California, wasn’t at all keen on vaudeville, in which one fairly lives in the theater.

“Oh, there’s Mary McAllister! She should be a guest of honor, too,” remarked Patsy. “She has just returned from Honolulu.”

Mary declared she had had such a good time in Honolulu, that she and a girl friend who had traveled over there with her had packed
a couple of suit-cases full of clothes, in order, through a made-to-order accident to their taxi, to miss the home-bound boat; but she said they had got cold feet at the last minute, and had come home.

Just then arrived Jane Winton, looking chic in her Paris clothes, but very quietly dressed, at that, as is the fashion over there now.

She told us that she had had a perfectly thrilling time in London, Paris and Venice, and that she had been at two or three parties attended by the Prince of Wales.

"Indeed, we collided on the dance floor," she explained.

"Well, that may have been an accident on the Prince's part," remarked Loris Fox, "but I'll bet Jane never did anything clumsy accidentally."

Then Jane told us about the Italian count who had naively invited her to divorce her awfully nice husband, Charles Kenyon, and marry himself. She said she had told her husband about it, too.

"Speaking of travelers—" broke in Pauline Starke, who was looking awfully sweet in a green and white summer dress, as she indicated two young cyclones who entered just then. They were Sally O'Neil and Molly O'Day. They were followed closely and demurely by Isabel O'Neil, their sister. Sally wore a flaming red dress and had arrived in a bright green car, but Molly and Isabel both wore black in the New York manner.

"I don't care," explained Sally, "I don't believe in following New York slavishly, in regard to the fashions. Here we are in California, a semi-tropic place, and why shouldn't we just set our own fashions?"

A whole bunch of girls came in then, including Jackie Saunders, who used to be a star, and who is going back into pictures, although she is married; Ruth Clifford, Corliss Palmer, Joy Aubern and a lot of others, and we all sat down to lunch.

Jane Winton was quite near me, and she told me how she had been made during her trip by the tragic death of an aviator friend, with whom she had flown a lot in Paris, when his plane crashed. He was Frouval, the world's most famous acrobatic flier.

Jane said that at any rate she was very happy to be at home once more.

"And now," sighed Jane, "nothing stands between me and work!"

"Nobody would mind giving a party for one's dad and mother if one could invite all one's admirers," remarked Patsy cryptically. I found out that she was referring to a party which June Collyer was giving to celebrate the 25th wedding anniversary of her father and mother. June's mother has been staying in California with her daughter during the past several weeks, but her dad is a New York lawyer, and so he remains at home to attend to his business. However, he and his brother Dick, who is a college boy at Williams, came to California just for this party.

We found June in her pretty bungalow, awaiting the coming of her mother's and father's guests, who included, as I said before, all her young picture friends and admirers. June's father and mother themselves appeared almost at once, and we found them most charming people.

The first arrivals were all directors, as it happened—Allan Dwan, who brought his wife, Jack Ford and Mrs. Ford, Raoul Walsh and Lew Seiler.

Richard Barthelmess broke the director crush, however, when he arrived with his wife; and soon Lilian Tashman and Edmund Lowe, and Johnny Hines made their appearance.

Then Virginia Valli came with Charlie Farrell, and Lina Basquette came escorted by Peverell Marley. Peverell used to be Cecil B. De Mille's cameraman, but is graduating to the director class, we hear.

Pauline Garon came alone, but nobody could possibly feel sorry for her on that account, because she was almost at once surrounded by admirers, with herself turning collegiate in honor of June's charming brother.

We hear, by the way, that Pauline's ex-husband, Lowell Sherman, is engaged to Ann Rork; but when we asked Ann about it, she declared she thought Lowell the most brilliant man she ever knew, and that he had made most other men look like dumb-bells, but as for wedding—well, that would be more than a year off, wouldn't it—and how could one tell a whole year ahead? However, everybody knows that the two are much devoted, and they go about together all the time. They dance together beautifully, and are a tall and slenderly couple, Ann tall and slenderly round, and Lowell taller yet, with his superb figure.

Any number of June's bachelor friends were there, including Walter Pidgeon, Holmes Herbert, Dal Squires, Howard Sheehan, Eddie Grainger, George O'Brien and Larry Kent.

By the way, we thought at one time that a romance had quite jelled between George O'Brien and Olive Borden, but we haven't heard anything about it lately, and he seemed quite attentive to June the evening of the party.

"But that's nothing really," Patsy remarked. "George is just naturally a gallant Irishman."

We found out that June's brother and dad were both musicians, and June's brother played the piano, and then accompanied Walter Pidgeon in some songs.

Margaret Mann came just in time to take part in a game of bridge, in which she proved herself a very shrewd player.

Johnny Hines introduced a funny horse-racing game, and it looked for a while as though the neighbors would be justified in complaining. It is such a noisy, gay game, but no such terrible thing happened.

Then Lina Basquette and Peverell Marley danced a new breed of Varsity Drag for us, and everybody had a gay and happy time.

At supper everybody drank the health of June's father and mother, whose name, I forgot to tell you, is Heer- menc; and then Jack Ford proposed June's health with the hope that he might dance at her wedding.

Whereat we thought—maybe we only imagined, but we thought—that George O'Brien looked very wistfully at June.

"Well, I think a fashion show at the beach, with some of the picture actresses modelling gowns just for fun, will really be fun!" exclaimed Patsy. (Continued on page 80)
JAMES HALL is making the most of his role opposite Clara Bow in *The Fleet's In*—as what young man would not?

Photograph by Gene Robert Richee
JOAN CRAWFORD once was known for her resemblance to Pauline Frederick; now she is famous for being herself.

Photograph by Ruth Harriet Louise
Where Does the Jazz Girl Go From Here?

Hollywood has known two distinctly different people, both appearing under the name and behind the physiognomy of Joan Crawford. Three years have wrought an amazing change—much more than is usual in the process of growing up from eighteen to twenty-one. Practically nothing of the first Joan remains. The memory of her has already a legendary quality. It lingers faintly along the night-clubs and cafes and those habitues whose idol she was.

Three years ago Lucille LeSeuer was brought to Hollywood by Harry Rapf, and christened Joan Crawford for picture purposes. Her back-(Cont. on page 88)

Joan of the expressive eyes—
eyes which hold potentialities
for tragedy or joy.

By Margaret Reid

The Crawford smile that is at once mocking and sympathetic.

Joan, the Jazz Baby of the Hollywood night clubs—craving excitement and usually making it herself.
By Clarence W. D. Slifer
Assistant Cameraman

Here are William Boyd, whose hand is on Clarence Slifer, assistant cameraman; Howard Higgin, director, above; Pev Marley, cameraman, in 'skip,' and, directly below him, Alan Hale.

"Man, we got a real one to shoot this time," one of the boys remarked.
"Yeh, what's it?"
"Power, with Bill Boyd and Alan Hale and Jackie Logan," said the informant. "Another high one like Skyscraper."

The boys, Bill and Alan, made a big click with that picture so the powers that be decided to co-star them again. As we all remembered Skyscraper and what it was to photograph, we crowded about our informant and piled him with questions.

"How do I know what it's like, I haven't even seen the script," he answered, "but I heard (another Hollywood rumor) that we are going up to the Pocoima Dam to shoot it."

"What! Pocoima Dam?" we queried. The St. Francis dam disaster was still fresh in our minds.
"Yeh, they're almost finished building the dam up there and the government stopped them while they inspect it," was the reply. "Meanwhile we got to go up there and do our stuff."

Pev Marley and his staff get a little 'high' art at Pocoima Dam for 'Power.'

The dam is 10 feet thick at the top and 120 feet thick at the base.
in it? Getting more and more curious we swamped our informant with questions.  

"Aw, go on, I tell you, I don't know much about it. Don't you ever read the papers? Why don't you treat yourself some time? Why, Picoima Dam is the highest dam in the world. They have been working four years on it, and it ain't finished yet."

Having secured all of the information possible out of our informant we wandered over to the bulletin board to see if a starting notice had been posted yet. Sure enough, there was the usual pink starting notice.
FALL FROCKS FOR JUNE COLLYER

HERE'S something about this season of the year that goes to one's head. It seems impossible to make old moods and old clothes last a moment longer. There's that Fall tang in the air—promising football games, and fur coats, and pleasant parties, and all sorts of nice things. No resisting it—who wants to? The Smart Girl begins to rush around about this time and collect new gowns, and new ideas — and, automatically, brand-new beaux. If you have June Collyer's good taste in frocks you are bound to have a good time. Incidentally transparent velvet is still a best-seller.

An unusual note in evening gowns is sounded in this creation of black transparent velvet which features the down-in-back hemline and—very new—a plaited skirt.
Almost important enough for informal home dinners is this interesting negligee worn by June Collyer—of flesh-colored chiffon and ecru lace. Note the mules with the heel strap.

An exquisite evening ensemble is shown here by Miss Collyer. The frock, of metallic brocade in gorgeous colors, has a matching wrap luxuriously collared with soft blue fox fur.
You'll have to go a long way—to Sweden, probably—before you'll find another girl like Greta Garbo. And even then, I doubt it. Greta is what you mean when you say Girl. She is all girl and all girls—retaining the best features of each. In The Mysterious Lady she is at her very best. Need I say more? No, but I will.

Fred Niblo is at his best, too. It must be the Garbo influence. He has directed a most absorbing picture from an old-fashioned story about a Russian spy and her Austrian officer-boy friend. She plies her wiles, he responds, she steals his papers, he sulks—and the consequences are court-martial—but well worth it. Because the beautiful Russian falls for the officer in earnest, and any punishment is pleasant for the sake of such a reward. She dedicates herself henceforth to her lover's cause instead of her country's, much to the disapproval of her big boss, played by Gustaf von Seffertitz in his usual masterly manner. He loves her, too; he has good taste but a bad temper; and you know what happens to big boys with bad tempers. You don't? See the picture. The lovers leave Russia for a new land. Somebody ought to write a movie story in which the lovers decide to stay in Russia for the finale, just for the change—and the caviar. Conrad Nagel is the male attraction in this little game of 'I spy.' A different Conrad—a handsome, husky he-boy with that something in his eyes, to match Greta's. You're going to fall for Conrad in The Mysterious Lady. I'll catch you. What a charmer Greta is, anyway. After watching her in a picture every girl emerges a Venus and every man imagines himself an Adonis. She makes us feel as good as she looks. And behold the one woman in the movies who doesn't look silly when a ball-roomful of extras gives her a toast. 'To the beautiful Tania!' they cry, and she really is beautiful, and you believe it, and you'd drink a toast, too—if you had some of that champagne.
An exciting, dramatic adventure—all true

LOST in the ARCTIC

B-r-r-r-r Facts

You'll believe in Santa Claus after seeing Lost in the Arctic. You'll believe in anything. Because this picture is an exciting, dramatic adventure—and yet it is all true. It is a great record of Arctic exploration by a father and son named, appropriately enough, Snow. While it is one of those educational-travelogue films, I think you will enjoy it more than many melodramas; and at the same time you will have that smug feeling that you are seeing something that will do you some good.

The stars are all natural actors—the prince of whales, eighty tons of him; Polar (Negri?), a handsome white bear; Mr., Mrs., and all the little Walruses; and the makings of a million seal-skin coats. Only a hard-hearted girl could ever sport seal-skin again after watching these untrained seals at play. (Most girls prefer mink, anyway.) Menege is provided by Old Man Ice. But the serious purpose of this expedition was to solve the mystery of the four missing men of the Stefansson Arctic Expedition of ten years ago. The solving of this mystery is more thrilling than any studio solution you ever saw. Lost in the Arctic is a truly valuable contribution to the library of significant films. And at this time when the eyes of the world are focussed on the Arctic it is an amazing experience to be escorted into the land of mysterious ice in comfort—and without getting cold feet.

THE RACKET

Hold Your Ears!

This is the biggest noise the underworld has made yet. And it isn't a sound picture, either. Thomas Meighan is billed as the star but don't let him fool you. It is Louis Wolheim's picture. This charming, gentle fellow can always be counted on to provide innocent merriment in the way of arson, mayhem, murder—and just plain fun. As Nick Scarsi he is one of the most lovable men it has ever been my pleasure to meet in an evening among the movies. He is just the sweetest villain of the season—everybody wants scars from Scarsi.

The Racket was a small sensation on Broadway. I believe it is even better as a picture. Tom Meighan as Captain McQuigg is a fighting Irish police captain in a feud with the underworld boss, Nick Scarsi. Each is resolved to 'get' the other. It is a battle to the bitter end. Whose end you'll have to find out. I wouldn't deprive you of the pleasure of seeing who laughs last—whoever shoots first, the answer. Meighan as McQuigg is better than he has been in a long time. He acts interested, which is practically a confession that he likes his part. Marie Prevost is the only girl. In her blonde wig she is a tough luscious baby. You might almost say this is a picture without a grain of sex appeal—the individual players have plenty but they never distribute it. The action centers around the efforts of two big men to kill each other and romance goes by the board, wherever that is. John Darrow, a handsome newcomer, appears as a cub reporter and for a while there you scent love scenes between him and Marie; but nothing happens. Marie, the minx, swaggers off to new conquests and The Racket maintains its originality. Barrett Cormack, the newspaper man who wrote it, knows his oaths and hellions. Wolheim is grand. If you think this isn't the best gosh-darned picture you have seen in months then that proves you are just a blankety-blank-blank. Excuse me if I seem to be getting a little rough. But what can you expect after all these underworld pictures? They are putting ideas into our heads. It's all right with me, and you'd better like it too, you so-and-so's!
OUR
Dancing Daughters

Prancing Progeny.

This is the Last Word on that Younger Generation. If we could only depend on that. Its moral apparently is that the wages of sin is Johnny Mack Brown. Two of the Dancing Darlings want him and they both get him. He makes Anita Page miserable and Joan Crawford blissful, while Nils Asther does the same for Dorothy Sebastian. These darned debutantes!

You see Johnny is just an old-fashioned boy from Alabam' who believes that because Joan drinks and kisses and smokes and stomps she must be a bad girl. Now he should have peered beneath the tinsel and uncovered the Real Girl in all her glory. But he didn't, the poor sap. He took Anita at her face value and married her, only to discover that under the glitter she was a sham. That boy needed glasses. Fortunately Eddie Nugent is there to cheer everybody up a little. Eddie does nobly as a young-man-about-picture, gathering laughs and kisses while he may and emerging, on the whole, as an expert and engaging comedian on his very first picture inside the set. He used to rustle props outside. Joan Crawford sports a new bob, and a lot of vivacity to go with it. I like to see Joan as the arrogant alarm, not as the humble heroine. But now she has risen to heroine heights and I suppose I must expect the best of her. Neither do I like the gowns that the Dancing Trio are made to wear. They look as if they were by Sears-Roebuck out of catalogue. But what a mood I'm in, to be sure! That's what this Younger Generation does to me! I wish they'd grow up.

Dorothy Sebastian and Joan Crawford—two of the dancing darlings in 'Our Dancing Daughters'.

HOT NEWS

Or, Sizzling Scoops.

H ot News clicks. It is all about the newsreel camera-men, and clicking is their business. It's all very light and breezy—and it can't help being breezy, either, for some of the exciting action takes place on the Goddess of Liberty's head. Somebody should give that little girl a new hat. Bebe Daniels plays the brave little daughter of a newreel boss. She wants to be a camera-girl. Dad is willing—but his star camera reporter, appointed to teach Bebe the tricks of the trade, can't be bothered, and he is fired—no, he quits. He was an old crank, anyway. So it is up to Bebe to put it over all by herself. And you know Bebe. She scoops her father's former star on every occasion—and adds insult to injury by making him like it and love her. You can't beat Bebe at her best. She is a brunette Marion Davies—or Marion is a blonde Bebe Daniels; it doesn't much matter because the girls are good friends. Director Clarence Badger has injected considerable esprit into the proceedings, and there's nothing like a little esprit to put a comedy over. The high spot is an acrobatic apache dance between Bebe and boy-friend Neil Hamilton. It has a little to do with the plot and a lot to do with laughs. While Bebe and Neil are falling down on their fandangos their audiences are falling off their chairs in mirth. Besides the lovable star and her nice leading man, there is Paul Lukas, one of those villains you love to hate. He is an artist at pantomime and I would like to make a date to see the next picture he is in, right now. Don't all ask me at once.
FORBIDDEN HOURS

You'll like it. Just a long cool drink out of that old hokum bucket—but it has Ramon Novarro at his easy, careless, charming best—the noblest young Roman-ticist of them all. It has Renee Adoree, surely the most delectable French pastry ever concocted. It has rollicking romance—upset canoe, supper for two in lonely lodge, filmy negligee and two little slippers by the fire; smouldering eyes gazing into tearful eyes—and a kiss or two to make up—for everything. Novarro and Adoree are such darlings you will like Forbidden Hours whatever you may think of the trivial story. What does a silly thing like an original story matter, anyway, when Renee curls up her cunning mouth and wrinkles her delightful nose, and Ramon puts on his intense look and a most becoming uniform? He plays another young prince—more human than Karl Heinrich—who falls in love with a French girl. He's a spoiled youngster but for the first time in his life he encounters something he can't have. Mlle. Adoree keeps him on tenter-hooks and if you have never been on tenter-hooks yourself you cannot possibly imagine how Ramon feels—until along about the fifth reel Renee and the director relent and let him have his own way.

No danger of this game being called on account of rain.

WARMING UP

"Take me out to the ball game! Take me out with the crowd!" Oh, come on. Well, all right, then. If that's the way you feel about it, you don't have to. Who wants to go to an old ball-game anyway, and buck the crowds, and get stepped on, and everything, when she can go into the nearest theatre and find all the fun without any of the usual discomforts? Take along a bag of peanuts and hunt up Warming Up. No danger of this game being called on account of rain. You can sit there in your comfortable orchestra chair, or your loge chair, if you choose to be snooty, and sit back and let yourself go. You can even cheer if you want to—and make wise-cracks about the umpire—and your little voice will be lost in the general jumble of sound. Warming Up isn't a Talker. Don't get the wrong impression. It's a Yeller. The crowds of baseball fans in the picture howl themselves hoarse. They save you the trouble. None of the principal characters speak, which is just as well, as their voices might be unheard in the din made by the professional noise-makers. It's all a lot of fun.

Richard Dix plays Bee-line, a ball-player who is pretty as a pitcher—and also handsome off the diamond. He's just a rookie when the picture opens and the old-timers make it hard for him; but trust Richard to put it over and win the game for dear old Yale—I mean Yanks. Warming Up is one continuous ball-game—as exhilarating and American as it can be. Of course there is a pretty romance running through—can you imagine a Dix picture without kisses? This time Jean Arthur is on the receiving end, and she is one of the most charming young kisseees who ever officiated in a Dix film. Jean is winsome; she neither looks nor acts like the regulation movie heroine. She's a Nice Girl—but she has her moments.
Lights of NEW YORK

Some day this little picture is going to find itself a museum piece. It will be historical if not hysterical. It is the First One Hundred Percent All-Talker. Write that in your memory-books. One hundred years or so from today your great-great-grand-daughter, the nosy thing, is going to dust off that old 1928 diary and come across: "Tonight went to see the first Talker. For a new-fangled contraption it ain't—isn't—so bad. But next time I go to one of the durn-fool things I'm going to wear my ear-muffs." These Talkers are teaching movie audiences manners. The way the customers at Lights of New York hold their breaths is a revelation. Here is not one of your arty dramas. Nothing subtle about this show. Bryan Poy, son of the late and comic Eddie, was chosen to direct, and he knows his Broadway show-shop. Wise to all the ways of melodrama, he has ordered dialogue for his picture which, while not brilliant, seems to belong. Sophisticated patter would be as out of place in this show as Hamlet's Soliloquy in an Our Gang Comedy.

What a come-back for the cast! You haven't been hearing so much these days of Cullen Landis, or Wheeler Oakman, or Mary Carr or Gladys Brockwell or Eugene Pallette. But you will from now on. They have voices, and they know how to use them. Landis, who certainly never made a big hit with me while he was a dumb actor, emerges as an ingratiating young man with a southern drawl. He is now one of our most eligible leading men. Oakman becomes once more a pungent personality. Miss Brockwell plays one of those deserted-sweetie roles for all she is worth—and Gladys is worth a lot to the Talkers. Mary Carr, the Mother Woman, has the youngest voice in the cast. Just one surprise after another.

The novelty of Lights of New York puts it over. The story is one of the old, juicy variety, dripping with hams and haves-haws. It's all about a boy with a good heart but poor logic who buys a bootleggers' rendezvous thinking it is a barber shop. Naturally he gets trimmed. But he has a good mother, Mary Carr; and a faithful sweetheart, Helene Costello; and virtue is allowed to triumph, after a particularly nice murder. This shooting scene is by far the best thing about this picture. The murdered man—no, I won't tell you who he is, so stop nagging—is deposited in the barber's chair and given a shave to deceive the detectives who are hanging around. Just as you think all is undiscovered, the body begins to slump slowly out of the chair and crumple up on the floor. I love that scene. Worthy of De Maupassant—well, anyway, of Conan Doyle.

Lights of New York is in for a tremendous vogue. It has the punch that brings people in to see prize-fights, side-shows, and circuses. It's crude but it crashes. A gentleman from the Broadway stage, Robert Elliott, invests the role of a detective with some significance. He is a good example of the kind of stage-and-screen personalities the movies will demand from now on.

BEAU BROADWAY

Why is it I always fall for these supposedly light, inconsequential little pictures? I'd rather not know. But I enjoyed Beau Broadway in spite of the fact that it doesn't mean a thing. Malcolm St. Clair has taken this airy trifle and invested it with something approaching importance. What a deft director he is! And what a cast he has to work with—Lew Cody, Sue Carol, Aileen Pringle, Hugh Trevor, and the priceless Kit Guard. It's a comedy of cross purposes, with Aileen on Lew's trail, Lew on Sue's, and Hugh cross about it all. I'm sure you'll like Hugh. Sue Carol is the only girl who will ever say No to him. Sue has her heart set on Lew, playing her guardian. And when Sue has her little heart set on any man he is as good as won. She is an irresistible bit of fluff—a Clara Bow who has been to college. Lew Cody makes a splendid impression as the somewhat harassed sportsman and prize-fight promoter who takes his duties as an adopted daddy so seriously that he poses as a church worker and model man. Aileen is present to give the show away—presumably to Sue. I can promise you a good time.
verley, took it for granted that Hart had invented them; so that today it is almost impossible to use a triple rhyme without having somebody say, 'That's like Larry Hart.' That gets, it must be admitted, a lot of us not-so-well-known lyricists pretty sore; lacking any other weapon of revenge, we write articles like this about it. But the fact remains that there are half-a-dozen men writing lyrics who can give you just as many trick rhymes — with a little more sense to 'em — as Hart.

But when Hart picks a theme and sticks to it, and is willing to recognize that English occasionally uses monosyllables, he has few superiors. As instances, we cite you such fetching numbers as 'Manhattan,' 'April Fool,' 'Mountain Greenery,' 'My Heart Stood Still' and 'You Took Advantage of Me.'

We now come to the case of Master Richard Rodgers, who composes the music for the firm. When Garrick Gaieties first broke, it was the general opinion that Master Rodgers was just an incubus about the neck of Hart. What Hart was advised by many of his friends was to tie up with a good tunesmith. Then, they went on, his fortune would be made. But even his lyrics could be killed by bad tunes. What Mr. Hart answered was that Rodgers was plenty good enough for him.

Well, time passed and Master Rodgers has certainly made a sucker out of those who predicted he would come to No Good End. Year by year, he has gone along, sticking to tunes and letting the rhymes fall where they would, on the ultima or the antepenult. And year by year his tunes have grown more deft, more charming, more insinuating, until he emerges today as the peer of any of 'em. And those who began by knocking are today singing a different tune — one by Rodgers.

Rosalie

Mr. Florenz Ziegfeld has three shows current, but so far we have been able to see only Rosalie. We are, however, quite willing to attend again. For Rosalie has in it Jack Donahue, one of the grandest clowns of our time.

According to the advertisements, Marilyn Miller is also in the show, but, we would inquire, what of it? Donahue runs away with all the honors, and nobody is even second. Well, maybe Seymour Felix, who did the ensembles. No, he's third. There is no second.

It seems to us that there was a time when Marilyn stirred our pulses. That was in Sally. But we saw Rosalie with our doctor, who timed us and informed us that Marilyn affected neither our pulse beat nor our blood pressure. Maybe, as you get older, it doesn't bother you. So we have heard, and for all we know, we may be a horrible example of the truth of that saying.

But Donahue is something else again. He is funny if ever a man was. And he dances better than ever — so well that when Miss Miller dances with him, she just seems like a straight man for him. Five-fifty for this one, but it's worth it. Music by Gershwin and Romberg; book by McGuire and Bolton; lyrics by Wodehouse and Ira Gershwin; scenes by Joseph Urban. The whole thing done in that sense of taste and color that Ziegfeld has taught us to expect from him. And Jack Donahue.

The Silent House

A play lending itself particularly to the Talkers is The Silent House. It didn't strike us as being too good in its legitimate form, but that was because we felt it hadn't realized its possibilities. But the ingredients of a band of mysterious Chinamen, the handsome hero and heroine, the silly-ass Englishman, murder, poison, torture, the will and its intimations at buried treasure, are all there, and, given to somebody like Leni, should emerge as a corking film. Even in its straight play form it was good enough for the audience to warn the hero of his danger every time a furtive hand, armed with a pistol, pointed itself at his back. Which was often.
FLEETWING

PASSIONATE music, please. Here comes the Sheik! And Fleetwing, white stallion. And a machine gun. To say nothing of a beautiful maiden just saved in the nick of time from the slave market.

Barry Norton, Ben Bard and Dorothy Janis as the hero, the heavy and the fragile maiden respectively, share honors with Fleetwing. Peppy action and intense love-making in desert scenes of real beauty.

If you like tea in the garden, old thing, by all means don't overlook this one.

ROAD HOUSE

It's a theory of mine that as much danger lurks behind the buggy whip as behind the speedometer. But movie producers don't believe it. They've forgotten their own flaming youth, and because it is forgotten, every now and then a producer decides to show up the present generation.

In the new film Road House, they are to be congratulated. They've really brought out a hot number. Pictures that only pretend to be bad are terrible. But this one doesn't pretend. It is! The drinking bouts and petting parties are staged in such a sibling manner that it makes you wonder if you're not missing something. But, mind you, I'm not advising you to try to find out.

This movie deals with a small-town father, Lionel Barrymore, who is a "force for good," in public, and a fast stepping papa in private. He lets his son, Warren Burke, do pretty much as he pleases. And Warren ends up by getting involved with a bunch of gangsters and an underworld vamp, Marta Alba. Kay Briant is also present.
A one hundred percent sex picture, with a climax—making one hundred and one.

**DIAMOND HANDCUFFS**

Diamond, diamond, who's got the diamond?

That's the new movie game that Mr. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has made all the rage in 1928 film circles. But I'm not so sure that you want to engage in this pastime. It's not like Old Maids or Flinch. And even penny a point bridge and no limit stud poker would seem weak beside this diamond racket.

The point of the game is to try to get the magnificent diamond called "The Shah." Eleanor Boardman—a gangster's lady friend—starts a bloody battle between gunmen and police before it reaches her possession.

But like everything else earned with frail flesh and instead of hard work., the jewel slips out of Eleanor's pretty fingers and finds its way back to the first girl who owned it—a primitive South African, of dusky skin. But even she can't hold it. Her avarice brings her nothing but death. And the fateful stone slips out of her numb hand, rolls into the gutter, and is crushed into worthlessness beneath the wheels of a truck.

This picture burns. Gwen Lee, the married woman, Conrad Nagel, the husband, John Roche, the boy friend, Lena Malena, the South African, Sam Hardy, the gangster, and Eleanor Boardman all seem whipped to high passion by the tremendous direction of John McCarthy.

![Warren Burke and Kay Bryant in a sizzling new picture, "Road House"—really a hot number.](image)

![Kathryn Perry, Owen Moore and Helene Costello are all mixed up in a comedy called "Husbands for Rent."](image)

A powerful picture!

**UNITED STATES SMITH**

Eddie Gribbin is not a Launcelot in figure nor a Chesterfield in manners. But he brings to the screen what Jack Dempsey brought to the ring—a fighting quality, a certain animal punch. And you'd be surprised how the very, very refined ladies eat it up.

In *United States Smith*, Gribbin has a chance really to show what he can do as a hard-boiled marine. And he does plenty. In fact, if there's any bit of melodrama or comedy or hokum that he leaves out I don't know what it is. There's sentiment and humor and flag-waving, and to finish up, a prize fight.

Eddie wins the fight, but his rival, an army corporal, played by Kenneth Harlan, gets the girl. And Eddie is left behind with Mickey Bennett, the kid he has adopted as a marine mascot.

This picture has more real action and humor in it than any I've seen in a long while. Although it seems a man's picture, every member of the family will enjoy it. Harlan may get the girl. But Gribbin gets the audience.

Mickey Bennett, the juvenile, makes a great hit.

**SOULS AFLAME**

People who live in cities and large towns never seem to realize just how true mountaineers live. Down in West Virginia, not twelve miles from my home town, there are folks who never saw a railroad train or even a street car. High up in the mountains they drag out a meagre existence. Their only way of earning a living is by selling berries in summer, holly in winter, fish in spring, and firewood in the fall. Many times the women walk as much as twenty miles over almost impassable trails to the Mission to learn how to care for their babies. The only infantile food they understand is corn pone and bacon rind. Few of them can read or write. And none has any idea of religion except a frightening superstitious belief

(Continued on page 92)
Keep Your Eyes on this Comedy Girl. She May Grow Up to Be a Big Art and Emotion Woman.

Hal Roach hired little Marion to support his two great, big comedians, Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy - the brutes!

Keep right on smiling, Marion. Remember that Gloria Swanson, Marie Prevost and Phyllis Haver started in slapstick, too.

There's hardly enough of Marion Byron to convince you of her proximity, were it not for her large, expressive eyes, plus delicious portions of that elusive, ethereal quality known these days and hereabouts as 'personality.'

Last fall, Hal Roach, the Columbus of the comedy screen, set out on a world voyage of discovery, accompanied by his beautiful young wife. The principal reason for the tour, or at least, one of the most important, was to be a search for a new type of feminine screen player.

For quite some time, the executives of the Roach fun factory had realized their need of a piquant, small, somewhat devilish leading lady, of a distinct type of appeal — you know, the sort of girl your mother was a bit dubious about during your sophomore days in high school.

Roach, who has probably discovered as much high calibre screen material as any other comedy producer, persuaded his aides to permit him, during his trip around the globe, to keep his eye peeled for the elusive type needed.

And — here's the joke of it all — he returned as far as New York without having even been in danger of making the desired discovery.

While in the metropolis, enroute home, he chanced to be present at a screening of Steamboat Bill, Jr., and was (Cont. on page 84)
CUDDLILY little Marion Byron is that rare combination — an ingenue-comedienne. You’ll see her in Hal Roach comedies.
CHARLES 'BUDDY' ROGERS has been adopted as America's Boy Friend. *Just Twenty-One* is his next picture.
PERT and provocative Alice White has her big chance as Dixie Dugan, night club queen, in *Show Girl*.
THE Talkers have lured Al Jolson from the stage once more. He is doing his stuff in *The Singing Fool*.

Photograph by Elmer Fryer
All's Fair in Love.

"DARLING, I am growing blonde," sing the camera cuties. They usually have pretty good judgment but they certainly are getting light-headed over this hair business.

Women all over the country are letting the much-desired white hair show. At last Art has triumphed over Youth and happy is the lover who can boast a light hair on his coat collar. The real molasses blonde is the color they're stuck on, Laura La Plante's color—and there you go—Laura is dyeing her hair dark to play in Show Boat. She's the exception, and being exceptional is right down Laura's Mississippi.
By Harry Blair

Winner of the position in the Fox publicity office offered by Screenland in a recent contest

"Everybody wins a contest some time in his life," to quote a caption from The Crowd. So I don't feel that in winning the Screenland contest, which carries with it a job in the publicity department of the Fox Film Corporation, my situation is in any way unique. However, the editor seems to think that my experiences since coming over to New York and taking on the work may be of interest, so here goes.

Of course, I had been to New York several times before in my life but I didn't realize its vastness and bewildering beauty until I really came to make my home within the narrow confines of "The $24 Island," to quote from another movie. Fortunately, I have lived right in the heart of things and so, in the short time I have been here I have learned to know the seamy side of New York life, as well as the bright side that Broadway flaunts so brazenly. It's all very exciting—and educational, I assure you.
Have you ever been in a newspaper office with its clattering typewriters, jangling telephones and paper-strewn floor? If so, you have a fair idea of what the publicity department of a large motion picture company is like. It was in such an atmosphere that I found myself a few weeks after receiving the telegram from Screenland Magazine announcing that I had been accepted as winner of the contest. The first few weeks were awful; I didn’t know anyone and there seemed nothing for me to do; I was given a desk over in the corner, out of everybody’s road and, altogether, felt pretty much like the proverbial fifth wheel. To make matters worse, a change had been made in the position of Publicity and Advertising Director and a new man was momentarily expected to take charge of things. Everybody was worried and upset, of course. Well, they needn’t have been, for it turned out that the new director, Glendon Allvine, is a very fine man to work for. He knows his job thoroughly which means that his subordinates are, in turn, always learning something from him. Better training in this field would be hard to get. ‘Glen’ Allvine has had long experience as press agent for many of the big productions, including The Ten Commandments. He once set the whole town of New York talking when he pulled off the idea of projecting that film on the exterior of the theatre during the period of darkness that resulted during the recent eclipse of the sun.

Creative, dynamic, full of original ideas and the courage to put them over—that partially describes Glendon Allvine, chief of the Fox Film Corporation publicity staff.

Eventually, I found myself getting into the swing of things and, before very long, was writing synopses and brief articles for the trade papers. Then I was assigned to contact the trade papers and out of town fan magazines and, in between times, prepare press sheets on some of the new pictures. Right here, I had better explain that a (Cont. on page 86)
Chatter from Hollywood

By Martin Martin

Hollywood has gone Talking Picture crazy. During my seven years as a writer here, involving daily contact with the people of the screen, I have never seen a period of greater turmoil.

Whatever comes of it, it has jogged us out of our rut.

Louis Wolheim, who happens to be the last person I talked to, says: “The way the public has seized upon the talking pictures is certainly no compliment to the producers of the silent drama. If the product had been good the hegira would not have been so complete.”

The screen had been crying for a novelty. Everyone is agreed on that. Jack Warner hooted the word ‘novelty’ as applied to talking pictures, though. Jack tells me to try and get into the Warner Brothers Theatre, where talking pictures are being shown. He points out without pride to the rise of 19 points in Warner stock.

There is no doubt that at this time Warner Brothers stands in a commanding position with respect to the particular field of ‘talkers,’ although Fox is strain ing every nerve to catch up and every company in Hollywood is making preparation for the new type of films.

I look forward with keenest anticipation to the first mystery story done in sound. Paul Leni, Universal director, who has been the most successful to date in transposing the mystery melodrama, believes that the new medium will prove the key to the long-sought method of making a satisfactory picture out of this type of story.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, never far behind, is despatching W. S. Van Dyke, the man who made White Shadows in the South Seas, to Africa to film Trader Horn. And part of Van Dyke’s equipment is a movietone recording outfit which will bring back in celluloid the roars of lions, the chattering of monkeys, the screams of rare birds and the monotonous reverberation of African tom-toms.

D. W. Griffith, looking closer to home, tells me eagerly of his plans to film the homely chirrup of crickets, the barking of dogs and other night sounds in Kentucky where he hopes to make The Pioneer Woman after he finishes The Love Song.

Ted Lewis, Fannie Brice and John Barrymore will make talking pictures for Warner Brothers. (I hear it rumored that United Artists wish Barrymore to talk in his last picture there, Conquest, but that his contract gave Jack Warner first right to his voice on the screen. Other players in the same picture will talk, however.

Out at Universal Uncle Carl Laemmle has ordered the construction of four sound-proof stages.

At Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, the beautiful stretch of lawn where Aileen Pringle was wont to serve tea to visiting celebrities, is being goug ed out for stages of the new kind.

They are using seismographs (earthquakes being quite passe here) to test for vibrations when laying foundations for the sound-proof buildings.

Doug Fairbanks won’t talk in his next, The Iron Man,
but there will be sound effects. Mary won't talk either. Charlie Chaplin is worrying about how to reconcile his English accent with the bedraggled character of beloved memories to screen fans. Jack Gilbert is literally champing to talk in the films.

Jesse Lasky is going to take voice tests of all Paramount players in the form of a novelty film, but I don't believe he will release it when he realizes that the public would then be hearing every voice at once. Curiosity is worth stretching, you know.

Going a step farther than competitors Dr. Herbert Kalmus of Technicolor already is in production with a feature-length color picture which will also have sound effects. This will be The Thrall of Leif the Lucky, a Viking story.  House Peters is in it.

Think of what color pictures would mean to Mary Astor, Billie Dove and many other stars.

As for the Talkers, they have given a new lease on life to many players. From the reports of a single picture, the first 10 percent Vitaphone Talker, Gladys Brockwell and Cullen Landis are eagerly sought now. Their voices hit.

A dozen times I've been in discussions as to what was the first talking picture—I mean way back there before the Vitaphone was thought of.

The most authentic claim to my knowledge comes from Edmund Breese, a well-known character actor. While we were both getting our hair cut, Breese told me of writing and acting in a Talker more than a score of years ago for the Edison company. He thinks it was the first ever made.

The name of it was The Master Mind and it was a condensed version of a Broadway play. The synchronized form ran six minutes on the screen, the voice coming from an ordinary cylindrical phonograph record. Breese admits there wasn't much synchronization.

"I played in a talker long before that," says Henry Duffy, a theatrical producer of Los Angeles. Duffy and two other men conceived the unique idea of standing behind the screen of the old Bush Temple theater in Chicago and speaking lines as the action flickered before the audience. They got their cues from watching the film actors through the transparent sheet upon which the film was thrown. Duffy says he spoke for hero, heroine and heavy in the same picture. The novelty packed the old Bush Temple for two weeks.

It has been a month of rumors as might be expected from the unsettled condition of the colony. Some dismay is expressed here at the report that John Conadine is going to New York to pick a cast of stage actors for Barrymore's picture, Conquest.

I am greatly interested in another rumor that Dolores del Rio instead of Norma Talmadge will make The Darling of the Gods with Sessue Hayakawa as her leading man.

It won't be her next picture, for Edwin Carewe has bought an original story from George Scarborough called Deported. This is another Russian story, something on the order of Resurrection.

Unless I am mistaken, however, Dolores will make The Darling of the Gods after she finishes Deported.

I was at a tea-party at her home before she left for Europe. And what a lovely home she has! The house is built about a great sycamore, 400 years old. The tree is so famous as to have a name in California history—the 'hanging tree' it is called from the fact that several men have been dangled from its convenient limbs.

Dolores and her mother live alone in this house except for their servants, but it is the mecca of her many friends. She is one of the most charming hostesses in Hollywood.

You will be interested to know that Jackie Coogan, now grown into a youth, is rehearsing here in Hollywood for a dance act with his father. Jackie's father was a clog dancer in the days before The Kid.

How the time does fly! It seems yesterday that the wistful child, Jackie, with a man's cap falling down over one ear, was the sensation. I saw a print of The Kid run not long ago in a projection room. Our memories don't deceive us. It was a great picture all right.

Jesse Lasky's had an interesting life. Have you ever heard that he was among the first 100 men to reach Nome.
A director's initiation. Lina Basquete, star, presents a shiny new megaphone to Tay Garnett when he starts work on his first picture, 'Celebrity,' while Robert Armstrong, leading man, Peverell Marley, cinematographer—incidentally, Lina's fiancé—and an assistant cheer.

Carl Laemmle, president of Universal Pictures, and his son Carl Junior.

Fred Kohler, villain of so many pictures, is really the mildest man in the world—ask his pretty little wife.

I saw Buddy Rogers this month making a talking picture. It was a sequence for Abie's Irish Rose, which Paramount has recalled to the studio for the addition of spoken dialogue.

Buddy seemed much the same unspoiled kid he used to be. He had just returned from Princeton where The Sophomore was being made.

Since then, Paramount has announced he will next do The Charm School, an Alice Duerr Miller story once made by Wallace Reid.

It is becoming fashionable to remake the stories that were successes. Richard Dix is to do one, The Admirable Crichton by Sir James Barrie. If you remember, Tommy Meighan played the resourceful butler in the original version and Gloria Swanson was the spoiled society girl.

Those familiar with the story of A Woman of Affairs, which Greta Garbo will star in, say that it is The Green Hat in thin disguise. Michael Arlen is credited as author of the story.

Clarence Brown is to direct. I ran across during the Alaskan gold rush? Or that he once was a reporter on a San Francisco newspaper? Or that he was at one time the leader of the Royal Hawaiian band in Honolulu? Or that his screen activities have carried him across the continent 74 times?

Clarence in an Oriental art shop in San Francisco where he was buying a pair of great brass lanterns for his home. He told me of signing Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. and Lewis Stone for roles in the picture.
Lilac Time has done a lot for Gary Cooper. It is generally conceded as his most successful picture, partly because Colleen Moore was generous enough to allow much footage of Gary in the final print.

I roused out a Paramount official by phone just before writing this letter and he tells me that Gary’s next will be Wolf Song. Victor Fleming is going to direct and that’s all I could find out.

Here’s an interesting item though. Clara Bow is to make another Elinor Glyn story. It will be Three Week Ends. Neil Hamilton has been assigned as her leading man and Chester Conklin as a character comedian.

Ever since It, Paramount has eagerly scanned every Glyn story for another vehicle for Clara.

It is also a month of come-backs.

Kathlyn Williams, who disappeared from the films when she accompanied her husband, Charles Eyton, to Paris, is to return in A Single Man at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. This is a Lew Cody picture.

Another player long absent from the screen is Virginia Pearson, the statuesque vamp of several Fox films in the past. She has signed to play in the same cast with Belle Bennett for an independent company.

The Girl From Chicago established Myrna Loy as a valuable addition to the cast of any crook play. Warners is following up by featuring her in Hard-Boiled Rosie, a Vitaphone picture.

Myrna sailed by me on Hollywood boulevard yesterday in a bright yellow coupe. She is certainly a picturesque type. I remember it was her slanting eyes that first attracted the attention of a portrait photographer here. He persuaded Warners to take a test of her and she went under contract there about the same time as Jane Winton.

(Jane is back from Europe, by the way, with her husband, Charles Kenyon, the scenarist.)

It is a sure thing that Lewis Stone will be much sought after with the talking pictures coming into vogue. He was a leading man in Los Angeles for years.

Speaking of interesting lives, the story of Victor McLaglen held a number of surprises for me. To begin with, he is the son of an English clergyman. His father was bishop of Clermont.

Vic was in the English army during the war, at one time serving as provost marshal of Bagdad. He later became a prize fighter, the champion of Canada, in fact.

His first pictures were made in England.

Tom Moore is over at F. B. O. So is Noah Beery. I met them both in front of the hamburger stand there. Tom is to do the lead opposite Seena Owen in The Last Haul and later will make the late James Oliver Curwood’s The Yellowback. Micky Neilan will direct The Last Haul.

Noah is in for some exciting screen adventures. For his two pictures are Loves in the Desert and The Red Sword. George Melford is going to direct. He made Valentino’s famous picture, The Sheik.

And that is about all I know except that I agree with the title writer who said: “The trouble with this country is that too many people are trying to have a whale of a good time on a sardine income.”
Of course, now that he's gone, we can talk about him all we want to, and he simply cannot do a thing. The only trouble is that he said so many good things about us that we would be pretty pikery to say anything nasty about him behind his back. I mean, you may have guessed, The Right Honorable Jimmy Walker. He came, he saw, he conquered! First over at the First National Studios; second at a Wampas meeting; third at the Lilac Time opening; and fourth in a little one-reel movie with Colleen Moore vamping him. I don't know yet why he didn't sign the ten-thousand-dollar-a-week contract offered him by Ned Marin at the First National luncheon. He told us he was on time because he had heard that there really was going to be something on the table one could eat. There was. Then he talked for about an hour and a half, and
I'm telling you he was so interesting that I forgot to take exact note of his good-looking clothes. I hand it to anyone who can talk for an hour and a half and make it seem like five minutes! He did the same thing at the Wampas meeting, and not only that—he was five minutes early. He must have liked us movie folks, because he was on time at the *Lilac Time* opening, too. And what an opening! The Carthay Circle Theatre always does have a most interesting opening, but at *Lilac Time* I thought we simply never would be able to get to the door of the theatre. Cars and people were lined up for blocks, and it was a sight I will remember for a long, long time. Then after we saw the picture, heard Conrad Nagel, Gary Cooper and Colleen make little speeches, we saw the movie of the mayor. It was 'rich, rare and racy,' and the hit of the evening; and if I were John McCormick, after all those vampire scenes I certainly should keep a weather eye on Colleen and the mayor of little old New York. You know, they are not so slow from that Great White Way, either!

He arrived in Hollywood about two weeks ago, and he's the gent who put the 'Uncle' in 'Uncle Richard Dix.' There is just ten pounds of him at the present writing, and his Mom, Josephine Dix Compton, named him John Richard so that his Uncle Richard would have the right to paddle him any one of these days when he might need it. I wouldn't vouch for the absolute truth of this next, but they do say that the day after he arrived the young fellow asked Richard how Moran of the Marines is coming along, and then gave it as his opinion Redakyn, his uncle's next act after Moran, ought to be a pretty fine production, considering that not only is it to be made in natural colors, but also is to be a Talker. Having used such good judgment in picking out an A-Number One home, I'm inclined to think that John Richard must be reasonably sure of what he is speaking about!

For three weeks I kept coming to the Paramount Studios and wondering what all the hammering and building up near the FBO lot meant. (You know, the two back yards meet.) Nobody seemed to understand what was going on, and if they did understand, no one was saying. Then, fast as anything, it was given out to a surprised Hollywood that Paramount is to have a broadcasting station. 'KNX Paramount Pictures—Los Angeles Evening Express' will be flashed from the new building out to the two big towers on the Paramount Ranch, and then to you. It is to be such a powerful station—fourth largest on the Pacific Coast and among the largest in the country—that many of you folks far from the picture colony will be able to tune in and imagine yourselves looking out of
the broadcast window on to the big permanent boat set, the studio restaurant, the Venetian canals, and even over to Mr. Smith, who guards the back gate from all intruders. Hollywood seems to get nearer and nearer to the whole world every single year!

The outlaw, Conway Tearle, and I have been meeting rather frequently these days. Two weeks ago he told me that he has signed his life away to go back onto the legitimate stage for at least one play, Mid-Channel. I met him again a week later, and he told me that the show was to open in San Francisco in fourteen days. You can imagine my surprise, then, when I met him again yesterday, with the opening of his show only seven days away, and he still here in Los Angeles. "Gosh," I said, "You must be the original memory kid! How can you stay here in Los Angeles and open up in four-act stage play in seven days? When are you going to rehearse, and how can you learn a part like that and have it perfect for a critical public in these few remaining days?" The confident, tie-less Conway smiled. "Learn it," he practically asked me, "I know the thing backwards and forwards and could do it in my sleep. You know, Marion, I only played it in New York with Ethel Barrymore for two long years." Of course, after that break I changed the subject pretty fast and asked him what he knew about the rumor that Ethel is to do a Vitaphone for Warners. He didn't know for sure, either, but from a few little phrases he very casually let drop, it doesn't look as if it will be a particularly long time before Conway Tearle will be working for the Talkers.

This much I know—Josef von Sternberg doesn't work George Bancroft all day long every single Sunday on the docks of New York picture. Also, though Mal St. Clair had worked Clara and Jimmie Hall on The Fleet's In until midnight on Saturday, 1 do know for sure that he didn't work them Sunday, either, because they were at George's beach home Sunday, too. Merna Kennedy and Mrs. Kennedy were there, and later in the afternoon Jesse Lasky Jr. dropped in. Possibly you remember that the big Bancroft fellow rented Norma Talmadge's gorgeous beach home, but have you heard that he and Mrs. Bancroft enjoyed it so much that they have now had the lawyers 'draw up the papers' and have bought it for their very own? That is what has happened, and if you want a perfect definition of the word 'charming,' just be introduced to Mrs. George Bancroft. I was always pretty sure that George is a very smart fellow, but now that I have met the wife he chose, I can say positively! It certainly was a pleasant day, and you can better believe that 1 am going to take good care of that invitation to come back soon, and to make it often.

When Lina Basquette and Pev Marley return from their vacations, no one in Hollywood will be the least bit surprised to hear the announcement that the new order of things has changed it to Mr. and Mrs. Peverell Marley. With Lina acting for Mr. C. B. and with Pev having charge of all Mr. C. B's camera work, they have been thrown together day after day and ought to be quite sure of how they feel about it. I hope it does happen, because they make the cutest couple imaginable!

Peter Pan (cat), standing on the walk in front of the house the other day, bristled up fit to kill, and the cause across the street was quite as alarming to me as it was to poor Peter. Coming down the walk on the other side was none other than Fazil—(you know, Charlie Farrell)—with a huge lunch basket in one hand, and a big overgrown all-head and all-foot pup under the other arm. Pain was registered on our hero's face, and before he reached the car at the curb the canine's tail and hind quarters were almost trailing on the ground. I haven't seen Charlie since to get the exact 'dope' on it, but I have been sort of figuring that maybe the basket was full of some of Our Daily Bread, to play a joke on Director Murnau, and maybe the hound is to
be taken away with them to their middle-west wheat field location for the same picture so that the little leading lady, Mary Duncan, will have someone to watch over her every minute of the day and night.

If the Talkers never do a thing to help the movies along—that is just ‘if,’ of course—they certainly are doing plenty for the stage. I never heard of so many movie folks ready to start rehearsing, already started or looking for material to start. Most of them have worked ‘legitimate’ in the good old days, and it seems as if the going back is more or less to remind the producers what they can do when it comes to speaking their lines. Here are a few I can think of right off hand, who have either started or have a starting date all set: Estelle Taylor, Jack Dempsey, Harrison Ford, Lois Wilson, Helen Ferguson, Conway Tearle, Eugene O'Brien, Ian Keith, Ethel Clayton.

I met our old friend J. Warren Kerrigan the other day—at the bank. Note that last—at the bank.' Meeting him there made a particularly deep impression on me, because I realized, after talking with him, that he can go back into pictures if he wants to, but if he doesn't want to, it is the last thing that he has to do! It is the hardest thing on earth to save money while it is coming in fast for the day when it may not be coming in at all, and when you meet a man like J. Warren who did know how to take care of it when it was coming in, it makes you sit up and take notice of yourself. Maybe he will go back into pictures some time, and again maybe he will not. It just depends on how he feels. Gosh—what a priceless independence to have, and how sweet must be the days that he spends digging around in his garden, planting new seeds, watching things grow, and, at sunset, at peace with the world!

the one—Doug, I mean—who wants C. B. to come over to United!'

And then, after all the talking, he signs with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Mr. De Mille will produce a series of super-productions for M-G-M release. By the time you read this he will have moved his entire personal staff over to the Culver City Studio where he will begin a modern story produced on super-picture lines.

It's fine to be a great movie star, with a beautiful wife, a perfect little daughter, and a palace of a home on top of a hill, but what good is it going to do you if you have to leave the home and fireside right in the middle of the summer-time and go up into the mountains with a staff of writers to work like a dog 'preparing?' I simply have to weep for Harold myself, because I know how dear to his heart the new house is, and what a marvelous time he and Mildred are having getting the new roads put in, the orchards planted, the grass seeded, and all that sort of thing. It's like when Sunday comes and you have to put the shining new roller-skates in the closet and go to Sunday meeting! But new stories have to be prepared, and Harold has to leave his home, sweet home.
Out of the Silence

advanced scientifically we can build the concrete one." And thus it is.

The first Paramount picture to use sound effects was Warming Up, starring Richard Dix. Being a baseball picture it was a tricky thing to do in silence. Sound saved it from a possible flop and made it a knock-out at the box office. And the popular Richard is now more popular than ever.

In Abie's Irish Rose Nancy Carroll will sing Irish songs while Buddy Rogers will accompany her at the piano. Jean Hersholt's voice will also be heard at several dramatic points in the story. Beggars of Life will have sound effects and you will at last hear what Wally Beery's voice is like for he is going to sing a hobo song. The sound of a runaway freight train will be a thrill, too. In Varsity, Buddy Rogers' first starring picture, you will hear Buddy, Mary Brian, Chester Conklin and Phillips R. Holmes in dialogue.

A statement from Harry Rapf, studio executive in charge of the sound picture unit for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, shows this organization well to the front in sound picture development. In fact, their new studio will be the finest in the business.

"We are, of course, shooting in the dark," said Mr. Rapf. "We have had no experience in this business to guide us. We have, however, engaged the finest engineers available from the Western Electric and Victor Talking Machine Corporations. Under their direction a sound-proof recording studio 90x150 feet is being constructed on the lot and, as you see, is nearly half finished. The construction begins below the earth's surface so as to eliminate all ground noises such as passing trucks, blasting, trains and so on. The walls and roof are treated in such a manner as to be 100 percent sound-proof. The studio is further equipped with a refrigerating plant permitting the actors to work in comfort and for a longer period of time. In the present sound-proof studios the actors can work only a few minutes at a stretch. Then the studio doors have to be flung open for air and relief from the intense heat of the incandescent lights.

"Our engineers have also completed a device that will permit the actor to talk and walk at the same time. A portable set for sound is being erected for outside work but nothing has yet been perfected to kill noise in an open set.

"Sound is here to stay. Anyone who believes it to be a novelty is, in my opinion, barking up the wrong tree."

The first Metro picture to have sound effects will be Nice Baby, directed by Hobart Henley. A few songs will be sung in this.

The Trial of Mary Dugan will be the first all-dialogue picture. Ramon Novarro, who is a rare musician, will sing in his next picture. All Metro pictures will have at least sound effects in future.

United Artists are building a sound-proof stage, but whether concrete or wood has not yet been decided at this writing. Ground has already been broken, however, and Western Electric engineers are directing the work. The recording stage will be in the shape of the letter T. One part measures 73x99, the other part 61x53. They are temporarily prepared to take care of sound effects which will be used in John Barrymore's next picture Conquest, and Euphe

[Image: Edmund Lowe and Mary Astor before the combined camera and sound recorder. The microphone does not have to be near the camera nor too near the players. The Movietone truck carries the batteries.]
or atmosphere sounds.

This monitor, by the way, or mixer, as Warner's call him, is, in Robert Milton's opinion, to be one of the big jobs under the new regime.

A monitor has to be an electrical engineer with musical knowledge. So just anyone can't be a monitor. Also he holds within his hands, all things being equal, the success or failure of a sound picture. For this reason, He listens to the voices. If one is too loud or too thin he can enlarge or soften it. His is the hand that blends the atmospheric sounds or musical accompaniment to suit the dialogue. If his ear isn't true, think what inharmony he can create in a picture.

On the other hand, don't blame him too much if everything goes wrong in your theatre. All of his careful work can be ruined by a careless or ignorant operator. The young man up in the little box where the picture unreels can raise the deuce with your ears and nerves just by being indifferent.

Eighteen Universal pictures now on the market or in the making will have sound effects or dialogue. Even Uncle Tom's Cabin now will be synchronized, and also The Man Who Laughs. Lonesome, the second picture of the interesting new director, Dr. Paul Fejos, will have dialogue. In Show Boat you will hear Laura La Plante and Joseph Schildkraut; and in The Girl on the Barge you will hear Jean Hersholt and Sally O'Neil.

Samuel Goldwyn is sold on sound as an aid to dramatic point in the story and from now on they will be used in Goldwyn productions. Mr. Goldwyn does not, or did not when I talked with him, think that an all sound picture, I mean all dialogue with no silent parts, is practical or that it will work out to the general satisfaction of the public.

Even the comedies are for it. Christie Studios are building a large sound-proof stage, but not a concrete one. Sound effects and episodic dialogue will be used in all Christie pictures from now on. Harold Lloyd will use sound in his next picture.

First National is building a sound-proof stage and thirty of their pictures will have episodic dialogue and musical synchronization.

F. B. O., De Mille and Pathe have no announcement to make. These companies are under the management of the banker-movie magnate Joseph P. Kennedy, and Mr. Kennedy is biding his time. Temporary facilities for synchronizing sound have been installed so that pictures from these companies will not be behind the times but no further plans have been decided upon by Mr. Kennedy as yet. It is rumored that the Radio Corporation of America will tie up with Mr. Kennedy.

Untouched amidst the upheaval that is turning Hollywood wrong-side-out, Warner Brothers alone are merely carrying on. The feverish excitement found in every other studio in the industry finds them cool and determined to advance the gain they have by two years' experience. They alone have their equipment and know what it will do. They alone have their sound-proof stages, three of them, their directors and technicians all set and going strong. Their only problem is the perfecting of what they already have. And they are hard at it. With these two years of priceless experience behind them it is conceivable that they will remain the leaders in the field, in volume of production at least, for some months.

Two years ago Bryan Foy, son of the famous Eddie, came to Warner to direct two-reel sound pictures. He has been working quietly away ever since and has made hundreds of short subjects. He is now the most experienced sound-picture director in the business. The first all-sound picture he directed, Lights of New York, is now turning them away at the Strand Theatre in New York. The second all-sound dramatic feature he is making now, is The Home Towners, and has in it an all-star cast of actors who have appeared both on the stage and screen. Doris Kenyon, Gladys Brockwell, Robert Edeson, and Richard Bennett.

Now! How are they made? Well, the technical side of this story has never been written. So secretive are the producers about their devices and patents that the laboratories are locked and double-locked and if you can get a peep inside their doors you are pretty good. An air of mystery shrouds even the talking picture stages, but the laboratories—they are the Waterloo of all outsiders. It seems a little foolish when you consider how safe their invention is from the average mind. A highly specialized engineer or an inventor along these lines might prove a dangerous visitor, but from the lay mind—well, their two-million-dollar secret is safe, that's all! I am told that on the Warner Brothers lot only three people know what it is all about. The rest know their own particular line of work and that is all.

But the popular side of the story is entertaining and all the average person is interested in, anyway.

The inside of a sound-proof stage differs from a regular
stage in equipment only. It is heavily padded with celotex to produce a uniform sound and that in turn is padded with lined burlap. The ceiling in addition to this has a net work of tracks to accommodate heavy ballasting, used in isolating the subjects to be photographed. Universal calls these portable sound devices 'baffles', a new word in cinema parlance.

The camera men have little portable rooms heavily padded with a graduated down which these men work in during the shooting of a scene. The front of these camera rooms is equipped with a pane of flawless ground glass through which the scene is shot. This is imported from Germany and takes six months to get because several welding jobs have to be made before a flawless one is completed.

In an up-to-date sound-proof stage the floor is perfect, for every tiny sound records and if anyone has a cold and coughs or sneezes—well, sneezes are just out on a sound picture stage. And if you have the asthma you’d have to get over it if you wanted to work in sound pictures.

When a scene is being taken people sound perfectly still, afraid of moving a muscle lest they should accidentally knock a stray board or touch something that would make a noise. This care is taken so that none of the mechanics of the trade will show itself upon the ear of the listener. The devices are not perfect yet but they are making rapid strides and in a year or two sound pictures taking today will be marveled at their crudity.

The mixer or monitor sits in his little box aloft listening to the sounds that come to him out of the wire, judging whether the infections are of the right quality. He supervises the placing of the microphones on the set. It matters a great deal whether a microphone is too near a player or not near enough. If two people are playing a scene and sitting side by side they can use the same ‘mike’ and speak almost naturally. If they are across the room from each other and have a scene which uses rapid dialogue they have to speak with time pauses between words. If they spoke too quickly the action would not synchronize with the words. Can you imagine the new technique that has to be used? In a quarrel or conversation an actor must learn to speak as quickly as he naturally would under stress of emotion. He must count his time pauses and yet give his words full emotional valour.

One thing saves time and one thing only, but it is a tremendous relief for the whole outfit. It takes ages to get ‘set’ for a sound picture but once the scene is taken that ends it. Sometimes it has to be taken two or three times for cover shots, but what I mean is that the long shots and closeups are taken at the same time. Anywhere from fifteen to forty-thousand rays cover the scene from different angles. The delay caused in ‘setting up’ for long shots, then medium shots, closeups and special camera angles is done away with in a sound picture.

The scripts are entirely different from the silent picture scripts. They are exactly like the Mss. of a stage play. Clever dialogue makes his part important and the scenarist of old will have an awful headache before very long.

Every dog has his day. The dramatist who never wanted to write pictures and was high-battled by the movies is having a holiday from Greece. One cock of the walk. Yet with reservations. A king does not share his throne too graciously.

None of the studios are dismantling because just as many silent pictures are being made, and will be made for many months, as before. There is the foreign trade to consider and the theatres that have not sound devices to think of. But this is what happens, The pictures are made twice. Once silent and the second time for sound. Can you imagine the delay and expense of this? Only a few are made for sound alone. I believe that Bryan Foy is the only director in the business so far who makes sound pictures alone.

It is said that by fall 1000 theatres in America will be equipped for sound. England is preparing rapidly but the continent very slowly. Only newswires and pictures with German technical accompaniment alone can be shown in foreign lands until they get around to making their own sound pictures. Just at this time American producers are not thinking about the problem of all sound American-made pictures for foreign trade. The chatter on a temporary sound stage is amusing. In a silent studio it doesn’t matter if a board cracks when a scene is being taken. It matters plenty in a sound studio. You hardly dare breathe when a scene is being taken and the trolley car goes by the studio it is just too bad, because the whole scene has to be taken over again. Not all the studios are equipped entirely with inconceivable lights, the only ones to use on any set because they don’t smoke and they don’t sing. ‘Quiet down that spot!’ the director said when a light began to hum just before the taking of a scene. If a mistake occurs in the action the scene has to be taken again. The director can’t say a word during a shot. When the scene is over the director can hear a burst of laughter which gives an outside signal. At that signal every bit of work on the entire lot stops until the release signal buzzers. Trucks stand still, hammeres cease. Is it any wonder that pictures cost so much? Think of the wasted time among the workmen. Of course when the concrete stages such as Metro is building are finished this will not happen.

As I see it, everything has to be hushed. At the Carthy Circle theatre they showed a ‘short’ called ‘The Family Picnic’. When some packages were put down on the steps the noise was deafening. Later I saw a ‘short’ being taken. Some traveling bags were put down on a wooden floor. The first time the mixer said the sound was like a report from a cannon. Since the slightest whisper registers I can’t see why they don’t have felt props. When you drop a bag naturally there is a thud—even a felt bag would register and probably just enough.

How do the players feel about all this? The majority are for it strong. A very few of the older stock are against it, but they are the last to have a change for or against it, the subject of sound pictures is the main topic of conversation at any gathering large or small. The beauty of Lionel Barrymore and Mrs. Francis’ voice above the untrained voices of the other members of ‘The Lion and the Mouse’ cast put everyone without stage experience in the panic. Almost overnight an army of voice teachers sprang into existence. Sue Carol counted eighteen announcements that came to her in one week. Miss Lionel Barrymore, she said, didn’t study with so and so, the only worthy voice teacher in Hollywood, her voice would soon be gone and her promising career over. At least ten said practically the same thing. Most of the stars had the same experience.

What were they to do? What were they to think? Having had no experience at all with voice teachers they didn’t know a good one from a bad one. But motion picture players had learned a thing or two that they are stepping slowly and are being well guided. The mistake they usually make, however, is in thinking that they will learn to sing in a week or two. It can’t be done.

Two interesting people I have heard about are director Paul Sloane and his wife. Miss Sloane is taking six months of his time and financing his own trip to New York to study every method of sound picture production of any importance nown known. He will see about $25,000, but he feels that it will be worth many times that amount to his work. His wife, long a student teacher, a vocal instructor, is coming into her own in Hollywood. She already has Olive Borden, Mary Brian, Carmel Myers, Sue Carol, Marian Nixon, and Nancy Carroll numbered among her pupils.

Vilma Banky, John Gilbert, Norma Shearer, Janet Gaynor—and oh, just dozens of others are going in for voice culture. One of the things that makes us realize how new this is a new voice technique. Breath control is important, the most important thing, there is, is dictation equally important. These two perfected, a diet of voice practice, is coming into her own in Hollywood. Estelle Dewitt, her voice is still much more transparent than her diction clear and clean. She also said another interesting thing. That there are as many screen actors with good voices as there are stage actors with good voices.
voices. Some stage actors have terrible voices and slurred diction, particularly the modern ones who have not had the advantage of blank voice training. One can almost count the beautiful voices of the stage. And it is true, when you really think about it.

At an interesting dinner given by the Association of Women Press Agents, Conrad Nagel and Fred Niblo gave very strong talks in promotion of talking pictures. Conrad Nagel is especially eager for their advancement. Mr. Niblo feels that the actor will have far greater freedom of expression for if he has talents other than acting, such as playing the piano or singing, his performance will be added to greatly.

Edmund Lowe is delighted that some of the very talented people who, because of their voices, were denied pictures, will now have a chance. His theory is that the new order of things will eliminate from the screen people who merely walk through a scene, like beautiful statues. It will take feeling and understanding on the part of the actor to do a good job in a sound picture. It will take a lot of acting either the stage or screen and has far more demand.

Doris Kenyon and May McAvoy are both fascinated by the new talkies. May hopes to have her voice trained because she knows that too much volume would be terrible and she is experimenting with a system of her own. Doris Kenyon thinks her greatest limitation will be the time pauses between sentences. She is not yet used to them. The terrific heat is also hard to get on with. In a closed set with the fourth side a thin wall of incandescent, the heat is almost as much a stoker on an ocean liner has to bear. Ten minutes is the longest scene taken because of this.

Richard Bennett was much amused because he had to speak standing still, take a few steps and then speak again. It was like the old days of the theatre when, after a long speech, the actor majestically would go down front as though he had done something marvelous. This will no longer be a handicap because in The Home Towners, Warners will install a device that will permit the actor to talk and walk at the same time.

Estelle Taylor is not so interested in talkies as pictures. It's a little telling what she thinks will be popular soon. Talking pictures will be shown in every home through television and people won't bother to go to the theatre to see them, either the stage or screen.

Richard Dix has still another slant on what talking pictures will do for the industry. He says that it will require greater cooperation on the part of every department, and that it is a life saver for pictures.

SCREENLAND next month will have the latest and most interesting news about Talkers from the greatest staff of writers in Hollywood—Rob Wagner, Grace Kingsley, Martin Martin, Marion of Hollywood and Helen Ludlam.

I Want to Be a Bad Girl

Continued from page 17

And don't ever let anybody tell you that history or motion pictures can be made by sitting at home. You may be a hot number but the world has to know it. What all good girls need is a little bad advice. Cleo stepped out in public and retained her quiet ways in private. She kept her virtue to herself and flaunted her colorful career to the world. What did it mean to her, anyway? She had had more publicity than any vamp in the world. Look at Cleopatra's Needle in Central Park. That's publicity you can't buy. Who wants to buy a needle, anyway?

If all these little charmers lived in our day they would be movie stars. It is a great age. A colorful cutie can go into pictures, let off steam at the studio and, after the whistle blows, retire into a private life as pure and faultless as that of our dear late queen. Today a girl can be as bad as she pleases—and get paid for it. She can be a siren all day and turn into an esteemed citizen as soon as she coldremake the makeup from her face. She can lead a double life in a nice, clean way. A great game, the movies.

A girl can work off all her surplus energy acting in pictures. Especially now that she can yell her head off if she feels that way. Nell Gwyn used to bawl out poor King Charles of England, because he was tired from the stage, she had to have some outlet for those colorful emotions of hers. Today a clever movie star can give vent to temperaments on the screen. It is practically a part of a charmer's contract that she indulge in a little loose living before the cameras. The customers are not paying at the box-office to watch her knitting little booties. They want to see her outwitting other cuties. And she deserves to.

Hollywood was in a Will Hays there. There was a little town in the world pictures that the tabloids loved to talk about as the 20th Century Babylon and what not was turning into a Nine O'Clock Town, and not only that, but it was a Nine O'Clock Town. But do you want to hear about it? I don't. I love to think of my favorite movie stars out there enjoying themselves, whether or not they'd like to enjoy myself if I knew. Why, anybody can go home and to bed with a good book. What a waste in a town containing Greta, and Jack, and Pola, and Lupe! Let the boys and girls retire early and rise at dawn if that's what they want to do. But why tell us all the harrowing details? Why not let us retain our little illusions? Those of us who stopped believing in Kris Kringle years ago still want to believe in Greta Garbo. Let's have one little mystery left. When I see a publicity picture of Garbo playing tennis or petting a Pekingese then I will know that all is lost. I'll give up. But not without a struggle.

What do you think of when you watch Greta Garbo? Stop. Don't tell me. I know. Greta makes you think of things that don't happen in your daily dull round of duties. Greta puts the old mind up to mischief. Greta leads us motionally astray—she put the room in romance.

She is Color incarnate. There are others. If I were asked to make a list of the most colorful screen stars, I might thesaurus, "Please do!" I would include: Greta Garbo, Clara Bow, Gloria Swanson, Pola Negri, Dolores del Rio, Lya de Putti. This is my own private list. You can make out your own. Now, what makes them colorful?

There are other stars as successful, as charming, as gifted. But they lack what these girls possess—that small, delicate, between-the-eyes, below-the-belt, breath-taking appeal. They hit you. They make you feel silly. You love them.

Their irresistible quality that makes you love them can't be bounded by mere sex-appeal. It is sex appeal plus. It's the way Clara Bow can make talented actresses feel as though they had the sex appeal of Garbo, or the bold, daring spirit of Pola. But even as she danced in the last scenes of Ramona. That's not plain, unvarnished sex appeal. It's color—the color that makes for fascination, whether in joy or sorrow, passion or prayer. I hope you are not color blind.

Once, actresses longed for respectability. That was because they didn't have any. No wonder; the poor girls were Tom, Dick and Harriet all over the place. They were sick and tired of seeing eyebrows rise and elbows nudge wherever they went. They had to live down the stigma attached to the profession from earlier times. In Shakespeare's day all the women were played by men, of course, but the men crept in, as women have a way of doing. But their way wasn't easy. Then, slowly, the pendulum swung the other way and they had that. Starlike like Maude Adams and Julia Marlowe and Ellen Terry were revered and respected. That was all right. But when movies came in and stars began to settle down just like any other business people—that took the kick out of the whole thing. I, for one, began to wish that once in a while one of
these awfully refined movie girls would kick up her heels and make violent whoopee. I still think a little more whoopee in the right place would help. Get gay, girls! Imagine being the pre-Raphaelites! Let's have a little life and laughter. Color, if you please.

Be good at home, sweet kids—if only you could feel the delicious aroma of romance around you when you make your personal appearances. Because romance—colorful, picturesque—is what we crave and what the Clara we remember. It is Clara Bow of the flaming red hair and mocking eyes and bare legs—who caused the college youth to attempt suicide, who has a long list of broken engagements and a longer list of broken hearts; who races down the Boulevard in a racy car, who poses in one-piece bathing suits for publicity—that's the Clara who attracts; not the real Clara, the self-made Brooklyn girl whose old-fashioned father censors her dates.

We love Greta, the siren—that sloe-eyed, swift-lipped, mysterious Swedish cyclone; that, when he found she could not direct her American destinies, either on or off the screen, he turned to making them: a sad and wiser man! who is loved so passionately by John Gilbert, Hollywood's leading Don Juan; who confounds the producer with her available ways—not the real Garbo, that lonely, unhappy girl in a strange land, who at first pined away from home-sickness; who kept to herself and whose heart was broken when a cable from Sweden told her of the sudden death of her beloved little sister whom she had expected to send for.

It is Dolores del Rio the exotic Mexican beauty of the hot scenes of What Price Glory and Loves of Carmen that we applaud, although admitting her dramatic power in Resurrection and Ramova. Dolores, the Mexico City society belle who conquered Hollywood in less than a year; who once was decrying divorce as an American custom, who could not understand—and the next was divorcing her Spanish husband, Jaime, because according to report, is going to marry her director, Edwin Carewe—rather than Dolores the cultured and brainy, who speaks a half dozen languages expertly, who lives with her mother, who never wears anything but what is being fussed at, who, they say, at the stage.

Pola Negri made a new definition of passion when she gave us the Du Barry film with James Cagney and Charles Laughton for everything continental. You heard of her magnificent jewels, her imported gowns, her vivid temperament—and didn’t you love it? You did, to believe that Pola was fiery, tempestuous. It met my ideal of her. How about the Pola who finds time to read books? How about the Pola who is sincerely in love with her young husband, the Prince? When she went to Europe not so long ago, stories flew back that she was about to divorce the Prince in Paris. Instead of recalling their devotion, the world jumped at the suggestion and believed the break. Why? Because Pola the sweetheart is more colorful, more in keeping with the Pola of pictures, than the wife who, in the European tradition, they say defers to her husband in many matters.

It is Gloria—the thrice-married and twice-divorced; Gloria, the girl who helped make golden bath-tubs famous; who went to Paris to make a picture and brought back a Marquis; who changed her weird haircut every few months—who is the Swanson of the world adores. The other—the real Gloria—Gandolfini, who supervises every detail of the upbringing of her two children. The one particular in which Gloria has always been eager to avoid publicity is in connection with her girls. She will not allow her own little girl or her adopted son to be photographed. For this commendable reticence she has been criticized. We wish her well.

Lya de Putti wriggled her toes in Variety, and the world wriggled in ecstsy. Cleopatra should have looked like Lya and if she didn’t it was her hard luck. A continental charmer, they said Lya was, who had made crowned heads see stars; who, next to Jannings, was the best movie beefcake attraction in Europe (incidentally, she still is); who had a record list of conquests and a reputation for temperament of the very hottest variety. Well, de Putti came over. And when I saw her I had a real shock. Where was the siren I had heard about? Not in this little girl who went in for flat-heeled shoes and simple sports clothes; who was really shy and sweet; and who, at the première of her first American movie, burst into tears. Far from sophisticated, Lya is almost naive. She is a child with a color—eager, useful, impish. All of her well-known wickedness seems to fade away. She has made The Scarlet Lady and it is the one American-made film with which she is satisfied. In it, she has a chance to be both good and bad—she plays a dual role.

Then there’s Lupe Velez—that hot tamale; Lupe is the most colorful kid you can imagine—especially her vocabulary. At first glance you would believe the blessed worst of Lupe. But when you know her—just a nice, unspoiled kid, living with her mother. Mae Murray of the twinking toes and rumored fickle heart is now a home-body, having a baby son, they say. And so it goes.

When you think of the success of Swanson, Negri, and del Rio, and Garbo—is it any wonder that the wide-eyed babbies of Hollywood are beginning to sit up and say: “I wish I was wicked”? They have the new color and they can, for screen purposes. Because, bless their hearts, they are all clever girls out there. They must be clever or they wouldn’t be out there. A clever girl thinks ahead. She is always self-possessed. No matter how jallied she may be you’ll never catch her trying to light her lipstick in the car or on her cigarette. The clever miss never misses. She always files her love letters, especially the rough ones. She knows that engagement ring in a man’s voice. She knows that Hollywood girls aren’t going to be caught napping now. They are learning to talk fast. Maybe they have heard what Byron said—good old Byron, he started all this exciting business with that open shirt of his—”The Devil hath not, in all his quiver’s choice, “A dart to heart the like a sweet voice.” That settles it—
I Lost My Big Chance
Because I Couldn't Speak in Public

...But 3 Months Later I Won It Back Again!

So that's why my promotion was being held up! It was with mixed feelings—of anger and disappointment that I heard those words floating over the transom, sounding the death knell of my fondest hopes. At first I was bitter. They didn't appreciate my loyalty, my hard work. They wouldn't give me a chance to show my real ability.

But a few days of hard thinking snapped me out of it. The bitter truth was that they were right. I was lacking in poise and self-confidence. I did get embarrassed and timid when talking to business superiors. No wonder they felt I couldn't dominate a whole department or address business conferences.

Yet what could I do about it? Weren't these faults part of my natural makeup? That's what I thought—until one day, while thumbing through my favorite magazine, I came across an ad that I had often noticed. It told about the highly regarded work being done by the North American Institute in helping such men as me. "The important positions in business today", quoted this article, "are awarded to men who can dominate others by the power of effective speech." No one knew this any better than I did—now!

One reading of the free booklet they sent me—How to Work Wonders with Words—changed my whole conception of my speaking ability. For it described a home training so simple, practical and effective that anybody could now realize its benefits. It revealed the true causes of timidity, bashfulness, stage fright—and how to overcome them. It explained certain principles of speech that anybody could use to hold an audience in rapt attention.

I wouldn't have believed such improvement was possible, if it hadn't happened to me. Unconsciously I began to apply these principles in business matters. Soon I noticed that people were paying more attention to my opinions. Recognition and promotions followed fast. Three months later, the opportunity I had missed presented itself again. This time I was ready—I won! And my new found talent has also made me a popular after dinner speaker at civic functions, and a much invited guest at social affairs.

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, winning advancement in salary, popularity, social standing and success. Today business demands for the big, important high-salaried jobs, men who can dominate others—men who can make others do as they wish. It is the power of forceful, convincing speech that causes one man to jump from obscurity to the presidency of a great corporation; another from a small, unimportant territory to a sales manager's desk; another from the rank and file of political workers to a post of national importance; a timid, reticent self-conscious man to change almost overnight into a popular and much applauded after-dinner speaker. Thousands have accomplished just such amazing things through this simple, easy, yet effective training.

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This new home study method of training is fully described in a very interesting and informative booklet which is now being sent to everyone mailing this coupon below. This booklet 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 less 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 singing in their praise of it. You are told how to bring out and develop your priceless "hidden knack"—the natural gift within you—which can win for you advancement in position and salary, popularity, social standing, power and real success. You can obtain your copy absolutely free just by sending the coupon.

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been mobbed by admiring and curious thousands; she has been lauded and criticized for her early flights; but the fact still remains that determined this slip of a girl to attempt a feat with chances a thousand to one against her.

When Ruth Elder came to Hollywood, the film colony took two looks to make sure their eyes were not deceiving them and then gaped. What they saw was a small, very slender girl with large, smoky, gray eyes, dusky, brown hair that curled disarmingly, and a mouth that was camera-perfect. What they heard was a very soft, slightly husky voice, peppered delightfully with southern drawl, and a graciousness of manner, whose sincerity could not be doubted.

No grim determination here—no ultra-modern young woman looking for thrill—no super-cynic—no smart-cracker—no jazz baby.

Ruth Elder was created by the gods. I am sure, to grace a mansion with pillared verandas, tropical gardens, many servants. She is the embodiment of luxuriant southern charm and allure.

Being a true daughter of the old south, it is not surprising that Ruth Elder brings poignant memories of the mint julep days. She was born September 20, 1895, in Anniston, Alabama, one of six children.

We would like to continue this story in the usual manner, i.e., Miss Elder was reared on an old plantation, with luxury and beauty surrounding her youth—but we cannot. The Elders were frankly poor. Ruth proudly relates having worked at odd jobs while attending school to aid her parents. The Elders were drawn affectionately closer by their reverses instead of becoming alienated by them.

The children (five boys and Ruth) often spent evenings pouring in what they would do for one another when golden opportunity poured glorious gifts into their waiting hands. There would, of course, be a new and better home for the family in Anniston; there would be college for all of them; there would be this bit of longed-for luxury for one, that cherished hobby for the other.

None of the children sensed the opportunity when Ruth received an invitation to visit an aunt at Balboa, Panama, as a high-school graduation gift. Everyone helped gather what seemed to be a staggering wardrobe, so that 'sister' could go to Panama in style.

With tears and promises, she tore herself away from the family she loved so dearly, leaving a bit between tears to the back as she went—"Cheer up, I might find a gold mine in Panama."

Ruth didn't find a gold mine in Panama, but something that brought a few of the old dreams true to that group of brothers in Anniston.

After eight months in Panama, she returned with her aunt to Anniston. Florida, where she started to study dental hygiene. Through mutual friends at Lakeland she met George Haldeman, instructor of aviation, and was taken by him on her first airplane flight.

That first flight planted the seed of a new ambition: to become an aviatrix. She loved the air, thrilled to it. It lifted her, went like a surging tonic through her soul.

The Newest Picture Girl—Ruth Elder

Continued from page 15
I Make Sure That My Entire Family Reads "Your Body"—There's a reason

INVARIBLY, every time I bring home the new issue of YOUR BODY, my daughter makes a rush to capture it. I don't stand a chance of getting it back until she has digested its entire contents. Of course I have to be reasonable. I realize that, much as I want to read it, the contents of YOUR BODY is of great value in teaching her the real truth of life. I know that each issue is practically an endless source of information on sex, prevention and care of diseases, the senses and the normal functions of nature as related to our bodies. All of this worth-while knowledge is of great importance in forming a basically firm character in adolescent children. That is the reason I willingly share my newspaper with my wife and wait patiently until Madeline, having read every page, grudgingly hands it back. However, in the future, I have a little scheme that will make it possible for her and me to read YOUR BODY at the same time. I am going to buy two copies; then I won't have to wait.

This is the story that just one of our readers tells. We know that there are many more homes throughout the country where the same condition prevails. Our readers have found a world of valuable knowledge in each page of YOUR BODY. They know that it is a medium devoted to the welfare of the human body and that it is to their advantage to read carefully every page. Sex, psychology, treatment of all maladies, the senses of our body, our instincts, are fully explained in the plainest of untechnical language. In YOUR BODY there is a section for every member of the family, mother, father, brother and sister. Go to the newsstand today and get your copy of this valuable magazine. Over 112 pages—fully illustrated—large magazine size.

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The Art of Healing at the Dawn of History
Before the Baby Comes
Whooping Cough
Psychonalysis
Etc., etc.
Will De Mille saw in her the qualities that he liked and bravely cast her in the leading roles of such successes as Lulu Begg and What Every Woman Knows. There are two directors in Movieland that every actor and actress wishes to work with—Lubitsch and William De Mille, two of the greatest masters of the drama in motion pictures. An engagement with either one is like taking a post-graduate course in dramatic technique, and Lois Wilson's training in America and England placed her very near to stardom.

Then came her great chance. She was cast for the part of Molly in The Covered Wagon, a picture that even to the surprise of the studio itself, was destined to sweep the country. Molly was an old-fashioned girl! Furthermore, this triumph came just as the candy-kids were in the decline of their popularity.

Curiously enough, the pendulum of popular taste did not swing back from jazz to simple maidenhood. On the contrary, it continued violently in the same direction. Almost overnight blonde shavings were cut to boyish bobs, fluffy ruffles were stripped to near-nudity, and gum was discarded for gin. With the birth of the flapper came the avalanche of Flaming Youth pictures throwing Lois Wilson's hard-earned old-fashioned stardom into the total collection. Jesse Lasky, with his well-known loyalty, tried vainly to cast his young charge in flapper roles, but Lois was about as convincing in such characterizations as a Bow playing a nun or Conrad Nagel impersonating a gangster.

Dropping to character parts, the gin-greased skids finally landed Lois at the bottom—she was cast in westerns! Her star was setting. In 1927 she made but four pictures. Though loyal fans kept writing and sending gifts to the old-fashioned beauty of yeseryear the flaming handwritings on the wall so eloquently spelt disaster that Lois Wilson decided to try another road to fame. She joined Edward Everett Horton and Maude Fulton at the Vine Street Theatre in stock. She was lost to the screen forever.

Forever! That is a long time in this changing world. Nowhere are flip flops so much as in Hollywood, and what had occurred two of the suddenst changes ever recorded in Movieland. The flapper died. And the Talkers were born. Clara Bow, meanwhile High Priestess of Flap, wrote the final death blow of gin-girls by playing with consummate artistry a moll in Ladies of the Mob, and Al Jolson proved in one picture that the 'dumbies' could become articulate. The flames of youth are at this moment utterly quenched as far as Hollywood is concerned. And the silences of our film dramas are now not just the result of the overuse, but the punching with every sound of a noisy world.

With these two sudden problems confronting them the bewildered producers began to look around for actresses equal to the dual demands—womanly women with stage-trained voices. Every one of them saw Lois Wilson at once. Under the spell of her direction of Horton and Fulton she had proven her stage technique and beautiful voice. Certainly in the switch to the girl of character she was just as Wilson made a Vitaphone one-act playlet with Edward Everett Horton—Miss Information. She was so good in it that Warner Brothers have already cast her in a feminine interest opposite Monte Blue in a speaking special, Conquest.

Yes, dear fans, your old-fashioned girl is returning!

Marion Byron, Clownette

Continued from page 52

Marion enjoyed her stage debut at the age of 13, in Petty, a very successful Los Angeles production, and followed that by an engagement with Fanny Brice in the Hollywood Music Box. A review, in which show Roach first found Lupe Velez. At 15, this astonishing miss played the lead in the coast production of Tip-Toes, and later appeared in The Cradle Snatchers, and The Strawberry Blonde, in Los Angeles. Her twinkling toes and shapely limbs therefore need no introduction to western theater-goers, and her stage experience is counted upon as a great asset when Hal Roach begins making his comedies 'audible,' with dialogue, which 'won't be long, now.'

This funny little damsel did her first picture work as the leading lady for Buster Keaton in Steamboat Bill, Jr., and followed that up by a leading feminine role in Plastered in Paris.

Roach, the astute young producer, knows a player when he sees one. He started her, favored her. Heelu Daniels, Harold Lloyd, Fay Wray, Janet Gaynor, Olive Borden, Will Rogers, and many others, on their upward cinematic climb.

And Miss Marion Byron, who resembles nothing quite so much as a naughty little girl, with a saucy flirt of the tousled head, has a future, as she is one of the favorites of the Roach sayers, and that it was this particular producer who realized her possibilities.
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I'll give you the magnetic power to dominate situations—
I'll give you the magnetic power to win quick and conspicuous success in your business or profession—

And I'll give you the secret of these magnetic powers in just twenty-four hours —or I don't want a cent of your money.

That's my unconditional guarantee! I don't care how colorless your personality is—how lacking you are in the qualities of leadership—how timid and self-conscious you may be. Unless my secrets of instantaneous personal magnetism give you new magnetic powers within twenty-four hours—you don't pay a cent!

Results are Instantaneous
I'll show you how to sway the minds of others—how to always appear at your best—how to dominate all situations through the sheer force of your personality.

You can't expect life to bring you success when your entire attitude invites failure! You can't expect to rise to glorious heights of achievement when you are shackled by fear and worry and self-consciousness!

The moment you read my secrets of personal magnetism you can apply them. Instantly the fetters that have held you down are struck off. You are FREE. You will laugh at obstacles that once seemed insurmountable—you will toss aside timidity and awkwardness—you will feel your powers doubled, trebled!

My methods of personal magnetism should enable you to achieve your fondest ambitions. They will give you individuality, show you how to acquire a vibrant, charming voice, a fascinating manner. With the power of personal magnetism at your command, you will be enabled to go through life supremely happy—reaping the glowing rewards which a magnetic personality—and only a magnetic personality can give you.

Personal magnetism is not limited to a fortunate few—it is Nature's gift to every man and woman! You need only release the full sweep of your magnetic possibilities to become the dynamic, forceful, fascinating person you were intended to be.

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My secrets of personal magnetism have been put into a beautiful extra large size volume under the title of "Instantaneous Personal Magnetism."


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press sheet is prepared on each picture to aid the exhibitor with his local advertising campaign. One of the items about the players appearing in the cast, interesting publicity angles on the picture and a proof of the various scene cuts and cuts available to the exhibitor at his local exchange.

In the midst of all my duties, Sally Phipps and Nick Stuart arrived in New York to make exterior shots for The News Parade. Sally was accompanied by a Fifth Avenue photographer. "Would I escort her?" Before the boss could change his mind, I was out of the office and on my way to the Park Central Hotel where the little lady was registered. A telephone call to her suite brought forth the thrilling information that she had been expecting me and would be down in ten minutes. "Would I mind waiting?" Ten minutes extended into twenty but it seemed like an eternity, a rather exciting movie fan suddenly waded into the magic land peopled by movie actors and actresses.

The air was tense and charged with electricity. I was going to meet a movie star. Better than that, I was to escort her around New York in my car! Around six p.m. suddenly, from the elevator stepped the most beautiful girl I had ever seen. Perfect features topped by bronze colored hair; a face that seemed illuminated by those big brown eyes and garnished with two cherry red lips that parted in a dazzling smile.

With a look of recognition mixed with a mute display of unconscious admiration, I stepped into the car to greet her with a rather pleasant experience of standing in the rain in New York from which I had just come, and had not yet left. "Howdy do, I'm Sally Phipps," as if I had to be told! Maybe it was the tone of her voice, cheerful and friendly, or maybe it was the way she smiled but, in any event, I soon found myself perfectly at ease and being introduced to a youthful, remarkably good looking lady who I was promised to learn was Sally's mother. She had intended to fade out of the picture but we both insisted that she come along and how glad I am that she did, for she is the liveliest and most pleasant kind of company.

So, together we taxied to the photog- rapher where Sally posed for at least fifty "shots" at the direction of a cameraman enthused by her youthful beauty. That ordeal over, we bundled into another taxi and drove to the Algonquin for lunch. My previous visit to that famous place had been for the purpose of spotting celebrities; now I was lunches with one, and what a difference it made! All heads were turned over our way, admiring glances greeted Sally's every gesture, and the meal ended in a triumphant march through the crowded dining-room back to the spacious lobby. This was only the beginning of a series of luncheons, dinners and after-dinner en- gagements which took us to the principal dining-out places of New York.

In between times, I managed to go with Nick Stuart to see Four Sons and on a tour of inspection of the magnificent Roxy Theatre (which thrilled that enthusiastic young man more than anything else) for which he reciprocated by including me in a small theatre party that his Irvine & Son lent me in honor of Marilyn Miller. Needless to say, the show was Rosalie, featuring the bewitchingly blonde Miss Miller.

Meanwhile, Margaret Mann, known as the "69-year-old Cinderella," by reason of her wonderful performance as Mother Bernice in Four Sons, had arrived in town to start a series of very interesting con- versations with this remarkable actress and her voice is soft and low (of a lullaby softness) with a delicious Scottish burr that is music to the ears. The night before Margaret Mann left to return to Hollywood we decided to attend a performance of Mother Machree in which she had just attracted the attention of John Ford, the director. As it came close to the scene in which she had appeared Margaret Mann clutched her program tightly and gazed intently at the screen but in vain, for the performance which had led to a starring role had been cut out when the film was edited!

While managing my little movie "shooting gallery" out in Paoli, a suburb of Phila- delphia, I had often admired Estelle Tay- lor, the brilliant screen actress. With Sally you can imagine the thrill I experienced on having lunch with her in her sumptuous hotel suite, in pursuit of a story!

Then I met Janet Gaynor, that delectable little morsel who shot up from the first ray of Sunrise and repeated in 7th Heaven and Street Angel. In between, I had caught fleeting glimpses of Mary Astor, Joan Collyer, Greta Garbo and Francis X. Bushman, Jr. when they dropped in for a hurried visit; I had breakfasted with Francis X. Bushman, pere but let us get back to Miss Gaynor, for she's my favorite topic of conversation.

First of all, she is very much as she appears in pictures only more vivd, con- fident and finished. I was surprised to note that her hair is reddish gold and that she is very slender. When I happened to mention the latter fact she explained that she was pinched in Sunrise. And most film stars do tend to reduce! Our place of meeting was the extremely large and luxuriously furnished studio of Emil Fuchs, the noted sculptor and artist, where a tea was in progress for the purpose of introducing Miss Gaynor to the New York society and, more important, the New York press and fan magazines. I was very proud to learn that Janet Gaynor was born close to where I grew up in Philadelphia and that she still retained a deep affection for that city even though she moved to Chicago at the age of eight years. Her attractive mother was very cordial and told me of the struggles which Janet had in gaining recognition in a field where wistful charm and native ability is usually over- looked because it is so often lost in the blatant crowd of mere beauty that so eagerly storms the gate of an indifferent Hollywood. Janet Gaynor is a paradox, she is not beautiful, she is not the embodiment of all beauty. Certainly she has imagination and intelligence that would have brought her success in any walk of life she saw fit to adopt. She's a credit to Phila- delphia, and to the movies!

My duties as a publicity man are many and varied.

whirl, unable to get a clear shot. In the world, I'm glad to be a press agent and glad I am to be with a company that is progressing by leaps and bounds. "That's gold in them there hills," and I mean to get my share. Wish me luck, won't you?
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S C R E E N L A N D

Joan Crawford Now—Continued from page 37

ground was an unhappy childhood in Kansas. A rebellion against the daily procession of domestic drudgery. A running away from home. Arrival in Chicago and, after search, an opportunity for the practical use of her instinctively dancing feet. Finally crashing Broadway and eventually Harry Richman's dancing and singing partner, appearing at last night-club fame the journal of Harry Rapf to New York, looking for New Faces. The contest, the tests, and the triumph of Joan.

She arrived under a bombardment of publicity as the dancer from New York. She was eighteen, and too bewildered to be cognizant of what was opening up before her. It was just another job and a new locale. She only hoped it would be fun. Joan was immediately taken up by the night club faction. It was the element to which she had been accustomed and she was at home. They adored her. She was a beautiful, dizzy kid—alas flapper—ready for retort—lazily had been called and awfully cute. And how she could dance! Everywhere there was a orchestra and coloured lights and poppy cox, you would find Joan, and she couldn't miss her. She was the life of every party. She craved excitement and when she couldn't find it, she made it.

Joan—in gorgeous, slightly exclamatory clothes, she shoulder laden with orchids. Joan—the perpetual nucleus of a swarm of dinner-jackets. Joan—being snatched from one cut-in partner to another during a dance. Joan—alone in the centre of the floor under coloured spotlights, dancing. Her long gold-splashing round her flushed checks, her revealing sequin dress glittering as she swamped and swayed. People leaving their tables and crowding round the dark edge of the floor, clapping their hands and swaying hypnotically to her rhythm. A final blue crash from the orchestra, yells and cheers from the audience. Joan running back to her table—Hey! Hey! Now where do we go?

She lived in a little apartment. It was full of tricky furniture and jazzy cushions and dancing-gleams. She was quite perfectly at home with herself, looking for a thrill. She spent her salary as soon as she got the envelope, sometimes before. On nothing in particular, but it always was somehow ritzy.

Naturally, she was the delight of the scandal-strata. The local bridge-tee coterie, wives of the industry—and the jealous damsels whom Joan outshone. Her name, here, was a rich morse. That bracelet, that wrap, that corsage—we heard that S-and-o—when he is out now, it must be some one tle.

Joan was bound to hear of, course, in the close confines of our incompletely disguised Gopher Prairie. Her friends, too, came to her home, indignantly to protest that she should be so grossly misunder-

stood. They begged her to defend herself.

"Let them talk," Joan replied indifferently, "she would worry if they get a pain in their jaws."

A few friends suggested that since she had the name, she might as well have more of the game. But Joan was prematurely bitted. She didn't.

"I'll be damned if I'll go to that much bother just to keep them from being heirs."

So she played on. She didn't know that she was happy forty hours of the morning, when the last night-club had closed, she would come home and cry among the gauzy pillows on her bed.

In a hazy way she realized it was partly loneliness. And something else, some subconscious yearning for peace. But she thought it was because she was tired. Hadn't she seen every girl would give their eyes teeth for? Well?

The first jar to her consciousness came with the death of Jerry Chrysler. Jerry of the river and the red dust road. A gentle, clean-faced younger of twenty, who worshipped the sparkling Joan. He danced like a collegiate Pan among the peripatetic and puissant. Everywhere they were given the floor, won contests, were begged for specialty dances. They were so young and graceful and gay. Joan adored Jerry. Not romantically but with deep, warm affection. And she was grateful for the idyllic quality of their friendship. Only once did he kiss her—she had won a cup at Montmartre and shyly kissed her goodnight.

With appalling suddenness, Jerry developed rapid consumption. Joan visited him daily. She laughed and kidded, acting with the effort of one with a false and wondrously false gale that devoured her, adoring her. The interval was short and in a few weeks, on a late afternoon, Joan took his head in her arms and kissed him good-by, just before he lapsed into the coma which drifted into death night by night.

Broken and stunned by this tragedy, she knew that for a long while she was in some sort of hysteric, a sort of waking nightmare, for a shattering weeks, the main thing was not to think. Not to have time to. She was working, but that was just an auto-

matic routine, and the dangerous and terrible Books, music, a few real friends about her—these were unknown quantities to Joan. She had no resource but to plunge again into the framework of excitement, the only way she knew of staying off melancholy.

She reigned, as before. Just the same—only her last winter was a little bit bitter, her vivacity desperately intense, her bitterness on the increase. There were hectic in-

flations, stormy romances, broken ends. She seemed a little hard to the flocks, but had not, with concealed contempt for the applauding people—with hatred for them, for all people, for everything. Being conscious, she was realizing proportionately her intrinsic unhappiness. And realizing that she was fed up, bored to death.

Gradually her work began to absorb more of her thought. It had been like going to school. She rushed to get to the studio on time, put on a make-up, waited on the set for the director to call her, then faced the camera and did her tricks. A while, before she herself knew it was there, the directors began to sense the somber, intense power behind the am-

plificany of this hey-hey girl. Uncon-

sciously, her emotions followed a role accurately. Automatically, she learned tech-

nique. The rough edges were smoothed off. The importance of her roles gathered momentum. She became a featured player, with a reputation for deep dramatic instinct.

Here, then, was something she could do. Some way to expel the mind of unhappy, tangled emotions she had kept bottled up so long. At first, the relief of that was paramount. Afterwards, there was the period of awakening self-consciousness of expressing that flood of emotion. Doing it with an intelligent understanding.

With the improvement of her work, the
You must have spent years on shorthand

"No; I learned it in 6 weeks!"

Her employer laughed aloud. "Six weeks? You're joking, Miss Baker. No one could learn shorthand in six weeks."

"But I swear it, Mr. Chapman. When I came here to work for you, I had only studied shorthand for six weeks."

The president of the large corporation hesitated; the girl was evidently sincere; she expected him to believe her. "But six weeks? You're fooling, of course, Miss Baker. You have been with us not more than a month and you are by far the most competent secretary I have ever had. Surely you don't expect me to believe that you gained your present speed and accuracy in only six weeks." Why—a great many young ladies who have been here with us had studied shorthand for ten months or a year or more and still they made a great many errors.

That wasn't their fault, Mr. Chapman. That was the fault of the system they were taught. Old-fashioned shorthand requires months of hard study and practice and even then, when it is mastered, it is difficult to read. But Speedwriting is very easy."

"Speedwriting?"

"Yes. Haven't you ever seen my notes? You can almost read them yourself. See?"

The big business man took his secretary's notebook.

"Why, this is remarkable, Miss Baker. It's in simple A. B. C."

"Yes, surely. That's the secret. That's how I learned it in so short a time. Anyone can learn Speedwriting. There are only a few easy rules. There are no books or curves; every character you use is a letter you already know—once that your hand needs no special training to make."

"And it's called speedwriting?" Mr. Chapman was more interested.

"Yes. Isn't it simple? Can't you read that? See—here is the first letter you ever dictated to me. Those notes are a month old, but I can read every word of them. That is another advantage Speedwriting has over all other systems—notes never get cold. And my notes are just as plain to another Speedwriter as your handwriting is to one of the salesmen."

"Well, that's the most remarkable thing I ever heard of. I could use that myself at board meetings and at dinner parties... You can write it rapidly too!"

"You have never dictated too fast for me yet, and I haven't had to retypew a single letter since I've been here. One boy I know who studied Speedwriting in his own home, took court test exams at the rate of 106 words a minute after only 15 hours of study."

"Miss Baker, where can I get some literature on Speedwriting? I am very greatly interested. I really believe I'll take it up myself."

"I answered an advertisement in a magazine and Miss Dearborn sent me a booklet. I'm sure she will send you one if you want it."

"I certainly do. Will you take care of it for me?"

"Yes, sir."

Two months later every stenographer in Mr. Chapman's organization was a Speedwriter!

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Gilda is one of the frankest and most refreshing girls I know. She has a good, hearty hand-shake. If she likes you, fine. If she doesn't, you know it; and the only thing for you to do is to cut her off at the knees. She could have stayed out in Hollywood. But all her offers emphasized her dancing. That's why she turned them down.

"I don't want to be thought of as only a dancer," she says. "I want to act! This English picture will be synchronized. I will have a chance to sing and act—and to dance, too. So it answers two of my needs and I am very happy about it."

I'm glad all the girls are so happy, aren't you? Gilda's last picture was The Devil and You and she made a long tour of the country in personal appearances. Yes, little Marcella Michalska who was born on a little farm in Poland, who came to this country last year up in the middle west, who sang and hoofed in cafés and night-clubs and finally graduated to the Follies and the films—has come a long, long way. Gilda, Gray, the Golden Girl. And I won't be surprised to hear that she has made that roast beef of old England sit up and beg.

Jack Pickford, who in spite of his real ability and shiny black hair has never seemed to be able to live down the title of 'Mary's brother,' came to town to try out for a lynching scene in the stage play. He also said he was going to keep an eye open for a screen story which would be suitable for him and sister Mary to do together. Brother—she's a tall, long lad. Jack is the apple of Mary Fairbanks' eye, you know, the adored 'kid brother.' As soon as his plane landed in the east—oh, yes, Jack would travel by air express; he's a modern and cosmopolitan young man—he rushed to a telephone to call up Marilyn Miller. These two were wed in 1922 and divorced last year. "We're not married, thinking of marrying again," said Jack. "We're just good friends. So that's that."

Fay Wray is the heroine of The Wedding March. She has made a long time a picture star, but it is a vit Stroehlein picture so of course it hasn't been released yet. Fay got impatient and decided to stage another little wedding march, this time on her own. That is, with the assistance of John Monk Saunders, brilliant young author of Wings and Legion of the Condemned. He and Fay met while he was superintending and she was heroing-in in The Legion. All the time that Gary Cooper was making love to Fay before the camera, she was thinking of the young man in the cameras— lines talking to the director—and watching her. The real love story of that picture was the Saunders-Wray romance.

They were engaged seven months, vigorously denying all the time—that's the way they do these things in Hollywood. They weren't going to be married for a long time—oh, no. Why, Gary called east to do exteriors on The First Kiss in Maryland. And John had to go to Washington to consult with aviation experts on Dirigible, a new story. And so—oh, lovely summer's day in Maryland, on the shore of Chesapeake Bay, Fay Wray and John Saunders became Mr. and Mrs. Saunders. It wasn't a wedding a la Hollywood. In fact, no one would ever have suspected that the quiet, shy, pretty little bride was a famous movie star; or the correct, good-looking groom a successful screen writer; or the best man the latest sensation in movie lovers, Gary Cooper. Fay's mother was a witness. The church is an old stone building in an old village; and the minister is a splendid old gentleman who has been married perhaps a century. The wedding was in a small parlor room in a little white cottagy home. The bride would permit no photographs to be taken of the ceremony, though afterwards she was content to have her picture taken for the camera-men. As soon as The First Kiss location scenes were finished the Saunderses went to Washington; and then came back to New York and honeymooned in a great big suite at the Hotel Plaza, overlooking Central Park. And I want to tell you that Fay and her nice new husband are the kind of people you would like to know. Fay is little and slim and very graceful, with a soft, low, sweet voice. Her adoring husband—you should see the way he looks at her—is a larger than life figure, and if he is company present—is handsome enough to be a movie actor; but as a rapidly rising young author he makes a bigger salary than any leading men and actresses, and that's enough to make love to anybody but his own wife. I asked him how he liked watching Fay's work with love in her eyes. "That's just acting," said Fay for him. "Gary and I are like brother and sister; he and John are great friends. Motion picture love-making doesn't mean much." Except to the audience, Fay!
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At about the age of 40 most men and women take on fat. Medical men know the reason. At that age the thyroid gland often loses its power. That gland largely controls nutrition. One of its functions is to turn food into fuel and energy. The food goes to fat when it weakens.

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Beau Sabreur
Abie's Irish Rose
Four Sons
The Gaucho
The Legion of the Condemned
Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come
Mother Machree
Quo Vadis
Speedy (Harold Lloyd Edition)
The Trail of Ninety-Eight
The White Sister
Cobra
The Clansman
(The Birth of a Nation)
The Fool
Manhandled
La Boheme
Main Street
Prisoner of Zenda

in pictures—even in Ne'll Guyn. And today she is prettier, and slimmer, and younger than I ever saw her. She said letters from sister Lillian were really interesting. You know Lillian is at the Austrian Castle of Max Reinhardt, working on a story in which she will be directed by the German genius of school. But Lillian can't speak German and Herr Reinhardt has no English; so it must be fun!

George K. Arthur sailed away from Europe and almost before I knew it I had a post card from him. I'll pass it on:

June Collyer came to New York thinking she was going to sail for Europe with the David Butler company to make shots for Chasing the News. But at the last minute the Fox company decided to keep June over here and send Butler and his technical stuff, with only Nick Stuart to hold up the acting end. Seems June made some Movietone tests on the coast and they turned out so swell that the company wants to use her in their sound films—in particular the projected special, Captain Lash, which John Ford will direct with June and Victor McLaglen featured, with dialogue. June was not at all disturbed at being told to stay at home. A European jaunt is an old story to her. Her father took her abroad every year with him when he went on combined pleasure-and-business trips. Besides, June wanted to spend as much time with her parents in Manhattan as possible. She is getting to be our best little trans-continental commuter. This devoted family can't bear to be separated for very long.

Rosa Reilly's Reviews
(Continued from page 51)
in some intolerable God of Vengeance. Love touches them in the spring of their lives for a few fleeting months, but is drowned in the aftermath of the ceaseless battle for food.

It is from people somewhat similar to these that Raymond Wells has woven his epic picture, Souls Aflame. It isn't a picture at all. It's a slice out of life, raw and bleeding. The primitive qualities that Wells has fused into this film—the passions, the ferocities, the hatreds, the intolerances—are comparable to some of the world's finest achievements in literature and music.

The story laid in the Ozark Mountains starts soon after the Civil War when the weary but dauntless 'Rebels' return home. Here we are introduced to the Lillys, and to their daughter who has been disgraced by a son of the Bucks. The ensuing feud between the Bucks and the Lillys causes a fight which embroils both clans and brings the picture to a close on a superb and striking climax.

This film proves that there is real art in the moving picture.

It's the best I have seen in 1928.

LADIES OF THE NIGHT
Lee Moran starred as a pathetic hoofer who doesn't get the girl!

In the film story Lee and Barbara Leonard have for years formed a small-time
vaudeville team. Roomed in the same cheap boarding houses. Cooked their surreptitious breakfasts over the same gas jet. Laughed in their triumphs and wept at their defeat.

In true vaudeville fashion, Lee has sheltered and protected Barbara for years. And then she falls in love with Ricardo Cortez, who plays a millionaire role.

Heartbreak for Lee through which he manages to laugh.

Barbara Leonhard looked particularly sweet and attractive in her night club scenes. Cortez makes all feminine hearts palpitate as usual. Clisy Fitzgerald as the night club owner brought a little cheer to Leo just when he needed it.

Of all the back-stage pictures which have recently flooded the picture market, this is one of the few that carries conviction.

Lee Moran had a difficult role to play and played it splendidly.

WILD WEST ROMANCE

Just as advertised! Wild, western and romantic!

Rex Bell, the handsome Saddle and Bridge of the Fox lot, going good angles with a bad-acting white collar lad—all for the love of the minister's gal.

There are two good reasons for not missing this one: (1) The younger who plays juvenile side-kick to Rex and helps against the gang; and (2) the blood-curdling fight on top of a fast-moving train.

Rex Bell is going to win your hearts. He's a fine-looking cowboy, with a wide, wistful smile.

ON TO RENO

A dog license costs two dollars. A marriage license one. For the sum of eight bits anybody can get married. But getting unmarried—particularly to lose a husband who doesn't want to be lost—that's a more difficult and more expensive matter. If you don't believe it, ask somebody who has tried it. Ask Marie Prevost, for instance. She's the star of this new movie, On to Reno. And it seems so.

It's a sort of companionate divorce yarn with a funny climax in a swimming pool where one husband loses his bathing trunks in a mine.

James Cruise is the director. And in addition to Marie Prevost, Colleen Landis, Ethel Wales and Ned Sparks do good comedy work.

All women collecting alimony will get a great laugh out of this film. But it won't ring so funny to the men who are paying it.

MADEMOISELLE FROM ARMENTIÈRES

Now first, before you go to see this film, get some good elderly friend of the family to take you out behind the garage and complete your education by singing a few of the unexpurgated verses of the famous war song, "Mademoiselle From Armentières" to you. Then you'll enjoy the picture much, much better.

It's a good film. A sort of British Big Parade. But, doggone it, they've made the heroine who, according to every soldier in the A. E. F., was a red hot mama, a sort of lady who drinks nothing but beer and who considers a kiss as good as an engagement ring. Shades of Lorelei Lee!

PROWERS OF THE SEA

Besides being full of good Bacardi Rum, it seems our little neighbor, Cuba, is just crammed with great big revolutions. Carmel Myers with her large, dazzling orbs and keen luxurious figure is supposed to be in the thick of it. And here Ricardo Cortez plays from his line of duty long enough to let the comic opera revolutionists slip through a couple of kegs of arms. She falls in love with him and remains with him and in the process of this amorous scene, Cortez forgets duty and is arrested. To save him Carmen offers herself to the general as a hostage. But he declares that kind of man at all, and sends Cortez and the girl away to be married, if you please.

Yes sir, brutal warfare is getting more humane all the time. If you don't believe it, the platonic general in this picture will prove it to you.

THE LOVES OF JEANNE NEY

On that hot fringe of the world's globe where the sun of the West tries to disguise itself in the color of the East, down Constantinople way a little girl named Jeannie Ney learned what love was. It was a sickening spot to learn anything—surrounded by all the horrors following the Russian Revolution. Night was not the time of darkness and rest but an interval of lurid lunacy which often had a chance to drown their terrors in wine, in dancing, in indulgences.

Little Jeannie didn't mind these things. Didn't seem to care even, until her degenerate uncle forced her to leave her home in the middle of the night. And there in the Crimean blackness, enveloped by everything that would drive a woman to ditch—or worse—Jeanne experiences her first hour of love.

Inevitably a parting with the lover comes. And here an exquisite scene takes place. In the rain, outside of a deserted graveyard, among hundreds of multi-countried people all fleeing this plague spot of the world, the girl tells her sweetheart farewell. Real passion and reality.

If you have ever had hundreds of miles between yourself and the person you love, this picture will touch you to the heart.

All in all, the names are familiar to you. But Edith Jorpes plays the role of the girl and Uno Henning, the lover. Both are magnificent. Other actors who did unexcelled work are Margaret Hamilton, whom you know, Fritz Rasp and A. E. Liche.

GRIP OF THE YUKON

Francis the Virile, Francis the Perennial, strides into the picture once again. Yes, it's the same Francis who used to delight us fifteen years ago—Francis X. Bushman. And the strange part about it is that he is just as appealing today as he was two decades ago. And should should have the same slim waist and hips, same compelling eyes. When Bushman staged his come-back in Ben Hur, he came back to stay.

Bushman's latest picture, The Grip of the Yukon, is built up on the old triangle theme. Bushman and Neil Hamilton both love June Marlowe whose father they have accidentally killed in the Yukon. When the two come to a blows to hunt her father not knowing of his death, the two men responsible for it are placed in a terrible position.

Of course, June falls for Neil, the young and handsome. And Bushman plods off into the snowy dark leaving his happiness behind.

So far as I am concerned, the wrong man got the girl.
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S C R E E N L A N D
Location Trips—Continued from page 29

lips were drawn back and his long yellow teeth looked inquisitive. Suddenly he stood up and waved wide arms as though he had decided to wrestle. There was nothing else for Eddie to do but stand there and hope that things weren't as bad as they looked.

Bud White, John's partner in the business, threw him some grapes of which John is less fond. John had some other thing else planned out for he kept walking closer to Eddie. Bud White is a man of action when John disregards the lure of grapes and in a flash he was up the trail. From behind he slipped a halter around John's neck and soon had him in order. He may not have been dangerous but there is no sense in taking a chance with a bear, Bud thinks.

Three property men put up a 'location shade' consisting of two wooden standards at the top of which was screwed a wooden screen, a yard or picket fence. This was placed over the camera. Another was put over the second camera, to moderate the glare of the sun. Across the way another boulder Lucian Littlefield ran far and forth from the edge, giving me the creeps every time he tried it, because if his foot had slipped on that particular ledge he would have plunged thirty feet into a bed of rocks.

"All over on the next set," said Al Green, and there was general bustle and excitement of cameras, sound platforms, cameras, reflectors and what not, down from that boulder across the tiny gulley and up on another set of boulders. Al Green had apparently looked all the boulders over, and told me not wanting any of them to feel slighted, was preparing to use each one in turn.

"Hey, Eddie," called Al Green from his perch on the opposite peak one hundred yards across. "Want to see Loosh do his stuff?" 'Loosh' being Lucian Littlefield.

"We're just going to watch him now," called Eddie, and picking ourselves up we walked to the edge of our boulder. They were rigging Mr. Littlefield with piano wire and a belt and heaven knows what so that if he fell they could pull him back. Piano wire isn't a good bet, though, because if it kinks it breaks like darning cotton, so I was told. It doesn't take much to kink a long wire so I was glad it wasn't me that was tied to the end of it.

Mr. Littlefield was to run to the edge of the rock, give one horrified look behind him, supposedly at the oncoming bear, and plunge into space. Some six feet below he struck a rock on a forty-five degree angle and slid to the bottom, where there was a large rock which he couldn't avoid. It large rock made a sharp angle at the top which didn't look so comfortable to me.

Mr. Littlefield took the plunge, slid to the bottom and sprawled with some force over the rocks. "Are you hurt, Loosh?" called Eddie who had been terribly concerned throughout the proceeding.

"No, I'm ok,eh," said Loosh. But he limped some.

"Why don't they use acrobats on a job like that?" I demanded, aroused in my turn.

"Those cameras are seventy-five feet away. No one in a thousand years could tell whether it was Lucian Littlefield or Sam Brown.

"Bliss if I know," said Eddie thoughtfully. "Al Green is the kindest fellow alive, though. He'd be the last person to ask an actor to take a chance unless there was a good reason for it. He probably didn't think there was once he explained it. The bottom is what makes it dangerous."

The shot had to be taken again. Several prop boys were bringing the cushioned seats for the machine on a wagon over the rock. This was out of line with the camera—only the jump registered, which was supposed to be into space. The cushions didn't really belong to the dangerous rock. The personal opinion was that there were a worse menace than the rock. Apparently Mr. Littlefield shared my belief for he told the man to take them away.

"If I hit those springs I'd bounce into the air and probably land over there on Eddie's boulder," he said.

This picture business! Nothing daunts it. Move the rock! It was twelve feet long and two feet stuck above the ground. Goodness knows how it went. But nobody laughed, though on second thought they didn't even try to move the rock.

The shot was finally taken and this time it was oke.

Edmund Lowe and I talked with Bud White, owner of the bear, John Brown. You saw John Brown in the Gold Rush, remember? Bud raised him from a cub. He shot the mother and took both of her children. John's brother was a cranky bear and had to be shot. John was always good-natured and obliging. He never balked at working if his reward was plenty of raisins and honey.

A curious thing happened in Griffith Park not long ago. John walked along a trail in the wood and finally catch up with the hero who knew nothing of the animal's presence. Bud laid the trail with raisins and started John on his way. Suddenly the bear snuffed the air and plunged into the underbrush. Bud waited awhile and then followed him. About fifty feet away, in a little bend of the trail John was smelling him all over. Bud tried to put a collar on John but the bear reared on his hind legs and started to wrestle. Bud gave John enough of a job that in a few minutes John stopped wrestling and began sniffing the man on the ground who had not moved. Again Bud tried to collar John and again the bear began to wrestle. He seemed perfectly good-natured but Bud knew something queer had happened and that the slightest thing might turn John into a savage.

In the meantime the company had grown impatient and started out to see what had happened. When they found Bud and John engaged in a wrestling match which appeared to be a perfectly friendly one they were hopping mad. Bud explained as quietly as he could and of the prop men who was a rasper laugood. Bud was then able to get his collar on.

It was found that the man on the ground was dead. He had hung himself. A bit of rope was still around his neck and his body was not yet cold. How he had fallen to the ground was never discovered unless the bear had chewed the rope, which was possible. John had said it was a job that to picture at one time in his career.

But says that John is the famous member of the partnership. No one ever remembers his name. "Is this John Brown?" a casting director or assistant asks, "No,"
says Bud. "But John doesn't hear so well over the telephone so I'll take the message." By that time the set was ready. A scaffold had been put on the highest rock with a rope, a man at the bottom stood on the lower rock and swung off, then worked himself up the rope hand over hand to get out of reach of the bear. From the rope and the boys were famished for a drink so Eddie sent to Chatsworth for refreshments. They was amusing to see them tie three bottles of root beer, root beer, too—to the rope and watch it scale the heights to the men waiting up.

When the climbing scene had been taken to everyone's satisfaction we were moved up to the clearing again. It had been some job to get up and it was worse to get down. I was for taking a jump but the men were afraid I'd break everything. It took three of them to get me down.

The next scene was with Eddie and the bear. Eddie was put on a narrow ledge near the fence and the bear on top of the rock a few feet high on his right, a sharp declivity on his left, and the bear blocking his path in the rear. They were supposed to dig a pit which duggers raising out of the rock while Eddie signalled frankly to Lucian Littlefield on the rock far above to pull him up. The nearer the bear got the more satisfaction we were moving up. If he touched him with his funny cold nose it would be better still. With Mr. Lowe's permission then, some honey was poured on his paws. Of course the bear wasn't wild, but with a wild animal you can never tell when he will turn native, particularly when he noises want the thought in his mind. Mr. Lowe too, for he said, "When John licks the honey off my pants, suppose he gets interested to find out what's under the cloth of his trousers!"

"Your next move, boy, is a long jump into that open space ahead of you," said Bud.

That didn't seem so good, either. I didn't think I'd like to be standing on a ledge not a foot wide, with a gorg in front of me, a sheer wall of rock above and a bear churning and romping. But Eddie stuck it out and his reward of courage was that the bear had difficulty getting a risin out of the rock just as he was about to step on the scene pacing at it. Which was a great hit.

The scaffolding holding the camera had to be taken down and put up again for a closeup and the light wouldn't hold for that so we called it a day. I suppose on a day's location the property boys do as much carpentry as it requires to build a mountain cabin.

The very next evening Estelle Taylor telephoned from Long Beach to say that they had a car for me that afternoon. The plan was for me to spend the night at her hotel and at seven the next morning to start with her for the location which was a smelly old boat anchored nine miles off San Pedro harbor.

Well, I don't care whose Rolls Royce I ride in so I packed my bag and waited. We were going to be late but the car showed up eleven and I tumbled into bed. As we breakfasted before the dining-room was open Estelle had to have a special waiter to serve Mr. Lowe and she brought me some orange juice, toast and coffee. Estelle met me downstairs in the car looking like a Spanish gypsy for beauty and color. She was supposed to be an adventurer who gets on this tramp schooner, no one knows how or why. But being a business-
bare feet in the water. There was a swish and a swirl and a Hammerhead shark had one of them by the legs and in two nips there was nothing to show the existence of a man but a reduced water. It was all over before the others realized what had happened. Captain Singleton told me he saw this with his own eyes, so you can take whichever side you want to.

While she was dressing for her next scene Estelle showed me some telegrams from Jack Dempsey, whom I suppose every one by now knows is her husband. The wires were barometrical charts of the weather as he crossed the continent. Each one ended with some allusion to work. "It's getting pretty warm. Love, Jack," said the first. The next read, "The heat is something awful." The third, "Pretty hot," and the last, "It's so hot I can't move."

Estelle's work in this picture, The SINGAPORE Mutiny, will soon be over and then she boards the coffee ship of the U.S. Grant. We had breakfast and were then assigned to our rooms where we lazed around until time for lunch.

In the afternoon I went out to the location. One thing struck me as being remarkable in beauty and that was the face of the lady, the barracks of the buildings—nearly a mile long. To stand at one end and look down the endless corridor was quite a breathing-skip moment. The four studio trucks and camera cars were there and unloading their stuff. In half an hour camera platforms were erected and actors and actresses commenced. Director Frank Strayer organized his men and Linton Wells, the author who was also a marine and assisted in the technical work, hustled the scene around. And the procession went over the lot. The marine band was lined up and a division of soldiers marched across a bit.

Some very young girls were sitting near and when Richard Dix's car appeared and Richard himself climbed out of it one of them almost fell off her perch. "There he is!" she squealed, "Hold me, somebody! Look at that chin—determined," she added romantically.

T. Corrigan, the genial dramatist, who has, like thousands of others been roped into the movies, was there to lend his wit to any situation that might arise. Mr. Corrigan's bag is full of yarns in the form of two original stories for Bebe Daniels, The Campus Girl and Swim, Girl, Swim, and he did the adaptations.

On our way out to the location Richard told us how thrilled she was to be in pictures. She is an intensely alive young person who seems to find happiness in almost every experience that comes her way, great or small.
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SHOOTING A DAM PICTURE

(Continued from page 39)

Great: this sure was a break! Pev Mar-
ley to shoot the picture; and I, as assistant
on Pev Marley’s camera staff, get to go up
to the dam! We noticed Pev walking on the
lot and wayfarer, with his camera. He had
just returned from an inspection
trip at the dam. He informed us that the
dam was not ready, highly promising that
on one side of the dam there was a little pool
of water that is only one hundred and twenty
feet deep. To make things more interesting
he had added that he did not believe the
pool was in any particular, that the top of
the dam was only ten feet wide and most of
this space is occupied by materials which
are being in the dam and for us to be
very careful and not trip over the wires that
are sticking up in the concrete. If you
should trip it is only four hundred feet to
the bottom and you won’t have to call for
your insurance. As we were to leave for
location at San Fernando Valley at 7:30 A. M.
the next morning, we decided to get plenty
of ‘sh-Tape’ that night, the distance was
over forty miles from the studio.

As the title writers put it, ‘Then came
the Rain and the Sun, Then came the
Rain’... The assistant cameraman Roy Noble, cameraman Kimball, and
myself arrived at the studio early and
loaded our cameras and camera equipment
into a two-car freight. It had been assigned
to the Camera Department as the equipment
filled the two cars, we rode with the rest
of the staff in the cars assigned to them.
A regular parade of cars and trucks
left the studio at this early hour.
We were off for location!

On the way out we talked over the plot of
the picture. One of the fellows had a
script, and the picture was to be far different
from the usual run of Hollywood pictures that
concern dams. There was not going to be a
bursting dam. I had previously visualized a
miniature dam breaking and by trick
photography showing the waters flooding
the town. Now the hero rushes through the
valley, in a bater-

Bill Boyd and Alan Hale.

The story:—Bill noticing Alan in a
light with three gangsters, on top of
the dam, goes to his aid and the two of them
polish off the gangsters in no time flat,
but real brotherly and confidential toward Bill
and tells him that the fight was over ‘s
blonde’. Bill remarks to Alan that his ‘teckneck’ is awful and
spoil any Jake. They shake hands
and agree to share their telephone numbers—
1-4, the girls’ phone numbers. While
the boys believed themselves ‘the lady killers’
and plenty smart, the girls with a few sweet words of flattery were giving them a good tip. At a dance. Bill and Alan meet Jackie Logan, who is their image of sweetness and innocence. Actually, she was the girl they paid to make the boys look silly, both fall for her and become bitter rivals for her attentions. You know, the 'We'll settle this in the alley' type of hate. At this one, Bill, risking his own neck, goes to Alan and rescues him. Alan thought that Bill would take this opportunity to bump him off and he would tell Alan that when Bill blissed over our anxiety and to impress others with our courage. On one side of the tramway is a flight of stairs. They go up, up, and still up. Of course we could walk up these steps, but how about our cameras and the five hundred pounds of camera equipment? One of our truck drivers walked up the flight of stairs for curiosity's sake and complained of sore leg muscles for a week.

The directors and the actors began to arrive. While the work on the dam was temporarily suspended, the studio hired extras to act as workmen. They also hired some of the regular employees who had worked for the construction company. The studio got a splendid break, in that actual construction at the dam was at a standstill, while we were there. We were able to use all of the holes in the dam, in fact any thing, at our own wish. This we could never have done if construction had been going on.

After they started building the dam again, I returned with another cameraman and we obtained all of the construction atmosphere shots necessary. All of our film work was done under the supervision of Mr. Frank Livingston, superintendent of the dam. In appreciation of his splendid cooperation we gave him a leather-covered but on which was autographed the name of the principal actors, the director, and the rest of the staff.

Mr. Higgin, our director, after surveying the situation and, I imagine, feeling the same way we did toward the height, decided that we should work from the bottom up. So we shot every conceivable angle and imagined a few more, showing how the workman rode up and down the tramway—Bill and Alan, of course, acting their prescribed roles. They are constantly in an argument, which is over angles or scenes left, we had to get into the cars with cameras and everything and ride to the top. Man, that's a ride. Talk about glee! The tramway of the dam, the six miles of Ocean Park coaster rides, they're piker compared to what they build out here. This ride only proved to be a little introduction to what was in store.

By the time everyone and all of the equipment had reached the top it was twelve o'clock, so we quit for lunch. The proprietor of the little depot issued the old fashioned box lunches and a couple of sandwiches. The only shade in sight was the interior of the building where they store concrete, so all of us retired there. As one of the boys said later, 'Two more lunches here and I won't need that new porcelain filling I was going to get in my tooth.' I got a good concrete foundation starting then.

After lunch and a rest and feeling more venturesome, we returned to the job of making pictures. Of course my cameraman and myself drew the hard camera set-up. The tramway is a kind of a long, black snake, running up the side of the mountain, a tramway on which run two cars. One balances the other. These steel cars are used to haul sand and rock up the mountain to the concrete mixer. The workmen also use these cars to ride to and from work. The cars are pulled almost straight up the mountain side by a single cable and there are no safeties on the cars should one of the cables snap. At the bottom of the tramway is a loading pit, back of which is a great stone wall. One naturally visualized a cable breaking, the cars running down the mountain side, and smashing into the stone wall. This idea was a splendid stimulant for the nerves!

All of us viewed the tramway with suspicion and made the usual bright cracks, to Bill that when Bill blissed over our anxiety and to impress others with our courage. On one side of the tramway is a flight of stairs. They go up, up, and still up. Of course we could walk up these steps, but how about our cameras and the five hundred pounds of camera equipment? One of our truck drivers walked up the flight of stairs for curiosity's sake and complained of sore leg muscles for a week.

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State:
The dam was awe-inspiring. Men, who looked minute, walked along the edges at the top. Some were dangling over the side from ropes attached to bos’n chains and they were cleaning the side of the dam.

The dam has a most peculiar shape. It is ten feet thick at the top and one hundred and twenty feet thick at the base. Its wall is curved and also V-shaped to fit into the valley. You get a big kick when you look over the side of the dam from the top. You wonder how they ever designed and executed such a fantastic thing. There are horizontal, concrete-form markings about three feet apart on the wall. Rising from the bottom of the dam and towering two hundred feet above it, its height of over six hundred feet, is the steel-latticed concrete hoist. From the top of the hoist, concrete sluices project down to the dam at various angles. Behind the dam, are the rugged mountain ranges and at their bases is the lake formed by the dam. The entire ensemble was like a modernistic painting by some Russian artist. To picture everything thoroughly, I would need be a writer of vacation pamphlets for some railroad company or California real-estate salesman. As high as the dam and tower appeared it was hard to believe that they were higher than many skyscrapers and only a few feet lower than the Woolworth Building.

After securing the necessary shots from these positions, we climbed the trail to the top of the dam. Climbing a steep trail with an eighty-five pound camera on your shoulder is no easy task. Everyone pitched in and helped carry reflectors and camera accessories to the top. From the top, looking down the valley, you can see for miles a semi-desert country with orange groves, cactus, and yucca in profusion.

Stretched between the two mountains is a heavy galvanized wire cable. On that cable is a basket-like conveyor, known as a skip. This skip hardly clears the concrete hoist tower. It is operated by hand signals by a man in the control shed on the side of the mountain. In order to go from one end of the dam to the other, due to its construction it is necessary that you skirt the skip walk or over. But when you walk over, it is necessary that you climb down the side of the dam for a distance of fifty feet, climb along the top of the dam, four feet and then climb back to your original height. You climb down on narrow concrete forms and should you miss your footing, you will fall four hundred feet. Of course it is impossible to carry any equipment over this way. Several of us, after growing accustomed to the height, and not being able to use the skip when we desired it, went back and forth in that manner. The workmen building the dam think nothing of walking over the concrete forms that are only four inches wide.

It is strange how one grows accustomed to the height. In a few days most of us would climb anywhere and after the fourteen days that I spent up there, there were few places that I wouldn’t go or didn’t in order to obtain shots.

As our fight sequence was staged on the far side of the dam, it was necessary that all of us ride over in the skip. In order to clear everything the skip must be raised as high as it will go (about thirty). The skip swings like a basket from a captive balloon. You get a swell view of the dam from the skip, but who is interested in that.

For the nervous man there was always the disconcerting squeak-squeak, squeak-squeak of the pulley wheels. The fellows who took part of the gangsters, strange to say, were the ones who were
Ask Me—Continued from page 6

black hair, brown eyes and is 6 feet tall and not married. I think if you address him at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal., he will send you a picture.

L. C. of Woodbridge, N. J. You take the movies, Letter, and as far as I’m concerned I do not care where you take ’em. I’d love them most any place. Way Down East was produced in 1920 with Lilian Gish, Richard Barthelmess and Lowell Sherman playing the principal roles. You will find the ages of Lillian Gish and Mary Pickford elsewhere in this department.

Miss Saucy of San Francisco. You can’t fool me with your ‘sassy’ chatter or did you? Of course I know you—I never forget a face for don’t I deal in faces. ages, heights and weights from all points east and west, including Norway and Sweden? Carmel Myers and Alma Rubens were born in 1900. Alma is 5 feet 8 inches tall and weighs 126 pounds. She has brown hair and green eyes. Alma has black hair, dark brown eyes, is 5 feet 7 inches tall and weighs 124 pounds. She has brown hair and green eyes. Alma has black hair, dark brown eyes, is 5 feet 7 inches tall and weighs 130 pounds. Richard Arlen was born in Charlotteville, Va., in 1899. Gilbert Roland was born in Mexico in 1907. He has black hair and brown eyes.

Vera V. D. of Vanas. Have I dis-covered some long-lost relation that’s just pining away for a visit from me? Back to me! I mean something that’s not married. I’m sorry I haven’t the cast of the film you asked for but it’s been shelved so long ago. Here comes the new cowboy, Rex Bell, in Wild West Romance with Cary Lincoln. Sit up, girls, and keep your eyes open when this youngsters hits the trail.

Red from New York. Of course I’m a regular guy and who wouldn’t be to answer all these questions? Yes, I’m crazy about red hair and the movies and I’m known far and wide as an easy giggle—but I have my serious moments and I feel so coming up. Sid Taylor, Ethylene Clair and Sunny McKen are the ‘cut-ups’ in The New Kids. Who is my ideal screen lover? Believe it or not, the list is too long for publication. Greta Garbo is not married to John Gilbert, and as far as I know John is not engaged to Greta. Joan Crawford is playing with John Gilbert in The Wagon, and Garbo is doing Fox-Woess and Greta Garbo is seen in The Mysterious Lady with Conrad Nagel.

From Old Virginia. You’re very serious about Janet Gaynor, aren’t you? Why not write her a come-hither letter, state your

way up at the tower and then back to Mr. Higgin. “Yeh, you would suggest,” they both said in unison. Nevertheless, both of them went up and the shot was made.

Like a few other successful comedians, Bill and Alan are also capable in more dramatic roles. Perhaps you remember William Boyd in The Volga Boatman, and The Yankee Clipper, and Alan Hale in The Covered Wagon, The Four Horsemen, and Robin Hood. Times during lunch hours or periods of waiting, Bill and Alan would tell us their reminiscences of various pictures, actors, and locations. All of us would remember the Pocoma Dam and what we did there. Some will remember the height, the skip, the rides, the drop of seven hundred feet in concrete hoist house, the swinging of one on concrete slimes, and the mountain trails. Of course I will remember all of it, as I was out there five days longer than any of the other boys from the studio, but what will linger in mind, will be the remembrance of the dinner I had with the superintendents of the dam. At the construction camp, we had lots of everything to eat and it was served by Chinese cooks!

Should you chance to meet Pev Marley, the chief cinematographer of Power, ask him how high his answer will probably be. “Cranking a camera from a little platform, on the top of a concrete hoist tower, that is only four feet square with eight hundred feet below and from where you can easily look down and see the top of Pocoma Dam, four hundred feet below and on which the workmen look just so high,” and then have a sudden realization that there is four hundred feet again between them and terra firma. Different than an airplane, you are still in contact with the earth and consequently can see a depth of perspective, which has a strange effect on your senses. That is how high ‘up’ is. And Pev’s explanation is all right with me, and the rest of the boys.

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The Place of Lela L'Avaney in the History of Cosmetics

The beauty of the human form has long been the object of study and the arts which have developed from this study are manifold. Chief among them, however, is the art of cosmetics.

There is no primitive people known to history which has not employed dyes for purposes of adornment and religion. Smart Egyptian ladies stained their eyelids purple with cobalt and their hair and nails red with henna. Aristocratic Athenians perfumed the hair with essence of apples. The arms were rubbed with mint, the knees with winged ivy. Bacchus, an extract ofbacon, was put on the soles of the feet, and rhubarb on the nose. The face was powdered with white lead and the lips with alkanet.

The genius of the Moors invested the poisons and perfumes which they had discovered with the charm of witchery and the increasing perfections by means of distillation and of purifying facial treatments from the harmfulness of such ingredients as white lead.

The art of the Moors passed with the Crusaders through Europe. But it remained for the French to make a few more steps toward adornment to reach its highest attainment.

The story is told that, after the great Napoleon had married Josephine, the bride cost, and became First Consul of France, he was still in a conference with his ministers of State when the beautiful Marie Walewska, who later gave herself to the cause of Polish liberty, was announced.

"What a beautiful woman," announced the Emperor, "and what a transparent skin!"

"This is a remarkable woman," replied Walewska, who had heard the whispered words, "my beauty, the beauty of the First Consul himself, but while you have developed your own Art, that of the Second Consul, for him it is the beauty, to Lela L'Avaney, in whose secret formula lies the beauty of the world!"

"This Lela L'Avaney must have the blessing of the Emperor," said Napoleon gravely.

The results of this conversation were remarkable. Lela L'Avaney. She was the first to use the combined force of beauty and advertising that the au courant color of the day. The use of her cosmetics became the signal of distinction, for it was to the upper aristocracy alone that she reserved her secret.

The secret and exclusive formula of Lela L'Avaney have been preserved to France through all time, and even by the French, the woman who is the soul of the art, and by the descendants of the inventor.

Lela L'Avaney's Plex Powder, Rouge, Lintula, Cream, and especially the Liquid L'Avaney, made of the same ingredients, are used in maintaining the healthy charm of face and throat tissues, are used by the manufacturers of the same color, and among whom are the beautiful Italian Rendel, Holy McKey and Hope Hampton.

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Please send the items I have checked, for which I enclose $_________ in payment.

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-M. C. V. of Templeton, Cal. Yours was the shortest letter I've had in a long time. Short and curt, to speak, but 'spack-easy.' You can reach Lloyd Hughes at First National Bank, Burbank. Ronald Colman can be addressed at Samuel Goldwyn Productions-De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.

-A Brace Admire from Cnn. What would the world do without a blonde now and then? After all, isn't the Admire to it. Tom Tyler can be addressed at F. B. O. Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. He was born in Port Huron, Mich., Aug. 8, 1913. He has black hair, brown eyes. He is 5 feet 11 inches tall and weighs 199 pounds. Tom isn't married but he won't have any trouble in breaking many hearts or finding a pretty netter, as his fan mail is any indication of a guy's popularity.

-Lady Love from Los Angeles. I pause to raise my good-looking eye-brows and give due honor to those old-time couples who not only club and say, apple sauce or any other old fruit.

Wandering from Portland, Ore. How come? But to get back to your muttons, as the sheep would say, does Olive Brook ever answer personal letters? Why don't you take a chance, or a pen, and write him at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.? He was born in London, England, June 1, 1891. He has brown hair, 5 feet 11 inches tall and weighs 150 pounds. He is married and has two children.

A Patsy Ruth Miller Fan. No, you can't call me your favorite Answer Man and get away with it. Now you try a little flat and see if I'm still a lady? Patsy Ruth was born June 22, 1904, in St. Louis, Mo. She is 5 feet 1 inch tall, weighs 105 pounds and has short brown hair and dark eyes. Her pictures into a was a small part in one of her pictures, in a woman of the first Wampas Baby Stars. You can address her at Tiffany-Stahl Studios, 4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Patsy Ruth appears in Once and Forever and The Tragedy of Youth.

-David Jones, Jr., of Youngstown. Get your singing-shot ready, David, and join the line of noisy loud 'speakies.' The silent drama and noisiness comedies are going into the discard and who wants to hear his neighbors read the titles from the screen anyway? Janey Garber was born in Philadelphia, Pa., in 1907. She has brown eyes and curly brown hair. Calm your fears; Janey is not engaged to Bob Farrell. This is from Heaven and Street Angel. Janey appears in The Four Devils with Nancy Drexel, Charles Morton and Barry Norton.

-Dumping, Utica, N. Y. Wanted, one studio from Harry Langdon. Can't you manage to break a tooth on a piece of stone. Come on, Harry, smile for the dumpling. Sally
O'Neill was born Oct. 23, 1908, in Bayonne, N. J. He is 5 feet 2 inches tall, weighs 150 pounds and has thick black hair. Sally was loaned to Universal for The Girl on the Barge. She gets her mail at Tiffany All Studios, 4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. You want Billie Dove and Leatrice Joy to play with Richard Dix in some of his pictures, do you? Richard Dix is 43 years old, he has told his friends that he might be able to help you get on your feet. Renee Hamilton is the wife of James Hall. He is 5 feet 1 inch tall and has brown hair blue eyes. Lord Arlen is the husband of Jobyna Ralston. Address Richard at Paramount Studios, 4541 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Noisy of Montognahe, Pa. Are you the missing link from Chicago? Clara Bow played with Donald Keith in Plastic Age. Olive Borden is not married. She appeared with Lawrence Gray in Pajamas and with Tony Moreno in Come to My House. Allene Ray is the wife of Larry Wheeler. She was born Jan. 2, 1903, in San Antonio, Texas. She has golden hair and blue eyes and is 5 feet 3 1/2 inches tall. Donald Keith was born in Boston, Mass., 23 years ago. His real name is Francis Feeney. He is married.

Frances S. of Detroit, Mich. Please don't come to blows but if you have to fight, do it quietly and with dignity; for you are old enough to look after yourself. Helene Costello has long hair and Dolores has long locks but how long can I say. Vilma Banky has appeared in The Dark Angel, The Son of Wed, asking for the winning of Barbara Worth, Night of Love, Magic Flame and Two Lovers. Vilma's new head is blonde by nature, an Englishman. You can address Ritz at Metro, Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal. Ronald Colman at Samuel Goldwyn Productions, De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Rex Lease Admire from fronton, Ohio. So you think I'm a hero. You're wrong. I'm a perfect lady. You ask how the stars keep their eye-brows from over-stepping the beauty line; they have to draw a line some. They use the same eye-brows don't they? Rex Lease has appeared in The Outlaw Dog, Mounders of Men, Not for Publication, Clancy's Kosher Wedding, Gang, the Philadelphiae Deb's, and The Hero. Rex was born in Central City, Va., Feb. 11, 1903. He is 5 feet 10 inches tall, weighs 150 pounds and has brown hair and green eyes. He is married to Charlotte Merriith but they are separated.

A. H. S. of Illinois. Months ago you gave me a 'lost world' asking for the whereabouts of a certain Movie Fan's Friendship Club. If you are still interested, here it is the cold fact, nicely warmed over for you: The secretary of the club, Charles Mank, Jr., 226 E. Mill St., Staunton, Ill., is the answer to your query and to others who have lost the address of that little band of screen lovers. You know what I mean, now—screen lovers, not screen lovers. By the way, I hereby give you this is the positively last appearance of any fan club news in my department. For the reason that most of my readers would prefer my pages to be devoted to a comparison about their favorite stars. No hard feelings. I hope.

A Girl from Carolina. You want me to straighten you out? Why, I wouldn't have the heart to straighten out any of those good old Carolina Curves. Bebe Daniels' real name is Beatrice June just add Daniels when you want to be formal.

“Have you forgotten the dreams you used to have?”

“Rember how we used to sit and talk before we were married? We planned so many things together —how much we would save each week—where we would go on our vacations—the house we would build in the suburbs.

You were ambitious then, Bill, and everyone was predicting a great future for you. But something things haven't worked out as they might.

Perhaps, Bill, please don't forget the dreams you used to have. I want you to be proud of you when you grew up and we want to send him to college.

But I did it, Bill. I know you can… if you will only make up your mind to get the same amount of self-satisfaction and settle down and work that you did before. You, too, can have the position you want in the work you like best, an income that will give you and your family the home, the comforts, the luxuries you liked them. Whatever your training, or your means, you can do it.

All we ask is the chance to prove it. That's fair, isn't it? Then work the work you liked best in the caption below and mail it today. There is no quota and no a penny of cost, but it may be the means of changing your entire life. Do it now!”

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The chap in the picture got next to himself. They nicknamed him "puny"—once. But the man who calls him "puny" now will have a battle on his hands. And the best part of it is that not only his appearance, but his whole LIFE has been changed! Instead of waking up in the morning with burning eyes and heavy head, instead of ducking all sports that require strength, he eats 'em up! He's full of pep, stamina, strength and vitality. He never knows when to quit—and it doesn't matter. His body can stand the gaff, whatever it is. Do YOU want a body like that?

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Which do YOU want? Do you want the long, rippling muscles of a panther—terrible in power, swift and sure in action? Those are the muscles that make CHAMPIONS—muscles that THINK! Muscles under perfect control. Not beef! Not fat! Not clumsy POUNDS!

I guarantee to make every muscle you own glow with new health and vigor! I'll cover your body with bands of steel; I'll give you the arms and legs and torso of a champion! There are muscles and sinews in your body that you never knew existed; but I know where they are in a week they'll be bulging out so everyone can see them.

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Don't think you haven't a chance if you don't happen to be a giant now. No sir! You're just the man I want! There's nothing I like better than to take hold of a man who's run down, weak and soft—the one that has been given up for lost. That's what I do my stuff.

Thirty days—that's all I ask! I'll make you over from head to foot. Your friends won't recognize you. Boy! When you feel those big, brawny muscles rippling up and down your back, over your arms, down your legs! Let me show you what it feels like to be a PANTHER!

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Find 5 Objects Starting with the Letter “C”

There are many objects in the picture of the circus above, such as lion, balloon, Indian, automobile, rooster, boy, tent, etc. If you can find 5 that start with the letter “C” you may win a Big Prize. Just think of winning a wonderful new 8-cylinder Studebaker Sedan or $2,250.00 in cash. Absolutely Free. Somebody is bound to win. Why not you? Get busy right away. Find five objects starting with the letter “C” fill in the coupon below and send it to me at once.

$550.00 Given for Promptness

In addition to the Studebaker Sedan, the Chevrolet Sedan, the Victor Orthophonic Victrola, the Shetland Pony and the many other valuable prizes—besides Hundreds of Dollars in Cash—I am also going to give $550.00 in Cash for Promptness. It will pay you to act at once. Any winner may have cash instead of the prize won and in case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded. There are no tricks or illusions of any kind and neatness or handwriting do not count. You will not be asked to write in any square, add up any figures, build words, or solve any additional puzzles of any kind. Get busy right away. Find 5 objects starting with the letter “C” fill in the coupon below and send it to me just as soon as possible. EVERYBODY REWARDED. Address

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