Motion Picture

S-M

OCTOBER

25 CENTS



Filling *their* Shoes

Mary Bids Good-bye to Curlhood

So Good to Their Mothers

Baby Stars Learn Talkie-Talk



SEND THIS COUPON

to Edna Wallace Hopper
536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill.

with 10 cents for Sample of

WAVE AND SHEEN

to prove to yourself what a difference a becoming wave makes in your features.



FREE!

I will also send you a sample of my Youth Cream and Youth Powder, three samples in all.

Name.....

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Always—A Perfect Wave

By Edna Wallace Hopper

NOW you can have the thrill of a lovely, natural-looking wave that will soften your features. So much depends upon a soft expression. The captivating face is vivacious but it must be framed by a caressing wave. A rigid "corrugated" wave has a hardening effect.

To give your hair the pliability that is necessary for a flattering wave, I want you to try my Wave and Sheen. It is more than a cur ling fluid. It not only sets a permanent in the shortest possible time but can be used just as well if you wave your own hair, as I do. My hair must always look its best—my daily appearance on the stage demands it. Starring as a flapper in my sixties is a startling role. So whatever else I do I must look young. And one of my greatest assets is the sheen of my hair. It simply glows with life. In fact, the first comments my audiences make are about my hair.

Send this coupon and ten cents for a sample of

WAVE AND SHEEN

to make your hair

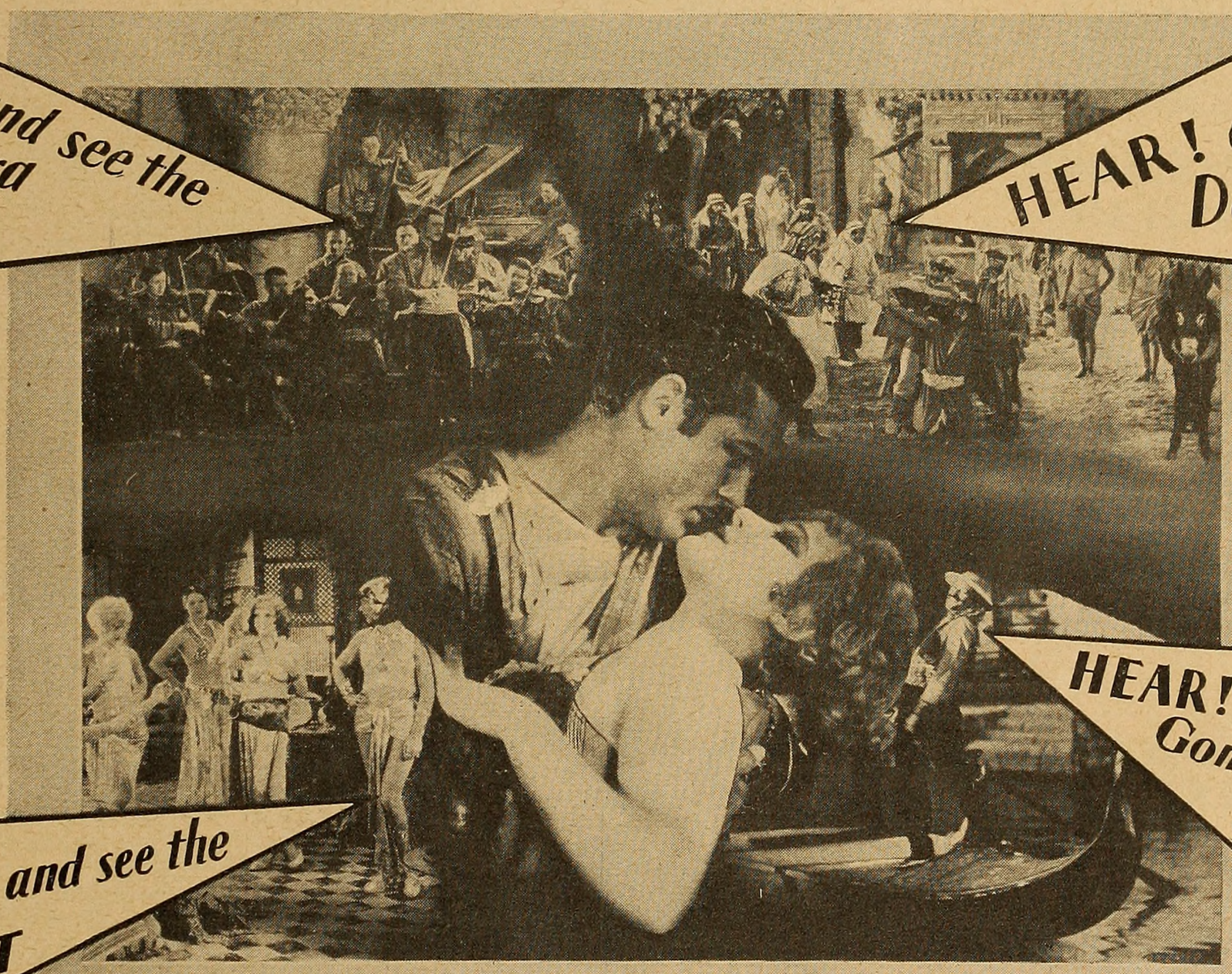
Wave—Scintillate—Attract

I will enclose with it samples of my Youth Cream and Youth Powder. Both are results of my worldwide search for the best science produces in cream and face powder. They are of French formulae.

HERE! HEAR! the Modern Movie Miracle!

WILLIAM FOX *presents*

FOX MOVIETONE



Best to HEAR!! Best to SEE!!

IT'S coming your way! Another Fox Masterpiece—FAZIL! A picture with an enthralling story dramatically narrated by Howard Hawks.

East loves West and West loves East..Greta Nissen and Charles Farrell. See these two daring lovers, who first find themselves through the song of a Venetian gondolier and then lose themselves in the maze of reckless romance. Follow them through the gay Western World—the mysterious East. See Her conquer over His harem. See Him undecided between breaking Her heart and breaking His laws! Then one of the greatest climaxes in moving picture history—the final scene beside a desert oasis—where Greta Nissen will make you forget Cleopatra!

FAZIL is indeed an amazing picture to see! And—it is also *an amazing picture to HEAR!* In FAZIL you will hear that astonishing movie miracle—FOX MOVIETONE. It puts SOUND into movies—realistic, true-to-life sound! In FAZIL you hear the gondolier sing his Venetian Song of Love. You hear the voices of the desert. You hear a full symphony orchestra, as though you were sitting in a great moving picture cathedral on Broadway. Fox Movietone doubles your movie fun. You won't believe your own ears! It's as true to your *ears* as it is to your *eyes*—because the SOUND, like the scene, is PHOTOGRAPHED. Watch for Fox Movietone in your town—See a Fox Movietone, you'll *hear* a great show!

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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 opposite 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.

William Haines

BILL HAINES' FIVE QUESTIONS

1. What new M-G-M picture has a South Sea Island setting?
2. What two Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer World Tours are now in progress?
3. What does "continuity" mean in motion picture making?
4. In 75 words or less tell who your favorite M-G-M director is and why.
5. Which M-G-M actress is called the screen's leading comedienne and name two comedies in which she has played?

Write your answers on one side of a single sheet of paper and mail to **Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, 1542 Broadway, New York.** All answers must be received by October 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.

Winners of John Gilbert Contest

DON F. RUSSELL, Newburyport, Mass.
MRS. BELLE MCCAIN, Dallas, Texas

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 Dancing Daughters" with Joan Crawford—Buster Keaton in "The Camera Man"—"The Bellamy Trial."

M-G-M HAS THE STARS

LON CHANEY

JOHN GILBERT

WILLIAM HAINES


MARION DAVIES


GRETA GARBO


RAMON NAVARRO


TIM McCOY


CODY & PRINGLE


BUSTER KEATON

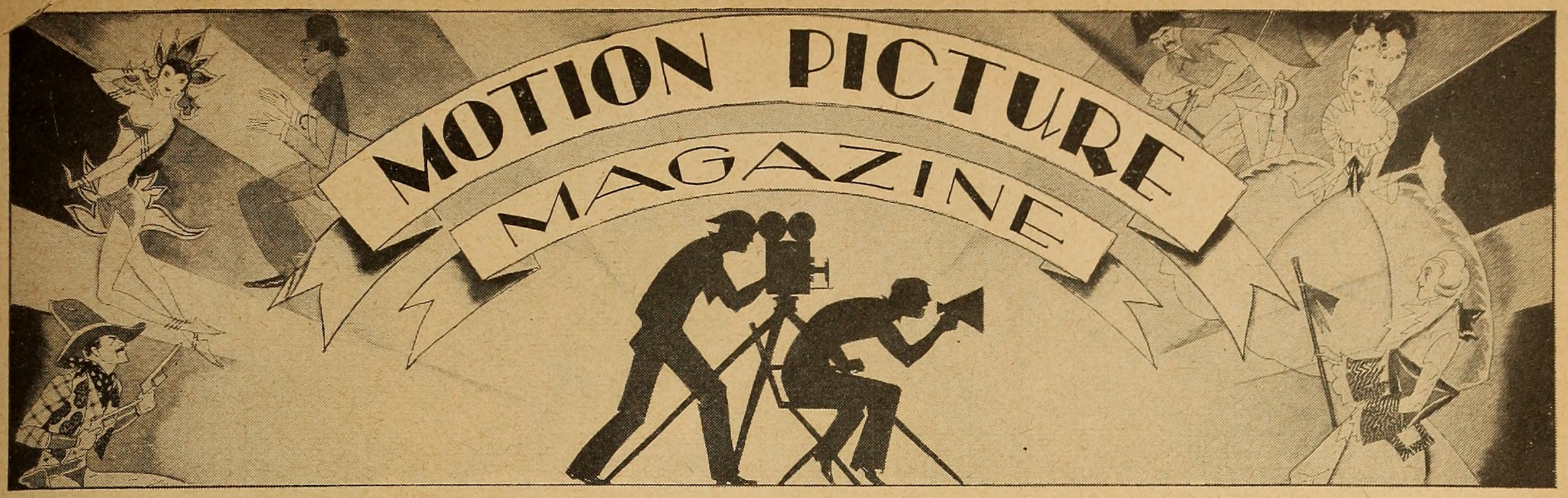

DANE & ARTHUR


LILLIAN GISH


NORMA SHEARER

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

"More Stars than there are in Heaven"



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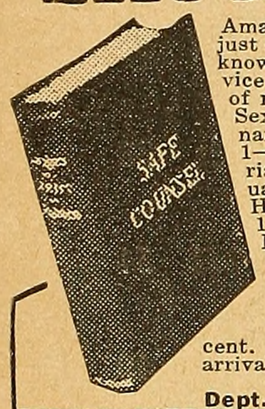

Amazing new book, "Safe Counsel," just out, tells you the things you want to know straight from the shoulder. Gives advice to newly married. Explains anatomy of reproductive organs, impotence, laws of Sex-Life, mistakes to avoid, diseases, pregnancy, etc. Contains 9 startling sections: 1—Science of Eugenics, 2—Love, 3—Marriage, 4—Childbirth, 5—Family Life, 6—Sexual Science, 7—Diseases and Disorders, 8—Health and Hygiene, 9—Story of Life. In all, 104 chapters, 77 illustrations, 512 pages. Examine at our risk. Mailed in a plain wrapper.

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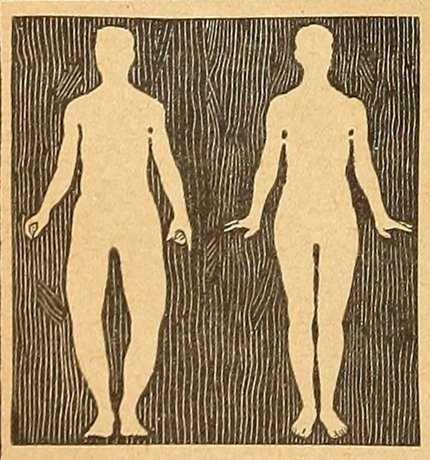

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is now more than ever the key note of success, both in social and business life. *Bow-Legged and Knock-Kneed men and women*, both young and old, will be glad to hear that my new appliance will successfully straighten, within a short time, bow-leggedness and knock-kneed legs, safely, quickly and permanently, without pain, operation or discomfort. Worn at night. My new "Lim-Straitner," Model 18, U. S. Patent, is easy to adjust; its results will soon save you from further humiliation, and improve your personal appearance 100 per cent. (Model 18 is not like old-fashioned splints or braces, with bothersome straps, hard to adjust, but a scientific, modern device of proven merit, used and recommended for the last 7 years by physicians everywhere.)
Write today for particulars, testimonials and my free copy-righted physiological and anatomical book which tells you how to correct bow and knock-kneed legs without any obligation. Enclose a dime for postage.
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1662 L, W.U. Building Binghamton, N. Y.



FIFTEEN-DOLLAR LETTER

The Crime Wave

WAXAHACHIE, TEXAS — Have the movies gone crime picture mad?

The crook play theme can be overdone, both in treatment and in number of plots given over to such a subject. Danger lurks therein.

Is it necessary that we methodically steep the show-going public's mind in thoughts of lawlessness—murder—assault? Surely this excess is not wholesome, particularly for the children who attend cinema performances.

While we would not have the motion picture flaunt the lie that life is a beautiful path of roses, with never a thorn to pain the heart and never an evil deed to change a destiny, at the same time we realize that a trend toward picturing the seamy side of life almost to the exclusion of the good and beautiful is not a good influence.

What the Good Book says about "As a man thinketh" strikes home. It is not well for one to have too much before his mind's eye scenes of deviltry. Anyway, why not hit the happy medium—fortunately just what life usually does—and mingle the sweet and the bitter?

When the cinema balances are drawn down far on the side of the sordid, it is time for an adjustment.

Sincerely,
Floyd Casebolt.

TEN-DOLLAR LETTER

Not a Bed of Roses

DAYTON, OHIO—Since my recent visit to several of the leading studios in California, where I witnessed movies in the making, motion pictures have been twice as fascinating to me as formerly. Prior to my visit to the capital of Filmland, an evening spent at the movies was an enjoyable experience, but I realize now that I did not properly appreciate all the effort put forth in making a picture.

When one views a picture in its final state of perfection, it is difficult to realize that certain scenes have been done over and over again to the entire satisfaction of the "powers that be." At Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, we watched an actor of prominence work for almost an entire afternoon until the desired expression was registered.

At Universal, we spent another afternoon, watching a banquet scene, employing a large number of extras, being made for an aviation comedy which has recently been released. From early afternoon, until hunger recalled us back to Hollywood, the diners remained seated at the banquet table, while the scene was taken and retaken, and mechanical difficulties taken care of in the meantime. It appears to be a glamourous life, but it evidently has its monotonous and tiresome moments.

Sincerely,
Marie R. Barnes.

FIVE-DOLLAR LETTER

To Talk or Not to Talk

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—No, no, no and again NO! We do not want "talking" pictures! We go to the movies to relax—to sit in a nice, comfortable seat in a dark, silent theater and watch the antics of Charlie and Kate; the conflicts, struggles, passions of John and Mary. We go to the movies to be entertained and amused without any effort on our part; to rest; not to think or use any mental energy. And to listen to conversation requires mental effort which destroys the very effect the movies are supposed to produce. And as one movie manager said—there is quite enough conversation in the movie theater without the Vitaphone!

The legitimate theater is the place for talking actors. Leave them there! We don't want nor need them in the movies!

Sincerely,
A. L.

Prizes for Best Letters

Each month MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE will award cash prizes for the three best letters published. Fifteen dollars will be paid for the best letter, ten dollars for the second best, and five dollars for the third. If more than one letter is considered of equal merit, the full amount of the prize will go to each writer.

So, if you've been entertaining any ideas about the movies and the stars, confine yourself to about 200 words or less, and let's know what's on your mind. Anonymous communications will not be considered and no letters will be returned. Sign your full name and address. We will use only initials if requested. Address: Letters to the Editor, MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, Paramount Building, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

Fred Niblo is Guilty

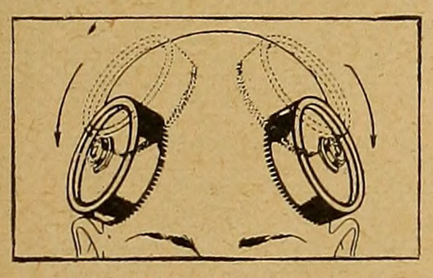
LOS ANGELES, CAL.—I don't know who directed "The Enemy" and I don't particularly care, but whoever he is, he understands human nature and human weaknesses (witness the little children playing soldier while the elders discuss the abolition of war) and further-

(*Continued on page 114*)



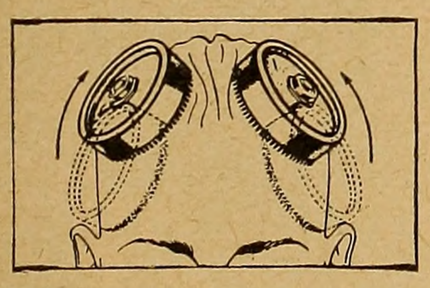
A Priceless New Discovery

For the Woman Whose Hair is Thin ...Brittle or Inclined to Fall Out!



Not a Vibrator

Don't confuse BLUD-RUB with a vibrator. It is utterly different and obtains its results, *not* by mere surface friction but by stimulating and manipulating the very *deepest* scalp tissue!



How It Works

BLUD-RUB possesses four mechanical "hands," equipped with 256 soft rubber "fingers." In operation, they grip the scalp firmly but gently, relaxing . . . kneading . . . stretching . . . REVITALIZING!

SO effective is this new machine—called BLUD-RUB—that you might almost say it *compels* the hair to grow! It does this by a unique kind of *super*-massage action similar to nothing ever seen before. Experts say that it *actually multiplies the greatest known force for preventing hair loss 24 times!*

BLUD-RUB not only stimulates deep-tissue and hair-roots to unbelievable activity, but exerts a remarkable effect on scalp disorders such as dandruff. Conditions such as tight scalp, oily scalp, brittleness of hair, etc. also show a speedy tendency to clear up *automatically*—for BLUD-RUB obtains its results *Nature's* way by increasing the circulation of nourishing blood!

BLUD-RUB treatments are not only productive of unique results but are extremely pleasant to take, leaving the entire scalp toned, loosened and refreshed. They are now available at many first class beauty parlors where operators will be glad to demonstrate the unusual features of BLUD-RUB on request . . . Ask about it today!

(Note:—Men who are threatened with baldness can obtain special BLUD-RUB treatments at leading barber shops.)



Almost Compels the Hair to Grow

BLUD-RUB furnishes an entirely new type of scalp treatment. Find out about it in detail. Mail the coupon below for a free copy of the book "What You Ought to Know About Your Hair"—containing opinions of leading hair and scalp specialists here and abroad.

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Colors: Black or Tan

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Colors: Black or Middy Blue

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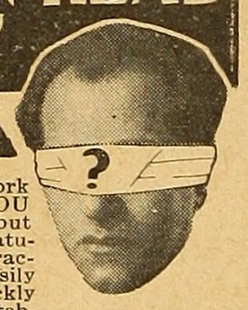

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Adorée, Renée—recently completed *Tide of Empire*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Arlen, Richard—playing in *Dirigible*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Armstrong, Robert—playing in *Show Folks*—Pathé-De Mille Studio, Culver City, Cal.

Astor, Mary—playing in *Dry Martini*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Asther, Nils—recently completed *The Cardboard Lover*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Baclanova, Olga—playing in *Docks of New York*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Bancroft, George—playing in *Docks of New York*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Banky, Vilma—playing in *The Awakening*—Samuel Goldwyn Productions, De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Barrymore, John—recently completed *Tempest*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Barrymore, Lionel—playing in *Alias Jimmy Valentine*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Barthelmess, Richard—playing in *Scarlet Seas*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Basquette, Lina—playing in *Show Folks*—Pathé-De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Beery, Noah—recently completed *Noah's Ark*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Beery, Wallace—playing in *Beggars of Life*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Bell, Rex—playing in *The Girl-Shy Cowboy*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Bellamy, Madge—playing in *Mother Knows Best*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Blue, Monte—playing in *Conquest*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Boles, John—playing in *The Last Warning*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Borden, Olive—playing in *Gang War*—FBO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Bow, Clara—playing in *The Fleet's In*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Boyd, William—playing in *The Love Song*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Brent, Evelyn—playing in *Interference*—Caddo Productions, Hollywood, Cal.

Brian, Mary—playing in *Just Twenty-One*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Bronson, Betty—playing in *The Singing Fool*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Brook, Clive—playing in *Interference*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Brooks, Louise—playing in *The Canary Murder Case*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Brown, Johnny Mack—playing in *A Woman of Affairs*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Carol, Sue—playing in *Captain Swagger*—Pathé-De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Carroll, Nancy—recently completed *The Water Hole*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Chandler, Lane—playing in *Dirigible*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Chaney, Lon—playing in *West of Zanzibar*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Chaplin, Charles—recently completed *The Circus*—Charles Chaplin Studios, 1420 La Brea Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

Cody, Lew—playing in *A Single Man*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Collier, Jr., William—recently completed *Tide of Empire*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Colman, Ronald—playing in *The Rescue*—Samuel Goldwyn Productions, De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Compson, Betty—playing in *The Barker*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Conklin, Chester—recently completed *Varsity*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Cooper, Gary—playing in *The Shopworn Angel*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Costello, Dolores—playing in *The Redeeming Sin*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Costello, Helene—playing in *The Midnight Taxi*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Crawford, Joan—recently completed *Four Walls*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Damita, Lili—playing in *The Rescue*—Samuel Goldwyn Productions—De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Dane, Karl—playing in *Alias Jimmy Valentine*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Daniels, Bebe—playing in *Take Me Home*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Davies, Marion—recently completed *The Cardboard Lover*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Del Rio, Dolores—playing in *Revenge*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Denny, Reginald—playing in *The Night Bird*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

D'Arcy, Roy—playing in *The Last Warning*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Dawson, Doris—playing in *Do Your Duty*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

De Putti, Lya—playing in *The Scarlet Lady*—Columbia Pictures Corp., 1408 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Dix, Richard—playing in *Moran of the Marines*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Dove, Billie—playing in *The Night Watch*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Dunn, Josephine—playing in *The Singing Fool*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Duryea, George—playing in *Marked Money*—Pathé-De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Fairbanks, Douglas—playing in *The Man with the Iron Mask*—Pickford-Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

Farrell, Charles—playing in *Backwash*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Fawcett, George—playing in *The Mask of the Devil*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Fazenda, Louise—playing in *Noah's Ark*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Ferris, Audrey—playing in *The Little Wildcat*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Foxe, Earle—playing in *None But the Brave*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Gaynor, Janet—recently completed *The 4 Devils*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Garbo, Greta—playing in *A Woman of Affairs*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Gibson, Hoot—playing in *Riding for Fame*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Gilbert, John—playing in *A Woman of Affairs*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Grant, Lawrence—recently completed *The Woman from Moscow*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Gray, Lawrence—playing in *Oh Kay!*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Griffith, Corinne—playing in *Outcast*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Haines, William—playing in *Alias Jimmy Valentine*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Hale, Alan—playing in *Marked Money*—Pathé-De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Hall, James—playing in *The Fleet's In*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

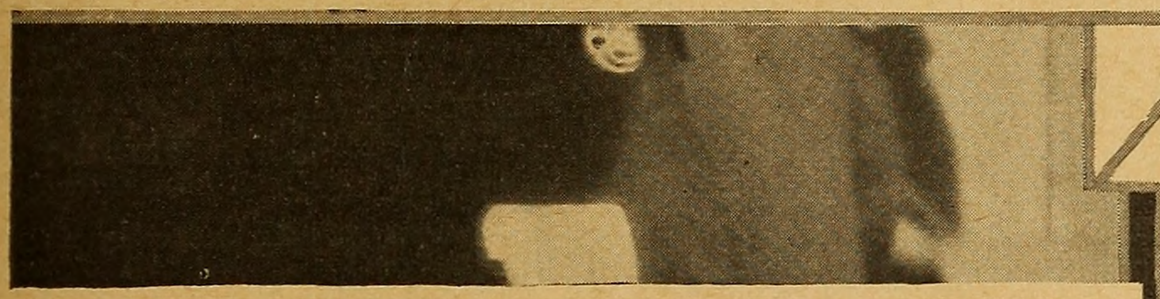
Hamilton, Neil—playing in *Take Me Home*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

(*Continued on page 12*)





HIS RUIN OR—



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Only one fact that can prove his innocence.....And only the woman he loves can prove that fact.

Only one place where she could have gained the knowledge that will free her husband..... And that place the cabin of Lieutenant D'Artelle!

Facing a hundred piercing eyes that even her thrilling loveliness cannot soften .....A woman alone among vindictive men in the merciless high naval court .....Trembling—nerve-torn, in the terrible hush that awaits her answer!

One word—and her husband goes to disgrace and ruin—

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In the Starry Kingdom

(*Continued from page 10*)

Haver, Phyllis—playing in *Office Scandal*—Pathé-De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Hersholt, Jean—playing in *The Girl on the Barge*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Hines, Johnny—playing in *The Wright Idea*—Tec-Art Studios, 5350 Melrose Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Holt, Jack—recently completed *The Water Hole*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Hoxie, Jack—playing in *Men of Daring*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Hughes, Lloyd—recently completed *Heart to Heart*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Hyams, Leila—playing in *Alias Jimmy Valentine*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Jannings, Emil—playing in *Sins of the Fathers*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Jolson, Al—playing in *The Singing Fool*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Joy, Leatrice—recently completed *The Bellamy Trial*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Keaton, Buster—playing in *The Cameraman*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Kent, Barbara—recently completed *The Shakedown*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Kent, Larry—playing in *The Haunted House*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Kenyon, Doris—recently completed *The Hawk's Nest*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Kerry, Norman—recently completed *The Woman From Moscow*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Langdon, Harry—playing in *Heart Trouble*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Lake, Arthur—playing in *Harold of Hollywood*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

La Plante, Laura—playing in *The Last Warning*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

La Rocque, Rod—playing in *Captain Swagger*—Pathé-De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Lloyd, Harold—recently completed *Speedy*—Harold Lloyd Productions, 1040 Las Palmas Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Loff, Jeannette—playing in *Annapolis*—Pathé-De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Logan, Jacqueline—playing in *The Spieler*—Pathé-De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Lorraine, Louise—playing in *The Wright Idea*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Lowe, Edmund—playing in *Outcast*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Loy, Myrna—playing in *State Street Sadie*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Luden, Jack—playing in *Sins of the Fathers*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

MacDonald, Farrell—playing in *Riley, the Cop*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

MacGregor, Malcolm—playing in *The Girl on the Barge*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Mackaill, Dorothy—playing in *Waterfront*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Maynard, Ken—playing in *Cheyenne*—First National Studios. Burbank, Cal.

McAvoy, May—playing in *The Terror*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

McCoy, Tim—playing in *Sioux Blood*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

McLaglen, Victor—playing in *The River Pirate*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Meighan, Thomas—playing in *The Mating Call*—Caddo Productions, Hollywood, Cal.

Moore, Colleen—recently completed *Oh Kay!*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Moran, Lois—playing in *Fog*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Moreno, Antonio—playing in *The Midnight Taxi*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Morton, Charles—playing in *None But the Brave*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Mulhall, Jack—playing in *Waterfront*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Murray, Charles—playing in *Do Your Duty*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Murray, James—playing in *The Shakedown*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

* * *

Nagel, Conrad—playing in *War in the Dark*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Negri, Pola—recently completed *The Woman From Moscow*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Nilsson, Anna Q.—recently completed *The Whip*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Nissen, Greta—recently completed *The Butter and Egg Man*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Nixon, Marian—recently completed *Out of the Ruins*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Norton, Barry—playing in *Mother Knows Best*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Novarro, Ramon—playing in *Gold Braid*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Nolan, Mary—playing in *West of Zanzibar*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Nugent, Eddie—playing in *Gold Braid*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

O'Brien, George—playing in *Fog*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

O'Neil, Sally—playing in *The Girl on the Barge*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Oland, Warner—recently completed *Stand and Deliver*—Pathé-De Mille Productions, Culver City, Cal.

Olmstead, Gertrude—playing in *The Hit of the Show*—FBO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Page, Anita—playing in *Gold Braid*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Philbin, Mary—playing in *Forbidden Love*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Pickford, Mary—recently completed *My Best Girl*—Pickford-Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

Powell, William—playing in *The Canary Murder Case*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Prevost, Marie—recently completed *The Godless Girl*—Pathé-De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Pringle, Aileen—playing in *A Single Man*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Ralston, Esther—playing in *The Case of Lena Smith*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Ralston, Jobyna—playing in *The Night Flyer*—Pathé-De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Ray, Charles—recently completed *The Garden of Eden*—United Artists Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

Rich, Irene—playing in *Ned McCobb's Daughter*—Pathé-De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Roberts, Theodore—playing in *The Mask of the Devil*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Rogers, Charles (Buddy)—playing in *Just Twenty-One*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Rubens, Alma—playing in *The Mask of the Devil*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Schildkraut, Rudolph—recently completed *Tenth Avenue*—Pathé-De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Sebastian, Dorothy—playing in *A Woman of Affairs*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Shearer, Norma—playing in *The Little Angel*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Sills, Milton—playing in *Hard Rock*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Steele, Bob—playing in *Lightning Speed*—FBO Studios, 780 Gower St , Hollywood, Cal.

Stuart, Nick—playing in *Chasing Through Europe*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Swanson, Gloria—playing in *The Swamp*—FBO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Talmadge, Norma—recently completed *The Woman Disputed*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Taylor, Ruth—playing in *The Canary Murder Case*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Thomson, Fred—playing in *Kit Carson*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Todd, Thelma—playing in *The Haunted House*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Tryon, Glenn—recently completed *The Kid's Clever*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Tyler, Tom—playing in *Gun Law*—FBO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Valli, Virginia—playing in *The Escape*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Varconi, Victor—recently completed *The Divine Lady*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Velez, Lupe—playing in *The Love Song*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Veidt, Conrad—playing in *The Play Goes On*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Vidor, Florence—playing in *Divorce Bound*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Warner, H. B.—playing in *Conquest*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

White, Alice—playing in *Show Girl*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Wilson, Lois—playing in *Conquest*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Wray, Fay—playing in *Dirigible*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

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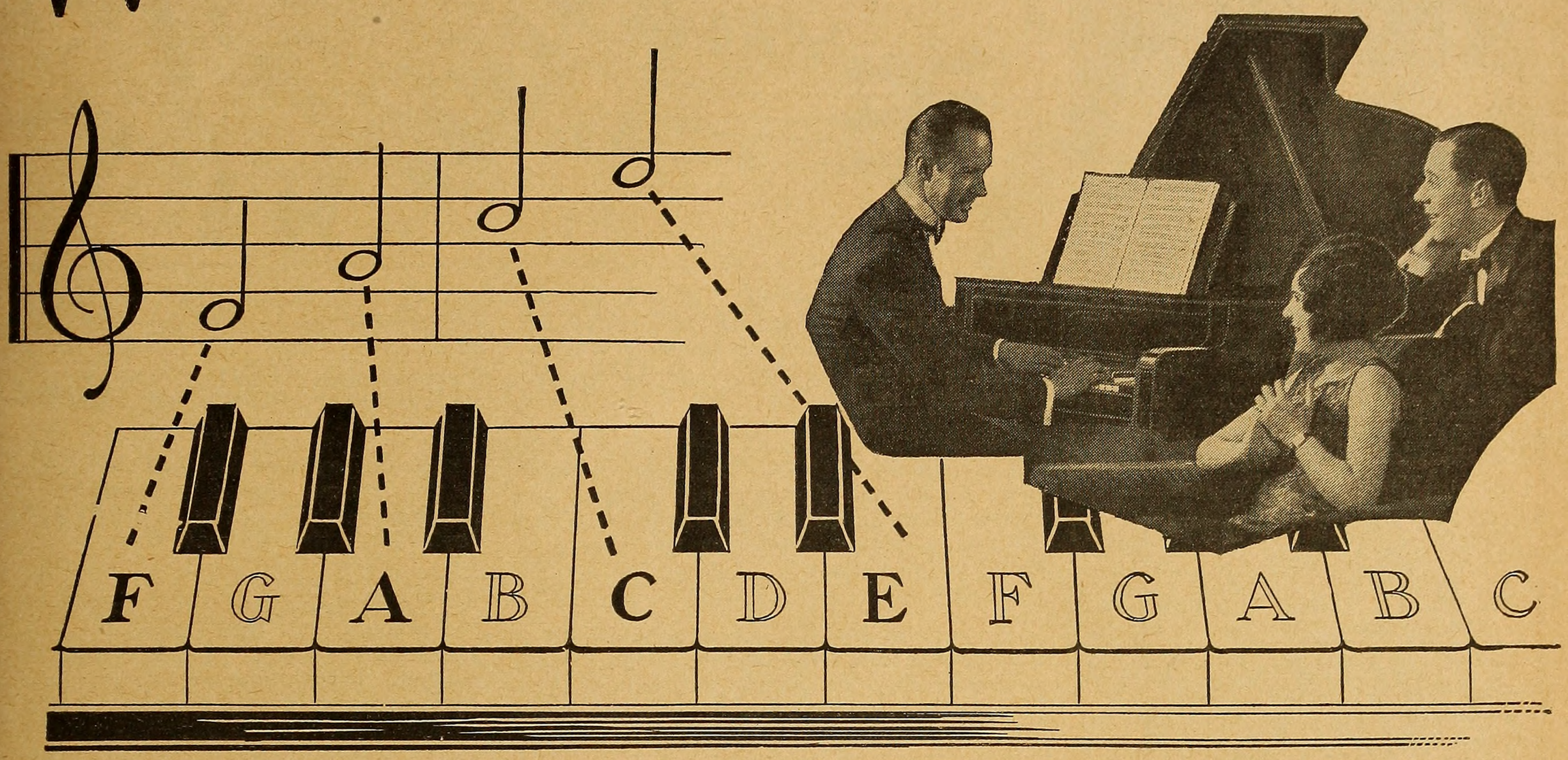

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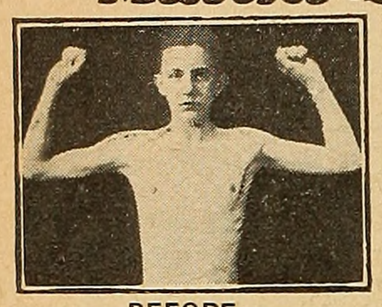
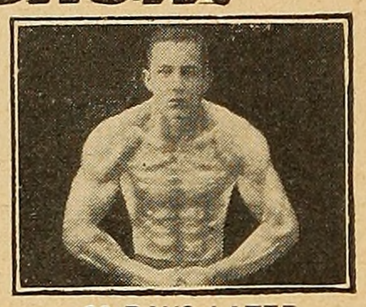


BEFORE:

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



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Tear off that coupon! Mail it today! It will bring you FREE the greatest book you've ever seen—filled with astounding photographs of men rebuilt—packed full of Titus's own secrets of making muscles GROW. Just enclose a nickel for postage.

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$2 each for names of new customers who wear an artificial eye. Send names of any you know and earn commission. Nothing to buy or sell.
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UPON completion of "Moran of the Marines," Richard Dix will start work on "Redskin," which will be made in color. Louise Brooks is cast as an Indian girl opposite him.

EXTERIORS of "The Butterfly Chaser," the Harold Lloyd sound picture, are now being filmed in San Francisco. This story somewhat resembles the theme of "Grandma's Boy."

ALTHOUGH he had been confined to a sanitarium for some time, Ward Crane's death on July 21 was somewhat of a shock to the film industry. His age at the time of his death was twenty-seven.

SUE CAROL has moved over to the Universal lot to play opposite Glenn Tryon in his forthcoming picture, "It Can Be Done."

LEILA HYAMS, who has been working at Warner Bros. Studios for some time, has been assigned the leading rôle opposite William Haines in "Alias Jimmy Valentine." The supporting cast includes Karl Dane, Lionel Barrymore, Tully Marshall and Howard Hickman.

KARL BROWN, who did "Stark Love" for Paramount with a cast of natives from the Ozarks, has been assigned to direct "The Wildcat" for Columbia Pictures.

TOM MOORE has been signed to make two pictures for FBO. One is "His Last Haul," which will be directed by Marshall Neilan, and the other is "The Yellowback."

FBO has also signed Noah Beery for two pictures, "The Red Sword" and "Love in the Desert."

BRITISH NATIONAL PICTURES of London has signed Gilda Gray, originator of the Shimmy dance, to make a picture which will be titled "Piccadilly," by Arnold Bennett. E. A. Dupont, director of "Variety," will be at the megaphone.

BARRY NORTON, whom you will remember as the "Mamma's Boy" of "What Price Glory," will play the rôle of Emil Jannings' son in his next starring picture for Paramount, "Sins of the Fathers."

LEATRICE JOY has forsaken the silent for the spoken drama temporarily. The feminine lead in "The Equal" is Miss Joy's rôle on the legitimate stage.

"THE YANKEE DOODLE DANDY OF THE SCREEN" has been judged the winning slogan by Universal for the Glenn Tryon contest. The winning slogan was submitted by Ernest Strubbe, of New York City.

DORIS KENYON will appear in Vitaphone's film version of George M. Cohan's play, "The Home Towners."

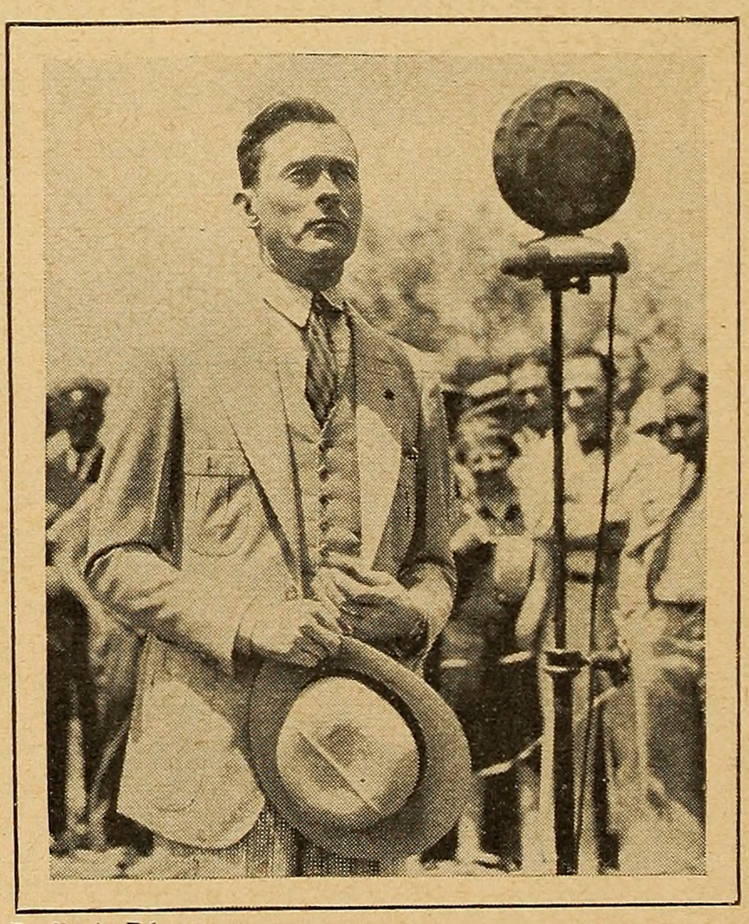
THE cast selected to date for Universal's "Show Boat" includes Laura La Plante, Joseph Schildkraut, Alma Rubens, Emily Fitzroy, Jack McDonald and Otis Harlan. Harry Pollard is the director.

RICHARD BARTHELMESS has started production on his new film, "Scarlet Seas," a sea story based on an original by Scott Darling, which marks Richard Barthelmess' return to ocean-going productions.

JOHN GILBERT and Greta Garbo have just begun work as co-stars in "A Woman of Affairs," which is being directed by Clarence Brown who directed them in "Flesh and the Devil" and "Love." The story was written for them by Michael Arlen.

ANITA PAGE is playing the feminine lead in Ramon Novarro's new starring film, "Gold Braid." Miss Page made her screen debut in the William Haines picture, "Telling the World."

WHEN CECIL DE MILLE joins the Metro-Goldwyn organization he plans to take a number of players with him. Phyllis Haver, George Duryea, Eddie Quillan, Rod La Rocque and some technicians may go with De Mille.



P. & A. Photo

Mayor Jimmy Walker, of New York City, received a riotous welcome when he was a guest of the stars and executives at First National Studio, Burbank, California. He was photographed while saying a few words through the microphone

To Men Getting Bald I Say!

No matter how fast your hair is falling out—no matter how much of it is already gone—I make this amazing guarantee! I'll end dandruff—stop falling hair—grow new hair in 30 days—or you don't pay me a cent! No strings attached! No "Ifs", "Ands" or "Maybes"! New hair or no pay! And you are the sole judge!



By ALOIS MERKE

Founder of the Merke Institute, Fifth Avenue, New York

SAVE yourself from baldness! Stop falling hair! Grasp this "no risk" offer to grow new healthy hair in 30 days!

Here's My Contract!

If your hair is rapidly falling out—if your appearance is spoiled by approaching baldness—if you have tried countless expensive hair treatments unsuccessfully—it makes no difference. My contract stands! I'll grow new hair in thirty days—or the trial costs you NOTHING!

Here's My Secret!

Years of training and research and day after day experience in treating thousands of cases of loss of hair at the famous Merke Institute, Fifth Avenue, N. Y., have taught me many valuable facts about the hair—and this, the most amazing of all—that in most cases of baldness the hair roots are not dead, but merely *dormant*—asleep!

You're wasting your time—you're throwing away money—when you try to reach these dormant roots with ordinary hair tonics, oils, massages and salves. For such measures treat only the *surface skin* and *never even get* to the roots, the *real* source of trouble. How could they ever *possibly* grow new hair?

My Method Reaches the Roots

It's no use trying to make a tree grow by rubbing "growing fluid" on the bark. You *must* get to the roots!

And that's just why my scientific treatment is so tremendously beneficial! It penetrates *below* the surface of the scalp. It quickly reaches the *cause* of the trouble—the dormant, starving hair roots. It awakens them. Hair begins to sprout again. It takes on new life and color. It becomes stronger and thicker. And in a surprisingly short time—sooner than you ever imagined possible—you have a new healthy growth of hair—OR I PAY ALL COSTS OF THE TREATMENT MYSELF!

And best of all, my system is so simple that it can be used in any home where there is electricity without the slightest discomfort—*and for just a few cents a day!*

New Hair or No Cost!

Thousands claim seeming miracles for my treatment. I don't. I admit some cases of loss of hair are hopeless. Only remember this—these cases are so very rare and so many hundreds of others have regained luxuriant hair through my method, that I am willing to let you try it for 30 days—AT MY RISK!

Then if you are not absolutely delighted—say so. And I'll mail you a check immediately—refunding every cent of your money—and the treatment will have cost you NOTHING!

Free Booklet Tells All

The very fact that you have read this announcement shows that you are anxious about the condition of your hair. So why not investigate? Find out for yourself. If you will merely fill in and mail the coupon I will gladly send you without cost or obligation a wonderfully interesting booklet, which describes in detail my successful system, which is growing new hair for thousands all over the country. In addition it tells all about my iron-clad guarantee which enables you to take my treatment without a penny's risk. Clip and mail the coupon today. *Allied Merke Institutes, Inc., Dept. 5610, 512 Fifth Avenue, New York City.*

EVIDENCE!

Hair Coming Back

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

G. H. C., Portland, Me.

Dandruff Leaves Entirely

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

Mrs. H. S., Port Angeles, Wash.

Partly Bald for 10 Years

"I have been partly bald for the last 10 years and have used your treatment only four weeks to date, but I can already see a new crop of hair coming in."

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

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LEFT OVERS

HOLLYWOOD NIGHT AND DAY

By WALTER RAMSEY

Thoughts While Sauntering: Half the people on the Boulevard in riding-habits—there aren't that many horses—Bebe Daniels with her latest toy dog—brawny bearded man eating an ice-cream cone—wonder what a second assistant cameraman thinks about?—or *do* they?—a negro spittoon-cleaner muttering—just muttering—What price glory?—*do* gentlemen prefer blondes?—sometimes I wonder if there are enough gentlemen to go around—William K. Howard walking home from the Christie Hotel—why the K?—two "boys" who have gone Hollywood—not even your best friend will tell you—but "don't sell this country short"—you do and you'll wipe it up—Mary Ford looking like Mona Lisa—Louis Wolheim looking like anything else *but*—Mary Carr and George Washington should have known each other—the "mother" of an industry and the "father" of his country—what a pair!—another great team—Mr. Marquis Swanson and Mr. Prince Murray—truck-driver driving a truck—real estate salesmen looking like movie stars—movie stars looking like real estate salesmen—or worse—countless little shops—business seems to be rushing—past the door—Jack Dempsey and Estelle Taylor looking happy—so would I—why does Charlie Chaplin leave dime tips?—*shiny, new* dime tips—why, *Mr. Rockefeller*—Carl Laemmle being followed—by "His Relations"—eminent author asking someone how to spell "Writers' Club"—Joan Crawford trading an autographed picture of herself for a green negligée in a small "shoppe"—Doug. Jr. watching her through the window—pointing to a black negligée—and you ask me why—and you ask me *why?*

* * *

Hollywood, long suspected of being the home address of night life, has just succeeded in living up to its reputation. She has gone and done it. Witness the opening of our *first* night club—mind you, the *very* first! "The Pom-Pom." Where "nude" girls sway and swing out of time. Where entertainers bray and sing out of tune. Where your left hand knoweth not what your right hand containeth. Each person who enters the sacred *jernt* pays his share of the mortgage—and I don't mean in one-dollar bills. All hell is raised until 12:30 A. M. Hollywood can hardly be expected to get used to night clubs right off the bat.

* * *

Every restaurant man in our midst is going hay-wire thinking up trick-looking hashhouses. One may have luncheon at the "Cuckoo Clock," tea at the "Canary Cottage," dinner at the "Zulu Hut" and a midnight snack at the "Brown Derby." Each one of these famous, little bucket-shops is built to suggest its name. The *next*, will probably be a pretzel built to resemble Lon Chaney.

* * *

These eccentric eating emporiums are like Hollywood extras. Most of them don't have enough patronage to keep going—but they hang on, bankrupt and balmy. And then there is always the chance that they may get over—and feed *enchiladas* to Gloria Swanson or Chop Suey to Charlie Chaplin.



Ray Jones

Reginald Denny and his fiancée, Isobel Stiefel, who's changed her name to Betsy Lee, posed for the photographer in this rustic scene far from the madding crowd—in the San Bernardino Mountains

But the "White Spot" goes on all night. The proprietor started with a hundred dollars borrowed capital and an idea. He ended up by having a great many thousands in the bank and still going strong. And the same idea. He sleeps, walks and talks hamburgers. *We* eat 'em! By the millions. A steady stream of people come and go twenty-four hours a day. Contented. You can see movie stars in full dress sit down next to a day laborer in greasy overalls at the counter—and love it. You'll hear: "*One with Onions*"—"*Coffee.*" You'll see: (on the sign outside the door) "*From a Hamburger to an Institution.*"

* * *

To the beach—! à la steaming radiator. I *love* the beach. For *other* people. Everyone was there—four movie stars and two hundred press reporters. Each reporter doing his damnedest to get a different slant on the four "unsuspecting" stars. I arrived late, so I had to get mine from *below*. Lying flat on my back in wet sand, munching a cold hot dog I gathered the following dope: Sue Carol—you just *know* she wears them. Olive Borden—the less said, the better! (But for two dollars and a self-addressed, stamped envelope, I should tell you.) I was all of a bib-and-tucker at this point, MY DEAR, when along came beefy George O'Brien (Olive's fiancé) and kicked sand in my eyes. Thus endeth all operations. Can you BEAR it, my dear?

* * *

Tripping down the Boulevard, I came upon our cash-and-carry citizen—Peter, the Hermit. He's *tried* to be original, at least. Just like some of the other boys who think they have something new and eccentric to put over on the natives, it's a cinch that within forty-eight hours they'll catch themselves coming around the corner—beard, spats and all. Too bad they can't patent some of their trick get-ups. There was a time when Peter was as distinctive as Pola Negri. He was the last word in hermits. He strayed around the Boulevard, bare-headed and bare-footed—gotten up as a Sunday school picture of Moses receiving the Ten Commandments. Peter became the rage. He was wined and dined. But—just as he had the world by the tail—a couple hundred other high-class hermits sprung up and stole his thunder. They bump into each other on the Boulevard. They infest the hills. Their tents overlap. Their collies, and goats and donkeys snap and bray in confusion. How *can* an A-1 hermit look lonely with so much competition?

* * *

PEOPLE I LIKE: Lansing Brown. Because he's a good kid. And takes "swall" pictures. And serves good Scotch—aged while you wait. And tells good stories. And listens to mine.

* * *

Sign on the Playhouse Theater: "What A Man." Afternoons, 50c—Evenings, $1.00. (Summer Rates.) *What* a man!

"We are advertised by our loving friends"



Earle Adams Hobart
Milltown, Maine



Ellen Jane Foster, Butler, Pa.



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Tiffin, Ohio

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Fresh sweet milk modified with Mellin's Food is a palatable mixture—all babies like it and take it eagerly.

The baby's food properly prepared from fresh sweet milk and Mellin's Food is full and complete nourishment for it contains all the nutritive elements needed for the continual building up of various cells and tissues of the body, and in such well adjusted proportions as to assure constant growth of flesh, muscle and bone.

Babies who are fed in this manner offer ample evidence of satisfactory progress by their strength of body, healthy color, regular gain in weight and good resistance.

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Especially suitable when it becomes time to wean the baby from the bottle

Mellin's Food Biscuits

A sample box sent free, postage paid, upon request.

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· POISE ·

Some have it and some haven't

Some men can make their way on poise alone. Some men can't make their way for lack of it.

And yet—

When a man steps out of a bath it is with the feeling that the world is at his feet. And when he puts on clean linen from top to toe, he puts on with it a feeling of self-confidence that often will carry him far.



There's self-assurance in SOAP & WATER

PUBLISHED BY THE ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN SOAP AND GLYCERINE PRODUCERS, INC., TO AID THE WORK OF *CLEANLINESS INSTITUTE*



Real estate values in Chicago—particularly those in the downtown districts—are expected soon to rise as suddenly as indiscreet politicians. For Myrna Loy is scheduled next to appear on the screen in the title rôle of "State Street Sadie"



Spurr

George Duryea, say those who have seen the picture, has made the significant hit of his not overlong career as the boy-friend of "The Godless Girl." As Hollywood has it, George both screens and acts like a DeMillion dollars



Spurr

Is Sally Eilers stimulating? How could she help being with such smartness and such a provocative vivacity. And with these, how could the producers help casting her for a leading rôle in "Dry Martini"



Carsey

Movie studio electricians know more about lighting than anybody else in the world. And more about the charm and good-fellowship of screen stars than they do about lighting. This year, of all the players in Hollywood, they voted Doris Dawson the most popular. Are they to blame?



Hommel

Fraternal affection is a pretty ideal. But we have an idea that neither Karl Dane nor George K. Arthur, playing with Jean Arthur in "Brotherly Love," can succeed in keeping his heart strictly within the family



Ball

There is cause for the revival of the old song warning all young girls to look out for *Jimmy Valentine*, now that this famous crook story is to be screened again, and this time with William Haines in the title rôle, for their hearts, at his hands, will be no safer than a safe



Ball

The screen has been much criticized for its want of precision. But this, we think, is in many cases unfair. For all fans will agree that a new picture featuring Lilyan Tashman could have no more appropriate title than "Happiness Ahead"



Spurr

Anyone who doesn't believe that Richard Dix has entirely recovered from his recent illness and that he isn't his old and his own rugged self again, should keep in mind that he's undertaken right off to play the rôle of a Marine in "Moran of the Movies"

THE SCREEN MAGAZINE OF AUTHORITY

Motion Picture

October, 1928

MAJOR GEORGE K. SHULER
Publisher

LAURENCE REID
Managing Editor

DUNCAN A. DOBIE, JR.
General Manager

Camera!

NOT long after the word efficiency became the most popular in the language of the business man, there was a joke about an innovation that one firm had made.

"How has business been going since you installed that new card-index system?" a friend asked the boss.

"Oh," said the boss, "it's taken so much of my time to run the system that I haven't had much time to fool around with business."

This anecdote is not advanced as being either novel or deserving of a belly-laugh. It has been dusted off and put on the table because it presents a situation which has its counterpart today in the exhibition of motion pictures.

SUPER-SPECIAL USHERS

FOR what with special stage numbers, either under the guise of prologues or frankly set before the audience as additional attractions to the photoplay, and what with the equally theatrical features of management that have been instituted, fans may well say, if asked how they liked a picture at one of the big houses: "Oh, we didn't have much time to look at the picture. But the trained seals and the ushers were especially good this week."

So much has been said about the trained seal as an adjunct to the artistic presentation of a motion picture that further condemnation of this really pleasant animal is unnecessary. The one mistake he is making these days is in waiting for his trainer to throw him a fish, when the front of the house is peopled with them. When he wants a real meal, he should flap around to the box-office.

What we wish to call attention to here is rather the off-stage entertainers: the standing army of ushers, program-handers, and no-smoking-pleasers without which no million-dollar movie palace can look itself in the face.

THE HUMAN LAMP-POST

THE actions of these attendants individually and in mass has become more and more worthy of note and attractive of attention.

Let us take the usher as representative. He is no longer merely someone who finds a seat for you. Indeed, in many cases, his function has been directly reversed: he has become an official who keeps you from finding a seat. When you arrive in the midst of the seals' or soloists' acts, he bars the way, a stalwart and grim figure in the middle of the aisle. With a disciplinary white glove and a shush of reproof, he bars your walking down to any of the three hundred and forty-three empty seats. After the seals are through, yes. But not until then. You should know better than to try. Your manners are not of the best. Back behind the tapes, please.

SO THIS IS SERVICE!

BUT even more so are his other duties, his other official self: the positive and active efforts that he puts forth when sitting is permitted. Leaping toward the patron, halting stiffly and saluting, he proceeds first to spell out the name of the theater with the little light at the end of his wand. A complicated military maneuver follows, enabling the usher to turn about. This accomplished, he races down the aisle and is completely lost in the darkness. You follow blindly until you bump into him. More saluting, more gyrations of the wand, and you push past a whole row of people until you come out into the next aisle and find a seat for yourself. It's wonderful.

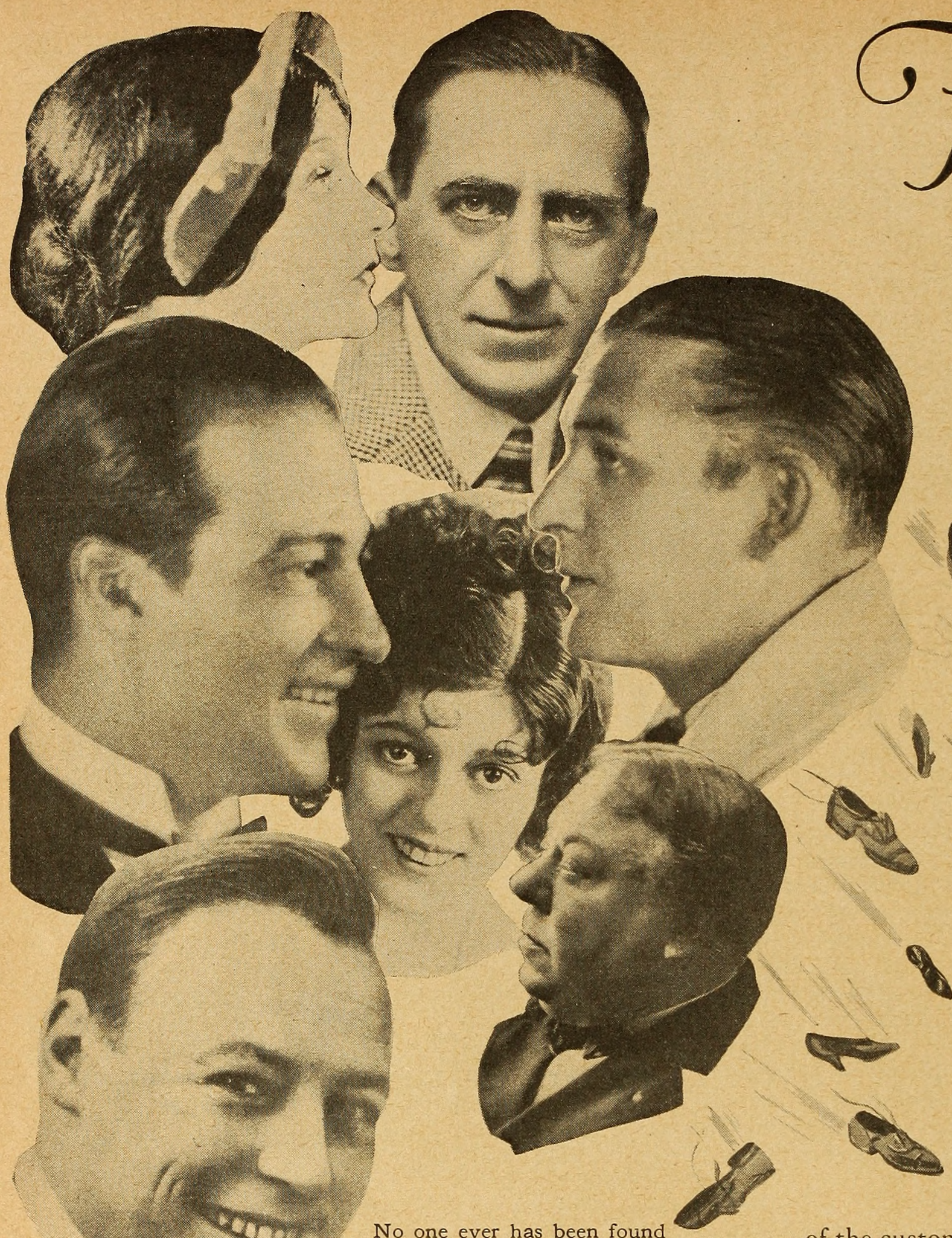
It's so wonderful that the directors of the destinies of the mammoth picture houses should develop it further. They regard it already as an attraction. Why not amplify it and advertise it accordingly? Why not have the ushers speak in blank verse or, better still, sing their stuff, with a few dance steps here and there for relief?

MORE FUN!

WHY not have them disappear through trap doors and reappear next to the supposed empty seat? It could be a game with the patron to see whether or not he could find the usher. If he can, he can have his seat; if not, he has to watch the prologue. There are infinite possibilities. The thing, to use a daring phrase, is only in its infancy. It is worth cultivating. For today it is a known fact that despite the rigors of the stage entertainment many people have the stamina to stick through it and see the feature. The further development of the obstructive and diverting tactics of theater attendants might put an end to this, crush resistance entirely and so attain that greatest ambition of the greatest movie houses, to obliterate entirely the importance of the movie.

Filling

The Hollywoods to the Thrones



No one ever has been found to fit exactly the shoes of these favorites of other days. They are: Barbara La Marr, in the top corner; Sidney Drew, on her right; Rudolph Valentino, just below her; Clarine Seymour, center; Wallace Reid, to the right of her; John Bunny, and at the left Harold Lockwood

IT'S all very well to love one another. And, of course, we do. With reservations, as Norma Talmadge says. But it is admittedly merely human to regard certain of the brothers through eyes in which the love-light is somewhat dimmed. Those who are after our jobs, for instance.

If you work in a bank, and the fellow whose job is just below yours seems over solicitous regarding your health, or looks brightly hopeful when the old man calls you into "conference," affection, for the moment, may not be your chief emotion. Or if that new go-getter salesman is given your territory just after you have it nicely primed, your congratulatory remarks may not contain just the heart-felt ring prescribed by scripture.

Have you ever thought of the feelings cherished by a star toward his understudy? There he is watchfully waiting in the wings each time you tread the boards of that stage whose legitimacy is o'er-much protested. Of course, he isn't exactly hoping you'll break a leg—or even catch a medium-heavy cold. Not exactly. Yet your poison is his meat. And only through your disaster may the door to his success be opened.

Or imagine a movie star. No understudy hanging around the set. But plenty of bright young faces quite willing to replace yours on the screen, in the heart of your public, and at the cashier's window on pay days.

Some stars have been so successful. Others have proved irreplaceable. In many cases the patience of those "who only stand and wait" has been repaid by an opportunity for fame before the dead—or alive—man's shoes were ready for occupancy. They have won fortune on their own by the establishment of their own individual personalities on the screen. Again, every effort to usurp the box-office affections of the customers has proved abortive, and the carefully groomed pretender has been thrust into the outer darkness.

A REPLICA OF RUDY

WHILE Rudy lived, he had some business differences with the producers which resulted in temporary banishment from the screen. This, you recall, was the time he toured the country on a dance contest project. Latin lovers had been made the last word in romance through the Valentino vogue. What, then, could be more simple than to dig up a similar type and through the power of publicity create his successor. That's how they figured it. And that, so they say, is how young Ramon Novarro made his debut before the kleigs.

Of course, Ramon carved a little kingdom of his own which still endures. But he never took Rudy's place. Nor did anyone else. Wisely enough, the producers have quit any attempt to fill it. With Valentino, the passion of the fans burned so brightly that his passing was the direct cause of an entirely different sort of hero being evolved. With increasingly few exceptions, the day of the languishing Lothario has passed. Names like Vic McLaglen, Eddie Lowe, Jack Gilbert, Ronald Colman are more on marquees. Anglo-Saxon and Celt are having their innings.

Perhaps Pola Negri's flame burned brightest about the time Rudy's star was in the ascendent. Now it seems that Pola is through. Here, at any rate. And the air is thick

Their Shoes —

Are Full of Persistent Pretenders of the Established Great

By
HERBERT CRUIKSHANK

with conjecture regarding her successor. Baclanova, the talented Russian, is among those mentioned. She's a fine actress and should find her niche. But she'll never be a second Negri. There never will be one. Pola stands alone. She is unique and inimitable. Putting aside the question of mismanagement, if Pola has passed, it is because the characterizations with which she became identified have ceased to find favor with the fans.

When Tom Mix quit Fox, there was great fanfare and flourish in announcing Tom's successor, one Rex King—and later a Rex Bell. But Tom returned from Elba in record time, and so the result of the experiment must remain in abeyance.

There have been challengers for Chaplin's throne. But the crown of his triumphs remains securely upon his greying locks. He, too, is among the immortals. The world will never see his like again.

JANNINGS AND JEAN

PERHAPS the greatest dramatic actor of the hour is Emil Jannings. Certain rôles are typical "Jannings rôles." No one else can play them. Yet, were the mighty German "taken for a ride" by Elijah, say, the sort of portrayal associated with his name might still be given to the public through Jean Hersholt. For the versatility of the durable Dane makes it well within the scope of possibility that he could fill Jannings shoes. Meantime, of course, Hersholt goes his way, serenely contributing top-notch performances in mediocre pictures. With now and then a good one thrown in—by accident.

Mary Miles Minter was groomed as carefully as "Man o' War" to replace Mary Pickford. But "Our Mary" is still with us—and the other Mary, well, she may be in vaudeville. It is odds against Douglas Fairbanks' relinquishing his regal robes to a usurper. Doug isn't the best actor in the world, but he occupies a unique niche—and always will.

Gilbert Roland took his very name from a combination of the names of Jack Gilbert and Ronald Colman. Which may or may not give an idea of what the producers had in mind for him. But Roland, thus far, doesn't seem to have evidenced sufficient strength to justify elevation to stardom.

From the very beginning of the movies, there have been substitutes lurking just around the corner. When John Bunny had a falling out with (*Continued on page 117*)



New aspirants for the laurels of the old: at the right, George Duryea; just below, Sue Carol; at her right, Matty Kemp; on Sue's left, Edward Nugent; at the extreme left, Ann Page; at the bottom, Paul Vincenti—left—and Rex Bell—right



C. S. Bull

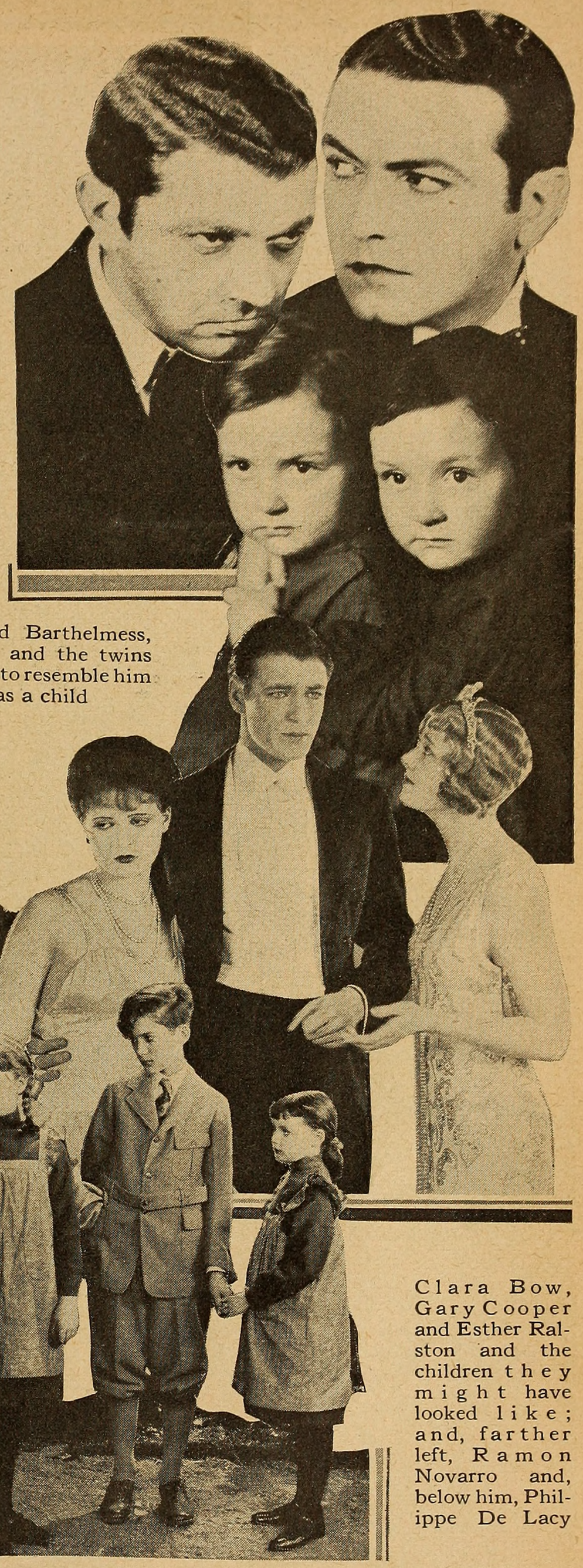
Pan-Handling

Marceline Day confesses to this as an avocation. But she doesn't do it for money, but for altruism, merely in the interest of bigger and batter pancakes

A Kid *that* Looks Like a Gun

Or Two That Look Like Richard Barthelmess Twice: Mrs. McQuoid Can Find Them

BY LAMAR TROTTI



Richard Barthelmess, above, and the twins chosen to resemble him as a child

Clara Bow, Gary Cooper and Esther Ralston and the children they might have looked like; and, farther left, Ramon Novarro and, below him, Philippe De Lacy

IN these days of hard-boiled virgins and soft-boiled yeggs, of gentlemen who prefer blondes, and of blondes who prefer gin, it's an exceedingly wise casting director who knows his crop of extra onions.

Almost any day he's likely to wake up to find that Minnie Gesticulo has become a Scandinavian beauty overnight, or that Death Valley Pete, pride of Paiute County, has suddenly grown sideburns and a mustache and learned to heave his bosom like a Latin lover from Terre Haute.

Either that or he'll find a not-to-be-answered-back director tearing out his hair in search of a prophet with a twenty-seven foot beard, or a lady lion-tamer who can do the black bottom on top of a revolving ball to the accompaniment of positively the only feline chorus in captivity.

Yet it's this very uncertainty that makes casting for pictures in Hollywood what it is—one of the most fascinating jobs in Christendom,—or, that is to say, in Flickerdom. It's a hundred times more amusing than chasing elusive words for a diagramless crossword puzzle, though, come to think of it, that's exactly what the casting director is doing when he fits human beings, with peculiarly shaped noses and missing front teeth and sparkling brown eyes, into little four and three and eight letter spaces, which when completed, solve his puzzle, the motion picture.



CASTING IS SO JOLLY

TO carry on this idea,—there is an average of nine hundred and five jobs, or squares, a day to be filled by the casting bureau; and nobody knows what those squares are to contain until the diagram is drawn and the across and the down keys are listed at the end of a seven-dollar-and-a-half day.

(*Continued on page 119*)



A Moral Leopard

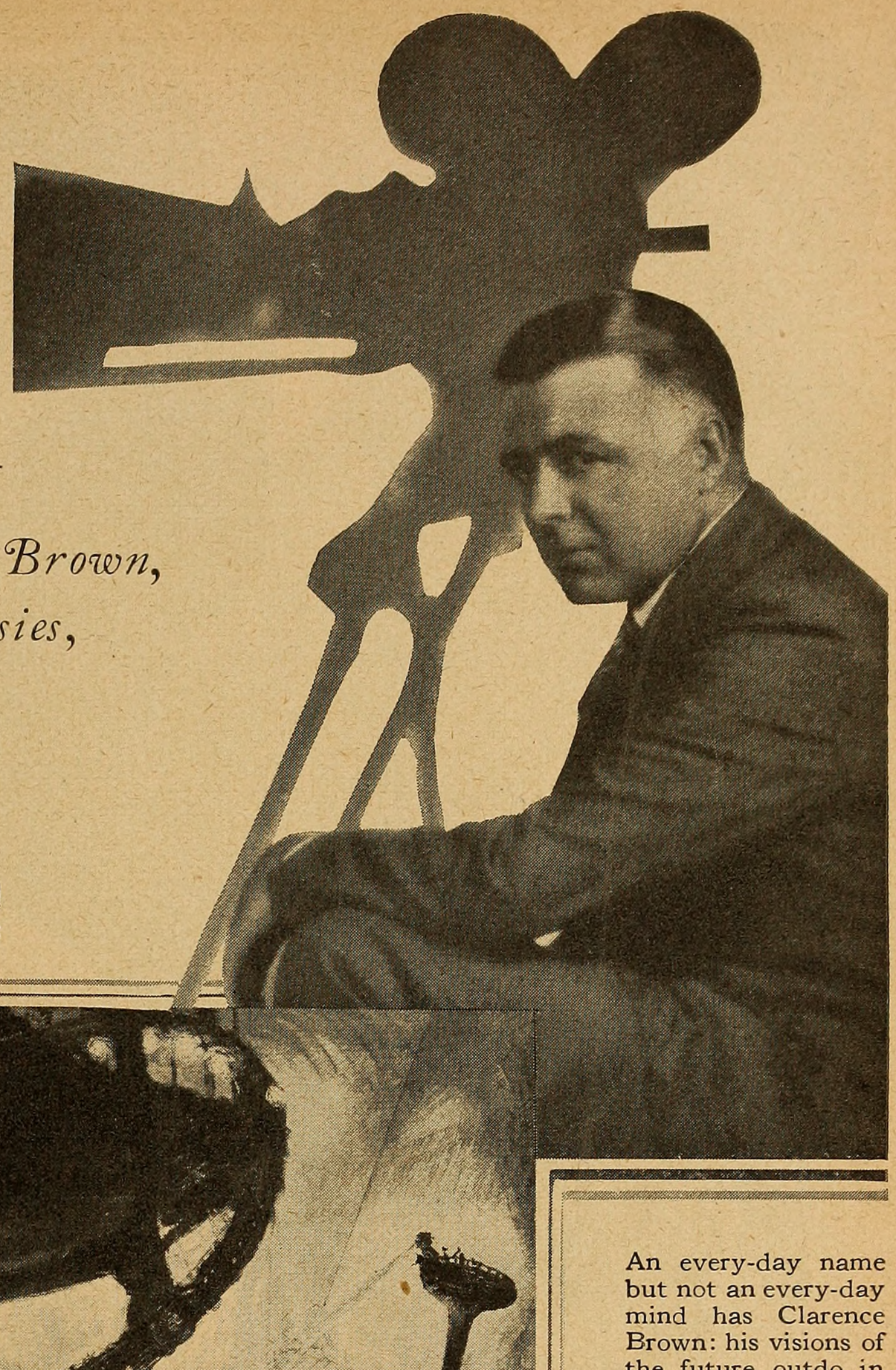
He was just that, the animal that so considerately agreed to provide his skin to shield Nancy Carroll from the gaze of the prehistoric public. The occasion of this is Nancy's part as leading woman for Jack Holt in the Zane Grey story, "The Water Hole"

Dyar

The Screenless Screen

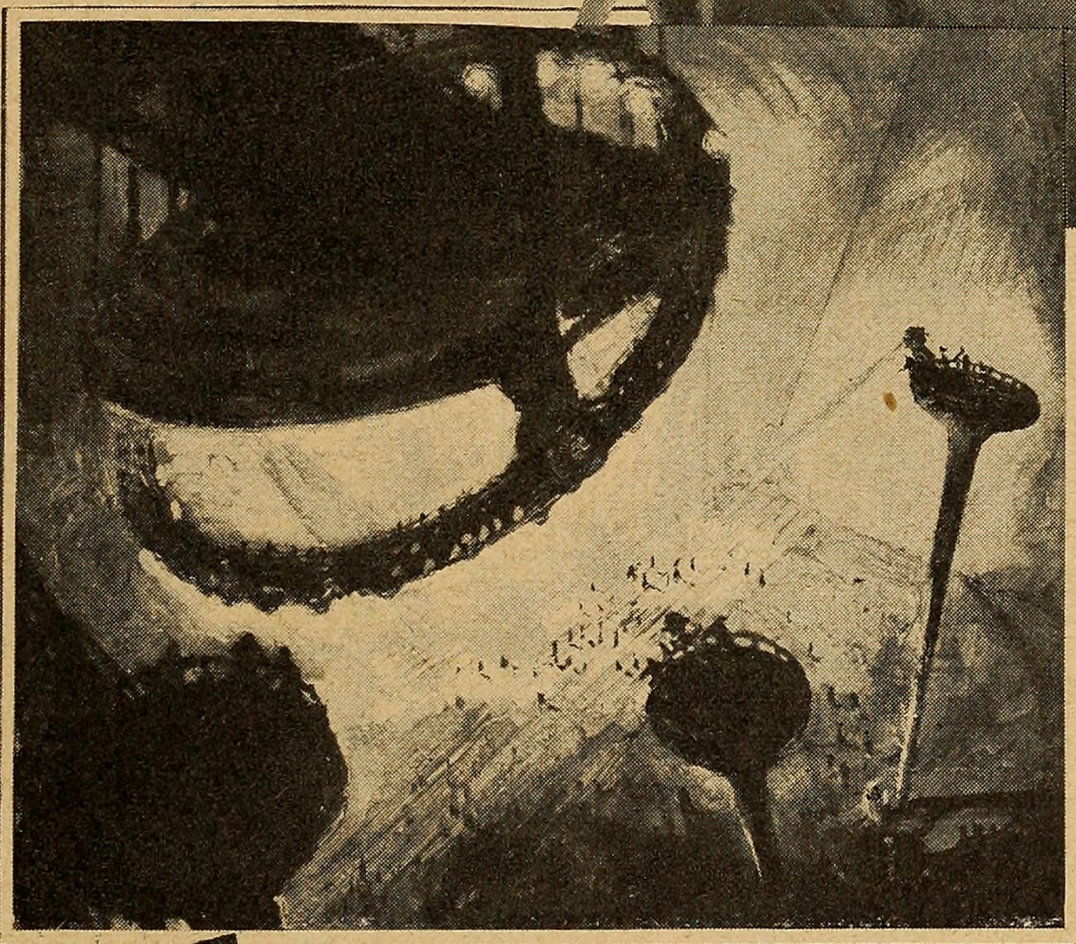
This is One Marvel that Clarence Brown, Wizard of Profits and Prophesies, Foresees Clearly

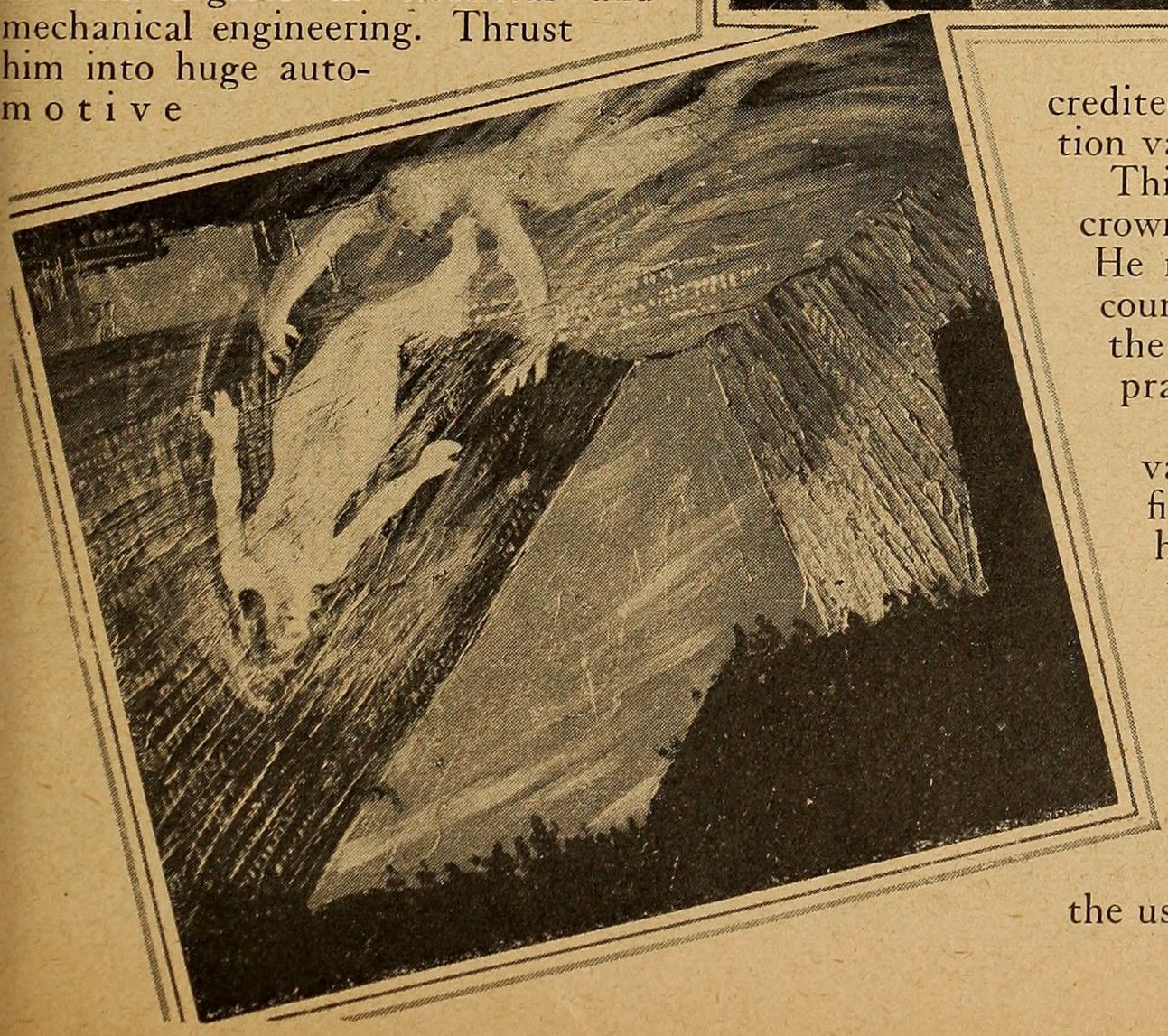
BY BURT KNIGHT



EACH age has its prophets. Keen dreamers, shrewd idealists, whose clear mental perception enables them to pierce the pall of today and envision the glories of tomorrow. Yesterday, men mocked Galileo, Copernicus, Bruno, Columbus. A second since, as time's history is figured, smug scoffers jeered at Bell, Fulton, Edison, Marconi and the rest. Yet the world does move, it is round, there are telephones, steamboats, radio and motion pictures. Remember these things when you gaze awestruck down the years through the blue-grey eyes of director Clarence Brown.

Yes, Brown's the name. With no steins, skys, vons, or macs prefixed or suffixed. He's an American. Born in Boston, raised in Tennessee. Perhaps the cold-blue blood of the Codfish State accounts for the steel-like qualities of mind which enabled him to win degrees in electrical and mechanical engineering. Thrust him into huge automotive plants, made him an aeronautical instructor during the war. If so, then surely the sun of the South must be credited with having branded him a dreamer whose imagination vaults the moon.





An every-day name but not an every-day mind has Clarence Brown: his visions of the future outdo in imagination these paintings by Warren Newcombe

This same happy combination is again to the fore in crowning Brown the box-office ace of cinematic art. He never misses at the pay-stile. Yet, four times the country's critics have nominated his photoplays among the year's ten best. He makes art pay. He is a very practical dreamer.

So often ability and appearance are at wide variance. Not so here. For Brown is a figure for fiction. Tall, stalwart, bronzed, immaculately clad, he has directed many an allegedly handsome hero who would have to bend the knee in defeat if Paris offered another golden apple. He is modest to a point approaching diffidence. He likes to laugh, and it is not necessary to diagram the point of your pun. In pictures he believes the story is the thing. And that the mechanical, the physical, side of the industry is miles beyond its human elements. He gives the impression that the use of filmdom's mammoth (*Continued on page 112*)



Muray

So Good *to their* Mothers!

IF you think marrying a big Butter and Egg Man puts you on Easy Street—you probably think right. But there is an easier way. And by that I don't mean anything censorable.

All you have to do is give birth to a movie star. The rest is pie and cream. Not a full-fledged one, you know, just a potential movie star. Now don't say you can't. You never know. And it's encouraging to remember that it has been done.

Of course, after the movie star is born a certain amount of exertion will be required of you.

The pattern usually runs like this: A Little Mother has one, two or three children. In the Pickford family there were three. In the Gish family, two. But one is better. More dramatic. And easier for me to write about.

So far so good. The babe is born and papa, whoever he may be, does half a Houdini. Which is to say, he disappears, but does not reappear. You will note upon reflection that movie papas are rarities. Whither he goes, nobody seems to know. He must have existed once upon a time, but he exists no longer. For all working purposes, he is shrouded in a decent veil of obscurity. One doesn't ask about him. One knows better.

The Little Mother then begins to labor in the vineyard. She is self-sacrificing, brave and tender. She keeps the wolf from the door by innumerable pitiful expedients. She takes in sewing or boarders.

If the little dolling has golden ringlets and a lisp, the little Mother teaches her "pieces." By the light of the midnight oil. She instructs her in gay little dances—and sends her on the road. Thus is the first step accomplished.



Louise



Sky-high in the affections of their stellar sons and daughters: at the right, Mrs. Phyllis Daniels, with Bebe; just above them, Mrs. Menjou dining with Adolphe; Mrs. George Haines, with her son, William; and Mrs. Margaret Talmadge, between Norma and Constance

BRAVE, PROUD LITTLE MOTHER

IF the little dolling shows no aptitude for anything but pigging food and scrapping with the neighbors' children, the Little Mother may do a piece of acting herself. But always she declines all



Pampering Parents Is Hollywood's Greatests' Greatest Weakness

By GLADYS HALL

offers of help from Distant Relatives. She says, "We will stick together. We will not be separated while I have a pair of willing hands. I will keep my little brood intact."

The Little Mother's brave words ring, a clarion, in the little dolling's ears. For all time to come. And if you don't think the brave words bear golden fruit, you are no Luther Burbank.

Eventually, the Little Mother treks to Hollywood. A Break breaks. And more quickly than I can tell you, the little dolling is rollsing about and the Little Mother is entrenched behind butlered doors that no mere wolf would dare to sniff at.

There is a sacred and profane side to every weighty matter. And this devotion of the screen stars to their mothers has its sacred side.

In many a piece of fact and fiction you have heard of the base ingratitude of daughters, sharper than a serpent's tooth. You have heard of profligate sons who have let Mother go over the still to the poorhouse. But you have never heard of such a happenstance among the movie stars.

It is true that the aforementioned horrors are more or less infrequent. Most children are more or less decent to their progenitors. But the movie stars exceed the bounds of expected decency. They are fanatic. Their loyalty runs like fire through their veins and through their pocket books. Mother comes first to the movie stars—and let no man or women think otherwise.

I know whereof I speak. I have had it by word of mouth and by sight of eye. Time and time again.

And try as one will to be flippant about it, it is really rather beautiful. It is a commentary worth making on the gelatin gods and goddesses who are, both rightly and wrongly, accused of character bankruptcies.

When Mrs. Charlotte Pickford's will was read, there were few dry eyes in Hollywood. For the mother spoke in hallowed words of the devotion of her daughter Mary. She forever (*Continued on page 86*)



Parted at times by circumstance, but always inseparable in spirit, are Gary Cooper and his mother —at the left— and Pola Negri and hers. Higher up, the late Mrs. Pickford and Mary; Mrs. Barthelmess and Richard; and Mrs. Gish, with Lillian and Dorothy

In and Out

Gossip of the



Estelle Taylor's skill with the skillet, they say, is one big reason why her marriage with Jack Dempsey has panned out so well

Ball

MILT GROSS, author of "Nize Baby," is the Hollywood wise-cracker of the moment most frequently quoted at the Montmartre. They are telling this one which Milt introduced at the last dinner of the Wasps, the lady publicity purveyors:

"You should see what mine Abie brings by the house yet," said Mrs. Baumberg of the Second Floor, to Mrs. Finklebaum of the Third Rear, "a lous pikker, if you belief me!"

"Oy, oy!" said Mrs. Finklebaum, amazed, "A lous pikker already? They don't told me they should allow monkeys in the flets!"

"A lous pikker ain't a monkey," reproved Mrs. Baumberg. "A lous pikker, Miz Finklebaum, is *naturalish*, a radio!"

A Linguistic Misteak

THE one laugh at the solemn ceremony of laying a cornerstone for a new laboratory at Fox. As an argument for fewer titles and clearer pantomime, the speaker was telling of the difficulties of translating thought accurately from one language to another.

"I saw one of our big feature pictures in a Mexican theater in Los Angeles the other day," said he. "A zealous translator had done his best to put the English captions into Spanish, but the result was not all he hoped for. 'The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak' was one title. This put literally into Spanish informed the audience that 'The ghost is ready, but the meat is bad!'"

Maybe He'll Say Hen

"HAS he laid that cornerstone yet?" asked one of the guests of a newspaperman. "Can't see him, but I



We've never tried to get Renée Adorée's goat; and so we regard it as uncalled for that, by clasping him here so enviably close, she should proceed to get ours

The impudence of the modern young woman has come in for much disfavor. But Donald Reed—at the right—seems to have little fault to find with Billie Dove's cheek



Carsey

# of Focus

Stars and Studios

don't think so," came the reply, "he hasn't *cackled* yet!"

Unfurnished Rumor

TWO Hollywood extras met on the street. "Are you going to May's wedding?" asked one flapper.

"May *married?*" amazed the other, "why I didn't even know there was any scandal about her!"

She Didn't Ore Dentist

"SHE was a miner's daughter," said the title writer, "she had gold in her teeth."

The Pity of It!

"IT WAS one of those *compassionate* marriages," sighed the vamp.

He Wants His Name Untullied

IT'S different when one gets a taste of his own medicine. Jim Tully has never hesitated to tell Hollywood just what he thought of it, and Jim has stepped on some famous toes in his time. Behold, then, Tully, when his own wife sued him for divorce, calling up all the newspapers with the plea, "Keep it out of print, won't you?"

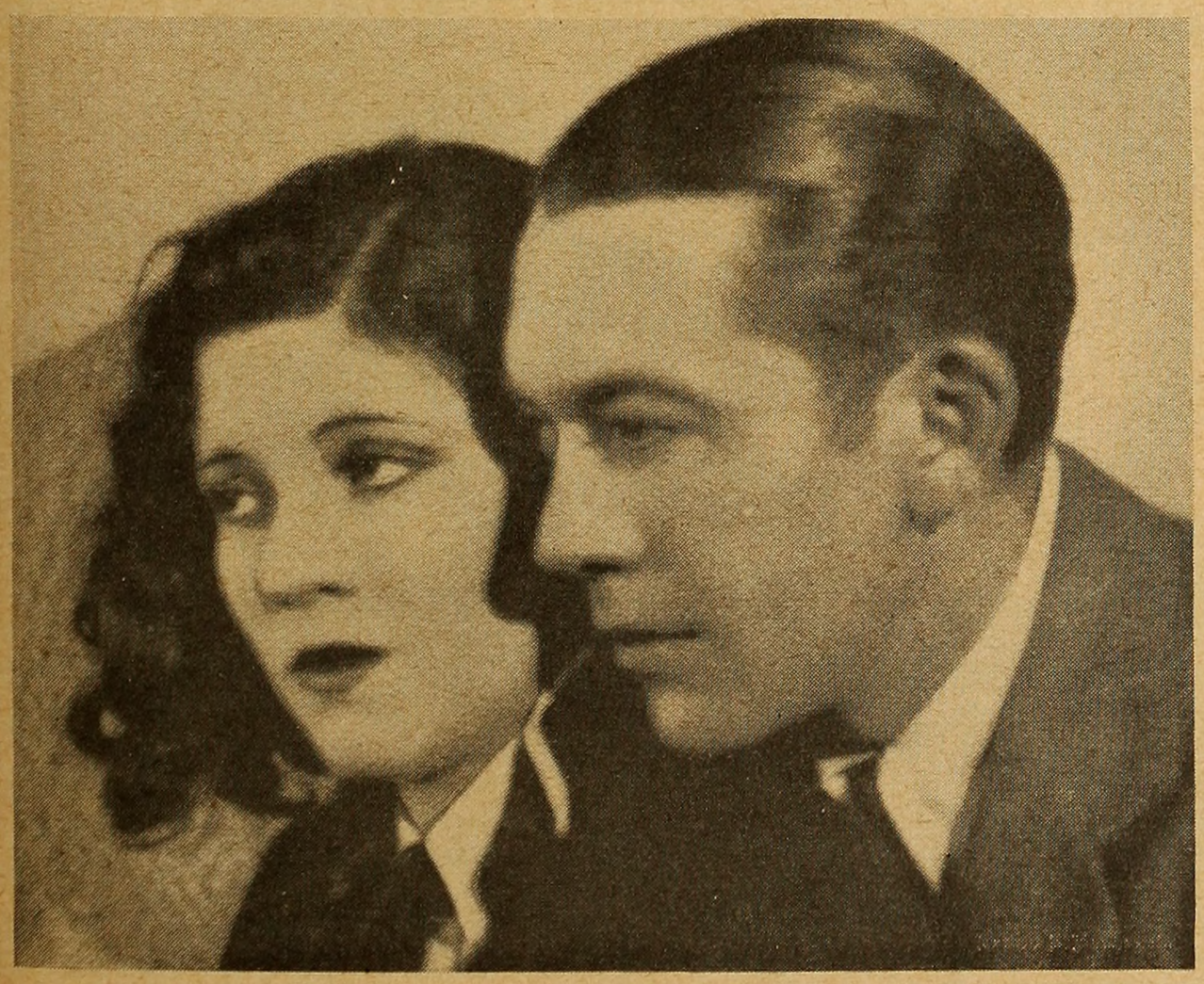
Vive la Deutschland

IT WAS the first preview of "Lilac Time" at a little theater in a country town. The screen was showing the different armies on the eve of the Big Push. First the British soldiers. The organist, a bushy German who runs the delicatessen in the daytime, played *Tipperary* half-heartedly. Then the camera shifted to the German troops. Beaming, Herr organist pulled out all the stops on the



Ball

For more than her beauty Dolores del Rio—above—should be celebrated. She has succeeded, if our imagination and Le Roy Mason's expression are a guide, in making strangulation a pleasure



Bachrach



Wyckoff

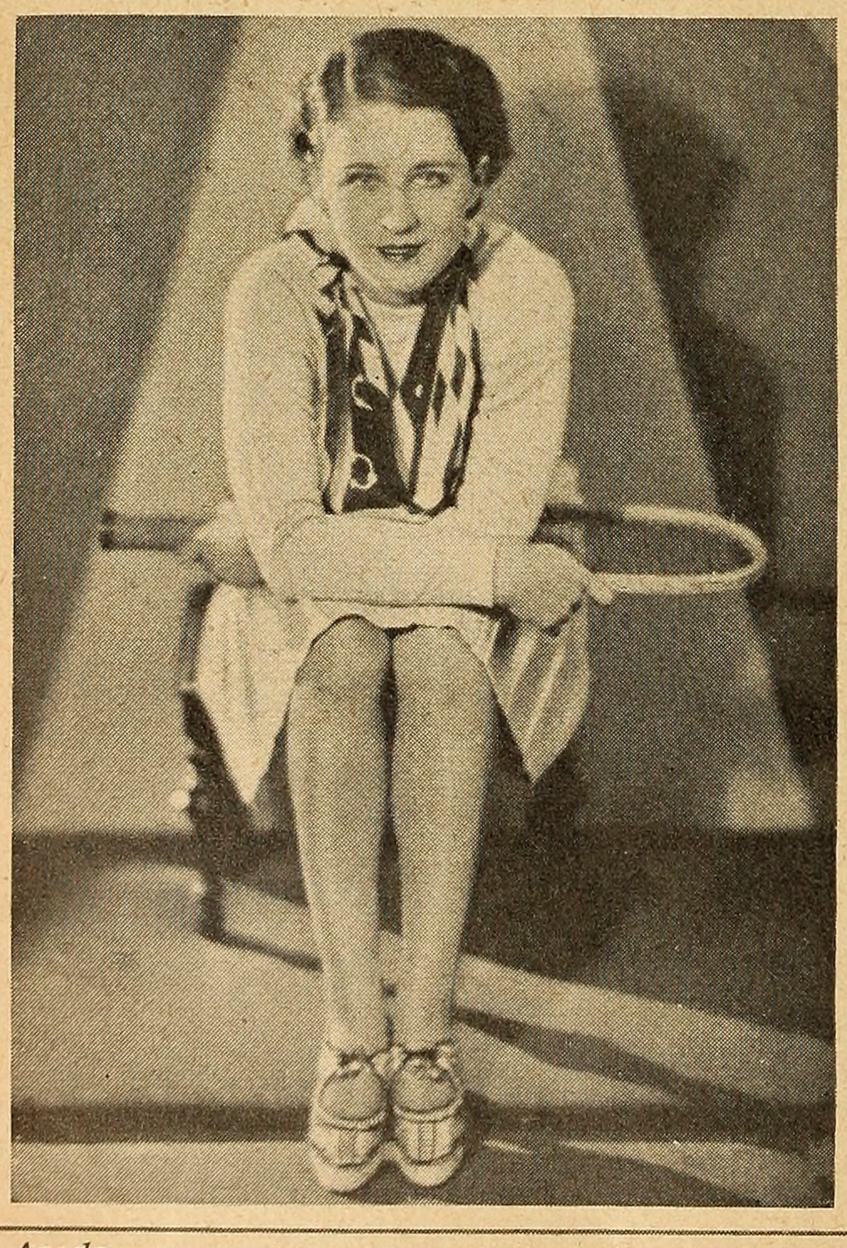
It's all very well for Mary Brian to have a garden. But, with a budding beauty like hers she should not, in consideration of the vanity of her flowers, be pictured with them

The face that launched a thousand pineapples: Olive Borden, at the left, as she appears with Jack Pickford in "Gang War"



Hesser

Speaking—if anyone has been—of the command to love, here in pantomime Jeanette Loff utters it: Right shoulder, arms



Apeda

Norma's sports costumes are modest, for all that they are—all of them, and this one in particular—most decidedly of the Shearer sort

Unlucky for some, perhaps, but not for itself; this black cat statuette has gone and got itself not only owned but admired by Laura La Plante

All the Gossip of the

organ at once and sailed powerfully into *The Watch on the Rhine*. The scenes changed to the American troops, the French, the Italians, but the organ continued to boom *The Watch on the Rhine*. It was the first time in years the player had had the chance to express his patriotism, otherwise than in selling sauerkraut.

Canny Connie

CONSTANCE TALMADGE was marveling over the fact that Dorothy Gish and James Rennie after five years of marriage were still husband and wife. "Though I suppose," said Connie thoughtfully, "the reason they're still together is because they're apart so much. They really haven't lived with each other long enough to *separate*."

Probably Money

"WHAT are they going to use for money?" was once the repartee when the Warner Brothers spoke of their plans. "What a town Hollywood is," exclaimed Georgie Jessel at a preview, "the Warner Brothers came out here with only fifty cents in their pockets and look at them now. They owe forty millions." But the joke is on the other producers now. The Warners have slipped in ahead of the rest with the Vitaphone and are reaping a fortune from their foresightedness.

The Wholesale Host

AND speaking of the talkies they are likely to make trouble for one actor. In the trailer to "The Lion and the Mouse," Buster Collier beams from the screen and issues the following invitation, "I hope you will like me in the picture, and if any of you ever come to Hollywood I want you to *come to my home and have dinner with me!*" A group of wags in the audience got together after the premiere and started out to rustle up some guests for Buster. Two days later a crowd of thirty-two hungry tourists from Iowa and Kansas stormed the Collier villa in Beverly Hills, telling the perturbed butler they had been invited to dinner.

Tie that One, D. W.

FEW PEOPLE know that William Jennings Bryan's daughter, Mrs. Owens, once had screen ambitions. She made a motion picture with her own money, and it wasn't such a bad picture at that. At the finish of its preview she turned to a famous critic seated beside her. "It may not be Griffith," said she with a twinkle, "but I bet I did something in that picture that Griffith never could do. He never made a motion picture and nursed a baby at the same time. I did."

So Do Von Stroheim's

IT IS SAID that Cecil B. De Mille will make "The Darling of the Gods" as his first United Artists picture, which of course has started the saying: "De Mille's of the gods grind slowly."



Freulich

Stars and Studios

Ringing the Belle

DICK GRACE, the daredevil film aviator, according to one enthusiastic admirer, "isn't afraid of *anything at all.* He's engaged to Alice White."

A Band of Sammynoles

THE roadhouse had an Indian name and an Indian orchestra in feathers and war paint. "Are you real Indians?" asked the film ingenue. "Sure, lady," replied the leader, a brave in buckskin, "we should be Indians, ain't it? Fool bloud Indians."

Naturally, She Kicked

TEXAS GUINAN has a dark secret in her life. No, not what you mean at all. Her dark secret according to Harry Carr is that her real name is Mamie. The Queen of Broadway once savagely rebuked friends from back home who called her that in her night club. "Don't you call me Mamie," said Texas, "it sounds like I was an old blind mule."

Just a Duplicity Man

"I don't like Lon Chaney," said the visiting fan, "I think he's just a two-faced thing!"

Speeding the Hostess

ESTELLE TAYLOR is famous for her entertainments, and her guests always hate to go home from her parties. At a recent affair at the Dempsey home it grew later and later, and still everyone was reluctant to leave. Finally one young man approached the hostess. "Estelle," said he desperately, "*will you please go to bed so we can all go home?*"

The Maebe Baby

HAS Mae Murray a baby or hasn't she? That is the question. Mae certainly gives the movie colony plenty to talk about. As usual, Hollywood has taken sides. Anyway, her husband the Prince says she has a baby and she hasn't come out and denied it.

His Belated Birth

JIMMIE WALKER, the sartorial Mayor of New York City, has been out here, giving eyes tired of handsome movie stars a treat. At a luncheon at First National today Jimmie admitted that he had received an offer of ten thousand a week in the movies. "But I don't think your contracts are fair,"

(*Continued on page 100*)



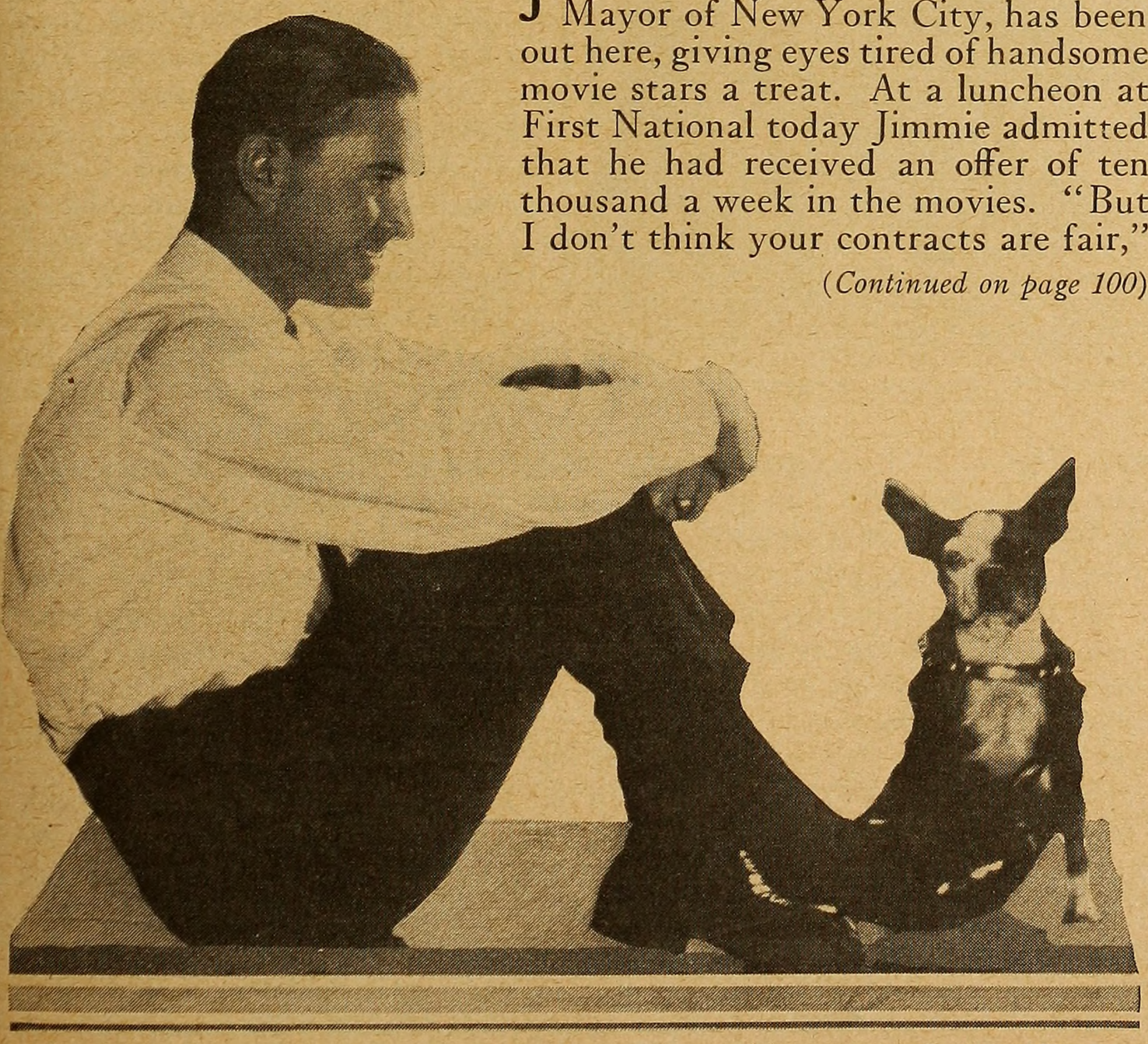
Ball

Perhaps to get herself attuned to a mildly marine mood, Alma Rubens, soon to appear in "Show Boat," has donned a middy blouse and taken to standing near fountains



Cleveland

No, Vera Reynolds—above—hasn't just caught sight of a mouse or a horrid, horrid bug; she's merely going into dainty girlish ecstasy over a flower



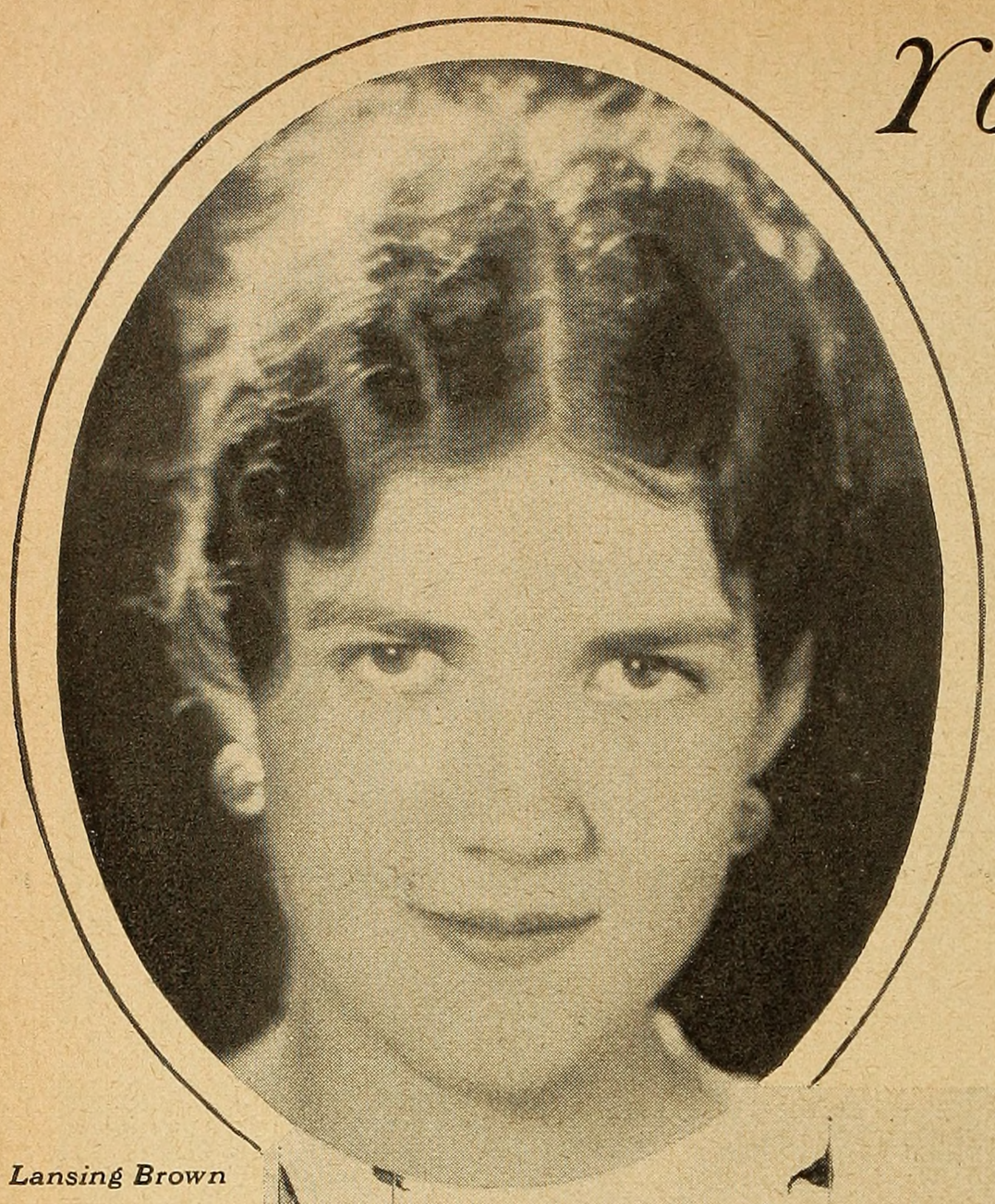
Lansing Brown

Three dogs, two being tan and the other being brindle-and-white. And all being the property of Lloyd Hughes

Your Neighbor

Betsy Musser, of Lancaster, Thinks of Hollywood and the Chances

By WALTER



Lansing Brown

THIS is the second of a series of articles giving the impressions that Hollywood makes upon people from various parts of the country.

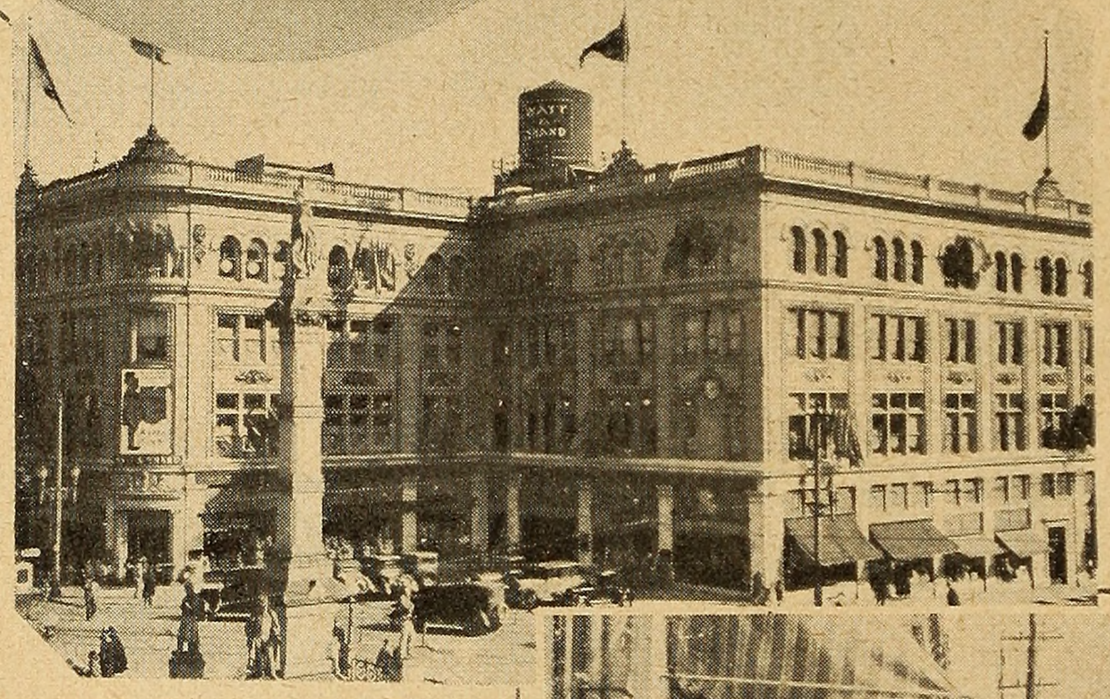
Not people in the movies. Not people in the real estate business. Not people making money out of sensational stories. Not people allied with any civic boosting association.

But people from the home-towns. People next door. Neighbors.

Last month the neighbors of N. R. Dawley, of Charleston, West Virginia, found out what he—from the viewpoint of himself and of his city—thought of Hollywood. This month neighbors of Miss Betsy Musser, of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, will find out the same things. Next month—well, we don't know. We never know whom our interviewer is going to capture. Maybe somebody in your street, or your town, or the town next to yours.

And it'll be interesting. Because you'll get the real inside story of how Hollywood looks to a newcomer. The true, unbiased story.

Not merely the things that other people think you would be interested in. But the things that you'd be interested in. Because they're the things that interest someone from your town. Watch this series. The next neighbor to come forward may be yours.—*Editor's Note.*





Top is a photograph of Betsy Musser, of Lancaster and directly above is the Watt & Shand Department Store Building and to the right is a typical street scene in Lancaster, Pa.

SHE'S the treasurer's daughter. Yes, sir. But not the President's daughter. No, ma'am. A couple of administrations back she was just a little schoolgirl in a small town in Pennsylvania. She's young, oh, about nineteen or thereabouts, but you couldn't exactly call her a flapper. She looks like Lila Lee in a way. Tall and dark and willowy. You get the idea? You probably know her in your town as Sally or Ruth or Helen. In this case, her name is Betsy Musser and her father commutes to his office in the State Treasury Building, Harrisburg, from their home at 102 Ann Street, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

It's a long jump from Lancaster to Hollywood in more ways than one. For instance, Hollywood is Hollywood and Lancaster is, well, *different*. Hollywood has her flappers and Lancaster has religion. Hollywood has Japs and Lancaster has Dutchmen. The only thing they have in common is their hills. But even at that, Hollywood's are bare and Lancaster's are flowery. How do I know? Betsy told me—and Betsy is kinda proud of Lancaster.

The idea ought to be pretty well planted by now that Betsy is just a home-folks girl visiting in Hollywood and now, maybe, you might like to know what she thinks of our little town. And the movies. And Jack Gilbert. And other points of interest. Would you? I thought so. Step right into Betsy's parlor (they call 'em that back in Lancaster). A couple of houses away, where Jack Dempsey and Estelle Taylor live, they call it a drawing-room. But that's Lancaster for you—and Hollywood.

Betsy was dressed like a well-bred movie star. More of the Florence Vidor stuff and less of the Alice White. Not that she reminded me of either one. Betsy has no "dear public." She has relatives instead.

"I'm visiting my aunt out here," she said, after we were seated. I'm glad it was an aunt instead of a mamma. All movie stars have got mammas. "I've been out here about three weeks and the first two weeks I was troubled with extreme lockjaw and paralysis of the heart. Hollywood hits you that way at first—but I'm just about recuperated now.

BOURBON FOR BABIES

"MOVIE stars? Oh, I've seen lots of them. Jack Gilbert, Lawrence Gray, Buddy Rogers and Charlie Farrell. I suppose I'll be the envy of all the girls back in Lancaster now because I have actually seen them and they have just dreamed about them. I also saw quite a few of the well-known actresses. But after all, what girl can bother about the actresses when the actors are around.

Says—

Pennsylvania, Tells What She of Girls Who Want to Go There



Betsy was quite thrilled to have Colleen Moore pose with her when she visited the star at her studio

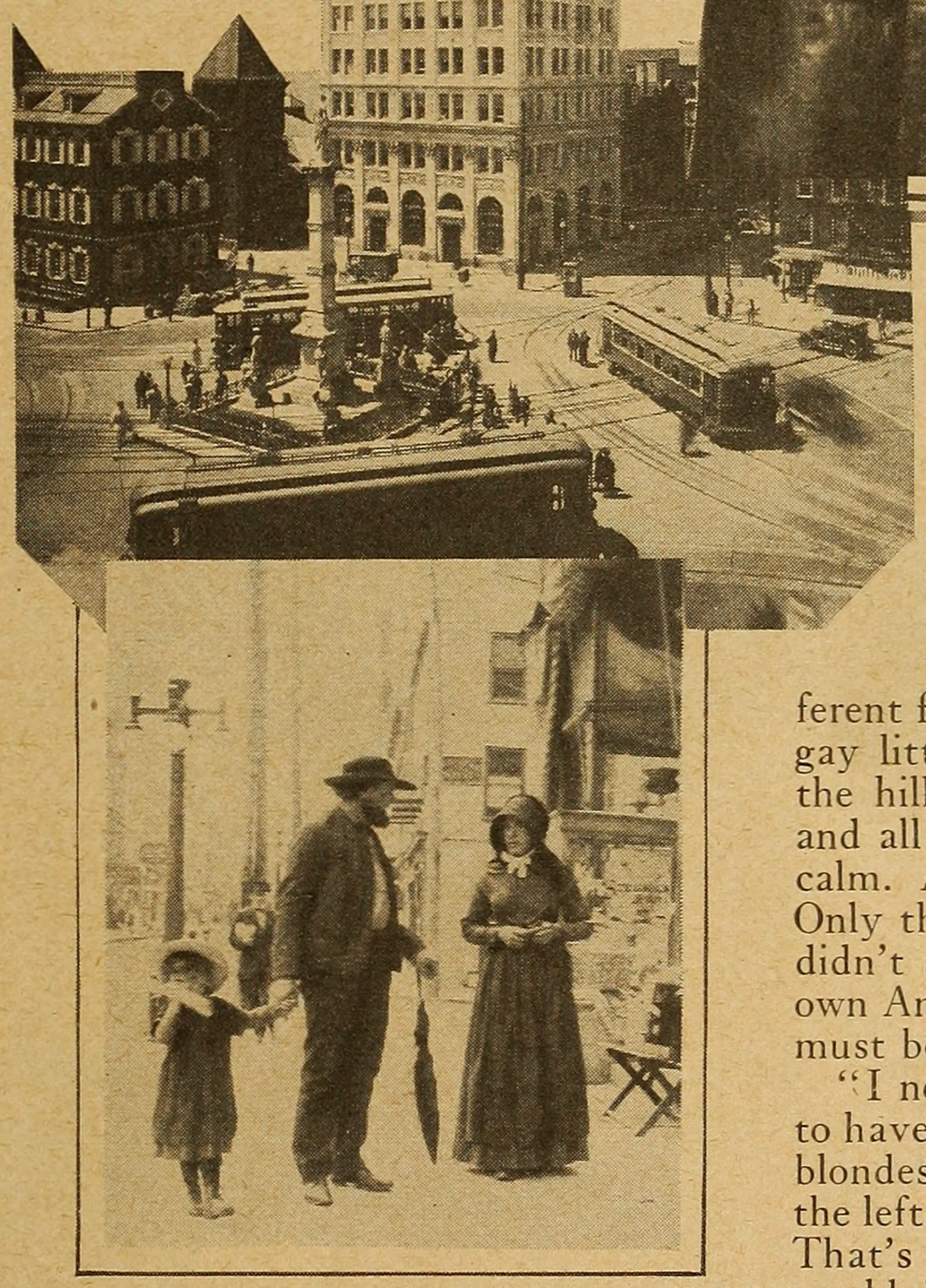
RAMSEY

"I remember what I used to think Hollywood was. Just about the wildest spot on earth and anyone who went there was wild too. I had the idea that it was just a little world all by itself—just a playground overflowing with handsome men and beautiful women—and they used bourbon for the bottle-babies. Or maybe all the babies got bourbon. And as for the movie stars, everyone said that they believed in companionate marriage—minus the marriage. And they wanted their love free (inexpensive). Oh, yes, and the idea was very well fixed in Lancaster that murder was a daily occurrence in Hollywood and that entertainment was just another word for intoxication. We had a hunch that it was a place where one could do anything and get away with it. Old Dame Criticism was never supposed to have lived there."

Betsy laughed a nice, Lancaster laugh and added, "I suppose that is the reason all the girls at Shippens, where I went to school, wanted to get to Hollywood.

"We girls at school used to get together and talk nothing but Hollywood. Of course, we didn't let our parents or the teachers know it. They wouldn't have understood. But anyway we were well posted on the latest movie divorces and we could name Constance Talmadge's husbands in their proper order. Colleen Moore was our favorite girl-star and Charlie Farrell the chosen boy. Hollywood had it all over Paris for fascination to us. It seemed just about as far away, too. So you can imagine the high excitement and fever when I announced to the Beta Sigma sorority that this summer vacation I was coming to Hollywood." Betsy paused, giving me a chance to imagine it. "Why, Kitty Kraedy nearly died.

"After what seemed like about nine thousand years on the train I finally got here. 'Los Angeles!' yelled the porter but I was already about half out to Hollywood by that time. My aunt wanted to fix me some lunch but I couldn't be bothered. I just wanted to get on Hollywood Boulevard and stay there the rest of the day.



Above is the Griest Building and a Lancaster street scene showing how the Mennonites wear 'em

Among the Things That Betsy Says—

I used to think all movie stars believed in companionate marriage—without the marriage.

All the girls have taken Anita Loos too seriously.

For a girl to pull up her stockings in a traffic congestion is a quaint old Hollywood custom.

It's a great place to commute to from Lancaster—often.

If all movie stars were like Noah Beery, it would be easy to believe press-agents.

Because you're a hit in a school play, don't get yourself mixed up with Noah Beery.

BLONDES AND BLONDES

"I DON'T know just what I did think of the Boulevard at first. It was so different from what I had expected, with its gay little shops and the background of the hills. Pepper-trees and palm trees and all that. It seemed so peaceful and calm. Almost like Lancaster on Sunday. Only there was a difference. The street didn't seem to be so different from my own Ann Street, so I figured out that it must be the people.

"I noticed the girls. They all seemed to have taken Anita Loos too seriously—blondes to the right of me—blondes to the left of me—powdered and blundered. That's one thing the girls in Lancaster wouldn't do. I surmised that these girls must be movie extras and it seemed that they had just as soon pull up their stockings in a traffic congestion as in the privacy of their rooms. Nobody else but me paid much attention to them, though. So I guessed it was merely a quaint old Hollywood custom.

"The men seemed equally elaborate. As I passed the Montmartre Cafe, Tom Mix's yellow custom-built roadster whirled by with Tom. All I could see was an enormous sombrero and initials, T. M., at every place you could put an initial. Somehow or other, it didn't seem gaudy, though. It

(*Continued on page 104*)



Russell Ball

Laugh that Off

Donald Reed's Sense of Humor Has Reconciled Him to Hollywood

BY DOROTHY MANNERS

"I WAS being interviewed once before, and this fellow and I had talked a couple of hours when all of a sudden he looked over at me and asked, 'What's your name?' I said, 'Donald Reed.' 'Well, for the love of God,' he said, 'I thought you were Gilbert Roland.'"

Laugh that off.

That's what Donald Reed has been doing ever since he hit our little suburb of the cinema. Donald, who used to be Ernest Gillen, and before that, Ernesto Guillen, figures that if you don't take Hollywood with a couple of chuckles and a shaker of salt, it will make a character man out of any juvenile.

"I guess he figured it didn't make much difference which of us Mexican boys he talked to," explained the youthful Mr. Reed. "He could use his Spanish adjectives on one as well as the other."

Having made sure that I was talking to him under no illusion that he was Gilbert Roland or even George Lewis, he seated himself back of a desk in the First National publicity office ready to reveal all. He looked as romantic as a press agent's blurb. But he talked Yankee. I gathered that he was rather proud of his Americanism. He pointed out that he photographed strictly "typical young American" and that's the reason he had picked the sound name of Donald Reed instead of Jose Carramba or Enrico Tamale for professional purposes. He said he saw no particular reason to trade on the Latin stuff, especially when he had no accent to back it up.

UNBROKEN ENGLISH

"I'VE been in this country about fourteen years and so it's a little late for me to spring up with an accent. Besides, what would my schoolteachers think? I always got an A in English when I was going to the Pasadena High School. Every now and then I make a grammatical error. But so do a lot of Americans."

Donald was born in Mexico City about twenty-five or six years ago. When he was just a kid, his family moved him up to California for several (*Continued on page 102*)



With Donald Reed making love to her, Billie Dove can be wearing furs solely for the sake of appearance

A Pout to be Kissed



And not only once, but several times—the party of the second and enviable part being Rod La Rocque in a new photoplay. No wonder, when his performance includes such an achievement with Sue Carol, that he's named the picture they're in "Captain Swagger"

Lansing Brown

Baby Stars Learn Talkie-Talk

By Cedric Belfrage

WELL, it has come to this at last. It couldn't have been postponed much longer anyway, I suppose. The movie stars have got to learn to talk.

A small group of kind-hearted souls in Hollywood, deeply touched by the facial and bodily contortions into which the stars have had to go, owing to their inability to speak at personal appearances on the stage, has for some time been trying to raise interest in a fund to bring the light of language to the studio fraternity. Nothing, however, could apparently be done to give them the benefits of conversation with their fellowmen. They preferred to go on as they had always done, talking among themselves in their strange native sound-language.



In scenes of panting pantomime like this, talking would only interfere with the progress of the work at hand

And now the wheel of circumstance has taken the matter out of their hands. The talking picture has arrived, and nothing will do but that the movie boys and girls should abandon their private vocabulary of sounds and pick up a few words, as the outside world calls them. By hook or by crook they have got to make themselves understood to Mr. and Mrs. Brown, of Brownsville, or go and have their contracts spanked by the headmaster.

It is welkin-time for teachers of voice culture. They are buckling on the belt of confidence and announcing that, having now concluded their prolonged engagement with the Metropolitan Opera or what have you, they are prepared to coach select pupils in voice culture and diction for talking pictures.

SILENCE NO LONGER GOLDEN

PRACTICALLY anyone in Hollywood who knows that "woid" should be pronounced word is on velvet. The studios are beginning to comb the city for geniuses graced by a kindly Providence with this knowledge. The tiny handful of actors already knowing how to talk have been snapped up on temptingly generous contracts. Lionel Barrymore, for instance, who in "The Lion and the Mouse," proved to be the only player that didn't speak through his nose and whistle his s's, was pounced upon by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, who shortly before had lost interest in him and turned him loose.

The first two eminent teachers of voice to the stars are Felix Hughes, brother of Rupert Hughes; and Mrs. Paul Sloane, wife of the director. Hughes, for some years one of the foremost singing teachers of America, bases his talkie voice course on the opinion that with the average movie star it's not the nasty things 'e sez but the nasty way 'e sez it. He feels that many more stars than one would think really do know how to talk but use such husky, nasal voices that nobody but their own tribe can make out what they're talking about. He is setting out to get what he calls point into his pupils' voices, a ringing quality without which, he says, no voice records well, either on phonograph or talking movie. His prize exhibit is Virginia Bradford, who hails from the South and has, in Hughes's opinion, the most beautiful natural voice in Hollywood. She is one case in a thousand of a star who would improve on her personality in talking pictures. After



Drawings by C. Mulholland

All the Movie Kiddies Are Learning the Fascinating New Word Game

hearing Virginia's voice and diction I raise my right hand to remark that she is the first good argument yet for talking movies.

Mrs. Paul Sloane is going to combine with Andres de Segurola, the monocled chappie from the Metropolitan, and will conduct a big three-ring voice school for the Demmy Lamson actors' agency. She is another old hand at the singing game, but she believes much more training is necessary to make movie stars talk than is contained in Felix Hughes's philosophy. Quality of production is only one factor in her program. Mrs. Sloane has set her jaw firmly for the task, which she obviously considers pretty Herculean, of putting honeyed words into the mouths of screen celebrities. Her prize pupils, for whom she has high hopes that one day they will speak practically like Julia Marlowe, are Carmel Myers and Nancy Carroll.

DOUBLING IN CELLULOID

THE studios appear to be buoyed up by the hope that they can get most of their players talking understandable English in a few months. Whether or not they are grand optimists, there is undoubtedly going to be trouble when it comes to some of the Hollywood foreign colony. Many foreign-born importations have never taken the trouble to learn any English beyond the useful phrase: "Garbo (or who-have-you) want more salary." They will look upon any attempt to teach them the rest of the language as an infringement of their rights.

The difficulty set up by players who cannot or will not learn English is calmly dispelled by the producers' idea of employing "voice doubles." This scheme is for the actor merely to mouth the words as he goes along, the sounds being produced by another voice at another time and synchronized. "The Jazz Singer" had portions done in this way. Some of Jolson's songs were sung (although by Jolson) at a different time from the pictures accompanying them, and the Jewish hymn was sung by a "voice double" for Warner Oland. However, let us remember, please, that Oland wore several layers of face fungus hiding the movements of his lips. Warners', Paramount and other studios are now experimenting along this line.

Just when we all thought there was nothing further that could embarrass a movie star, comes the talkie with this brand-new idea in embarrassing moments. There will be all sorts of fun and jollity under the voice-double régime. Lookit:

Gus Doakes, who has an impressive *basso profundo*, will be signed on a five-year, guaranteed unbreakable contract to speak the lines for Emil Jannings. But Samous-Warnwyn-Piffany, who are badly in need of someone to talk English for their new importation from the Bronx, will come under cover of night to Gus and offer him twice as much money to desert. Will Gus accept? Well, will a swim duck?

VOCAL HI-JACKING

EMIL and his employers can sue all they like, but it will be months before there's the remotest chance of getting Gus back. Meanwhile, it's checkmate for poor Emil, who has been galvanizing the entire world with his beautiful voice and accent, which were really Gus's. To put it tersely, Emil will be left speechless. All the studio magicians in the world won't be able to create another *basso* exactly as *profundo* as Gus's. Emil will have to get a new voice, and it will sound like Marilyn Miller using Ethel Barrymore's vocal chords.

Even if we admit (and by all means let's be generous about it) that there might be a chance of putting a voice under ironclad contract not to desert to another better-paying face, nobody can contract a voice not to get asthma, colds in the head, bronchitis and similar afflictions. In fact, if I were a voice double—and I admit it looks a soft proposition for someone of my build—I would make a point of having asthma just as soon as one or two of my talkies were released. I would *(Continued on page 105)*



Charmingly

Colleen as *Madame* as Cherry-

Dainty in stature, quaint little figure
Seems to have stepped down
Straight from a screen—

—From *Madame Butterfly*

Specially posed for Motion



Moore-iental

Butterfly Is as Fresh Blossoms

Let not my beauty's lingering bloom
Be faded quite! Farewell, beloved.
All is dead for me. All is finished!

—From *Madame Butterfly*

Picture by First National Pictures

Freulich Photos



Dressed to *Kill*



Anybody aimin' to be ornery had best not encounter Mary Brian. Else he's likely to find his peace of mind abbreviated as abruptly as Mary's blouse. Not that she'd use her six-shooter. Why should she, with the double-barreled beauty of her eyes all set to slay?

Richee

Nijinska Dances Alone

Once an Intimate of Empresses, She is in Hollywood a Magnificent Nonentity

By HERBERT CRUIKSHANK



Manuel Freres

THOUGH all the roads that lead to Rome be dull as the dust of Caesar's long dead legions, the sombre world still holds a road to romance. It circles round and round our sorry sphere like a silver ribbon on a ball of clay. And those who follow it find—Hollywood. Amazing Hollywood! To the shadows of its cloud-kissed hills, to the sands of its summer seas come wanderers from far places, adventurers of the rainbow trail.

Hidden unsuspected in its towers of alchemy, where modern wizardry turns celluloid to gold, lie hearts in which are locked a second thousand tales for fair *Scheherazade*. A torrent of words in many tongues falls at the feet of any genie with the key. And the stories tell themselves.

On a movie set where a sudden star was shining for her little hour, a slight figure stood apart from the flotsam of atmosphere drawn from the nation's sculleries. Despite the weary droop of her shoulders, she was graceful as a slender tree, bowing, but never breaking, before the rough caresses of a fateful storm. Her face was beautiful. Not with the broad, robust vigor of some farm-spawned milkmaid, but with the cameo pallor of the aristocrat. The sensitive, imperious mouth, the trembling nostrils, the line of the throat, the eyes. Ah, the eyes. Pale blue, sad as an ocean of tears. And veiled by lashes which drooped as though to hide the tragedy of memories.

Perhaps, as she stood there watching the mugging of the movie queen among the tawdry trappings of the scene, she thought of other queens whose pearls were real as their royalty — Alexandra of England; Victoria of Spain. Of days when the Castilian King and the Emperor of India and old Franz Josef, last of the Hapsburgs, were but few among many, who were proud to bend their noble knees in homage to her art.

For this was Nijinska!

You smile politely, or you shrug your shoulders. What, don't you remember?

Surely you cannot forget the shower of roses and jewels which greeted her at the Metropolitan and for twenty tumultuous minutes heaped the stage! How the flower of France tossed its wealth in her lap at the Theatre des Champs Elysees! How the torpid blood of Britain thrilled at Covent Garden and Drury Lane! How all Vienna came to adore her at the Hofoper—how madly the dons cheered in Madrid's Theatre Royal—the crowds at the Colon in Buenos Aires—how Rome applauded until the Constanza trembled!



And this was only yesterday. But now Romola Nijinska, danseuse of the Ballet Russe, wife of Vaslav Nijinsky, ward of the Czar and greatest dancer in all the universe, stood on a movie set in Hollywood playing a minor part in a picture featuring an upstart from nowhere.

She was born in that cradle of genius, Budapest. Her family was of the Hungarian *noblesse*. Her father a *connoisseur* of art, Director of the Royal Gallery of Beaux Arts; her mother, Hungary's finest dramatic actress; (*Continued on page 88*)

At the left, Nijinsky, as he danced in "The Afternoon of a Faun." The brilliance of that bright day is pale now. But one, yet forever steadfast, ray still shines: the devotion of his wife, Nijinska, pictured above

The Star—Diggers

Samuel Goldwyn Chooses Women Trained to Please Men

BY GLADYS HALL



Lois Moran crossed the lens of the Goldwyn telescope while she was dancing in Paris

EDITOR'S NOTE:—*Edna Ferber once wrote a story about a great theatrical manager who sent his protege and assistant abroad to find a new star. The boy cabled back from Budapest and brought the great man to watch a girl carrying mortar up the scaffolding of a new building there. They transplanted her to Broadway and she took it by storm.*

How did they know? What did they look for? What did they see in her that was not in thousands of other girls? What is the quality that makes a star?

To answering these questions, a series of articles is to be devoted. This is the first one. It tells what can be told by the man who found Thomas Meighan, Mae Murray, Vilma Banky, Ronald Colman, Lili Damita and Walter Byron. His name is Samuel Goldwyn. Whether you're wondering how some people become stars, or whether you're wondering how you yourself may become one, you'll find what Mr. Goldwyn relates to be well worth reading.

IN Hollywood where producers knead film like bread, run out features like the parts of a Ford car, spend millions in rehashing the same old plot or buy classics and best sellers only to distort them beyond recognition, manufacture stars out of tin and tinsel overnight—in this mart of callow commerce one man stands forth an artist. This man is Sam Goldwyn.

It is only necessary to remind you of "The Dark Angel" and of "Stella Dallas" to point my premise.

It is only necessary to call to your minds those figures of beating blood and moon-magic, those darkly thrilling figures of defeat and desire, Vilma Banky and Ronald Colman, to drive the premise home—to stay.

Sam Goldwyn works like an artizan and like an artist. An unbeatable combination.

His finest, surest instinct lies, first, in spotting star stuff, and second, in perfecting the material he selects.

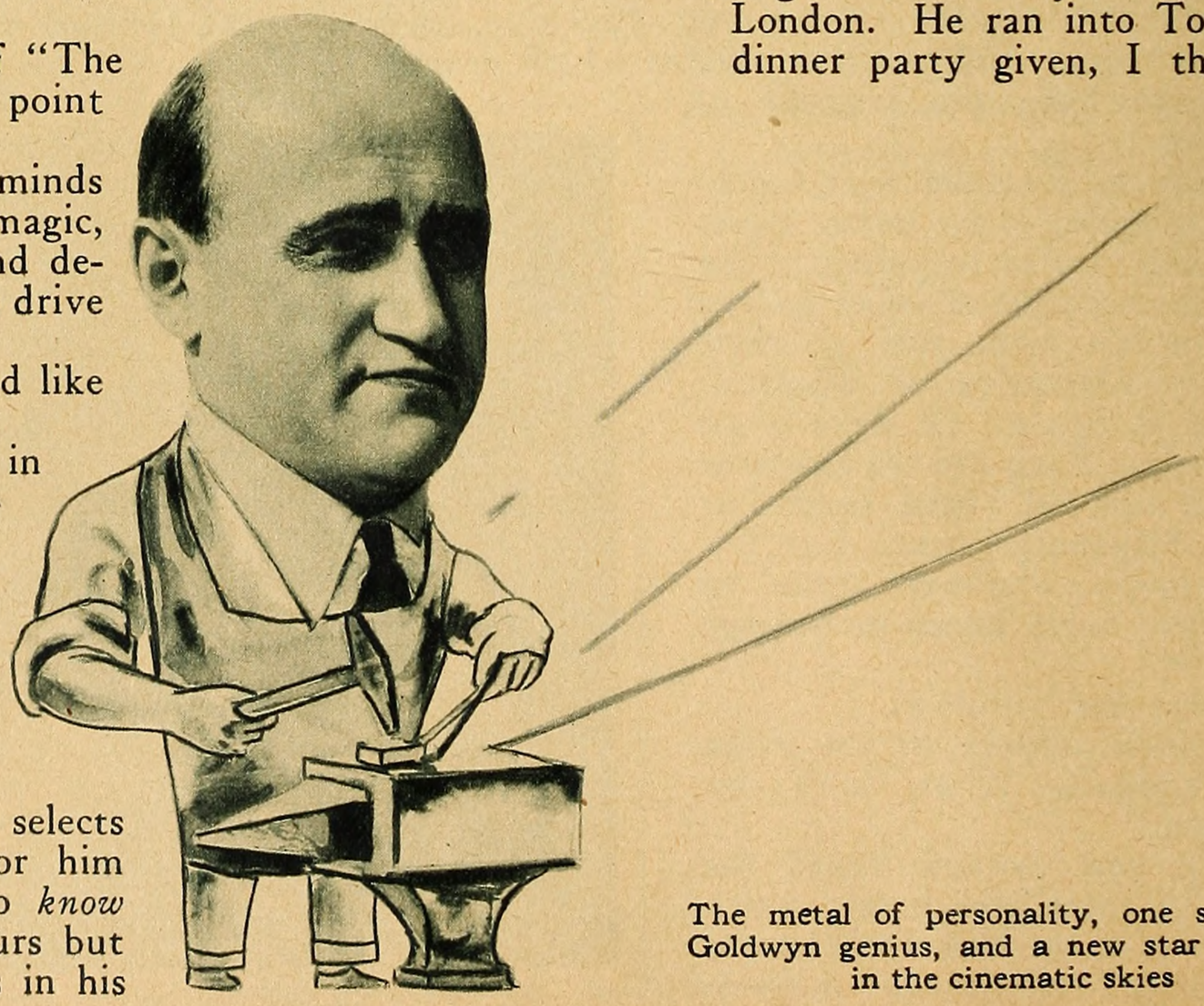
He seldom uses raw stock, so to speak. Making, as he does, few pictures and using, as he does, few stars, these pictures and these stars must be memorable. They are. Mr. Goldwyn has never chosen a second-rater.

Like a painter of fine portraits, he first selects his subject. His unerring eye works for him here. Then he makes it his business to *know* his subject. Not only the physical contours but the mind and the soul as well. He puts in his background carefully. Not everyone can do the same story, the same type of work. Not everyone feels the same things in the same way. Mr. Goldwyn knows this. He next chooses his colors, his perspective, his line—and when the work is done you have had a Banky and a Colman and you are about to have a Lili Damita and a Walter Byron.

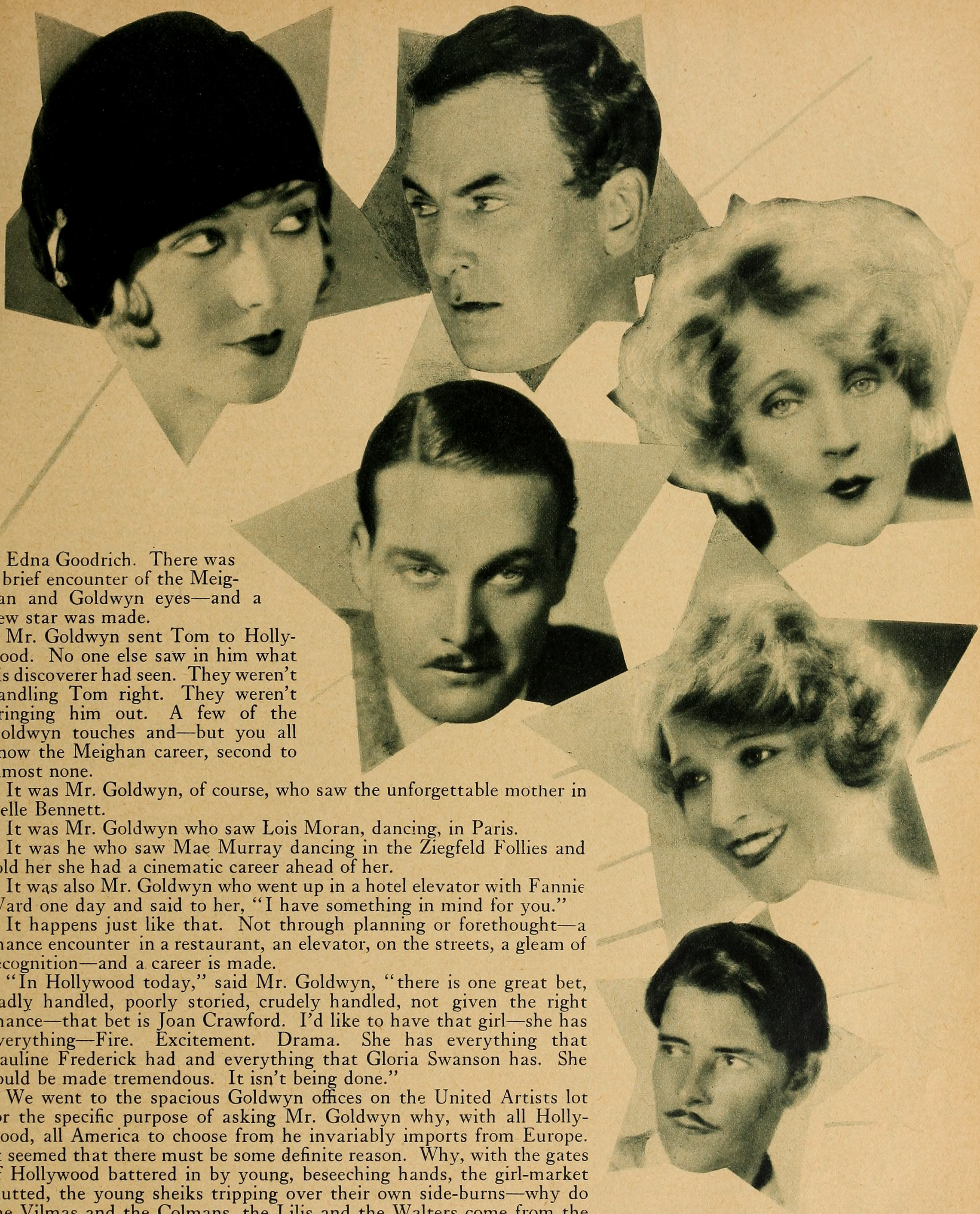
Mr. Goldwyn's star-digging dates back. Back to the days of the Laskyian connection when he found Tom Meighan and, by Tom's own admission made a few weeks ago, "changed the course of my whole life for me."

TRANSPLANTING TOM

TOM was playing in London, in stock or something. Mr. Goldwyn was also in London. He ran into Tom at a dinner party given, I think by



The metal of personality, one stroke of Goldwyn genius, and a new star sparkles in the cinematic skies



Edna Goodrich. There was a brief encounter of the Meighan and Goldwyn eyes—and a new star was made.

Mr. Goldwyn sent Tom to Hollywood. No one else saw in him what his discoverer had seen. They weren't handling Tom right. They weren't bringing him out. A few of the Goldwyn touches and—but you all know the Meighan career, second to almost none.

It was Mr. Goldwyn, of course, who saw the unforgettable mother in Belle Bennett.

It was Mr. Goldwyn who saw Lois Moran, dancing, in Paris.

It was he who saw Mae Murray dancing in the Ziegfeld Follies and told her she had a cinematic career ahead of her.

It was also Mr. Goldwyn who went up in a hotel elevator with Fannie Ward one day and said to her, "I have something in mind for you."

It happens just like that. Not through planning or forethought—a chance encounter in a restaurant, an elevator, on the streets, a gleam of recognition—and a career is made.

"In Hollywood today," said Mr. Goldwyn, "there is one great bet, badly handled, poorly storied, crudely handled, not given the right chance—that bet is Joan Crawford. I'd like to have that girl—she has everything—Fire. Excitement. Drama. She has everything that Pauline Frederick had and everything that Gloria Swanson has. She could be made tremendous. It isn't being done."

We went to the spacious Goldwyn offices on the United Artists lot for the specific purpose of asking Mr. Goldwyn why, with all Hollywood, all America to choose from he invariably imports from Europe. It seemed that there must be some definite reason. Why, with the gates of Hollywood battered in by young, beseeching hands, the girl-market glutted, the young sheiks tripping over their own side-burns—why do the Vilmas and the Colmans, the Lilis and the Walters come from the other side?

Mr. Goldwyn assured me that he does not deliberately prospect in Europe. It merely happens so.

"In Hollywood," he says, "what have we? Beauty, yes. The most beautiful women in the world are to be found right here in America. *But beauty is not enough.* Beauty is not the thing. It is personality. Brains. Feel. Finish. I cannot find it in Hollywood. They are all—hicks."

To prove his contention, the producer sent for Mr. McIntyre, his casting director.

(*Continued on page 106*)

Among the many players that Samuel Goldwyn has discovered and first made celebrated are—beginning at the top, left—Vilma Banky, Thomas Meighan, Mae Murray, Walter Byron, Lili Damita, and Ronald Colman

Hellywood

People Think That Should Be the Town's Name Before They See It

BY WALTER RAMSEY

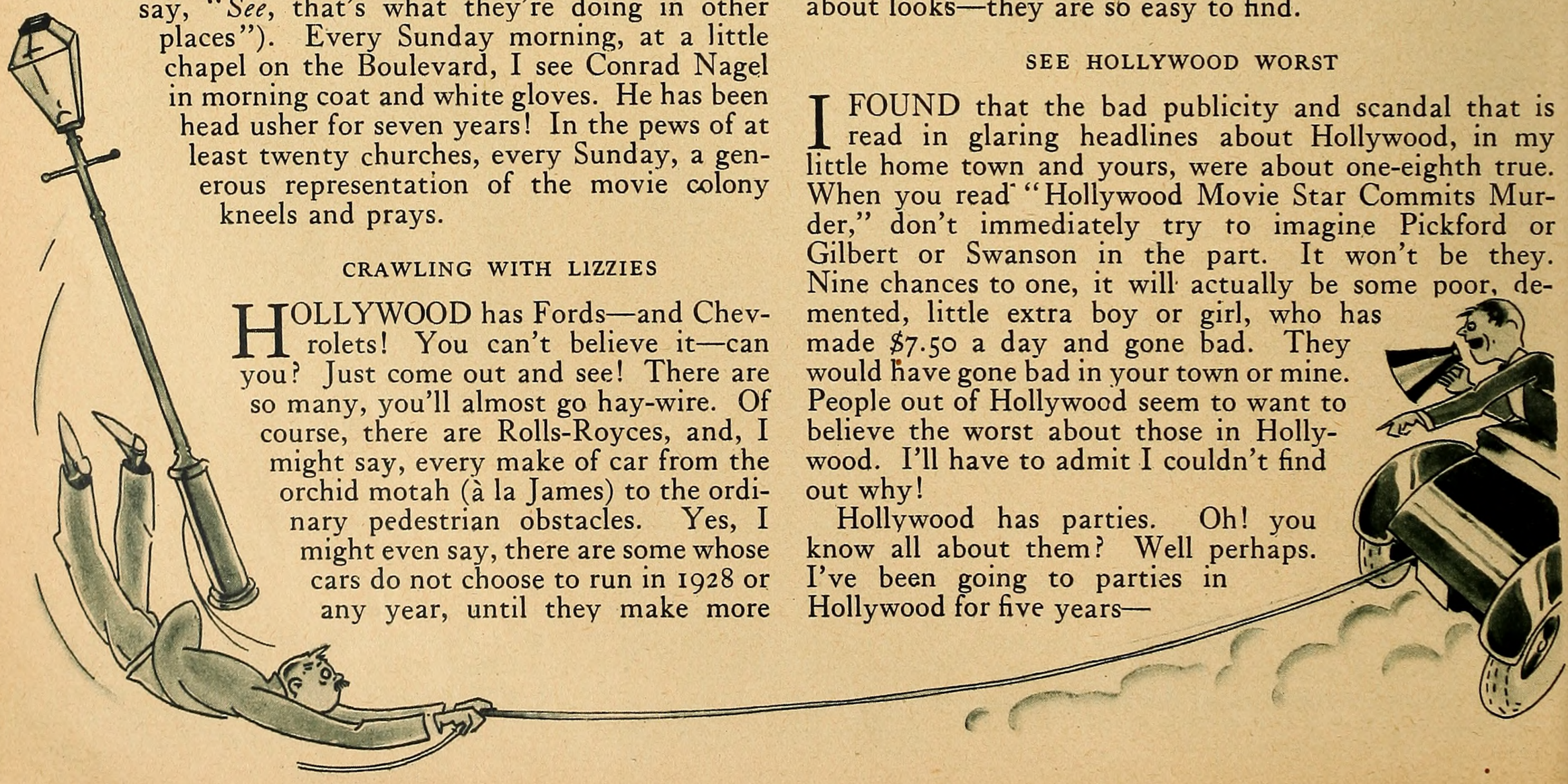
IF you want to believe the worst about Hollywood, don't read this—you'll be surprised!

Out there in the East and sundry points from California you've got the idea that Hollywood is a bad place, awfully bad. That it is the place where all young girls go wrong—and all the boys go with them. That there aren't any people there who aren't connected with pictures—and you've heard that picture people are *wild*. Everybody has a Rolls-Royce, at least. The name should be changed to "Hellywood." I know you think that, because I used to live in a small town in the Middle West myself.

Before I realized my ambition to come to Hollywood, I had some very set ideas about what I would find. I would find wild women, and plenty of liquor. I knew I wouldn't find any law or order—that was out of the question! Everyone would play in pictures—maybe an hour a day. They would have lots of money, and big cars. But, I came to Hollywood, and we were wrong! Let me tell you what they really have.

Hollywood has policemen—lots of them—too many of them, and they're just as big and gruff and Irish as the cops in your town. The jail is grey (inside and out).

Hollywood has churches on almost every corner. I'll bet there are more churches in Hollywood, for the size of the place, than in any town in the country; and tell your neighborhood pastor that the collection plates are heaping full—and many of them (he'll probably say, "*See*, that's what they're doing in other places"). Every Sunday morning, at a little chapel on the Boulevard, I see Conrad Nagel in morning coat and white gloves. He has been head usher for seven years! In the pews of at least twenty churches, every Sunday, a generous representation of the movie colony kneels and prays.



CRAWLING WITH LIZZIES

HOLLYWOOD has Fords—and Chevrolets! You can't believe it—can you? Just come out and see! There are so many, you'll almost go hay-wire. Of course, there are Rolls-Royces, and, I might say, every make of car from the orchid motah (à la James) to the ordinary pedestrian obstacles. Yes, I might even say, there are some whose cars do not choose to run in 1928 or any year, until they make more dough. We have those who walk—and not from choice.

Hollywood isn't supposed to have any horses, but you'd have a hard time convincing our street cleaners of it (some people believe they're just extras playing in the new version of "The Four Horsemen"), but I'll promise you if they are, they'll be a sweeping success—a natural.

Hollywood has fourflushers, just as every other place has—only more so! To bask in the spotlight of so much reflected glory and success has been hard for some. They couldn't stand it, so they have established a front. They rent expensive cars by the day (once a month). They have one complete change of clothing from the best tailor or designer. They'll prove it to you, his name is just inside the collar—right there, see? They sit in the lobby of the Biltmore every noon after lunch—at Childs! They are like a mirror with the silver paint worn off—you can see through!

Hollywood has handsome young men (many of them are elevator boys); plenty of beautiful girls (working as waitresses in cheap restaurants). They came to Hollywood to be Valentinos and Swansons—but, somehow, they didn't click. They didn't know the right people, or for some reason they never "made it." They tried hard, until they were forced to quit theorizing and work if they wanted to eat. They found that Hollywood doesn't care if a fellow was the best looking boy in Centerville, or if all the people have said a girl was so beautiful she just *must* be a movie star. Hollywood is rather cold-blooded about looks—they are so easy to find.

SEE HOLLYWOOD WORST

I FOUND that the bad publicity and scandal that is read in glaring headlines about Hollywood, in my little home town and yours, were about one-eighth true. When you read "Hollywood Movie Star Commits Murder," don't immediately try to imagine Pickford or Gilbert or Swanson in the part. It won't be they. Nine chances to one, it will actually be some poor, demented, little extra boy or girl, who has made $7.50 a day and gone bad. They would have gone bad in your town or mine. People out of Hollywood seem to want to believe the worst about those in Hollywood. I'll have to admit I couldn't find out why!

Hollywood has parties. Oh! you know all about them? Well perhaps. I've been going to parties in Hollywood for five years—



Pretty soft, this screen-acting racket! Let 'em drag you around a corner a dozen times on a rope, or just work about eighteen hours in a rain scene, and then nothing to do until tomorrow morning at six

all kinds of parties, cabaret parties, house parties, beach parties, picnics—and what have you. They aren't any wilder than the parties in New York, Kalamazoo or Evansville—they are merely better advertised. Did you know that the beautiful movie star—your favorite—wouldn't be a star long, if she didn't go to bed at ten o'clock when she was working? The movie camera picks out defects and shows them. As Johnny Walker says, "You can't get up for a seven o'clock call with rubber tires hanging under your eyes!" Picture people keep sane hours; they can't do otherwise and stay—and that's the truth.

I found out that being in pictures was a hard life! Yes, I know you thought all they did was stand in front of the camera a few minutes a day—so did I until I saw them eighteen hours in one stretch with fire hoses playing on them for a rain-effect; an aeroplane motor and propeller making a wind-effect; rain and wind and blinding kleig lights for eighteen hours. It might be fun for some, but you couldn't get me to see it. Do you remember in the comedy where you saw them drag a man around the corner by a rope? It was on the screen twenty seconds! I saw them make that scene. They dragged that man on hard pavement around that corner twenty-eight times—two and one half hours just to get one effect right. The man was almost dead; he got $5.00 for his day's work—and life in the movies is called a *bed of roses!*

Hollywood has some ordinary human beings! They mow the lawn in their shirt sleeves. They go to Westerns. They go to circuses. They eat corn beef and cabbage. They take a bath on Saturday! They buy bum oil stock. They act just like your neighbor, Henry, two doors away.

MEASLES AND POPCORN GALORE

HOLLYWOOD has some homely women; some funny looking men; the kids have measles; the corner of Hollywood Boulevard and Highland Avenue has a popcorn stand with a little old Italian shaking the popper over a gas jet; milkmen come around in the early morning; the sun shines a lot, and everybody has a good time if he can.

As for the dissipations of Hollywood, they resemble those of Eagle Rock—in whatever state you wish. The sleek sheiks you see strolling along the Boulevard are, as likely as not, bound for a high-stool and the frothy zest of an ice-cream soda. The night-lifers you see out as late as a quarter after ten are headed, in all probability, for some hamburger haunt.

And speaking of night-life, there isn't much of it in evidence. And really not much more not in evidence. Hollywood and Los Angeles, too, at midnight, look like New York at a quarter to five in the morning. The only people noticeable are the street cleaners and the cops.

HOLLYWOOD AFTER MIDNIGHT

IN regard to that an incident took place once at the end of a vaudeville show. Al Herman, the black-faced comedian on the bill, espied Ruth Rowland in the audience, and asked her if she wouldn't sing a song for the boys and girls there gathered together. Miss Rowland demurred, pointing out, in a conversation across the footlights, that it was the end of the show, and that the audience would want to be going.

"Want to be going?" repeated Herman, "Where would they go after eleven o'clock in this town?"

Which is true—or partly so. So far as small-hour amusements are concerned, Herman was right. But he wasn't entirely correct in assuming that Hollywood had no place at all to go. It did—and does—have a very definite destination: bed. And in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, that's where you'll find Hollywood after ten-thirty. They don't have a curfew, of course. But the reason is that they don't need one.

Don't you think that the idea that "Hollywood is the name of a spot where concentrated wine, women and song abound" is a bit far fetched? It's really a great little town. A town to live in, laugh in, love in, and struggle in. It's a great place to be in—and a nice place to be from.



It was with something of a shock that we learned that this picture of Vilma Banky was from a screen story called "The Awakening." We had thought that it must be connected, in some way or other, with *The Legend of Sheepy Hollow*

A Cynic of the Cinema

William K. Howard Believes in Santa Claus With Reservations

By DOROTHY MANNERS



WALLACE SMITH, the writer, once inscribed a book of his own which he presented to William K. Howard with this inscription:

To Bill: The Cinderella of the cinema who still suspects the Golden Coach is a pumpkin.

In the vernacular, Mr. Smith said it. Anyway you want to put it, Mr. Smith said it. He sized up the young Irishman who made "The Thundering Herd," "White Gold," "Gigolo" and "His Country" more neatly in a phrase or two than most people could do in the same number of pages. He hit the funny, half-ironical, half-sentimental philosophy of this young-fellow director right on the head and nailed it for a loop. And left nothing more to be said. To continue is superfluous. However—

Mr. Howard, is by ancestry, part Hollywood and wholly Hibernian. His hair is black. His eyes are blue. He is young enough to be a little bitter still about the casual events of every twenty-four hours both on and off the screen. He will never be entirely happy in pictures because he suspects that they are a very fine, very splendid, medium of expression. On the other hand, he would never be happy away from them. He has it in him to make delicate, taunting pictures that would never make a dime at the box-office. But when he wants to, he can take hold of a meaty thing like "The Thundering Herd" and clean up for his producers.

EVERY OTHER ONE FOR HIMSELF

YOU can't quite catalogue Howard with any consistent rating at the box-office. He fools 'em. About every other production he makes to please the producers. The rest of the time he pleases himself and a certain group of sophisticated reviewers. Maybe you missed his "White Gold." It was in no sense a special, and due to indifferent efforts in bookings it was used in many theaters to round out a vaudeville program of trained seals and untrained sopranos. But there are people who hold that this picture was the most worthy contribution to the screen since Chaplin's "A Woman of Paris." It made not a cent of profit for Cecil De Mille, who produced it, but it increased enormously the prestige of both Jetta Goudal and Bill. During the making of the picture Miss Goudal saw nothing in it. The French lady and the Irish gentleman did not fare any too well together. She wanted to play the scenes with gestures and dramatics. He would say "No" in every language, including the Scandinavian. They spent a good deal of the time in the front office letting Papa De Mille smooth out their little difficulties. When the picture was released and the reviewers gathered great bunches of superlatives to lay at its feet, Jetta told Bill, "You were right." She told her friends that she had had to fight to get it that way. Which may, or may not, have added to Mr. Howard's cynicism.

SALESMAN, SOLDIER, SUCKER

BILL Howard started out in pictures as a salesman for one of the largest and cheapest *(Continued on page 90)*

His Infinite

Caricatures by
D. G. Shore



Until Emil Jannings impersonated *Louis XV* of France—above—a movie monarch was about as realistic as the king of diamonds. His performance in "Passion" thus proved in more than one sense to be of sovereign worth



The great German actor's fame can hardly hang upon a hair. For as *Pharaoh* — above —he appeared as bald as the Sahara. Yet in this guise he achieved a characterization likely to endure as long as the pyramids

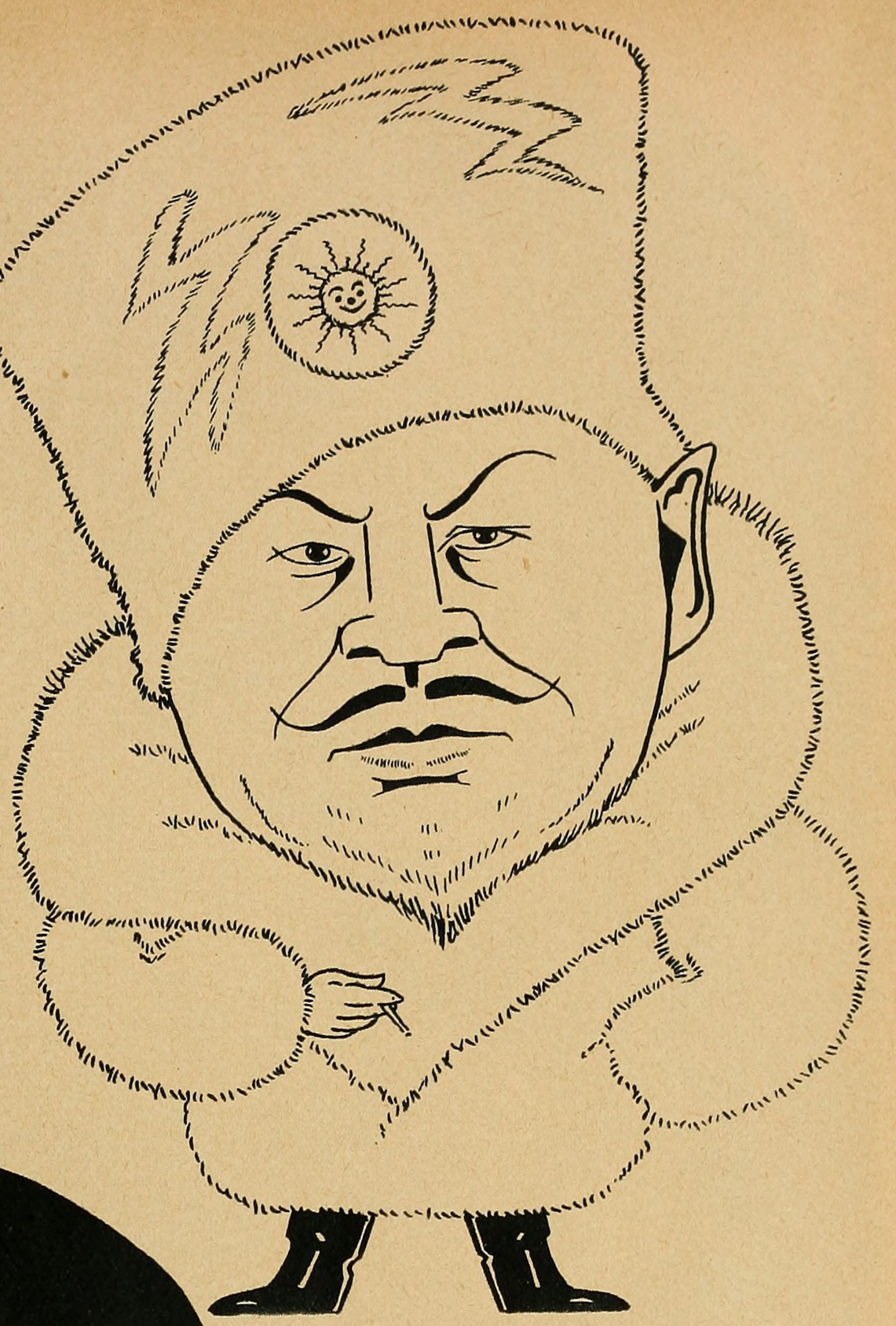


Even the most restrained and grudging critics waxed enthusiastic over Jannings as *Mephistopheles* in "Faust." They united in the pronouncement that he was devilish good

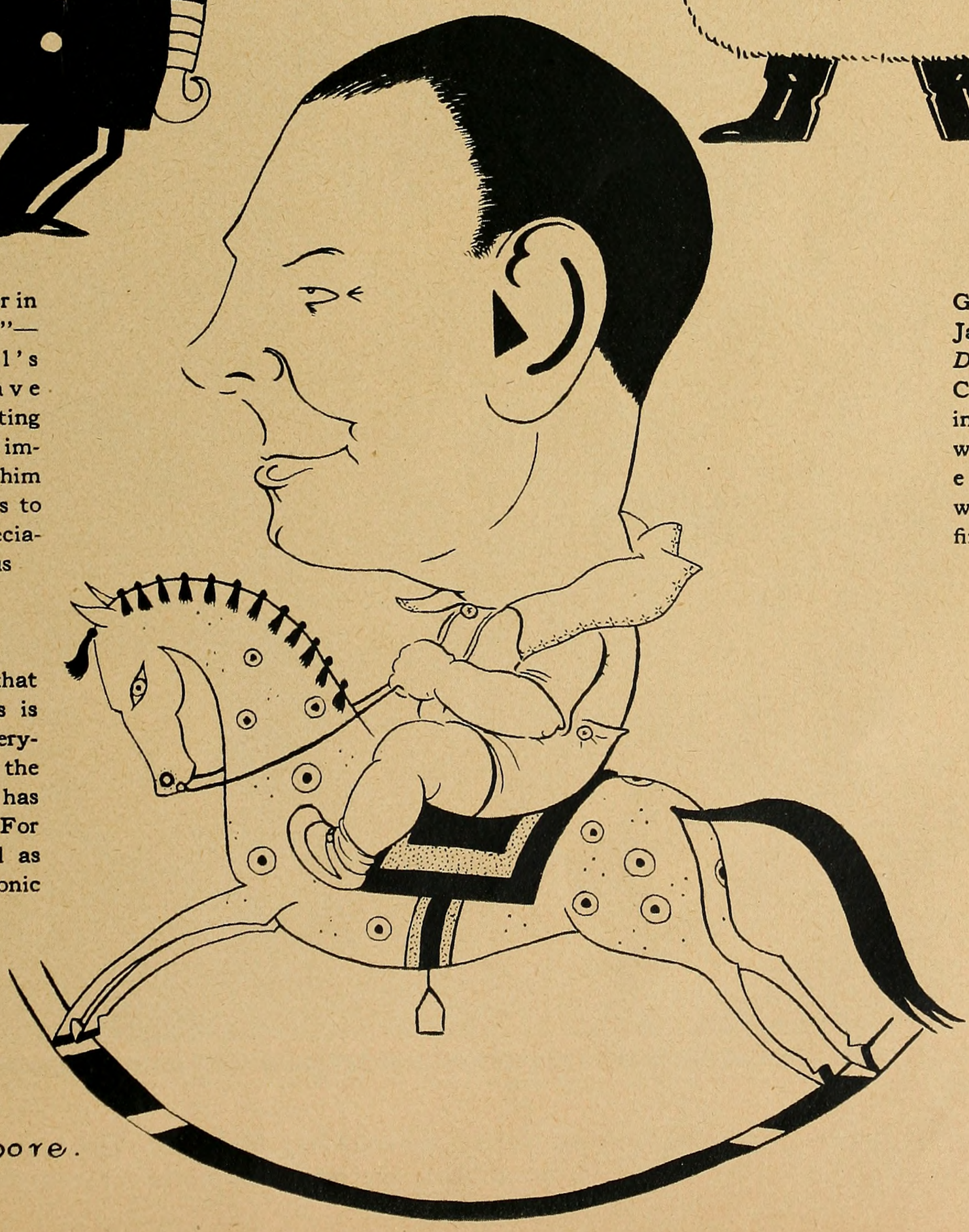
Variety



As the ageing porter in "The Last Laugh"—above — Emil's strength may have failed him in lifting luggage. But his impersonation of him lifted his audiences to an exalted appreciation of his genius



Give those who saw Jannings as the *Grand Duke* in "The Last Command" free rein in Russia and royalty would instantly be re-established. You wouldn't be able to find a Bolshevik in a droskyload



At home they say that the great Jannings is just a little boy. Everyone, that is, except the hobby-horse that has to carry him. For Emil is a physical as well as a histrionic heavyweight

D. G. Shore.



Hesser

For shear sensationalism, no screen star can this year rival Mary Pickford. The amputation of the celebrated curls of the most celebrated motion picture actress in the world created unquestionably the coiffurore of the season

Mary Bids Good-bye to Curlhood

Miss Pickford Uses Scissors to Sign Her Declaration of Independence

By DOROTHY CALHOUN



Photos by Hesser

"DOUG says that it's a Scotch bob," Mary smiles, "because I wouldn't let them take off more."

It still waves about her face, golden, shining, breaking into tiny spirals, still long enough to be caught into a roll at the nape of the neck, but the fairy-story ringlets (the last ringlets in a blasé grown-up world) are gone! The most famous hair in America has been shorn at last, and not since Delilah shingled Samson has there been a hair cut of such importance.

"It came below my waist," says Mary, in the subdued tone of one speaking of a departed friend. "It took hours of my life to shampoo it and brush it and arrange it! There were eighteen curls when the barber cut them off. He laid them aside carefully in a row on the shelf, which wasn't as harrowing as if I'd stepped out of the chair into a heap of hair, like Emil Jannings when he had his beard cut in 'The Way of All Flesh.'"

The eighteen golden ringlets, she adds, are in New York now, to be mounted so that their bereaved owner may pin them on whenever she feels homesick for curls. Ever since the news was announced, letters have been pouring in from the fans, letters of protest, grief, even letters of rage. Her French maid bursts into tears whenever anyone speaks of that lost golden glory, but Mary is almost triumphant. And perhaps the least little bit in the world defiant. And probably even a little scared.

DEFERENCE TO HER FANS

"I'VE been wanting to bob my hair for five years," she nods, "and nobody would let me. I went on trying to play the American girl with so much hair that I looked top-heavy in short skirts, while the real American girls were getting wind-blown bobs and boyish bobs and Dutch cuts that they could tuck under tight little hats. But every time I would suggest bobbing, the fans would write in and beg me not to. I had my hair (*Continued on page 87*)

The long and short of Mary Pickford's headdress: at the right, before the amputation of her curls; and, above, after clipping them

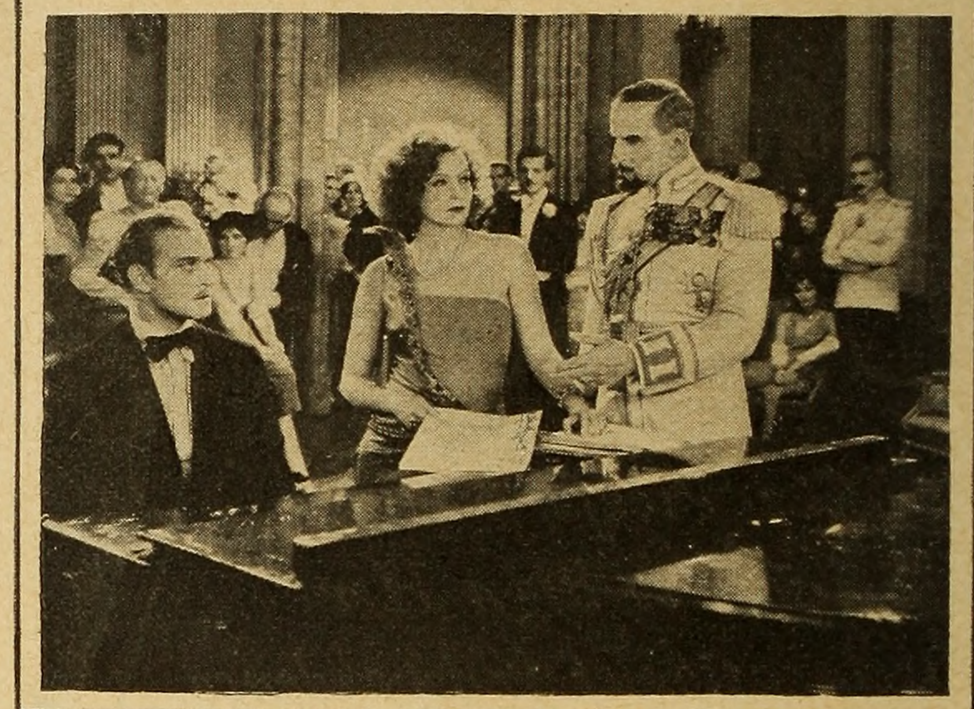
The Picture

By ELIZABETH



THE BATTLE OF THE SEXES

SALLY O'NEIL has the difficult job of keeping her family together in this latest Griffith opus. She has a tough time, because her daddy has let his susceptible eye rove in the direction of Phyllis Haver, and what can Belle Bennett and the children mean to a man who has known Phyllis? Belle, who is easily stunned, sits in a daze through most of the picture. But Sally, the dynamic member of the family, goes out to bring her dad back at the point of a gun if necessary. This is intended to be a poignant tale of filial devotion, but somehow it fails to touch the heart strings. Sally is splendid. But Jean Hersholt and Belle Bennett, while giving good individual performances, seem to be people from different spheres of life. They are never convincing as husband and wife. Nevertheless, there is plenty to amuse and interest you. Especially Sally.



THE MYSTERIOUS LADY

GRETA GARBO'S latest picture is devoted to disproving those two disagreeable statements of Jim Tully's—that Greta is anemic and flat-chested. She darts about displaying unwonted vim and vigor, and wears gowns that might very appropriately have adorned Barbara La Marr. Greta as a beautiful lady spy is too alluring to miss. The action alternates between Austria and Russia. A Russian spy falls in love with the man she is sent to spy on, and is torn twixt love and duty, in the usual way. This is one of those plots that hinges on stealing The Papers, never a very absorbing topic. But there is a good deal of suspense. And the love scenes are numerous and all that could be desired, even though Conrad Nagel is occupying John Gilbert's usual place beside the couch. Gustav Von Seyffertitz supplies the menace. Give "The Mysterious Lady" a buzz when she shows up.



A WOMAN DISPUTED

THIS is the story of the rivalry of two friends, a Russian and an Austrian. These boys meet and both fall in love with a little Austrian coquette. Then comes the war. And it turns out that the Russian did not love her in a very nice way. He captures her home town, sentences her and a lot of others to death, and Norma in order to save her country and incidentally her own life, is forced to make the dreadful sacrifice of worse-than-death. Her true lover comes along and for a time there is some misunderstanding, but in the end she gets the public recognition that her heroism deserves. It is all very dignified. Norma Talmadge dispenses charm and affection, and the situation leading up to the sacrifice is very cleverly devised. Gilbert Roland acts about as usual, but looks more like John Gilbert, owing to his shaved head and his uniform. I much preferred the Russian gentleman, so I couldn't feel much sympathy for our heroine.

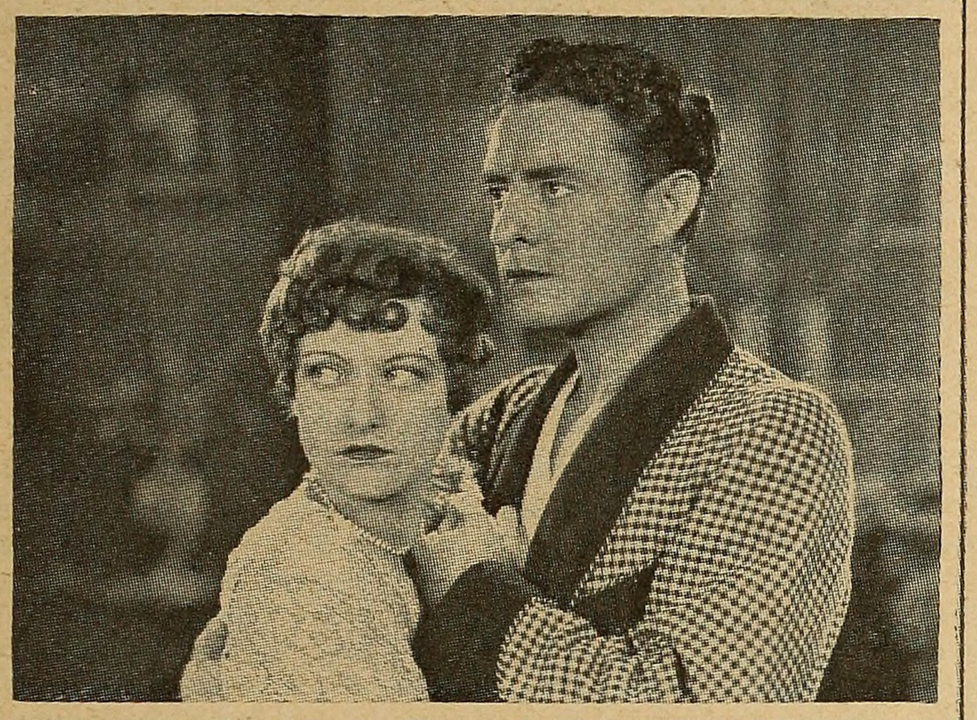


A WOMAN OF MOSCOW

POLA NEGRI starts out very vigorously as a Cossack lady in white furs and a dashing sleigh. She dances, flirts, drinks, and scandalizes the chaperons in a most promising way. But before many reels have passed she has drawn her hair over her forehead in two demure locks and is acting as girlish as Sally O'Neil. That's what love does to a woman. Pola is a lady from Moscow whose Russian fiancé is mysteriously killed. She goes to Paris to look for the murderer, finds him at the first party she's invited to, and falls in love with him. With much anguish she keeps her word and arranges to give him up to the police inspector, but at the last moment weakens. Then what with one thing and another she feels she would be better dead, and obeys that impulse. This is an incredibly slow-moving story, and I was quite unable to feel the tragedy of it. But I have seldom seen Pola look more beautiful. Norman Kerry is the hero.

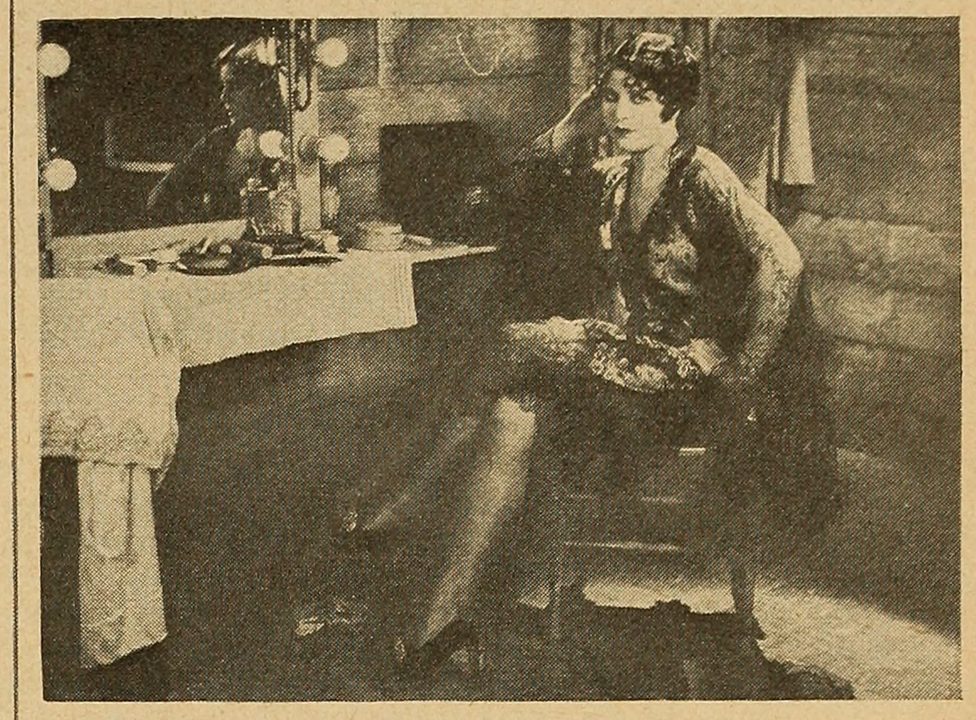


GOLDBECK



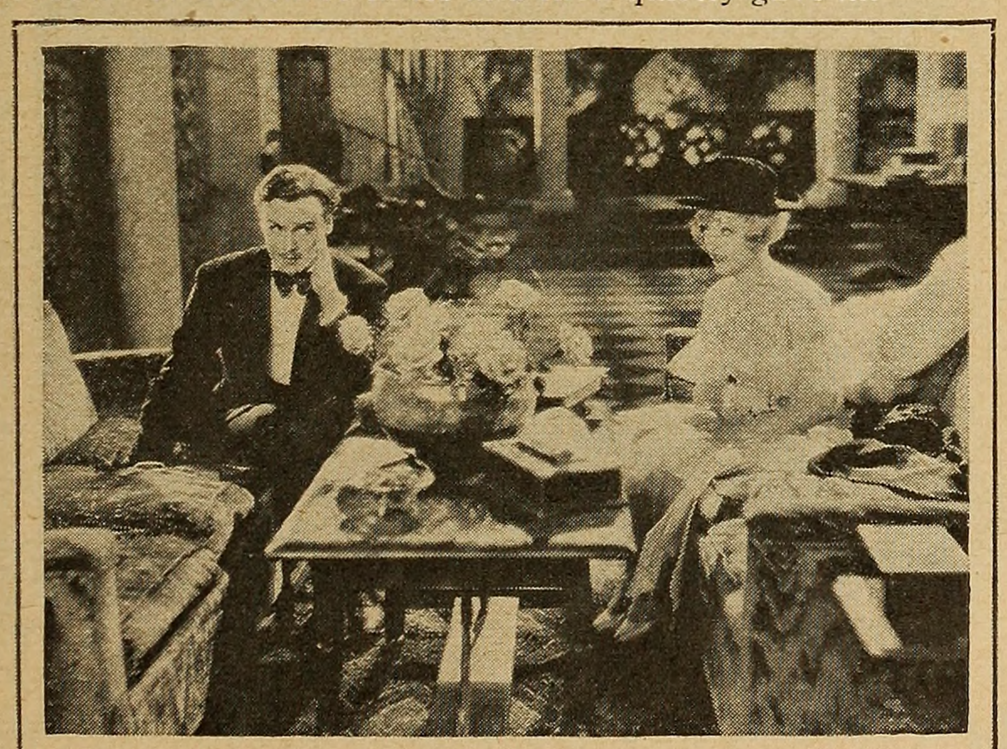
FOUR WALLS

A DRAMA laid in the underworld, interesting mostly because of John Gilbert's personality. John is a gang leader, who serves a jail sentence and there learns that the only walls that can imprison a man are the walls of his own soul. The plot concerns his struggle, after he is released, to preserve the freedom his spirit has found. This is made much harder because his hard-boiled girl friend, Joan Crawford, is pulling him in the other direction. Besides this spiritual theme, there are a gang war and other forms of action to entertain you. Vera Gordon, as the mama, does her mother stuff well, but she doesn't seem like any kin of Jack's. Carmel Myers is unusually good, as a plain spinster with an unrequited passion for Jack. The hero is supposed to be a lad who resists one temptation after another. It seemed to me he just said, "No! No!" two or three times and then quietly gave in.



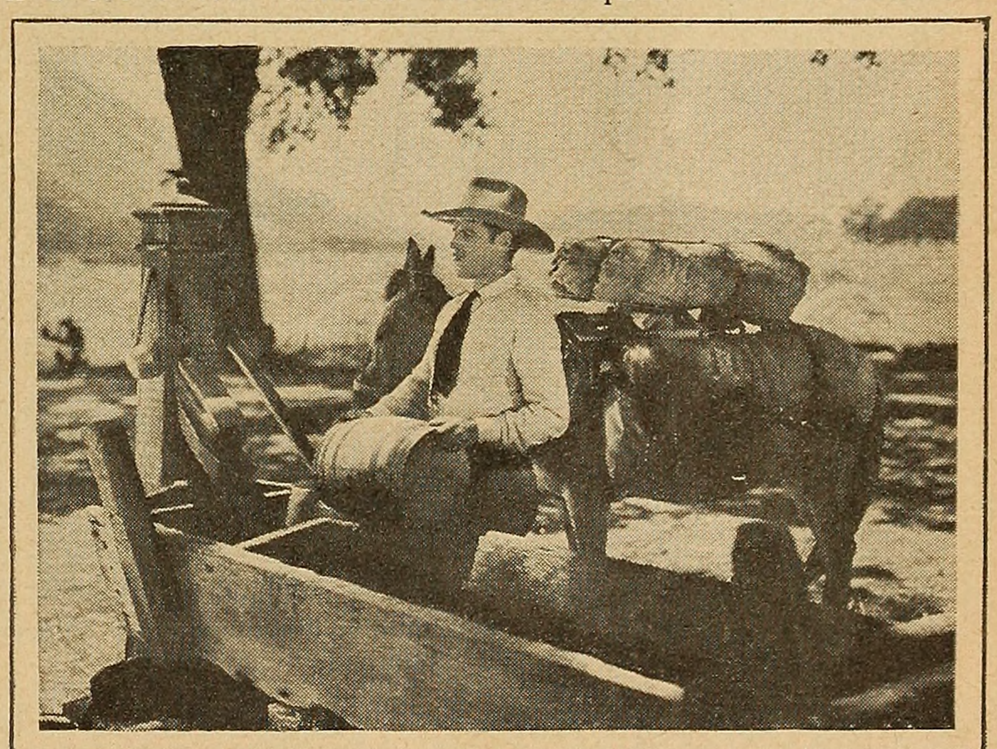
CELEBRITY

THIS is really Robert Armstrong's picture. He duplicates the characterization that made him famous in "Is Zat So?"—the dumb prize-fighter with sex appeal. Clyde Cook is the manager who has a few more brains than his pal, and loves Robert as he would his idiot child. Inspired by Gene Tunney, the plot has a little fun with the idea of a prize-fighter whose books are his best friends. Clyde hires a mother, a fiancée, and a ghost writer, for his moron protegé, and lands him on all the front pages as the Intellectual Athlete. Everything is going to be all right, when someone publishes the poems our hero really wrote, and the humiliation nearly costs him the championship. Clyde Cook is excellent, and Robert Armstrong is absolutely perfect. He appeals to everyone's maternal instinct or something. It would have been a lot better without Lina Basquette as the fiancée.



THE CARDBOARD LOVER

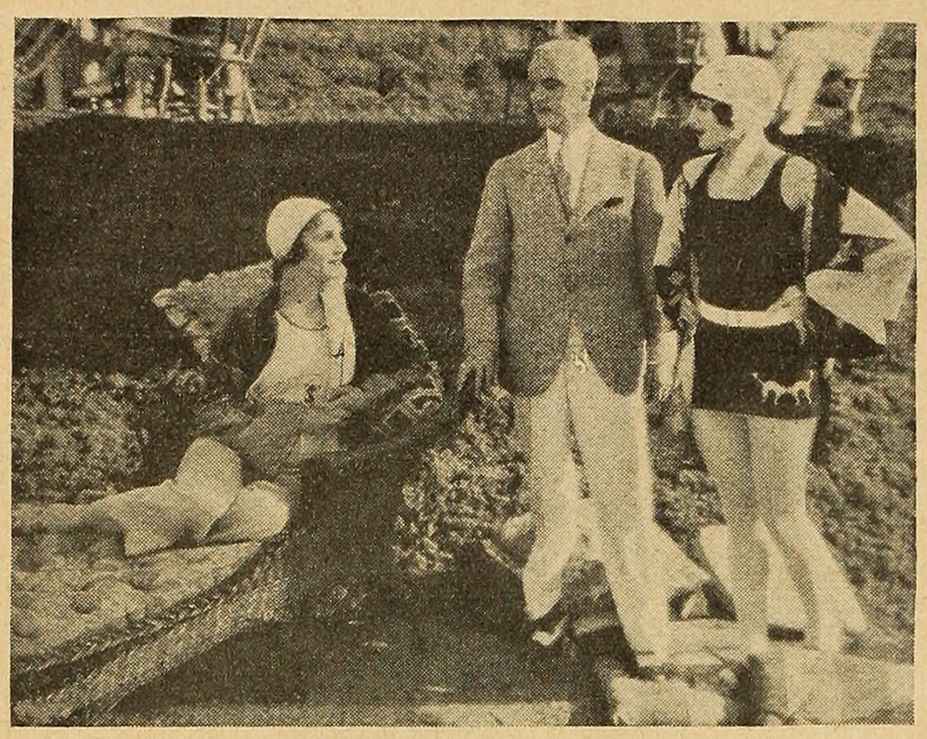
OUR best comedienne in her best comedy. Marion Davies has a part which gives her a chance to clown and carry on to her heart's content. She is an American schoolgirl, traveling in Paris. Of course, she falls in love with a handsome but unresponsive young Frenchman, handsomely played by Nils Asther. He loves a seductive French lady but feels she is not good for him, so, as he can't get rid of Marion, he hires her to get rid of the French lady. To this end she disguises herself as his fiancée, as a bell-hop, as a bedspread, and other absurd things, and after a long struggle she lands her man. The result is a riotous comedy which you are advised not to miss. Marion is artless and engaging and mischievous and all those other things she does so well. Jetta Goudal looks quite charming and depraved as the French lady. This is ridiculous, but nice. We advise cutting yourself a piece of cardboard and making yourself a nice time.



THE WATERHOLE

THIS is one of my favorite plots—that familiar one about the pampered darling of the rich being tamed by a he-man from the open spaces. Only in this case, to my great relief, the girl simply does not respond to the treatment. You know these spoiled heroines usually end by washing the hero's shirt and singing at their work. But even Jack Holt can't make this girl give up her willful ways. The scene of their little domestic experiment is a cave in the desert, and it ends in their struggle to cross the burning sands, with parched throats and exhausted limbs. Harrowing, entertaining, and charmingly acted by Nancy Carroll, Jack Holt, and John Boles. There is a little prelude done in technicolor or some equally runny process. A dull episode in the prehistoric ages, which contributes nothing to the picture or to Nancy's beauty. You had better be a little late. It is our opinion that "The Waterhole" is disappointingly, but appropriately a bit wet.

CURRENT PICTURES



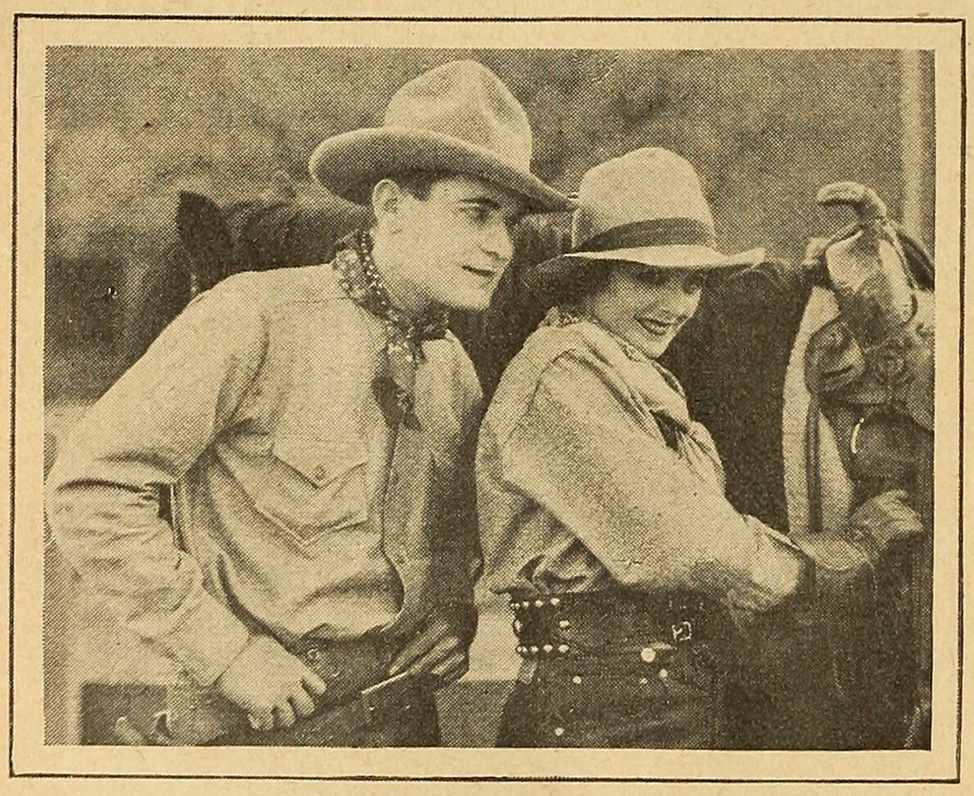
THE BELLAMY TRIAL

A MURDER story, which takes place in the courtroom where Leatrice Joy as *Sue Ives* and Kenneth Thomson as *Stephen Bellamy* are being tried for the murder of *Bellamy's* wife. The testimony of the witnesses, done in flash-backs, reveals the events leading up to the crime. This is a distinct novelty for movies, but much of it is shamelessly copied from "The Trial of Mary Dugan." Things are looking bad for Leatrice and Kenneth when a schoolteacher, who says nothing till the last moment just to keep everyone on edge, steps forth with evidence that leads to their acquittal. Then we have the revelation of who really committed the murder, which comes as a complete surprise to everyone who hasn't guessed it in the third or fourth reel. There are so many different couples and romances involved that it's hard to know just whom your interest is supposed to be centered on. Mine wandered to Betty Bronson and Eddie Nugent, who play a couple of reporters at the trial, and supply all the humor and most of the charm. This is novel and interesting and will probably give you some thrills.



THE FIRST KISS

THIS is the most romantic picture I've seen for many months. It was taken on the Maryland shore, and has a lovely lazy atmosphere of boats and trees and gently decaying homesteads. Furthermore, it is the best part Gary Cooper has ever had, and he brings to it an unexpected ability. He seems to have a real feeling for the character of the boy who gathers up the last remnants of family pride and forces his shiftless brothers back into respectability. All because the girl he loves has called him "poor white trash," in a moment of anger. There's something tremendously appealing in this lonely desperate figure, who risks his personal honor and safety to make his family one he can be proud of. Fay Wray is the girl who is the cause of it all, and Lane Chandler and Leslie Fenton are two of the brothers. The third brother and the drunken father are excellent, too. Maybe this is an improbable story, but it's so beautifully done that you'll never notice that. And above all, it's romantic. Or am I just getting fatuous? Anyway, I know you'll like Gary Cooper. And this in spite of whether you have liked him before or not.



THREE RING MARRIAGE

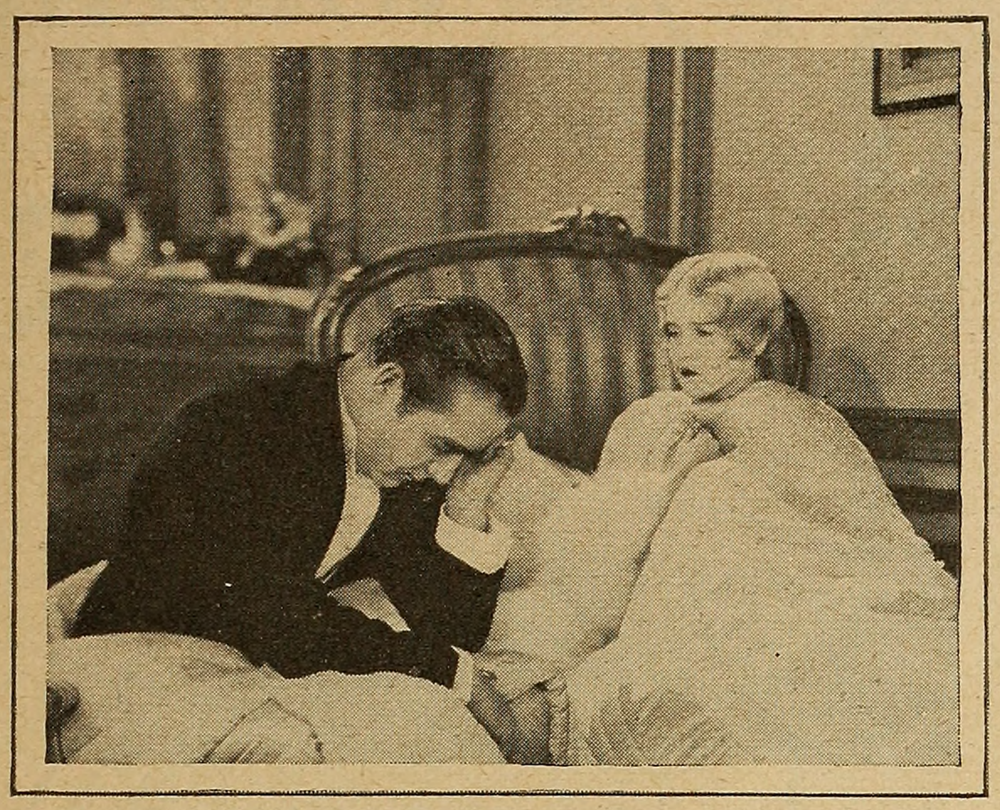
STILL another little drama of circus life has for its stars Lloyd Hughes and Mary Astor. Lloyd comes riding out of the West and takes a job as sharpshooter in a circus, to prove that he's worthy of the girl he left behind him. She gets tired of waiting and joins him in a rough-riding act. Meanwhile a hard-boiled bareback rider in the person of Alice White has come into his life, and Mary's head is being turned by the manager of the show. This is a muddled romance and doesn't gain much glamour from its circus atmosphere, genuine though it may be. The big punch is furnished by the well-known midget, Harry Earles, who hides himself in a suitcase. When the villain has Mary locked in his room and is just about to bite her, in the last reel, Harry steps out of the bag and holds everything until our hero gallops up on his white steed. Unless you have some particular craving for Mary Astor or Lloyd Hughes, I can't think of any reason for seeing this. Except for the acting of the miniature Mr. Earles and the personality of Alice White, it has no more freshness or savor than cold roast beef warmed up. It's considerably less fun than a circus.



SHOW PEOPLE

MARION DAVIES gives her impression of how breaking into the movies is accomplished. But I imagine very few actors would recognize her experiences as the real thing. Marion is a fluffy belle from Georgia who chugs into Hollywood with her daddy—an old Southern Colonel—prepared to sweep the film people off their feet. Only one story has ever been written about Hollywood, and this is it—the girl who lets fame go to her head, and is brought to her senses only after learning a terrible lesson. All the lessons in Marion's picture are taught by means of slapstick. Almost everyone gets a custard pie in the face before it is over. A lot of good-natured fun is poked at movies and stars, and a lot of good chances are allowed to slip by. Marion is clever and zestful, but I prefer her when she has to spend less time looking like Mae Murray. She does a lightning transformation from Mae to Gloria Swanson that is miraculous. You had better see this. Dozens of stars wander through the scenes. There are glimpses of the inside workings of the studios. And William Haines is the leading man, so what more could you want?

IN REVIEW



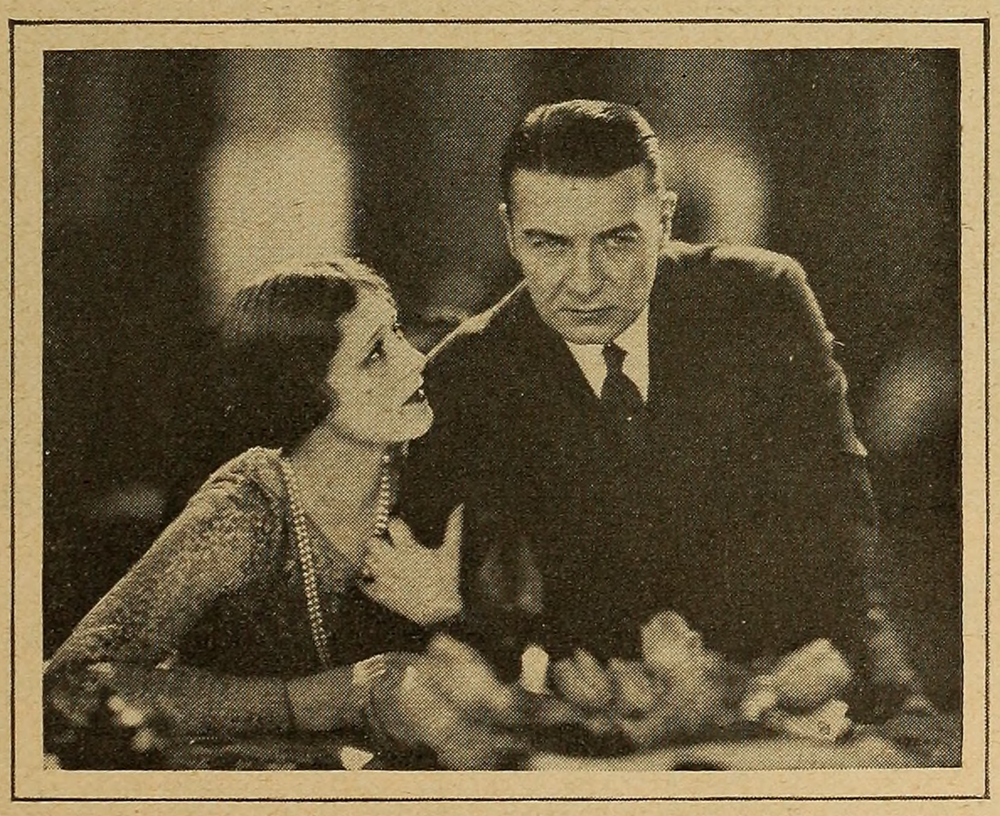
JUST MARRIED

ONE of those boisterous farces in which everyone gets in the wrong bed has been made from the famous stage play. It takes place on shipboard. The passenger list includes one honeymoon couple, one engaged couple, one swarthy vampire who is out to get the engaged man, and one intoxicated gentleman who has designs on the engaged girl. This combination of the sexes could obviously lead to nothing but a double wedding in the captain's cabin. But not before many mistakes have been made, many embarrassing moments lived through, and the screams of the audience have become louder and longer. James Hall, who ultimately gets the girl, goes through most of the scenes with his trousers missing. It's that sort of thing. Ruth Taylor is, of course, the blonde ingenue. Lila Lee is the determined vampire. Harrison Ford and somebody else whose name I didn't catch are the honeymoon couple. And William Austin is, as usual, the goat. They all play with the required hilarity. Now you can look into your own hearts and decide whether you're likely to be amused by this or not. If not, you'll be a lonely minority.



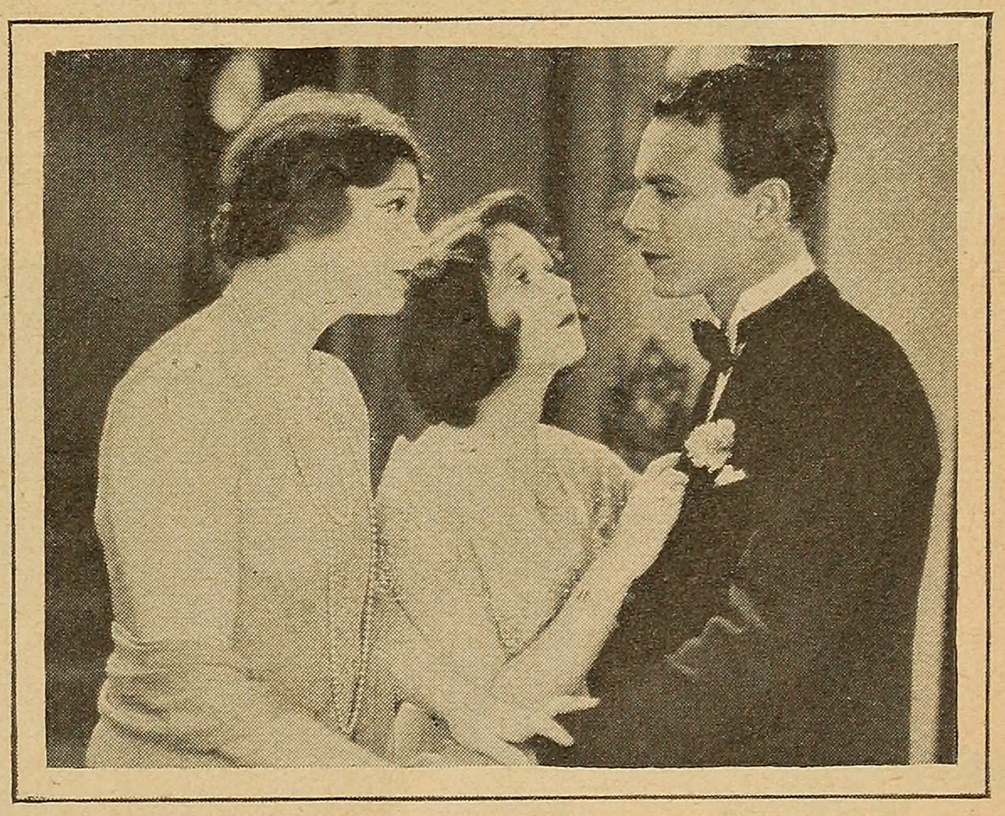
CRAIG'S WIFE

A FAITHFUL reproduction of George Kelly's prize play. Irene Rich gives her best performance as *Mrs. Craig*, the woman whose fanatical worship of her house finally drives everybody out of it. She does this remarkably well, making you feel exactly the right balance of hatred and compassion. It is impossible to watch this spectacle of a woman trying to control the lives of everyone about her for her own selfish end without having some violent reaction. The audience practically stands up and cheers when the worm turns at last, yet they weep, if I am a good example, in the tragic moment when she is left to live her empty life alone, which shows that this must be a pretty good picture. Virginia Bradford and Carroll Nye are attractive as the young lovers. Warner Baxter, as the patient husband, and Lilyan Tashman inject the necessary dash of melodrama. This is one of the few examples to come recently to notice of the successful and intelligent and effective translation to the screen of a stage play genuinely human and finely drawn. Even at the risk of domestic duplicity, we suggest your seeing "Craig's Wife." And taking yours with you.



THE PERFECT CRIME

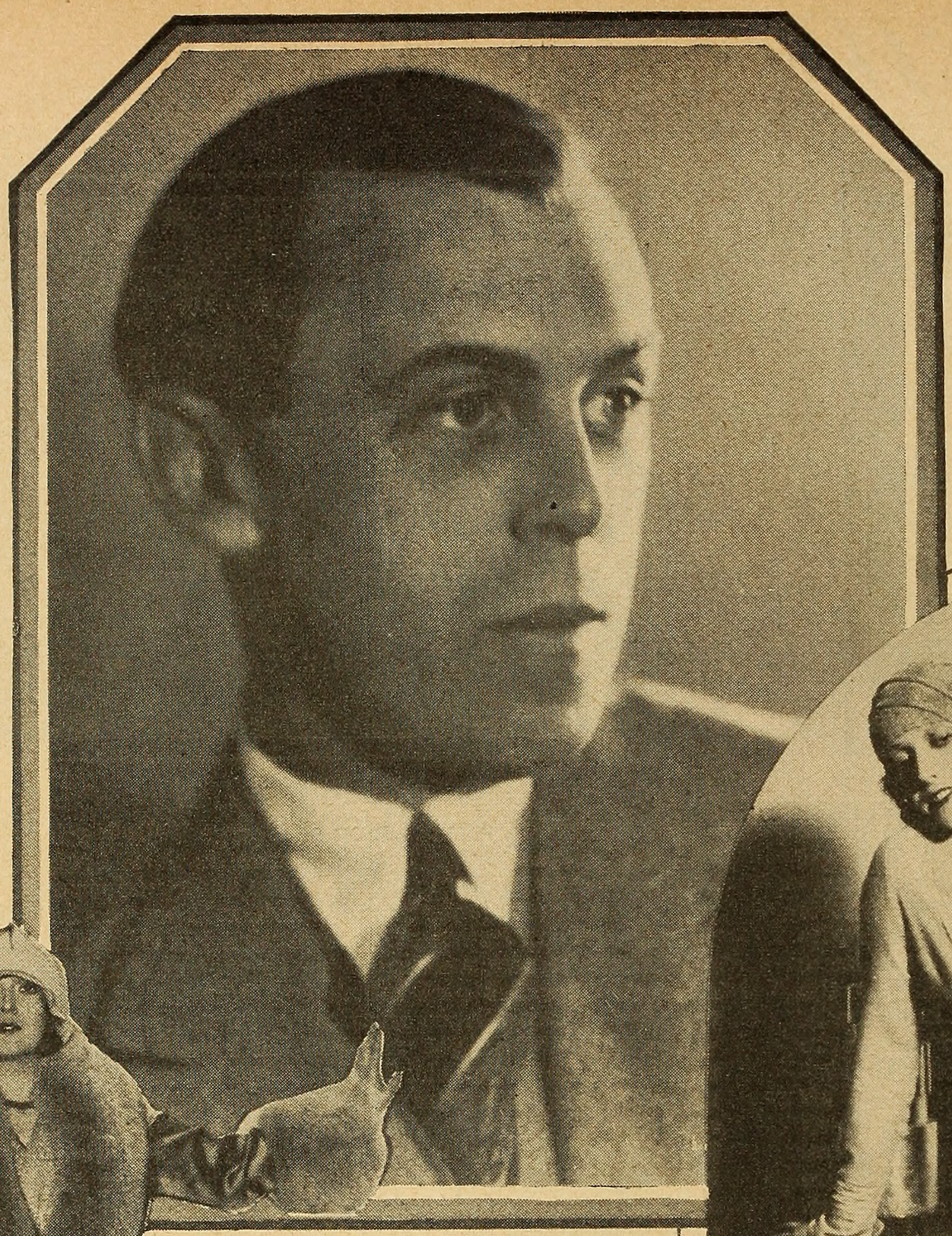
MR. BENSON, a great detective, is bored with crime because all criminals are such bunglers. He retires from the police department, and muses in his library on a possible perfect crime. The next step is to commit this crime himself, which he does, neatly, expertly, leaving no possible clues. Imagine his embarrassment when another man is convicted for his crime. This is a well-made and smoothly acted picture. Clive Brook is the only man I know of who could play this cold-blooded murderer and yet capture your sympathy as completely as he does. I had an uneasy feeling that one or two points needed explaining, but it is a shame to approach such a very good picture with too critical an eye. The denouement is bound up with the detective's own romance and that of the man on whom the guilt has fallen. Irene Rich, Carroll Nye, Gladys McConnell, and Tully Marshall are all good. The real ending is interesting though unhappy. But another ending has been tacked on which explains that it was all a dream—for the benefit of those who would rather go home happy. This is unworthy of the picture, and should be ignored.



WOMEN THEY TALK ABOUT

ANOTHER Vitaphone picture that is good in spite of rather than because of its audible moments. William Collier, Jr., and Audrey Ferris are an engaging pair of youngsters who persist in their romance in spite of the feud between his father and her grandpa. These irascible fellows are Claude Gillingwater and Anders Randolf. They call each other names on the Vitaphone, and both their voices register very well, but the action furnishes most of the amusement. It's all about the indignation of everyone else in the cast over the childish behavior of the Mayor, who is an old meanie, in spite of the fact that he's the hero's father and the heroine's stepfather-to-be. Irene Rich further complicates the plot by running for Mayor, and a lot of things happen. You will like this because it is good-natured and plausible comedy, because Claude Gillingwater gives a fine performance, and because Buster Collier and Audrey Ferris are so young and appealing. It may be that "Women They Talk About" will not be one of those movies or talkies that everyone will be talking about. But it nevertheless serves as fair-to-middling and pleasant diversion.

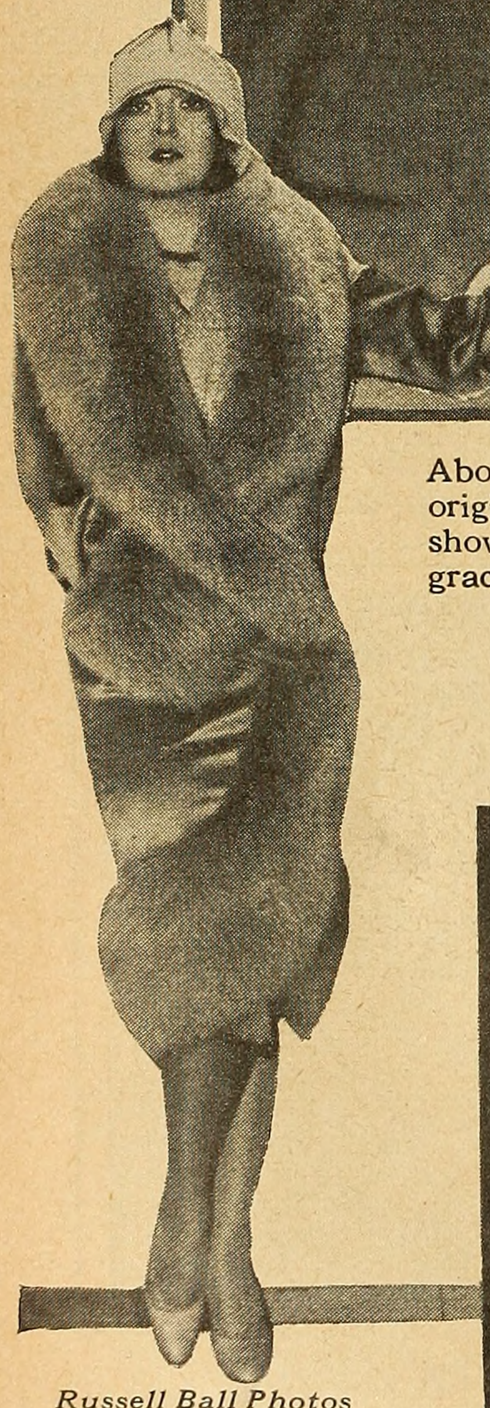
It for the *Itless*

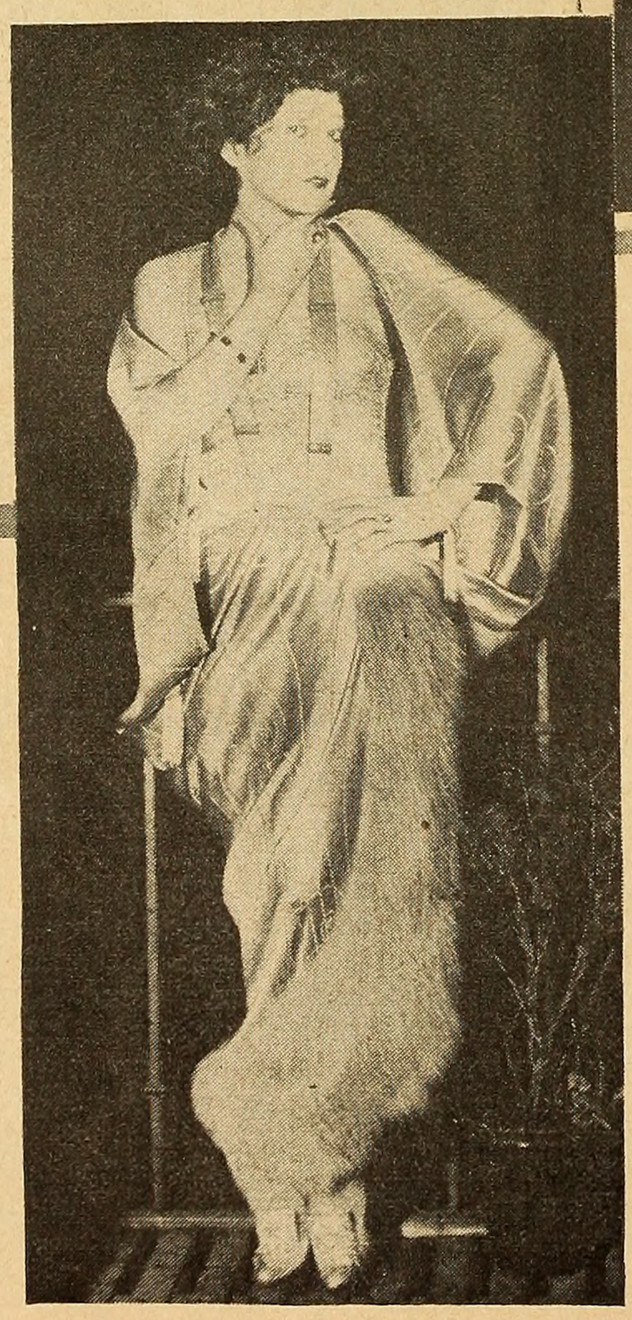


Spurr



Above is Howard Greer, whose original and exquisite creations shown on these two pages are so gracefully worn by Mary Duncan





Russell Ball Photos

The street coat above of grey satin trimmed with grey fox fur has been very appropriately named "Park Avenue." Right, is "Quand Memé," the startling negligee of rose and blue brocade trimmed with grey fox and supported by two suspenders, and "Piping Rock" is the name of the tucked two-piece dress

WHERE do the stars get the lovely confections in which they dazzle the eye of the beholder? Where do they find the creations which make us Average Women gasp and say "Oh boy, if I could only look like that!"

Let me tell you a bedtime story:

There was once a little boy on a lonely, barren Nebraska farm. He was unhappy there. Starved. He wanted to see Broadway. Lights. Color. He drew pictures of beautiful ladies, beginning with their feet and working up. He drew gowns on them. Fanciful, lovely things. The way women should look. Not the way women did look on the back-breaking farmlands.

He dreamed dreams of color and fabric, lace and chiffon. His name was Howard Greer.

To-day, when the ladies of Hollywood go shopping, they do not go as you and I in our humble, departmental way. Theirs not to jostle in crowded elevators. Theirs not to finger bolts of yard materials, to try on innumerable frocks later to be seen, many times in duplicate, on the backs of every other sub-stenographer and little wife in the land.

Ah, no, the ladies of the reel world, the ladies of Pasa-

This is Howard Greer's Mission in Life— That, and Making *Itty* Women *Ittier*

BY GLADYS HALL



The bodice of the evening gown above is heavily beaded on silver lace and the skirt is black taffeta edged in silver. The name is "Iaia"



Russell Ball Photos

"Checkerboard," the sports outfit above, has a jumper woven in black and white and a black serge circular skirt. To the left is a stunning printed chiffon dress called "Peggy," which has a long cape collar, and above to the left is the "Normandy," a chic suit of printed silk with white satin blouse

dena, drive luxuriously to a luxurious portal on Sunset Boulevard in Hollywood. To a rambling white structure feathered with the drooping pepper-trees, dreamy with patios and gardens. A negro porter, elegantly uniformed, takes the cars and parks them. Another plum-coated servitor swings back the grilled iron doors for them. They enter a discreetly lit hallway from which a graceful circular stairway, exquisitely carpeted, branches up to the high-priced regions above. Or if the delicately shod feet are too weary to make the ascent afoot, there is a diminutive French elevator to do that service for them.

Above are three grand salons opening onto a sunny patio. Within the largest salon, hung in elegant French *toiles*, carpeted and walled in the elusive greens of spring, in the decadent greens of Baudelairian fancy, parade the mannequins, Babette, Aiai and Gladys.

The name of this establishment is *Howard Greer, Incorporated.*

LUCILLE GAVE HIM HIS START

Between the beauty-starved farm boy and the creator of dreams, executed in silks and (*Continued on page 84*)

Forecasting About---

Views and Previews of Impending Events

Snakes and Squeakies

Toy Oceans and Paper Tights

Participate in

Film Art





Above, Trader Horn, whose narrative will be re-told in motion pictures; and at the right, Eva Von Berne undergoing a scientific test to determine the effect of music upon blood pressure

BY HERBERT CRUIKSHANK

DEEP in the dark, dank jungles of fearful Africa, where every murmur is a menace, gibbering gorillas will soon peer through lush foliage upon one of the strangest scenes in history. Hissing serpents will slither sibilantly along branches heavy with the poisoned beauty of orchids. Lions will pause in forest aisles to raise their terrifying voices in heart-stopping protest. Unseen but seeing, all the jungle folk will cause the woodland gloom to rustle with an ominous restlessness. And every sound that echoes through the mysterious gloom will be snatched from the air, safely imprisoned and carried back to the byways of civilization to give you thrilling entertainment. For they're going to make a talkie in darkest Africa.

Metro has given W. S. Van Dyke the assignment. He is the adventurous movie-man who but recently returned with an epic of silvered shores and emerald seas called "White Shadows of the South Seas." And now he will be dispatched to make a celluloid version of "Trader Horn." The picture will be made in the noisome heart of the French Congo, and his black burden bearers will pack picture lights, cameras, sound devices, and all the other paraphernalia to spots where the occasional footprint of man is soon eradicated by the padded feet of beasts.

Another jungle thriller will greet you at the local theater before Van Dyke returns with "Trader Horn," providing he does return. It is "Gow," made in the Fiji Islands by Captain Edward Salisbury with the assistance of those talented dare-devils, Cooper and Schoedsack, photographers of "Chang." These three musketeers of the movies actually photographed a real battle between two tribes of Fiji head-hunters. But, alas, when they departed upon their expedition, sound in pictures had not catapulted to its present prominence. However, Captain Salisbury is doing the next best thing. And when you see his picture, it will be to the accompaniment of a photophoned lecture which eliminates all titles, and gives the gallant Captain the distinction of being the very first talkie lecturer.

TRANSLATING THE TALKIES

THE making of sound pictures, speakies, or as one young lady columnist, careless of her P's and Q's, has christened them, squeakies, presents many unusual difficulties. One of which is the treatment of sound for the foreign market. America is not the only country where English is not spoken. And in these lands it is necessary that the talking films speak an understandable language.

Universal is endeavoring to obviate the difficulty by an interesting experiment in "Show Boat." It happens that Joseph Schildkraut, hero of the picture, is an accomplished linguist. So it is planned that a number of important sequences will be so arranged as (*Continued on page 113*)

In Love and *Incog*

Because They Were the One, Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg Chose to Remain the Other

By DUNHAM THORP



R. H. Louise

If sweets to the sweet, then why not bergs to the berg? This may have suggested to Mr. and Mrs. Irving Thalberg that they make Heidelberg one of their main objectives on their honeymoon tour of Europe. At the left is Mrs. Thalberg as Mrs. Thalberg, complete with husband; and above as her professional self, Norma Shearer

"AND what about the multitudes that turned out to greet you at the boat and the railroad station, and to storm the doors of your hotel? You haven't said anything about them!"

"Well, you see, we didn't send out any advance publicity, or try to get them worked up in any way; so—there just weren't any."

Thus Norma Shearer and her—er, pardon, Mr. and Mrs. Irving Thalberg—established something of a new precedent on their honeymoon tour through Europe.

A new precedent that was caused only by an unfortunate oversight, an oversight that soured the cream of their pleasure, and so made the whole trip less enjoyable than it might otherwise have been? Not at all!—the thing really seems to have been intentional! Strange as it may seem, it appears that here is a real movie couple that did not look upon a triumphal procession as an element necessary to the full enjoyment of the first days of their married bliss.

"We were just a plain mister and missus. Just newly-weds honestly enjoying each other's company more than anything else in the whole trip—even though those other things were so marvelous. And the less time we had to give to functions, the more we would have to ourselves. Why—that's just simple arithmetic!"

PERPLEXING SIMPLICITY

JUST a bit *too* simple for some of our blasé sophisticates. But even the best intentions show an occasional lapse when it comes to putting them in action. Even this strange *incognito* had its equally strange interludes. Though Gibraltar, Morocco, and the Riviera were unpublicized, and thus unsinging, there *was* the gala opening of "Tell It To The Marines" in Naples. And the trip to Sorrento.

Miss Shearer related the incident:

"The affair at the opening was really Sid Grauman's fault, the fault of the habits he has gotten us into—the habit of dressing to outshine any conceivable competitor.

"Openings in Italy aren't like that at all. Everyone goes in quite ordinary clothes. But I didn't know that; I thought they were the same as here, and so wore my best—even to an ermine wrap. And when people wondered who I was, the manager turned showman!"

So when the lights went up, she had to rise and make her bow—and she admits frankly that she *did* enjoy this short taste of a spice she had denied herself so as not to dilute the sweets that were her main diet at the time.

Sweets to the sweet?—this time it was every sweetie for himself! Norma's husband is not—just another one of those things.

"He's my boss here—and he proved his right then. And by the simple trick of standing out beside me and raising his hand in the Fascist salute. He stole the show—you never heard such an uproar!"

A star went into eclipse that time.

But she got her revenge at Sorrento, when it was only she whom the hotel management asked (*Continued on page 98*)



Ruth Roland hasn't a corner in all the valuable real estate in Los Angeles. But she has several corners that many another star would gladly trade her contract for





Two glimpses of Ruth as a little girl: at the left, just after her graduation from the high-chair; and above, just before her graduation from high school

Leaves *from a*

Ruth Roland's Diary a Gilt-Edged

By FAITH

THERE are one or two interesting things still left in this jaded night club of a world.

One of them is to read about humble beginnings budding into fame and fortune. Anæmic acorns into opulent oaks, as 'twere.

The other is to read private diaries—if you can make the grade. One doesn't always get the chance. But you are going to—so don't complain.

I have got hold of Ruth Roland's diary. And there is enough material in it to put old Sam Pepys in the discard. Not that hers is that kind of a diary. Quite the contrary.

You all know Ruth. But lest you have forgot. Ruth was a stage child. Typically. She traveled the West with her mother and was everywhere known as Baby Ruth, the most popular child actress in California. She loved the stage and the stage people. Everyone was dandy to Ruth. It never occurred to her that there was any reason why not. And so it never occurred to anyone else.

When she was seven or eight, her mother died. But before her death she warned Ruth about the evils of liquor, the evils of big cities and the ogres of life in general. Ruth paid heed and heed has paid Ruth. And how! If the Barbara La Marrs, the Valentinos of the world had paid a little of Ruth's kind of heed, they might not be where they tragically are today. The straight and narrow may not lead to thrills, but it does lead to bonds and real estate. If someone hadn't beat her to it, Ruth would have coined the cliché, "Virtue is its own reward." To repeat it doesn't murder anyone.

Well, then, Ruth came to Hollywood and lived with a maternal auntie. It is characteristic of Ruth that the same auntie now lives with her. Ruth went to Hollywood High School and did parties and had beaus just like any other girl.

A STAGE GIRL, A LOST GIRL

WHEN she was thirteen, a stock company came to town and the grease-paint yodel reached her eager ears. She joined the company against the wishes of auntie, who held the opinion that a stage girl is a lost girl. Or ruined, as they used to say in the dear old days.

When the stock company prepared to pull up stakes, Ruth prepared to troupe along with them. Auntie forbade. Ruth defied. No harm could come to her, she said. Why should it?

Auntie was defeated, but so, momentarily, was

Lady's Diary

Proves That Virtue Is Investment

SERVICE

Ruth. The stars and owners of the stock company decamped, leaving their cast stranded. But before decamping, the leading lady sent for Ruth. She was a lady of a one-time Broadway reputation and many bad habits. Many experiences and the dregs of human kindliness that were stirred to life by the contact with Ruth's youth and freshness and *naïve* belief in mankind. She told the child never, never to take a drink and never to go to New York. "Virtue and talent don't go together in New York," she said.

Ruth's mother had likewise advised her. She never forgot. She never has.

Eventually, Ruth made the road. She had adventures and very few misadventures. Probably because of her unshakable belief that everyone was dandy.

There was the time when she was stranded in some town in Texas. She stood staring into shop windows wondering, literally, where she would sleep that night. But not worrying. Something would turn up. Something did. A magician. The man's name escapes me, but he was the rage of the town and a rage with the ladies. He saw Ruth and offered to read her palm for nothing. He read it and then offered her a job. The job was to get into a locked and bound trunk and then effect a Houdini escape. Ruth says that it took her longer to escape than it would take an army to evacuate an impasse. But she got a hand just the same. And a salary, too. And eventually a proposal of marriage. Surely one of the most quixotic ever heard of. The magician offered to send her to school, all expenses paid, including wardrobe. Or to send her to New York and pay her expenses there until she got her break. When she was old enough, and if she found she could care for him, he wanted to marry her. Ruth declined the offers. But she was grateful to him. Young as she was, she knew that his offer could well have been quite otherwise.

SIZING UP THE SCREEN

I HAVE said a book. And so we will skip pages crammed with adventure, pitfalls from which she was always rescued, experiences that brushed her by with kindly fingertips, until we come back to Hollywood and auntie and vaudeville. Ruth did singles and doubles. She did stock and she cast an appraising eye on that new venture, the movies, just looming up over the horizon. Ruth is a business woman now and she was a business woman then. Moral integrity, a belief in mankind and financial acumen, these are the dominant traits (*Continued on page 93*)



It's easy enough to discover about Ruth —as at the right and above, where she wears the flowers Mrs. Wallace Reid gave her the day her studios opened. But impossible, in her portrait at top, to find a suspicion of diminished charm



Russell Ball

It may be that some form of remorse has stricken Phyllis Haver for the havoc she has wrought in her recent underworld pictures. What else could account for her taking this special occasion to expose her sole for the world to see?

Why Movies Go Wrong

Technical Directors Are Allowed Neither to Be Technical Nor to Direct

By CEDRIC BELFRAGE



Leo Rowley

SOMEWHERE in the welter of names on the credit-titles preceding a foreign or historical picture, may be found the technical director.

He is made officially responsible for the correctness of all atmospheric details of customs, costumes, et cetera. When indignant natives of the country portrayed begin demanding who was responsible for making their native land ze butt of ze joke, the buck is passed to the paid alibi, the technical director. With an injured look, the producers will point to the salary they paid him as evidence of the fact that all in human power has been done to preserve accuracy.

Many names carrying the utmost weight have appeared as technical directors of pictures which bubbled over with stupid errors. Men known to possess all the requisite knowledge have apparently failed to use it. The reason is that ninety-nine times out of a hundred the producers never have any intention of making their picture atmospherically correct. "Who the hell knows the difference?" is their *naïve* cry, assured as they are that nobody knows any more than they do. Their bankbook proves to their complete satisfaction that they are right.

A salary is paid to a technical director merely as insurance against possible attack, when he is a perfect alibi. Once engaged, he is generally forgotten about, and the director makes the picture as he wants it. The technical director is kept hanging around the set for the looks of the thing, and is occasionally asked a question. If he says "Yes," all is well. If he says "No," they just don't take any notice. If he doesn't know and asks time to look the point up, he is fired for incompetence.



YES, NO, AND MAYBE MEN

THIS condition of things divides technical directors into three classes. Those who ask time for research are honest fools. Those who confine their remarks to that popular Culver City expression, "Yes," are wise knaves. Those who come right out with their opinion without expecting it to be acted upon are philosophers. If you are not a knave, you have to be very philosophical indeed to hold down a technical director's job.

Two choice examples of technical direction at its best and brightest are now on their way, it seems, from the First National emporium. They are "The Divine Lady" and "The Whip." Neither of these pictures has finished its reducing treatment in the cutting-room, so criticism is out of place, but plenty of fun was

(*Continued on page 92*)

Above, Bertram Johns with John Gough, displaying what the well-dressed Limehouseholder will wear. At the left, John Boles, Greta Nissen, Jamiel Hasson and Charles Farrell

First-Day Fever

How Those Celebrated Now Felt--and Acted--Before the Initial Glare of the Camera

By HAL K. WELLS

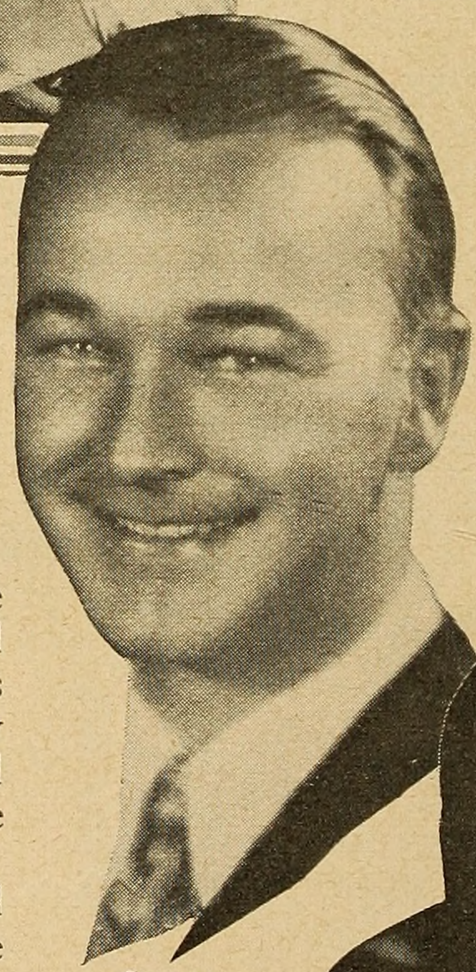


Ball

Freulich



Autrey



Carsey



Hommel

At the top, Sue Carol; left, Eddie Nugent; above, Marian Nixon; and below, in order, Virginia Valli, William Boyd and Florence Vidor

EVEN though a motion picture star may live to be as old as the combined ages of Methuselah and Fannie Ward, there is always one outstanding day in that star's career that will never be forgotten.

That day is the one when the star for the first time faced the cold, glassy eye of the camera in actual work on the set. It is a memory that usually brings very copious blushes with it.

Because they were not stars then. The most gorgeous peacock that ever strutted over a lawn had to start out in life as nothing but a small and rather dumb-looking egg, the mightiest oak that ever grew was once just a poor nut, and film celebrities are no exceptions to nature's rule of humble beginnings.

On the occasion of those momentous "first days" before the camera they were for the most part nothing but badly scared youngsters, bewildered by the unaccustomed glare of the kleigs and the utter strangeness of their surroundings, embarrassed by the curious stare of a hundred alien eyes around the set, and awed and frightened by their first contact with celebrities whose names were already world-famous.

Under such trying circumstances the newcomers naturally did not scintillate to any extent visible to the naked eye. For the most part they acted like any other embarrassed and scared young persons would have, and proceeded to do the last possible things under Heaven they should have done.

Richard Arlen, for example, shivered himself out of a chance for a small part on his very first studio appearance. Dick was one of the Nubian slaves in an Allan Dwan production at the old Brunton Studios. He was highly elated when he was picked out of the mob for a bit—that of pouring wine into a cup held by Rosemary Theby. Was he scared? It was nearly midnight on a big outdoor set and very cold. Dick's costume consisted only of a loin-cloth and a coat of dark brown paint. By the time the camera started grinding for his bit, Dick was shivering like a bowl of jelly in an earthquake. He aimed valiantly for the cup, but Miss Theby's expensive gown received most of the property wine. Dick was thoroughly bawled out and was promptly returned in disgrace to his old place with the other five hundred extras in the mob.

Where cold and nervousness spelled Arlen's downfall, it was heat and nervousness that lost Esther Ralston her chance at a bit in her studio debut. It was on a dance-hall set for a quickie Western at Universal. Esther, in cowgirl costume, was slated for a bit in a scene at the bar.

But the heat of the lights, her heavy leather costume, and her natural nervousness caused her heavy make-up to melt slowly and run like a spring snow bank.

When the time came for her scene, Esther's streaked face resembled that of a Comanche brave about to

(*Continued on page 118*)

"Gentlemen prefer Flattering Hands," says ANITA LOOS

This famous author and these smart busy women praise the New Cutex Liquid Polish



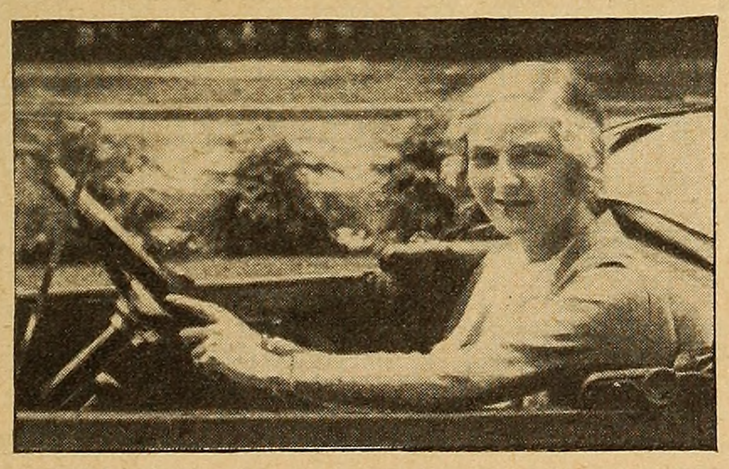
The bewitching author of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," and the new success "But Gentlemen Marry Brunettes," uses this New Cutex Liquid Polish . . .

CHARMINGLY unspoiled, Anita Loos has the brown eyes of a little girl. Amazingly petite, she has a habit of emphasizing her brilliant sallies by graceful gestures with her well formed, perfectly groomed hands.

She says: "I cannot seem to talk without making motions so, of course, everyone notices my hands and I don't dare neglect them.

"The New Cutex Liquid Polish keeps them looking nice. It flatters the hands and I love flattery.

"A Cutex Manicure Kit goes with me on all my trips. I never let a week go without using the Cuticle Remover and Cream. They bring out the half moons and keep the nail tips tip-top!"



**"Driving hands . . .
one minute at the wheel . . .
the next at tea . . ."**

says Miss Adelaide Bride

This winsome blonde of Washington society says: "Our social season is a mad whirl from one place to another.

"One minute your hands are on the wheel—the next you are shaking hands or teaing with an ambassador.

"All of us rely on Cutex Liquid Polish. It keeps the nails so lovely looking and gives them such a flattering finish!"

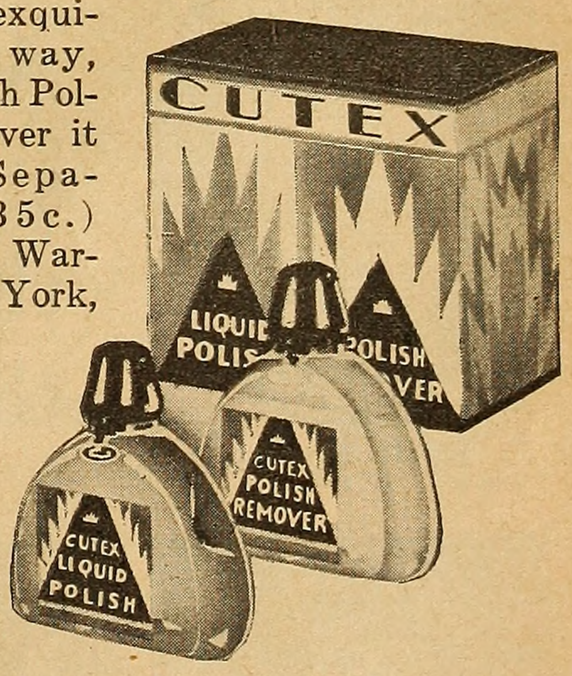


Prominent Woman Executive looks for well-groomed nails

Miss Mary D. Payne, business manager of the New York Exchange for Woman's Work at 541 Madison Avenue, in diaphanous black chiffon and pearls, is the perfect example of the modern fashionable business woman who keeps her hands lovely with the New Cutex Liquid Polish.

"The New Liquid Polish," she says, "keeps the nail tips fresh and immaculate. One can go straight from the office to a dinner engagement and feel at one's best!"

Modern women . . . always charming . . . elegant . . . keep their hands strikingly well groomed and chic with the New Cutex Liquid Polish. Keep your hands lovely, shining, exquisite this way, too! (With Polish Remover it is 50c. Separately 35c.) Northam Warren, New York, London, Paris.



Special Introductory Offer—6¢

I enclose 6c for samples of the New Cutex Liquid Polish and Polish Remover. (If you live in Canada address Post Office Dept. M-10, Box No. 2054, Montreal.)

Northam Warren, Dept. M-10
114 West 17th Street, New York

_____

_____



Myrna Loy
Warner Bros.



Vera Reynolds



Lillian Rich



Flora Bramley



Gwen Lee
M. G. M.

"Smooth skin the greatest charm" *say famous directors*

WHAT CHARM radiantly smooth skin gives a girl—you know it the instant the close-up is flashed on the screen!

Smooth skin is more important for loveliness than anything else, motion picture directors say.

To keep their skin lovely under the cruel lights of the close-up, screen stars guard it very carefully. *Nine out of ten screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap.* There are in Hollywood 433 important actresses, including all stars. 417 of these use Lux Toilet Soap. Order some of this white, fragrant soap today.



Sue Carol



Virginia Lee Corbin



Agnes Ayres



Leila Hyams
Warner Bros.

96% of the lovely complexions you see on the screen are cared for by Lux Toilet Soap



Julanne Johnston



Betty Blythe

All the great film studios have made it the official soap in their dressing rooms



Carmelita Geraghty



Jetta Goudal



Louise Fazenda
Warner Bros.



Helen Jerome Eddy



Georgia Hale



Louise Dresser

Luxury hitherto found only in French soaps at 50c or $1.00 a cake



Alice Day



June Collyer
Fox Films



Audrey Ferris
Warner Bros.



Sally Eilers
Sennett-Pathé De Mille



Madge Bellamy
Fox Films

A few of the host of stars who use Lux Toilet Soap—



Anne Cornwall
Christie-Paramount



Natalie Kingston



Dorothy Gulliver
Universal



Marceline Day
M. G. M.



Marjorie Daw



Dorothy Dwan

10¢



Josephine Dunn
M. G. M.



Priscilla Dean



Enid Bennett



Viola Dana



Gulliver Travels

Dorothy's Young, Dorothy's Pretty, But Dorothy Doesn't Want to be *Itty*

By MARY BARTOL



"ALL aboard," yelled the conductor, and Gulliver—Dorothy in person—climbed onto the observation-car at Salt Lake City. She waved her hand in tearful farewell to her friends.

"Crocodile tears," she grinned to herself as she settled down in her Pullman seat.

"That was the happiest moment of my life!" She is still breathless as she tells of it. "For I'd won the Beauty Contest for the *Salt Lake Telegram* and was on my way to Hollywood."

Sixteen, and the world an unopened book. Small wonder the distance from Salt Lake City to California was long and wild and wonderful to Dorothy Gulliver!

That was only three years ago, but in those three years the unknown daughter of a workman in Salt Lake City has climbed from obscurity to leads in feature pictures. Her latest triumph was to be chosen as one of this season's Wampas Baby Stars. And she's still traveling.

My introduction to her was unique. I waited unnoticed in the anteroom of the publicity department at Universal. It was the lunch hour, and five or six young press agents lounged around in the outer office while Dorothy Gulliver sat on the desk nearest the door.

"Get down offa that desk," the kid of the office force remonstrated with her, plainly scandalized. Movie celebrities do not sit on desks, as a rule.

Gaily swinging her feet, she began to sing the chorus of "I Ain't That Kind of a Baby," and the boys all joined in on the song.

Another youth sauntered in, strumming a uke. The girl on the desk sprang up suddenly and there was a clip, clip sound of the Black Bottom being danced on the bare floor. A round of applause followed, in which the critical Johnny of the office force joined.

"Gee, kid, you had oughta study dancing," he commended. "You've got IT."

"Now John, be careful, or you'll grow up to be a press-agent," Dorothy warned him.

Five masculine voices joined in protest.

"He's right—you have got IT," and the argument was settled for all time in my mind, for what press-agents don't know about that little pronoun which has been elevated to an improper noun in Hollywood isn't worth knowing! And when five out of five men agree on any subject, it must be true.

DOTTY'S DIMPLES

HERE I interrupted, and Dorothy and I together walked across the lot to the studio cafe. Dorothy is the sort who could nicely be abbreviated into "Dot." She's about five feet tall. The curls with which she first started her career have been shorn. She blondined them for a picture and they just weren't becoming, so she cut them off. Now the mahogany brown bob clings around her face attractively. A dimple plays in one cheek when she smiles. Her eyes are deep brown.

She talked without affectation. Not learnedly—but interestedly—of work, and home, and the Wampas Ball and of her next picture. She likes to sketch a little, and she loves to sing. Sometimes she sings over the radio, but never has her real name announced. "Just jazz songs, of course," she explained.

At last I got round to asking her about IT. Why had she never used that for advertising and publicity, and so on? She looked embarrassed.

SHE HAD TO LEARN ABOUT IT

IT WASN'T the first time she'd heard she had IT. The Gulliver child learned about having IT and all that goes with it when she'd been in Hollywood—well, perhaps a week. Maybe it was all of ten days, but it wasn't long after her arrival. The effect was rather startling. She's not a bit "clinging viney" nor shy—but it frightened her.

(*Continued on page 99*)



"Lucky Strikes, I find, thrill the taste without irritating the throat. Since I changed to Lucky Strikes several years ago, upon the suggestion of my doctor, I no longer like raw tobaccos."

No wonder more and more doctors—20,679 to be exact—approve the toasting process.

"It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation - No Cough.

© 1928 The American Tobacco Co., Manufacturers



and *Chow!*

Neil Hamilton feels quite lost these days if he hasn't the company of Chang. This, too, despite the fact that the dog is at times a trial. Note here how Neil has to hold him to prevent his rushing out and annoying the whales

Marvelous *New* Power Over Men!

now *any* woman can be dangerously fascinating



POWER over men that you must use guardedly. Fascination so compelling that you *dare not* use even a *tenth.* The selfsame power that unthinking women have loosed upon men to control nations. The power that makes some woman *you* know the envy of her set—because she simply fascinates men. This woman—the siren type—makes no apparent effort. Often she is scarcely good looking—let alone beautiful. Other women honestly mystified, say: "I don't see what men see in her."

Now do *you* want power over men ten times greater than that of the *most fascinating woman you know?*

An Astounding Thing—But Proved

That Lucille Young actually gives women fascination is a bewildering, astounding thing. But there is proof—absolute, unquestionable proof. In the past year, thousands of women have accepted Lucille Young's amazing offer. It is that if *any* woman, young or old, beautiful or homely, does not acquire fascination she spends not a penny. Lucille Young's *real* warning is, don't abuse or misuse the dangerous power she places within your hands.



How This Amazing Knowledge Came To Be

Lucille Young has been making women *physically beautiful* for more than fifteen years. She is, indeed, recognized as leading all beauty experts in the marvelous improvements she effects with face and figure. But beauty is not all. It, alone, cannot make women *fascinating.*

So years ago, Lucille Young undertook to probe one of nature's strangest mysteries—the *hidden thing*, besides beauty, that is absolutely necessary to fascination.



The Strange Fact She Discovered

Among Lucille Young's beauty clientele were famous actresses, film stars, noted society women—those *famous* for fascination. They were friends, intimates. They would tell Lucille Young anything. But they *did not know*—simply could not explain their own mysterious power.

Lucille Young then did the only thing possible. She studied the thousands of women she beautified. She kept records. She learned how these women thought, what they did, their ways with men. She traced the histories of unusually fascinating women back to childhood.

And Now She Can Make YOU Dangerously Fascinating

To her utter astonishment, Lucille Young saw the actual secrets of fascination take form. As she compared thousands upon thousands of individual records and observations it became clear as daylight that EVERY FASCINATING WOMAN HAD EXACTLY THE SAME CHARACTERISTICS. They were there. And they could be used.

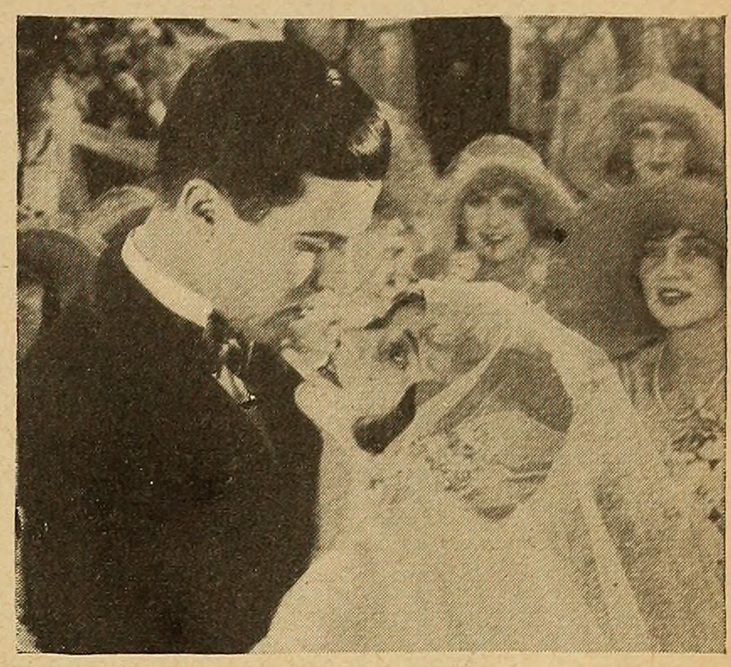
Now, in *half an hour*, YOU can learn what it took Lucille Young ten long years to discover. For the absolute, innermost secrets have been put into the most startling little book ever written. It is called "How to Fascinate Men." A storm of protest has raged about this book—protest from *men*. BECAUSE MEN REALIZE THAT THE BOOK GIVES INTO WOMEN'S HANDS A POWER THAT MAKES THEM IRRESISTIBLE.

The Magic Combination of Beauty and Knowledge

There is, however, one thing the secrets of "How to Fascinate Men" will not, *cannot* do. They cannot make fascinating an unkempt, slovenly woman—one who neglects her skin, hair, figure and all else. On the other hand, there is absolutely *no need* for *great* beauty. *Any* average woman can become sufficiently good looking with Lucille Young's help. If she is willing to do this, Lucille Young absolutely *guarantees* to make her fascinating, or not accept a penny for the priceless gift of power she offers.

How You May Make the Test Without Risk

The book, "How to Fascinate Men," gives the secret information you MUST HAVE. It tells you exactly how to make a certain experiment to bring men flocking after you. Plus this secret knowledge, a certain amount of beauty is needed. And to make your success instant and overwhelming, the very first time, Lucille Young has drawn upon her fifteen years' experience to give you *immediate* beauty. She has selected certain splendid beauty aids, grouped them, and named this group her Instant Beauty Arts Method. Absolutely everything needed is included.



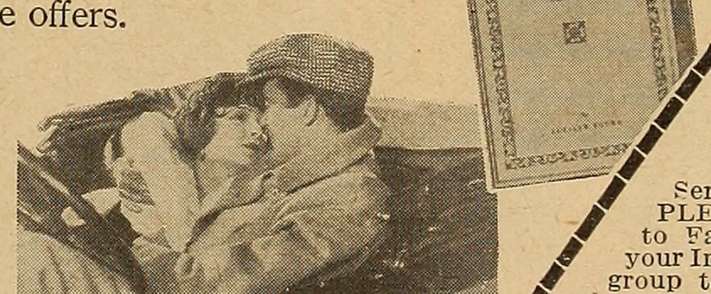


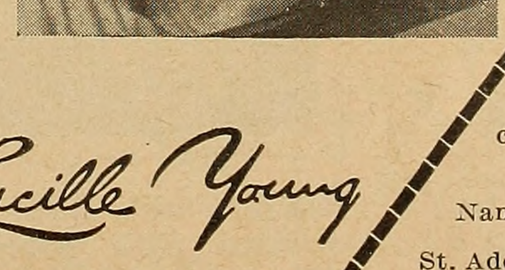
An Astounding Introductory Offer

Regularly, this exciting, daring means to fascination and instant beauty is $8.00. But the FIRST 10,000 women who now order will receive everything for only $3.00. It is safe to say that you will consider your wonderful new power absolutely *priceless.* But if you feel that anything in the world could *induce* you to part with the book and the Instant Beauty Method aids, EVERY PENNY OF THE $3.00 WILL BE RETURNED IMMEDIATELY. You are to be the sole judge of what you desire.

Be Among the First 10,000 at the Low Price

This advertisement will appear in all leading magazines. So astounding is the success of the offer that the limit of 10,000 will soon be reached. So send YOUR order TODAY SURE. You will thrill, exult, glory in your new power of fascination.





Those who know the arts of fascination so well—the famous film stars—help you realize the astounding secrets of "How to Fascinate Men." In the above you see Patsy Ruth Miller, Marian Nixon, Dorothy Gulliver, John Boles, Edmund Burns, Buddy Rogers and George Lewis, Screen Stars in Universal Films, We Americans, Red Lips, The Collegians and The Chinese Parrot. This new book has created a furor even in Hollywood.

Lucille Young

LUCILLE YOUNG BLDG.
CHICAGO

LUCILLE YOUNG,
91-A Lucille Young Building,
Chicago, Ill.

Send me your COMPLETE offer of "How to Fascinate Men" and your Instant Beauty Arts group to give me instant beauty. On arrival I will pay postman only $3.00 plus a few cents postage. If not delighted with results, I can return everything within 10 day and receive my money back, without fail.

Name .....

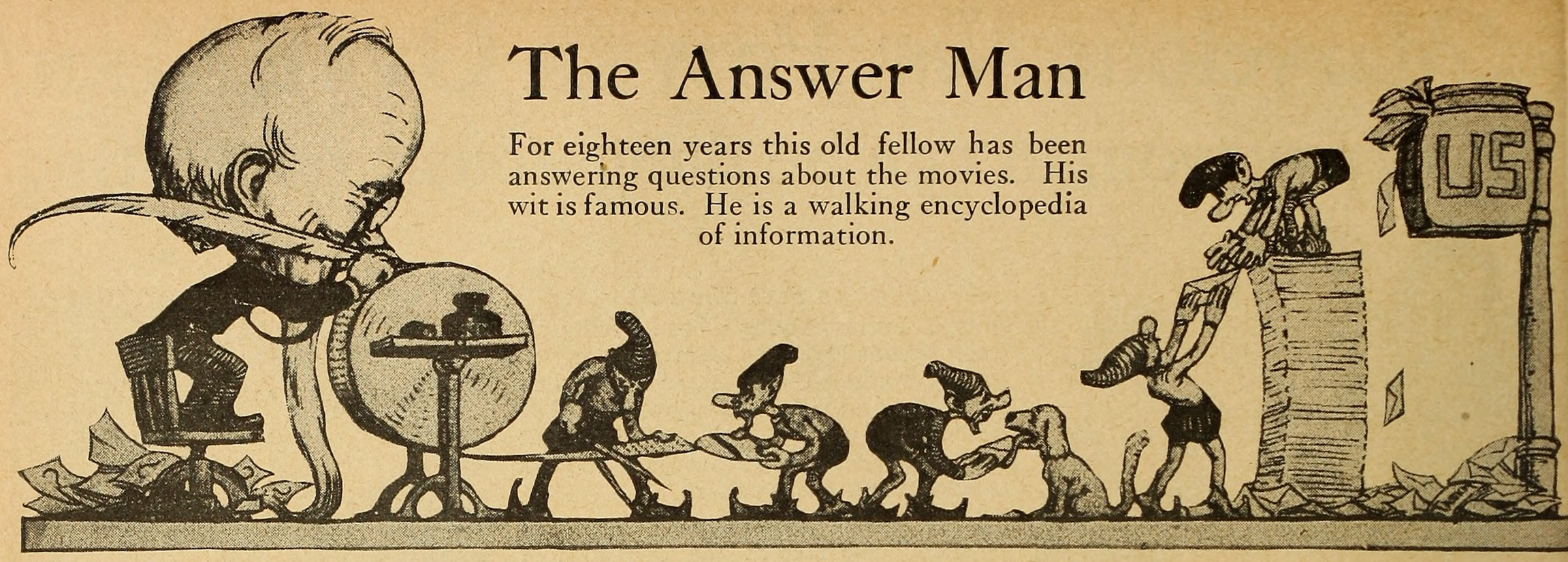
St. Address .....

City ..... State .....

NOTE: If price of $3.00 sent with order, postage will be prepaid.

The Answer Man

For eighteen years this old fellow has been answering questions about the movies. His wit is famous. He is a walking encyclopedia of information.



I'll answer as many letters in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE as space permits and reply by mail to the others. Write your name and address and enclose stamps or addressed envelope. The Answer Man, Motion Picture Magazine, Paramount Building, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

I. L. W.—Anna Q. Nilsson is five feet seven inches tall. Esther Ralston, five feet five. Greta Garbo, five feet seven. Joan Crawford, five four. You sure have a lot of favorites. Charles Rogers born August 13, 1904; Gary Cooper, May 7, 1901; William Haines, January 1, 1901; Charles Farrell, August 9, 1905; Ramon Novarro, February 6, 1899. Richard Arlen, twenty-nine. You're right, in the human race most flappers win by a neck. The "throw" of a projection machine? In trade parlance, the throw is the distance from the front of the projector lens in a straight line to the center of the screen.

JINGLES.—And you're from the "Lindy" City. Have you seen him? Nils Asther was the good-looking chap in "The Blue Danube." His latest release is "Her Cardboard Lover," starring Marion Davies. I can supply you with photos of Charles Farrell and Nils. Gwen Lee is five feet seven inches tall, weighs 131 pounds, blonde hair and blue eyes.

LOUD SPEAKER.—Don't broadcast it. You refer to John Patrick who played in "Love Hungry," write him at the Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. Josephine Dunn is the blonde who plays opposite William Haines in "Alias Jimmy Valentine." Can be reached at the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

WAITING BILLIE.—It won't be long now. Write David Rollins at Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Avenue, Los Angeles, Cal. William Boyd was born in Cambridge, Ohio, June 5, 1898; married to Elinor Fair. Thomas Meighan's latest is "The Mating Call," Caddo Productions, Metropolitan Studios, 1040 Las Palmas Avenue, Hollywood, Cal.



Dolores del Rio occupies the place of honor this month. If my mail is any indication of Dolores' popularity, she's one of Hollywood's most popular girls

I. M. PATIENT.—That's fine; we all need a lot of it. Write Evelyn Brent, George Bancroft, William Powell and Clara Bow, Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, Cal.; Phyllis Haver, George Duryea and Sue Carol, De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.; George K. Arthur, Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal. Joan Crawford born in Texas March 23, 1906. Her latest picture is "Four Walls."

CHILEAN BOY.—Glad to hear from you again. Josephine Dunn was born in New York City, in 1910. Has blonde hair and blue eyes. Playing in William Haines' latest picture, "Alias Jimmy Valentine." Address your letter to her at the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal. Richard Dix is "Moran of the Marines." Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

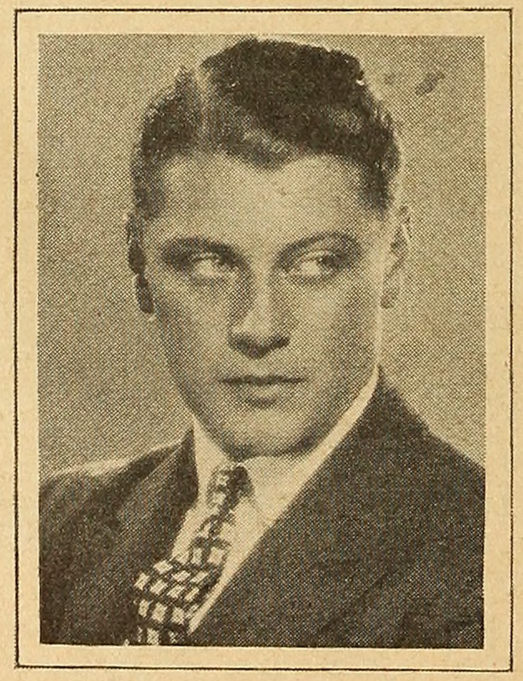
LENORA.—My, what a lot of favorites. Vilma Banky was born Jan. 9, 1902. Her latest picture is "The Awakening." Clara Bow, Aug. 8, 1905, five feet two and a half inches tall, weighs 120 pounds. Louise Brooks is twenty-three, five feet six and a half, has black hair. Write her, Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Olive Borden, July 14, 1907, five feet, weighs 105 pounds. Drop in again.

COWBOY TEX.—So you're a cowboy from New Zealand, and how. Betty Compson and Ricardo Cortez had the leads in "The Pony Express." Rudolph Valentino, Alice Terry, "The Four Horsemen." Ruth Clifford, "Don Mike." Lillian Rich, "Braveheart." Mary Brian and Alice Joyce, "Beau Geste." Claire Adams, "The Night Hawk." Stella Essex was *Eileen* in "Tumbling River." Clara Bow, Janet Gaynor, Mary Astor, Myrna Loy, Sally Phipps,

(*Continued on page 108*)



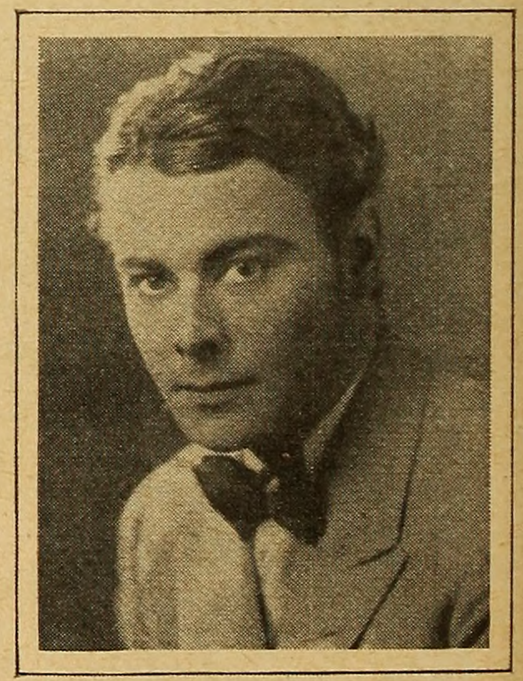
Gilbert Roland is second. Inquiries about him only ran a few hundred less than Miss del Rio's



Ralph Forbes is third. I was flooded with letters about him when "The Actress" was released



Fourth is beautiful Dolores Costello. Have you noticed that both the female leaders are named Dolores



Handsome Nils Asther is also gaining in popularity. They write and tell me he was handsome in "The Cossacks"

As told to

PRINCESS PAT

by

10,000 Men

"Women Use Too Much Rouge"



THE MEN, poor dears, are not quite correct. They judge by appearances solely. What they really protest is the "painted look"—and "too much rouge" is not really a question of quantity. It is a matter of kind; for even the tiniest bit of usual rouge *does look unreal.*

Women have startling proof of difference in rouges once they try Princess Pat. Have you sometimes watched fleecy clouds at sunset shade from deepest rose to faintest pink, every tone pure and luminous? So it is with Princess Pat rouge. Every tone is pure and luminous, seeming to lie beneath the skin and not upon it. You obtain more, or less, color by using freely or sparingly. But there is never a question of too much, never the unlovely "painted look" to which men object.

Purity, delicacy, the most costly color tints, and a secret formula combine to make Princess Pat the *most natural rouge in the world.* And whether blonde or brunette, you can use any and all of the six Princess Pat shades with perfect effect—instead of being limited to one as with usual rouges.

Velvet Your Skin with Princess Pat Almond Base Face Powder

Velvet is just the word; for the soft, soothing Almond Base imparts to Princess Pat an entirely new "feel," makes its application a veritable caress. Most powders contain starch as a base—hence their drying effect. The Almond in Princess Pat definitely helps the skin, assists it to remain pliant and fine of texture. And there has never been a powder to go on so smoothly, or cling so long—never because only in Princess Pat do you find the soft, naturally adherent Almond Base—instead of starch.

Princess Pat Almond Base face powder now comes in two weights. Medium weight in the familiar oblong box—lighter weight in the new round box. It has been possible because of the Almond Base to make the lighter weight powder just as clinging as the medium.



Wonderful New Color for Lips

Just what you've wanted—lip rouge that colors the visible part of the lips and that also adheres to and colors the inside, moist surface. Thus, parted lips show beautiful color all the way back—no unlovely "rim" of color as with usual lipsticks.

Try the Seven Famous Aids-to-Beauty in Princess Pat Week End Set

This is really an "acquaintance" set—enough of each preparation for a thorough trial—enough for two weeks. And the beauty book sent with set contains information on skin care of real value—besides artful secrets of make-up which vastly enhance results from rouge, powder and lip rouge. You will be delighted with the set.

Get This Week End Set —SPECIAL



The very popular Princess Pat Week-End Set is offered for a limited time for THIS COUPON *and 25c [coin]. Only one to a customer. Besides Rouge, set contains easily a month's supply of Almond Base Powder and SIX other Princess Pat preparations, including perfume. Packed in a beautifully decorated boudoir box. Please act promptly.*

PRINCESS PAT LTD.,
2709 S. Wells St. Dep. 1-A Chicago

Enclosed find 25c for which send me the Princess Pat Week-End Set.

Name [print].....

Street.....

City and State.....

PRINCESS PAT

PRINCESS PAT LTD. CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

The New CLARA BOW HAT

Tri-Colored RATINÉ *Silk Embroidery*



Look for the Clara Bow pin on every genuine Clara Bow hat.

A PRODUCT OF THE WM. F. CHINIQUY CO.
CHICAGO

Grow—Yes grow—Eyelashes and Eyebrows like this in 30 days

By LUCILLE YOUNG

America's most widely known Beauty Expert for fifteen years. Beauty Adviser to over a million women.



Now Eyelashes and Eyebrows can be made to grow. My new discovery MUST accomplish this, or its cost will be refunded in full. Over 10,000 women have made the test. I have the most marvelous testimonials. Read a few here. I have attested before a notary public, under oath, that they are genuine and voluntary.

The most marvelous discovery has been made—a way to make eyelashes and eyebrows *actually grow*. Now if you want long, curling, silken lashes, you can have them—and beautiful, wonderful eyebrows.

I know that women will be wild to put my new discovery to test. I want them to—at my risk. Doubt all you want to. It does seem impossible, I know. Everything heretofore has failed. But my search of years has at last disclosed the secret.

So now I say to women that no matter how scant the eyelashes and eyebrows I will increase their length and thickness in 30 days—or not accept a single penny. There are no strings attached to my guarantee! No "ifs," "ands," or "maybes!" New growth or no pay. *And you are the sole judge.*

Proved Beyond the Shadow of a Doubt

Not just a few, but over ten thousand women have proved that my wonderful discovery works—proved it before this, my very first advertisement, appears. I have from these women some of the most startling voluntary testimonials ever written. I print a few of them on this page. And I have sworn to their genuineness before a *notary public*. Please note the first testimonial—an amazing statement that my discovery actually produced hair on the forehead, as well as growing eyelashes and eyebrows. Every one of the women who have tried my discovery did so on my guarantee. *And not a single one has reported failure.* On the contrary all have been wildly enthusiastic.

What My Discovery Means to Beauty

To fringe the eyes with long, curling, natural lashes—to make the eyebrows intense, strong, silken lines! Think of it. All the mysterious, alluring charm of veiled eyes, the witchery and beauty only one woman in a hundred now possesses in full. Merely darkening the eyelashes and eyebrows is a poor substitute. It helps. But what you really desire with all your heart, what every woman longs for is this marvelous beauty of naturally luxuriant eyelashes and eyebrows. Now you can have this beauty—impart to your loveliness this greatest of all single charms.

Results Noticeable in a Week!

In one week—sometimes in a day or two—you notice the effect. You merely follow simple directions. The eyelashes become more beautiful—like a silken fringe. The darling little upward curl shows itself. The eyebrows become sleek and tractable—with a noticeable appearance of growth and thickness. You will have the thrill of a lifetime—know that all you have to do is carry out use of my discovery the allotted time. *And there is instant beauty, too;* for my discovery combines with its own marvelous virtue the advantage of darkeners. But it does so without messiness and artificiality. It gives the effect, but itself, *cannot be detected.*

An Entirely New, Scientific Principle

For years, I have sought my discovery—tried thousands upon thousands of ways. But they were the ways others have tried. I, like others, failed utterly. Then I made a discovery, found that the roots of the eyelashes and eyebrows were marvelously responsive to a certain rare ingredient—found that this ingredient must be applied in an entirely *new way*. There is a secret about my discovery—but no mystery. It accomplishes its remarkable results just as nature does for those women who possess beautiful eyelashes and eyebrows. I know that I have given to women the wish of their hearts—made the most astounding beauty discovery yet recorded. And I have waited until I was *sure* before offering it to the world at large. The more than ten thousand women who have tested my discovery *have been my regular patrons.*

You Can Have Proof At My Sole Risk

Remember . . . in 30 days I guarantee results that will not only delight, but amaze. If your eyelashes and eyebrows do not actually *grow*, if you are not wholly and entirely satisfied you will not be out one penny. The introductory price of my discovery is $1.95. Later the price will be regularly $5.00.

Send No Money With Order

Send no money . . . simply mail coupon. When package arrives, pay postman only $1.95 plus a few cents postage. Use my wonderful discovery for full 30 days. Then if not delighted, return it and I will refund your money without comment. Mail coupon today to Lucille Young, Lucille Young Building, Chicago, Ill.



Dear Miss Young: I have just used your Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier and have received good results. Furthermore, while I was applying it to my eyes, I thought I'd put it on my forehead at the side, to make a dip. I continued to do so and was astonished one day when I saw that there actually was hair on my forehead. I will have a natural dip on my forehead.

Luretta Prinze,
1952 Cudaback Ave.,
Niagara Falls, N. Y.

• • •

Dear Lucille Young: I am more than pleased with your Eyebrow and Eyelash Beautifier. My eyelashes are growing thick, long, and luxurious.

Miss Flora J. Corriveau,
8 Pinette Ave., Biddeford, Me.

• • •

Dear Miss Young: I certainly am delighted with the Eyebrow and Eyelash Beautifier. I notice the greatest difference and so many people I come in contact with remark how silky and long my eyelashes appear to be.

Mlle. Hefflefinger,
240 W. "B" St., Carlisle, Pa.

• • •

Lucille Young: I have been using your Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier Method. It is surely wonderful.

Pearl Provo,
2954 Taylor St., N. E.,
Minneapolis, Minn.

• • •

Dear Friend: A million or more thanks to you Miss Young. I am greatly pleased. My eyebrows and lashes are beautiful now. I will praise you to all my friends and I do not need to speak that praise—my appearance tells the tale.

Naomi Otstot, 5437 Westminster Ave., W. Phila., Pa.

• • •

My Dear Friend: Your eyelash and eyebrow beautifier is simply marvelous. The longer I continue to use it the better the results. People are asking me how I do it. All I say is, "I owe it all to 'Lucille Young.'"

Frances Raviart, R. D. No. 2,
Box 179, Jeannette, Penn.



Lucille Young,
81-A Lucille Young Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Send me your new discovery for growing eyelashes and eyebrows. On arrival I will pay postman only $1.95 plus a few cents postage. If not delighted, I will return it within 30 days, and you will at once refund my money without question.

Name.....

St. Address.....

City.....State.....

NOTE: If price of $1.95 sent with order, postage will be prepaid.

Lucille Young

Screen Stars, Actresses, Society women and professional beauties please note. You are vitally interested in this discovery.

2709 S. Wells Street,
Chicago, Illinois



Its so Easy to Remove Summer Blemishes

Tan, freckles, muddy complexions and coarse, wind roughened skins are passé for Fall and Winter social activities. Correct this condition now. Wipe out your summer blemishes and in their place give to your skin a pure, soft, pearly appearance of alluring beauty. Let

GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM

"Beauty's Master Touch"

prove to you the value of "Corrective Beautifying." In a moment's time it renders a bewitching appearance to your complexion that cannot be duplicated by any Powder, Cream or Lotion. Its effective astringent and antiseptic action discourages blemishes, wrinkles and flabbiness. The weak points of your appearance are yielding to its corrective properties as you enjoy the immediate effect of a new beauty to your skin and complexion.

Gouraud's Oriental Cream is ready to add years of youth to your appearance. Try it today. Made in White, Flesh and Rachel, also Compacts.



Send 10c. for Trial Size

Ferd. T. Hopkins & Son,
430 Lafayette St.
New York



E. R. Richee

If this scene is typical of Bebe Daniels' new picture, "Hot News," it looks as if it'll be one of those breeches-buoy-and-girl romances

It For the Itless

(*Continued from page 65*)

velvets, in chiffons and regal brocades, lies a courageous road worth traveling for a couple of paragraphs.

When the Nebraska boy grew older, his sketches and his dreams crystallized. He knew what he wanted to do. He wanted to make plain women less plain. He wanted to make beautiful women more beautiful. He wanted to give "Itless" women "It." A laudable desire.

He wrote to Flo Ziegfeld and told him what he could do. Flo declined the offer, with thanks.

He wrote to Lucille, in New York. Lucille had a woman's instinct and sent an acceptance plus a salary offer of fifteen dollars a week.

Howard Greer departed for New York with a package of sketches. He worked for Lucille, rising steadily until the outbreak of the war. Then he entrained for France and spent eighteen months with the Machine Gun Company of the 307th Regiment. He was twice wounded and demobilized in France.

After the demobilizing, Howard Greer remained in France. Out of the blood and brimstone of the battlefields his dreams of beauty reasserted themselves. He went into the homes of French peasants, making himself welcome by his sketches of their homes, their children, themselves. But he had an ulterior motive. He wanted to learn at the source something new by way of color and line, background and form. From a nation's peasants does one learn a nation's aristocrats.

From the peasantry of France, Howard Greer went to the Paris of France. He worked in the French ateliers of Lucille and of Paul Poiret. He opened a studio of his own and through Elinor Glyn, the sister of Lucille, he met Cecile Sorel, Gaby Delys, the Guitrys and other notables of the *mondaine*. His fame spread and the women of Paris went forth greered for action.

When the sack of the Paris fashionables was well begun, the Nebraska farm boy turned his thought to the women of his own land. There was where his work must be. He returned to New York, designed for the Greenwich Village Follies, for Nora Bayes, Irene Castle and other celebrities of the stage and of the dim Park Avenue drawing-rooms. Then Hollywood beckoned.

In Hollywood were congregated the world's Dreams of Fair Women. In Hollywood there was no one to raise the magician's hand and cover them with petals of lace and 'broideries of silk. To Hollywood traveled Howard Greer, an evangelist of fine feathers.

He worked for a time on the Famous Players lot designing for the Lasky *Loreleis*. And all the while he had, in his mind's eye, a vision of *Howard Greer, Incorporated*.

The dream has become a reality.

And now, when the ladies of Hollywood go shopping, they go to Greer's. They loll on couches fit for the ladies of long ago Versailles. Tea is served them in pink Sèvres china by soft-footed servitors. There are cigarettes within reach on tables of cream and ivory wood, in putty-colored boxes monogrammed in green H. G's. Soft music plays. On the stage, drifting through the salons and about the sun-lit patio, parade the mannequins, Babette, Aiai and Gladys.

GOWNS HAVE INDIVIDUAL NAMES

LET us suppose that Norma Talmadge is "shopping," if one may employ so mundane a term for so epicurean an experience. All right. Aiai appears wearing a creation of silver metal cloth banded with black and white fox. Its name will be "Indiscretion." For all of the gowns are named. They are individualities. They live. Or it may be a sheath of embroidered silver metal cloth christened "Baccarat." Or a tucked *Bois de Rose* georgette over a raisin lace slip, the name thereof "Guillotine." It may be a mere little sports frock consisting of a spotted velvet skirt. Metal cloth and spotted velvet coat titled "The Vortex."

Norma, or whoever it may be, elects to have "The Vortex." She signifies her intention to an attendant saleslady accoutred in pale gray. They discuss a few possible alterations. Norma selects the material she wishes to have. The color scheme and design. The important part of the Greer establishment is that while a model may be duplicated in design the materials are never duplicated. There is only one dress length of every sort in the place. There are never two alike. And the model may be changed to suit the individual. A different neck line. A different ornament here or there.

Norma will return for a fitting. Is she put in just any fitting-room? Ah, no. In the Brunette Room. Here the walls are covered in varying shades of yellow. An imported Austrian paper. Vermilion taffeta curtains shield the windows. Water bottle, cigarette box, perfume container, casual pair of mules, all carry out the scheme designed to make a brunette a super-brunette.

Or if Greta Nissen shops at Greer's? She goes into the Black Room where the walls are ebony, where the ceiling is gemmed with little mirrors and the curtains are black taffeta bordered with black velvet. Against this pall of night, the kind that gentlemen prefer stands forth doubly preferable. Here, no doubt, stood Katherine Carver when she had made three costumes for every day of her Menjouian honeymoon.

For the placid in temperament there is the Feather Room. Pastel in tone, with a wall-paper sprayed with gentle plumes.

For those whom age has touched with silver there is the Platinum Room. The walls are composed of squares of Chinese silver paper diagonally laid on. Silver and frost touch every ornament.

When Joan Crawford and her Titian sisters shop at Greer's, there is the Vibrant Room. Electric blue walls. A room that turns any but a Titian the color of old cheese.

Thus subtly and pervasively does Howard Greer evoke the best in every woman. Against backgrounds especially designed for them do these buds of beauty unfold and full-bloomed flowers lift petals to a new sun.

WORDS FROM THE FASHION WISE

HOWARD GREER has a few bits of wisdom concerning the attiring of women:

He says that the past few years in dress have made women too sloppy. To be casual is one thing; to be careless is quite another.

That women should wear a girdle or a corset of some kind.

That very few women know what they look well in. They think they do, but they are almost invariably mistaken.

That Irene Castle, for instance, had no idea what she should or should not wear. But she had the wise intuition to know that she didn't know and to put herself in the hands of those who did. When she was dressed, she knew how to wear her clothes.

That most of the women who come to Greer's come accompanied by husband or boy-friend or both, ask them for advice and then get what they want.

That women dress for other women and not for men.

That color is the main essential.

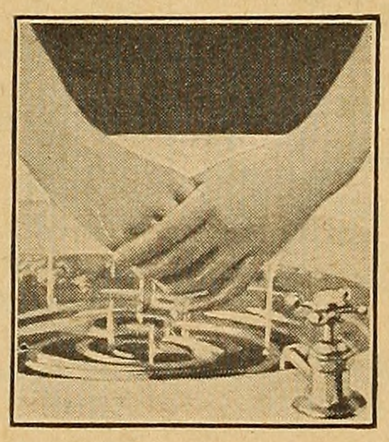
That a woman without "It" may be given that priceless possession by the proper kind of clothes.

Howard Greer dreams in Hollywood as he dreamed on the Nebraska farm. He gets his ideas in dreams, awakes and makes a hasty sketch or two. He designs when music is playing, as he watches Aiai or Babette walk about the salons. And from dreams and music and the rhythmic walk of women come "Baccarat" and "The Guillotine," "Biarritz" and "Balmoral," "Naïveté" and "Salamander," "Country Club" and "That's That."



This Linit Beauty Bath Secret Is Almost Unbelievable~

UNTIL YOU MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST ON YOUR HANDS. YOUR SKIN INSTANTLY FEELS SOFT AND SMOOTH AS AN ORCHID PETAL

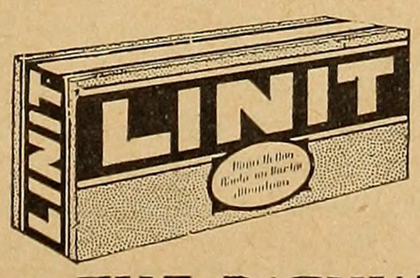


SIMPLY swish a few handfuls of Linit Starch in a basin of warm water then wash your hands using your favorite soap. Soon as your hands come in contact with the water you are aware of a delightful smoothness — and after you dry your hands, INSTANTLY your skin feels soft and smooth as a rose petal.

That is also the immediate and startling effect of Linit in your bath. Merely dissolve half a package or more of Linit in your tub, bathe as usual — and then feel your skin.

This satiny smoothness that you feel after the Linit Beauty Bath comes from a thin layer of Linit that is left on the skin. This almost invisible "coating" of Linit absorbs perspiration, eliminates shine from the skin and in cases of irritation is most soothing.

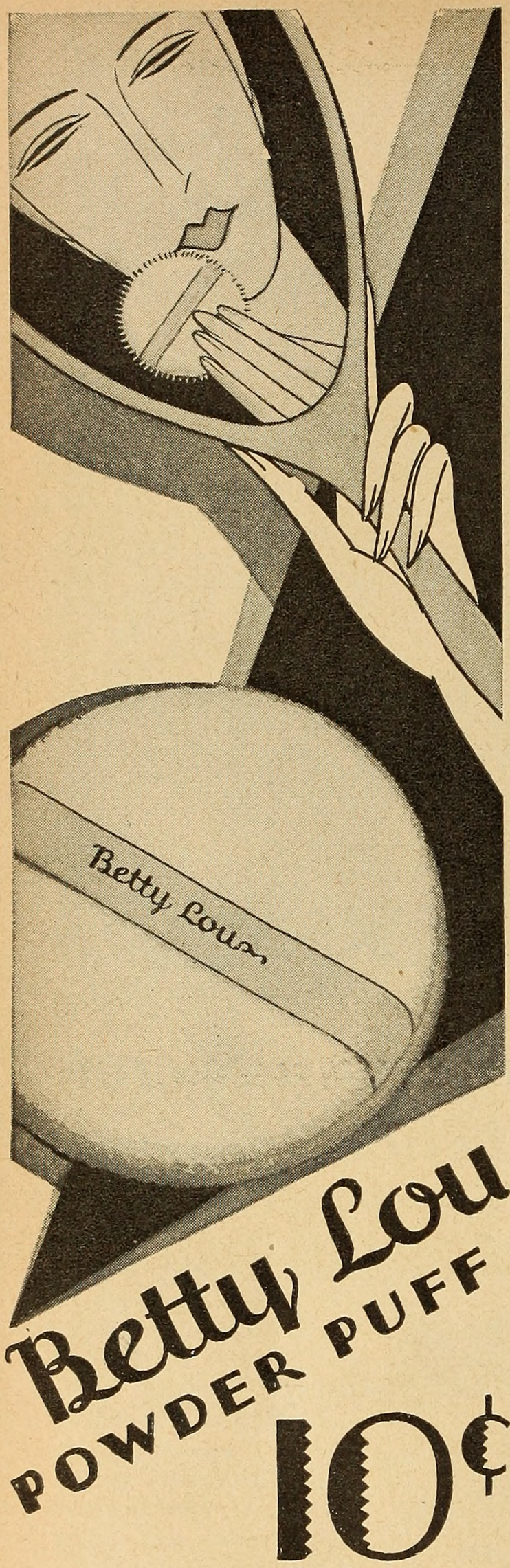
STARCH from Corn is the main ingredient of Linit. Being a vegetable product, Linit contains no mineral properties to irritate the skin. In fact the purity and soothing quality of Starch from Corn are regarded so highly by doctors and dermatologists that they generally recommend it for the tender, sensitive skin of young babies.



LINIT Starch is so economical that at least you should give it a trial. Let results speak for themselves.

LINIT is sold by your GROCER

THE BATHWAY TO A SOFT SMOOTH SKIN - -



15¢ in the Far West

EACH dab a delight—with BETTY LOU! *Always* soft and fluffy. Daintily fashioned from finest deep-pile velour—and sewed with seams that won't rip. *Really remarkable,* this puff so fine at the price so low—but made possible by the sale of thousands every day!

Four generous sizes—in White, Pink, Honeydew, Coral and Two-tone

(In Sanitary Transparent Wrappers)

For sale exclusively at
F.W.WOOLWORTH CO
5 & 10¢ STORES



A skirtless skirt: Lucy Doraine breakfasting on the verandah of her home in Hollywood. She provides a simple yet complete explanation of why porch climbers leave home

So Good to Their Mothers!

(*Continued from page 35*)

sanctified and confirmed the lovely loyalty, the profound affection Mary has ever shown to her mother. An affection rooted in the twin debts of love and duty. For it was Mrs. Pickford who guided Mary's ultimate star to its high place. It was Mrs. Pickford who instituted laws and by-laws not only for Mary but for the entire motion picture industry, considerably the poorer for her going. And she began her long and fruitful labor by the toil of her heart and hand.

In days gone by, Mrs. Pickford sewed and baked and washed and taught for her three small children. There was a time when, together with Mrs. Gish, she took in sewing while the tiny Pickfords and Gishes roller-skated and shouted on the pavements. And when Mary began her unparalleled climb, it was Mrs. Pickford who stood at her side, advising, defending and planning.

The world knows of Mary's full return. All that money could buy or devotion devise was Mrs. Pickford's. Mary never made a trip abroad without her mother. And in the last illness there was never a day or a night when Mary was not at her side. Pictures were put aside and a single devotion glowed like a lamp of love from the daughter who had been more than daughter to the mother who had been more than mother.

WARM-BLOODED GISHES

THE Gish girls are another case in point. Lillian has said that she will never marry so long as her mother lives. She wouldn't leave her mother for any man alive. And when Mrs. Gish was seriously ill a couple of years ago, Dorothy and Lillian literally ran back and forth from the studio to the hospital, with their make-up on, between shots. Nurses and doctors, Europe when the trip was thought beneficial, California where she could be with Lillian—every care and attention were showered on the gentle-voiced, white-haired woman the Gish girls call mother.

The Talmadge girls never make a move without Peg, if they can help it. It is too bad there are not three of her. One for Constance, in her Gaylord Arms Apartment, one for Norma in her beach bungalow and one for Natalie Keaton and the two little Keaton heirs. When I first came out here a few months ago, Norma was in the thick of buying her mother a bungalow atop the new Hotel Roosevelt. She was furnishing it and doing it all in secret, for a surprise. Peg rides in limousines and wears as many diamonds as a lady may.

Lupe Velez has one bond in common with Lillian Gish. She, too, declares that she will never leave her mother for any man. In loud and ringing accents she declares that she loves her mother better than any living human. And before the ink was dry on her United Artists contract she had her mother and her tiny grandmother imported from Mexico and installed in a Hollywood home and her small brother in a military academy. Her entire time and devotion, apart from the studio, is at their service.

Anna Q. Nilsson took a trip to Sweden a year or more back for the express purpose of buying her parents a new home, equipped with every modern device and furnished as luxuriously as those simple people would permit. She left a car and a banking account and so arranged matters that no dark shade of toil or worry can ever dismay them again.

BABIED BY BEBE

BEBE DANIELS covers her mother with diamonds. In the midst of her very first contract she dashed downtown and bought her mother the largest diamond brooch she could find. And on Christmas and all other possible anniversaries Mrs. Daniels finds a new diamond thingumbob in the toe of her stocking.

Pola Negri supports her mother in a palatial chateau in France. Nothing less will do. Pola also endows an orphanage entirely with her own funds and her mother supervises it for her.

Adolphe Menjou recently built a new

(*Continued on page 91*)

Mary Bids Good-bye to Curlhood

(*Continued from page 59*)

thinned several times, but it still made my head look too big for the rest of me. And I think when there's any part of a person's dress or appearance that attracts attention away from the whole, it's wrong, don't you?"

No casual experiment, no whim of the moment, this bob of Mary Pickford's! It is the penalty of great fame like hers—a fame that can never come to a movie star again—that she may not do as she pleases but must be always thinking of her public and its wishes. For the sake of her fans Mary Pickford stayed a little girl as long as she could. But even Mary had to grow up sometime.

I think that it was her mother's death that determined Mary to lay aside her *Peter Pannish* youth and become a woman on the screen as she was in life. Light-hearted curls don't go, somehow, with tragedy.

Will it, I wonder, make any difference in her career? Will her fans forgive her for the loss of the beloved Eighteen? Her small chin lifts defiantly.

"If a career that has meant years of hard work like mine can depend on a—*on a hair*, it's high time I found it out," said Mary Pickford, her eyes a blue blaze, "but I don't believe it's just my curls people have liked. It's something else we love in people—something *inside*. If I give them a good picture, if I amuse them, they won't care how I wear my hair. The grown-up pictures I've made before weren't so successful because they weren't such good stories, that's all."

Is there the faintest shadow of doubt in her voice? We wander through the gracious rooms of Pickfair and whenever we pass a mirror Mary's eyes seek her despoiled head anxiously. As she talks, her fingers go up, missing the lost curls. And all subjects, somehow, lead back to bobbed hair. Her trip, for instance.

GETTING DOUG'S O. K.

"IT WAS what my friends abroad said that made up my mind," Mary confides. "In Europe everyone has short hair, except poor Queen Mary. She has to uphold tradition. When I went to Baron de Meyer in Paris to have him photograph me, he urged me to cut my hair. Of course I asked Douglas's *permission*," she added quaintly, "and of course he said to do as I pleased. I don't think he expected I really would get a bob, and I didn't expect to myself when a friend took me to her barber in Chicago. But when I'd talked to him, and tried on bobbed wigs, she said, 'Mary, why don't you get it over with now?' and in fifteen minutes it was done. I had it cut shoulder-length so that I can make it looked bobbed or pin it up for evening, *so*—"

She turns her head this way, that, studying her reflection in the Georgian mirrror opposite. I sense suddenly the sadness her fans will feel when they see America's Sweetheart without her golden curls. They will be sad, not because a motion picture star has bobbed her hair, but because youth must grow up, and *Cinderella* never did find her Prince, and fairy stories are not true after all.

"It doesn't mean I am planning to make an entirely different type of picture," Mary says, "but they will be more modern, more realistic. Everything has to change. Change is *life*. The last pictures I had taken wearing my hair in long ringlets I didn't like—curls didn't seem to belong to me any more. I wanted to change the way I looked. I wanted to be *different*." (*Continued on page 89*)

"Amazing—so many women must learn this from others"

—writes a Washington hostess



The embarrassment that comes with knowledge of this grave social offense is finally ended. An important phase of woman's oldest hygienic problem is now solved.

WHERE smart women gather socially—or in business—even the most attractive are guilty of offending others at certain times. Yet they, themselves, seldom realize it. When told, they become miserably self conscious. They try in vain to overcome the difficulty by make-shift methods. Now science offers safe and certain relief from this fear.

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Ranger's pride in his first family is mingled with a degree of sadness at finding that every member is, even at the age of a few weeks, addicted to the bottle

Nijinska Dances Alone

(*Continued from page 49*)

her grandfather a great patriot—a familiar of the mighty Garibaldi and Kossuth.

At sixteen she spoke seven languages, had been to school in Paris and London, and was a favored pupil of the far-famed Madame Rejane. She made her theatrical debut in Paris. The play was "The Secret," by Pierre Wolff. It was a success at the Gymnase. Then followed a repertoire of Ibsen—and a call home from her mother so that the two might play together.

In Budapest she attended the Russian Ballet. For her it was a gala night. The world and all its capitals had acclaimed the Slavic artists headed by the wondrous Nijinsky, darling alike of kings and commoners. Like a million others, Romola was enthralled. That night she determined that she would dance. And when Director Diaghilev took his Ballet to ancient St. Petersburg, she went with it. Her success was instant. And as the world-tour progressed, she danced her way to the top opposite Vaslav Nijinsky, friend and favorite of the Czar of All the Russias.

With the romance of her career, another blossomed. And in Buenos Aires, Romola became a Russian, and a bride. Triumph followed triumph. There was never failure. Nor any variance in the degree of success. The lovers danced their way beneath a bower of roses that covered the world, along paths of gold studded with rarest rubies.

TOO MANY KINGS

"IT WAS magical," she says, and her eyes sparkle a second as they must have done when Grand Duke Dimitri welcomed her as one of the Czar's household—when the Marchioness of Ripon, social arbiter of the English Court, named her a protégée—when she and her husband danced by royal command before the rulers of the world, and were acclaimed their friends.

"Kings meant little to me," she smiles, "there were so many of them. But there was real delight in the circles of great artists which we attracted in every city. Our salons were always the rendezvous of genius—master musicians, sculptors, painters, writers—there was really little room for kings."

But while these children danced upon the greensward of the earth, the fires of fury smoldered under the caldrons of Mars, god of war. And one day the flame leaped to life and the caldrons bubbled and boiled with blood. Of a sudden these radiant sprites found themselves imprisoned like gossamer butterflies beneath a glass. They were Russians—alien enemies—and even Romola's uncle, the Austrian Minister of Foreign Affairs, could make no exception to the stern decree of internment. King Alfonso, monarch of a neutral land, added his plea for their freedom to a host of others. But when release finally came, it was through the intervention of America and Otto Kahn and Secretary Lansing. And that is how Vaslav and Romola Nijinsky came to tour a hundred cities in the United States and Canada on what was to prove the last great round of victory.

The New World followed the Continent in its vociferous approval. Headed by the harassed President Wilson, himself, the nation added its loud huzzahs to the cheers of Britain's greatest colony. But Nijinsky, artist and æsthete, steeped besides in the doctrines of Tolstoi, was tortured in his soul to see the bright world to which he danced steeped in sorrow, its sun obscured by clouds of gory hue. He pondered and brooded. There was a journey to South America, and thence to Switzerland. And there the soul-sick artist collapsed. His fine intellect was filmed over with a haze, his perfect body warped with insidious illnesses.

THE FLAME OF HIS ART SNUFFED

WITH the passing of the old régime, passed the triumphs of Nijinsky. Holy Russia was raped by the Red rabble. The Czar, his more than father, lay with a bayonet in his autocratic heart. Franz Josef, last of the Cæsars, his friend and admirer, had joined the rest of his unhappy house in death. The world he had known crumbled beneath his feet. The feet that danced no more. And Nijinsky's career was ended. And so, it seemed, was that of Nijinska—Romola—his wife.

There was never a doubt of duty in her heart. The glamourous days were gone forever. Her life was con- (*Continued on page 95*)

Mary Bids Good-bye to Curlhood

(*Continued from page 87*)

A GESTURE OF SELF-ASSERTION

HER small hands, unjeweled except for the slim wedding ring, are restless. It must be a strange thing, I think suddenly, to be Mary Pickford, and to live always caught in the golden cage of her own Fame, stared at by curious eyes, followed by crowds. I think that bobbing her hair was a symbol to her, to prove to herself that she could do as she pleased.

She is speaking now of the boy Crown Prince of Italy whom they met on their trip. "He is only twenty-three," she says, "but everything he did, he did as though he felt that he was not a *person* so much as the representative of the whole Italian people."

The inference of comparing herself to royalty somehow does not provoke any thought of incongruity. For it is undeniably true that the world does regard Mary as emblematic of the screen, and so her conduct cannot be guided solely by personal considerations. She stands for far more than herself.

Everything that Mary Pickford does, she must do, not as herself but as the representative of the whole motion picture profession. When Valentino grew a Van Dyck beard, thousands of newspapers wrote editorials on the subject. When the Pickford curls fall, it will be a matter for discussion the world over. But there is only one person whose judgment Mary cares for.

"What," I hesitated, "did Doug say when he saw your new bob?"

A smile flashes to her lips, secret, shy. But she answers casually, "Oh, he just said, 'So you really did it!'"

After all, even a famous movie star has a right to keep some things to herself. We shall never know exactly what Douglas Fairbanks said to Mary when she showed him her golden head without the eighteen ringlets.

But, we imagine whatever it was, it was quite satisfactory.



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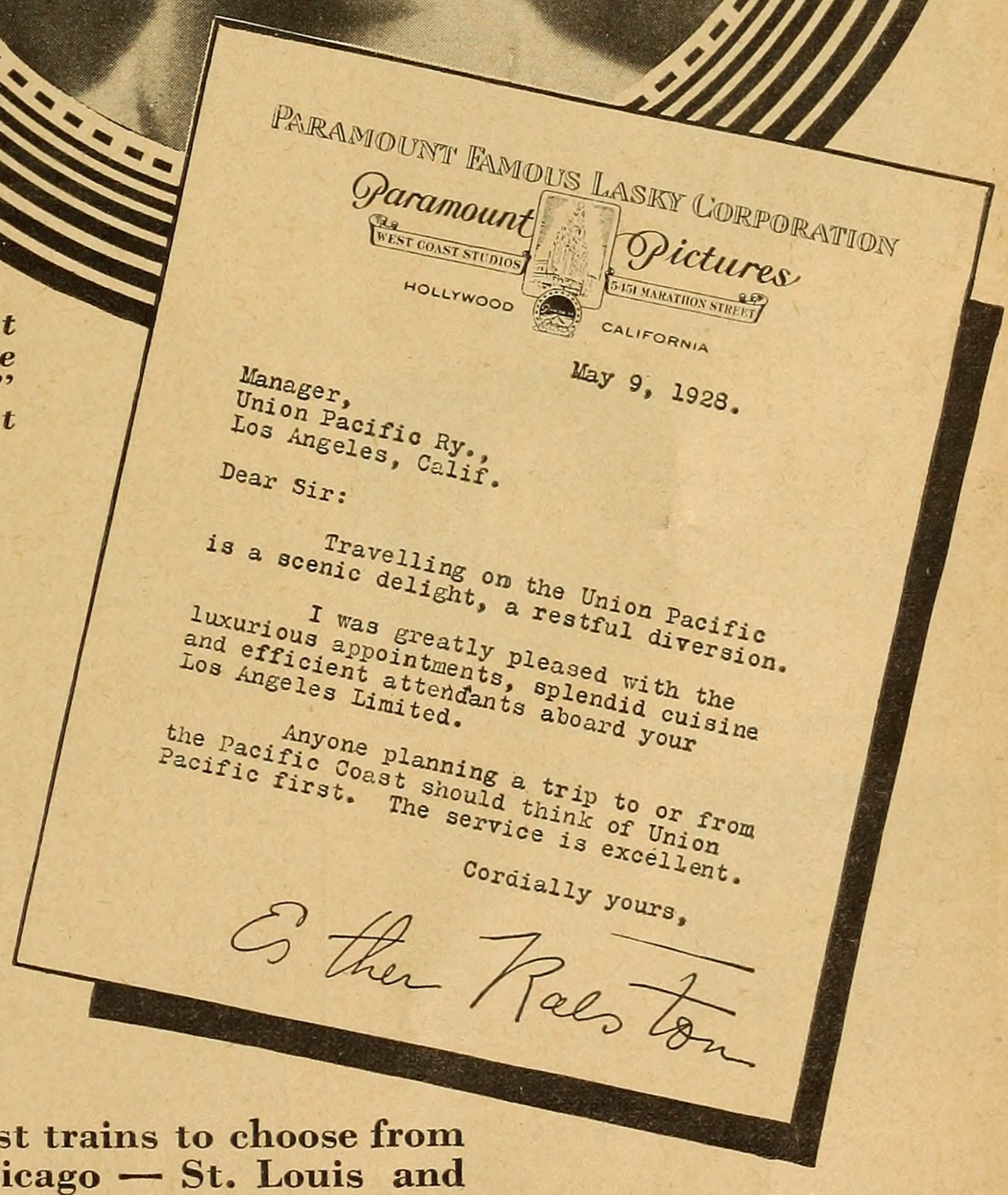

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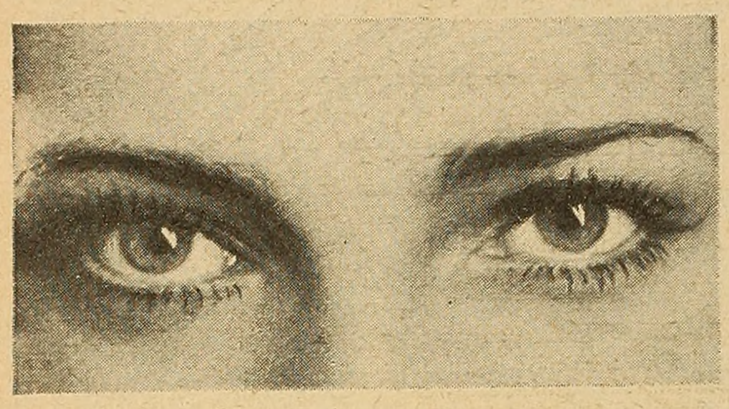

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C. S. Bull

One white man's burden comes to two pounds. Johnny Mack Brown discovers, after emptying all the contents of his pockets on the scales, that he's been making a junk-wagon of himself

A Cynic of the Cinema

(*Continued from page 55*)

movie companies in the business. It was his job to sell their program to slightly reluctant exhibitors. He put so much enthusiasm into the work that it rated him a promotion to manager of one of the eastern exchanges. He was making a pretty good salary and getting along great when along came the war. Bill wasn't born Irish for nothing. He loved a good fight, and so he went off and enlisted. The film company made a big fuss over him and gave him the glad hand and promised to keep his job open for him when he returned. His official business kept him in Europe about a year and a half. One summer day he landed back home in New York and beat it up to the home office to see about his job.

He noticed that there wasn't as much hurrah over his home-coming as there had been at his departure. A couple of the fellows came out and shook hands with him and inquired after the Heinies. Then someone told him that his job had been filled. They were very sorry. They also hoped he understood, etc., etc. If anything came up, they would be glad to get in touch with him.

Bill grinned. He shook them all by the hand, being careful to grip their knuckles to the breaking point. He said he understood perfectly—that they were a bunch of so-in-sos and dirty what-nots and lousy what-have-yous. He said he wouldn't work for their and-so-on old company if they made him president. What I mean to say is that he pushed his overseas cap on the back of his head and told them exactly what he thought of them and their ancestors. Before he left, the report goes, he grabbed a paper-weight and threw it through a window that had been patriotically draped with an American flag. Then he bowed himself out.

KNOCKED HIMSELF INTO A JOB

HE was so sore he went down the street knocking people right and left and that is how he happened to bump into the head salesman of a rival film concern. Bumped into him, literally. "Hey," yelled this fellow as Bill made to pass by. "Hey! Howard! If you ain't doing anything now, I've got a job for you." That slowed Bill up, though he was wise enough in the ways of the cinema to realize immediately that there must be a catch in it somewhere or it would not have come so easily. But returned soldiers must eat. Bill accepted right on the spot without bothering to find out what his work consisted of.

He wasn't long in learning that his job was to travel throughout the country selling the worst series of pictures that has ever been made by any producing company before or after. The boss told him, "We got these cooties on our hands, Bill, and we can't get rid of them. There's a nice commission in it if you sell a few of them." Bill took a look at the pictures and realized that cooties was a polite term for them. But he buckled down to the job and set out with a determination to sell them. His energy was part loyalty to the firm that had given him a job and part anger at their rivals. Before (*Continued on page 97*)

So Good to Their Mothers!

(*Continued from page 86*)

home for his new bride and himself. But hand in hand and nail to nail with his home went one for his mother. Neither pains nor expense were spared. The aura of the impending honeymoon could not dim Adolphe's first and dearest duty.

Clara Bow's father (she is an exception that spoils my story) lives with her in Hollywood. And she has often said that to make her father happy is the chief end and aim of her coloratura existence. One of the things needed to make him happy was an exclusive cleaning and dyeing establishment of his own. He has it.

Gary Cooper's mother doesn't need his support. But he recently gave her a luxurious car, running like a silken wind. Fay Wray's mother and William Haines's mother are also independent. But Fay presented her mother with a chest of sterling silver, long the wish of her heart. And William Haines's mother, who lives in Virginia with her two daughters, comes to Hollywood two or three times a year to be with her son. When she was ill recently, William left the studio, willy-nilly, in order to be with her.

Neil Hamilton knew a childhood of pain and privation. He was an invalid and he was cured by a miracle, at an altar. He worked with his father in the mines and his place in the sun was rarely used. After he had come to Hollywood and the long uphill climb had been rewarded, he brought his parents West into perpetual sunshine.

Emil Jannings is the sole support of his mother in Berlin.

MORE PETTED PARENTS

RAMON NOVARRO has been the mainstay of his family for years. He is one of ten. He is sending one of his brothers through college and has taken another brother to Europe with him. His sister has had several movie offers, but Ramon will not hear of it.

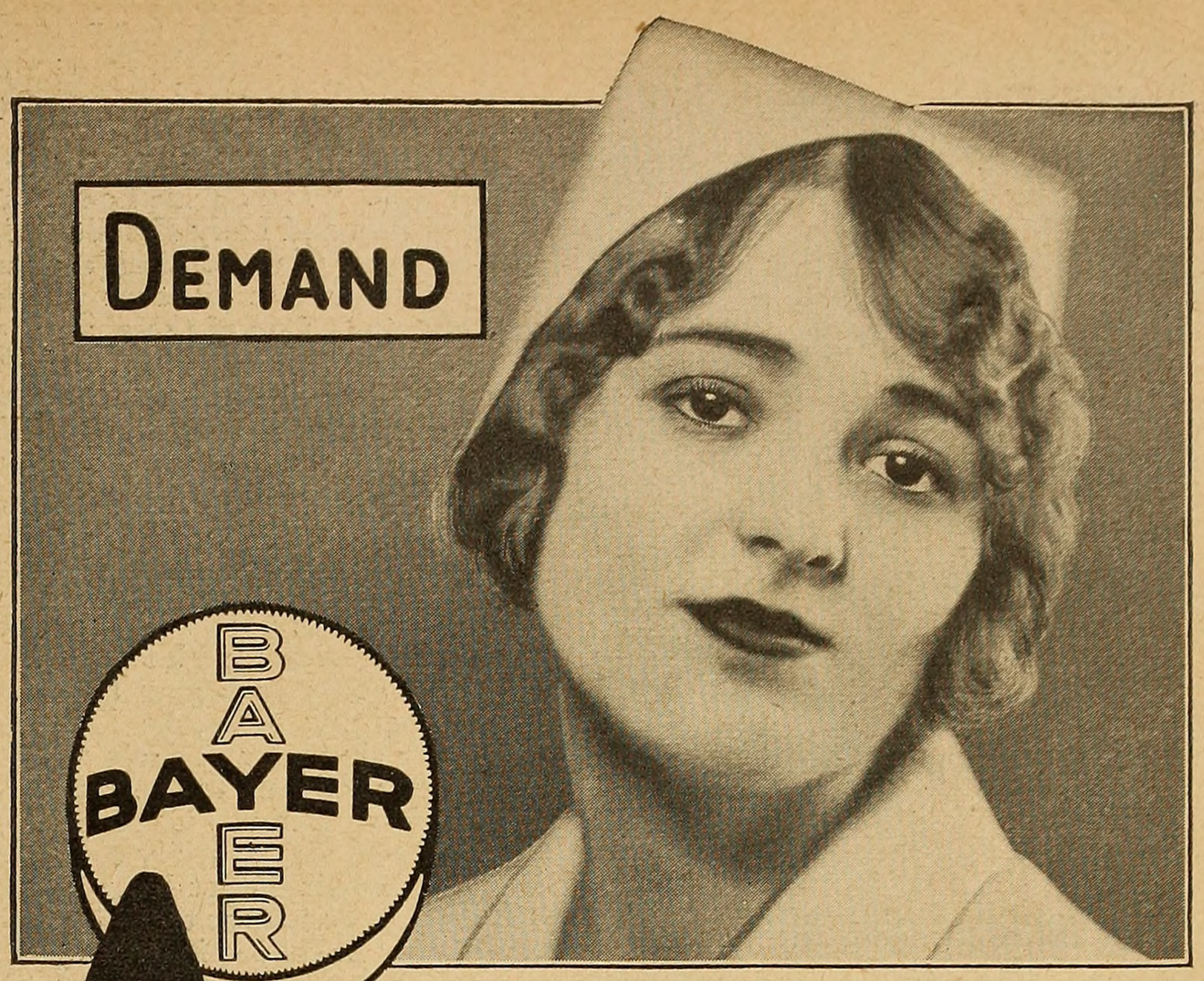
Lon Chaney's mother and father were deaf mutes. They preferred to live alone and so Chaney maintained two separate establishments, one for his wife, his son and himself, the other for his parents. They were given every luxury that money could buy, and at his father's death his mother came to live with him.

Richard Barthelmess maintains his mother in an apartment de luxe and sees to it personally that no least wish goes ungratified.

Agnes Christine Johnson, scenarist extraordinary, has her mother right in her home with her and keeps a trained nurse for her since her illness.

Marion Davies, Aileen Pringle, Ralph Forbes, Patsy Ruth Miller, Lois Wilson, May McAvoy, Alice Joyce, Estelle Taylor—. I could go through most of the reel roster, no doubt. But the boys and girls I have mentioned are known to me personally and their lives, too, enshrined in the center of which are, or have been, their mothers.

It gives one something to think about. Free of hand and heart they may be, prodigal of life and living, frequently and sometimes rightly subject to criticism. But through their lives runs the silver cord of gratitude and filial love, and surely this argues that the core is sweet and sound.



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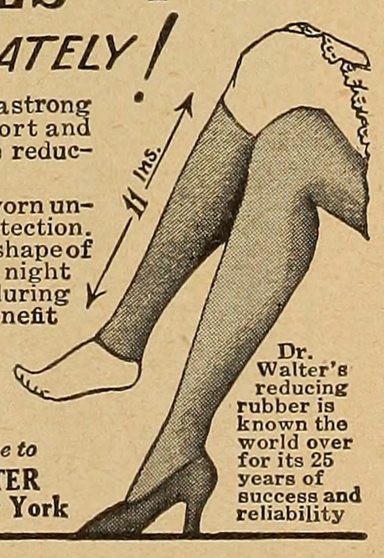

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Why Movies Go Wrong

(Continued from page 71)

had in hashing up English customs during production. "The Divine Lady," a story of Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton, had altogether some ten technical directors supposed to supervise different points of historical detail. One of these, a retired English naval lieutenant named G.A. Fealman, seemed pretty happy with the way things were going and reported that his advice was actually being listened to. His only squawk was that the sailors at the guns of the *Victory* insisted on chewing gum.

Another technical bozo named Magee, late colonel of artillery in England, was less satisfied with things. He quickly resigned himself to having his advice ignored. After spending hours arranging ship's crews in correct fighting order, he found that the men were shuffled and dealt again because they didn't show up to the best advantage. "Que faire?" said the Colonel (only not in French), and very sensibly didn't try to do anything except collect his weekly stipend and arrange matters so that his name should not appear in connection with the picture.

KNOW OR GO

ONE of the "Divine Lady" technical directors, reported Agnes Christine Johnston, who wrote the scenario, was fired early in the proceedings because when they asked him which deck Nelson died on he confessed he would have to look it up. The studio people rhetorically wanted to know what they were paying him for. The poor fellow just didn't know that what he suggested wasn't done in Hollywood.

If half of what has been shot for "The Whip" reaches the screen, we shall have an illuminating document on life as she is lived in the rustic shires of old England. The technical director of this production was merged in the director, Charles Brabin, who happened to be born in England, where the story is laid. He secretly inquired of several fellow-countrymen, before starting on the picture, whether they could tell him anything about 'unting. Whenever his authority was questioned at the studio, however, he said that he was an English gentleman and knew 'is 'unting backwards. It would have been better if he had known it sideways, for he had ladies dressed in side-saddle riding-habits sitting astride their steeds, and the entire hunt dressed in pink coats, when of course all but a handful should have worn ordinary riding-clothes. Another episode in "The Whip" that is going to delight the English aristocracy shows racing at Newmarket with a track of dirt instead of the invariable English grass, and with all the male spectators dressed in the grey top-hat and tails which are only worn at Ascot. With Brabin as an alibi, the producers frankly don't care whether "The Whip" portrays its subject accurately or not. Who the hell knows the difference? Only a few lousy Britishers, that's all.

ENGLISH INNOVATIONS

POOR old England is getting it in the neck a good deal these days. Another picture purporting to be atmospherically correct was made by Paramount, "motion picture headquarters of the world," and was called "The Street of Sin." It was supposed to be laid in London. As technical director, an Englishman named Bertram Johns was engaged. Johns is an extra and bit player who did the technical direction on "Doomsday" and other Paramount pictures with British locale. It is said by those who should know that Johns was last in England over thirty years ago—i.e., when Queen Victoria was on the throne. However, this may be, it is certain that his knowledge ended at the knotty problem of how to spell "Hampstead," one of the largest sections of London, which throughout the subtitles (also on a newspaper contents bill) was spelled without a "p." At the end of the picture there is a chase and gun-fight on the roof-tops, involving a small regiment of policemen. They are all armed with revolvers, in spite of the fact that the law definitely forbids English policemen being armed, and that even the highest Scotland Yard officials have practically got to lick the king's boot before they can be allowed near a gun. How much this was due to Johns's apparently scanty information, and how much to the con- *(Continued on page 103)*



Don Gillum

Like taking candy from a baby—that's the way this tame deer (a resident of the higher altitudes around Hollywood) sizes up Thelma Todd

Leaves from a Lady's Diary

(*Continued from page 69*)

in Ruth Roland. Ruth made the rounds of the new and somewhat pathetic studios. Brave in her blue suit, her stiff Eton collar and huge bow tie, she called on Fred Balshofer of the Bison Company. In Mr. Balshofer's office were two ladies. One sat with her nether extremities parked on a table. The other chewed gum. Both had faces not given them by God. Ruth thought that ladies who painted and powdered were—but we must think of the kiddies. Mr. Balshofer talked to her, his face close to hers, his eyes intent on her mouth. And Ruth fled the spot with horror in her heart. She never did go back. She didn't find out until much later that Mr. Balshofer was deaf, which was why he had watched her mouth. Nor did she discover at the time that paint and powder do not necessarily stain a soul.

She met Mack Sennett, then an actor. He took an interest in her. He knew that she was poor and hard working and he wanted to help her. He tried to make bets with her. Bets of silk stockings and gloves and things. Bets he knew she would win. She knew it, too, and so she wouldn't take him up.

Mr. Sennett went to New York and he wired for Ruth to come on. He would help her out until she got a start in pictures. She wanted most awfully to go. Her second chance to get in pictures. She might never have another. But there was that fateful slogan "Virtue and talent." She knew Mack Sennet, trusted him, liked him. But . . . she didn't go.

SHE MIGHT HAVE BEEN A PICKFORD

D. W. GRIFFITH saw her act and sent for her. She went to see him and he offered her a part then and there. Had she accepted it, she would have been the First Lady of the Screen in lieu of Mary Pickford. But she was booked for a certain length of time. She couldn't fall down on her word. She refused the offer.

In the theater at the time was a cranky stage manager. Everyone hated him but Ruth. She didn't hate anyone. Toward the end of Ruth's contract the cranky stage manager left and went to Kalem. He sent for Ruth.

And now we'll pick a few leaves from her diary—leaves which tell lightly of old days and old ways when the movies were very young. The words are copied from Ruth's old diary, *verbatim*. Only the parentheses are mine.

May 30th, 1911

Started today. Name of picture "A Chance Shot." Some acting! Oh, you audience! Mr. Hardigan seemed pleased all right. Oh, me arms! Some sore!

June 1st, 1911

Start new picture (two days later, you will note), "Petticoats and Cows." Oh,



Lew Cody believes in saying it with flowers, but not necessarily with his own. At the end of a social call he has fallen into the habit of snitching a rose or two for his buttonhole



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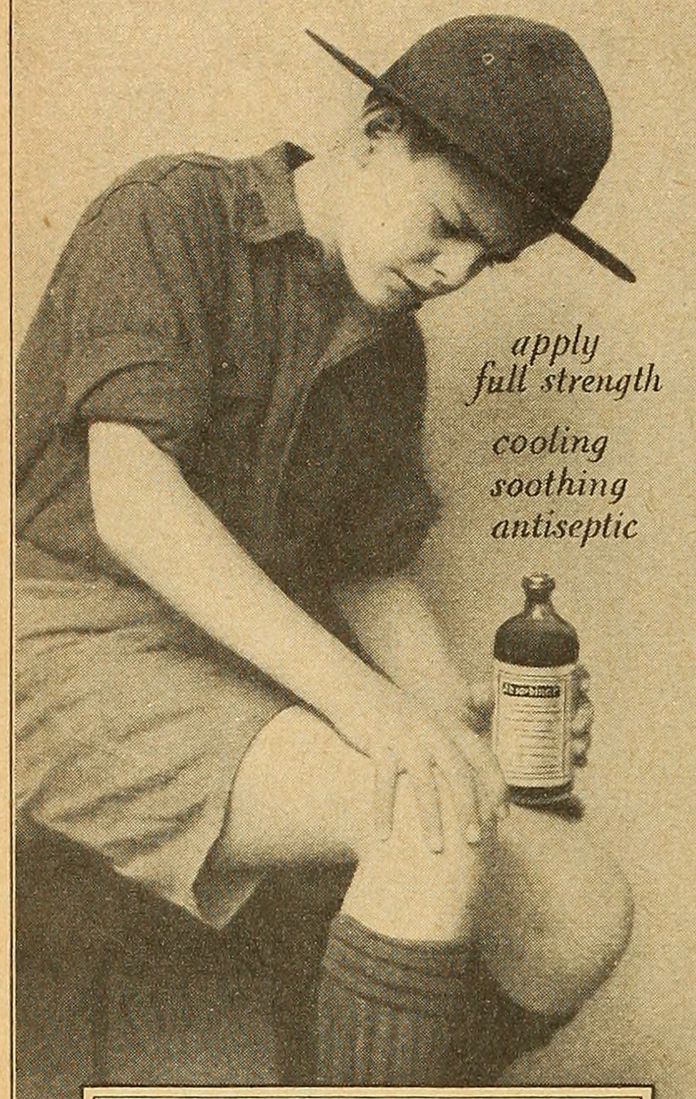

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Whenever Gladys McConnell gets so excited about anything as to have it run her temperature up, she goes wading in the little rock-garden pool back of her house. She believes, she says herself, in the merit of a pond of prevention

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you chaps! Ha, ha! Some cow-puncher. Rode horseback today. Some class! Sore. Oh, no; just crippled! That's all!

June 13th, 1911

No work; went to town; shopped all day; got bathing suit, etc. Met Alice Joyce. Fine girl, splendid time.

July 24th, 1911

Reported. No film. No work. Went to town shopped all day. Got back to beach 9 p. m. Oh, you Dutch Lunch! Danced a few dances; nice time at Mr. Walsh's party. Met Mr. Arbuckle, very nice, some dancer!

December 9th, 1911

Worked hard on my story, "How Bill Proposed." Marshall Neilan plays *Bill* (this was Marshall Neilan's very first day in pictures and Ruth wrote the story). Story great! Some tired! Went to see Montgomery and Stone.

SHE MEETS HER HUSBAND

August 2nd, 1911

Reported but didn't work. Went downtown and got my ring. Some class! (Ruth's first diamond ring, one-half carat and one-sixteenth. Bought on time.) Rode down with Mr. Kent (Leo Kent, afterward Ruth's husband, still her business manager). Went to dance, also for ride. Enjoyed myself immensely.

June 27th, 1913

Worked on money picture, feeling great today. Came home dressed went to Photoplayers' Club with Marshall Neilan and Alan Dwan. Met Charlie Ray. Oh, you Charlie! Some time I'll tell you!

September 16th, 1913

Worked on "Sawdust Tragedy." Oh, you Bearded Lady! Don't like a beard worth a cent. Everyone said I looked like the Lord.

October 13th, 1913

Started for San Pedro at 8 a.m. Worked on "Confiscated Count." Through at 2 p.m. Went to Madam Grant's for my dress. Dorothy and Wally (Reid) were married at 6 o'clock. Mrs. Davenport, Dorothy, Wally, Ed Brady, Mr. Bernstein and myself were present. Bless her heart, she looked so sweet. I was bridesmaid. Went to see colored pictures. Was in bed at 10 p.m. Some good child!

May 30th, 1914

Cloudy morning. Worked this a.m. Anniversary with Kalem today. Rushed home excited; ball tonight. Betty Schade came up dressed; some rushing! Countess (Mrs. Daniels, Bebe's mother) Laura Oakley, Betty and I went together. Oh, you Earle Foxe and tango contest! Some nerve! Sure acted the nut. My dress was so pretty. Certainly had some time. *Came home in a limousine!*

June 13th, 1914

Went to Miller's Picture Show, then Levy's. Saw Earle Foxe, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Ince, Louise Glaum, Marshall Neilan and Gertie Bambrick (then Mrs. Neilan). Sure had fine time. Stayed all night with Countess (Mrs. Daniels was then studio manager for Kalem).

June 16th, 1914

Reported early. Sure worked. Chaplin part; hope it's good, trying hard. Some make-up! Over to Echo Park today, hit myself in the nose with cane; some tired tonight! (Echo Park then was the locale of

(*Continued on page 96*)

Nijinska Dances Alone

(*Continued from page 88*)

secrate to caring for a magnificent invalid. There would be ample funds, it seemed. Surely, there must be much remaining of the gold from happier days. But as the world politic toppled, the world of finance was shattered with it. Princes were paupers, barons beggars, and the Nijinskys bankrupts.

So Romola turned her face westward, and with head erect, marched toward the setting sun. There was an offer from Hollywood to play opposite Richard Barthelmess. But before it could be realized, word from the bedside of her lover took her back post-haste to Europe. A crisis past, she returned again with Reinhardt and "The Miracle." And danced with feet of mercury and heart of lead, turning again to Europe and the man she loved when the engagement terminated.

Then came Morris Gest with his idea for "The Darling of the Gods" produced as a super-picture with an international cast including Romola and Chaliapin. Here, at least, was a straw to clutch—a means to an end—an opportunity to gain the wealth necessary to the sick man's sustenance, to the welfare of their children.

HELP TO THE HELPLESS

OH, yes, there had been children. Two had slipped into her busy life to divide her increased love. Both were girls. Kyra came first. And five years later little Tamara had joined her sister. The baby was in Budapest. The elder, a tall girl, evidenced almost in infancy her heritage of talent, and had been made a member of the Paris Opera, with all its benefits.

So Romola came again to Hollywood to play in the picture which has never been produced. But with the courage of her kind she clung to a forlorn hope. At first it seemed there was no place for an artist, as there is no place for art, in the crass mechanism of the cinema. Then came some small parts, and a few better ones. Not productive of sufficient money for her purposes, but providing a little to help. And as it came, it went—back to Paris—to the hospital—to Budapest—to the baby.

"My husband always told me that to be a great artiste I would have to know poverty. I used to laugh. But, sure enough, here it is. Odd, isn't it?" and the soft, well-modulated, delightful voice, with its faultless, careful English, takes on a puzzled air. As though this new adventure with poverty as a companion is not quite understandable.

A suggestion of a return to the ballet or the stage meets with a little shudder.

"Oh, no, I could not. I shall never dance again. I could not face the public any more. There are too many memories. That is why I like the screen. One does not have to face the audiences."

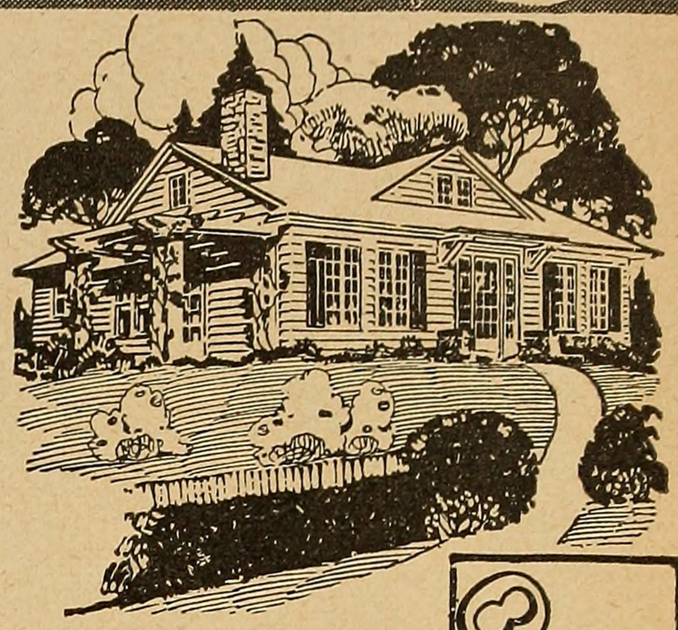
And her friends avoid playing records of "Scheherazade," "Carnival," "Prince Igor," "L'Apres Midi d'un Faune," the music to which she danced with her god-like lover while the world worshiped.

Folks are thoughtful that way, don't you think?

You can't afford to be without Motion Picture. It's the *Magazine of Authority* because it tells all the facts of the film people—and tells them first. Place your order now for November.

REWARD

Find the Key to this Free House!



There are 19 house keys pictured here. To be sure, they all look alike, but, examine them closely. 18 of them are exactly alike, but **"ONE,"** and only one, is different. See if you can find the different one.

CLUES This difference may be in the size, shape, or even in the notches. So study each key carefully and if you can find the **"ONE"** key that is different from all the others, send the number of it **AT ONCE.** You may become the winner of this house, lot, and garage, or **$4,500.00 CASH** without one cent of cost to you.

Or Win $4500.00 Cash

Choice of this beautiful six-room house, lot and garage—or—**$4,500.00 CASH.** The house can be built anywhere in the U. S. A. This is a great opportunity. Act quick, and here is why—

$1,000.00 Cash—Extra For Promptness

I will pay $1,000.00 cash extra just for promptness. Duplicate prizes will be paid in case of ties. You can win the house, lot and garage—or—**$4,500.00 CASH.** Answer quick.

You Cannot Lose Absolutely everyone who takes full advantage of this opportunity is rewarded. Find the "ONE" key that is different from all the others and rush your name and address to me TODAY on a postal card or letter. And, just say Key No. ..... is different from all the others. Please tell me how I can get this beautiful house, lot and garage—or—**$4,500.00 CASH** without obligation or one cent of cost to me.

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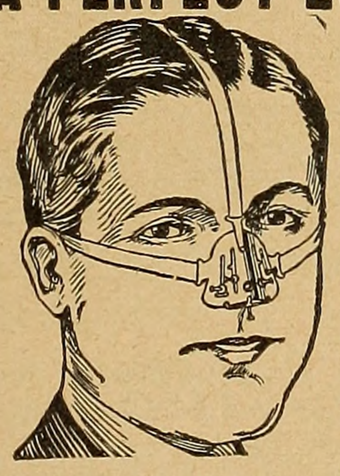

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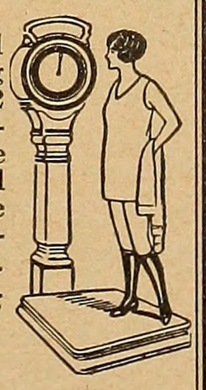

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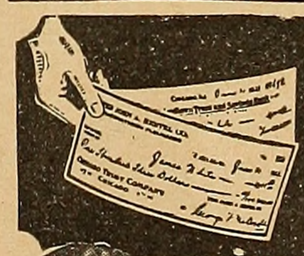

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Proposals!

A glance at her blonde loveliness tells better than words why this beautiful New York City girl has received such flattering proposals from kings of movie and stage land. She's Collette Francis, of 255 East 25th St., Brooklyn; now one of the charmers in the Broadway hit, "Rio Rita."

Miss Francis says: "Since I've been on the stage, so many people have asked me what I do to get the beautiful golden gleam and sparkle in my hair that I am beginning to think I'm really taking wonderful care of it. I really never thought much about it. What I do is so simple. Like so many of my girl friends here in New York, I just put a little Danderine on my brush each time I use it. That keeps my hair silky and gleaming, makes it easy to dress and holds it like I arrange it, for hours. My scalp was very dry and I had a lot of dandruff when I first started on it, but all of that trouble stopped quickly. And Danderine keeps my hair so clean I don't need to shampoo half as often, now."

Danderine removes that oily film from your hair and gives it new life and lustre. It isn't oily and doesn't show. It gives tone and vigor to the scalp. The generous bottles are just 35c at any drug or toilet counter. A delicately fragranced necessity for the well-groomed girl.

Keep Your Skin Young

Remove all blemishes and discolorations by regularly using pure Mercolized Wax. Get an ounce, and use as directed. Fine, almost invisible particles of aged skin peel off, until all defects, such as pimples, liver spots, tan, freckles and large pores have disappeared. Skin is beautifully clear, soft and velvety, and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty. **To quickly remove wrinkles and other age lines,** use this face lotion: 1 oz. powdered saxolite and 1 half pint witch hazel. At Drug and Department Stores Everywhere.

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Neither money nor the easy life of Hollywood could hold Lars Hanson there when he found he wouldn't be allowed to act according to his own artistic standards. So he and Mrs. Hanson went back to Sweden

Leaves from a Lady's Diary

(*Continued from page 94*)

all the Chaplin pictures. Ruth, of course, was doing a satire).

MORE FUN! MORE MONEY!

June 21st, 1914

Up at 9 a.m. Reported two retakes. Came home, darned stockings, washed, took a bath and then a nice nap. Mr. Kent came by and took me to Levy's for dinner. Saw everyone I knew, almost. Came home and sent letter to New York asking for raise.

October 4th, 1914

Foggy morning. Reported at 8.30. Fixed couch cover, started series Oh, you drama! Everybody dandy. Stayed home, too tired to go out. (This was Ruth's first real dramatic stuff. Called "The Girl Detective Series.")

October 10th, 1914

Worked today in auto picture. Some warm! Gladys, Gibbie and I had dinner at Maison Marcel. Five dollars—*some speed!* Went to see Seena Owen's first picture—pretty good!

November 4th, 1914

Worked all day. Letter from Mr. Horkheimer. Engagement with him tonight. Very good offer if it's straight. That remains to be seen.

November 7th, 1914

Went over to Lasky's. Saw Mr. Lasky. Here's hopes! (Ruth was negotiating with Mr. Horkheimer and with Mr. Lasky and Mr. de Mille, then with Lasky. The bigger pay check won.)

November 18th, 1914

Up at 8:30. Dressed up. Went down to Lasky's at ten a.m. Took still pictures. Offered me lead in "Warrens of Virginia," a picture of Mr. de Mille's. But not enough salary. (They were quibbling over twenty-five dollars. Ruth had been offered $150. Lasky stuck at $125.)

November 23rd, 1914

Didn't work. Went to town. Also went and had long talk with Mr. de Mille. "Lost Paradise." Funny coincidence (the coincidence was that Ruth told de Mille she had played in "Lost Paradise" as a child.) It was her favorite play. Mr. de Mille's father had written it. Not enough money. He is going to wire Mr. Lasky.

Nov. 24th, 1914

Worked, this a.m. Went to town, called up Mr. de Mille. Nothing doing, so it's up to Balboa (Mr. Horkheimer). Don't know what to do. (If Ruth had accepted the Lasky offer, she would have been the first Lasky star. As it was, Blanche Sweet did it.)

November 28th, 1914

Worked all day. Rushed to hairdresser and had shampoo. Up to Mr. Zimmer's, met Mr. Horkheimer and signed contract. He gave me first dollar bill in lieu of contract or something. He wrote on it "Where a woman was needed, a woman was found."

GONE ARE THE DAYS

SO much for the good old days when the stars were bearded ladies, cow-punchers or Chaplin imitators as the need and the story arose. Ruth produces on her own these days. Gone are the days when twenty-five dollars can matter one way or the other to her. She is one of the richest women in Hollywood. Acres of real estate on high-priced Wilshire Boulevard. Lots worth $350,000 right now. Houses. A ranch. A beach place in Malibu. Cars. Servants. Investments.

And still to laughing Ruth Roland, "virtue and talent don't go together in New York." Still, for her, everything is dandy. She doesn't know the meaning of regret and she wouldn't change her life by one iota if she could.

Tell *me* the straight and narrow doesn't pay, and I'll bean you!

A Cynic of the Cinema

(*Continued from page 90*)

he came back from the tour he had sold every one of the series to some of the best exhibitors in the country.

This record was so astounding that Carl Laemmle finally heard of him. And Carl Laemmle has a warm spot in his heart for young men who can do things that can't be done. He met Bill. He liked him. He brought him out to California with him. And the first thing you know he made him general manager of Universal City.

General managers at Universal City come and go. Bill did likewise. But he left with eternal gratitude in his heart toward Carl Laemmle.

THEN HE BECAME A DIRECTOR

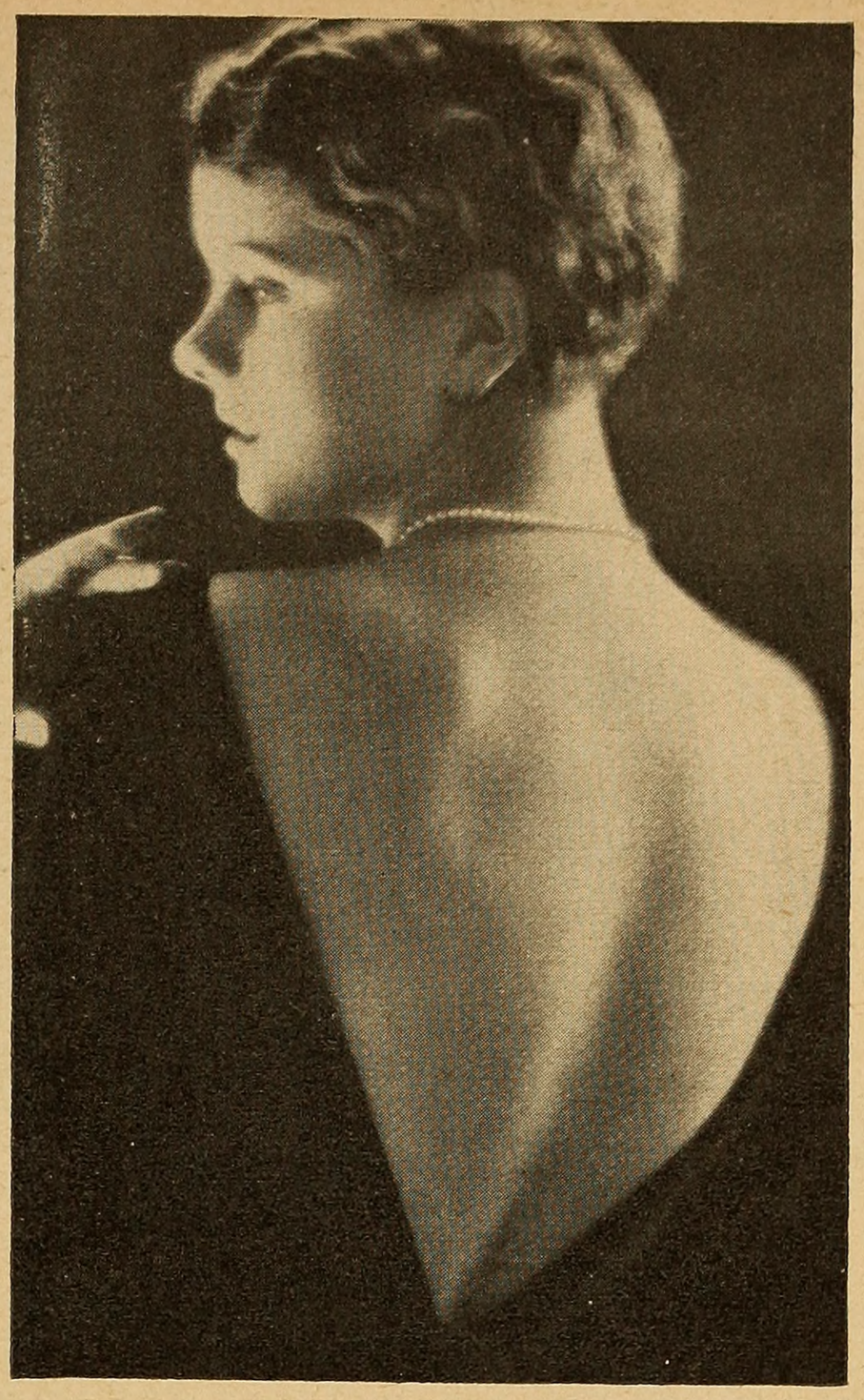
ABOUT this time Howard got a yen to be a director. No doubt he could have used his former prestige as a general manager to get himself a directorship, but he figured he ought to have a little experience. He accepted a job as assistant to Bernard Durning, then a director of specials on the Fox lot. Bill was so good as an assistant that he was soon promoted to director. He made several films for Fox before moving to the Paramount studios with a larger and better contract. It was here that he made "The Thundering Herd." It earned his recognition among the first dozen directors. Later, when De Mille split with the Paramount forces, he took Bill Howard with him to Culver City. Bill made many good pictures for De Mille, the most successful being "Gigolo," "White Gold" and "His Country." Roxy, the New York exhibitor, admires Bill's work so much that he books every one of his pictures for the Roxy theater.

With each succeeding picture his salary advanced by leaps and bounds until now, as director of one of Fox's big specials of the year, "The River Pirates," he is one of the highest salaried directors in the business.

In mentioning Bill's innate cynicism I hope I haven't left the impression of a scowling young man who sees no optimism in anything. As a matter of fact, Bill is probably Hollywood's best story-teller, best cocktail-mixer and most amiable host.



What, Josephine Dunn honeymooning? No! Yet when she arrived at a Hollywood hotel with this hobby horse, they gave her the bridle suite



FREE—this remarkable new rouge. See offer below.

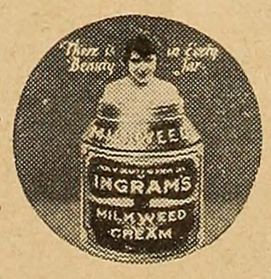
Does your neck match your face?

Sometimes the skin on a woman's neck looks either older . . . or coarser . . . or darker than her face.

So that this, too, will be made lovely to go with the face, here's what you can do: Wash your neck and shoulders with a good soap and warm water. Use a soft cloth in washing and be sure to rinse off all the soap. Dry with a soft towel and smooth a thin coating of Ingram's Milkweed Cream over the entire neck and shoulders. Then wipe it off with a soft cloth, using an upward motion.

Right now, before it is too late, begin giving your neck and shoulders constant care. Ingram's Milkweed Cream applied in your own home as we show you how, is all you need. Thousands of beautiful women—social leaders, stage beauties, screen stars—write us that Ingram's Milkweed Cream is the only cream they have used for ten—twenty years or more.

With each jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream come full instructions. Women write us daily telling how they improved their skins by following these instructions. So that you, too, may give your skin treatments basically right, go today to your druggist and buy a jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream. 50c the jar—$1 size more economical—Theatrical size, $1.75. Frederick F. Ingram Co., Est. 1885, 12 Tenth Street, Detroit, Mich., also Windsor, Ont., Canada.



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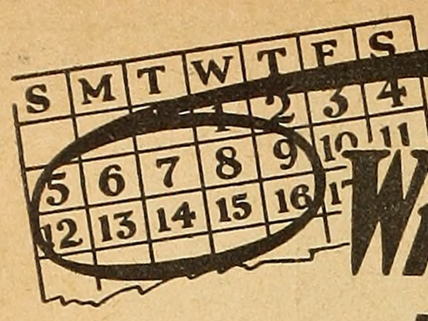

Will you give me 10 days

TO PROVE I CAN MAKE YOU SLENDER

—Annette Kellermann

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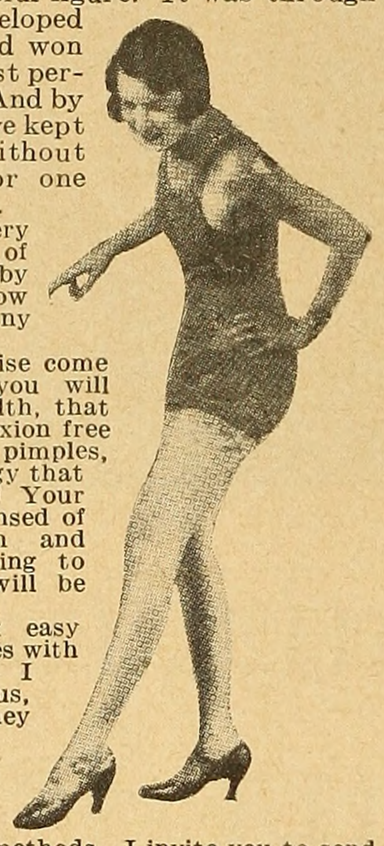

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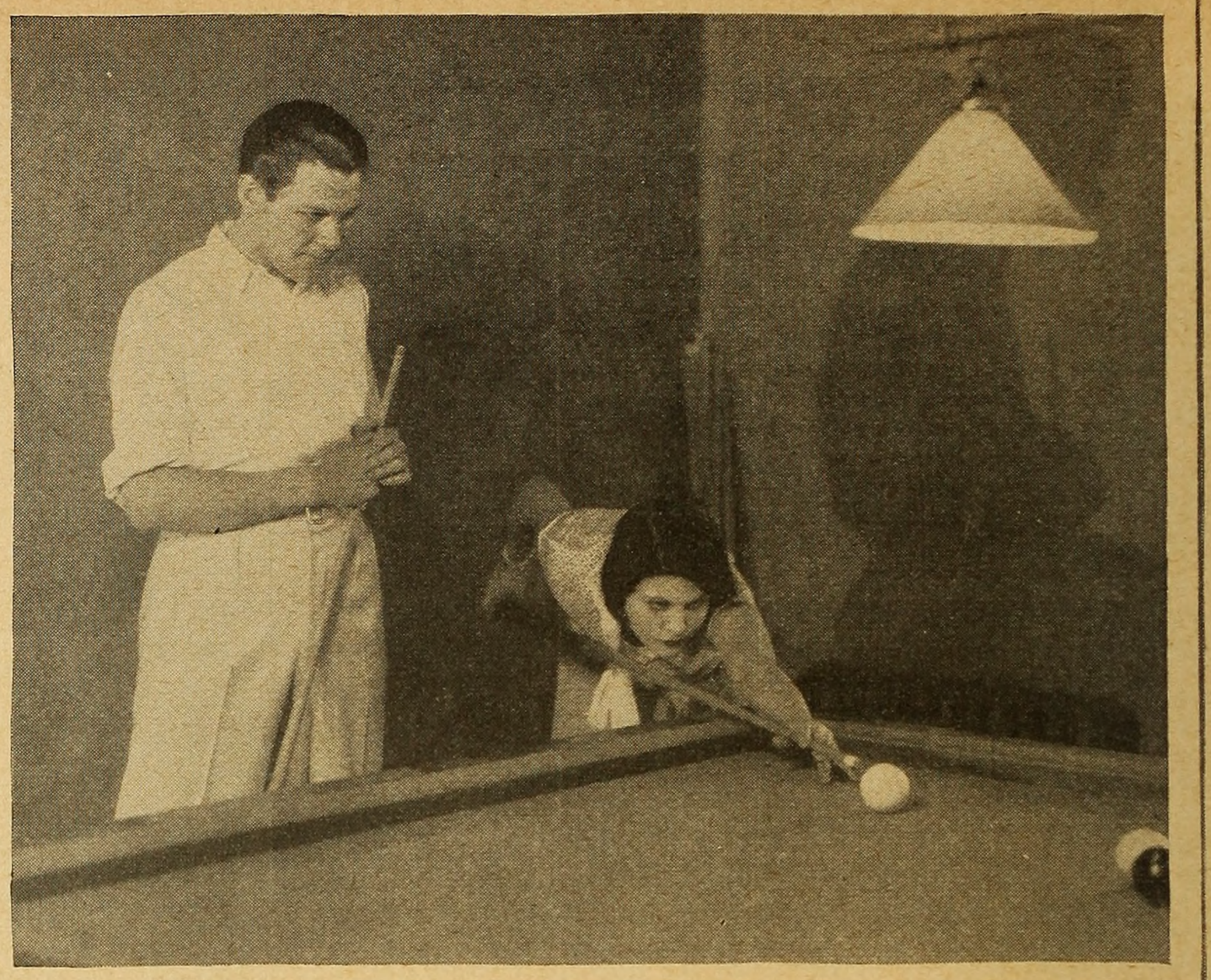

Off the set as well as on, George Duryea and Lina Basquette are known never to forget their cues

In Love and Incog

(*Continued from page 67*)

to pose where Caruso had had his picture taken—"just before he died."

"Of course, I appreciated the honor of following in his footsteps—but also decided that I had followed quite far enough!"

DON'T KID THAT GARGOYLE

SO much for fame; if a taste of it was beginning to enter into them, it was soon to be washed away. They dropped in on Lon Chaney's old hangout—the Cathedral of Notre Dame in Paris.

"I don't think I've ever been so deeply moved in all my life as when I first stepped into this place from the sunshine and busy every-day life of the outside world. It seemed as though I had stepped back into the Middle Ages, or into another world. All thoughts of my own affairs, which are the only thoughts we usually have, were washed completely from me in an instant; it worked in me the magic for which it was built, and which had built it. I knew only that I was standing alone in the presence of the Infinitely Great. The serene calm of that vast interior, with its solemn twilight mellowed by the stained-glass windows. It was a void in which one must stand alone.

"Such an experience, of course, lasts in its full force only for an instant; but it stays with one, and its echo lasts a lifetime."

Even though jazz may follow.

For Paris holds other things as well—well, er, rather! And they did 'em all, and high and wide, and in ten hectic daze and dizzy. Just like that!

And Paris also holds surprises.

"Before I left I swore that I wouldn't buy a single thing in the place. I was one of those who cheer for Hollywood and New York; who feel that we have everything there is—that Paris is just a name, and nothing else.

"Well—I bought, and couldn't stop until we left!"

But if this be treason, they sure had a staunch patriot in their French maid. Gabrielle was willing to go anywhere with them, *even to Germany*—until she got there!

"When she got one glimpse of the von Hindenburg we had for a chauffeur, she wanted to start back on foot to her beloved Paree!"

But a sixty-year old Alsatian woman in the hotel laundry "parlayed Francey"—and international amity was re-established once again.

And their own relations with the old home town were re-established too. While paying a properly formal and ambassadorial visit to the UFA studios, who should they unexpectedly run into but little Anna May Wong! Both shores of the Pacific thus rolled back and inward to whisper gossip in the metropolis of Central Europe!

If that had seemed like a "bit o' the ould sod," they soon saw the "little gray home" itself! Old Heidelberg is a bit older—by several time-elapses!—than its "Student Prince"; but—.

"I thought someone must have brought over part of the M-G-M back lot as a memento to make us homesick. It was just like it! They couldn't have done better if they had gone to Culver City with the express purpose of copying our sets. And the most diligent search of the Central Casting Bureau's files couldn't have furnished a better lot of types—or the studio orchestra better music than the band in that beer-garden. I was half-tensed all the time, waiting to hear the equally familiar cry of 'Camera!' Honest!"

And here, if ever, we get our genuine proof that this trip was bona fide *incognito*—at least, as these things go.

As *Kathe* in the picture, Norma Shearer's every appearance was greeted with dinning cheers from the multidudinous throats of the assembled sons of learning. But that was movies; now she was in the real place, and amongst real people. How did *they* greet this lady who had added film-fame to the

(*Continued on page 105*)

Gulliver Travels

(*Continued from page 76*)

"You see, I'd just gone to high school dances and had a few dates here and there. And I was only sixteen. Kids can't know much when they are that young," she confessed.

But with all her fears and frights, from a forced education in sophistication, and the all-aloneness of her position here, she was determined to stay and see it through.

"I knew if others had stayed, I could."

NOT A THRILL IN A TRUCKLOAD

SO the Gulliver child traveled some more and for a while she came near getting a complex and hating Elinor Glyn because—

"No one believed me when I said I didn't like the taste of cigarettes," was one of her wails. And her short sentences leave one much to read between the lines of many other things which seemed expected of her because she was a girl who had IT. When she refused to be "a good sport," she was ridiculed and told to stop being ingénue.

Just about that time along came young Chet De Vito. Chet thought it rather nice that Dorothy neither smoked nor liked gin. In fact, Chet, who is big Bill Seiter's assistant director, thought Dorothy was IT and so they got married.

Dorothy was just seventeen then and she'd traveled to the place in her career where she had been given the lead in the "Collegians," so her marriage had to be kept secret until she was well-launched in the series. Then, like all good Hollywoodites, she and Chet traveled to a photographer, had their picture taken together, and sent the news to the dailies.

KEEPS HER FANS, THOUGH MARRIED

IT didn't affect Dorothy's fan mail a bit, either. In fact, she's been traveling faster than before. But the IT fear hasn't quite left her. She is still unwilling to capitalize on the possession. "IT is old stuff now," she complained. "Besides, if I have IT, then why talk about what is obvious? I'd rather start something brand new. Why can't I be the first girl who makes a success without using the IT they've got?" she inquired.

A camera boy told me in awed tones that Dorothy "even speaks to the electricians and camera boys when she's with executives at premières."

At any rate, she's searching for new fields to conquer, and she's still going ahead.

"Would you like to travel?" I asked her.

"I *have* traveled," she announced. "It may not seem like much of a distance from Salt Lake City to Hollywood, but I've come a long, long journey since the day I won the Beauty Contest.

"Like most every girl, I suppose, I always dreamed of being a movie actress, and I just couldn't go back without doing something worth while. But I guess dreams never do come true exactly the way we dream them, do they?" she ended wistfully.

She doesn't go out a lot, in spite of dancing so well. She and Chet dance and swim together. "We're still courting because we hadn't much time to do it before we got married," is the way she sums up the fact after being married to one man for two years in turbulent Hollywood.

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Say if you will that success and prosperity in Hollywood is of a mushroom sort. But Captain H. Gordon Smith, transcontinental air flyer, having tea with May McAvoy, seems to get a lot of solid pleasure out of it

In and Out of Focus

(*Continued from page 39*)

he remarked. "That punctuality clause for instance. Now I have never been punctual in my life. In the Bureau of Vital Statistics it is recorded that I wasn't even born on time."

Krishnamurti's Scenario

EVERYONE gets an offer to go into the movies. There was Krishnamurti, the spiritual leader, for instance. Several studios made a bid for him. He says that he has great faith in the films and their possibilities, but that they do not do what they can for the world. Pressed for a plot for a scenario that would teach mankind to live better, he offered the following allegory or parable:

A woman claimed that God had forgotten her. "I am happy," she wailed, "I am comfortable. All my children are well. I have plenty to eat. God has forgotten me!"

She cried this so loudly and so long that one day an angel appeared to the woman, and listened to her plaint. "Go home," he said, "and see that God has remembered you."

The woman went home and found her eldest boy dead. And then she knew that she was no longer forgotten by God, and she was content.

Cecil B. De Mille should do this.

Siegmann and Smith Dead

TWO deaths in the movie colony last month. George Siegmann, the heavy, who will be remembered by fans as a huge bulk of a man, died, weighing less than a hundred pounds, from acute anæmia. Sid Smith, the comedian, died very suddenly after a beach party. He was one of the original Hall Room Boys.

Start Doing Nothing

ON the Fox lot the other day. The second assistant director was issuing his orders to a crowd of extras on the set of "Me, Gangster."

"Them as is going to run," shouted he, "start running. Them as is going to stand still, begin standing still. Them as is going to act, start acting *now!*"

Clyding from the Public Eye

"LADIES and gentlemen," said the toastmaster at a movie night at the Montmartre, recently, "I want to introduce you to a man whose very name will start you all roaring with mirth, a man at whom we have all laughed for years, the funniest man on the screen, with the funniest pair of legs in the world." He paused impressively. "*Clive Brook!*"

Obediently all the guests laughed merrily as they applauded the blackly scowling Clive. The loudest and most enthusiastic applause coming from a small man in one corner who had been asked to be the guest of honor for the evening, *Clyde Cook!*

Electric Protection

THIS one comes from Pauline Garon, who has a face of childlike innocence:

"A man came running into a refrigerator factory, panting and breathless. He was evidently in a great hurry, and when he could speak, he demanded an iceless refrigerator immediately. "But you'll have to wait a week for delivery," expostulated the salesman.

"I can't," gasped the man, "I've got to have one today!"

"But what's your hurry?" they asked.

"Well," said the perspiring customer, "it's this way. I came home unexpectedly and went out onto the back porch. My wife was looking into the refrigerator and I playfully spanked her. 'Hullo, dear,' she said, 'we don't need any ice today.'"

Scintillating Genius

SAM Goldwyn was explaining his discovery of Lili Damita. As soon as she entered the famous Paris restaurant where

the Goldwyns were dining, he knew she was a great actress. "Why," said Sam earnestly, "she had on more diamonds than I ever saw on any one woman at one time in my life."

A Polly Good Time

POLLY MORAN tells this one on herself. She went into a gown shop on Hollywood Boulevard the other day, and the sales girl greeted her with gushing cordiality. "My, that pink one would look swell on you, dearie, with your coloring," she gurgled, "you're looking simply grand this morning."

Polly was annoyed. "I wish I could say the same for you," she said coolly.

"You could," retorted the shop girl, "if you was such a good liar as I am."

At which they both glared, then burst into laughter and Polly carried away the pink dress.

The Swanson Exposé

AT a tea at Gloria Swanson's some time ago everything was very *comme il faut*, to say nothing of swell. Butlers with marvelous chest expansion proffered edibles, and the guests were being just *too* refined. Into the midst of the company came Gloria's Pomeranian, bearing a pink silk garment of undoubted intimacy, which he laid confidingly at his mistress's feet!

Alcoholic Treatments

"HE writes his scenarios not by inspiration but by ginsperation," said someone at the next table at the Montmartre.

Mr. Schenck Is Kind

HERE is a story that is true even if it sounds like a fairy tale. A humble little dressmaker from the East settled in Hollywood. After working here for some months it occurred to her that she would like to visit a studio. So she sat down, in all simplicity and honesty, and wrote to Joseph Schenck. She told him she was a dressmaker who didn't have many pleasures, but the movies were her greatest delight. She told him that she thought it would be very nice if he would let her come to his studio and see them make a motion picture, and go through the wardrobe to look at the lovely clothes which, as a dressmaker, she was especially interested in. And she added that she couldn't come Mondays or Thursdays or Saturdays because she had steady work then, but any other day that suited him would be all right for her.

And in a few days came back a letter personally signed "Joseph Schenck," telling the little dressmaker he would love to have her come to see his studio and he was sending a car for her the next Wednesday. So in state in one of the handsome Schenck automobiles the little dressmaker went to the studio and was shown about for several magic-filled hours as if she were the mayor of a city or something else equally important, then the great car carried her back to her bungalow.

"And I do think," said she in all innocence to Alice Williamson, the English novelist who had once known her back East, "that it was very kind of Mr. Schenck—a busy man like he must be—to do it, don't you?"

Mrs. Williamson gasped, swallowed and then admitted that it had been indeed very kind of Joseph Schenck!

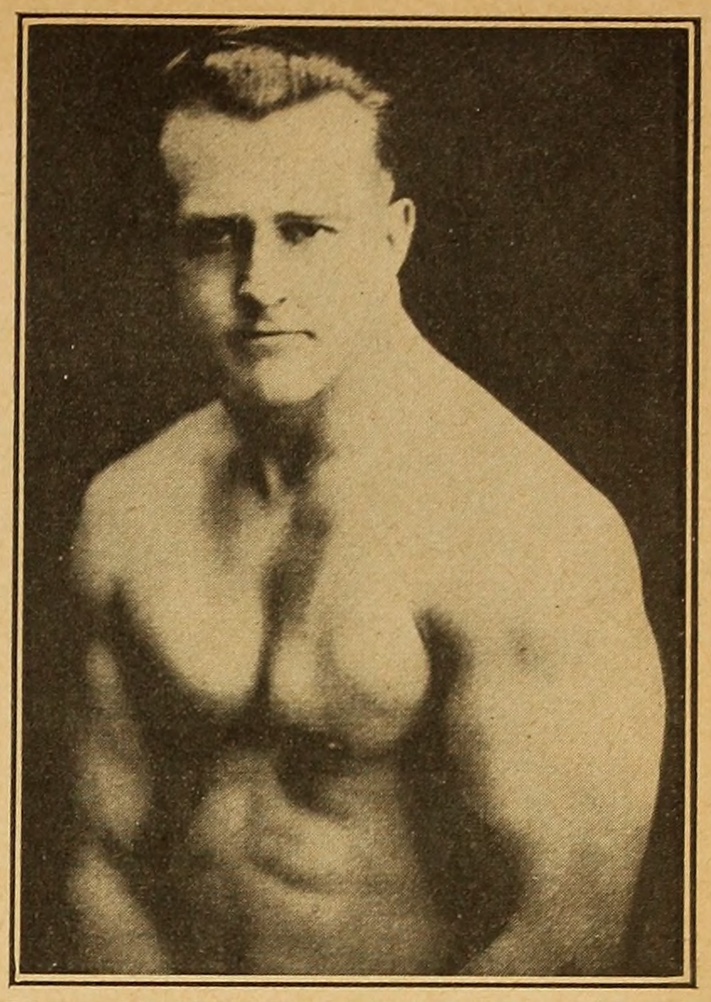
More Powell to Him!

"WHAT are you doing now, Bill?" asked a friend of William Powell. "Oh, I'm furnishing the comedy-relief for one of the Beery-Hatton comedies," said Bill airily.

Bill will have his little jokes.



Fowl play in the domestic arrangements of Milton Sills and Doris Kenyon, his wife. Mrs. Sills is pointing out to her husband that if his culinary theories are put into practice it will be impossible to cook his chicken and eat it, too



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When you hear a woman exclaim "Oh, what a handsome man!" she's not looking at his face alone. She's sized him up from top to toe. Those broad shoulders, that graceful athletic stride, the well-shaped neck and head, those strong muscular arms, and legs. They thrill any woman. Every wife and every sweetheart wants her man to be like that. *Are you?*

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In just 30 days I add one whole inch of live, flexible steely muscle to each of your arms and two full inches of rippling, muscular strength across your chest. Your legs will become straight and strong, your head snap back erect, and little lumps of red-blooded muscle will begin to stand out on your broadening shoulders. What a hit you are going to make with that girl of yours. How proud and happy she will be.

90 Days and You Have One

But I'm not through with you yet. I don't make men by halves. Give me just 60 days more and then look yourself over. Now you sure are somebody! The pathway to happiness and success is easy.

People will ask to meet you. Successful business men will realize that here is another man to accept as one of their own group. Your boss will treat you with a new respect, and that girl of yours will have that look of love and affection in her eyes that in itself will more than repay you.

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Jeanette Loff, in an unofficial performance, sets a new world's record for the high jump for foreign women screen stars whose last names begin with L and end with FF

Laugh That Off

(*Continued from page 42*)

reasons. The Mexican revolutions were among them. He went to school, got in scrapes, swiped oranges from California groves and escorted girls to dances just like *Penrod* and *Sam*. When he was in high school, he got a chance to play in some one-act skits for the Liberty Loan Drive and thus he got the idea of becoming an actor.

"I went around to the studios and got small parts and bits, but at first I couldn't stand the movie work. I worked in the cheaper studios and I didn't like the people with whom I was associated. I wasn't used to being ordered around by assistant directors and I didn't intend to get used to it. So I quit. So far as I was concerned, the acting business was going to have to struggle along without me."

For a time he turned his undivided attention to the selling of real estate. But real estate, like the movies, is full of promises. "One day I sold fourteen lots in Beverly Hills to a nice old man in a Rolls-Royce. For twenty-four hours I was a sensation in real estate circles. I practically had my commission all spent when bright and early the next morning a nurse walked into my office. "Did you sell any property to my patient?" she asked, and told me his name. "Well, he's as crazy as a loon," she told me. "That check he gave you isn't worth the paper it is written on."

You can imagine his embarrassment. Not the old man's. Donald's.

There's an old saying from the Chinese, "Once an actor, always an actor," and after his plans for millions in real estate had dwindled away Donald came back to the movies. This time he landed work upon the better class of studio lots and it wasn't long before he was all fired with ambition again. The first thing of prominence he did was a lead with Alice Terry.

"It was a terrible picture," said Donald, "and just by way of making things worse I developed an enormous boil on my left eye the second day of shooting. If I ever needed a sense of humor, I needed it then. Here was my big chance, playing with a fine director like King, opposite a popular player like Alice Terry, and I had to get a boil. They didn't have time to get another leading man, so I played the rôle with my right eye entirely. Whenever I forgot and turned my full face to the camera, they had to cut out the scene.

It was along about that time that Donald got married. No, he doesn't care who knows it, in spite of the fact that he has been warned that ladies prefer actors unmarried. "I've got a beautiful wife and a beautiful little baby and I'm so proud of them I couldn't keep them a secret if I wanted to. And I don't. I think it is more or less the bunk—that idea that an actor is wrecked if he is happily married."

He worked for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, also F. B. O. and Paramount. Then First National, realizing his romantic possibilities opposite such charmers as Billie Dove, Alice White, Corinne Griffith and Colleen Moore, put him under contract to their organization.

His biggest thrill of last year, however, was when he nearly got the part with Mary Pickford in "My Best Girl" that made Buddy Rogers what he is today.

"The competition had simmered down to just Buddy and myself and I was praying prayers in all foreign languages including the Scandinavian. All of a sudden, right in the middle of the contest, First National announced that I couldn't do the part because they had me up for one of their own productions, 'The Rose of Monterey.' I tried to reconcile myself with the philosophy that everything happens for the best and that the voice with the smile wins. The Pickford picture went into production with Buddy—and right here I want to say I think he was great in it. But that isn't what I was driving at:

"Two days before 'The Rose of Monterey' was ready to start they told me they were going to use Gilbert Roland."

Yes, he laughed that off, too.

"But things are going better now," he confided. "After all, I got to work with Billie Dove and what more can any man ask than to look at Billie eight hours of the day?"

Why Movies Go Wrong

(*Continued from page 92*)

ventional practice of ignoring anything he might have said about it anyway, one cannot know. The picture from start to finish showed complete disregard of the common characteristics of London slum dwellers.

Arabia gets it right where the cork gets the bottle in "Fazil," the exotic William Fox extravaganza of life in the far (very far) East. For this picture one of the greatest authorities in America on Arabian customs was engaged as technical adviser. He was Jamiel Hasson, a young man of a wealthy and important Arabian family who had only recently left his native country. The picture came out as an extraordinary jumble of modern atmosphere and that of a hundred years ago. Hasson replied to questions about how this happened with a dignified silence, which fairly well explained it. It is unquestionable that if his advice had been listened to throughout there would have been no technical errors.

AS IMAGINED, NOT AS IS

THE strange point here is that Howard Hawks, the director of "Fazil," is an intelligent and well-read man and could not possibly have been unaware of the mistakes he was making. One can only ascribe this strange piece of screencraft to the theory in his mind that the American public is more ready to believe in the reality of an Arabia *à la* Ziegfeld than in that of Arabia as it really is; that if the real thing were presented, they would decry it as false. In which pious sentiment there is perhaps more than a little sound common-sense.

The harem in "Fazil" was its most preposterous ingredient. Even if one puts it a hundred years ago, the fact that the door was unlocked and that it was full of almost completely naked ladies of various breeds attending to such intimate details as shaving themselves, makes it ridiculous. Harems were closely guarded and could not be entered by anyone, while the inmates wore a terrible lot of clothes. Today, however, young Arabs of the better class are well-known to have abandoned the practice of taking unto themselves more than one wife —an entirely admirable restraint on their part. The effort to show *Fazil's* crudeness by putting him in a double collar with full evening dress was only one of the many absurdities, as everybody knows that Arabs and Indians of rank are the most meticulous of men when in Europe. The gondolier who sings and wears comic-opera dress is another touch going back a hundred years in the midst of a story supposed to be modern. Today's gondolier wears an old shirt and pants and all the singing he does is expectorated into the canal.

"Fazil" exemplifies once more the old Hollywood idea that everything must be made up to date. If it had been played in the costumes of the last century, the romantic glamour could have been retained without sacrificing correctness of detail. As it stands, it will probably serve to convince thousands of innocent Americans that romance still lives, and will, at any rate, provide a rollicking farce for the theaters of Arabia and North Africa, where, just like anywhere else, a good laugh does nobody any harm.

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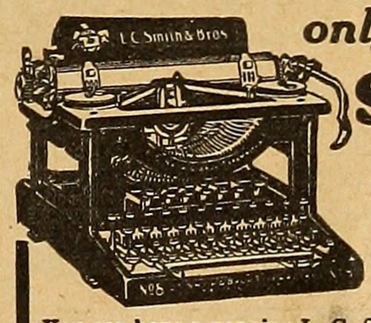

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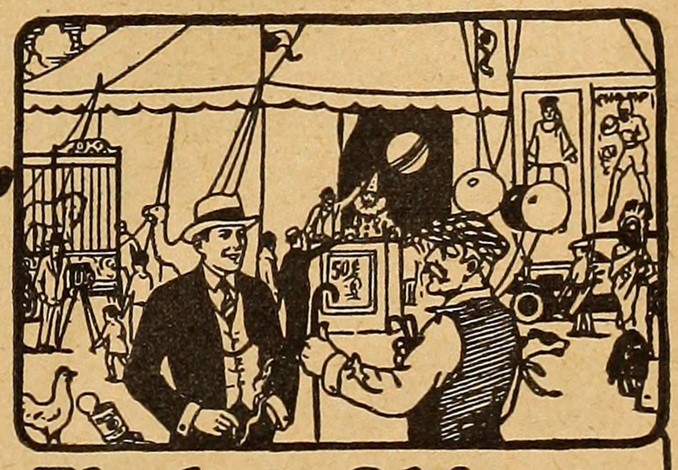

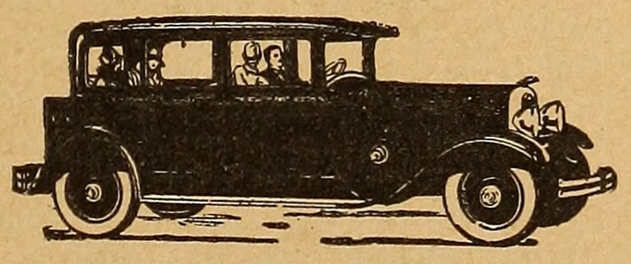

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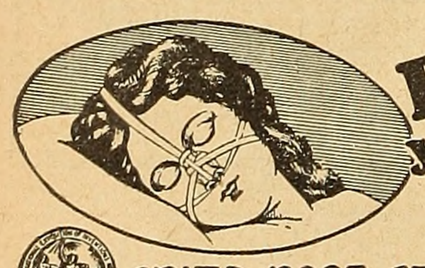

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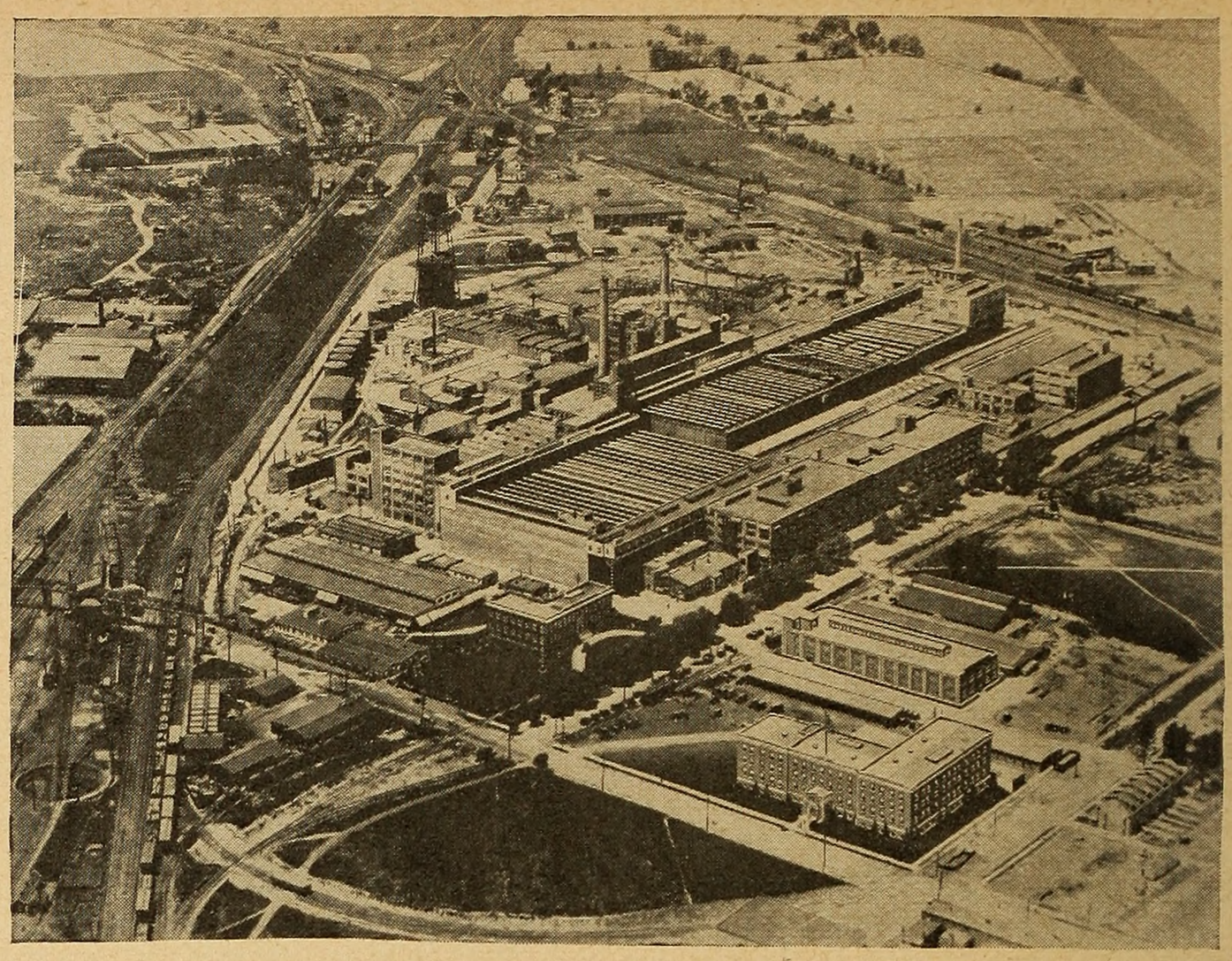

You may wonder, glancing at this bird's-eye view of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, that the streets of this prosperous city appear so deserted. But that's simply because the movies haven't let out yet

Your Neighbor Says

(*Continued from page 41*)

was just colorful. There was beauty about it—just as there is beauty about everything and everyone in Hollywood. A sophisticated beauty. Even the schoolgirls don't look like the girls at Shippen's.

"That was my first day's impression of Hollywood. By this time I had arrived at the firm conviction that Hollywood was a great place to commute to from Lancaster—often."

In the week that followed, Betsy took in all the Hollywood places of interest—to a nineteen-year-old girl. The Montmartre for luncheon—the Roosevelt for tea—Henry's for supper—the Russian Eagle for high prices. She saw them make movies on the street. Saw funny-faced comedians kick cops in the shins and get away with it. Saw Clara Bow boldly vamping Richard Arlen in front of a bank building—because the director told her to (the movie director, not the bank director). Saw an old Italian selling Yankee pop-corn. Watched Leatrice Joy buying her baby a hat. Listened to two girls discussing Joan Crawford's hennaed hair. One day someone asked her out to Noah Beery's trout ranch. But Betsy would like very much to tell you about that visit herself:

NOAH'S PLACE LIKE HOME

"I HAD expected that all the movie stars would be there," she went on. "I rather had the idea that where one movie star went the others would be gathered around. But after driving hours out to Mr. Beery's estate I found practically no other celebrities present. Mr. Beery said he and his wife didn't care much for big professional parties and I noticed that the other guests were just plain folks like myself.

"If all the movie actors are like Noah Beery, it would be easy enough to believe what the press agents tell us, that they are just folks. Mr. Beery was so friendly and hospitable and showed us all over his property. He is typical of Hollywood, but somehow or other he is like Lancaster, too. My own dad and mother couldn't have been more concerned about making their guests happy and comfortable than the celebrated Mr. Beery.

"We spent the entire day fishing and when evening came on we all gathered around the huge fire and waited while our catch was prepared for our dinner. Wild Hollywood party, nothing! It was more like our picnics in Maple Grove Park back home."

Betsy said she was going home in about a month and she says she has a lot of things to tell them back there—not counting the experience encountered with the democratic Mr. Beery.

She's got little personal things that are to be heard only by the girls at Shippen's. She's going to get all those anxious young ladies who want to go in the movies to one side and say something like this to them:

ADVICE TO THE SCREENSTRUCK

"IF you think it is going to be easy to go to Hollywood and get in the movies and be a star and have your picture shown back home at the Capitol Theatre down on Queen Street, get it out of your head. You know you're lazy and movie stars have to get up at six in the morning. Besides, you know your mother wouldn't let you wear those negligees like Olive Borden wears. And you know your father wouldn't want you staying up all hours taking what they call re-takes late at night. There are prettier girls than you in Hollywood and they're doing extra work, or waiting on tables in a restaurant. Just because you are a hit in the school dramatics, don't get yourself mixed up with Greta Garbo. If I were you, I think I would marry Tom or Dick or Harry and maybe you could take a little honeymoon trip out to Hollywood."

I got the idea that Betsy felt about Hollywood the same way the hick felt about New York. In other words, "It's a great little place to visit."



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The Magazine With the Personality

In Love and Incog

(*Continued from page 98*)

other kinds already enjoyed by their alma mater; how did they greet this most famous of all their *Kathes* who now appeared amongst them "in person, and not a picture?"

"They looked upon us as just another pair of tourists, and seemed a bit resentful whenever we wandered unknowingly into some spot where they had gathered."

And they did get one glimpse behind the scenes. They saw the inside of the university jail. No, the door wasn't locked behind them.

"You see, the town has no authority over the students, and cannot arrest them. All complaints must be made to the University authorities, and they do their own policing and have their own jail way up in the top of a mediæval tower that is fittingly grim and solitary."

Anyway: Heidelberg is probably the most famous university in Germany, and so a good portion of her great men must have gone to it—and most of them into jail!

Leaving Germany, they went to England and caught the boat and were soon—*home again!*

"YOU know that though I didn't acquire American citizenship by my marriage, I lost my British. So, for the time being, I'm a sort of 'woman without a country.' I've taken out my first papers, though; and even before that I always looked upon myself as more of an American than a Britisher—I was born in Canada, and Canada's in North America, isn't it? Well, whether it was because of this, or whatever it was, the greatest kick of the whole trip came when we saw the skyline of New York, and knew that we were safely home again. Neither of us had expected that it would be so. We had thought that we'd just take it as a matter of course; but—it came as the greatest thrill of all, just the same!

"Europe is wonderful; each country has a distinct life of its own, and a history that is great. But here we felt back amongst our own kind, and *making* a history that will be great also.

"It was like a drink of cold water after a rather weighty and exhausting lecture!"

Baby Stars Learn Talkie-Talk

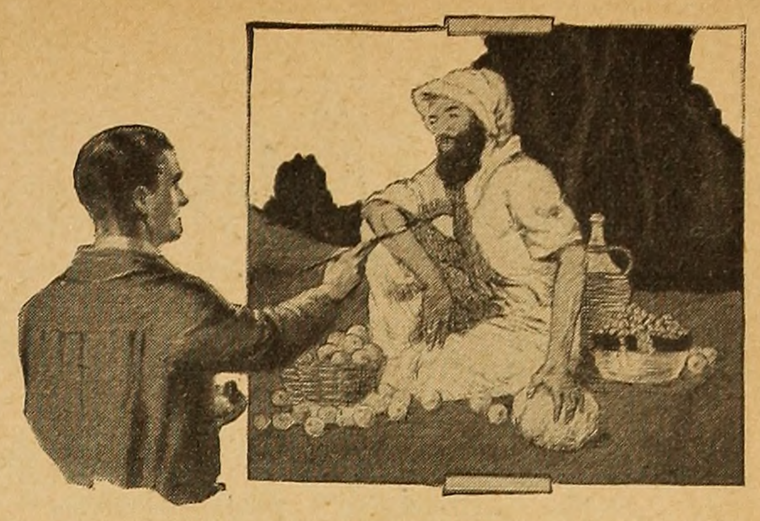
(*Continued from page 45*)

continue to have asthma until something very radical was done about it. And even then, there's no knowing when I might develop a touch of lockjaw.

Then there's some talk about the actors all learning Esperanto, so that talkies can be released all over the world. If you can see the average movie actress learning knitting, let alone Esperanto, you're a better man than I am and you move right up to the head of the class. Not to mention the little matter of the rough farmers on the steppes, pustzas and hielands learning the international language.

One thing I do know about these talking movies. It's just going to ruin the big clinch scenes, which at present are the pride and joy of the screen. Jack Gilbert can no longer get all tangled up in Greta's hair before delivering his passionate nothings. He'll have to control himself and keep his distance, or we shan't hear what he's saying. And then who'll go and see his pictures? You can't make us believe that people would rather hear Jack say: "I love you—how about it?" than watch his gorgeous silent technique of getting all wound up in the lady on the *chaise-longue*.

The talkie? Rather frigid, we calls it.



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Billie Dove goes native. Not only that, but she enjoys it. Pounding meal, she says, gives her a grind and glorious feeling

The Star Diggers

(*Continued from page 51*)

"Mac," he said, "tell the young lady what your job has been for the past two years and more."

"Looking for new faces," said Mr. McIntyre, promptly and a little sadly, "trying to find new talent."

"Yes?" prompted the reel Rembrandt.

"I haven't found it," said Mr. McIntyre, "I occasionally think I have and when I do I send him or her to Mr. Goldwyn, but . . ."

Mr. McIntyre, having served his purpose, was dismissed.

"I have now," Mr. Goldwyn said, "two or three young fellows and as many girls working out in cheap companies. In many cases I pay half their salaries to keep them working so that I may watch them develop—if they do. Show something—if they can. They seldom can.

"I believe it has something to do with the fact that the European women are trained, are brought up *to please men*. It shows on the screen. They do please them. In America the women are trained to *be* pleased. That shows, too.

"The Europeans have more fire—that Continental fire. They are more finished. They seem to have more intelligence; that subtle something."

"Can't you," I said, "tell me *how* you make these discoveries. How you *know* that you are right?"

"Can you tell me," parried Mr. Goldwyn, "how you know when you have written a great story. Can you tell me *how* you do it?"

I couldn't—but not for the reason he implied.

"There is just something," Mr. Goldwyn said—and the nearest he came to being specific was when he said, "I look into their eyes."

He discovered Lili Damita in Paris. Saw her in a restaurant one night. Her pictures, the few he saw, were pretty bad. He would never have chosen her on the strength of them. But when he had talked for half an hour to the golden-haired, brown-eyed, svelte Parisienne, he knew that he had found the ideal running mate for Ronald Colman. She had that something of which star-stuff is made. It isn't nameable.

Walter Byron came to see him in London, sent by Ronald Colman. A youngish looking man, clean-shaven, with a pair of eyes. Oh, yes, girls, a pair of eyes, *certainly!*

Mr. Goldwyn surveyed him. "I wonder," he said, "how you would look with a mustache?"

Walter Byron, who must believe in the parable of the virgins with trimmed lamps, immediately produced a mustache from a vest pocket and tried it on.

Mr. Goldwyn immediately signed him on the dotted line.

He brought him to America and had tests made. They were very bad. He hadn't found the right lighting, the right make-up, the right angles. It was a question of further experimentation. In one of his projection-rooms Mr. Goldwyn showed me the first tests. I had to admit that he was, even then, a charming young man—but you could take him or leave him. That is, if you were not Sam Goldwyn. Then he had the later tests shown and a few rushes from "The Awakening," the first Banky-Byron production. And lo, *a man had been made!* A star had been made! The Goldwyn touch had evolved a heart-breaker, consummate, sophisticated, fiery and debonair. You won't have to watch for Walter Byron, girls, he will crash into your dreams and undo you.

The Lili Damita tests were not ready for showing. Mr. Goldwyn explained that they have, in Europe, different methods. Pictures cost far less over there. Twenty to twenty-five thousand is a goodly sum.

Mr. Goldwyn has spent hours and days with Lili Damita. There have been moments when he has been on the thin edge of sending her back. Moments when she was on the thin edge of going

back without being sent. But out of the welter of the workshop, the clash of personalities, the adjusting to new colors and new conditions, he will produce an American star with the ravishment of the Parisienne and with the photographic beauty, drama and the heart-break of a Goldwyn master product.

Her first picture with Ronald will be the Conrad story, "The Rescue," and in that story Ronald Colman will play his greatest lover rôle.

Which brought us, inevitably, to the talkies.

"Silent drama," said Mr. Goldwyn, "is not spoken drama. I am not for the all-spoken picture. But take 'Wings', for example. Without that whir and rush of wings the picture would have lost half its value. For great, dramatic close-ups, for music without which the world is cheated, for all the natural phenomena and all great moments the spoken word, the art of audition will be invaluable.

"All through 'The Awakening' a song of Irving Berlin's, 'Marie,' will provide the motif. When it is sung, as it is, or played on the screen at lovely poignant moments, the effect is tremendous. Properly, artistically handled the talkie angle is going to revolutionize pictures. It is putting new blood into them, new life. It is a step forward. People say 'What about the connection with the stage?' That is nonsense. There is no connection. What can the stage do with a mere handful of people against a few painted props as compared to the screen with its many thousands against all outdoors?

"In 'The Rescue' Colman speaks one great dramatic sentence toward the end of the picture. In his beautifully modulated voice—and no spoken title could begin to give the effect he gives. People must know whereof they speak before they deliver verdicts."

You have watched Vilma Banky and Ronald Colman. You had better watch Lili Damita and Walter Byron. And back of them you must watch Sam Goldwyn, master craftsman. He strikes straight through the nerve and sinews to the sense of beauty and to the heart. And when even the soul is stirred—what more can a man do?



Bronchial busting: Dorothy Sebastian takes a light treatment for a sore throat between scenes at the studio

Hoodwinking HOLLYWOOD

Does ability count for anything in Hollywood?

If a girl can act, if she has the personality and the appearance, can the studios tell it?

And if they can, will they give her a chance on her merits?

This is a question that has been debated ever since the movies took Horace Greeley's advice and went west

But no one had ever settled it—except by talk until now

For now, someone most decidedly has

That someone is the greatest star on the screen today

She recently, just to find out whether she'd have a chance without her present reputation went the rounds of the studios, and asked for work

Did she get it?

Don't be funny. All she got was eased out. Politely, it is true. But rapidly and firmly

Even her own studio turned her down

This is the greatest hoax that was ever perpetrated on the film world. It wasn't done as a joke. It was done as an experiment. A testing of the discernment of those who make or break the destinies and the hearts of the thousands who come to Hollywood with ability and beauty and courage to storm the citadels of celebrity and fortune

Accompanying the great star on her tour was one of the staff writers for MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE—Gladys Hall

She introduced to casting directors the woman whose name is more famous than Lindbergh's

She saw her turned down—and she has written, for the next, the November, issue of MOTION PICTURE the entire story of the affair

The article is entitled: WHO IS ROSALIE GREY?

It's a story that might be your story—or your best friend's or your daughter's story. It's the greatest story that's come out of Hollywood since the Boulevard was a cowpath

Don't miss it. Watch for the date when MOTION PICTURE will be on the newsstands—September 28th—and find out the answer to WHO IS ROSALIE GREY?

This is just one more and spectacular instance of the fact that the livest and most vital news of the screen, as well as the most freshly written and pleasantly presented, appears invariably in

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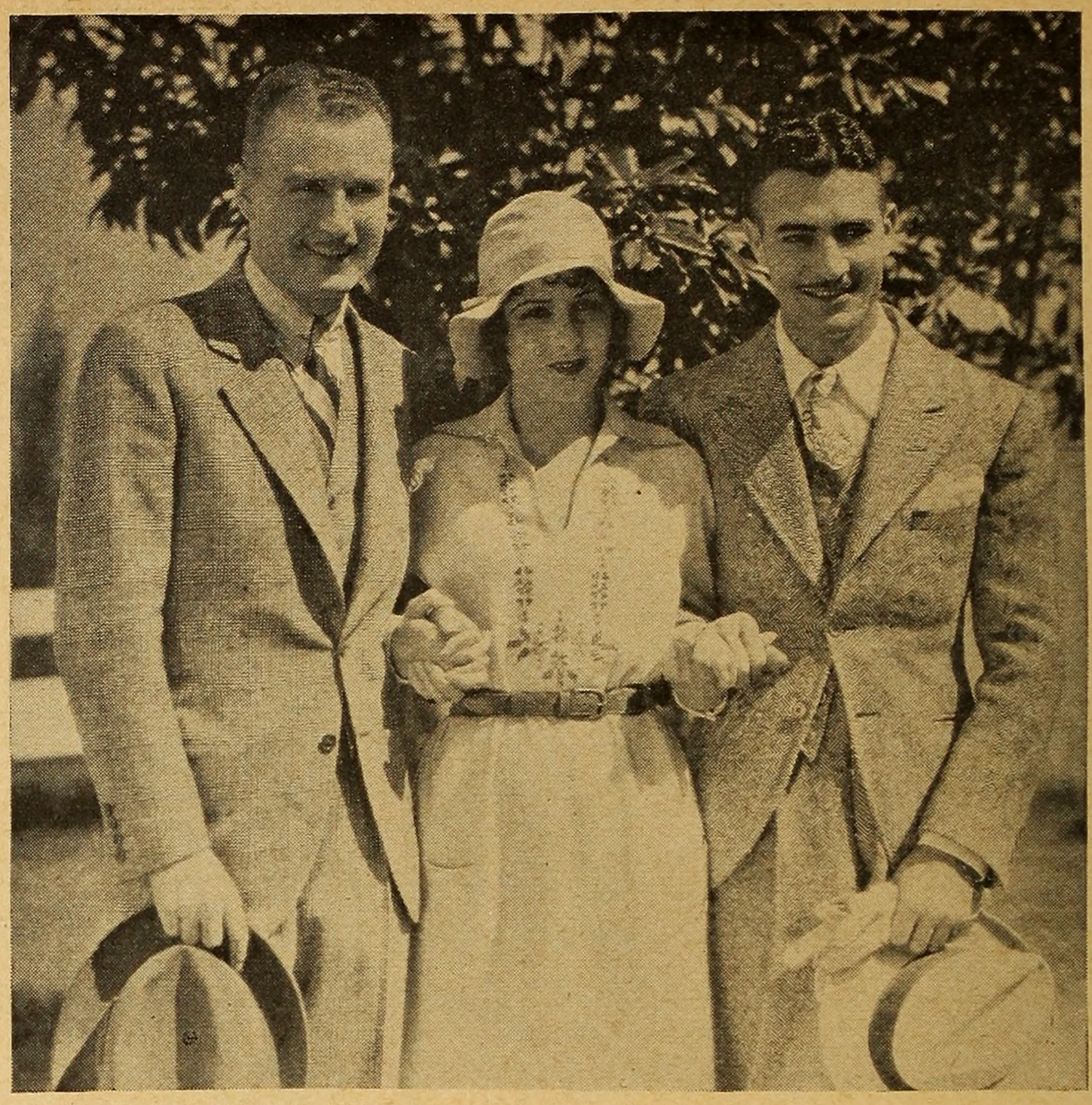

Towering above her, yet both at her feet: Gilbert Roland and Arnold Kent, who play the rivals for Norma Talmadge's hand in her newest picture, "The Woman Disputed"

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page 80*)

Gary Cooper, Lane Chandler, Alice White and Margaret Livingston are a few of the stars who have red hair.

JANET.—You forgot to give me your address. Yes, Alice Joyce and Richard Barthelmess knew they were Mother and Son in "The Noose." Richard is playing in "Out of the Ruins." First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. Am I baldheaded? I couldn't tell you right now. I've got my hat on. Madge Bellamy's latest is "Mother Knows Best."

PARIS FAN.—Thanks for patting me on the back. Madge Bellamy happens to have a birthday on June 30th. Sorry I'm not acquainted with Malcolm Tod. Write Audrey Ferris, Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Loretta Young, Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal. Ruth Taylor, Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

CHARLES ROGERS FAN.—Charles is not married. His latest picture is "The Sophomore." Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. He is so popular I believe he has a secretary, most of 'em have. Gary Cooper and Fay Wray have the leads in "The First Kiss." Marion Davies, Nils Asther, "The Cardboard Lover." Billie Dove, Donald Reed and Paul Lucas, "His Wife's Affairs."

E. A. P.—Barry Norton is twenty-three years old, five feet eleven inches tall, dark hair and eyes. Richard Arlen, twenty-nine, five feet ten and a half, weighs 156 pounds, dark brown hair, blue eyes. Married to Jobyna Ralston. My dog chews everything that he gets hold of. I caught him in the garage the other day; now he's lost all of his teeth. Tough break. Francis X. Bushman is playing in "Say It with Sables." Columbia Studios, 1408 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

CANADIAN.—Neil Hamilton, Ralph Forbes and Ronald Colman were the brothers grown-up. Phillipe de Lacey was the only child given credit on the cast of "Beau Geste" as the children. Send me a self-addressed envelope for that list of pictures I can supply. Rod La Rocque and Sue Carol have the leads in "Captain Swagger." De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.

QUENTINA.—Joseph Striker is twenty-seven years old. He is six feet one, weighs 175 pounds, brown hair, dark brown eyes. Married, write him De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal. Billie Dove is five feet six inches tall, weighs 120 pounds. Joan Crawford, five feet four. Mary Pickford was born April 8, 1893.

DOROTHY S.—Lew Cody and Aileen Pringle are not married to each other. Betty Bronson and Marion Davies are single. You're mistaken, the United States Government has no reservation for cigar store Indians. Only a few of them left. Antonio Moreno is playing in "The Midnight Taxi." Write Hal Roach, Culver City, Cal. Joseph Schildkraut playing in "Show Boat."

MAXINE.—Gary Cooper has had interviews in the following magazines: June, 1927, Motion Picture Magazine; June, 1927, Classic. Pictures: May, 1927; October, 1927, and May, 1928, Motion Picture. November, 1927, March, 1928, May, 1928, Classic. Write Gary, Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Ivan Petrovich and Alice Terry playing in "Three Passions," which was filmed in Europe.

NOTTY BUT NYCE.—Don't be like that. Vera Reynolds was born in Richmond, Va., twenty-five years ago. "Corporal Kate" was filmed in 1927. Richard Barthel-

mess was the hero in "Way Down East." Doris Kenyon heroine in "A Thief in Paradise." Nils Asther can be reached at the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

M. R.—Adelqui Miller was *Prince Seti* in "Moon of Israel." Agnes Ayres in "The Sheik." Lila Lee and Nita Naldi "Blood and Sand." Bebe Daniels, "Monsieur Beaucaire." Nita Naldi is five feet seven inches tall. Mary Astor and Matt Moore have the leads in "Dry Martini." Fox Studios, 1401 North Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

HANS AND FRITZ.—Yump Fritz. Barry Norton, Gary Cooper, Lane Chandler, William Powell and Fay Wray were featured in "The Legion of the Condemned." Josephine Dunn was *Rosa* in "The Branded Sombrero." You pronounce Joan's name like Joan of Arc. Write Leo Maloney, Pathe Studios, 4500 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

BUBBLES.—Alice White was born in New Jersey. Sue Carol can be reached at the De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal. Give the little girl a big hand. Charles Rogers was born Aug. 13, 1904. Joan Crawford, March 23, 1906. James Murray is not married. Arthur Lake and Lillian Gilmore are playing in "Hollywood or Bust." Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

LINDA.—The story which you are referring to in regard to Rudolph Valentino, was printed in Spanish, in a Spanish publication, "Cine-Mundial" published by the Chalmers Publishing Co. But the issues in which the story appeared have been exhausted. That is James Hall's real name.

DIE AND SOAPY.—Dorothy Sebastian was born in Birmingham, Ala., April 21, 1903. She's five feet three, weighs 114 pounds, dark brown hair, hazel eyes, single. You may write her at the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal. Colleen Moore, Lawrence Gray are featured in "Oh, Kay." First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

A. N.—"The Four Horsemen" was released in February, 1921. Rudolph Valentino had black hair and brown eyes. "The Son of the Sheik" was his last picture. Send me twenty-five cents for the photo of Lon Chaney. Clara Bow is playing in "The Fleet's In." Joan Crawford, "Four Walls." William Collier, Jr., can be reached at the Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

ELIZABETH S.—You lose your bet. Cullen Landis played in "The Fighting Coward," also Mary Astor and Phyllis Haver. It was released in March, 1924. Barry Norton was born in Buenos Aires, twenty-three years ago. Janet Gaynor, twenty-two. "The Wedding March" has not been released as yet. Janet Gaynor has the feminine lead in "4 Devils." Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

P. K.—Sounds like chewing gum. Sue Carol is twenty years old. Real name is Evelyn Lederer. Write Helene and Dolores Costello at the Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. I'll buzz that offer along to Sue. Joan Crawford was discovered by Harry Rapf, while dancing in "The Passing Show," a stage production. George K. Arthur hails from England. Renee Adoree, France. Greta Garbo and Lars Hanson, Sweden.

CLIVE BROOK FAN.—So you're interested in Clive. You sure have a lot of rivals. He was born in England, June 1, 1891, five feet eleven inches, weighs 154 pounds, brown hair and hazel eyes. Here's the sad story, he is married, has two children but, however, you may write him at the Para-

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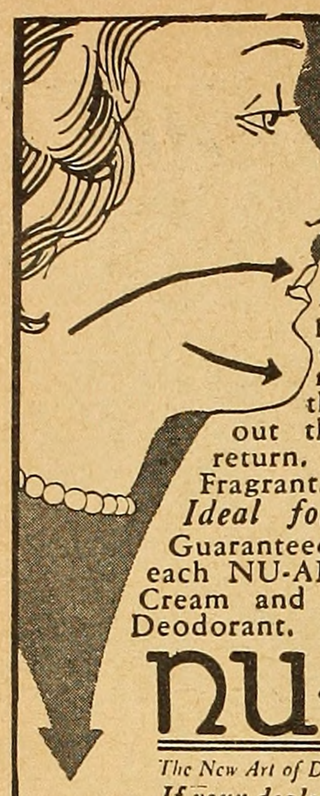

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Dyar

An occasion whereat a peasant time was had by all. When Ernest Vajda, the Hungarian writer, and his bride—at the left—entertained recently, they wore the dress of their native countryside. The gypsy girl is Constance Talmadge

mount Famous Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal., where he's playing in "Interference."

GAY.—See "CLIVE BROOK FAN" for information about him. Mary Astor's real name is Lucille Langhanke. Mary has signed the dotted line for Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. You're puzzled to know why cactus was ever invented. Yeah, that is a sticker. Bob Steele, Frankie Darro and Lois Wilson receive their fan mail at the F. B. O. Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

JOAN Y.—Why should I? Don Alvarado has a birthday Nov. 4, 1904. Wrong again, he's single. Leatrice Joy was John Gilbert's second wife. Sue Carol has black hair. John Gilbert was born in Logan, Utah, July 10, 1895. Send your note to Harold Lloyd, c/o the Harold Lloyd Productions, 1040 Las Palmas Avenue., Hollywood, Cal.

JOAN.—Must be a favorite name this month. Claude King played in "Becky" with Sally O'Neil and Owen Moore. Neil Hamilton was born in Lynn, Mass. He played on the legitimate stage before entering pictures. Richard Barthelmess and Marian Nixon have the leads in "Out of the Ruins." First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.

TOODLES.—Have I a cigarette lighter? No, they're all the same weight. Jack Luden is twenty-six years old, married. You bet he'll be glad to hear from you. Send the little pink or blue envelope to the Paramount Famous Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Mary Brian is playing in "The Sophomore."

DOLORES J.—Rin-Tin-Tin is about nine years old. Write his trainer, Lee Duncan, at Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Richard Arlen and Jobyna Ralston were married Jan. 27, 1927. They both were featured in "Wings." Jobyna is playing opposite Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in "The Toilers." Tiffany-Stahl Prod., 4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

ANN SHIRLEY.—Bebe Daniels was born Jan. 14, 1901, five feet four, weighs 123 pounds, black hair and eyes. Playing in "Take Me Home." James Hall, Oct. 22, 1900, five feet eleven, weighs 156 pounds, brown hair, blue eyes. Lupe Velez, July 18, 1909, brown hair, dark eyes. Corinne Griffith is married to Walter Morosco. Corinne's latest picture is "The Divine Lady."

SUE'S OWN.—Make yourself more explicit. Jean Arthur can be reached at the Paramount Famous Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Ruth Elder and Richard Dix have the leads in "Moran of the Marines." Charles Farrell and Mary Duncan in "Backwash." Glenn Tryon is twenty-seven, still a bachelor. Address your letter Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

SUNSHINE BLONDE.—You must be fond of the great outdoors. Olive Borden was born in Norfolk, Va., July 14, 1907. She is playing in "The Albany Night Boat." This should be a wow. Write Olive at Tiffany-Stahl Prod., 4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. You're asking me a lot in regards to the most beautiful actress in Hollywood. I think they're all beauties, no favorites.

BILLIE.—Lot of tourists in your town, hey, what? Charles Farrell was born Aug. 9, 1905, six feet two inches tall, dark hair and eyes. How did you like him in "The Red Dance"? Alice Lake is still playing. Her latest is "Obey Your Husband." Metropolitan Studios, 1040 Las Palmas Ave., Hollywood, Cal. Great title, this.

JIGGS.—I know you're of the feminine gender. Kenneth Thompson played opposite Vera Reynolds in "Corporal Kate." Lupe Velez receives her mail at the United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal. She is playing in "The

Love Song." William Boyd is to be the hero. Irving Berlin has gone movie. He's to write a theme song for this picture. For instance, he's to do a number, "Where Is the Song of Song for Me," which Lupe sings to William.

A TOM MIX FAN.—Tom has been married twice. One daughter, Ruth, is about eighteen, Thomasina about seven. Why not accept his invitation? His first picture for F. B. O. Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal., will be 'Son of the Golden West." Colleen Moore's "Lilac Time" is presented with sound effects. Great invention, this. Yes, I believe everyone enjoys it. Dolores Costello is playing in "Noah's Ark."

BLUE EYES.—Blonde, too! Send your letter to John Gilbert, Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal. George Bancroft's latest is "Docks of New York." Charles Delaney, Donald Reed and Gwen Lee support Alice White in "Show Girl." First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. Clifford Holland is not doing anything in pictures right now. Send that letter to him, c/o Film Daily, Warner Bros. Bldg., Hollywood Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal.

BETTY.—So you're a newcomer! Well, let's hear from you often. Evelyn Brent was *Feathers* in "Underworld." Address her c/o Paramount Famous Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Esther Ralston is playing in "The Sawdust Paradise." Reed Howes and Betty Bronson support Al Jolson in "The Singing Fool." Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

B. K., TORONTO.—The players would have writer's cramp if they autographed all the photos they sent. Sometimes a rubber stamp is used. John and Greta Garbo are not married. John's latest is "The Mask of the Devil." Greta's, "War in the Dark." Mary Philbin, "Salvage." Here, fans is another club to add on your list, Lina Basquette Fan Club, Frank W. Leach, 4 North State St., Concord, N. H.

MARY ANN.—Richard Barthelmess was born in New York City, May 6, 1895. Jessica Sargent is his new wife. He's your weakness now. Thomas Meighan, April 9, 1887. His latest picture is "The Mating Call." Caddo Prod. Metropolitan Studios, 1040 Las Palmas Ave., Hollywood, Cal. Charles Farrell, East Walpole, Mass., Aug. 9, 1905. Anna May Wong was *Sada* in "The Devil Dancer."

SWEET JASMINE.—And how. Joan Crawford is single. Dolores del Rio is not married. Ramon Novarro resides in California with his mother, sisters and brothers. Latest release "Gold Braid." Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal. Richard Dix is thirty-four years old. Marceline Day, nineteen.

AMARYLLIS.—Greta Garbo is five feet seven, weighs 123 pounds. Bebe Daniels, five feet four, 123 pounds. Madge Bellamy, five four, 110. Billie Dove, five six, 120. Norma Talmadge, five two, 110 pounds. Greta Garbo hails from Sweden. What's the joke about the horse? Let me in on it.

FLORENCE VIDOR FAN.—Florence was born July 23, 1895. She has brown hair and eyes. Real name Arto. Latest picture, "The Magnificent Flirt." Paramount Famous Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Matty Kemp and Albert Conti played opposite her.

EV. E. LYN.—Just to be different. Phyllis Haver has a birthday, Jan. 6, 1899, not married. Playing in "Sal of Singapore."

(*Continued on page 116*)



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Subjects:

Mary Astor	Olive Borden	Rudolph Valentino
Clara Bow	John Gilbert	Janet Gaynor
James Hall	Dolores Costello	Joan Crawford
Jack Holt	Marceline Day	June Collyer
Fred Thomson	Renée Adorée	Vilma Banky
Sally O'Neil	Eleanor Boardman	Ramon Novarro
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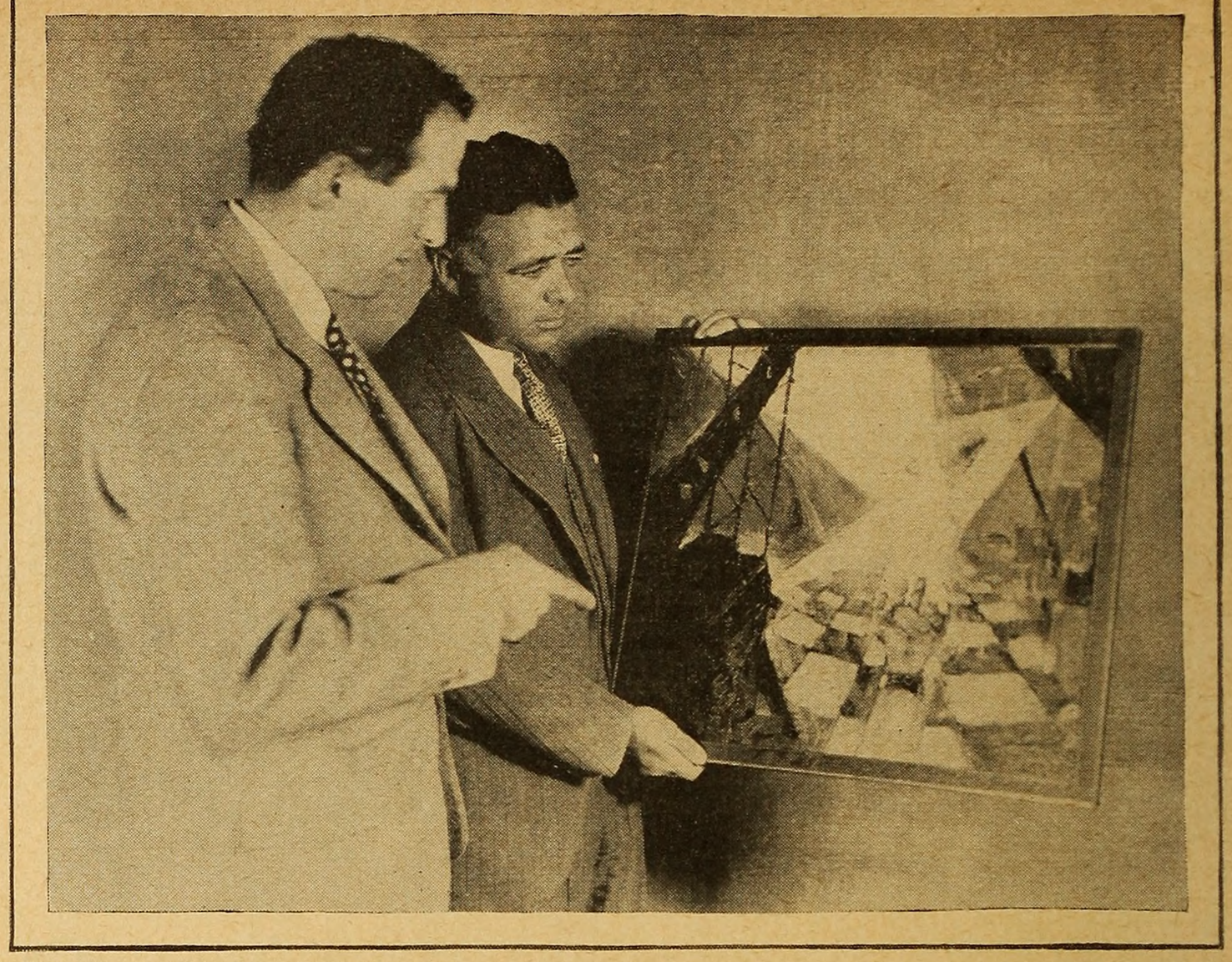


You can't stump Clarence Brown. When Warren Newcombe gave him three guesses to name what this picture of his was about, the director identified it without hesitation as a cross-word puzzle factory

The Screenless Screen

(*Continued from page 33*)

machinery in the production of puerile pictures is akin to loading a Big Bertha with buckshot. The development of panchromatic film, with its greater appreciation of light and depth and shadow, marks the most amazing progress in the march of pictures toward perfection. So Brown thinks.

BROADCASTING MOVIES

OF course, he is interested in the sound synchronization which is sweeping the movie industry more and more surely into the control of the great electrical companies which control the patents on sound devices. And, of course, he is interested in television, which will eventually hurl motion pictures through space, past all obstacles, through the walls of your home, onto the screen in the projection-room with which every dwelling will be equipped. You will tune in on whatever picture may be desired, just as you now select your entertainment over the radio. The apparatus will probably be rented and installed just as telephone service is now arranged.

But to Brown these trivialities are just around the corner. They are so surely fixed within the realms of certainty, that little room remains for speculation. The day-dreams most enjoyed by this cinema seer carry him into far realms more strangely fantastic than imagination can conceive. Compared to his prophecies regarding the motion picture of the future, the wild flights of Jules Verne's "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea" (since come true with the advent of submarines) or Poe's preposterous yarn of mad flight through the air (written only a historical moment before Lindbergh's birth) are as common as the morning's milk.

The mind of the engineer, crammed with minute knowledge of mechanical mathematics, familiar with the phenomenon of electricity, understanding the operation of intricate natural laws unknown to the layman, enables Brown to visualize uncanny achievements of the future which are, nevertheless, well within the realms of possibility—and probability, too.

So well are these ideas in mind that they may be, and have been, tangibly expressed and given to the world for the first time through the medium of this magazine, in the form of photographic reproductions of oil paintings executed by Warren Newcombe, also a gazer toward tomorrow, and head of the special creative art department established at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios.

The director of the future must indeed be a master mind, highly trained in a dozen highly technical professions. He must, for instance, be a painter thoroughly versed in every possible use, combination, value of color. He must be a musician cognizant of music and sound in all possible ramifications, competent to compose mighty melodies, able to express in music every varying mood.

For, as is indicated in one of Newcombe's creations on canvas, the director will at one and the same time bring into being form, color, sound and action. Newcombe has shown this idea with a huge directorial hand in the foreground of his picture. Three digits are upraised, indicating the creation of form, color and sound. Naturally, there must be action in the picture. This is understood. Above the upraised hand may be seen Beauty half-created in the form of a nude. To one side a gigantic recording engine, which takes the place of the present camera, but imprisons color and sound as well as form, both propels and attracts the mysterious Z-rays which are yet awaiting discovery by man. The music, or sound, is not produced by visible means, but simply (or perhaps complexly) extracted from the ether. This, by the way, has already been done by a youthful inventor who produces music with the wave of a hand—and the help of a machine which would surely have

(*Continued on page 115*)

Forecasting About

(*Continued from page 66*)

to give Schildkraut center-stage. He will be surrounded in these scenes by players who are equally agile linguistically. Then Movietone will record their dialogue in English, French, German, and perhaps several other tongues.

It goes without saying that all the big pictures of the season will have sound. Not only is this true, but it is also a fact that the specials already made, some of which are now released, have been recalled for synchronization. One of these, for instance, is "The King of Kings," which in a revised edition, having sound, will be shown simultaneously in some three hundred cities. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is another. And several epics of the calibre of Emil Jannings's "The Patriot" will surprise the public with their sound effects.

Director William K. Howard is fighting hard for permission to set up a Movietone device on a New York dock some dark night to capture the eerie or Erie, sounds of the river for his picture, "The River Pirate." If he sells his idea to Fox, the opening sequences which have been filmed through a studio fog, will give you the chill thrill of mournful waves breaking against the piers, the uncanny call of river boats, the deep warning of larger craft, the splitting alarm of police sirens, and the staccato bark of gangmen-guns. Truly the picture will open with a bang!

SCREAM TESTS

OF course, talking pictures have their drawbacks, too. Out at the Hal Roach studios, where custard pies are ordered in truckloads, the comedy team of Laurel and Hardy are practicing the art of yodeling, or, if you will, yodeling. Perhaps it remains for the squeakies to give the Tyrolian Bell-Ringers a new lease of life. Roach insists that all screen tests be accompanied by scream tests. For even the two-reelers will be noisy.

In a recent conversation Jeannie Macpherson, brilliant co-worker with Cecil B. De Mille, stated that the advent of sound in pictures has set back the development of cinema technique about ten years. But, she says, in the end it will be beneficial. Charlie Chaplin agrees that talkies have retarded the progress of pictures, although he is a bit more conservative regarding the length of time. Charlie says a setback of five years. So sound does not seem to be universally appraised as an unmitigated blessing.

Warner Brothers, whose Vitaphone pictures were the first of the sound films, are sticking close to their idea. All their feature productions, including Rin-Tin-Tin starring vehicles, will have Vitaphone sequences. And in addition to these there will be numerous two-reel features including playlets and musical numbers. Warner plans to film all sound that takes place in the action of their film-stories. Whether it be the rustle of garments, guarded whispers, or pistol shots, the noise, slight or loud, will be in the picture. In one ghostly picture, the mysterious playing of an organ in some unknown chamber of a haunted house plays an important part in the story.

The Warners now plan to enter the field with a Vitaphone newsreel. Fox's Movietone newsreel is now in wide circulation. But the Warners will be second in line, for Paramount and Metro, who also plan their own sound-newsreels, will not issue them for some time. The sound-newsreels are obtained by having fleets of trucks equipped with sound devices, held in readiness in key-spots throughout the country. These are rushed to the localities where events suitable for newsreel reproduction take place.

A BABY OCEAN

BUT while sound goes marching on, there is no dearth of unique accomplishment in other departments of the world's greatest art-industry. One of the largest and most interesting miniatures ever erected may be seen at First National's Burbank studios. It will be used for certain sequences in "The Divine Lady," in which Corinne Griffith plays the rôle of "Lady Hamilton," fair inamorata of Admiral Lord Nelson, the British seadog.

This set includes a miniature ocean covering an area equal to four city blocks. This studio sea is peopled with exact reproductions of the battle squadrons of conflicting nations. The Lilliputian ships blaze away at one another until there is little left to be salvaged from First National's fifty thousand dollars' worth of sea craft.

There has been a lot of buzzing through the length and breadth of Hollywood about a feature-length film directed by Paul Fejos. It is called "Lonesome" and has the smallest cast yet used in a photoplay. To be exact, there are just two people in it, a girl and a boy. Fejos, who also must be credited with "The Last Moment," is in the way of becoming the current cinema sensation. He has given repeated evidence of unique genius, a quality which occasionally finds quick recognition in movieland.

Another youth who is getting himself talked about is Robert Florey. He has directed a short picture called "The Life of a Hollywood Extra." It is a dramatic subject having some forty-five sets, said to have averaged one dollar and sixty-seven cents in cost. No scene exceeds three feet in length. The sets were made from cardboard and cigar boxes. The only locations were the kitchen and bedroom of a friend's home. The lighting was a 400-watt lamp, and the camera was the type used by amateurs.

Still another of the young idea that has learned how to shoot is Sam Jacobson. Like Fejos, he is a Universal product. Jacobson, in addition to other studio duties is making a series of novelties which are already conceded among the most unusual bits of artistry emanating from Hollywood. One of his pictures is told entirely with shadows . . . another with hands, another with dolls, and so on. The first of these has been shown in the Roxy Theater, New York, which paid for it the highest price ever accorded a film of similar footage.

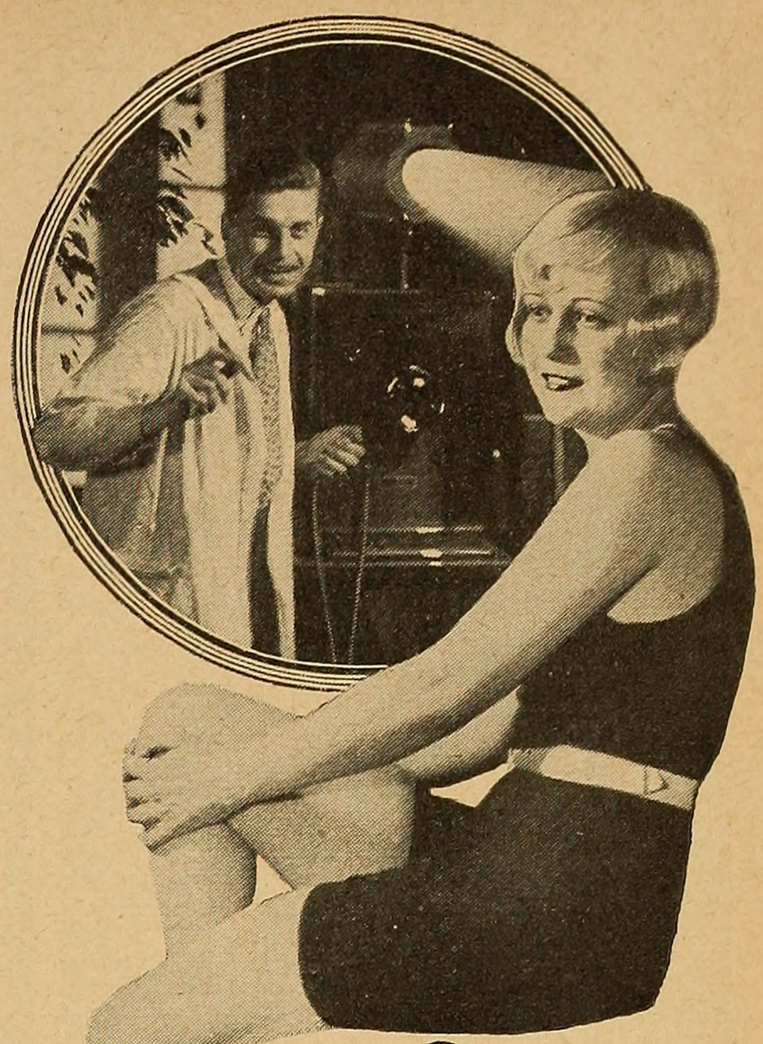
If you have movie ideas and ambitions, and wish to emulate the youthful geniuses mentioned, there are cameras for home use now in the market equipped with speed lenses effective in interiors without the aid of artificial light. The fast lenses make slow-motion photography possible on a hundred foot roll of 16 mm. film.

PAPER FINERY

THE bizarre costuming of many pictures has caused production costs to soar. So now they have evolved a process of using paper costumes, especially in chorus scenes where unique effects are sought. The costumes are painted to conform and harmonize with the pictured interior, and both time and money are saved.

The latest development in color process is known as color modulation. It is used in filming color subjects and will register all hues accurately. Heretofore red has been one of the most difficult colors to photograph. Used with other colors it would interfere to an extent which would impair the entire sequence. The new process does away with this and shows each shade in true proportions.

(*Continued on page 119*)



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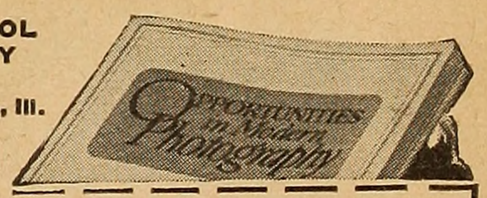

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Letters to the Editor

(*Continued from page 6*)

more he has an abundance of moral courage with which to flaunt his principles in the face of those human parrots who preach "the glory of war." Call it propaganda or what you will. It remains an outstanding production and should have received greater publicity.

Yours respectfully,
A College Student.

What Is Status of a Parson?

ST. JOSEPH, MO.—Will you kindly gratify the normal curiosity of an innocent bystander and tell me why motion picture producers take such delight in making the Minister of the Gospel—the Preacher, if you know what I mean—act and look like a fool, a clown, and an ignoramus—all condensed into one silly bit of humanity?

I just want to know why we cannot have a picture now and then in which he is represented as being a decent and dignified human being?

Recently I attended no less than three shows in which a Preacher played the part of a buffoon, a nincompoop, a fool. Are they really that kind? If they are, let's make them wear cap and bells. If not, let's quit insulting them.

Where does he belong—in the pulpit, or in the psychopathic ward?

Yours truly,
E. C. Baird.

Private, Keep Out

VANCOUVER, B. C.—Why should the movie fans give two small hoots as to the color of Gloria Swanson's boudoir pillows, the chronological order of Connie Talmadge's husbands or the brand of breakfast food preferred by John Gilbert.

Did we in the old days concern ourselves with the intimate private affairs of Maude Adams, Julia Marlowe or E. H. Sothern? Why not let us be content to worship at the shrine of perfect accomplishment instead of interesting ourselves in things that are more or less personal happenings in the lives of the moving picture players?

Very sincerely,
Margary M.

Nature's Background

PORTLAND, ORE.—The supreme advantage that the screen play has over the legitimate stage play is landscape, scenery, escape from artificiality. This has been impressed upon me recently after seeing "Ramona," "The Gaucho," and "Shepherd of the Hills."

"Ramona" is a classic, and I went to see it twice, but it would not have been so wonderful, even with the perfect acting of Dolores del Rio, Warner Baxter and Roland Drew, had it not been for the beautiful, romantic scenery settings and the artistic atmosphere of the landscape background. "Shepherd of the Hills" was *made* by the scenery and picturesque settings. "The Gaucho" depended greatly on scenery for its atmosphere.

Movie directors will do well to make the most of their great advantage over the legitimate stage. It is a field where there can be no competition, and American films can always take the lead, in this respect, for this wonderful country abounds in beautiful scenery.

Sincerely,
Emeroi Stacy.

Can't Remember Who's Who

ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND—How do the producers (or whoever may be responsible) expect the ordinary movie fan to commit to memory, during the brief minute or so it is flashed on the screen, a cast of anywhere from eight to ten or twelve players and the parts they play? It is obviously impossible. The audience is left to grapple with their memory as to who's who in the scenes which follow.

Familiar faces of course may be recognized, but this is not enough. Fans like to know the characters such artists are playing and any doubt or confusion produces an irritating effect.

The solution is simple, and in many pictures is followed out. As the players make their first appearance in the story, present the names and the rôles.

I hope, if you publish this, those kind producers who are guilty will correct their faults and oblige

Yours sincerely,
H. F. McC.

Wants Fair Play for Chaney

TULSA, OKLA.—Why not change the tables regarding Lon Chaney and have him win the girl in the picture. Surely among all the story writers you could find one who could write such a play for our Lon Chaney. His stories are too much alike; of course, this is just the opinion of one mere person. But I really think, in order to continue to hold his public popularity, he should have a change in his pictures.

LET'S GO—and give the Hero of "The Miracle Man" his rights.

If you could just sit in the many different audiences and hear the remarks, such as "I surely hope he wins the girl—he deserves to," I feel sure you would give him fair play.

Yours very truly,
(Miss) Patricia Ward.

A Call for Variety

ST. LOUIS, MO.—When an unknown extra suddenly becomes a star overnight, because she has made a successful picture—why is it that this star's producer can't grasp the idea that she has the ability to portray other types than the one in the picture which "made" her. This applies to men as well. For instance, Emil Jannings won fame by playing rôles in pictures heavy with plot and sentiment. "The Way of All Flesh" and "The Last Command" are wonderful pictures, and Mr. Jannings did some wonderful acting, but why continue to cast him in the same kind of pictures? To be sure, he isn't the handsome hero type, but he can take other parts as well. The public is tiring of him already. Then look at Charlie Farrell and Janet Gaynor. This young team won the hearts of the moviegoers in the picture "Seventh Heaven." But the producers weren't content. They had to be cast in another almost identical in plot, called "Street Angel." Then there is the actor, William Haines. Can he portray the smart-alec type only? We moviegoers, especially we of the younger generation, still cling to the old adage that "Variety Is The Spice of Life." We think if a person can really A-C-T, then that person is capable of taking the part of more than one type or character. What do you think?

Sincerely,
Margaret Browne.

CONSTANCE TALMADGE's

Certified Confession

Blanche Sweet's disclosures concerning the secret passages in her life, made public for the first time in this issue of Motion Picture CLASSIC, are startling

But they constitute only the beginning of a series of revelations equally astounding by a number of stars equally notable

Next month's—the November—CLASSIC will bring to you the second of these confessional articles

It will be the story, the courageous and simple and outright story, the hitherto hidden phases of the career of CONSTANCE TALMADGE

This astonishing magazine feature will relate to you, exactly as Miss Talmadge has related it to us, the intimate chapters of her life's history which up to the present have been jealously withheld

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And this, as well as their truth, is certified by Miss Talmadge's own affidavit, properly witnessed, notarized and sealed

Watch for Constance Talmadge's real story. It will reach you October 12—the day when your newsstand will have for you your copy of the November

MOTION PICTURE
CLASSIC

It's the Magazine with the Personality

The Screenless Screen

(*Continued from page 112*)

had him burned as a wizard a few years ago.

Another of Newcombe's works portrays a corner of the motion picture studio in which will be produced entertainment and inspiration for your son's sons. The topless towers, three in number, which parade across the canvas, are lofty perches for technical screws (for even in Brown's conception mere men still guide the machines). There are more recording engines on these elevations, which, of course, are mobile and may be raised, lowered, or otherwise moved by silent signal. And all must be silent, for the machine which projects from side of the picture is so sensitive that every slight noise is recorded. Or perhaps there is a filtration system by which only the sounds desired are to be caught up by the god in the machine.

THE THEORIES, 2928 A. D.

PERHAPS the most difficult to understand, or to make tangible, is the conception of the theater fifty—a hundred—a thousand years hence. It will be a mighty colosseum, in which every seat will be equidistant from the screen. But hold! There'll be no screen! That is very elemental. To you and me, unused to toying with infinity, it may seem quite logical that when pictures are projected it is necessary to project them upon something. But this idea just shows how dumb you are. And me too.

The picture will be projected from one place but to a thousand others, then in mid-air these light rays will be drawn together again, and the figures of the play materialized in the air. There is third dimension, of course, and the phantom forms have depth —thickness—as well as length and breadth. They are camera ghosts—alive, yet non-existent!

Realism is decidedly out of vogue for the future photoplay. For art that is realistic ceases to be art, and becomes a mere perversion.

WHAT MEN THINK, THEY CAN DO

SO, take it from Clarence Brown, that anything which may be conceived by the human mind is capable of execution by man. The most fantastic dreams of the night may be made realities in the morning. It's worth pondering on. For "there are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamed of in our philosophy." Just for instance, have you ever watched pictures on their way through the air to the screen? Well, watch some time in a smoke-filled auditorium, and you'll see the figures leave the projection-booth and hurtle down a ladder of light and land upon the screen.

For fear of getting lost somewhere in the middle of the next million years, let's listen to Brown as to whether or not television, and the projection of pictures in the homes will do away with theaters. The response is, certainly not, because there is a peculiar psychology which makes folks want to do things and see things together—en masse. Therefore home movies will not cut theater attendance or keep people from going places any more than the radioed description of the big fight (broadcast by courtesy of the Eureka Hand-Made Noodle Corporation which makes hand-made noodles by hand for the Eureka Hand-Made Noodle Corporation) threatens to lower Uncle Sam's cut in Tex Rickard's income.

So now, perhaps you have a general idea of Clarence Brown, and what he thinks of between big box-office artistries. If you can figure what it's all about, you're a better man than the editor, not to mention the lowly members of the staff.

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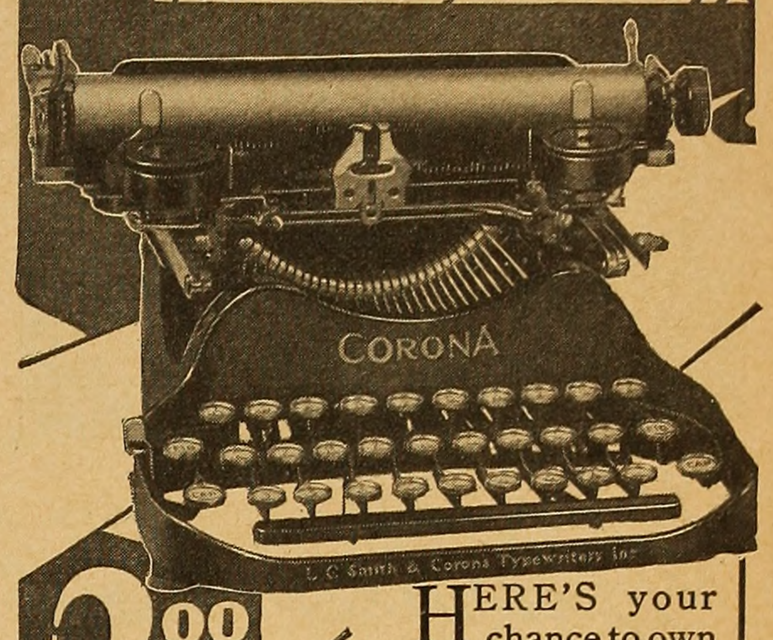

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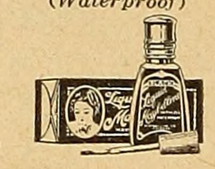

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Cubby but not clubby: Bum, the boy bear, is the first creature in or out of captivity ever known to look in one direction when by looking in the other he might see Renée Adorée

The Answer Man

(Continued from page 111)

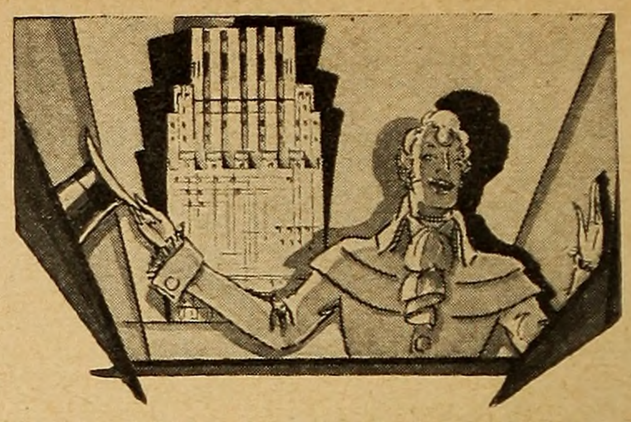
Write Phyllis and Sue, Pathe-De Mille Studios, Culver City, Calif. Hugh Allen is twenty-six. Single, also at De Mille Studios.

SALLY.—Myrna Loy was born in Montana, twenty-two years, red hair, light eyes, Scotch and Welsh descent. Latest release, "State Street Sadie." Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. The players you mentioned are Americans. Jack Holt and Nancy Carroll have the leads in "The Water Hole." Paramount Famous Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

WILLIAM HAINES ADMIRER.—He's got plenty. Gloria Swanson was born March 27, 1897. She's five feet three. Her next picture will be "The Swamp." William, Jan. 1, 1901, six feet one. That's his real name. Playing in "Alias Jimmy Valentine." Mary Brian played opposite him in "Brown of Harvard." Anita Page, "Telling the World." David Powell died April 16, 1925. Alice Day is twenty-one.

AMBITIOUS NARCISSUS.—Regular flower garden this month. Nick Stuart is a Romanian, twenty-two years old. Write him at Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. Eve Southern is playing in "The Naughty Duchess." H. B. Warner and Gertrude Astor also in cast. Tiffany-Stahl Prod., 4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Ruth Chatterton, Zazu Pitts in "Sins of the Fathers" starring Emil Jannings.

TOMMY CAT.—Not wild, are you? Lya de Putti is playing in "The Scarlet Lady," Don Alvarado and Warner Oland supporting. Columbia Studios, 1408 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. Lupe Velez was born in Mexico, July 18, 1909. She's a baby Wampus Star of 1928, has brown hair and dark eyes. United Artist Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.



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Filling *Their* Shoes

(*Continued from page 29*)

Vitagraph, Hughie Mack was taken from his job on a street-car, and the threat to use him in place of Bunny wielded as a club to bring the beloved John to terms. But if Bunny ever had a successor, it was "Fatty" Arbuckle. Since Arbuckle's heyday, various weighty comedians have been brought to the forefront. But their fame, if any, has been very transient, indeed.

Flora Finch, Bunny's sliver-like teammate, has had no follower. Nor has it been possible to continue the sort of comedies which Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew made famous. Lew Cody and Aileen Pringle, perhaps, come closest to filling these shoes. Baby Peggy still stands alone. But Wesley Barry and Jackie Coogan have Frankie Darro, "Buzz" Barton, Philippe DeLacey and a host of others in a mad scramble for their places.

Wally Reid and Harold Lockwood left their seven-league boots of popularity to be occupied by Richard Dix, and perhaps Rich as much as anyone also occupies the heart-corner once reserved for Bryant Washburn.

Today in every studio, on every set, one sees youth awaiting its turn. Girls and boys, seldom if ever noticed upon the screen are being trained to take the places of the older players. Meantime, they are given bits here, extra rôles there, now and then they play second leads, or third. But one day their names will be in lights, and the stars who fall from the movie heavens will be but memories.

These unknowns will be the Charlie Farrells, the Dolores del Rios, the Janet Gaynors, the Lina Basquettes, Sue Carols, George O'Briens, Gary Coopers, Buddy Rogerses of tomorrow. And the present crop of youngsters will then have advanced into the glare now illuminating the Talmadges, Swansons, Gilberts, Pickfords, Barrymores, and Meighans. And in their turn be preparing for the final oblivion which is inevitable.

If you're interested, make notes of a few names. Names, some of which will be known the world around within a year, or two, or three. Not all, mind you, but some. For many must fall by the wayside through inability, the dreadful ogre of studio politics, inefficient management, poor vehicles, illness, scandal—a thousand different barriers to be overcome before one may bask in fortune's smile.

But the making of pictures requires other ingredients than those supplied by players. There must be Laskys, Zukors, Laemmles, Schencks, Mayers. There must be the Griffiths, Von Stroheims, Cruzes, Lubitschs.

Metro has Irving Thalberg, still under thirty, and occupying one of the loftiest positions in the industry. At Universal there is Carl Laemmle, Jr., just turned twenty-one, born in the business and carefully trained in all its branches. At other studios, hidden in nooks and crannies are the potential leaders of the future—waiting, waiting. And on the lots are assistant directors, publicity men, cameramen, even electricians, who one day will call through their own megaphones instructions similar to those now given them.

Perhaps in no other field of endeavor is ambition so vaulting. Deep and devious machinations to gain advancement are everywhere in evidence. The air is electric with the energy of striving. Maybe this is because the goal, though difficult to reach, is so clearly seen. Mansions, yachts, and fleets of motor cars are obvious rewards. Then again the restless movie giant makes constant changes. Today's star is thrown to the Poverty Row lions tomorrow. Overnight an idol tumbles. A great executive passes from the picture, and the picture business, in an hour. Their places are filled. And who knows whose turn is coming next?

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Banky, Vilma
Basquette, Lina
Beebe, Marjorie
Bellamy, Madge
Borden, Olive
Bow, Clara
Brent, Evelyn
Brian, Mary
Bronson, Betty
Brooks, Louise

Carol, Sue
Carroll, Nancy
Collyer, June
Claire, Ethelyne
Corda, Maria
Costello, Dolores

Daniels, Bebe
Davies, Marion
Dana, Viola
Day, Alice
Day, Marceline
Del Rio, Dolores
Dove, Billie

Garbo, Greta
Gaynor, Janet
Gish, Dorothy
Gish, Lillian
Griffith, Corinne

Joy, Leatrice

Haver, Phyllis

Kent, Barbara
Kenyon, Doris

La Plante, Laura
Logan, Jacqueline

Mackaill, Dorothy
Marchal, Arlette
McAvoy, May
Moore, Colleen
Moran, Lois

Negri, Pola
Nissen, Greta

O'Day, Molly
O'Neil, Sally

Pickford, Mary
Philbin, Mary

Ralston, Esther
Ray, Allene
Reynolds, Vera

Sebastian, Dorothy
Starke, Pauline
Shearer, Norma
Southern, Eve
Swanson, Gloria

Talmadge, Constance
Talmadge, Norma
Taylor, Ruth
Terry, Alice

Valli, Virginia
Velez, Lupe
Vidor, Florence

White, Alice
Windsor, Claire
Wray, Fay

ACTORS

Acord, Art
Alvarado, Don
Allen, Hugh
Asther, Nils

Barrymore, John
Barthelmess, Richard
Boyd, William
Brook, Clive
Brown, Johnny Mack

Carewe, Arthur Edmund
Chaney, Lon
Chaplin, Charles
Cody, Lew
Colman, Ronald
Collier, William, Jr.
Coogan, Jackie
Cooper, Gary
Cortez, Ricardo
Chandler, Lane

De Lacey, Philippe
Delaney, Charles
D'Arcy, Roy
Denny, Reginald
Dix, Richard

Fairbanks, Douglas
Fairbanks, Douglas, Jr.
Farrell, Charles
Ford, Harrison
Forbes, Ralph

Gibson, Hoot
Gilbert, John
Gray, Lawrence

Haines, William
Hall, James
Hamilton, Neil
Hanson, Lars
Harlan, Kenneth
Holt, Jack
Hoxie, Jack
Hughes, Lloyd

Jones, Buck

Keane, Raymond
Keith, Donald
Kerry, Norman
Kent, Larry

Landis, Cullen
La Rocque, Rod
Lease, Rex
Lewis, George
Lyon, Ben

McLaglen, Victor
Meighan, Thomas
Menjou, Adolphe
Maynard, Ken
Miller, Walter
Mix, Tom
Mix, Tom, and his horse Tony
Moreno, Antonio
Mulhall, Jack

Nagel, Conrad
Norton, Barry
Navarro, Ramon

O'Brien, George

Petrovich, Ivan
Pidgeon, Walter

Reed, Donald
Rogers, Charles
Roland, Gilbert

Steele, Bob
Stone, Lewis
Stuart, Nick
Striker, Joseph
Sills, Milton

Thomson, Fred
Tyler, Tom
Tearle, Conway

Valentino, Rudolph
Varconi, Victor

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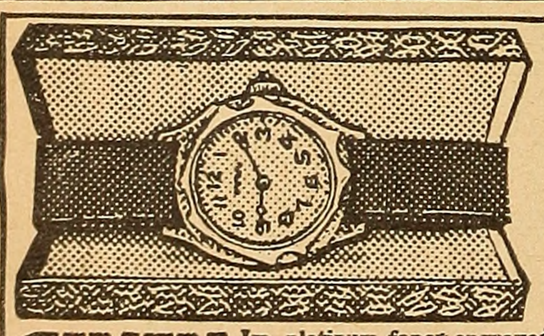

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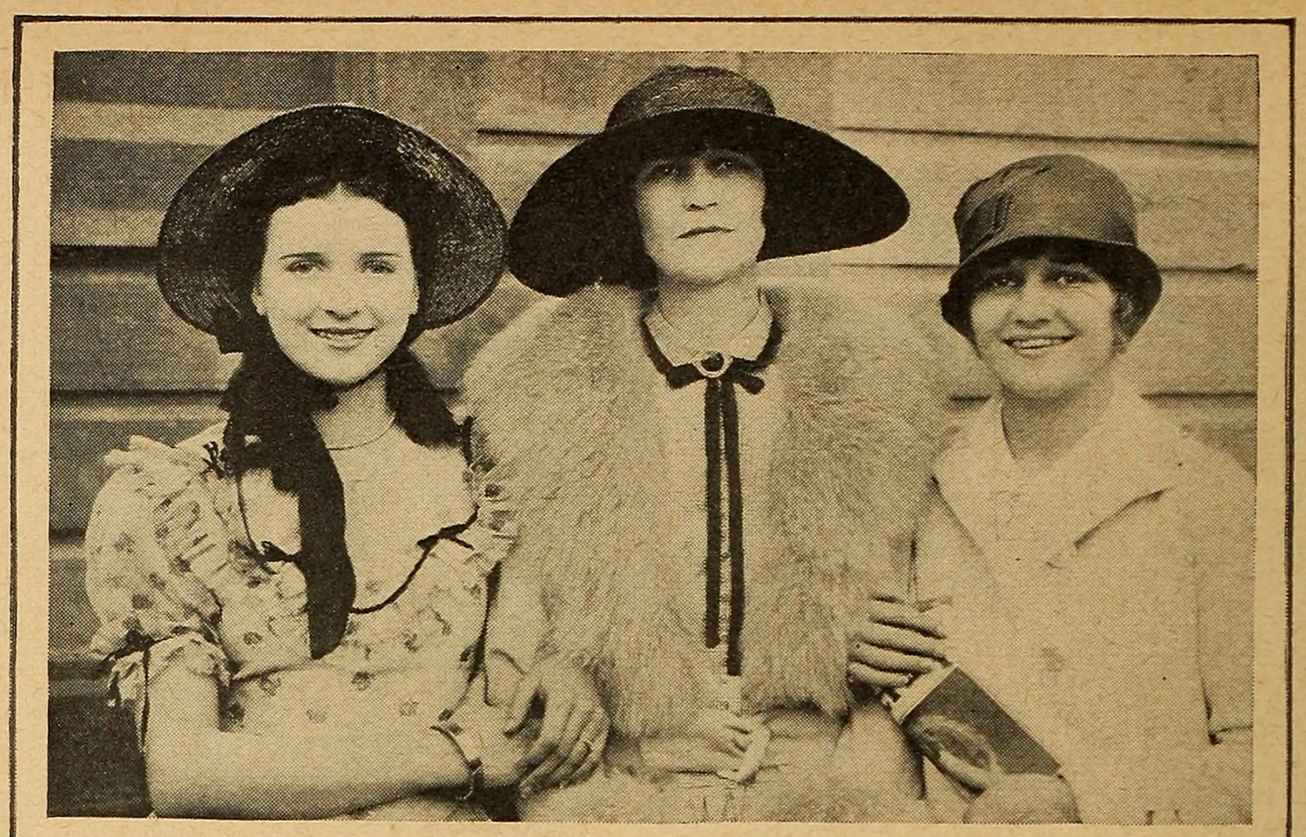

Mother and the girls. Where you find one, you find three. This jolly family life is represented by Mrs. Day and her daughters, Marceline and Alice

First-Day Fever

(*Continued from page 72*)

go on the war-path. The director was in too big a hurry to stop and allow Esther to apply new make-up, and the bit was ruthlessly eliminated. Esther spent the rest of the day adding tears to her already weirdly streaked countenance.

MURDERING MONTE

JACQUELINE LOGAN almost committed murder in her first appearance on a movie set, with Monte Blue as the innocent victim. Allan Dwan, the director, had plucked Miss Logan direct from the Ziegfeld Follies to sign a picture contract as a leading woman in Hollywood.

Jacqueline was as nervous as a cat in her first scene, one which required her to hurl a small paper-weight at Blue's retreating figure. Anxious to do the scene properly and knowing nothing whatever of the picture technique of pulling throws, she let the paper-weight fly with the velocity of a three-inch shell. It caught Monte squarely in the back, and it required first-aid treatment for five minutes before he could draw a full breath again. To this day Monte still refers to Jacqueline as Christy Mathewson Logan.

William Boyd's first day before the camera was featured by an entirely unpremeditated swan-dive that came as just as big a surprise to Bill as to everyone else. The picture was "Love Insurance," with Wallace Reid as the star. Boyd was supposed to rush furiously across the set, fling a closed door open, and dash on out.

Bill dashed across the set and through the door all right. It was only when he was completely through the door that he realized that it opened on a sheer six-foot drop to the next stage. Bill vainly tried to walk on air for one frantic second, then his momentum carried him on to a far from graceful landing on the back of his neck. Even now, as soon as Boyd arrives for work on a new set, he very carefully inspects what is on the other side of every door in the walls.

Many of our present-day stars were saved from visible blunders in their first day's camera work by being members of mobs so large that the embarrassment of any one individual would have been about as conspicuous as a grain of salt in the ocean.

Florence Vidor made her screen debut as an extra in a big Colonial ball scene at the old Thomas Ince Studios. She was horribly nervous and the bulky weight of her Colonial costume made her still more awkward and self-conscious.

SCARY GARY

GARY COOPER'S first camera costume included a pair of green tights, a cap with a feather in it, a wig of long hair, and a bow and arrow. He was one of a group of two hundred in Douglas Fairbanks' "Robin Hood." Gary to this day thanks the gods that the mob was big enough to hide his embarrassment, because no self-respecting young man fresh from Montana could be expected to appear in public in a set of green tights without blushing like a California sunset.

Most of those "first day" checks fell rather short of being enough for a down payment on either a Rolls-Royce or a Beverly Hills estate. They ranged from three dollars to seven-fifty.

Marian Nixon got five dollars for her first day's work in a Monty Banks comedy. Two dollars of it went to give Marian and a girl-friend the first square meal they had eaten in weeks, fifty-six cents more took the two of them to a picture show, and the remainder was held as a reserve fund for the future.

Virginia Valli got three-twenty-five for appearing as a very youthful extra in "The Palace of the King," a Nell Craig starring picture made in the old Essanay Studios in Chicago. But Virginia lost a thirty-dollar brooch while at work on the set, so her balance for the day was a net deficit of twenty-six dollars and seventy-five cents.

SUE WAS SORRY

TO Sue Carol, however, must be given the unique credit of trying to refuse her first day's check for screen work. Sue happens to be the possessor of something like a million in her own right, and had embarked on that first day's work only for the thrill of it. It was as an extra in Fox's "Is Zat So?"

When five o'clock came, an assistant director told Sue to report back with the rest of the mob for more work that evening. He got the shock of his young life when Sue sweetly, but regretfully, told him, "Oh, I'm sorry, but I simply can't! I have a social engagement this evening. Give my check to someone else."

But Sue in her brief work that day had already shown every sign of being a real find, and the combined arguments of the director and his assistants finally persuaded her that her first day before the camera really should not be her last.

A Kid that Looks Like a Gun

(*Continued from page 31*)

"That's why casting is such fun," said the vocative member of the Central Casting Bureau. "Nobody ever knows in advance what's going to be needed today in the way of Russians and grandmothers and doll-faced flappers. Every day there's some new demand.

"In fact," the vocative member added with lifted eyebrow to denote that the conversation had gone high-brow, "we're beginning to feel that Hollywood is just like the literary pastures of Upper Morven in which James Branch Cabell stages his slightly Rabelaisian amours. In other words, it's one of those places where anything is rather more than likely to happen, and usually does."

Mrs. Ruth McQuoid, who never submits to interviews when she knows they are interviews, nodded her head in agreement. I don't know whether Mrs. McQuoid reads Cabell or not. Probably she doesn't. She's a nice, good looking, slightly gray, motherly sort of woman to whom you confide instinctively stories about the girl-friend and the job and the prospects of a raise if the old man ever gets over his spell of sciatica. Maybe she never even heard of Cabell or Jurgen or the Shirt of Nessus or Morven. But that's no great matter. She knows plenty of things. I've got an idea she was born knowing things. She's that kind of woman.

She has charge of the children's division of the Central Casting Bureau. Mothers consult her about Johnny's stubbed toes and little Mary's trouble with adenoids; and sometimes it's more important to know about salves and hay fever remedies and paying jobs than it is to know about places that never existed and people that never lived and shirts that were never worn.

Anyhow, she nodded vigorous agreement. "If you think fitting adults into the picture is hard work," she said decisively, "you ought to know something about the trials of casting the children.

CHORELY PRESSED BY DIRECTORS

"DIRECTORS can think of the queerest things. You'd almost think they sit up late at night trying to find impossible chores for me.

"Just the other day I had a fine example of this: My telephone rang and I answered it. The casting director of one of the companies, I don't remember which one right now, was on the wire.

"'Say, Mrs. McQuoid,' he said, 'we need a baby that looks like a gun. Suppose you got anything like that in your files?'

"'What's that you want?' I asked, thinking maybe I was getting a little hard of hearing. 'Did you say a baby that looks like a gun?'

"Sure, that's it. We need a baby that looks like a gun. One about four years old will do.'

"I still thought I was hearing a funny story and I kept trying to think back to see if I'd ever heard that one before. When I couldn't remember, or see the point, I sounded a note of warning to the effect that I am a busy woman and, that while I appreciate a good story, I haven't time for such foolishness during office hours. If he wanted me to laugh, he'd have to telephone my home about supper time and I'd do my best to giggle.

NO KIDDING ABOUT THE KID

"'LISTEN, Mrs. McQuoid, I'm not kidding,' he complained. 'I'm wide awake, and I didn't say we wanted a little son-of-a-gun, either. I said a kid that looks like a gun. You know. No, I'm not crazy!

(*Continued on page 120*)

Forecasting About

(*Continued from page 113*)

A sort of Mohammed and the mountain idea has been used by William De Mille. In his recent picture, "Craig's Wife," the director has done away with shots in which the camera follows characters as they walk to and fro before a background, and in place of such shots has had the camera and actors remain stationary while the background is moved. And De Mille says this is far more satisfactory than to try to catch action with a moving camera.

The very first picture to have both sound and color will be called "The Thrall of Leif the Lucky." It will be produced by Technicolor and deal with the adventures of a Viking some thousand years ago. It is interesting to note that the Technicolor film which has always been double coated, will have but one coat in this picture. The double coat might have interfered with the recording of sound.

STAGE PLAYERS AT A PREMIUM

IT is rumored here that United Artists will go Fox Films one better in making a sound picture using stage players instead of screen celebs. Fox has declared that the all-talking picture, "Behind That Curtain," will have a mixed cast, the principal characters will be recruited from the stage, the atmosphere from the movies. But, if report is true, the next John Barrymore vehicle will find Handsome Jack surrounded by a troupe formed entirely of stage players.

"Talkies, Talkies, Crazy Over Talkies," describes the Hollywood situation regarding sound films. And as usual the industry is leaping into the swirling new waters without knowing the depth or strength of current, the quicksands or the undertow. An evidence of this is in a questionnaire recently broadcast in an effort to obtain opinions from screen writers upon the new baby. Among the queries were some asking whether the present instruments are adequate to record voices, and if not, where they fall short. Whether sound adds or detracts from the realism of the picture. Whether voice reproduction is desirable, and whether substitution of voices may be made. Whether talkies should be rehearsed like plays. What kind of dialogue is best fitted. Whether talking pictures slow up the story. Whether there is a shock to the audience in changing from sound to silence and vice versa. As well as many other groping queries which somehow suggest a drowning man and a straw.

It is well-established that some pictures have already been made and doubled for voice. The action has been filmed in Hollywood, and the players have spoken the lines called for by the story. But there has been no sound device present. The completed film has then been sent to New York, where stage players with trained voices have doubled for the sound effects, carefully rehearsing the timing so that when the lips of the screen actors move, the words of the double seem to emanate from them.



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A Kid that Looks Like a Gun

(*Continued from page 119*)

At least no more so than usual. You heard me all right. A kid that looks like a gun! You know—small head, long drawn out thin body, like a gun barrel. That's the chief's order, and you know the chief,' he added significantly.

"'Yes,' I said, 'I know the chief, I'll see what I can do.'

"You can imagine how I felt over that order. You see I usually have at my fingers' ends everything the studios want in short pants and long curls, but for the life of me, I didn't know where to find a child that looked like a shotgun. Can you beat it? I sat down in front of my registration cards and photographs with fear and trembling. The faces of boys and girls winked up at me in that exasperating way they have of saying: 'How about that job, Mrs. McQuoid?' Yet none of them seemed to fit. I was beginning to think the studio had at last dropped a dud at my door step.

"But all of a sudden, I remembered a child. You know they make a great impression—some of them. I remembered a child who looked just like what that order called for. I remembered that at the time he came in, I had wondered what it was he looked like. Now I remembered he looked exactly like a gun. I could have shouted for joy. I rushed to the telephone and the next morning this human gun, aged five, was at the studio, and at work. He fitted perfectly in the part; and no one was the least bit surprised. The Central Casting office is expected to do things like that. The producers pay about two hundred thousand dollars a year to support us and if we reported 'nothing doing' a few times, we'd be taking our own advice and go looking for jobs as waitresses or A-1 stenographers. When they told me they wanted a child that looked like a gun, I simply knew we had to find one."

GROWN-UPS BEFORE THEY GROW

FINDING babies who look like guns, however, isn't all that Mrs. McQuoid is called upon to do. Lord, no! Anything, from collecting a hundred six-months old babies for a baby revue to advising mothers how babies' ears may be brought into line, devolves upon her.

And always, and above all because of its frequency, there is the problem of finding the child who can assume the rôle of a star in a sequence calling for the star's appearance as a child. Now there's really where the fun of casting children actually begins.

First of all, you've got to have a child who resembles the grown-up star. Then the child must know how to act. Third, the fundamental characteristics of one must be the fundamental characteristics of the other. Relative size, general facial expression, eyes and hair that conform, are Alps that have to be crossed by this Hollywood Napoleon before she may reach the Italy of a director's approval.

One day not long ago, Richard Barthelmess began a picture called "Wheel of Chance" in which the star assumes a dual rôle. In one character he is black haired, clear eyed, handsome; in the other he is red headed, vicious looking, hardened by his environment—difficult rôles at best.

The opening scenes are laid in Russia. Twin boys, one known as the Black, one as the Red, are caught in the unreasoning fury of a pogrom. The Red, believed dead, is left in a water trough with his little head cut and bleeding. The other, saved, is brought to America.

Here, then, was a problem for Mrs. McQuoid. Twin boys resembling Dick Barthelmess had to be found. Hours were spent in checking through registration cards, staring at photographs, interviewing prospective young actors. At last Ray and Roy Berendzen were selected for the parts. How well the casting office succeeded is instantly revealed in a study of the photographs of the youngsters and the photographs of Barthelmess in his two characterizations.

ANOTHER day Chester Conklin needed ten children to appear as his offsprings in a current picture. The children had to be like steps in size, and each had to bear a certain resemblance to their celebrated screen papa. After much puzzling, the crossword request was solved, and Chester was satisfied.

A producing company, another day, needed three child-actors to appear as Clara Bow, Esther Ralston, and Gary Cooper, when these three stars were in the early teens. This particular call was in connection with "Children of Divorce." The order just went in in the routine way one night and the Casting Office was expected to meet the requirements by the next morning.

When that order came in, Mrs. McQuoid set up before her photographs of Gary, Clara, and Esther. She noted carefully the features, the height, the eyes, hair, and general appearance of each.

Cooper is tall and thin, with grey eyes that look out from a lean, serious face; Clara Bow twinkles; Esther Ralston's is a calm blonde beauty that has something of the maternal about it.

Mrs. McQuoid began to think. Occasionally she consulted her files of photographs. At last she made her selections.

She chose Yvonne Pelletier as Esther Ralston, Joyce Coad as Clara Bow, and Don Marion as Gary Cooper.

Yvonne has the same relative height to the other children as Esther Ralston has to Clara Bow and Cooper. Her face is soft, her eyes half-sad, her hair golden. Joyce is smaller. In her piquancy and life that is fire—Clara Bow for the world. Don Marion is taller, and more serious. His hair is tousled, and his manners are those of Gary Cooper. The director was delighted with the selections.

A harder job awaited Mrs. McQuoid when a director called for a child who looked like Harry Langdon might have looked when Harry was a boy.

"Only an offspring could look like Harry Langdon," Mrs. McQuoid remarked.

HE PHILS MANY BILLS

BUT she didn't give up trying and the result was Billie Webb, who was accepted by the director for the part.

Little Philippe DeLacy has been called upon time after time to play important rôles in the child sequences of plays more often than any other child actor. John Barrymore found him an excellent youthful *Don Juan;* Neil Hamilton saw in Philippe an Irish lad in "Mother Machree"; most important of all, perhaps, was young Philippe's portrayal of the young prince in "The Student Prince." There was something about his face and the expression of his eyes which brings a vivid picture of Ramon Novarro. It was not difficult to see Ramon as he was as a child.

"Sometimes the demand is even more exacting," Mrs. McQuoid said. "Now take the case of 'Sorrell and Son.' Here we had to have a boy who looked like Nils Asther who was cast as *Kit Sorrell.* Then *Kit* had to look like his father, H. B. Warner. And, by deduction, the boy *Kit* had to look like both men."

So it goes, from day to day. Fascinating, yes, but tough—well, rather.



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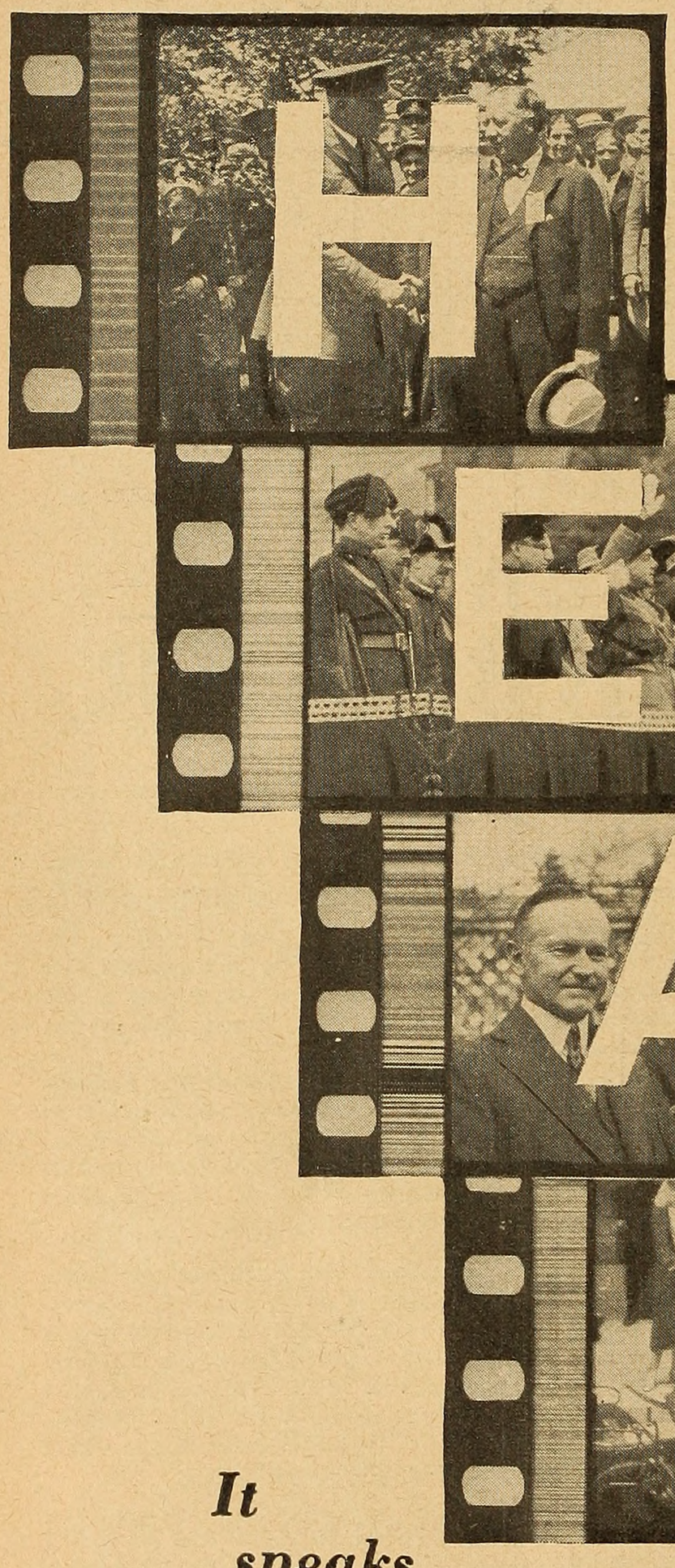

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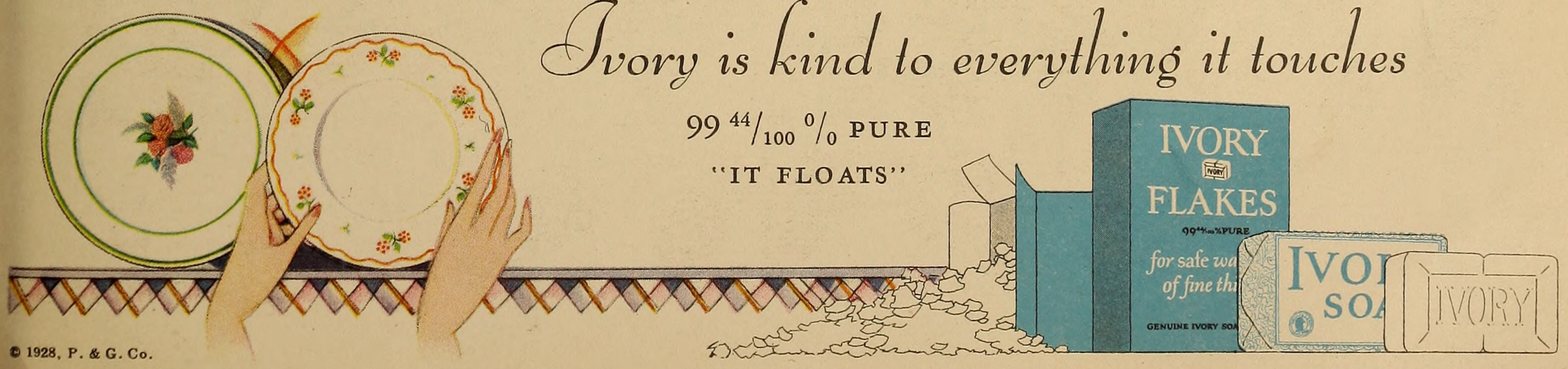

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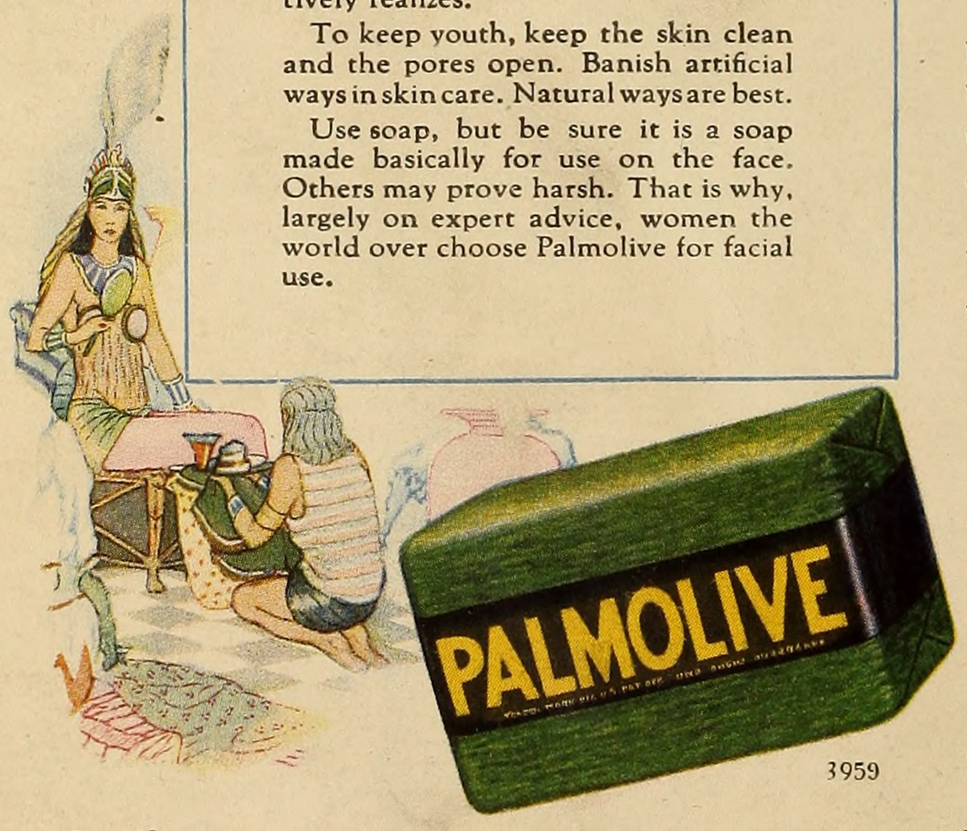

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KEEP THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION