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AFTER a long period of constant denials that they were engaged, Alice White has finally admitted her betrothal to Sidney Bartlett, who was brought from the New York stage several months ago for talking pictures. She is vague as to the date of the wedding, saying that it will take place sometime after the first of the year.

GEORGE BANCOFT has just signed a new long-term contract with Paramount, a contract which means his continued appearance in talkies as a star. It is further reported that most of his pictures under the new contract will be of the underworld type to which he has brought such distinction.

CECIL B. De MILLE is busy with plans for the production of an elaborate musical comedy to be titled "Mme. Satan," which reminds us that his last stage work before entering motion pictures was the producing of operettas.

VICTOR Mc LAGLEN and Fifi Dorsay are to be co-featured in a forthcoming Fox feature directed by Raoul Walsh. The picture will also have George Fawcett in the rôle of a hard-boiled sea captain.

LEWIS STONE was recently granted a speedy divorce from his actress-wife, Florence Oakley. Charging various abuses, he declared that he had become so nervous he could hardly hold a pen to sign his name to contracts.

KAY FRANCIS returned from a recent three-weeks vacation in Hawaii, and has been called to begin work soon on the Paramount lot, although details of her next picture are not available at the moment.

WILL ROGERS’ next picture will be called "By the Way, Bill," and the famous Ben Ames Williams has been called in to write the story. The story will be based on Rogers’ life.

AN explosion, followed by a devastating fire whose loss was first estimated at $50,000,000, recently took place in the laboratory in Hollywood operated by the Eastman Kodak Company and serving about seventy-five per cent of the producing companies. The master films of many unreleased feature pictures are reported to have been destroyed.

GILDA GRAY’S recent party at her Long Island home was one of the gayest gatherings of film notables in a long while. Among those attending were Harold Lloyd, Lenore Ulric, Sidney Blackmer, Herbert Cruikshank, and the millionaire Wall Street operator, Frank Stuart. The latter’s name has been frequently associated with Miss Gray’s, and friends of both are expecting romantic developments when her divorce decree becomes final early next year.

JOAN BENNETT is soon to start work on her fifth talkie, "The Play Boy," in which she will have the feminine lead opposite Harry Richman. The story is from the pen of John Considine, Jr., and will have eight new songs composed by Irving Berlin.

ARY COOPER’S next picture after "Medals" will be a talkie based on Zane Grey’s novel, "Fighting Caravans," a story concerned with the hazards and hardships of the covered wagons of pioneer days.

LITA GREY CHAPLIN is soon to wed Phil Baker, the famous revue and vaudeville star.

REHEARSALS on "Anna Christie" have started, even before the complete cast selection has been made. It is this picture that will present Greta Garbo to the talking screen, an event of keen interest to multitudes. George Marion is to play the rôle of "Anna’s" father. Greta has just returned from a vacation tour through Northern California and Yellowstone Park.

LILLIAN GISH has come back to the cinema capital after an extended absence, and is preparing to go into the talkies. If her plans develop, it will mark the return to the screen of the pet and darling of the highest-browed critics.

EDDIE NUGENT has been assigned an important part in "Dance Hall," to be directed by Melville Brown. Olive Borden and Arthur Lake are to have the leading rôles.

JEANETTE LOFF has been granted a divorce from Harry Roseboom, on the grounds of cruelty. It seems that the lovely Jeanette’s husband flew into a jealous rage on viewing her screen kisses.

RICHARD ARLEN’S next picture, as yet untitled, will be a race track story in which he will play a jockey.

AN expedition is scheduled to set forth soon from New York for Africa, its object being to bring the jungle to the talking screen. The party will include Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson, who are responsible for many appearances of African animal life on the silent screen.
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The Ten Best and Why

ALIBI for its authentic gangster stuff and Chester Morris.

THE AWFUL TRUTH for its delightful comedy and Ina Claire.

BULLDOG DRUMMOND for its grand hokum and Ronald Colman.

THE COCK-EYED WORLD for its charmingly ribald humor and Victor McLaglen.

THE DANCE OF LIFE for its heart-warming backstage story, Hal Skelly, and Nancy Carroll.

DRAG for its honesty, Richard Bartheshelm, and Lila Lee.

THE HOLLYWOOD REVUE for its variety and ye good ole galaxie of stars.

INNOCENTS OF PARIS for Maurice Chevalier, that's all.

MADAME X for Lionel Barrymore's superb direction and Ruth Chatterton.

THE TRIAL OF MARY DUGAN for its thrilling courtroom atmosphere and Norma Shearer.

The Talking Screen Reviews for January are to be found on Page 56. If you want to spare yourselves wasted hours and cash, consult these honest, comprehensive, authentic critiques each month.

ILLUSION—Buddy Rogers as the magician who crashed society's gates at the drop of a silk hat; a fair talkie with Nancy Carroll at her best.

KEMPY—Excellent, unassuming tale of a plumber who doesn't forget to be entertaining.

THE LAST OF MRS. CHEYNEY—Another swell leaf out of the patron-crook book with Norma Shearer at her best as the lady thief who reforms for love.

LUCKY STAR—A good part-talkie with Charles Farrell as a cripple in love with a farm girl, beautifully acted by Janet Gaynor.

THE MAN AND THE MOMENT—Quite a bit of fun with Billie Dove going a-flying and a-bumping into Rod La Rocque.

THE MAN I LOVE—Richard Arlen doing swell in a prize-ring story, what there is of it.

NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH—Richard Dix in a hokum farce based on the old anti-Ananias stage play.

ON THE SHOW—A Technicolor back-stage picture, and full of fun-breeding troubles.

PARIS BOUND—An sophisticated talkie of continental blasters, straight from the stage.

RIVER OF ROMANCE—These have been better vehicles for Buddy Rogers than this charming high-wheeler of the old South.

SALUTE—West Point yarn with George O'Brien which gets you straight to the Point and shows you around.

SAY IT WITH SONGS—Warbler Jolson goes to great wave lengths to bolster up this sentimental stuff about a radio singer.

SHOW BOAT—Marvelous settings, its precedent of book and verse, and Laura La Plante can't save this from being a we bit dull.

SMILING IRISH EYES—Good coffee fun with the Moore lassie to spur on her Irish boy friend to Broadway laurels.

THE SOPHOMORE—A very amusing novice-college comedy of college life with Eddie Quillien and Sally O'Neill.

SPEAKEASY—Exciting drama of bootleg and the hush joints.

STREET GIRL—Charming Betty Compson really takes up the violin and gives a fine performance in a good cabinet story.

THE STUDIO MURDER MYSTERY—A fine thriller with suspense, laughs, and real drama; Neil Hamilton as a new kind o' man and Warner Oland as the good old kind get cheers and a tiger.

SUNNY SIDE UP—Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor together again—with words and music; enough said.

THREE LIVING GHOSTS—A sure-fire laugh-blower about these three doughboys who lose their identity.

THUNDERBOLT—If you want to be entertained, let George do it; a masterful underworld show with Bancroft better than ever.

TWO WEEKS OFF—A shopgirl and a plumber vacation among the beach nuts, a sweet little story with Dorothy Mackaill and Jack Molhess.

WOMAN TRAP—Chester Morris, Evelyn Brent, and Hal Skelly in a gangland play that's all there.

WONDER OF WOMEN—Vital theater with Lewis Stone as the misunderstood German musician.
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NOW! Brace yourselves for this mile-a-minute, talking, singing, college musical comedy!

EVERY BODY UP!

for

the speedy, happy, tuneful hit of Paramount's New Show World

Sweetie

with NANCY CARROLL, HELEN KANE, STANLEY SMITH, JACK OAKIE and WILLIAM AUSTIN—Directed by Frank Tuttle

NANCY CARROLL as the chorus girl in a boys' school—HELEN KANE, the nation's weakness, crooning those "boop-boop-a-doop" songs like everybody's business—JACK OAKIE, dancing and singing himself dizzier than ever—

HEAR the smash song-hits: "Sweeter than Sweet", "Peekin' Knees", "Alma Mammy", "The Prep Step", "He's so Unusual", "Bear Down", "I Think You'll Like It."

"If It's a Paramount Picture, It's the Best Show In Town!"
HOLLYWOOD has donned its new winter garments.

Dame Fashion, for years a saucy gamin, has abandoned her boyish apparel, and for the first time in years a woman is allowed to have a definite shape, to reveal those "dangerous curves" with which nature has kindly endowed her. The princess silhouette is the dernière cri. How well it suits the slim, athletic young figure of today! It is a mistake, however, to believe that it is not also for her heavier sister; for the secret of the princess style lies entirely in the perfection of its proportion, not in the size of its wearer.

Of course you know that skirts are coming down in the world! Hollywood knees have again become feminine mysteries to be displayed only in a bathing suit. In street attire they must be covered by some two to five inches of skirt; while for evening, ankles themselves are beginning to be a sensation! The stars—with the exception of Gloria Swanson, whose long skirts have always astonished Hollywood—are by no means enthusiastic over the passing of the knees, but fashion is fashion, and they are bowing gracefully, though reluctantly, to it. Many are compromising by making quite long skirts of transparent material. This is an easy camouflage, as many of the most charming fabrics for the coming Winter are transparent. The very smartest formal evening gowns are not only long, but have small trains! Usually they are suggested simply by long panels falling to the floor, or by clever flares and drapes.

THE hemline for daytime wear, as well as that of evening, is uneven now. Many models have the dip in front. Wherever the unevenness may be, there simply must be a droop somewhere in all skirts save the strictly sport ones of tweed. These still continue to be rather short, though even they, like the others, must cover the knee.

As the skirt is descending by inches, the waist is rising. The new suits for office, street, and school wear feature the

Myrna Loy's attractive street dress is made of the immensely popular soft transparent tweed, with bolero effect and tailored vestee.

A unique and invaluable style service

Conducted by DOROTHY CARTWRIGHT

Editor's Note: A unique and invaluable service to every American girl is one which enables her to make clothes similar to those worn by her favorite stars. This service TALKING SCREEN is happy to present to its readers and is fortunate in having secured the services of Miss Dorothy Cartwright, one of Hollywood's outstanding style experts, as conductor of this department. In future issues of TALKING SCREEN she will give advance style hints, so that every girl, when she is planning her wardrobe, or additions to it, will be able to choose intelligently the right line, the right fabric, the right color, and the right accessories; she will tell what Hollywood, the fashion center of the world, is wearing; she will show every girl how she may understand her individual type and how to play up to it in the manner that will make her personality most vivid. And—most important—she will describe how these garments may be made at home at a mere fraction of current shop prices.

In this article Miss Cartwright presents an extensive review of Hollywood fashions of the moment as a basis for the helpful series to come.

tuck-in blouse; while the princess afternoon and evening gowns indicate by their silhouette the normal waist.

Many of the smartest shops along Hollywood Boulevard are showing frocks and ensembles of printed transparent velvet. Plaid effects are a new fashion note this season. Figures are generally much smaller this year than last, and more conventional. Many two-tone prints are so small in design that they seem to be a solid color when viewed from only a short distance. By combining two odd shades, an entirely new and unusual hue is often created.

Jacket costumes continue to be popular, though the smartest ensembles feature the three-quarter length coat. The two-thirds length is also popular in Hollywood. In fact, as the skirts go down, the coats are going up; for it is essential that the fashionable new skirts show themselves! The longer coats are made interesting by low flares and gently dipping lines. The semi-princess silhouette is as popular in outdoor apparel as in frocks, for afternoon wear.

By the way, have you seen the clever lapin jackets that are so popular just now? One of the loveliest in Hollywood is of eggshell shade, piped narrowly with scarlet leather. Lapin, in case you don't happen to know, is French for rabbit. The pelts of which the new jackets are made are exceptionally fine and soft and durable. Molly O'Day and Sally O'Neil, like so many of the younger motion picture colonists, seem to be going in quite strongly for the big, shaggy, boyish, camel's hair coats. Every time I see them, they are wearing one of a different shade—eggshell, pale blue, pink, red—all made with big straight collars, tailored pockets, and a wide belt at the normal waistline. These coats are wonderful for sport and general informal wear. Equally popular in Hollywood are the tweed coats—a perfect between-season fabric, practical for inclement weather and warm enough for those suddenly chilly days.

The girl who likes sweaters can choose this season from a group of very bold-patterned slip-ons and cardigans to wear with a sport ensemble or a separate skirt.

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NOW you, too, may know the supreme joy of utter personal loveliness—for lovely ladies are MADE, not born! Now you can know—and use—all those invaluable and subtle beauty secrets of the world's most beautiful women. Think what it would mean if you were able to decide, in a few moments, with the aid of an amazingly clever chart, just which type of woman you definitely represent—and were given the most complete and accurate suggestions on how to achieve the greatest originality and individuality in expressing your type! In dress! In manner! In physique! In mentality! In soul! The incomparable Daré tells you all these things—and more—in her two new books, Lovely Ladies, The Art of Being a Woman!

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- "Prince Gabby"

*Mack Sennett Talking Comedies*
- "The Golfers"
- "A Hollywood Star"
- "Clancy at the Bat"

*Mermaid Talking Comedies*  
*Jack White Productions*  
- "Ticklish Business"
- "The Talkies"

*Jack White Talking Comedies*
- "Look Out Below"
- "Hunting the Hunter"

*Lloyd Hamilton Talking Comedies*
- "Peaceful Alley"
- "Toot Sweet"

*Lupino Lane Talking Comedies*
- "Buying a Gun"
- "Fire! Proof"

*Texedo Talking Comedies*  
*Jack White Productions*
- "Social Sinners"
- "Don't Get Excited"

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THANKS to the talking screen, John Gilbert's magnetic personality has even greater expression. Although always a genius of pantomime, his voice—rich and moving—immeasurably increases his charming screen presence.
HARLES ROGERS, far better known as Buddy Rogers, causes more palpitation of feminine fans' hearts than almost any other star. And now that they can hear as well as see him make love, his following is increasing at an enormous pace, and Buddy frankly admits that he is thrilled by it all.
ONE of the ultra-successful foreign invaders of Hollywood, mischievous Lily Damita. The girl with the overflowing personality and the delightful accent who sang so charmingly in the riotous picture, The Cock-Eyed World. She has great hopes of duplicating this success by carrying on in Carry On.
OLIVE BORDEN, the alluring black-haired beauty whose come-back is assured by her brilliant work in recent RKO features. Her grateful producers are putting her in their lavish production called *Dance Hall*, adapted from a story by Viña Delmar, of *Bad Girl* fame.
MOVIE STARS come and movie stars go, but Jack Mulhall—with his cheery Irish smile—goes on forever, for which we are eternally grateful. He has just finished Dark Streets, in which he plays a dual rôle, and he is now working on Murder Will Out. Lila Lee appears with him in both pictures.
By way of the talking screen we were introduced to Mary Duncan's warm, appealing voice and charming personality and, in return, she was introduced to brilliant success. She was last seen and heard in City Girls and her next production will be Romance of the Rio Grande.
The Spokesman of the Talking Pictures

TALKING SCREEN

GEORGE T. DELACORTE, Jr.,
Editor and Publisher

MAY NINOMIYA,
Associate Editor

ERNEST V. HEYN,
Managing Editor

WAYNE G. HAISSLIE,
Assistant Managing Editor

Editorial Comment

If a great new influence is bringing joy, romance, and understanding to millions of people, that influence and those people deserve a journal devoted to the interests of both. The reason for TALKING SCREEN is as simple as that. We intend that TALKING SCREEN shall serve its audience supremely well, and in so doing, serve the art and industry of talking pictures.

We think we know how to serve you well, but we shall always stand eager for your advice, your criticism, your suggestions. We solicit your guidance in sincere humility; we do not take lightly the task we have set ourselves—the thrilling task of being adequate chroniclers of the personalities, developments, and products of the vast talkie world. The distinction for which we strive is that of supplying modern-minded fans everywhere illustrations and news in a bright array worthy of our subject. Supplying them with such a magazine, in fact, as is made possible only by such a subject. With such a purpose and with such a plan, we greet a world grown richer and happier through the modern miracle—the talking screen.

So rapid and so sensational are the developments of the new screen that truly today’s dream is tomorrow’s ancient history. And one is apt to lose sight of separate, comparatively small triumphs which, taken together, constitute the amazing total gain. For example, a recent advance has enabled color photography to record and show the swiftest movements with great clarity and accuracy, thus overcoming one of the chief obstacles to perfect natural color films. Better illustrative of progress, perhaps, is the example of a recently developed practice that is being discontinued almost before it has been used—the practice of an actor’s doubling his own voice. Hardly had Hollywood’s laboratories perfected a means for having the actor remain silent during the shooting of a scene, later retiring to an acoustically perfected room to speak his lines, when Hollywood generally decided against all voice doubling. A stop in the right direction.

An idea of the irresistible sweep of the talkies may be gained from the news that Paris’ venerable Theatre des Capucines has changed its name to Cinema des Capucines. For thirty-odd years it has been the most luxurious and elegant theatre in Paris, and has now proved its wisdom and alertness by arranging to show American talkies.

News of Al Jolson’s plans—under consideration—has excited a justified buzz of comment, but we shall have to wait a while before the real significance can be estimated. If, as seems likely, he pursues his desire to produce his own pictures after the expiration of his new contract with United Artists, the results will be of the keenest interest to fans the world over. At last there will be an unequivocal answer to the question: How much of the credit for Al Jolson’s screen triumphs is due Al Jolson? With unlimited power to make his ideal picture, we shall have a clearer notion as to the quality of his genius. Genius it assuredly is—but is it the sort popularly associated with the name of the great mammy songster? He may give us the answer in terms of his own handiwork.

After years of being regarded as fickle and cruel to its idols, America is at last being afforded the opportunity to demonstrate that it has a heart. It has been said that our praise and affection is a brief affair, subject to sudden shifting to new objects of esteem. Well, these are come-back days, and in the fans’ hearty welcome to former and slipping screen favorites who have staged come-backs via the talkies, the cheerful truth stands out. The fans are intensely loyal. The list of cases is amazing—but no more amazing than the delight shown by the fans in greeting their returned screen charmers. Betty Compson, Winifred Westover, Natalie Kingston, Lila Lee, Conrad Nagel, Conway Tearle, Thomas Meighan, Lillian Gish, Louise Fazenda—all these and many others could shatter the hard-boiled forgetfulness fiction by citing the wave of renewed public interest that has engulfed each.
TALKIE LOVE and

Lessons in love from the talking screen—and also a startling prediction

In Young Nowheres, Richard Barthelmess and Marion Nixon were able to give the world’s lovers poignant moments that lived and breathed realistically—thanks to the talkies.

By HOLMAN L. LANGLEY

The greatest school in the history of mankind has opened. Its classes are scheduled for day and night sessions, its student body is the entire civilized world.

Not only that—its faculty, comprising the greatest specialists in the world’s greatest subject, stands ready to render fascinating instruction at a tuition fee lower than was ever dreamed of by humanity’s most ardent well-wishers. Hail to the talkies and their lessons in love!

For who dares estimate the influence this new force will exert, when one stops to consider the results of bringing before the public love-making scenes in all the intimate, vivid reality of the talking screen? Scenes in which masters of the amorous art do their subtle stuff with no whit or whisper lost! A new race of lovers? Perhaps. When one remembers the history-making influence of a book, a creed, a story, imagination falters at predicting the changes that are bound to occur when the new screen has brought the art of irresistible love-making to the eyes and ears of all who care to see and hear—and understand.

Knowledge is power, and knowledge of the vital art is the public’s to use and enjoy. Praise to the talkies—for before them, all was silent, and therefore incomplete in the very fundamentals of big way caring. Imagine a silent movie of the exquisite moments of young love shown in Applause, where the Girl and Boy sit on deserted early-morning Brooklyn Bridge, gazing out over a sleeping city and building the delicate basis of the beautiful romance to come. The scene is not burdened with incessant chatter—but only as a talkie could it have meaning, poignancy. The sighs, the half-uttered declarations, the bashful, wistful questions—this forceful, thrilling lesson in the ways of youthful romance would have been forever lost had the picture been silent.

Not only does the talkie love scene bring to the audience the actual complete episode—so real that it seems as though the beholder might be an unsuspecting observer peering at the ecstatic happenings of a lovers’ tryst. Far more than this, the talkies have changed the very nature of screen love-making. If John Gilbert, in the old days, recited the alphabet to Greta Garbo instead of passionate passages, the audience did not know it. Such devices are now an impossibility; accuracy has become the keynote, and it is fatal to attempt deception. When the true and beautiful can be obtained, no screen craftsman would think of substituting the cheap, the cawdry, and the unconvincing. Credit the talkies with the triumph of the true.

Love, the most important element in pictures and in life, receives limitless scrutiny by the men who make the movies. They are mastering the ingredients of love and courtship—and through talking pictures the technique of this vital art has been lifted to a pinnacle where it at least rivals—if indeed it does not already surpass—the finest ardor of civilization’s most romantic periods.
AND what say the principals of the exciting scheme being unfolded before the eyes of eager millions? What is the attitude of those whose brilliant task it is to bring living, speaking romance to countless hearts in need of guidance? What is the opinion of the actors and actresses themselves?

"The human voice," glowingly asserts Bebe Daniels, the flush of a gripping enthusiasm upon her, "with its low, vibrant intonations and soft nuances, weaves a spell of romance which was unknown in the silent drama. There was a time when intense feeling was expressed in gestures and by the eyes. The audience had to guess at what was being said. That fault no longer exists. They actually hear the lover pleading to his beloved for a kiss. And, remember, the stronger sex in the audience usually makes use of the method shown, when the osculating occasion presents itself later."

SOMETHING—not a great deal, but something—could be learned from the love scenes of silent cinema days. But that was the formative, elementary period. The preparatory schooling for what was to follow. Bessie Love compares the advance to a beginner's piano lessons and their development into the intricate classics later rendered at recital. She confides that she gets a far greater kick out of the talking love sequences.

"It's a bit complicated," she explained, "but not difficult. It is more interesting for the actors and actresses, and naturally their work is more effective."

Anita Page is convinced that she does far better work in a love episode in which dialogue is employed.

"Of course I prefer the talking love scenes to the passé silent ones," she declares. "The voice adds color and impulse to the actions and facial expressions. It is easier to feel that someone is making love to you when you hear his voice close to you."

Anita further commented that the spoken technique, instead of making screen work more difficult, tended to decrease the difficulty by making acting more natural and realistic. Also, in her opinion it places the actor or actress in a more emotionally attuned frame of mind.

CONSIDER the enamoured youth of a few years ago, who attended a movie solely in search of hints and suggestions as to how to win the object of his frustrated affections. He attentively watched the proceedings flashed before him. Perhaps the picture was John Barrymore in Don Juan. The young fellow might make mental notes of all the Barrymore amorous actions. He could observe the manner in which maidens, ordinarily reserved, were willingly overpowered and crushed close to have their eager lips covered with kisses. The youth left the theatre determined as to his actions when he kissed his sweetheart good-night. Only to discover that
what he had gleaned from the silent screen was woefully lacking, incomplete. He already knew the physical side—that was instinctive. He sought and needed the mental side, the verbal expression of love. He hadn't found it, not even by observing the great lover at work under the limitations of the silent movies.

What to say, how to say it—that was what he wanted. That didn't come to him by nature. That was not a part of him; it had to be learned. And now, thanks to the talkies, he can easily acquire the knowledge once denied him. Not only as to persuasive speech, but as to the subtle whispers and amorous manoeuvres always lost by the silent pictures, but turned to enormous advantage by the talkies. A comparison of the best amorous offerings of the silents with the current offerings of the living screen is revealing.

Consider the love scenes of Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers in My Best Girl; there was a sincerity and humanness about them which enchanted. It was difficult to imagine scenes that might rival them. But, not long afterward, Mary did surpass them, in Coquette. The scene in the moonlit garden where she met Johnny Mack Brown after his long absence—this was unquestionably one of the most emotionally stirring love sequences ever recorded. To many, it will always be the perfect love scene. Without doubt it surpassed any of the love scenes in My Best Girl—it was real—pulsating with audible emotion. It had the tremendous asset of the heard voices of the two lovers as they murmured endearments to each other. It brought to fans the sounds of quickly caught breath, the sighs and sobs that of themselves are sufficient to arouse the emotions. The scene gripped, touched the heart, and hurried a lump to the throat. Small wonder that the inadequate and painfully old-fashioned sttiles lagged sadly behind, this amazing new medium.

The most famous of all scenes—Romeo and Juliet on the balcony—has been brought to life on the talking screen by John Gilbert and Norma Shearer in The Hollywood Revue.

Ben Lyon and Blanche Sweet portrayed the Romeo-and-Juliet attitude in Blue Beard's Seventh Wife, but the screen's silence destroyed the artistry that comes when the words—vital factor of love—are present.

The romantic scenes of Richard Barthelmess with Loretta Young and Betty Compson in Scarlet Seas seem spiritless when compared to the expressive, powerful, speaking scenes of his with Marian Nixon in Young Nobodies, his latest talkie hit. Not that his acting was passive in Scarlet Seas. or that he failed to perform dramatically, but that after appreciating the fidelity of talking pictures, all others seem lacking in something vital. And that something is the voice, constant instrument for the expression of emotions.

How vastly improved is John Barrymore's love-making in General Crack, his first talkie! Consider the added intensity and passion which would have been possible in the thrilling love scenes of his Don Juan, had that famous opus been made as a speaking, living movie. During those memorable scenes it must have been difficult for John, master of the technique of the speaking stage, to portray such moments solely in pantomime—conscious all the while of the greater power possible if his alluring voice were heard.

JUNE COLLYER gives an interesting side-light on the contrast between silent and talkies, from the standpoint of the player.

"When films were silent," she comments, "a passionate embrace could carry any words from 'How about steak and onions for dinner?' to 'How are the wife and kiddies?' No one who saw the finished picture ever knew the difference. I was never at home in silent pictures. I had a lost feeling, a groping after expression that could never be quite fulfilled."

Alice White rejoices in the situation the talkies have brought about.

"My love-making," she smiled, the peppy flapper star, "is termed dynamic. My roles, as you know, are the wise-cracking sort. Subtleties used to slow up the action of my love-making. I couldn't get across the zip and dash I desired. But now—oh, baby! I've come into my own with the talkies. Although I must be careful not to get too sensational in the squeeze sequences—or the censors will be on my trail—love scenes in my talkies will be hotter, just the same. The censors didn't like things done as broadly as they had to be in pantomime. They don't mind the same things if executed subtly. Speech is the answer. With its suggestive power, plus pantomime—well, just wait till you see my love scenes in Show Girl in Hollywood!" Alice's eyes widened and she spread her hands expressively.

[Continued on page 90]
How Norma Shearer's iron will made saps of obstacles

By HERBERT CRUIKSHANK

ERE you to approach Norma Shearer, with pencil poised and bright young eyes alert, to query:

"And, prithee, pretty maiden, what might be the secret of your success?"

she, quite conceivably, would turn the battery of her blue-grey eyes upon you, and murmured through that languid half-smile of hers:

"Secret? Success?"

For Norma admits neither.

Yet, in another, crisper mood, in clipped Canadian syllables she might reply:

"Fools rush in where angels fear to tread!"

And that, perhaps, would be closer to a truthful summing-up of the story behind the star's ten-year struggle to have and to hold her place among the movie mighty.

She'd never do it again, she says. But what she really means is that had she known the heart-wrenching, soul-crushing grief that thorns the detoured road to film fame, her courage might have failed her. She might have settled down to the complacent life of a Montreal bank-clerk, in due time have married a second vice president of the institution, and upon his elevation, at a ripe middle-life, to the position of assistant note-teller, borne smug children, who in turn would have held white-collar jobs. In a word, she would have remained in placid waters—with the rest of the fish.

But with youth's courageous ignorance, she dared. With the iron of her Scotch ancestry stiffening her spine, and boundless ambition at her side, she attempted the impossible. And found, with other brave "fools," that there ain't no such animal.

Had she added up her claims to fame ten years ago, the answer would have listed the winning of a diving contest, and a dance with H.R.H. of Wales, who even in those dim days was causing cardiac palpitations during his holidays in the provinces. Her frail link with the footlights was provided by a seldom seen relative obscurely associated with the theatre. But even this husked light was sufficient to guide her blundering footsteps toward the goal. In 1921, something less than a score of years after her mundane début, Norma, Ma Shearer, and sister Athol entered New York.

THE current Mayor of the city was not on hand with speech and gilded key. In fact no one seemed especially interested in the Shearer advent, except the landlady of a boarding-house near Ninth Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street. And the delicatessen dealer nearby. Don't speak to Norma Shearer of "the good old days!"

The good old days, indeed! Terrible days of airing the cabbage odor from one's

[Continued on page 86]
Almost every composer of note is now in Hollywood to turn out trick new tunes for the sound and talking screen.

Here we have the high lights of Rio Rita, Bebe Daniels, star, Harry Tierney, composer, and Victor Baravalle, general musical director, rehearsing the musical gems that will make this tuneful extravaganza a classic.

De Sylva, Brown and Henderson, internationally famous song writers, go into a huddle and—presto! the story, music and lyrics of Sunny Side Up are born. Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor are the stars and you can bet your life the music will be good when Janet inspired it.

Colleen Moore gives an impromptu concert to Norman Spencer and Herman Ruby, composers of the musical score of Smiling Irish Eyes. The festive occasion being the arrival of the first published copy of A Wee Bit O' Lore, the smashing and widely-whistled theme song hit.
Look at these melody folks—probably the man who wrote the words and music of your favorite theme song is here.

Alice White gets in a little practice at the piano with Grant Clark (left) and Harry Akst, who wrote the lyrics and music for Wishing and Waiting for Love, one of the song hits of Broadway Babies.

For Paris Bound a ballet sequence was specially composed by Arthur Alexander. Here he is playing excerpts from it while Leslie Fenton, E. H. Griffith, director, and Ann Harding listen in attentively, as the performance deserves.
How artist and genius Richard Barthelmess has found himself again, turning possible disaster into a talkie triumph

By MURRAY IRWIN

Mr. Richard Semler Barthelmess is the name. Not "Dick." Only those who know him very, very well and those who know him not at all, use the diminutive with impunity. It is like calling President Hoover "Herb"—even "Herbie."

As a boy—quite a young boy, it is safe to say—he selected a career for his maturity. He wanted to be a policeman. It is, perhaps, his closest contact with the hoi polloi. The one touch of plebianism hidden in the heart of an aristocrat.

Not that Richard is high hat. Only the vulgar don lofty headgear. Your true aristocrat is so because of certain innate qualities, as much a part of him as eyes, nose and hair. He is, as they say, "to the manor born." And just can't help it.

Richard's forebears were German. Bavarian, to be exact. Racial characteristics are indicated not only in his physique, which is broad and stocky, and in his coloring, which is dark, but also in his mentality. A philosopher of sorts, he nevertheless takes himself quite seriously. He is moody, a poor mixer and a lover of solitude.

His life has been more or less under the influence of women. The first of these, of course, is his mother. His debt to her is great, but much of it has been repaid with ample interest.

Upon the death of his father, an importer in New York City, Mrs. Barthelmess was left the sole responsibility of Richard's upbringing. More from necessity than choice, she sought upon the stage the wherewithal to solve the bread and butter problem. As Caroline Harris she succeeded, and in the course of her struggle found a friendship which was to have a profound influence upon the life of her son—which was her life, too.
The friend was Alla Nazimova. Caroline Barthelmess taught her our language. They became very close. Meanwhile, the police force ambitions of the boy had changed under the influence of Trinity College. He had come to feel that the pen is mightier than the club—and not so cumbersome to wield. But while he wished to be a writer, the Psi Upsilon fraternity brothers may have noticed that Richard was drifting subconsciously toward the theatrical.

He was president of "The Jesters," stereotyped name for all varsity dramatic societies. Frequently he was their leading man. Sometimes their stage director. He sang, well enough, in the Glee Club. He was senior cheer leader. All in all, his time at Trinity was not lost. In some degree, at least, it prepared him for the future, and robbed the force of an ornament to Traffic A.

The future became more concrete when he was cast in the fine failure, War Brides. Credit for procuring him this screen opportunity must be shared three ways. It is generally presented to Madame Nazimova, which is admitted more romantic. But, as a matter of fact, the Italian hand of Caroline Barthelmess is ill-concealed. Then, too, Herbert Brenon was the director of the picture. As a rule the tempestuous Irishman has a deal to say about who shall play in his cinemas. His record as a selector of future fame lends color to his claim of Richard's discovery. However, there is honor enough for all three. The important part is that the Barthelmess boy was successfully and auspiciously launched as a public idol.

A "mother's boy," perhaps, the mothers of the world perceived in him the idealization of their own sons, real or wished for. The maternal instincts of younger matrons were aroused by Richard in whom they saw both child and lover. And to the adolescents he was the perfect dream prince—remote, yet not wholly unattainable. In a word, the women liked him. So simple as this are the great, mysterious "secrets" of success.

Sooner than most, he found himself a star in his own right. His first stellar vehicle remains the best photodrama he has ever made. An opinion, incidentally, in which he concurs. It was Tol'able David. The wistful simplicity of the role made it perfect for Barthelmess. It set a standard for him. One which has seldom been equalled, never excelled.

His greatest personal triumphs have been always in pathetic parts: Broken Blossoms, The Enchanted Cottage, The Bright Shawl. He is a romantic; but not a dashing type. He has no conviction as a seeker after high adventure. He is no colorful swash-buckler, no strident swaggerer, but always a figure of frustration, contesting a brave but futile battle with the inevitable.

As his worst film he selects The White Black Sheep, which, remade as The Four

Richard is a keenly interested observer of details in the making of his films, and is himself the best critic of their faults and virtues. Especially is this true since the coming of the talkies.
Feathers. with that other Richard—Arlen—as its central character, has been the topic of conversation wherever motion pictures are mentioned. One man's meat, it seems.

There came the time when suitable Barthelmess stories were scarcer than sincerity at movie premières. The gentle, whimsical youth, with his far-away eyes, and his small crooked smile, was cast as a sailor, a pugilist, a soldier, a convict, a this and a that, through all the gamut of the usual characterizations. An unusual star, he failed in portraying usual screen rôles. Failed with completeness, with distinction, utterly. As usual, the producers put the blame squarely up to him. Had it been success, they would have taken credit—and cash as well.

First murmurs, then mutterings, then a sinister, hissing, subterranean roar shuddered through the critical ranks.

"Barthelmess is through! Washed up! Fini!"

TWO years ago, they had come to call him "Desperate Dick." Never hilarious, he became more moody than ever. The terrible melancholy to which he is subject took possession of his soul. King Richard knew his throne tottered. And he seemed powerless to strengthen it.

To help things along, his marriage with Mary Hay, a little dancer, smashed to bits. Mary was the second feminine influence in his life. A destructive one that gave him brief happiness and long-lived pain. As near to a butterfly type as could possibly attract the Barthelmess affections, this union was doomed to disaster before the bride's bouquet was tossed away.

Richard was in "the profession" but not of it. Mary was, perhaps, more of than in it. She was accustomed to the light laughter of dancing men. In a manner of speaking, to light wines rather than beers. Especially of a Bavarian brew. Richard didn't—and doesn't—care about baseball, roulette, crowds, poker, plus-fours, personal appearances, fancy shirts, formal dinner parties, spas, Rolls-Royces—and just lots of things. Mary was different.

So the split came. And it looked like curtains. About the only bright spot then encircled Mary

Hay Barthelmess, child of this union, and the idol of her dad. She is the third "woman" in his life.

Conservative to the core, these assets in his life's routine shocked his entire being. Aside from little Mary, his solace now was in his forty-foot schooner, Pegasus, the colossal great dane, "Fury," and his nearest friends, Ronald Colman and William Powell. Excellent shots and enthusiastic hunters, these three would depart for some semi-secret destination, to enjoy the solitudes of mountain forests, to exchange brief thoughts across crackling camp-fires, or to smoke in silence.

In Hollywood or New York he was less than ever in evidence at the various swanky clubs of which he is a member. He stayed close to home, his radio, his books—mostly biographies and histories. And while he brooded, a mighty revolution took place in the motion picture industry.

(Continued on page 91)
Wasted Weeps

Shed no tears for war orphan Philippe de Lacey—he’s probably Hollywood’s happiest youngster, with a determined eye on his future career.

By ALICE WARDER

HOLLYWOOD, the town that perfected the synthetic tear, casts a glance at Philippe de Lacey, aged twelve, and actually weeps. For here in Movieland, this French war orphan has been pedestalled upon an imaginary crying-altar, where he is pointed out to visiting sob-sisters as the screen’s most tragic figure.

Ever since I first met Philippe two years ago, at a time when he was carrying in a sling his right arm which had been fractured in a baseball game, I have had the idea that there was another kind of story in this youngster. That’s why I sought him out.

I hadn’t talked with him for more than three minutes before I discovered that my hunch was correct. I am convinced that Philippe de Lacey is Hollywood’s happiest child!

Philippe doesn’t regale you with the tales of how his father fell at Verdun six months before his birth ... of the passing of his mother two days after she had brought him into the world ... of his rescue from the shell-razed ruins of what had been his parents’ home, when he was eighteen months old and dying of starvation ... of how an American Red Cross nurse brought him back to health after months of tender care ... of how this same maiden lady legally adopted him and bestowed upon him her own name. Instead, he peers beyond the horizon and talks of what is in store for him. He has thoughts only for the future he is building for himself. He is going to be the greatest director the world has ever known. He is going to marry Anita Louise, most beautiful girl-child in the films. He is going to own and pilot three airplanes. And he will be the most famous amateur stamp collector in the world.

Philippe, pretty little Anita Louise and Junior Coghlan as they appeared in Square Shoulders—Anita is still Philippe’s ideal girl. Philippe has gone on to greater success in The Four Feathers and in General Crack.

There’s none of this “little man” stuff about Phil. Furthermore, if you want his friendship don’t let him hear you refer to him as the “handsomest child on the silversheet.”

He’s more the typical American boy than the average one born in this country. He lists his four red-letter days as [Continued on page 96]
Sprightly, inside comment about pictures and people of the talking screen era

Charles Mack, of the great vaudeville team of Moran and Mack, better known, perhaps, as The Two Black Crows, has settled down in Hollywood to stay. He has just bought one of the largest houses out in Beverly Hills, where he will live as neighbor to Doug and Mary, John Gilbert, Conrad Nagel, and other famous ones of the screen. Mack has furnished his house throughout in the modernistic mode which is gaining popularity among the movie folk. The only signs of it that can be seen from the outside are the awnings, which are done in vivid futuristic patterns. We'll bet he didn't do it himself—he is the Black Crow, you remember, who is always "too tired."

Charlie has had a life-long ambition to build things. Not content with his modernistic house he has purchased 300 acres near Newhall, California, and is laying out a town with homes, business buildings, police station and school house. When completed, Charlie expects to sell them and make another fortune.

The Gleasons, James and Lucile, one of the happiest married couples on either stage or screen, have gone over to Universal to make a picture out of their successful stage play, The Shannons of Broadway. They are also among the ranks of the nomads from the East who are settling down in Hollywood, having just bought a new home in Beverly Hills. Their only son, Russell, is playing juvenile leads at Pathé. The Gleasons have been married for twenty-five years, most of which they have spent playing on the stage, usually together.

Buddy Rogers has proved recently that it is possible to drop completely out of sight, even for anyone as famous as he. He went East at the completion of his latest picture, Illusion, to make a personal appearance in connection with The River of Romance. At the conclusion of his personal appearance Buddy disappeared. The studio couldn't find any trace of him. Finally they learned that Buddy had just slipped off to his home town of Olathe, Kansas, to spend a few days with the folks before returning to Hollywood.

Clara Bow has a cousin, William Bow, who makes his home with her in Hollywood. While his famous cousin is usually in the limelight, William goes quietly on his way working at bits and extra parts whenever he can get them. He is playing a minor rôle in Clara's forthcoming picture, The Saturday Night Kid, a comedy of life among the department store clerks. Incidentally, Clara is planning to be married to Harry Richman at the conclusion of her next picture and expects to sail for Europe for a short honeymoon. She will have to be back by November, however, for Paramount has a heavy program of pictures lined up for her to do.
HARRY RICHMAN is sandwiching-in a vaudeville engagement at a downtown theater between the work of preparing for his first picture, The Song of Broadway, to be made soon by United Artists. Harry's favorite amusement is singing. He sings at home, he sings in his dressing room. In his spare time he sings for his friends, that is, when he isn't going places with Clara Bow.

STEPIN FETCHIT tells of the visit of Rastus to his girl, Mandy.
"Mandy," said Rastus, "heab's an engagement ring for you!"
"Say," answered Mandy, "Ah doan like dat ring. Take it back and get me mah dollah!"

No, it isn't Saturday night for George O'Brien—he's just getting rid of the sea-water and sand after a refreshing dip in the ocean at Malibu Beach.

ESTELLE TAYLOR has also gone vaudeville. She has sped East where she will spend three weeks rehearsing her act, a melodramatic sketch, before opening at the Palace Theater in New York. On her way she stopped off to see her husband, Jack Dempsey, who has his hands full promoting fights in Chicago this fall.

ROSCOE ARBUCKLE doesn't think much of the night club racket. After nearly a year of trying it out he has closed the doors of his Plantation Club, a large colonial place on the highway near Culver City, and a popular gathering place for movie stars. He said it didn't pay. He hasn't announced what his next move is going to be.

NILS ASTHER has bought himself a cabin up in the mountains near Lake Arrowhead, to which he hies away whenever he can snatch a moment between pictures. Even when he is in Hollywood, he lives on an inaccessible hillside. Darned exclusive, these Scandinavians. Greta Garbo has moved away from the little hotel at Santa Monica where she lived for a long time and has taken a house in Beverly Hills, but try and find out where it is. Greta is going to talk very soon now. It will be in her new picture after the one she is making now, and it will probably be Anna Christie, Eugene O'Neil's stage play.

MARY NOLAN is just about the champion hard luck gal on stage or screen. She had a tough enough battle when she was Imogene Wilson and came in for a lot of unpleasant publicity in connection with Frank Tinney. She came to Hollywood and they wouldn't give her a tumble. Then
Tidings from Talkie Town

she went to Germany, played a while in pictures over there and came back once more to Hollywood as Mary Nolan. She made West of Zanzibar and Desert Nights, and looked good in them. She got a lot of publicity, this time more favorable. It looked as though things were going to start coming her way. Then she became sick. She has been ill for months now and is just beginning to get back to work. She has completed The Shanghai Lady for Universal, which promises to be a boost for her, if the jinx leaves her alone for a while.

ANIMALS sometimes get as much attention as stars. During the filming of Chevalier’s new picture, an operetta entitled The Love Parade, there was one sequence in which four cameramen, eight electricians, carpenters, ‘grips’ and assistant directors were called to shoot a scene containing only three pigs. While the crew hustled hither and thither, the pigs wallowed at their pleasure in the royal pig sty.

WILL ROGERS, who has already finished one talking picture on the Fox lot, where he is under contract, is expected to prove a sensation. He has just completed They Had to See Paris, is starting work on A Connecticut Yankee, a musical comedy, and is getting ready to talk story with Ben Ames Williams, the famous writer, who is coming to Hollywood to write a talkie scenario especially for Will.

HARRY LANGDON is back in the thick of things once more. The solemn-faced comedian is working again, this time making two-reel comedies for Hal Roach. He was also married recently, this time to Mrs. Helen Walton. His divorce decree, the final one, had just become effective a few weeks before.

BEBE DANIEL’S beach house has been a popular rendezvous for stars of filmdom during recent months. And now Bebe herself has a coat of tan as dark as her Mexican make-up for Rio Rita. A game of bridge is usually in progress there, as Bebe is an inveterate bridge hound. Ben Lyon is usually seen somewhere close by, for he and Bebe are seldom apart from each other. No date has been set for the wedding, but Ben’s devotion seems to increase daily, if that were possible.

VILMA BANKY has returned to Hollywood after stumping the country while hurrying hectically to make per-

WINSOME Marion Nixon, one of the talking screen’s real treasures, whose latest picture is General Crock, with John Barrymore.

Raymond Hackett and Bessie Love make whooppee between scenes over candy—and dime candy at that—while working in a recent picture together on the M-G-M lot.

sonal appearances in connection with her first talkie, This Is Heaven. She still speaks with a delightful foreign accent, which she will doubtless retain in her next picture, for Samuel Goldwyn, her boss, has bought the talkie rights to The Grand Duchess and the Waiter. Vilma will be the Grand Duchess, played by Florence Vidor in the silent version.
ANITA STEWART, once one of the most popular actresses of the screen, has returned from her honeymoon, following her marriage to George Converse, wealthy business man, and has settled down in Hollywood. Just before her wedding Anita broadcast an appeal to her fans to help her choose a spot for her honeymoon. Although places in all quarters of the globe were suggested, Anita finally chose a quiet retreat at Lake Arrowhead in the Arrowhead Mountains, about sixty-five miles from Los Angeles.

WHEN Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks drive to or from Pickfair, their mansion atop a Beverly hill, they must pass before the scrutiny of the first Mrs. Fairbanks.

The original Mrs. Doug, who recently married an actor fifteen years her junior, has purchased a honeymoon nest at the foot of the Pickford-Fairbanks mountain.

And the only road leading to Pickfair passes the gate of Mrs. Doug the first.

WITH The Taming of the Shrew, the only picture which Doug and Mary have ever made together, safely completed and out of the way, the famous couple have left for their annual tour of Europe. This time they will spend most of their period abroad in France and Italy, although they may pay brief visits to the royal families of other countries of Europe with whom they are on friendly terms. There are always rumors that Doug and Mary may settle down in Europe, but it won’t be this trip, for they are due back in New York for the opening of the Shakespearean comedy some time late in the fall.

AN Elinor Glynish discussion was under way not long ago at Henry’s. The question was: “Should a fellow burn up his love letters?”

Posing with their celebrated uncle, Gary Cooper, Georgie May and Howard Cooper wear hats appropriate to the big occasion.

“Yes,” insisted a certain well known director, “he should. Just before mailing them.”

WITH the completion of her latest picture, Smiling Irish Eyes, Colleen Moore has closed down her production unit to take a protracted vacation. She has just moved into her beautiful new home in Beverly Hills which has been under construction for about two years, but apparently she intends to leave it and take a long, long trip, possibly around the world. It has been her custom to just slip off with her husband, John McCormick, for little trips in her yachting, but now she seems to feel that she has a real rest coming to her.

ADOLPHE MENJOU, whose contract with Paramount was not renewed—even after his first talkie, Fashions in Love, had proved to be one of the best pictures he has made in years—has signed a two-year contract with the French Pathé company to make pictures abroad. These will be made in five languages, including English, and will probably be released in this country—so that Menjou will not be lost to his fans altogether. Menjou, although American born, has always been a great favorite abroad.

LEATRICE JOY, who went on a vaudeville tour just by way of a little preparation for the talkies, has now decided that it’s a pretty good way to make a living, after all. She has it arranged so that she can slip out for a trip around the circuit every now and then between pictures. This time she has gone to Europe to show people who have seen her in pictures what she looks like in person. She is taking the same sketch in which she appeared at RKO theaters several months ago.

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HAROLD

Harold Lloyd, master gag-man of the screen, feels that dropping the gag of silence will vastly improve his gags

By CHARLESON GRAY

MOVIE comedians have always built their best gags on action. "Deeds, not words," was the everlasting slogan. It had to be. The movies were limited and when you wanted to say something you used a subtitle, and too many subtitles were not so good.

So the comedians created all their gags in terms of pantomime. Entire scenes were hinged on facial expressions and body gestures. It was an art in itself—this getting over ideas by movement—and the boys mastered it thoroughly.

Then, along came the talkies!

Not an easy matter to suddenly find you've got to learn an entirely new technique in a few months. Not an easy matter to find that, as well as learning the new, you had to remember the old—and keep them separate and distinct in your mind.

Yet, that—and more—is what Harold Lloyd did!

For months he had remained definitely in the camp of the silents. He wanted to be sure that the new development was not just a passing fancy before investing time and money in it. He decided to make another silent picture—and by the time of its completion the fate of sound would, perhaps, be settled.

Well, Welcome, Danger was made as a silent picture, but—

In addition it was made in two fully equipped sound versions: one a hundred per cent talkie; the other synchronized with sound and music for foreign release!

Behind the making of those latter two films lies the story of one of the most complete conversions to the idea of sound pictures to be found anywhere in Hollywood. Rather than let others blaze the way with the microphone, Harold elected to do a little pioneering on his own. And thus we find him making the first all-talkie feature comedy, and making it a wow.

Oh, I'm sold on synchronization," he admitted. "It is opening fields of laughter for us that would have simply been undreamed of in the old films. By this I do not mean the laughs to be obtained from dialogue," he hastened to explain. "That is funny enough—but it is literary. It might be as funny if written out as subtitles.

"On the other hand there are thousands of funny sounds ready for us now via the microphone. For instance, in Welcome, Danger we have a 'scare faction.' That is, a series of sequences built up around the scare I get from having the hand of a dead Chinaman laid on my shoulder. As it rests there I am supposed to imagine it is Noah Young, who plays my friend. But, looking across the room, I see Noah motioning to me, and I realize that this hand on my shoulder is not his. I'm scared petrified. And just at that terrible moment

Harold in one of his early hits, Why Worry? Think how much such scenes as this would have gained if made à la talkie. All his future masterpieces of humor will utilize the advantages of the talking screen, gaining greatly thereby in gag possibilities.
SPEAKS UP

a black car, emitting a horrible screech, dashes past me. Well, you can imagine the reaction that screech gets.

Lloyd has long been recognized as one of the most patient and painstaking creators of comedy effects. Despite this trouble which he goes to in order to obtain the maximum of entertainment from a situation, he is definitely opposed to allowing anything to creep into his work that would give it the air of being labored. "Spontaneity is the thing that counts in comedies," he said. "You can't make people laugh without it. A feeling of naturalness is absolutely necessary.

"For this reason I never have a rehearsal. The camera is grinding away the very first time we start to go through with a piece of business. Sometimes the first 'take' is perfect. It may have a feeling that you never can get into it again. Or it may be no good at all. We take each scene from three to ten times in order to be sure. This may use up a lot of film—but that's the cheapest part of making pictures."

HERETOFORE the majority of productions have been slowed down by dialogue. Rather than tak-

Harold Lloyd in a tense moment from his new talking comedy, 
*Welcome, Danger.* It's a tale of dark and soul-chilling doings in mysterious Chinatown and it has more laughs than there are Tong wars—Harold utilizing old and new sorts of fun devices.

Harold as he appears in a scene from his first talkie—darned clever, this Chinese.

Harold's richest possessions are his wife, Mildred Harris—his former leading lady—and their little girl, Gloria. And, by the way, what's missing in this picture? Right, the famous spectacles.

ing the greatest asset of the stage and applying it to the needs of the films, the movie men have taken the stage's main defect—a lack of chance to move around—and applied it to pictures. Harold has reversed this procedure. His new comedy moves just as fast as the old ones did; and also, it has the added possibilities inherent in the sound devices.

IT may be added that Harold's voice is in keeping with his character of the blundering, spectacled, and intensely sincere boy who has come to win a place in the hearts of millions of fans. He fortunately has a lengthy stage experience, having been in theatricals since he was twelve years old; so the prospect of hearing himself speak does not hold the terror for him which it holds for so many of the younger film stars.

Harold wisely recognizes that people go to a comedy mainly to see the comic character, and that too much time cannot be spent on plot development. Feature length comedies necessitate story interest, but it must be secondary to the comedy business.

"The story is the easiest part of the comedy," he declared. "We can get the story out of the way in a day, or a few days at the most. But when we are striving for humorous action and business only, we are lucky if we photograph four or five scenes

Continued on page 95]
THERE ARE WAYS AND WAYS OF STAGING A WALKOUT

GENE FARNOL stared at the crimson wing on Ellin Moore's tight-fitting felt hat. They stood in the Grand Central station with crowds elbowing them and shoving their shins against Ellin's bags. Ellin was going away. Gene cleared his throat. It was pretty hard to think of something to say which would sound easy and casual. "Well," he said, "you'll soon be in Hollywood where it's warm and you'll have to shed that coat."

She caught a bunch of squirrel collar close under her chin and stared at him through eyes filmed with tears. "Yes," she said.

"Aw now, look," Gene said, "you gotta stop cryin', Ellin. You been crying for three days straight now. It's your big chance. You got a future ahead of you an' you squawk like a kid that's bumped his head on a cement floor. I don't get you. I don't get you at all."

"You wouldn't. I suppose I could be going to—to well, almost anywhere it'd take twelve years to come back from, and you'd just say 'Well, so long Ellin. I'll be seeing you sometime.'"

"Well, we've been partners for three years now, haven't we? We've had some tough breaks together. We've had a lotta luck together too. As close as we've been, do I have to get down on my knees and do a Garbo-Gilbert to let you know I'm gonna miss you?"

"I feel rotten walking out on you like this."

"What d' you mean, walking out on me? I'm makin' you go, I guess. I guess if it wasn't for me, you'd be fool enough to send those guys a wire sayin' 'Sorry, pals, but I'm stickin' here because I'm in love with a sap comedian.' Why, baby, you've got everything it takes to be a knock down and drag out in the talkies."

"Sure. They'll knock me down and drag me over the state line and I'll be walking the ties in the general direction of New York in three weeks."

"Wanta bet on it?"

"Suppose it had been you. Would you have split the team—when we were doing big time, mind you, and in line for musical—and let me go around Broadway trying to find someone to train in for the act or trying to find a booking in some flop musical? Yes you would have!"

"Don't make me laugh," Gene said. "Baby, I'd have left you so flat you wouldn't 'a' been able to pull yourself together for ten years."

"You're lying."

"All right, I'm lying. I'm not lyin' when I say that you got a break because you had everything it took to get it. Look at me. I'd look sweet, wouldn't I, hoofing for the talkies? They don't want my stuff. They're hot for trained legit actors, good voices like yours. I been poundin' the
First, tearfully, when your pal insists that you seize your big chance; then, when love makes your big chance seem small

By

HAGAR WILDE

boards in split weeks an' five-a-days too long. Be glad your luck's with you an' forget about me, lady.'

"Sure," Ellin choked, snapping her fingers, "like that."

"Aw, I didn't mean forget me. I meant stop worryin' about me an' the act. I been thinkin' of a single a long time anyhow."

"Now you are lying."

"Listen, your train leaves in eight minutes. Can't you say anything but that I'm a liar?"

"I could if you'd stop lying," Ellin said. "You've been thinking of a single. Hah!"

"You don't think I'm good enough for a single? You think I'll flop? Well, you wait. Inside a year I'm goin' to be booked in a musical with my name plastered around Broadway like Squibb's toothpaste."

"I wish," Ellin said tensely, "if you can't manage to say something sweet, that you'd shut up. Honest, you make me sore."

"What in the devil do you want me to say? I'm sorry to see you go. I'll sort of miss you. Can you think of anything else I could say that wouldn't sound sappy?"

"I have to go," she said, in a strained little voice. "The gate's been open for five minutes." Hesitantly, she stood on her tip-toes and put her arm around his neck.

Almost awkwardly, he brushed her lips with his own. "I'll get a porter," he said. "I guess they won't let me get on the train with you."

The Red Cap gathered her bags under his arm and in his hands and started down the ramp. Gene parted Ellin's shoulder. "Be a good kid," he said. Ellin poised in the gateway a moment, waved and was gone.

Gene pulled his hat down over his eyes. He could scarcely believe that she was gone. "Gosh," he said, and shoved his hands in his pockets. "Gosh, I guess she wanted me to tell her I was in love with her an' couldn't stand to see her go."

He walked rapidly toward the upper level dreading the prospect of his loneliness.

THREE months later, decked in taffeta and tulle, Ellin sat on a talkie set. She was weary, and her nerves were frayed to the breaking point. She had been working all day with Gorman, the director, who was known to be a slave driver with a passion for retakes.

She could hear him arguing with Don Delton, her leading man, in a far corner. She wished Gorman would give the word and start the scene. She reached up to push back the heavy wave of hair that covered her forehead. The all-seeing Gorman snapped "Don't do that!" Her hand wavered and fell in her lap.

Why hadn't she heard from Gene? Six letters, addressed to his old hotel, had had no answer.

The lights on the set [Continued on page 80]
Boarding the Band

The old-timers—and some newcomers—join in the grand rush to the microphone, with the screen veterans carrying off most of the spoils

By HERBERT CRUIKSHANK

Besides Ruby Keeler's marriage, Sonny Boy and Georgie Price, Al Jolson is directly responsible for the talkies. He, himself, confesses that but for his ability to Babe Ruth a song via Vitaphone, the screen would still be silent. Or would be silent still. Or silent... or still... or both.

That is, of course, except for the audible slumber of fired business men, and the gently rhythmic cadences of the chicle chewers.

But like Copernicus, Galileo and the manufacturers of Old Golds, Al had to wait some time for the world to recognize the Great Truth with which he had enriched it. It's full three years, come Columbus Day, since Vitaphone thrilled the Warner Brothers. But for only a third of that period have the skeptics been convinced. Prior to that time Hollywood was wearing wide sleeves in order to hold all its laughter. When the Warners opened their new theatre, dedicated to the soundful cinema, Sid Grauman, rival entrepreneur, financed a funeral cortège that paraded dirgefully like a skeleton at the feast. But times have changed. Now Sid is a shorn Samson. And if you ever took on an ocular load of Sid's hirsute adornment, you know just what that means.

However, Sid's attitude was not unique. Four out of five had it. And, as usual, the majority proved wrong. Now there are only two fellows who shriek for silence. And Lon Chaney is both of them. The rush to board the band-wagon of sound is like that to help re-elect Jimmy Walker. Everybody's doing it.

When the screen went "Boom!" Hollywood awed down. The movie people always do things in a Big Way. And the panic was a rout. Producers, directors, stars wandered, yell-shocked, talking to themselves. Compared to the Coast situation, chaos was as orderly as an old maid's hope-chest. Then in the crisis the producers did that which they do best of all—spend money. Overnight, millions turned into brick and mortar—and sound stages.

Echoes of the clinking gold reached the finely attuned ear of Broadway, and every ham who had ever said "Milord, the carriage waits," or had understudied the ghost's voice in Hamlet, hitch-hiked toward the sounding Pacific. Even the fellow who did the barking for the bloodhounds in Uncle Tom got a movie contract in dog pictures.

In place of the camaraderie traditional in the studios, every lot took on the aspect of a deaf and dumb undertakers' convention. No longer was joy unrefined. The harp that once through Lasky's halls had to get a job fiddling in a downtown nickelodeon. A new simile was born—"silent as a sound stage."

"Keep Out—This Means You" meant what it said for the first time in movie history. The distraught picture people were subjected to the arrogance of mysterious wise men from the East—tyrants from the telephone company. Instead of a bellowed "Lights—camera—action," strange words came into being. "Interlock," for instance. Big ones like that. The rafters, high above the stage, were crawling with "experts" who listened in and interrupted through weird mech-
Wagon

anisms while the nerve-wrecked film actors stuttered and lisped through their lines.

Unknown faces crept out from the shadows to tap little sticks before the microphone. Nobody knew why. Sinister wizards would appear from nowhere before the sound device and murmur "One, two, three, four, Mississippi." Then silently fade away. Bells would ring loudly tonguing a clarion call for silence. Red lights signalled danger. No wonder our stars had a bad case of the "Brooklyn Boys."

LOOK out, it may be Lon Chaney!" changed to "Look out, maybe it's Mike!" Microphones were hidden everywhere — under cushions, in back of chairs, beneath drapes—they crawled up your sleeve. Got in your hair. The studio was a whispering gallery. And over all presided a diabolical figure encaged in glass, who twisted torture knobs arrayed before him, and with a turn of the wrist emasculated bassos into tenors. He spoke to no one, yet they called him the "mixer." More mystery. The only mixers Hollywood had known were the "he'sh a sholly goo' fellah" type.

Dear Herbert Brenon, who first reviled the talkies, and who is now making Lummax, all-dialogue. Furthermore, he says it will be the best picture of his entire long and successful career.

And the directors! Oh, the directors! The boys who sat up nights rehearsing new insults to shout. The elated souls who had been wont to beat their breasts like Dave Warfield in The Auctioneer and scream: "Give it to me! Give it to me!" The sons of—genius who had soared like ravishing rhinoceri during every scene. The All-Highest of the studio. Now they sat, practically gagged and bound, not even daring to tear their hair, for fear the metallic clank of fists against their skulls would be reproduced in the picture.

In place of the good old thrill of a real pistol shot which once made the players forget the make-believe, now for the big shooting scene an "engineer" would step up to the sound device and crack a peanut. And if he snapped the shell too close to the mike, the resultant outburst on the screening screen would resemble the Battle of the Marne, or Tunney kissing the canvas in that long count round.

SERIOUSLY enough, Gloria's silent film was shelved. Mary Pickford approached a nervous breakdown. Clara Bow was worn to a wisp. Jannings exited permanently. Movie- tone monarchs manipulated control of Metro. Tom Mix's old stamping ground became Radio Pictures property. First National became second to Warner Brothers. Chaplin barely saved United Artists from a merger. Morale shattered, the wily movie magnates for once dropped their guard. It was the long awaited opportunity. Big Business swooped in. The industry was given over to a horrid tale titled "Mergers in the Rue Morgan."

Not being professors themselves, the producers couldn't tell whether or not the stars of the silent drama could talk the language. And after many years of slangful conversations with their bosses, the players themselves weren't sure whether or not they could speak a brand of English intelligible throughout America. So the fast-thinking stage stepped in. And clinging to its slightly greenish frock coat came interfering Equity. The boys who had been mooching coffee nickels around the scene of Marlow's Last Ride complained that the caviar was imported from the wrong place. The smell of applesauce mingled with the orange-laden breath of the flowery land.

But finally the Big Shots got their second wind. Reverting back to the cloak and suit business, it occurred to them as a good time to take inventory. Investigation proved what such erudition as that of Herbert Brenon had long since indicated. With the exception of Jimmy Gleason and the late Jeanne Eagels, "we of the drammer" had contributed no whit to either the artistic or the box-office aspects of the new medium.

[Continued on page 93]
NOW YOU'RE TALKING

In recognition of outstanding performance on the talking screen, this magazine hereby extends hearty congratulations to:

Harold Lloyd, whose adaptation of the talking screen to his own hilarious purposes makes Welcome, Danger a humorous classic.

Lupe Velez, whose performance in Tiger Rose demonstrates her startling ability to obtain brilliant effects by investing the portrayed character with her own vivid personality.

Will Rogers, who, in They Had to See Paris, brings to the talking screen a performance of genuine artistry in its adroit combination of humor and realism.

Mary Nolan, who gives, in The Shanghai Lady, conclusive evidence of histrionic powers that guarantee her blond beauty a permanent place in the talking cinema.

George Bancroft, who proves by his work in The Mighty his ability to bring to rough settings superlative delicacy, charm and sincerity.
FACING THE MUSIC

By LESTER GRADY

Buddy Rogers thanks music—and his dad—for his talkie success

Buddy Rogers is another enthusiast of the amazing progress of the talkies. He should be. The gods and goddesses unmistakably smiled upon him when the screen stopped being silent.

He bows low and gratefully to his lucky stars. A pet phrase of his, meaning his mother and dad. He's thankful they were old-fashioned strict in rearing him. Had they been otherwise, Buddy surely would have been playing baseball or some other game with the neighborhood kids when it was time for band practice. Buddy always came when he was called. Always did what he was told. His dad proudly confesses that the boy hasn't changed a bit.

Unlike many of the players in the movies, Buddy has strong family ties. Horatio Alger would have delighted in writing of the respect and admiration for mother and dad to be found in this unassuming youngster.

You should meet my dad. Wonderful man. Puts out a darn good newspaper, too. It's the Olathe Mirror. Oldest weekly in Kansas. I used to work on it myself. It doesn't seem so long ago. I started during grade school and during my high school days had a little column of my own. Stuff about school. Oh, I was pretty well set for newspaper work myself. But when the chance came to attend Paramount Training School, my plans naturally changed. I preferred being an actor. And don't think I didn't realize there was lots more money in it."

Because the Rogers family was one of limited financial means, Buddy worked his way through college. Not strenuously. It was easy for him. He played the trombone and traps in the University of Kansas dance orchestra.

"You'll get a laugh out of how I learned to play the drums. I bought a set of traps and with the help of a victrola got the knack of playing them. Not awfully well, but good enough to get by."

His dance orchestra was so well liked it went on [Continued on page 91]
A rocky road to romance— but now Nils Asther and Vivian Duncan tell how they know their love will endure

By ALICE WARDER

THE silvery rays of a full September moon played on the peaceful waters of the Pacific. The hour was nearing midnight.

From atop the Palisades, near Santa Monica, where we had been picnicking, seeking relief from the heat of California's hottest day, we could look down upon the deserted beach.

As we gazed, there appeared a lone feminine figure dressed in gray, walking slowly, close to the tide-line.

From our perch on the cliff we couldn't see her face. But that wasn't necessary. Everyone in Hollywood is familiar with the Garbo gait.

It was Greta—Greta back at her old habit of hiking over the sands; a sure omen that the Swedish star has something on her mind.

The next morning we read in our newspapers the announcement of the engagement of Nils Asther and Vivian Duncan. Another of Greta's off-stage loves had passed out of her life. Her romance with Nils—a romance that had started long ago, been considered finished, and had flourished again— had been ended definitely, finally.

Nils and Vivian are about the happiest pair in movieland at the moment and there is every reason to believe that they will be married before Christmas, or even before this reaches print. As for Greta, who had again turned to Nils after John Gilbert married Ina Claire only a few months back, no one will ever know. Greta doesn't talk about her heart affairs—or anything else, for that matter.

Nils and Vivian glory in their reunion as he vows, "There will be no more rifts in our love," and she chorus a loving echo, and gives details.

HOLLYWOOD still looks back, remembers when Greta's affections passed from Maurice Stiller, the director who discovered her and brought her to America, to Nils and then to John. It was shortly after this first romance with his countrywoman that Nils and Vivian fell in love.

Then came misunderstanding and Nils and Vivian forgot their plans to wed.

Then, when John and Ina went to the altar, Nils and Greta renewed their friendship.
ONE-MAN WOMAN

Hollywood expected this romance to culminate in an engagement any moment.
But immediately Vivian came back to the city of films. Cupid changed the course of events for three people. And perhaps it is all for the best, for Greta never could have had the full of Nils' heart. Ever since his first betrothal to Vivian, she has commanded a corner of it.

I have known Nils a long time. Often we have discussed his female friends—past and present. His yearning for Vivian during the period of their separation was more or less pathetic.
Whether they ever become man and wife, Nils Asther always will love the golden-haired member of the famous team of the Duncan sisters—the girl for whom it was once reported the Prince of Wales might relinquish a throne.

This description of their early romance throws a side-light on both their natures. "I loved her from the first time I talked to her," he said. "She likes the things I like. She is one of the finest, most companionable young women with whom I ever have come in contact. We worked together in Topsy and Eva and we played together when we were away from the studio. I proposed to her and we became engaged. "But our romance was brief. It crashed on the rock of Vivian's career. Had she been willing to give up the stage and screen, we would have been married and we would have found bliss."

For a week after the re-betrothal, I besieged Nils to tell me what caused him to change his mind.
"Just say there will be no more rifts in our love," he replied. "I am very happy, and that is all that is necessary to tell the world." Not so with Vivian. She was willing to talk—in fact she likes to talk about Nils and love and their plans.

THE first time I saw Nils, I knew instinctively he was the one and only man for me," Vivian said smilingly, gazing at the huge diamond that blazed on the third finger of her left hand. In her new happiness she can laugh at the heartbreak of the past.
"We were on a train, going from Hollywood to Lake Tahoe for location scenes of Topsy and Eva. He was our leading man and it was his first rôle in this country. He spent his leisure time studying English.
"Sat beside him in the observation car, I helped him with his lessons. I made him say the letters of the alphabet over and over again just so I could listen to the tone of his wonderful deep voice."
That was the beginning of the romance, which has suf-

[Continued on page 89]
Far from killing the outsider's chances, the talkies lavish overnight fame on more unknowns than ever received breaks in the silent days.

The advent of the talkies has failed to shake Hollywood's faith in fairy tales! In this birthplace of the super-press agent, where only to see is to believe, bloated and bonded film magnates continue to snatch demure stenographers from their typewriters, drag young and beautiful school girls from under the protecting covers of their books, and cajole competent shop clerks from behind their counters to sign contracts that assure them of umpty-ump hundreds a week for walking and talking before the cameras.

And startled natives, having seen and therefore believed, are wondering about the present whereabouts of those master pessimists who, a year ago, were convinced that the adding of speech to the films had sealed the doom of the celluloid Cinderellas.

Hollywood studios are welcoming with open arms the girl with a personality who sang in the choir of the First Congregational Church back in Kokomo, or that cute young thing who won the silver cup as the best tap dancer.

Ask June Clyde from St. Joseph, Missouri, who continues to wonder if she is dreaming when she talks of having been selected as the feminine star in Radio's Tanned Legs—or Virginia Bruce of Fargo, North Dakota, who hasn't yet awakened to the fact that screen success has cheated her out of her co-ed days at the University of California—or Dorothy Lee of Los Angeles, who is having difficulty convincing herself that she actually did the ingenue stuff with Bebe Daniels and John Boles in Rio Rita—or Dorothy Jordan of Clarksville, Tennessee, who hasn't realized that her second picture job found her cast with Doug and Mary in The Taming of the Shrew and that her third was as Ramón Novarro's leading lady—or Rosalind Charles of Pittsburgh, who hummed a few notes as she perspired over the keys of her Underwood and found she was being hailed as Victor Schertzinger's newest discovery—or Marion Dix, who won two beauty contests at the University of Washington and recovered consciousness in Hollywood only to be told that she was famous as a scenarist.

Just ask them and you, too, will cease to doubt that Cinderella still lives!

If ever a girl walked on air it was June Clyde when she was informed that she had been chosen for the lead in Tanned Legs, an all-talking, all-musical story of youth.
Cinderellas

was her fourth rôle in pictures and came within four months of her first appearance before the camera.

June admits that she was so excited when she left the offices of William Le Baron, vice president of RKO, after having affixed her signature to a long-term agreement, that she walked all the way home—almost five miles—and forgot all about her little roadster that waited outside the studio door.

June was born in St. Joe, some nineteen years ago. Until she was eight, the northwestern part of the "Show me" state was her home. Her father, a civil engineer, took June and her mother about the country with him. There were visits to New York, Chicago, St. Louis and elsewhere, up to the time that San Francisco became their place of residence.

June studied voice and dancing while still attending high school in that city.

Her graduation present from her parents was a trip to Hollywood—a trip that came at a moment when an assistant director was tearing his hair after having found nine girls of a certain type and lacking a tenth.

June was window-shopping on Hollywood Boulevard.

"Say, you," shouted the A.D. into her ear.

So June went to work for $7.50 a day as part of the atmosphere. Never try to tell June that there's no Santa Claus!

A LITTLE girl from Fargo, North Dakota, who came to Los Angeles as a student a few months ago, got her first picture work as an extra on a wager. She was definitely signed by Paramount even before her small part in the second film of her career had been finished.

She is Virginia Bruce, described as a "spiritual blonde of fragile sweetness."

With her mother and father, Virginia came to California, fully intending to enter the state university. While waiting for the new semester she acquired many friends. One evening a discussion arose about crashing the gates of the studios. The argument raged, some saying it was easy, others difficult. Finally Virginia said she'd try it—just to prove who was right.

She applied for work at Paramount. She happened to arrive at an hour when a frantic, last-minute search was on for "society types" for the café scene in Why Bring That Up?, starring Moran and Mack. She was accepted immediately.

Virginia's beauty, plus that certain something called "It," made her stand out on the screen when studio executives viewed the "rushes" (hastily prepared film) at the end of the first day's shooting. She was summoned for a test for William Wellman's new directorial effort, Woman Trap. In this she was cast as a nurse—featured, moreover, with Hal Skelly, Evelyn Brent and Chester Morris.

[Continued on page 87]
When Fifi d'Auray sang "You Can't Believe My Naughty Eyes," she stopped the show, night after night. She was a wow spelled with capital letters.

When a Wall Street man and a penniless ne'er-do-well love an actress with a French name and an Irish heart—but read and be thrilled at the amazing outcome yourself

Adapted by MARGARET DALE from the First National Vitaphone picture starring COLLEEN MOORE

When Fifi d'Auray sang "You Can't Believe My Naughty Eyes" in the Sins of 1930 she stopped the show.

Gregory Pyne, sitting in the third row, center aisle, for the fourth time in a week which had three days to go, did everything but stand on his seat and give the yell of his Alma Mater. She was a wow spelled with capital letters.

He sent his card around again, attached to a magnificent floral offering and took up his nightly stand at the stage door, waiting for an answer. He hadn't had an answer yet, but he had not as yet given up the hope that Fifi was the sort of girl who is worn down by persistence.

Fifi was awakened late the next morning by the shrill insistence of the telephone bell; it was Jimmy.
She was. She was worn down to an Irish rage. Chandler Cunningham, the producer of the Sin—theatrical only—had picked up plain Betty Murphy, imported her to Paris, with instructions that she be venerated, and had brought her back with a ballyhoo that shamed Broadway showmen for years to come.

Fifi d'Auray she was now, and the only French thing about her was her wardrobe.

Fifi tore Pyne's card in bits and said: "Tell him I won't have supper with him tonight, or tomorrow night, or the night after that, or—" She gave it up with an indignant little gasp. "Tell him I'll never have supper with him," she said. "Tell him he's too good-looking and too rich and too everything. He reminds me of Tiffany's window."

So Josephine, her maid, sent Pyne a message. The message was "No."

Fifi was in love with Jimmy Willet. Nobody knew why. Neither did Fifi. He was lazy, and his principal means of support was the race track. When the horses didn't come in, Jimmy didn't eat unless he ate with Fifi. Their romance had started when Fifi was a chorus girl, and she still considered the adulation she received as a result of her pseudo-French personality to be the bunk.

Claire Floyd, the prettiest and dumbest of the show-girls—and that was a record—bounced in and sat down. "Well," she said, "Gregory Pyne sat in the third row again tonight and simply devoured me with his eyes—my dear!"

"Really," Fifi said, and smeared cold cream over her nose. Josephine came back. "Mr. Pyne begs that you reconsider, Miss d'Auray," she said. "He's still waiting."

"Let him wait," said Fifi.

"Is she talking about Gregory Pyne?" Claire gasped.

"Yes."

Claire jumped up. "And to think," she wailed, "that I spent two whole hours learning the difference between a bull and a bear because he's a Wall Street man!" She powdered her nose and went to the door. There she turned and said, "You're a sap. He could buy you Broadway and never miss it. 'Bye."

"Bye."

**WHEN** Fifi stepped from the stage door minus her red wig and exotic stage costumes, she was plain Betty Murphy with a date. Jimmy was there waiting for her. Gregory Pyne was still waiting, that he was waiting for Fifi d'Auray and not Betty Murphy. He didn't recognize her.

Jimmy and Fifi went to her apartment for supper. "Gee," Jimmy said glumly, "I've been askin' you to marry me so often lately that my jaws ache. I'm gettin' sick of being put off."

"Get a steady job," Fifi said, and "I'll run you ragged to the nearest minister. I don't want to feel that my meals depend upon a knock-kneed horse with a grudge against people who bet on him."

"We'll go for a drive tomorrow an' talk it over," Jimmy said.

"No, we won't," said Fifi. "Tonight's the last time I'm going to see you until you come around with a pay envelope clutched in your chubby fist. I'm serious, Jimmy. It's the horses or me."

Jimmy left that night convinced that Fifi meant what she said.

**GREGORY PYNE** had not been lying down on the job. He wanted to meet Fifi d'Auray and he was going to meet her. He had voluntarily sentenced himself to an entire afternoon in Claire Floyd's company in order to get her to persuade Fifi to go to supper that evening at Henry's. The bait he held out for Claire was the promise of a diamond bracelet. Claire would have suspended Fifi over a gorg on the Grand Canyon for a lesser trinket.

She went to the theater that night and cornered Fifi in her dressing room again. "Seeing Jimmy tonight?" she asked.

"I'm not seeing him again until he has a job, and it's killing me, if you want to know."

"I don't want to particularly," Claire said. "How about having supper with me at Henry's?"

"All right. Come in here after the show."

Henry's was a popular rendezvous for after-theater crowds. Fifi and Claire bent over the menu and made their selections. A moment later, looking up, Fifi saw Gregory Pyne sauntering toward them. She looked at Claire. "Lady Judas," she said. "How much did you get?"

Not recognizing Fifi, Pyne's disappointment at seeing plain Betty Murphy accompanying Claire was evident in his face. Claire gurgled, "I want you to meet—"

"Don't tell me," Fifi broke in maliciously, "that this is Gregory Worthington Pyne of New York, Long Island and Miami?"

Pyne shot a painsed glance at Claire. If she couldn't bring d'Auray, she might at least have had the decency not to bring anyone. Fifi's grip on his arm was becoming annoying.
She increased it, continuing, "I'm all a-twitter! I'm Betty Murphy, and I've been just c-r-a-z-y to meet you!" She dragged him down beside her and gave a good imitation of Betty Murphy at her imaginative worst. Pyne squirmed. He per-
spired. He evaded and lied, and finally said to Claire: "Wouldn't Miss d'Auray come with you?"

Claire opened her mouth and shut it again at a warning look from Fifi. The situation taxed her snail-like brain.

Fifi said: "Say, big boy, ain't us American girls good enough for you? Why make a sap of yourself over that French hussy?"

Pyne's patience had worn thin and was showing a jagged hole in the middle. "I consider her attractive," he said icily.

Fifi gave a hoot of laughter. "D'ya get that, Claire?" She turned back to Pyne. "That Frog dame is nothing but a lota bologna!" she said.

"You are very rude, Miss Murphy," Pyne rose, white with annoyance.

"Look here, high-hat, you've insulted me an' I demand an apology!"

PYNE'S self-restraint vanished in a puff of smoke. "If I ever apologize to you," he said, "I hope someone cracks me on the jaw!"

"Did ya hear that, Claire?" Fifi jumped up. "I'm not goin' to stay here an' be insulted by this punk. I take insults from gemmen, and if a man ain't a gemmen, I don't hear his insults. An' I must say, Claire—this man is no gemmen. She stalked from the café with exaggerated dignity.

Claire began to giggle. "Fork over, big boy," she said.

"Fork what over?"

"The bracelet. That was Fifi d'Auray."

"That—that Mick?"

"She's really Betty Murphy, you know. Cunningham picked her up and made a lady of her—"

"Ha!" Pyne gave a snort of derision.

"If that's a lady, I've been associating with barmaids all my life."

"She's not like that really. She was giving you the run-around because she was sore. She's real refined. She's got nothing against you personally, of course, but she doesn't go in for the stage door stuff."

"I made a mess of it, didn't I? I'd like so much to do something for her."

"She's a funny girl. She isn't the least bit interested in diamond bracelets. Right now she's burning up a lot of energy trying to get her no-good boy friend to go to work."

"Who is he?"

"He hangs out at race tracks. His name is Jimmy Willet."

"Where does he live?"

"Well, he lives at Belmont track and Tia Juana when he has the fare, but he keeps his clothes at the St. William Hotel."

Pyne made a note of it on the back of a card.

Fifi was on top of the world the next night. Jimmy had called to say he had a job as assistant cashier in a bond house. They were to meet after the show and celebrate. The first thing Jimmy said was, "Who was the dope you had dinner with last night?"

"A friend of Claire's. No one you'd know. I left early."

"No one I'd know, eh? I'm workin' for him."

"What do you mean?"

"I dropped in to see Lennox tonight." Lennox was the theater treasurer. "He had a big laugh when I told him I was workin' for Pyne and Company, down on Wall Street, an' I asked him why. He spilled all the dirt about your heavy crush an' said you'd put me to work. I felt swell standin' there listening to all this stuff about Pyne comin' to the Sims every night to see you an' sendin' you flowers an' mash notes. You've gotta stop seein' him."

"I haven't been seeing him. He just happened to be at Henry's last night. Honestly, Jimmy."

"Well, he'd better not happen to be around tomorrow night," Jimmy said. "Something apt to happen."

THE following night, the call-boy came to Fifi's dressing room with the announcement that Mr. Pyne insisted upon seeing Mlle. d'Auray. Fifi's chin squared and she decided to settle the matter definitively. She had him shown in.

Pyne entered, boyishly elated. He greeted Fifi warmly, but was met by a frozen stare.

Pyne said humbly, "I see you're still angry at me. I'm really awfully—" there was a knock at the door and Claire peeked in.

Fifi beckoned to her. "Come in, Claire," she said. She turned to Pyne with a glint of mischief in her eyes. "Now go on," she murmured.

"I'm really awfully sorry," Pyne said. "I apologize most sincerely, Miss d'Auray."

"Claire, what did Mr. Pyne say he hoped would happen to him if he ever apologized to me?"

"He—he said he hoped someone would sock him on the jaw."

"We aim to please," Fifi said. She darted to the door and beckoned to a burly stage hand. She assumed her French accent and indicated Pyne, recommending a "socking on the jaw." Gleefully the stage hand dragged the protesting Pyne from the room by the coat collar. Fifi dusted her hands.

"Well," she said happily "that's settled."

"I think you're mean," Claire wailed, "and Mr. Pyne is so
awfully, awfully nice—really he is."

"Honey, I’m seeing my Jimmy after the show—and I’ll
will every nice man in the world to you. You oughta be
satisfied with that."

SHE was supremely happy that evening in Jimmy’s com-
pany. Rosy dreams of an apartment for two, with steak
in the broiler and biscuits in the oven, assailed her. Things
were coming; little Betty Murphy was getting a break at last.
When Jimmy left, she curled up in her nest of satin and lace
which the decorator had insisted was a bed, and fell asleep
passed ‘em over, believe me. —I thought about you, an’
I couldn’t stand thinkin’ that maybe you’d be hurt if I kicked
the bucket—” He stopped and wiped the cold perspiration
from his brow.

"There were three in the gang, but before they got away,
Brown started shooting. They dropped the bonds and ran.
Those guys had me pegged as being in on it before I could
open my mouth. They gave me a regular third degree.
When I came back from lunch one of the office boys told me
there was a cop there with a warrant for my arrest, so I
beat it and came up here."

"Oh, Jimmy—it’s all my fault! Pyne
came around last night again and I had a
stage hand throw him out!

"That explains it, I guess. I haven’t got
a chance. He’s got money an’ pull. They’ll
send me up."

"No, they won’t, Jimmy boy,” Fifi said.
"I’ll take care of Pyne.” She called her
maid. "Have the car at the servants’ en-
trance in ten minutes,” she said.

PYNE had been out of the city. When
he returned, his butler told him that
there was a message to call the office at
once, and that a Miss Murphy was waiting
to see him in the drawing room. Pyne
broke all speed records getting to the
drawing room. Fifi greeted him with, "Why
did you give my boy a job?"

"Well, I suppose you realize by now that
I’m pretty interested in you. I thought
perhaps your regard for Willet was partly due
to sympathy for his being out of work, so—
he made a quick little gesture and
smiled like a scheming kid, "remove the
sympathy and increase my chances, you see?"

"I only see that you’ve gotten the poor
kid into terrible trouble,” Fifi said angrily.
"There’s been a robbery at your office, and
because he’s a new man they’re threatening
to arrest him—"

"A robbery? You mean there’s been a
robbery at the office today?"

"This morning."

"There was a message to call the office as soon as I came
in. Will you pardon me?"

Fifi watched him with mistrust and suspicion while he
made the telephone call. His face was grave as he placed
the French phone down. "They have good reason to suspect
that Willet was an accomplice, Miss d’Auray,” he said.

"He wasn’t! He didn’t have anything to do with it!"

He couldn’t have!

"Why couldn’t he have had?” Pyne asked gently.
Fifi’s voice faltered into a lame stammering. “Because he... he just couldn’t have,” she said.

"Where is he now?"

"I won’t tell you!"

"Can’t you see that I’m trying to help you? If the boy
is innocent, he has nothing to fear. I’ll do everything I can.
I swear it.” His voice was so sincere and his eyes so straight-
forward that Fifi admitted that Jimmy was in her apartment.

They went directly there. Jimmy turned pale when Fifi
introduced Pyne. He immediately became sullen and refused
to answer Pyne’s questions. Fifi took hold of his coat lapels
and stared into his eyes. "You gotta,” she said, "Jimmy, you
gotta answer him. He’s trying to help us."

"Tell me,” Pyne said, "just before the holdup, when some-
one telephoned Mr. Brown, did you ask who was calling?"

"No."

"Had you not been instructed to do this?"

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Suppress

Keeping a story off the front page—rather than landing it there—is more often than not the press agent's chief function.

They call 'em "Publicity Men," "Press Agents." But in the interests of accuracy there should be a "sup" prefixed to that word "press." For the bright boys of Hollywood keep more stories out of print than they ever put in. Any dummy can write pieces for the papers. But the big jobs and the heavy sugar go to the suave "public relations counsellors" who know how and when to put on the muffler. "Words, words, words" may be a grand motto for the fifty buck contingent. But the fellows who draw important jack have "Silence is golden" cross-stitched on the whisper-proofed walls of their cubicles.

"Gotta be gallopin'," one suppress agent grinned, "gotta keep a divorce outa the papers. Baby, its tough to keep 'em off that ol' front page."

Doubt it? Ask Harry Reichenbach, the "Silver King" of press agentry. Harry won't work for less than a grand a week. And the simplest part of his job is to get the maps of his class A clients plastered over Page 1. The sophisticates of the press are among the simplest saps let loose without a leash. It is never any trouble for Reichenbach to bust into print with a lion planted in a hotel room by "T. R. Zan," or to have Central Park lake dragged for a fair, and phoney, suicide. Or to plant a stowaway on a transatlantic Zeppelin, or start a deluge of printers' ink over an unknown soldier who had forgotten his own name. These things were accomplished over the morning coffee and a second cigarette. But Harry got those grey hairs keeping things out of the papers.

Regular as a bad habit the austere Associated Press, the United Press, all the press falls for a pabulum of bology which it dignifies with screaming streamers, seventy-two point type and as many cuts as a page will carry. They'll go for prop engagements, purloined spoils, lost loves or lost dogs. If Mary gets a haircut, "LOVE NEST RAIDED" is buried back near "Business Opportunities." If Ben and Bebe get engaged, "POISON RUM KILLS 3" and "MILLIONS DIE IN CHINESE EARTHQUAKE" are rele-

"Another good story gone wrong," groans the harassed newspaperman as he spies the suppress agent approaching with the same old plea for silence.

Sometimes it dawns upon the gentlemen of the press that they have been given the works, or as the more refined express it, that certain business. Then there's an awful squawk. They'll never, never, never again use a single stick on movies not thought it be that Jetta Goudal is really Queen Marie, that Barrymore is Rin-Tin-Tin's voice.
double or that Clara Bow has eloped with Harry Richman while Alice White and Lupe have retired to a convent with broken hearts.

Enter Will Hays. Carpet for the press agents. Naughty, naughty. Mustn't do. Papa spank. Tears. Contrition. Apologies. Promises. And a week later, "GRETA TO WED PRINCE" or "METRO LION IN PLANE CRASH." And the dear old dodos of the dailies are right back on the merry-go-round. Space swiping is simple as a supervisor's soul. But try to keep anything on the strict Q.T. Try to keep a story out. As Galsworthy Ginsburg has remarked, that is a horse from a different hangar. And right there is where the big boys of suppress-agentry shine like an entire constellation of heavenly bodies. And that doesn't mean the movie stars.

HAD Lottie Pickford had a suppress-agent—Harry Wilson, for instance—she and her boy-friends might have made whooppee from now till Queen Kelly is completed. Jack Dohahue could have chewed all the other guy's fingers off and gnawed clean up to his elbow. And the dear public would have had to rely upon a week-old "MYSTERY COUPLE FOUND DEAD" for its table talk and mental stimulus.

All Hollywood knew that the blow-off had come in the Del Rio household long before a line of type was set. Harry Wilson saw to it that never a paragraph reached print. When the time came, a dignified announcement was made, and the day was saved. As much as it is possible to save such a day. Now Harry is saving days for United Artists and Joseph M. Schenck.

Hollywood's favorite bad boy, "Mickey" Neilan, recently took a lusty sock at a prominent adversary. But not a word was published. There's a peach of a story behind that wallop, too. Mickey got all tangled up with Jim Tully in a pretty bad scandal. One of those things where there is an actual record on file. One of those things that couldn't be entirely smothered. But the suppress agent got busy. Hollywood's most lurid paper carried a couple of paragraphs. The second hottest not a line, and the other one had a story somewhere about page six. There was no "follow-up." The suppress agent probably got a bonus. One was deserved.

Renée Adorée and her latest boy-friend came to Reno, where all roads seem to lead. But there was nary a leak in Hollywood, although Walter Winchell's syndicated Broadway column carried the news which was printed, probably inadvertently, by the local subscriber.

A big producer, Pooh-Bah of a mighty movie firm, was divorced. It was a good story. Hot stuff. But the phones buzzed here and there where the suppress agent knew the buzzing would do the most good. The most that appeared was an inch of type lost somewhere near the financial news. Killed, "by request."

It is inevitable that people be injured—even mortally—while working in motion pictures. Death is a trade risk. But the stories never see the light of day. Occasionally there is a damage suit announced by a few words. Where the big time suppress agents preside the silencer is effectively put on the machine gun of the press. You'll never know, for instance, of any catastrophe in Hell's Angels, Old Ironsides, The Big Hop, Wings or Ben Hur. Nor, for that matter, the casualties in a dozen other spectacles where the element of risk was appreciably intensified. There was a still photograph shot at the instant of a movie accident, which, when developed, disclosed a player's head plainly visible and hurtling through the air. There is no record of what that negative cost. But it was never published.

At this instant every newspaper in the country knows the tale of the very lovely lady, her very wealthy husband, and her very handsome lover. Each is Page 1 movie news. But the yarn will never break. The suppress agents will see to that. There has been and there will be a great pother over the story. But when it comes to setting it in type, there'll be a whisper here, a visit there, and "POLA'S PET POODLE PASSES" will be substituted.

A wire-melting story about a hot mornner of the movies was put on ice. A hundred thousand dollar shake-down was laughed off. Front page stuff from Pasadena to Palestine. But it gasped its last before it became "copy." The best ones are never published.

Kidnapping and blackmail stories make snappy reading. The papers fall for the phoney ones. But the real ones are kept dark secrets. A dozen dire plots directed against the golden-haired daughter of one picture idol are in the archives of the law. What the detective bureau knows, the city room knows too. The story would sell out three editions but the public will never know how that baby girl has been imperilled.

SINISTER sisters—and brothers—plough deeply the fertile fields of blackmail. But not one time in ten do the details reach the readers. The facts are available. But the boys behind the smiling masks suppress the yarns as efficiently as any secret service.

With a suppress-agent on the job, that Mix-Miller-Morrissey mélange would never have crashed the prints. But there was

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Affairs of the Heart

LATE Autumn, rather than mid-summer, seems to prevail as the popular wedding season for Hollywood. Many are the nuptials that have taken place in the churches and homes of Hollywood and Beverly Hills recently.

Ruth Elder, the famous aviatrix who flew almost across the Atlantic, and Walter Camp, Jr., president of Inspiration Pictures, Inc., were married on August 29 in the municipal chapel of New York City with a very simple ceremony attended by two members of the city clerk’s office who acted as witnesses. Miss Elder was recently divorced from Lyle Womack, and for a time was rumored engaged to Hoot Gibson. She had a brief career in pictures. She says she has given up flying now for good.

Patsy Ruth Miller recently became the bride of Tay Garnett, motion picture director, at the First Episcopal Church of Beverly Hills, before a large gathering of notables of the picture colony. Because both bride and groom are at work on pictures, they have been forced to postpone their honeymoon.

“Skeets” Gallagher, the well-known comedian, has now settled down as one of Hollywood’s beneficets. Not long ago he was married, after a surprise courtship, to Pauline Mason, at Agua Caliente, the famous pleasure resort across the Mexican border. His bride was formerly of the New York musical stage.

Carol Dempster, star of many of D. W. Griffith’s earlier pictures, has gone abroad on a honeymoon trip following her marriage to Edwin S. Larsen, well-known New York banker. After the honeymoon, they will return to New York.

Vigorous denials of any marital rift in the John Gilbert-Ina Claire household were forthcoming upon the heels of a rumor that the two had split up and were living in separate quarters, while on their honeymoon in the south of France. Rumors of the discord were attributed by Gilbert to gossip-mongers.

Film folk who are saying “We will!”—“We do!”—“We’re through!”

Marion Nixon and Edward Hillman, Chicago millionaire to whom she was recently wed, are at present enjoying a honeymoon tour of Europe. They will return before long, at which time Miss Nixon will resume her career in pictures.

Bela Lugosi, Hungarian actor, who played an important part in The Thirteenth Chair for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, married the former Mrs. Beatrice Weeks, prominent society matron of San Francisco, after a whirlwind courtship, but the marriage only lasted four days. At the end of that time Mrs. Weeks left for Reno where she filed divorce proceedings.

The split-up between Pola Negri and her husband, Prince Sergi M’Divani, which has been rumored since the couple departed from this country for Europe nearly two years ago, has finally materialized with the filing of divorce proceedings by the Polish star in Paris. At the same time she has announced her intention of returning to Hollywood to take up her picture career once more.

Alice White is seen at the Montmartre and everywhere these days with a new boy friend. He is Sydney Bartlett, New York stage actor who came to Hollywood not long since to enter pictures. New boy friends are nothing unusual in Alice’s life.

The Bebe Daniels-Ben Lyon romance continues at the same fervor. Neither is ever seen without the other. Now so much interest has been aroused in their romance that there is talk of their being cast together in a picture.

There was much weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth lately when Lupe Velez bade farewell to Gary Cooper to go to Florida for ten weeks on location to make her next picture. They have never been separated for more than a few days at a time ever since they first became interested in each other. The romance of this famous pair has provided Hollywood with a subject of unceasing interest.
TIPS FROM TYPES

Personality pointers from picture personalities

By

ALICE WARDER

RONALD COLMAN

CAN you change your personality? Are you occasionally shy and reticent, wishing that you could find the magic key that would give you more confidence and enable you to command the attention and respect you know you deserve? Witness the case of Ronald Colman.

From his only intimate friends—Richard Barthelmess, William Powell, and Clive Brook—you learn that Ronald is quiet, but forceful. He is non-assertive, self-conscious—but always master of the situation. He lives his own way, brooking no interference from others. He has never been known to express an unfavorable opinion of anyone. He is slow to make friends, but once made, they remain friends for life. He is one actor in Hollywood who doesn't boast of his achievements. He keeps his emotions and love affairs to himself—that is part of his British reserve.

Quiet, self-conscious, and retiring, yet Ronald Colman is the essence of charm and strength—welcome wherever he goes. His unusual personality has won him the sobriquet of "Hollywood's man of mystery." Really, there is nothing essentially mysterious about him or his personality.

His outstanding trait, his few close friends all agree, is self-control. He told me that he believed it to be the greatest asset that any man can have. Were he to start life anew, he said, he would develop self-control above everything.

"Personality," he said in answer to my question, "can be developed by anyone much the same as a person might improve his golf game or his whisk or his dancing."

Two important truths, then: your personality can be changed, developed; self-control is your most important goal. Without conceit, you can make your own opinion of yourself most important; you can learn that your control over your own faculties is a greater achievement than being able to perpetually impress people about you. But with that control once developed, you—like Ronald Colman—will make favorable impressions quite unconscious and automatically, chiefly because you will no longer be trying to impress. And you will come to know a most important person—yourself.

JANET GAYNOR

MANY a girl with latent charm and loveliness allows herself to believe that she is a "rose born to blush unseen" because of apparently uncontrollable bashfulness. If, as the result of a naturally quiet and unassuming nature, you have often despairs of fulfilling your dreams of success and popularity, you will find the story of Janet Gaynor and her personality an inspiration and an encouragement.

Charles Farrell, who rose with Janet from "bits" to eminence is, perhaps, the best-fitted person to tell you about Janet. Even her husband, Lydell Peck, who fell in love with her while watching her acting on the silver screen, cannot know of the character changes that took place during the bitter and gallant climb up the mountain that led to fame.

According to Charles Farrell, Janet is just as bashful today as she was when they walked from studio to studio, seeking work as "atmosphere." She remains the same winsome, unsophisticated, modest and simple girl in spite of the changed conditions surrounding her life.

How, then, did she manage to achieve success? Here is what Janet herself says about it:

"Have faith in yourself—in your ability to do things. They say I am bashful, timid. Maybe I am, but I will eventually overcome these things by my faith in my ability to accomplish what I set out to do.

"Any girl who knows, deep down in her own heart and soul, that she has a talent for acting and is equipped to stand up under the strenuous activities necessitated by the new demands of the talking screen, can succeed in pictures. But it is the faith in one's own ability that is the key to success. All the talent in the world will not help you unless it is backed by an abundance of faith."

She's improving her personality all the time. Blossoming it out here, pruning it there. That's why her success has been lasting—and will be lasting. She's always busy making herself over into a more interesting personality.

Take a tip from Janet; get aboard the Personality Special.
After a day's enervating and social activity, ting all that's

Clara Bow seizes every opportunity for quiet seclusion—it must be comforting to Harry Richman, her fiancé, to know that home is where the sweetheart is.

Corinne Griffith, one of the screen's veriest fashionables, loves to retreat to the solid comfort of her well-stocked library. "The Orchid" is an indefatigable reader.

Here's Joan Crawford in a charmingly cozy corner of the music room of her beautiful Brentwood home—a grand baby at her baby grand.
JANES

ing wear and tear of studio these players insist on get-calmimg to them

Bessie Love, charming occupant of a charming home. It is a hillside house and one of Bessie's most-loved treasures is the view from her window.

Myrna Loy—on the screen, exotically mysterious—at home settles down to read a book in a plain, unostentatious wicker chair.

Kas Francis' bungalow is so simple that you'd think her one of the screen's ingenues instead of Paramount's newest type of movie siren.
Gloria, who has long represented the ultimate in cosmopolitan luxury and charm, takes a firm stand for simplicity and sincerity, her formula for a distinctive personality.

Gloria Swanson, personification of charm, tells just what charm is

WHAT is charm? Is it the fleeting, elusive something which is included in the make-up of the chosen and omitted from that of others? Is it something to be cultivated by long and laborious study?

Gloria Swanson says it is not.

"Charm? It is sincerity." It is as simple as that to her.

"How can a woman be charming, loaded down with false gestures and affectations? The modern girl has thrown off pompadour rats and dress pads. Why should she carry a load of excess affectation? I hate it. I fly from it. Say what you think, be what you are, and you are charming. There you have it."

To me, Gloria Swanson had always epitomized the two most important characteristics of femininity: smartness and charm. It was admittedly a personal question, but I wanted to know what she had to say about it. I asked her what, in her opinion, constituted true smartness.

"Wouldn't you say simplicity?" she asked. "I would. Dress the personality . . . keep something of it in the wardrobe, little personal, distinctive touches; simplicity and freshness."

She added the four necessary attributes to charm and smartness on the fingers of one hand, folding them down as she went. "Sincerity, simplicity, distinction and freshness," she said. "Show me a girl with these, and I show you smartness and charm."

She put her hand up and pushed a lock of hair back under her hat.

"Did I tell you why I'm wearing my hat?" she asked, smiling. "It's because I hadn't time to wash the cinders from my hair. It was a dusty trip." She had just arrived from Hollywood. "There are so many things to attend to . . . ."

Rather than have anyone see her with dusty hair, she wears her hat. Always at her best, careful of every detail of her
appearance—to the tips of her long, pointed fingernails—Gloria Swanson abides by and cherishes them. She has seen their value demonstrated countless times.

"I love the American girl," she said suddenly. "She has the best opportunity for true smartness. She is independent. She has the advantage of earning her own money. She absorbs everything. Taste in clothes, interesting conversation, the way to handle her associations with men. She is fearless and intelligent. Her mind is like a sponge, drawing in, making things her own."

"You don't think, then, that she suffers when compared to her European sister who has a cultural background?"

"The American girl has a culture of her own," she said. "She is the pioneer in a new culture which will sweep the world. She knows herself. If she does not, she sets out to learn about herself. The European girl has lived on tradition too long. Tradition without individuality is bound to crumble."

WHEN I had walked into the Plaza with the prospect of meeting Miss Swanson, I had been mouthing pretty phrases. I swallowed them whole. One thinks pretty things, looking at her, but she does not voice them.

She had been sitting on the arm of a green damask lounge. She wore delicate shades of blue, even to the diamond pin which caught the blue scarf over her shoulder, with its lovely sapphire nestling in the center. One long, shapely little leg swung back and forth as she talked. Her ankles are slender. Her feet are small and cased usually in French-heeled slippers.

A gentleman with a delightful German accent was tossing a conversational ball at her when I entered. She threw her head back and laughed.

"He's giving me the third degree," she said. "Must I submit to the third degree?"

Her hands went out in a long, expressive gesture. "He wants to know why I don't make a picture of life after death. We don't know anything about life after death. Why should we portray something we are ignorant of? We don't even know life. Look at the fearful bachelors we make of it. Goodness knows it's difficult to keep even that straight enough to endure living. No, I will not make a picture of heaven or hell."

"I didn't mean heaven or hell," he said.

"Well, it would be one or the other, wouldn't it?" she said.

YOU said you loved living," the gentleman with the accent said, taking another tack.

"I do."

"Why?"

"I'd hate not to live because I'd be afraid of missing something. Life is full of delightful surprises."

I felt, looking at her, that she had not been afraid of the unpleasant surprises that life had offered. I saw her knowing disappointment, long discouraging stretches of work which left her exhausted. I saw her holding her hands out for love . . . not only the love of men, but that of small Gloria and Brother, her two children. I could picture long, lazy days on the beach with the sun blazing down on her. She's loved the sun.

She has loved everything she has ever done. There is a spark in her, deathless, inextinguishable. She will never stop loving life. She will never stop living it to the hilt.

"Gloria is nine and Brother is seven," she said, when I asked her about her children. "I haven't brought them up according to formula. They're in public school out there. I want them to know all sorts of people. I want them to face life . . . not as the children of a public character, but as individuals. They're learning. Their lives belong to themselves and the world, not to me. Because I happen to be their mother doesn't mean that I can order their lives."

SHE has just finished a new picture. "It is good," she said.

"I know it is good. I feel it in my heart. I've put my best work in The Trespasser. Oh, I do want them to like it. But if they don't . . . if everybody disagreed with me . . . I would still say that it is good. I worked so hard . . . her mouth drooped a little at the corners. "I had a frightful attack of indigestion after we finished it," she said.

She went to the doctor and he scolded her. She had been working too hard. She had not been able to eat properly.

"It's nervousness, you know," she said. "I'm so excited when I'm doing a picture that I don't digest my food properly. The world could come to an end. The worst thing [Continued on page 93]"
THEY HAD TO SEE PARIS (FOX)

WILL ROGERS’ famous laugh-provoking drawl is heard for the first time on the screen with remarkable success. So great a boon are the talkies to Will Rogers that they might have been designed and developed for his very special benefit. In the good old days of the silent films, movie acting was about the least of his accomplishments. Now, with the talkies to bring his voice before the audience, it has become by far his greatest.

RED HOT RHYTHM (PATHE)

RHYTHM and romance rehashed—but better than ever. This is another tale of how folks live and love in Tin Pan Alley, in line with the current craze for giving us pictures about people who will sit down and give us a song at the slightest excuse. This one is more natural and a little funnier than most of them, however. Alan Hale has a weakness for women but none for work. He would rather exploit people who think they can write songs than use his native ability to write one himself. Kathryn Crawford, who is pleasing to look at and has a nice voice as well, is a singer in a cabaret who guides our hero’s weakness for women in the right direction and gives him one for work. Ilka Chase has the funniest bit in the picture as a wealthy would-be song writer who insists on rendering her own composition, The Night That Elmer Died. There are some nifty ditties by Walter O’Keefe, who also plays a part in the picture.

HIS GLORIOUS NIGHT (M-G-M)

An officer and a princess—the officer being the screen’s famous heart-breaker. John Gilbert is again cast in one of these romantic European plays that seem to become him so well. This time he has a new leading lady, Catherine Dale Owen, borrowed from the stage. The picture concerns the love of a Princess for a dashing officer who is of common parentage. Gilbert, needless to say, is the dashing officer. Dazzled by his uniform, she forgets his lowly birth until he reminds her that his father is a shoemaker. Irritated, she spurns him. He further angers her by posing as a crook, but in the end she is forced to admit the love which she has always had for him. A very continental romance, highly decorated with lace, gold braid, and bon mots. All in all, it’s Gilbert doing the gaudy stuff at which he’s a master, and well worth while according to our way of thinking.

In his new picture Will rises triumphantly to the occasion and puts over gag after gag with amazing success. Will is the head of one of those suddenly-rich families. His wife, Irene Rich, decides that the family needs culture. Will is opposed to it (you just knew he would be) but what can he do? Wife and family set sail for the shores of France. There is nothing for poor Will to do but go along. And, in Paris, they set out on a wild hunt for tires and refinement. Every member of the family gets into difficulties in the French capital. But these difficulties are as nothing compared to what happens to Will.

For he, of all people, goes and falls madly in love with a little French dancer, Claudine, played very well by Fifi d’Orsay. Imagine Will barging around in the dainty apartment of the very French Claudine. And when his wife comes along—well, some new heights in humor are reached.
GENERAL CRACK (WARNER BROS.)

JOHN BARRYMORE, possessor of one of the most famous voices in the world, makes his talkie début. After turning out Eternal Love, one of the very worst pictures in his career, John comes back with a bang in this brilliant picture.

It is one of the first costume pictures that have come to the screen in some years and it is decidedly a pleasant novelty, beautifully photographed—several scenes are in color—with some particularly breath-taking mob scenes particularly well handled.

A tale of swords and periwigs, Barrymore plays the part of Prince Christian, known more generally as General Crack. His father a prince and his mother a gypsy, the young scion has plenty of both fire and courage.

But, before he is mature, his father loses his kingdom to the Russians. With no land to defend the prince becomes an audacious soldier of fortune with a ready sword.

BARRYMORE swash-buckles through it in his own inimitable style. His voice comes through splendidly. This alone should send you to see the picture.

Marion Nixon does some excellent work. Lowell Sherman, Jacqueline Logan, Otto Matieson, Armita and Hobart Boswell contribute splendid support.

THE MIGHTY (PARAMOUNT)

GEORGE BANCROFT in another splendid underworld melodrama. Here is the familiar Bancroft formula which seldom fails to entertain, with Bancroft playing the rôle of a reformed gangster. He suffers in this one, however, from the loss of his splendid supporting company, Evelyn Brent, William Powell, and Fred Kohler, who helped to make his earlier pictures masterpieces of screen history. In this one Bancroft is reformed through the purifying influences of war, and becomes a leader of a vice crusade. His reform spirit is put to the test, however, when he is forced to choose between his new interests and the friendships of the old gang. There are some great gang fight scenes. Raymond Hatton stands out in the supporting cast. Dorothy Revier is also attractive, but not quite up to Evelyn Brent.

FOOTLIGHTS AND FOOLS (FIRST NATIONAL)

COLLEEN MOORE, disguised by a blond wig and a French accent, in a story with glamor and novelty. Although this is a backstage story, as you might guess from the title, and there are plenty of songs and music, Colleen Moore has gone in for heavy dramatics for a change. She is plain Betty Murphy who has put on a blond wig and become Fif d'Auray, the French sensation, to startle the public. As Betty Murphy, she has a worthless boy friend, Jimmy Willett, played by Raymond Hackett, whom she tries to get to go to work. As Fif d'Auray she attracts Gregory Pyne (Frederic March) wealthy man-about-town. Gregory gives Jimmy a job to please Fif, which pleases everybody but Jimmy. Then there is a bank robbery and an ending that will really—no fooling—surprise you. Colleen is attractive in spite of the occasional scenes with the blond wig.
Up-to-the-minute talkie critiques to insure well-spent

THE VIRGINIAN (PARAMOUNT)

An old story with new stars repeats its old success and gathers new laurels by being audible. Owen Wister’s popular novel and stage play is followed faithfully, and the greatest possible value is wrung out of the comic and dramatic situations. Gary Cooper, who proves himself a capable actor in this, his first talkie, Richard Arlen as Steve, and Walter Huston as Trampas divide the honors pretty evenly between them. Mary Brian is sweet and pretty. The story concerns a Southerner, come to the West in the old rough and ready days, who followed his code to the letter, even when it involved supervising the lynching of a pal for cattle stealing, and risking his own life on the eve of his honey-moon. A good, convincing picture.

THE SATURDAY NIGHT KID (PARAMOUNT)

Clara Bow, the pep idol of the screen, scores another hit. Once again, our Clara comes through big in her newest all-talking picture.

Clara, her sister and James Hall are clerks at Ginsburg’s store. Clara loves Jimmy, and, through praising him to Mr. Ginsburg, gets him promoted to floor-walker. But as soon as he has been promoted, Clara’s sister begins to make a play for him.

So, Clara is not going to let someone else—even her sister—steal her man, and she gets busy right away. In the meantime, however, her sister has been betting with money stolen from the store. How Clara helps her and straightens out her own love life must be seen and heard to be appreciated. If you’re a Bow fan you’ll be crazy about this one.

OH, YEAH? (PATHE)

Rapid fire conversational slugging on the railroad by two high-powered sluggers. James Gleason and Robert Armstrong. Those two comic heroes are again in another American slanguage comedy. This time they are two wandering brakemen on jerkwater roads who hang their hats wherever they find a job. They fall in love with two waitresses, they fight anyone that happens along, and finally each other. And in the end they redeem themselves by capturing two railroad crooks in a runaway train chase that has plenty of thrills in it. Most of the humor of the story lies in the give-and-take conversation between the two brakemen, while the railroad sequences furnish the thrills. Zasu Pitts and Patricia Caron head the supporting cast, although Armstrong and Gleason get most of the laughs.

HARD TO GET (FIRST NATIONAL)

The girl, the poor boy and the rich boy again—but with a new twist. It must be that wistful look of Dorothy Mackaill’s that makes them always give her those almost-Cinderella roles about the young gal who turns down riches in favor of an honest but not too wealthy young suitor. This is another of them, but it has a lot of homely comedy in it that makes it easy to take. She meets her gentlemen friends by standing on the corner and hailing rides on her way to work in the mornings. One of them is the millionaire and the other the mechanic. She thinks she likes the mechanic better but she doesn’t see him again until her brother unexpectedly brings him home one night, after which the plot thickens rapidly. There is plenty of comedy provided by the supporting cast, especially Louise Fazenda and Jack Oakie.
theatre hours—consult this department every month

**TIGER ROSE** *(WARNER BROS.)*

Lupe's vivid personality in a fitting rôle at last. Lupe Velez finds a sympathetic rôle as the half-wild French-Canadian girl made famous by Lenore Ulric in the stage play, which was a great hit some years ago. The trouble is that the picture seems a little out of date. Lupe is *Tiger Rose*, the idol of a Hudson Bay trading post. She is in love with Grant Withers, a young civil engineer, but H. B. Warner, as a frontier doctor who has befriended her, seeks to keep her from eloping with her lover. In the scuffle that follows, the doctor is shot. Withers is accused and complications set in. Lupe gives one of her best characterizations on the screen so far. Withers makes a good hero and Warner scores with his characterization.

**RIO RITA** *(RKO)*

An established favorite makes a successful talkie debut in a famous musical extravaganza. While this celluloid edition of one of Flo Ziegfeld's most popular shows may not mean much to those who have seen it in the flesh, it ought to be a great hit with the countless thousands who have not. Bebe Daniels comes through with a startling pleasing voice and does the best work of her career as Rita, the beautiful Mexican señorita. John Boles produces a beautiful voice and screens well, although he is no Douglas Fairbanks when vaulting fences. Perhaps the greatest honors go to the comedians, Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey, with their rapid-fire dialogue and comic situations, ably abetted and decorated by Dorothy Lee, an ingenue new to the screen. There are some beautiful sequences in color.

**MARIANNE** *(M-G-M)*

The beautiful Marion adopts a French accent in her first talkie-single—and makes good. Miss Davies, who was once on the New York musical comedy stage, capitalizes her experience in this picture. It is a tale of a French peasant girl whose principal occupation is guarding her pigs. She is in love with a poilu and promises him she will wait for him when he goes to the front. Then the Americans arrive and lead her a merry dance in stealing her pigs for pork.

One of her pigs starts a romance between her and an American doughboy, Larry. Then Marianne's poilu comes back, blinded for life. She decides to forget Larry and dedicate her life to the poilu. But he refuses and enters the priesthood. In the meantime Larry has returned to America. How she finds him again winds up the story.

**KIBITZER** *(PARAMOUNT)*

In which a stage comedian in a stage play constitutes a great discovery for the talking screen. The screen discovers a remarkable new comedian for the talkies in Harry Green. *Kibitzer*, which had a year's run on Broadway, is the story of a bluffer and a faker, who, to his great astonishment, suddenly finds one of his bluffs coming true. L. Lazarus, the kibitzer, is the proprietor of a small uptown cigar store. He pretends to be a stock speculator on a large scale. Then one of his investments turns out, and he suddenly finds himself really involved in a gigantic stock manipulation. Mary Brian, as his daughter, and Neil Hamilton as her suitor, capably furnish the love interest, but it is Harry Green, in the title rôle, who carries off the honors with his comic character study. He is Fanny Brice's brother.
See the Brief Guide to current talkies, page six

THE GREEN GODDESS (WARNER BROS.)

A FAMOUS actor in one of his best-known characterizations appears to great advantage on the talking screen. George Arliss, who has been one of the outstanding actors of the stage in both England and America for many years, brings perhaps the most popular hit of his career to the screen in this one. The story concerns a battle of wits between an Indian Raja and his European guests who are trapped temporarily in his palace. All the old hokum of melodrama is presented herein with new angles which make this one of the most exciting of current pictures. Alice Joyce makes her talkie début in this picture with telling effect as the heroine. H. B. Warner and Ralph Forbes add to the splendid cast. The sets are among the most elaborate and impressive erected in Hollywood in recent months.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW (UNITED ARTISTS)

THE king and queen of the movies, assisted by a gentleman named Shakespeare, make a rollicking comedy. This will be, no doubt, the most talked-of picture of the year. Whether people like it or not, they will discuss it. Everybody ought to like it, but those who had hoped to see "Doug and Mary" make their joint bow in a sweet, sugary romance are going to be sadly disappointed. Their choosing of a happy-go-lucky comedy is in much better taste. It is Shakespeare all the way through. There are no modern costumes, no modern slang, not even any new lines injected. Nothing tricky about it. In fact it's played just as Shakespeare intended it to be. Except that in those days they had no costumes, while we—well, see it for yourself. It's a pageant of flowing skirts and hose and doublet.

HOLD YOUR MAN (UNIVERSAL)

A GOOD comedienne in a laughing riot—stay away if you don't like merriment. Laura La Plante plays a wife with artistic yearnings who goes to Paris to study art and romance, leaving her hard-working lawyer husband at home in New York. In Paris she meets a romantic foreigner with whom she falls in love. Her husband meanwhile has also fallen for an old flame and comes to Paris to get a divorce from his wife, bringing with him the girl he loves and intends to marry as soon as he gets his freedom.

Then, one afternoon, a storm imprisons the two couples in an apartment in Paris and—well, you must see it for yourself. Laura La Plante is a riot all through the picture. Walter Scott, Eugene Borden and Mildred Van Dorn also do very well.

THE ARGYLE CASE (WARNER BROS.)

A N old favorite makes a come-back in a really forceful story of crime complicated by love. This is one of the most air-tight of the many current mystery pictures on the screen. John Argyle, capitalist, is murdered in the library of his home by an unseen assassin. Bruce Argyle, the son (John Darrow), and Mary Morgan, an adopted daughter (Lila Lee), who are in love, both suspect each other and therefore attempt to shield one another. It takes Alexander Kayton (Thomas Meighan), an attorney who is called in, to unravel the mystery, and straighten out the relationship of the young lovers. The mystery, incidentally, comes to a surprising conclusion. Meighan and Lila Lee do splendid work. You would hardly know Lila. She looks years younger. But the story in this case is the strongest feature.
Fascinating Ann Pennington, who is at her flashing best with Ted Lewis in her latest picture, *Is Everybody Happy?* Anybody would be happy with sparkling, petite Ann as a playmate.
HOLLYWOOD'S GREATEST MENACE

By MARY SHARON

HOLLYWOOD'S greatest menace is the servant racket—beside it, all other racket is pale in comparison.

Like flies drawn to a honey cup, servants come to Hollywood for the sole purpose of extracting all the sweetness they can from the nouveau riche movie stars. Their methods are surprisingly simple and not infrequently successful.

Not far from the business district in Beverly Hills is a quaint little all-night restaurant where servants, butlers, secretaries and other employees of film stars get together. On Saturday night the place is crowded to capacity. To a casual onlooker the little cafe looks like nothing so much as a rendezvous of a band of thugs or apaches. The atmosphere is foreign and strange. The habitués speak an argot of their own which is meaningless to the uninitiated.

Here black deeds are contemplated and discussed. Countless plots are hatched, ranging all the way from petty thievery and bill-padding to blackmail, arson, kidnapping and murder.

AILEEN PRINGLE employed a butler who frequented this restaurant. Aileen has been classified as one of Hollywood's intellectuals and she wears her crown like one born to the purple. While one of her formal dinners was in progress, the butler made a gross mistake which called forth a reprimand from Aileen. She dismissed him and instructed her housekeeper to make out his time check immediately. Thinking the affair was closed, she returned to her guests without giving the matter further thought.

Late that night, after her guests had departed, Aileen was sitting alone at her writing desk, when she became aware of a malign presence behind her. Turning, she was confronted by her ex-butler who was creeping towards her with a stiletto in his hands. Screaming for help, she ran around a long antique table, closely pursued by the maniac.

Fortunately a friend, returning for a first edition Aileen had promised to him, heard her cries and helped to overpower the brute. Undoubtedly she would have lost her life had not fate sent immediate help.

The world rarely hears of these misadventures in the lives of their favorites. If they do, they classify the stories as bids for publicity and dismiss them.

The murderer of William Desmond Taylor was never found, but police and friends believe him to have been Sands, Taylor's valet.

Some of the actual occurrences are too terrible to print. One of filmdom's titian-haired favorites missed a horrible fate by the barest fraction.

A chauffeur who had been in her employ several months and who had brought with him the highest recommendations, forced an entrance into her home while her mother and servants were away for the evening.

The little star was memorizing the lines of her forthcoming opus and did not realize anyone was in the house until the fellow grabbed her wrist and attempted to force a gag into her mouth. By a miracle, she succeeded in wrenching away and locking herself in a closet. The chauffeur made his getaway before neighbors heard her screams and came to her rescue. The terrible incident resulted in a serious illness and she was confined to her bed for weeks. The papers carried a line that she had suffered a nervous breakdown from overwork and the public never knew the horrible fright she had suffered at the hands of her would-be assailant.

NOT all the offenses of crooked servants can be proved and labelled as such, even though the victims feel certain. A servant was suspected of being the channel through which the men who attempted to
kidnap Mary Pickford gained their intimate knowledge of her comings and goings. The men were brought to trial, promptly convicted and sentenced to San Quentint, but the servant disappeared and was never apprehended.

**DOROTHY MACKAILL** is the most frequent victim of servant racketeers of all the stars in Hollywood, due to her ready sympathy and forgiving nature. She is the easiest victim of the "touch" system on the entire lot at First National. Her friends try to protect her from grafters but every so often someone reaches her and her purse.

Not long ago Dorothy discharged one of her maids for incompetence and later in the day, while dressing to attend a party in her honor, discovered that a priceless set of earrings were missing from her jewel safe. Detectives apprehended the discharged maid and brought her to Dorothy. The girl confessed her guilt but told Dorothy that she had been prompted to commit the crime because her mother in New York was lying at death's door in need of a major operation. Dorothy was so sorry for the girl that she refused to press the case and even went so far as to buy a ticket to New York for the girl and loaned her two hundred dollars to secure medical help for her mother. The money was never returned and an investigation later disclosed that the girl's mother was serving a life sentence in San Quentint under the habitual criminal act.

A CERTAIN male star is quick on the trigger when it comes to detecting anything like blackmail or robbery. He needs to be, since many crooks mark him as easy prey on account of his foreign birth and training. He has Aileen Pringle discharged a butler. Later he returned and a gruesome tragedy was narrowly escaped.

Dorothy Mackaill and the earrings which were stolen by a servant who, although apprehended, finally victimized Dorothy by exciting sympathy for a mother beset by fictitious ills.

a gem collection of which he is inordinately proud, since a number of the stones are family heirlooms. Until a few months ago, he kept them in an antiquated safe in his Whitley Heights home.

He trusted the keys of his house to a Hungarian servant who had wormed his way into his good graces. He was on his way to location one night when some intuitive sense warned him that all was not well at home. He returned im-

mediately to find the place burglarized and his wall safe standing open. Hearing a noise in the attic he investigated and found the trusted servant pouring kerosene on rags, preparatory to firing the place. He forced the fellow to return the loot. The matter was kept out of the papers. This sort of thing makes poor copy anyway, since the readers think it is nothing more than a crass play for publicity.

NOT long ago, a young man reached Clara Bow through a trusted servant and told her such a story of hard luck that he gained her sympathy. Clara has known what it is to be in financial straits and she is always ready to help the unfortunate that come to her immediate notice. Her sympathy and help in this case were unwarranted and the young man became insufferable and threatening until finally Clara had to have him ejected bodily from her home. Now that Clara has her cousin Bill Bow with her she suffers less from such intrusions. Bill is a star athlete and to him Clara will always be the same little girl whom he used to take home from school on the handle bars of his bike. He is always in the offing to see that Clara is free from intrusions and together they enjoy beach outings, frequent trips to Tijuana and to the mountains.

**MILTON SILLS** is a patient in an Eastern sanitarium as a result of having been betrayed by a woman who had sold her services to him as business manager and income tax expert, promising to relieve him of the trouble and worry of making out the lengthy reports. Sills was so upset when he learned that she had falsified in her reports that his health failed and he went into a sudden decline necessitating his removal to a sanitarium. Uncle Sam has indicted Miss Berger on this and several other counts but the act cannot erase the fact that Milton Sills is fast becoming a mere memory shadow on the film horizon.

DURING his short but varied career as a film actor Stepin Fetchit, colored favorite of *Hearts in Dixie*, has learned all about the various forms of dishonesty practiced by the servant fraternity of Hollywood.

"Does Ah know about crooked servants? Ax me. Ah had  

[Continued on page 95]
Clive Brook believes in being happy and snappy. Them's amazing sentiments for an Englishman!

We knew him in an instant. The laugh-lines at the corners of his eyes completely gave him away.

"Come out from under the blond wig and the whiskers," we exclaimed. "We know you, Sherlock Holmes. You're Clive Brook—and even the octagonal spectacles can't fool us."

"Righto! Right you are. It's simple beastly how I can't get away with anything," averred the suave Mr. Brook. "Here I've been feeling that I'm unrecognizable even to my kiddies—and everybody knows me. But, I do say, don't you think the make-up is rather a good one, anyhow?"

"Good—why it's splendid. It's a perfect disguise—except for the laugh-lines. But—where's the peaked cap and the baggy trousers and where's Watson, and the needle?" We couldn't quite fathom the Sherlock Holmes of 1929, solving his mysteries on board a papier mâché ocean liner—the big set at the Paramount Astoria (Long Island) studios. We wondered whether Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, creator of the famous fictitious sleuth, had seen this rejuvenated, modernized Sherlock.

"The old balloon cap is gone forever, I think—er, that is, I hope;"

Clive maintained, "We're bringing Sherlock right through the years into 1929—and, by the way, if you think it's an easy matter, I beg to differ.

"I'm enjoying this part more than anything I've ever done before on the screen, and yet I see its difficulties. Doyle is a remarkable writer, an ingenious inventor of interesting characters. However, it must be remembered that The Return of Sherlock Holmes wasn't penned in 1929 tempo. I'm one of those believers in the change of the ages. In the present era, you've got to be peppy, snappy, always on the go—yes, even abrupt. Or else you're sure to find yourself out of the swing; dropping downward, completely excluded from the modern trend. And there is nothing more terrible in the world than the feeling that one is a back number."

But—getting back to Sherlock—you should hear (and we will, of course, when the production reaches the Great White Way) what we've done to the original phrasing. Wordy, long-winded paragraphs, no matter how beautiful the language—and Doyle wrote in true literary style despite the fact that the tense story value in his works could have gotten him by—we've fixed up into thoroughly modern style. It's a difficult task, doctoring dialogue. You'd think so if you tried it.

"And, another thing. If you think we of the talkie profession have the soft snap which I'll admit we used to have, in the day of the silent drama, you're quite wrong, don't you know. "We used to get to the studio at nine, work on scenes until noon; have lunch; film more scenes until 5 or 6; drive home. Then the studio was forgotten until the next morning. But now—we do our day's work on the set, and then go home to study lines. "Even during lunch hour at the
A good noodle—with plenty of brains inside it—was required to make SHERLOCK HOLMES a 1929 character

By IRENE THIRER

studio, we go over lines assiduously. And when others are working on the stages, we on the side lines rehearse dialogue among ourselves.

"More than that—when we’ve almost completed one picture, we have to start rehearsing dialogue for the next. Right now, I’m memorizing the sweet things I have to say to Ruth Chatterton for Victor Schertzinger, who is directing us in The Laughing Lady. This besides making sure that my Sherlock Holmes dialogue is perfect.

"But do we like it? We love it. It’s far more thrilling and interesting than silent pictures—especially to those motion picture actors, such as myself, who went to the screen from the stage.

"My movie career dates back to 1921, when I left the London footlights to play opposite Betty Compson in a British movie called Woman to Woman. Incidentally, Miss Compson has just completed a talkie version of that movie, with George Barraud enacting the rôle which was my first—those eight years ago."

CLIVE is married—as you probably know—and Mrs. Brook is a very lovely lady. A slender brunette. They married in England just before he started on the path to fame and fortune in Hollywood. Although the actor has played opposite nearly every exquisite damsel of the screen, he still thinks Mildred Evelyn Brook the most beautiful and altogether charming woman in the world.

Nowadays, on the grounds of their sumptuous Beverly Hills, California home, as well as at their beach cottage, they play tennis together every morning while their youngsters watch and applaud the good strokes. Clive is an ardent racket fan. His chief regret while making pictures in New York is the lack of tennis courts.

Just as a matter of checking up on

The off-screen Clive at his home, with Mrs. Brook, and their young son and daughter.

Would you think this is Clive Brook? It’s a good thing you wouldn’t, for you’re not supposed to. It’s one of the disguises he uses while playing Sherlock Holmes.

Clive Brook, we must needs tabulate the following:

Height—5 feet, 11". Weight—149. Blue eyes (twinkling ones, with laugh lines at the corners). Light brown hair (often concealed by wigs of all sorts, as required by his cinema rôles). Born in London, England, the son of George Alfred and Charlotte Mary Brook.

His mother was an opera singer, whereby a love for the stage was inherited. But parents tried to make a lawyer of Clive. No success. Didn’t like that profession. So—he tried office work, then newspaper reporting. Then came the war, with Clive serving in the Machine Gun Corps. After the big battle his first stage rôle was in Fair and Warmer, followed by Over Sunday, in which the lady who is now his wife, played opposite. Brook came to America in 1924. Among the American pictures in which he was either featured or starred are:


Clive Brook—charming, interesting, gentle, an artist—and very English.
Lost in the shadow of the Himalayas, three humans at the mercy of an inhuman Raja. A fascinating story of a woman, her husband and the other man—the man she loved—struggling to subdue their tangled emotions and outwit the suave fiend who entrapped them.

THE CAST

The Raja ........................................ GEORGE ARLIS
Crespin ........................................... H. B. WARNER
Lucilla Crespin ................................. ALICE JOYCE
Dr. Traherne .......................... RALPH FORBES
Hawkins ........................................ IVAN SIMPSON

Crespin's mouth twisted into an ugly sneer.
"You seem very fond of flying—with Dr. Traherne!"
The man in the cockpit turned and with his free hand opened the door connecting with the cabin.
"I'm going to try for a landing," he said, making his voice matter-of-fact so as not to alarm Lucilla. "No choice, the tank's empty."
Down shot the plane like a bullet. Nearer, nearer rose the ground, and at last met the frail craft. The plane bounced along the uneven ground, and then—bang against a mass of rock! The landing was as perfect as could be managed under the circumstances; the propeller was smashed beyond repair and the chassis would never again rise in the air.

TRAHERNE was the first to scramble out. Dazed and badly shaken up, he pulled himself together, and extricated Crespin and Lucilla from the debris. Tender solicitude was in his voice as he turned to the woman and helped her out. An anxious frown furrowed his brow.
"You're not hurt?"
Her answer reassured him.
"Not a bit."
"We don't know where we are," he said. "But, at least, you're safe."
"Thank God we're all safe," Lucilla returned.
"That's not what Traherne said," Crespin savagely muttered. "Why pretend to be blind to his chivalry?"
"Of course I'm glad you're all right, Major," said Traherne, visibly embarrassed. "But ladies first, you know."
"The perfect knight-errant," Crespin ironically rejoined.
Suddenly they were startled by strange guttural sounds. An interminable and menacing chattering rose from the vicinity. Cautiously they slipped around to the other side of the airplane. They waited, but nobody appeared. Then, plucking up courage, they followed a narrow winding path around the rock, in the direction of the babel.
What they saw surprised them. In the foreground they beheld a level space between two masses of rock. To the right, a cave-temple had been roughly hewn. Between two thick and rudely carved pillars, was the seated figure of a six-armed goddess, of forbidding aspect, and of dark green color. Before this figure, on a low altar, rested five newly severed heads of goats. Moldering wreaths on the base represented votive offerings of the worshippers.
The open space between the two rock masses formed a rudely paved forecourt to the temple. It was bordered by smaller idols and round stone posts, all painted green.
A group of dark and rudely clad natives, of Mongolian cast, were jabbering excitedly among themselves, as they stared at the grounded airplane. Their gibberish was strange, and the newcomers wondered what reception would be accorded them.

ONE man, of loftier stature than the others, was obviously the priest of the temple, and the group of whites decided to approach him. Seeing them coming, the priest muttered an order to one of his men, who made off at great speed.
Crespin approached the priest, and attempted to address him in Hindustani. The priest shook his head. Then the Major tried several other native dialects with equal ill-success.
To all his attempts, the priest shouted phrases that ended in "rukh." There was something foreboding in his vehemence.
“I offer you life with your children,” the Raja urged with horrible persuasion. Lucilla had a vision of her children, safe—safe in her arms.

“What the devil is he rukhing about?” Crespin, puzzled, asked.

Lucilla had sudden insight. She told them she remembered reading in the newspaper, before they started, that three men who had murdered a political officer at Abdulabab came from a wild region at the back of the Himalayas, called Rukh. The newspaper in question was among the debris of the airplane.

Trahern turned to the priest, and vainly tried to find a common language. The Priest replied “Raja Sahib!” accompanying the words with a gesture in the direction of the mountain wall. They peered intently and beheld, at a distance of a mile, a vast barbaric palace, with long stretches of unbroken masonry, crowned by fantastic arcades and turrets.

They walked timidly toward the palace, preceded by a jabbering mob. They had picked up the newspaper on the way, realizing that their fate might depend on that item of the Rukhs. When they reached the great building, they were ushered into a splendid apartment. Quickly, they read the newspaper item:

“Abdulabad, Tuesday. Sentence of death has been passed on the three men found guilty of the murder of Mr. Haredale. It appears that these miscreants are natives of Rukh, a small and little known independent state among the northern spurs of the Himalayas.”

Trahern looked up.

“This isn’t a very good passport in our present situation,”

“But we’re hundreds of miles from anywhere,” Lucilla interposed. “It couldn’t be known here yet.”

“Just the same,” her husband said, “it might be wise to—all—burn this paragraph in case there’s someone around who can read it.”

He tore a strip out of the paper, lit it, and watched it burn until it was a small scrap; then he stamped on it. Lucilla took the rest of the paper and laid it on the stone beside her. Intently the priest watched the whole proceeding. And meanwhile cymbals clashed and tom-toms throbbed, and voices wailed in strange ululations.

“Hallo, what’s this?" Crespin asked. "Sounds like the march of the Great Fanjandrum.

A wild group of natives were streaming down the mountain path, prostrating themselves. Heading it was a gigantic negro flourishing two naked sabres, and gyrating in a barbaric war dance. Then followed weirdly intoning musicians, and then a litter, bearing the Raja. Immediately behind the litter walked a man in morning coat and hat, looking as if he had just strolled in from Bond Street. His servile manner suggested the valet or servant. The procession closed with a number of the Raja’s bodyguard, clad in fantastic parti-colored robes, and armed with antique matchlocks, some of them with barrels six or seven feet long.

THE Raja was led to his throne.

Crespin approached:

“Does your Highness speak English?” he asked.

“Oh, yes, a little.” The Raja’s tone and accent made it obvious that his English was perfect.

“Then I have to apologize for our landing uninvited in your territory.”

“Uninvited, but I assure you, not unwelcome,” the Raja suavely answered.

“We understand that this is the State of Rukh.” Crespin had appointed himself spokesman.

Crespin had appointed himself spokesman.

The Raja corrected: “The Kingdom of Rukh, Major, if I rightly read the symbols on your sleeve.”

Crespin came to attention.

“Major Crespin, at your service. Permit me to introduce my wife.”

He made the presentation. A glint flashed in the Raja’s eye.

“I am delighted, madame, to welcome you to my secluded

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HOW JANET CHOSE

Janet Gaynor is the bride of Lydell Peck, but there's more to this romance than meets the eye. If you think this demure little girl isn't modern and self-assertive, you've a shock coming to you in this frank revelation by

BOB MOAK

JANET GAYNOR is the bride of Lydell Peck, rich young San Francisco attorney, and, apparently, is very happy. Charles Farrell, who rose to screen stardom with her, has left Hollywood for a two months' tour of America.

At the moment last September when Janet wired Lydell that she was leaving for 'Frisco to go with him to the altar, she was engaged to Charlie. It was the fifth day of her third betrothal to her camera mate during the two years that she has been listening to his proposals—both on and off the screen.

Charles Farrell, in real life, is the same deep, serious lover he was as Chico in Seventh Heaven, the picture that swept Janet and himself from the extra ranks to the top rungs of the celluloid ladder of success in a single step.

But Charlie is not the only one who has loved Janet. There's Herbert Moulten, the writer, to whom she was engaged before she fell for Charlie's entreaties.

SHE and Charlie have been friends since their first few weeks in pictures. They went around with the same crowd of film youngsters who gathered several evenings a week in the apartment shared by Janet, Marion Nixon and Olive Borden. There the gang would draw back the rugs and dance to the music of the portable Victrola.

Janet and Lydell Peck—he's the victor in a long and hectic heart campaign full of surprises, reverses, and best-laid plans upset.

Love didn't enter into the lives of Janet and Marion and Olive in those days. They were too busy trying to get a toe-hold in the movies.

But it wasn't long afterward that Janet fell in love with the young dramatic critic on the Los Angeles Times. He was Herbert Moulten, a brilliant, clean, likeable fellow, whose future as a newspaper man was assured. He did much to aid Janet in surmounting the hills beyond which she won fame.

Just before the world began to applaud Janet for her work in Seventh Heaven, she announced her engagement to Moulten. The story was published in Hollywood newspapers. It probably never reached the rest of the world for the simple reason that Janet was only a bit player and Herb a member of the press. It just wasn't news.

But Herb Moulten was a happy man. His friends rushed to congratulate him, for they knew how deep was his love for the demure little girl.

Then Seventh Heaven was completed and Janet became a stellar personage.

The happy pair might have been married right then and there had not Moulten insisted that it would not be fair to Janet, now enjoying a star's income, to be tied to a man.

[Continued on page 92]
A year ago the youngest child of the “infant industry” was making itself heard loudly, if not well. Angel voices thundered when they should have trod delicately on the public tympana. Tiny feminine stars squeaked in moments of overwhelming pictorial tenderness. The dear public, its audible curiosity outraged by the din, stuffed fingers in its ears and wished dismally that the squawkies would strain their vocal organs beyond repair.

Out at M-G-M, the most conservative of the studios, experts were experimenting with U. S. C. engineers to eliminate hissing and booming, before deciding whether or not to embark on the seasick waves of sound.

Came Bayard Villiers, author of the sensational play, The Trial of Mary Dugan. Quoth he oracularly, “Norma Shearer is the girl for Mary.” Quoth Norma, “So I am!” Thundered the M-G-M lion, “Nix to that, Norma!” For how could such a quiet, well-bred, charming young person as she, long cast in romances and light comedy-drama, successfully play the highly dramatic rôle of a harlot on trial for murder? For a while it seemed that the proverbial irresistible force had met the immovable body.

Under the secret tutelage of Villiers, Norma learned the rôle of Mary Dugan. Executives indulgently granted her a screen test with the well-known stage star, Raymond Hackett, feeding her the lines. When the courtroom scene, in which Mary confesses her past to her young attorney-brother, was run before a group of studio officials and newspaper critics, Norma Shearer scored the sensation of her career.

Mary Pickford made film history with her speaking performance of Coquette. Though there were many who doubted the authenticity of her Southern accent, none quibbled with the charm of her voice, or with the new and startling personality the talkies had revealed in her.

In The Letter, Jeanne Eagels, a recruit from the stage, brought to the screen a voice of wider dramatic range than had yet been heard—a voice trained for years in the nuances of sound and its variable possibilities. A finer speaking voice has not reached the screen—unless, perhaps, that of Ruth Chatterton.

But, objected the public, both actresses, however perfect their work and highly trained their voices, are of the cold, calculating temperament. Their voices lack sex appeal!

Fox Films point with justifiable pride to Mary Duncan, whose voice is charming in quality, wide of range, and unquestionably teeming with the illusive S. A. If anybody in the film colony can lay claim to the best talkies voice, it is Mary Duncan. Mary has had years of stage training, which helped her immensely.

Lois Moran is one whose voice has helped express a nature of underlying depth. Her performance in Behind That Curtain was a surprise to most of her fans. Charming of variable range, capable of passion, it is a serious rival for the...
The vitality and versatility of her stage-trained vocal expressions, reaching their apex in Sweeney, promise that Nancy Carroll will continue to be heard from.

In The River of Romance Mary Brian's soft, feminine voice with its charming Southern accent increased her fan following by thousands.

In The River of Romance Mary Brian's soft, feminine voice with its charming Southern accent increased her fan following by thousands.

By DOROTHY CARTWRIGHT

Myrna Loy, under contract to the same studio, proved herself a serious candidate for the title of Best Talkie Bet in State Street Sadie, but Warner Brothers and other studios that have borrowed her have seen fit to cast her in roles demanding exotic dialects. She has handled them with considerable skill. So much so that it is difficult for her fans to remember the real Myrna Loy when she speaks through the lips of Yasmini.

Janet Gaynor's voice is entirely expressive of her personality. It is high, childish, lacking in both volume and range, but appealing as a type.

Equally suited to her personality is the voice of Clara Bow. Without much variety, it is still typical of the parts she portrays—flippant, light, expressive of an average flapper. As such it is by no means a challenge for the Best Talkie Bet. But, very wisely, Clara is taking voice lessons from a stage actress in an effort to improve her diction and range.

Several stars of yesteryear had dimmed almost to obscurity when the talkies gave them a new lease on life. Gladys Brockwell was acclaimed Best Talkie Bet for many months. Rated as a second-rate and small-part player, Gladys suddenly leaped into the first ranks, making one picture after another as fast as she could crowd them in. At the time of her shocking death she had just completed her first starring picture in several years.

Betty Compson, much sought along Poverty Row, began to talk. Today she is in demand at the best studios and commands a very substantial four-figure salary every Saturday. The year has not enough weeks to permit her to sing every contract offered her now. Her voice, clear, unstrained, of pleasing pitch, is a logical contender for the talkie championship.

Evelyn Brent's voice is likewise clear, and her diction distinct, but it lacks strength. Nancy Carroll possesses a highly expressive voice that many believe superior to that of any other star. Not only has it vitality and versatility, but it long ago won popularity for her on the stage when she appeared in song-and-dance numbers.

Mary Brian has always given a pleasing performance. Now she has suddenly leaped to the front ranks because of her soft, feminine voice with its charming Southern accent. In The River of Romance it increased her fan following by thousands and gave her an important place in the talkie voice race.

Greta Garbo's talking début in Anna Christie will reveal an amazing discovery—a voice resonant, expressive, tinged with an accent that heightens her exotic charm.

Players' comparative vocal merits
Dressed for

Frills take on new forms and make the trailing, graceful skirt a highly important style feature.

(At left.) The normal waistline is effected by a belt of rhinestones in this white chiffon gown worn by Laura La Plante, Universal star. Several tiers of chiffon form a short train on the skirt. The entire gown is embroidered and jewelled with rhinestones.

(At right.) Spanish red is the new shade employed by Irene Bordoni in this taffeta evening gown she wears in her First National picture, Paris. Taffeta is the very newest of fabrics for this winter. Silver sequins trim the bodice, and the skirt has a circular outline which gradually lengthens into a small train.

What the well-dressed co-ed will wear at the college prom might describe this lovely gown Jeanette Loff wears in The Sophomore, a Pathé picture. The bodice of the frock is of ivory satin with embroidered bands of pearls and rhinestones while the skirt is composed of many, many yards of silk tulle.
Hollywood stars in their latest party frocks usher in the new vogue of glowing fluffy femininity

(At right.) Ina Claire in her first film, The Awful Truth, wears this stunning evening creation done along modernistic lines. The gray sequins blend into a deep steel shade. A soft pink tulle flounce lends just the right touch for the uneven hemline.

(At left.) Perfection in the new silhouette! The lines of the frock follow the lines of the figure. The décolletage is low and the skirt is high in front and long in back. The use of brilliants for shoulder straps and ornament makes a distinctive trimming. Edna Murphy, Warner Brothers' player, completes this fascinating costume with necklace and earrings of crystal.

Lace enhances the chic formality of this youthful dance frock worn by Anita Page, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer featured player. The bodice is made of transparent velvet and the full circular skirt is of chiffon. The interesting treatment of the hip-line makes this frock distinctly different.

Wm. E. Thomas
SACRIFICIAL ALTARS
OF HOLLYWOOD

By DOROTHY SPENSLEY

Gladys Brockwell, a sacrifice to Modernism and the Speed Age—a victim of the forces that brought her success.

In a way, Gladys Brockwell’s sudden, tragic death was a sacrifice on the newest altar. It is difficult to tear emotionalism from this critical dissection of what her death really meant. Young—she was only thirty-four. Beautiful—with that rare beauty of radiant blond hair furrowed by sunny waves, and brown eyes. “Seal brown eyes,” her mother says, slowly, remembering—remembering the exquisite qualities of her voice, her charm, her wit.

“She looked like this when she was going out to dinner,” her mother says, lifting from the table a framed picture of her daughter in wispy chiffons and huge airy hat, shadowing luminous eyes.

It is hard to set down the pitiful truth of an unnecessary sacrifice with the memory of her calm, reposeful gaze arising to obstruct the tragic facts.

Gladys Brockwell was, strangely, first the heroine, then the victim of the Speed Age. As absolute as the sacrifices of the ancients she was marked to be cast up to high places and then destroyed on the altar of the newest false god.

A veritable handmaiden of the temple Synchronization, she alone, among the myriad silent screen actresses, was singled out for renewed fame. Greater fame than she had ever realized in her crowded life of the theatre. The talking picture, itself an audible symbol of the Speed Age and the terrific pace at which we travel, was once more to elevate Gladys to the heights.

At the moment of her death, Warner Brothers were about to sign her to a valuable contract.

Two days before she had negotiated with an insurance representative for a policy that would assure her mother of an income of $250 a month should any ill befall her only daughter. She had paused, waiting for the film contract to be signed.

On June 27 on that dark, circling road near Calabasas, across the valley from Los Angeles, the speeding motor in which she was being driven by P. Stanley Brennon, lurched and hurtled itself over a cliff. Rescuers found Gladys pinned beneath the car.

[Continued on page 97]
Tidings from Talkie Town

DOROTHY DEVORE has said good-bye to Hollywood. She is wealthy. So is her husband, Wiley Mathee. They have built for themselves a palace in the heart of the redwood forests of California. There, they say, they will spend the balance of their lives.

BERT WHEELER has joined the Hollywood colony for good. He has just made a flying trip back to New York to pack up his things, ship his furniture west, and settle down in the wide open spaces. He has been a popular vaudeville star for years, and it seems pretty good to the vaudevillians, after playing long sleeper jumps, to be able to settle down and enjoy a little real home life for a change.

GLORIA SWANSON is going to have just about everything she wants for her next picture. Richard Boleslavsky, famous Russian stage director who has been with the Theatre Guild in New York, has been selected to direct. The film will be made in color and Gloria will have a chance to sing. All the chance in the world, in fact. The title of the picture is Silk. That's what it is now, anyway.'

ANITA PAGE, whose bosses are considering her elevation to stardom within the next few months, is the only actress in Hollywood who doesn't drive a car. Anita's father, Moreno Pomeares, fears an accident might bring her screen career to a halt.

That's why Mama Pomeares used to pilot Anita to and from the studio. But—

Not long ago, the car, with Mrs. Pomeares at the wheel and Anita at her side, stalled on a street car track as a trolley approached. Mama and Anita jumped to safety.

Now when Papa Pomares can't get away from his duties as Anita's business manager, a hired chauffeur motors Anita to work.

VIVIENNE SEGAL, stage favorite, playing the title rôle in the natural color film opera, Golden Dawn has an odd assortment of pets. A monkey, a parrot, a baby alligator, all the natural playthings of the children of Africa. They share her dressing room with her at the Warner Studio.

WHEN Hoot Gibson selected Sally Eilers for the feminine lead in his The Ramblin' Kid, he volunteered to teach her to ride. And when he offered her the use of his own pet pinto, Sally considered him a real friend.

Now she's not so certain.

The pinto, it seems, was educated to do stunts, and she was the victim of one of its tricks. Every time she tried to mount, the horse lay down.

Then she saw the grin on Hoot's face and called on another instructor.

LILYAN TASHMAN is a glutton for punishment, if you know what I mean. Unlike Clara Bow, who is supposed to "get her man" in every picture, Lilyan, as the featured vamp must lose hers.

"How does it feel to be continuously on the losing end?" a friend asked Lilyan.

"I don't mind it a bit," replied the actress. "I'm only following the example of Alla historical vampires. And losing a man is often better than winning him."
dominions. You are the first lady of your nation that I have had the honor of receiving.

"Your highness is very kind," Lucilla said. They explained their predicament, and he sought his aid in returning.

"I trust," said Crespin, "we shall incur no difficulty in securing transportation back to civilization... back to India."

"Civilization, you were about to say?" The Raja emphasized his speech with a curling sneer. "Well, why hesitate, my dear sir? We know very well that we are barbarians."

He called his London-tailored valet—Watkins was his name—and commanded him to get cushions for Lucilla. And he pressed his hospitality on the party. There was time enough to talk of returning to India.

I T WAS obvious that he was in no hurry to dismiss his guests. More than once he looked at Lucilla with an appraising glance. She shivered uneasily.

He saw the paper. When he noticed that the telegraphic news was torn out, he evinced surprise. While he was perusing the sheet, the priest acquainted him with the burning of the special story. The Raja frowned:

"You burned this on purpose?" he questioned Crespin. And without waiting for an answer: "I know your motive, Doctor Traherne, and I appreciate it. You destroyed it out of consideration for my feelings, wishing to spare me a painful piece of intelligence." He smiled, suavely sneering. "That was very thoughtful of you, but quite unnecessary. I already know what you tried to conceal. Bad news travels fast."

He told them that the three condemned men were his brothers. He paused and announced that he would not answer for the safety of his guests if the English government executed the three prisoners.

"Since the news has spread that three Feringis have dropped from the skies precisely at the time when three Princes of the Royal House are threatened with death at the hands of the Feringis' government, my people have taken it into their heads that you have been personally conducted hither by the Goddess."

They saw the desperation of their predicament. They would die the instant the news leaked through that the three royal brothers had been executed.

The Raja left them with the remark that he might soon have news of moment. Shortly afterwards they heard the click-click of a wireless apparatus.

"Wireless, by Jupiter!" Crespin exclaimed. His job through the war had been the transmitting of messages in code. If he could only get his hands on the apparatus for a short minute, call the airport at Amil Serai, and bring the Raja to his senses.

"We must on no account let this fanatic suspect that we know anything about wireless. We must play up to him. If I could only remember the wave length and calls for Amil Serai."

"It will come back to you," Traherne encouraged.

They were tense with excitement. But the Raja saw no traces of it when he returned. He informed them that his brothers' execution had been fixed for the day after tomorrow. And that day, at sunset, would be the limit of the lives of his three guests. Unfortunately he could do nothing about it. The Raja asked them, cautiously, if they had knowledge of wireless telegraphy. Reassured, he told them the buzzing sound was that of wireless transmission. Watkins acted as operator.

Lucilla trembled violently. She appealed to him to get in touch with the Indian Government, effect the exchange of his brothers for themselves. He was adamant.

A life for a life!

An hour later, she was ushered into her sleeping apartment. Turning round, she was unpleasantly startled to observe the Raja enter. He had come, he said, to talk of her children. Would he, she implored, have delivered, on his word of honor, a letter of farewell she would write to them? He declined. On no condition must the Indian Government be apprized of their presence here. Too dangerous!

H E HAD an alternative offer. If she would come to India, live as his queen, she would have her children at her side in less than a month. He bent over her eagerly.

"Your son, if you gave me one, would be the prince of princes; my other sons would bow down before him and serve him."

There came to her the vision of her children—safe—safe in his arms. He saw the impression he had made.

"I offer you life with your children."

"Yes, but on what terms? That I should desert my husband and my friends. No, no!" "That is your answer, Madame?" he incredulously asked, stupefied.

"The only possible answer. What would be the good of having my children with me if I couldn't look them in the face?"

He stood in solitary communion for an instant; then he disappeared as swiftly as he had come. Lucilla fell prostrate on the mass of richly woven rugs.

The Raja's first act was to summon Watkins. He wrote something on a piece of notepaper and asked Watkins to read it. Watkins read aloud: "The lady has come to terms. She will enter His Highness' Household."

Watkins asked what room she would occupy. The Raja informed him that though he was to send the message, it was only boys for the Feringis. Watkins would send it out in their hearing, and if either of them could read the Morse code, they would give themselves away. He, the Raja, would perceive the slightest twitch of an eyelash and detect them. And if they tried to corrupt Watkins... well, had faith in Watkins. The man dared not show his nose in any country under English rule. The hangman's noose was waiting for him.

The following day, the Raja turned to his guests and said:

"Oh, Major, Doctor—Watkins is about to send out a wireless message. It might amuse you to see the instruments work."

The message was wireless. Crespin heard the baleful sounds announcing his wife's dereliction. Outwardly, he evidenced not a sign. The Raja was now convinced. Traherne and Crespin had realized that a trap had been laid for them. With an ironic salaam, the Raja left. Crespin darted to the door leading to the entrance hall. Very softly he shut it. Traherne shut the door after him. Thank heavens, that was shut too. Lucilla examined the loggia. Then they gathered together for a last, desperate, eleventh-hour conference. They must do something, quickly, or they would all be dead within twenty-four hours.

"Can we break open the door?" Traherne feverishly asked.

"It would make too much noise."

"Then let's try to bribe Watkins."

"Must I do violence to my feelings, Madame, by including you in the approaching ceremony? I repeat my offer as to your children." The Raja spoke with cool smoothness.

The Green Goddess

[Continued from Page 68]
Crespin shrugged his shoulders: "But even if we succeeded, what good would it be if we couldn't remember the wavelength and the call for Amil-Serai?"

Traherne assured him it would come back to him. But first, to bribe Watkins.

In an adjoining room, the Raja and Watkins waited. They expected a proposal of marriage. The Raja walked up and down the room, clear and motioned Watkins to answer the call. Watkins moved into the salon. Still smiling faintly, the Raja retired.

Traherne was who spoke. He appealed to the man on their common English blood. "You surely don't intend to stand by and see his kinship of birth stripped from you?"

"My own people, is it? An' you want me to risk my neck for three of you? I wouldn't do it for all your bloomin' England."

Money, then! They had little or no cash on them. But they would give IOU's for handsome amounts if he would send a message through to the Amil-Serai Aerodrome. At first he demurred, then he accepted, though he had not the remotest intention of betraying his master. He asked two thousand pounds—enough to make a gentleman of him, and add to the sum they had given him in IOU's.


Watkins went to the door of the wireless room. He leisurely looked for his key. The other followed. Not to excite suspicion, they sat down in the order they had followed during the Raja's wireless demonstration. Under their composures, they were tense.

Crespin's frame shook with agitation. The butterbuns clicked; there was the answering buzz. But the message was not his; the destination was not Amil-Serai. So, he was playing with them.

They must get the man out of the way. He must not acquaint the Raja with his successful ruse.

While Watkins was still playing with the transmitter, Crespin tiptoed toward him. Passing Lucilla, he took her scarf and handed it to Traherne. He drew his hankie-chief. Lucilla made a motion of her hand to her mouth. Yes, gag the man first.

With a gasp rising under his breath when Traherne deftly jammed the gag into his mouth. At the same instant, Crespin gripped Watkins' arms behind him, and tied them tight. Traherne tightened the gag.

But Watkins made a superhuman effort and freed himself. He rushed out, closely followed by the two men. With tense alarm Lucilla watched. For a moment, Watkins eluded his pursuers and ran onto the loggia. Madly he tried to free himself.

With a great effort he succeeded. But just then Traherne came. The two men grappled fiercely, silently. Crespin rushed into the scene of combat by the edge of the loggia railing. Traherne struck Watkins a staggering blow that half stunned him and knocked him almost into Crespin's arms. Watkins still gasped for breath, Crespin seized him. With a savage heave, he flung him over the railing, to the rocks below.

Lucilla had watched, petrified. She gave vent to a gasping cry. The men stared tense over the railing. Traherne was about to say something. Crespin stopped him. "Don't speak! I've got it. I've remembered the call!"

They darted into the salon.

The Raja came too soon. Traherne and Lucilla were led to the Raja. He implored the Raja to save Lucilla from this impending death. It was useless, the suave devil was deaf to his pleas.

But the fiend granted Traherne's request that he be given ten minutes alone with Lucilla. "Turn to her, the Raja said. "Before I go, madame, may I remind you of my offer of yesterday? It is not yet too late. Is it fair to your children to refuse?"

He waited. She was immovable. "So be it!" he muttered.

Traherne asked what offer the devilish Raja had made. She told him. "He said in a month I might have them in my arms. Think of it! Ronny and Iris in my arms?"

Tears welled in her eyes. He asked her if she had done right to refuse. "Basil!" she exclaimed, using his first name. "Why, I should die of shame and misery! Then my children would be left to the mercy of this man."

"Forgive me! But I had to ask you." "Oh, I want them in my arms, Basil. I want to kiss them, look into their eyes—"

"Don't, Lucill, don't! Don't remind me of all that we are losing. Of all this life might have meant for you and me."

"Yes, Basil, for you and me!" He looked at the ground an instant, before he spoke. "I meant to have left it all unsaid. But we have only one more moment now between us and eternity. Do you know what it's meant to me to live these years without you? To see you bound by ties I couldn't ask you to break?"

"Yes, I know. I've known from the beginning."

Her eyes were eloquent. He took her in his arms and kissed her. "Oh, Basil, we've thrown away all the beauty and the glory of life. We've been fools, cowards."

"No dear," he corrected. "Don't call us cowards. We've been brave. For I have loved you always."

Suddenly a gong sounded. The hour of doom was approaching. Savage cries broke on the air. Pandemonium outside! Lucilla and Traherne held each other tightly an instant. Then they stood apart, facing the doorway. A procession of chanting priests entered. They were wearing fantastic robes and headdresses. All except the high priests were masked. The Raja followed, wearing a priestess costume. Behind him, three dark-robed masked figures moved, carrying heavy, ancient swords. Musicians brought up the rear. The priests grouped themselves around the throne.

And dominating all, the image of the Green Goddess—godess of vengeance—carved grotesquely, amid barbaric tracery.

There was silence for a space of time. Then the shadow—signal of their execution—rested on the barbed image. The time had come.

The Raja addressed Lucilla. "Must I do violence to my feelings, madame, by including you in the approaching ceremony? There is still time. I repeat my offer as to your children."

[Continued on Page 98]
The BALKIES

Balked at every turn, actors, directors and electrical experts constantly fight difficulties imposed by the regime of the tyrant microphone—and win!

By HENRY MACMAHON

THERE used to be a slogan out Hollywood way—on the office wall of the main guy in the largest studio—and it commanded unceasingly: "Say it with Props."

After you have been doing that successfully for a term of years, it's kinda tough to have to turn right around and tell it with your teeth into the devilish little microphone, an instrument heretofore relegated to the blatty radio announcers, happiness boys, and other squawkers and shrillers.

And presently you found—if you happened to be a movie actor—you had to tell it both ways! Articulately, to these United States, England and the British possessions; in dumb show, to the rest of the planet. It got you coming and going—and in ways entirely unexpected at that far-off time, about sixteen months ago to be exact, when the Warner frères good-naturedly let their pet director stretch a brief talkie into a "feature" and thereby unwittingly started the movie revolution.

The pesky contraption gave you a voice you hadn't bargained for. Better have the raucous tones marcelled at once! Come panic. As high as $50 an hour was shelled out to teachers for such "marcelling." It was quickly evident that most flapper Hollywood—stellar or extra—couldn't say an ess.

Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor in a scene from Sunny Side Up. Natural banter is a difficult thing when they know that all around them Rentish microphones lie in wait ready to transmit their words to—

A raffish director made them say, over and over:
"Sister Susie's sewing shirts for soldiers."

It wasn't in their lexicon. They all gave a succession of "th's." The "mike" accentuated the lisping. It made rapid talk unintelligible, and made passionate speeches sound just funny. Chaps and girls who had been on the stage learned the requirements much quicker than the "voiceless" screen idols. But if the latter had even a parlor singing voice, they were in luck. A song or two could camouflage a whole lot of "mike" inability, making the film "with sound," anyhow.

Acting in a talking picture is tricky business. Articulation, diction, pace are far more important than they are on the theatrical boards. One of the funniest things was the way the early talk-comedies "drowned themselves out." The cleverer the gags and hits, the greater the laugh-interference by the audience themselves! Many of the jokes were lost—killed by kindness. You heard a few words, bothered your neighbor for the rest, and remained in a state of exasperated amiability.

Actors and directors set to remedy the defect by "timing." Meaning that the actor mixes silence with his speech. Stage players had always done this, allowing necessary pauses for laughter and applause, governed directly by the "feel" of the audience. The talkie actor has to do it arbitrarily. So many seconds after this laugh, twice as many after that climax, a carefully measured pause after each key-speech to let the meaning sink in.

—the "mixing" room. This is Franklin Hansen, one of the recording engineers at Paramount Studios. The mixer controls the volume of tone while watching the scene through sound-proof plate-glass windows, holding the destinies of stars in his hands.

Naturally, rehearsal takes one to three weeks. Rehearsal of the old-time silents was almost negligible. Slug-a-bed stars belatedly attended the studio, hardly knowing what they were to do that day, and after brief instructions from the director re each short scene, plunged into the thick of it. A rapid go-as-you-please, trusting chiefly to luck, good looks.
and inspiration! This has been exchanged for long hours of study and four and five-hour rehearsals twice daily.

A PECULIAR malady that saps the new technique is "mike-consciousness." Without cramping your acting style, you must deliver your lines into a fiendish little mouthpiece that won't let you even half leave it. You have fewer Props (i.e., properties) to work with, your space is cramped, the atmosphere of the "sound-proof" stage is like a Turkish bath, and you have to simulate perfect freedom and robust action in front of the camera while your voice must be unceasingly directed to your tyrant mechanical "listener" not over two feet away! No wonder that often the actor fails to throw himself adequately into his part. The action and "business" with properties and persons take the place of words, and here Horatio is himself again! It's fast-moving stuff as compared with the somewhat snail-like pace of the vocal, and while less rich in meaning, has plenty of emotional value. Excellence of the all-around actor is that he is learning versatility. The screen players, enforced by sharp necessity, are no longer hide-bound; they alternate stage seasons with studio work. Some have gone operatic, many others vaudeville, and all are of more value to their bosses because of the new tasks they have taken on.

When it comes right down to it, the making of talkies is simply a series of ever new problems in the "canning" of drama.

Directors like Griffith, Niblo, Vidor, L. Barrymore, Lubitsch, and actors like Fairbanks, Lloyd, Gilbert, Bancroft, McLaughlen, Barthelmess et al. devote far more thought and energy to it than they ever did on anything before. Each successful picture is a triumph of will and energy against overwhelming problems.

Canned acting, new style, means that the director is silent and only the actors speak. Movie Sveengalis and Triblys must seek some other sphere of activity, for it's impossible to hypnotize vacuous "doll-babies" through long stretches of dialogue action.

On the other hand, the actor or actress using the "old bean" constantly invents new technique. Between rehearsing director and executant player it is far more a "give-and-take" game than it used to be. There's not a dull moment on the sets while the discussion of possibilities of ways of shooting a scene goes on.

Dolores Costello prepares to record a telephone conversation in Second Choice. "Sink!" cries the director. The picture-camera and the phone-camera mechanisms are then synchronized and the actual shooting of the talkie is on.

Even the birds must re-learn to sing for the talkies. Renée Adorée lends a critical ear while the violinist gives a note which the birds will imitate, thus avoiding a medley of different keys which wouldn't record well.

"mike" has got him, even as cold and critical audiences have "got" the greatest of Thespians now and again in past eras. And such tricks that the "mike" can play on you! A dry throat, or a bit of hoarseness from last night's party, and presto! the listening Ear has equipped you with a new voice entirely—some strange utterance that leaves you aghast and the director raging. Neither awake nor asleep can you forget that odious mike.

After the talkie the movie actor must return to his old technique for the "little brother of the talk-fest," i.e., the accompanying silent. This latter is not simply the talkie shorn of its words. It is a new work, differing as sharply from the other as a painting from a sculpture. Pantomime

The apparatus for making talkies changes rapidly. Of course you all know about the sound-proof camera booth. Well, now another invention has arrived which supersedes it. The booth has been discarded for a wrapping of heavy blankets and special silencing mechanism. The camera is out in the open again, with it's "gr-rrr" successfully muffled.

Its hobby-horse legs and white blanketing has earned for it the name of "Spark Plug" or "blimp."

So rapid do things move in Hollywood that now the use

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were hot and the feeling of unseen mechanism surrounding her, recording her voice to send it into a shill screech or lower it to masculine bellows depressed her.

"Ready for your song, Miss Moore?"

ELLIN took her place in the center of the set, raised her arms and waited. She could see the cameraman in his glass case adjusting the film. Gorman adjusted his head-phones, gave the signal for silence and a red light denoting admittance to people off the set glazed faintly over the door.

"He's been away so-o-o long," Ellin crooned. "That man has left me lonely—"

From the corner of her eye, she could see Gorman nodding his approval. Delton made his entrance and the song waivered and cracked in the middle. She was supposed to stand there trembling, waiting for him to take her in his arms. But she was trembling in reality because she was so worn out that her knees were ready to give way and pitch her into a sudden fall.

When the scene was completed Gorman signalled to the men at the monitor table and the lights dimmed to their normal glow. Ellin sank into a chair ready to cry with relief. The man at the monitor table said, "Playback!" and silence descended once more. After a short wait, she heard her own voice singing "He's been away so-o-o long—"

The picture opened at Sid Grossman's Oriental theater a month later. Ellin entertained the Levys (better known as the Valerie Lanes) Sylvia Morgan, the ingenue who had rocketed into prominence in the picture Lying Lovers, Sylvia's heavy crush who was a cameraman, and Don Delton.

As she entered the theater, someone handed her a sheaf of congratulatory telegrams. Making her way toward her seat, she tried to picture Gene walking beside her. If he'd only sent her a word—a short note—anything. Perhaps he'd forgotten her.

When the lights went on after the picture, admiring glances were directed at her. It was good. Ellin Moore was made. There would be a huge contract, gobs of money—but what good were those without Gene?

SHE dreaded the prospect of the party at Valerie Lane's, following the performance. She found that it was worse in actuality than it had been in prospect. After spending a miserable hour listening to prophecies about her future, Ellin slipped away looking for a place of refuge.

She found it at the end of the corridor in the front hall. The room was empty except for a man sprawled in a chair at the other end of the room. He looked unobtrusive. Ellin slipped in and started looking over her telegrams. There were messages from people she had never heard of, messages from old friends in the show business, messages from friends of her family, and slipped underneath the others, there was a message signed "Gene."

Congratulations knew it would be a success don't get high hat.

Not a word of love—not a personal phrase. She crumpled the yellow paper in her small hand and said "Damn that man."

There was a slightly apologetic stir from the chair at the other side of the room. "Were you speaking to or of me?" the occupant asked.

"I was talking to myself."

"You're Ellin Moore, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"Secret Sin is a good picture. You used to be Gene Farrol's partner on the Keith circuit, didn't you?"

"Yes. Do you know him?"

"Slightly. Haven't seen him since I offered him a contract to do two reeilers. That guy's funny, you know? I think he's crazy."

Ellin went over to him. "Why?"

"Well, I made him a swell offer—meant to put him in five reeilers after he'd picked up a following—and he turned it flat because he didn't want to split your act."

"You made him an offer for the talkies?"

"Oh, no. He'd be a duad for sound pictures. He'd been doing that double with you for about a year, and the ape turned me down flatter than flat. How is he, by the way?"

"I don't know. I haven't seen or heard from him since I left New York. He's probably well. She fingered a thread on her frock and bit her lower lip.

"It must have been a quick recovery if he is," Hymans said.

"What do you mean, recovery?"

"Hadn't you heard about his accident? It was in Variety about—we see—two months and a half ago."

"I haven't seen a copy. I've been too busy working. W-what happened?"

"Both legs crushed," Hymans said. "The notice didn't give many details. Just said he stepped off a curb behind a parked car. A taxi came up back of him—bang!"

Ellin shuddered into a compact little bundle of agony. "I can't believe it," she said.

"It's true though. I expect he'd be glad to have a word from you."

"I've written him and had no answer."

"Probably didn't want you worrying about him in the hospital," Hymans said. "He's a queer duck."

Ellin rose, unsteadily. "Thanks a lot," she said. "I must go, now."

"You're leaving?"

"I'm taking the first train I can get for New York," she said.

WORKING with Helga, her maid, she packed by dawn. She fell into bed and an exhausted sleep. Her train left at three that afternoon.

At ten o'clock that morning, she had a telephone call from the producer's office. "This is Lynch," the voice said. "We're ready to talk terms. We've got a story for you and we want to start work right away. Will you come over and sign the contract?"

"Sorry. I'm leaving for New York."

"You don't understand. We've gotta contract for you. Right here on the desk. Just a scratch of the pen, that's all."

"I'm leaving for New York. I'll be standing indefinitely."

"But listen—"

Ellin hung up. The telephone rang again. Lynch said, "Now listen—we've gotta con—"

"I don't care if you've got the state of California wrapped in tissue paper. I'm
leaving at three o’clock.”

“When’ll you be back?”

“I’m not coming back.”

“Oh, my God!” The receiver at the other end smacked into place.

Ellin managed to get a pile of back issues of Variety from one of her friends, and on the way she blundered frantically through them, looking for Gene’s name. When she found it, she was horrified at its cold brevity. She read it over and over.

Gene Farnol, well known vaudeville hoof and comedian, was injured Thursday night when he stepped from the curb behind a parked automobile and an oncoming taxi crushed his legs against the rear bumper of the parked car. Farnol was rushed to the Mercy Hospital at Forty-Seventh Street and Third Avenue. Farnol’s partner who will be remembered as Ellin Moore, recently left the team for an offer from the talking pictures. She is making a picture to be called Secret Sin which is scheduled to be finished some time in November.

Upon reaching New York, she called the Mercy Hospital. Mr. Farnol had been discharged the week before.

She called his old hotel. The switchboard operator put her through to his room. After what seemed an age, Gene’s voice answered.

“Hello, you bum,” Ellin quavered.

“Who is it?”

“It’s Ellin.”

“Go on.” There was unbelief in his tone.

“I’m coming right up,” she said.

“It’s not really Ellin.”

“Sure.”

“What are you doing—
Ellin hung up and raced for the elevator.

GENE was sitting in a chair when she entered. He was thinner, whiter and a little tired looking. He held out his hand. “What are you doing here?

A whirlwind shopping tour?”

Ellin threw her gloves on the bed and went over to him. “Of all the rotten, low-down, unprincipled and generally skunky tricks you can play with a guy’s life,” she said, “you’re taking the prize. You get yourself hurt and don’t let me know. You ship me out to Hollywood because it’s my big chance without saying a word about your turning one down two years ago, and—

“The same old Ellin,” Gene said, sighing.

“Guess I’ve got a right to a private accident if I want it.”

“You might have been killed.”

“Aw, it wasn’t anything. I just got jammed a little. I had a swollen nose.”

“How are you now?”

“I’m okay. I’m swell.”

“Stand up.”

“What is this? Am I on exhibition?”

“Stand up, idiot.”

“I don’t want to stand up. I ain’t goin’ to do anything I don’t wanna, even for you.”

“Gene!” She stood staring at him.

“You can’t!”

“I can too,” he said. “Sure I can.”

“But you can’t dance. You haven’t saved any money.”

“I got that so! I can too dance. Sure I can dance. My pins are all right, honest. I got a swell looking lined up right now.”

“I don’t believe you.”

“Always callin’ me a liar.” He got to his feet. He started humming. His face was a shade whiter than it had been a moment before. He went into his old tap dance routine. The pallor spread from his face to his lips. He finished and sank into a chair. “Sure I can dance,” he said.

“Gene, let me take you away somewhere for a rest and afterward we’ll go back into the old double, shall we?”

“ Haven’t you got a contract out there?”

“No.”

“What, no contract? Why?”

“They wanted to give me one, but I was coming to New York.”

He reached over and gripped her arms.

“You threw over a contract to come back here because I’d had an accident?”

“Suppose I’d leave you alone and sick in New York?” she said.

“How about going back into our old act?”

Gene gripped the arms of his chair.

“Nope,” he said. “I got a swell single worked up. You’re takin’ the next train back to Hollywood, see?”

“You can’t get rid of me,” she said.

Gene was silent for a moment. Finally he said, “Look. We might as well have a showdown. I’m dizzy about a girl. Maybe I’ll marry her. It’s that nurse I was tellin’ you about. She takes good care of me.”

“You—you’re going to get married?”

“I’m old enough. I guess I can decide to get married if I want to.”

“Sure you can,” Ellin said slowly. She picked up her gloves and pulled her hat further over her eyes than usual. “I’ll be running along,” she said. “I’m glad you’re all right and . . . and let me know when it comes off.”

“When what comes off?”

“The wedding.”

“Oh—that. I’ll let you know, sure. Hope your next picture will be a success.”

“Thanks.”

“Take care of yourself.”

“Yeah. You take care of yourself too.”

“I won’t take any iron bumpers,” he said, with a poor attempt at a smile. He held the door open, gripping the knob. “Be good to yourself,” he said. He watched her down the hall and when she had disappeared, he closed the door softly and hobbled back to his chair. “Gosh,” he said, low-voiced.

“Gosh, I couldn’t do anything else, could I?” and then he bowed his head as loneliness engulfed him. The blonde nurse wasn’t coming. Nobody was coming ever again.

ELLIN deliberately did not think that night. She knew that with thought would come insanity. Gene was going to marry someone else.

The following day she had a wire from the producers of Secret Sin. They offered to raise by ten thousand dollars any other proposition offered her. She wired a refusal.

At the end of that week, she had another wire from them. . .

Secret Sin opening Paramount New York next week Will you make personal appearance first week wire immediately.

She wired her acceptance of that.

Back in Hollywood, Lynch was beating his head against the wall. He had her history raked up for years back. He heard rumors. “The best we had in years,” he moaned.

She sat at her dressing table putting layers of powder over more persistent layers of tears.
right. His legs were not well yet. He'd had to take anything.

He danced off and ran into her. Breathlessly he said: "Gosh, Ellin, I didn't know you were on this bill until I saw your name out front tonight."

"That's a good routine," Ellin said.

"Don't kid me. I know it's rotten." Ellin's entrance music started. She went out in one stride. Gene watched her. He blinked rapidly for a moment and swallowed hard. "Gosh," he said aloud and fairly ran to his dressing room.

He was nowhere in sight when Ellin came off. She went to her dressing room and wept. Helga tried to comfort her. "A telegram came for you," she said.

"I don't want to see it."

"Now, Miss Ellin, maybe it's good news." Ellin opened it and dripped tears on Lynch's offer to raise his previous bid five thousand dollars. Ellin ripped it across and threw the pieces on the floor. She started removing her make-up. There was a knock at the door. Helga opened it to admit Gene. He was in a state of wild excitement. He rushed across the room and caught Ellin in his arms. "Ellin . . . I had a telegram from a man named Lynch an' he wants to sign me for a two year contract—an"

"That's fine," Ellin said. "Are you going to take it?"

"I will if you'll go too."

"What have I to do with it?"

"Well, gosh," he said, "I want to get married, an'—"

"And you want me to stand up with you, is that it?"

"That's it."

"If you think, Gene Farron," she骗局, "that I'm going to be a witness to your marriage with another woman, think again."

"Who said anything about another woman? I'm proposing to you."

"To me?"

"Well now, look," he said, "who else would I propose to, for God's sake?"

"You said—"

"Aw, I'm an awful liar," Gene said. "You know I'm an awful liar. I hadda say something, didn't I? I didn't want you to throw over a contract because I was down an' out an' useless. I'm not much good now, but—but I had an offer, an'—"

Ellin began to tremble. She crept into his arms and put her head on his shoulder. "You darned bum," she said, "here I've been crying my eyes out and staying awake nights thinking about it, when all the time—"

"Oh gee, Ellin, I'm sorry. Do you think I haven't thought about it? Gosh, sometimes I wished I was dead. Say, who is this fellow Lynch?"

Ellin pulled his head down and kissed him. "He's a swell fellow," she said softly. "I never knew just how swell he was before."

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Lest We Forget

TWELVE years ago one of the first attempts at color was made in The Glorious Adventure, a British picture, filmed in Prizma process. At that time it was only possible to photograph two colors. A young man who had a small bit in the picture attained some fame as a result of it and came to Hollywood to seek his fortune. He was Victor McLaglen.

ABOUT the same time Charlie Chaplin was involved in an alimony settlement with Mildred Harris, and was forced to hide the negative of The Kid, which he had just finished, to keep Mildred from attacking it.

FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN, who had started life as a sculptor's model and won fame through a male beauty contest conducted by The Ladies' World, was at the height of his popularity playing romantic roles with Beverly Bayne.

IN 1912, the serial craze which developed some of the most popular stars of the time, was started as the result of a newspaper circulation war in Chicago. The first serial was The Adventures of Kathly, starring Kathryn Williams, who has since married and retired. Others that followed were Lucille Love with Grace Cunard and Francis Ford, and The Perils of Pauline, with Pearl White, who is now living in Paris.

TEN years ago, James Cruze was fighting his way out of a hard luck period which followed his sudden elevation to fame as an actor in The Million Dollar Mystery and was getting ready to come to Hollywood.

MARGUERITE CLARK, who is now living in seclusion in New Orleans, was at the height of her career ten years ago.

TWELVE years ago, Olive Thomas, who had jumped to fame as the winner of a beauty contest, was a Ziegfeld Folies girl and one of the greatest hits of Broadway. She later died a tragic death in Paris.

SIXTEEN years ago, Marie Dressler, who recently staged a comeback in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's Repeal of Revenues, had made a sensational jump to fame as a slapstick comedian in Tillie's Punctured Romance, with Charlie Chaplin under the direction of Mack Sennett.

FIFTEEN years ago, Harold Lloyd had just established his Lonesome Luke characterization on the screen, and was making comedies with Mabel Normand.

ABOUT fifteen years ago, Gloria Swanson was galloping through risque comedies in gingham swimming suits with long skirts and bloomers as a Sennett bathing girl.

ABOUT twelve years ago D. W. Griffith was making his great epic, Intolerance. Bebe Love had a small part in this picture. Eric Von Stroheim, who has lately returned to acting after establishing a reputation as a director, played the part of a Pharisian.

HERBERT BRENNON, who has just finished Lummox for United Artists, was directing Annette Kellerman in Neptune's Daughter, then considered startling—twelve years ago. Winifred Westover, who plays the lead in Lummox, was not yet married to William S. Hart, the western actor, from whom she was later divorced.

THEDA BARA was being publicized as the mystery woman born in the shadow of the pyramids and was posing in languid postures, gazing into crystal globes, fifteen years ago.

ABOUT 1917, a little girl named Constance Talmadge was suddenly discovered after she had done excellent work in a picture called The Mountain Girl.

FIFTEEN years ago, the social life of the picture colony centered in downtown Los Angeles. The Alexandria Hotel was the meeting place of the stars and most of the casting for pictures was done over the bar there.

ABOUT twelve years ago Heywood Broun and other sophisticated critics were calling public attention to the fact that Charlie Chaplin was an artist and not a mere slapstick comedian.

TEN years ago public interest centered in the romance of Geraldine Farrar and Lou Tellegen. Geraldine had just scored a sensational success in Carmen.
BEHIND the make-up in *Behind the Make-Up*, William Powell finds a mouth especially made for kissing, as indicated by his fervor in the above scene. And, since Kay Francis is the other half of this duo, we hasten to agree emphatically.
ROBERT MONTGOMERY, a newcomer from the stage, is the lucky male half of this intimate picture, a scene from *Untamed*. We can't imagine anything more alluring than to hold Joan Crawford in our arms, nor can Robert, if one may judge by his firm grasp on the situation.
ORMA TALMADGE and Gilbert Roland present a classic example of lovemaking artistry in this scene from New York Nights—if this were typical of that city's nights, it would explain why so many New Yorkers are always anxious to stay up until dawn.
threadbare things. Awful days of touring casting agencies. Agonizing days that brought thoughts of the river. Sickening days of indigestible meals eaten from greasy paper bags. The good old days!

During the first month, several of Norma's hundred and nine pounds slipped away. But her head remained at its normal elevation—five feet and an inch.

There were plenty of theatres and, at that time, plenty of movie studios in New York. But for a girl without even the experience of amateur theatricals, the competition was as keen and cold as winter rain. It chilled her through and through. At the end of the first thirty days, however, she chiselled her way in as an extra girl.

Norma was "in the movies." There were other atmospheric bits. Now and then something that might be called a "role," if one wanted to imagine. Herbert Brenon gave her a real good part in a prolog to The Sign on the Door. When the picture was shown, the prolog, in its entirety, lay on the cutting room floor. She worked in The Leather Pushers series, and got a break in Christy Cabanne's film, The Stealers. Her work in that one culled critical praise. But it brought no results. It was the toughest year in Norma's life. At its end she returned to Montreal, defeated.

That was that. She says that she had learned to recognize the impossible. But she didn't. She never will. Her ambition won't permit. In proof of the fact that she was still the fearless idiot, she again followed the fox-fire when a call came for her to return to New York to substitute for Gladys Walton, who was ill. When she arrived, the star had recovered. Just one of those things. But a deciding factor. One may be able to face the smirking I-told-you-so's of the old home town once. But never twice. Norma knew she couldn't cross the Wine and Liquor Line again. The dice were rolled. It was up to her to change those snake-eyes to a natural.

Back to the extra line again. One of the ensemble in the pictures of Corinne Griffith, Alice Joyce, Marion Davies. And in between times weary search for stage work, and hours of posing for commercial advertisements. But even the Jinx has an off day now and then. And on one of these the hex was removed from Norma. "Zieggy" gave her a chance to train with a group of beginners for future glorification. She never reported. For within the hour Selznick professed a picture part in The Flapper. Her number was up at last. Her theme song was "Good-bye Broadway, California Here I Come." Keen-eyed, hard-brained, canny, and a gambler wishal flogged fortune's dice for an unending procession of sevens.

A COAST executive gave her thumbs-down for a part in a coast production. And cost himself a year of happiness by doing so. But Hollywood was in the cards, and not all the ice in the Arctic could keep her from the Metro contract she signed in 1925. In three film-jumps she was a star in A Slave of Fashion. Two years later she married the millionaire phenomenon, young Irving Thalberg, the studio's production manager.

Adversity has put steel in her blood. She knows what she wants. And what she wants she gets. The Trial of Mary Dugan, for instance. The Last of Mrs. Cheynor. Her new one, Their Own Desire. Some wag remarked that The Last of Mrs. Cheynor was the first of Mrs. Thalberg. He meant that her portrayal disclosed an entirely new Norma. He was right—and wrong. She is one of those fortunate folk who are not condemned to type. She seems utterly colorless. But in reality she is plastic. She can swathe her own personality in the cloak of any part.

She never begins a picture without hysterics. She detests retakes. She won't perform before kibitzers at rehearsals. Yet with the advent of the talkies she was one of the first to say "damn the microphones, go ahead," and to sail successfully the mined depths of the sound sea.

MATRIMONY has caused no let-down, so far as her ambition is concerned. She believes that the talkies mark the beginning of her career. She is still a devotee of the theatre, a regular first-nighter.

When she's in New York, like as not, you'll discover her as I did, standing in mussing adoration before the photographs in front of some theatre where a stage play is showing. You'll have to look twice to recognize her. She looks younger in person than upon the screen, and she affects slight disguises for idle fear that recognition would mean disillusion for her myriad admirers. Nondescript, exactly, but—well, she looks different, somehow.

She retains a dislike of any "special" productions. She attained stardom without having appeared in one. And The Student Prince is the only "super" she has made. None of her pictures has been a failure. None seems liable to be.

She is concerned with every detail of her job. Business, with her, is business. She is punctual in her appointments.

She has come to believe in her destiny. continues to crow her luck, never deviates from a chosen path—even to the extent of always taking the same road to the studio—and doesn't hesitate to consult fortune tellers. She uses her own judgment, however, about following their advice. She is inclining to "queen it" on the lot—having won the right, but she is kindly and thoughtful of acquaintances and dependents. Her sister is well married, her family provided for.

She drives, skis, swims and skates. She is out of the dub class in tennis. A charming hostess, she is seldom seen at Hollywood gatherings or in public places. She prefers old songs and likes apple pie.

Her advice to girls wishing to seek talkie fame is "Don't." But she adds, "that is, unless you feel way down deep that you simply must. In that case no advice will avail."

"If there is a secret of success in finding stardom, or preeminence in any line of endeavor," she continues, "I believe that it lies in rigid self-discipline, self-denial, and stern singleness of purpose. Nothing must be permitted to interfere with the Main Idea. One certain reason for failure is lack of stamina. Of course there are others. I believe in a certain something called "luck", for want of a better name. But I believe, too, that one may make his own luck good or bad. The principal thing is to keep trying, no matter what the odds."

Norma still thinks it impossible for any one of a million girls to start from scratch and gain the heights of stardom. Yet she was one of a million, and made the grade. But perhaps in all that million, there was only one Norma Shearer.

Wicked stuff for anyone who hates retakes—Norma Shearer and Belle Bennett in a highly dramatic scene from Their Own Desire, now being made.
Talkie Cinderellas

[Continued from Page 43]

Her handling of the rôle was so well done that a long contract was immediately offered her.

And now she’s been given a fat rôle in The Love Parade.

DOROTHY Lee, now Radio Pictures’ tiniest featured player, was born in Los Angeles, May 23, 1911.

When she attained a height of five feet and a weight of one hundred and thirty pounds, Dorothy ceased to grow. She began a series of unsuccessful attempts to plant her body on the inside of a studio.

In fact, she virtually lived in the shadow of the old FBO studio, now RKO, but was never even able to get on the lot.

Finally Dorothy landed in a singing and dancing job with a stage production on Broadway. It was in New York that she entered the employ of the picture company whose studio in Hollywood had been closed to her.

Bert Glennon, the director, was seeking a flapper type for RKO’s Syncopation. He tested Dorothy and awarded her a “bit.” She did so well that he had the script rewritten to enlarge the part.

Then RKO sent her to the coast to work in Rio Rita—in the very studio she had tried in vain to enter so many times.

DOROTHY Jordan is the answer to the exhibitors’ prayer. She is the reply to the fans’ demand for youth and new faces.

Dorothy is twenty, but looks sixteen. She is small, but not thin. Wearing high heels, she measures just five feet, two inches. She tips the scales at two pounds less than a mere hundred.

She is not sophisticated. Neither is she ingénue. She is genuinely naïve. She will be naïve when and if she is married and the mother of three college sons.

She speaks with a crisp Southern accent. She was born in Tennessee, and talks in the patois of that state. But her “you-alls” and “dawn South’s” are not the drawl and spin that are usually associated with persons from below the Mason-Dixon line. She achieves the combination of a clipped drawl.

After she had finished high school she started for New York. She took her youth, her enthusiasm and her voice to the American Academy of Dramatic Arts.

Before she had completed the Academy’s usual course, she was signed as one of the merrymakers in the stage production of Garrick Gaieties. Then, following the formula which is so ancient that it has become a myth, yet which is so often true, Dorothy was “seen.” A scout from Hollywood, looking over the field, looked upon her as a possible “discovery.”

So Dorothy came to Hollywood, and played the younger sister in Black Magic. Mary Pickford saw her and signed her for the part of Bianca in The Taming of the Shrew.

Then Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer heard about this young lady and another screen test followed and then a long contract.

To complete the magic story, Dorothy, for her third picture, drew one of the prize jobs of the year. She is playing leading woman to Ramón Novarro in his first light opera, Devil May Care.

A NEW type of extra girl is rugging at the fringe of cinemaland, offering not beauty alone, but a trained voice as well as agile feet. Girls who can sing or dance—or sing and dance—are in great demand.

Rosalind Charles was a stenographer in the story department of the Paramount studios. She had held the job for little less than a year since her arrival from Pittsburgh, her home, where she had studied singing. Her sole interests in Hollywood were in her work and in her home, for she is a bride of a few months.

She was humming a few bars of music over her typewriter, an unconscious habit, when Victor Schertzinger, the director, passed her desk. Music was uppermost in his mind, for he had just completed composing the score for The Love Parade, starring Maurice Chevalier. He stopped to listen.

He asked a few questions, offered a suggestion or two and soon Rosalind was taking a successful microphone and camera test.

MARION DIX, also a former stenographer at the Paramount offices, is a beauty contest winner who has made good in a big way as a scenario writer.

Marion, who worked her way through the University of Washington by writing for a newspaper, has just had her continuity for the all-dialogue picture, Kibitzer, accepted and has been elevated to a position on Paramount’s writing staff.

It was while attending the University that Marion was crowned as campus queen for two years in succession. She was a member of Kappa Alpha Theta sorority and a leader in college social activities. Graduating with the class of ’26, she came to Hollywood.

To gain entry into the studio, she accepted a position as a stenographer. A few weeks after beginning work she prevailed upon the head of the department to assign her as a writer for the library.

In that capacity she studied story construction and learned the screen author’s craft from first-hand observation. A few months later she worked out the plot for an original story. She related it to B. P. Schulberg, the general manager. He listened to the outline and came to a decision.

"You start work tomorrow as a script girl," he told her. "I want you to see talking pictures actually in the making. Someday, you are going to be a writer."

As script clerk, Marion worked through the filming of Clara Bow’s The Wild Party and three or four other productions.

Then her dreams came true. One day she was ordered to adapt Kibitzer.

When Marion first arrived in Hollywood she penned "success" stories. Marion now has a success story of her own to relate.

YES, the talksies were hailed as the big black ogre that would cure Hollywood of its faith in Cinderella stories.

But what actually happened was that the Cinderellas chased the ogre out of town!
Here's a look at the actual shooting of a big talkie scene: director, lamps, and everything. It's Alice White leading the dancing ensemble in the Mayfield Night Club scene of "The Girl from Woolworth's," surrounded by elaborate modernistic settings and all the intricate equipment of a modern sound stage. We think it's quite an oke idea, all this ultra-modern stuff for an ultra-modern gal.
Winning His One-Man Woman

[Continued from Page 41]

fered many disappointments before reaching what now looks to be its fulfillment. And it has come through the fire stronger and more vivid than before.

After the return from Lake Tahoe, the star and the young foreign actor were inseparable. They went to parties, to premières, the glittering gatherings of the film folk. These were the places to which Vivian wanted to go.

They took long and solitary horseback rides and motor trips. They sat alone long hours before open fires, chatting. These were the things Nils wanted to do.

Then, just at this time, they announced their engagement.

"I never dreamed there could be such happiness," Vivian went on. "I knew then why I never had married. I was waiting for Nils."

Then came the break. Nils went to England for his rôle in Sorrell and Son. Vivian went to New York. The diamond disappeared from her finger.

Rumors were afloat. Everyone in Hollywood claimed to know the secret of their separation. They whispered this. They whispered that. But the two principals, the only ones who really knew, said nothing.

Months later, Nils was back in Hollywood to step into the glory of his first silver-screen successes. More and more he lived alone, gaining a reputation as a recluse among the merrymakers of Filmtown.

In turn, Vivian went to Europe. She and her sister, Rosetta, were fêted everywhere. Vivian's name again was linked with that of the Prince of Wales. It was linked with that of other men. But nothing came of the rumors from across the sea.

RECENTLY the two girls came back to Hollywood. At the M-G-M studio they started on their first all-talking, all-singing picture, Cotton and Silk. Nils Asther is one of M-G-M's featured players. Their meeting was inevitable.

Their reunion was so natural, so simple, it seemed almost like fiction. Vivian stood in the doorway. Nils saw her. Without a word he opened his arms. She rushed into them.

"I have been waiting two years for this moment, Nils," she told him.

"We shall never be separated again, dearest," he replied as they kissed.

"All the members of my family are one-man or one-woman people," Vivian explained to me. "None of us has ever been divorced. When we marry, we stay married. Neither Rosetta nor I ever have married—Rosetta because she has not yet found the right man; I because I did not have Nils.

"This separation has been the best thing in the world for both of us. We have had time to think. We understand each other better now. We shall be able to meet on grounds of common understanding."

"I like gaiety and good times. Nils likes seclusion and quiet. So we have arranged to combine the two.

"We will go on with our professional careers. Someday we shall visit Sweden. Perhaps, someday, we shall live there, in Nils' own country. One never knows what the years may bring. But for the present, California is to be our home."

Rosetta beamed upon her sister.

"Of all the men I have ever known, Nils is the only one Rosetta has approved of my marrying. We both are happy in having a man to whom we can turn for advice. The two of us have depended upon ourselves for so long a time that we are luxuriating in the roles of clinging vines."

It won't be long now before Vivian and her Nils go to the altar.

And let us not forget that Vivian is a one-man woman!

STUDIO GLIMPSES

PATHÉ STUDIO has been called the Sir Walter Raleigh of Hollywood. The touches of hospitality suggested by the negro attendant at the colonial entrance and the old Spanish gardener who is a descendant of California's first governor are evident throughout the lot.

An office where a newspaper writer is interviewing a director, writer or actor, is just as likely as not to hold anywhere from five to ten additional people who stroll by and stayed to add their bit to the talk.

Here's a sample:

The voice of Robert Armstrong floats out into the hallway of the publicity department. That young man who made the astounding success with his prize fighter role in Jimmy Gleason's comedy, Is Zat Is, is being interviewed on the subject of talking pictures.

Armstrong interrupts himself in his soliloquy on synchronization to bellow out into the hallway. He has heard a familiar voice and calls its owner in.

IT IS Monte Brice, who has just finished making talking comedies with Buck and Bubbles, colored vaudeville team.

Brice leans weakly against the door jamb and moans. He pulls a typed slip of paper from his pocket and anxiously scans the horizon of the section labeled "Tuesday."

"Thank God! Tomorrow I'm going to be a big lamb chop boy and I can hardly wait. All I had today was several sprigs of celery, a gentle sprig of grapefruit, seven slices of a cucumber and a tomato slice!"

"You're suffering from your own stupidity," retorts Armstrong. "Now me, I look ed at that slip and interpreted the third item as 'seven sliced cucumbers.' Everything is just a matter of interpretation—"

"What," Armstrong is asked, "are you doing with your 18-day diet menu?"

"Well, you see," Bob replies, "it is like this. When Monte was so nice about giving me a copy, I thought I ought to show I appreciated it by using it."
How would you like to be in the movies?

Like you, I wanted to get into the movie business. I longed for fame—fortune. I was underdeveloped. No, I didn't develop, but I worked hard. I got into the movie business. I did.

But you, you might not have succeeded unless you're physically fit. I worked out a routine that made me the best body I could and got into the movie business. I got into the movie business.

Talkie Love and Lovers

While the importance of words in love scenes cannot be too strongly stated, it is not by words alone that the talkie love scene surpasses its old-fashioned silent cousin. The sigh, the murmur, the whispered endearment, the half-sob and swift, deep breathing—all these and many more of love's subtle aids and means are the tools of the talkie, and serve to make the love scene memorable through its genuine portrayal of what actually happens when humans experience the greatest emotion of all. Even the upsweeping of a tumbler, the brushing of silken garments along a corridor, the creak of stairs under an eager footstep—these things can and do have their place high on the list of the most tensely dramatic moments. Such things would have gone unnoticed in the silent movies, and by just that much, the silent movies suffered the loss of authenticity, of being believable.

Yes, the greatest school has opened, training millions in the greatest subject: how to make love. The silent screen has influenced our clothes, our habits, even our opinions. The talking screen, with lessons in humanity's chief interest, will certainly influence the relations of men with women, and may determine the love of the future.

Don't Miss It!

With its wealth of talkie topics, news, gossip, personalities and developments, and with its brilliant array of Talkie Town's latest and finest photographs, the second issue of TALKING SCREEN is an evergreen for modern-minded fan who wants to miss. Watch for it at your newsstand.
tour. Not on the big time—it wasn't that good—but on a Chautauqua circuit. Buddy claimed to enjoy the traveling from town to town, but the next summer, rather than sign up with the circuit again, he joined a group of his pals sailing on a cattle boat for Spain. He brought his sax along.

Buddy must have known that talking pictures were to come. He learned to play all the wind instruments and the piano besides.

"I'm not so hot on the piano just yet," he confessed to me, "but give me time. I took one of those 'ten easy lessons' courses and it wasn't bad at all. I sounded all right in Close Harmony, didn't I?"

I had to admit in all sincerity that he did.

I BELIEVE music will make you do anything," he continued. "Just find the right tune and you drift into any mood desired. Why, without my calling attention to it, you know how dull and long drawn out a picture is without music. Before the talkies a movie always was much more enjoyable in a large theatre because there it was accompanied by a stirring symphony orchestra and your emotions were handled according to the scene being shown. In the small theatre this wasn't possible. A lot was lost without musical accompaniment. The talkies did away with all that. Now you get musical accompaniment whether the theatre is large or small. People are carried away by films more than ever before.

Dean Boggs, Buddy's former college classmate and present roommate in Hollywood, will tell you it's many a musical evening they've spent in the living room at home, Buddy with his sax, and Dean at the piano.

Versatile Buddy! What was once his livelihood is now his hobby.

Suppress Agents

[Continued from Page 49]

no one to spike it. Thus . . . wuxtry! headlines! four column cuts! And type enough to win a war if melted down to bullets. And to top it off, an editorial in the paper.

That time when John Barrymore swopped punches with the Selznick youth, the story broke first in New York, and didn't dribble back to Hollywood for days, although the mêlée took place within five minutes of the newspaper offices and was practically witnessed by reporters. The story of the Donnybrook staged by John Considine and Herbert Brenon due to a misunderstanding over a lady hasn't been written yet.

Like the biggest fish, the best stories always get away. The minnows are served up for breakfast. But the sharks are loosened from the barbed harpoon of type, and permitted to slip away into the deep waters of forgetfulness. And always just around the corner, you'll find the suppress agent. Suave and smiling. With drink for the dry. A favor here. Promise there. A hinted threat where back-slaps fail. Mum's the word. Silence is golden. In more ways than one.

Now he DRAWS
the things he wants

OOK at drawing No. 1 above. Then compare it with No. 2 and note the improvement Federal School training has made in the work of Art Nelson. Before he studied drawing with the Federal Schools, he worked as a surveyor's assistant at $18.00 a week. Today he has a fine position in the work he enjoys at $75.00 a week. He says, "The Federal Schools made this possible through their training and co-operation, as I had only average ability before enrolling as a student." Mr. Nelson is just one of hundreds of young people making good money because of Federal training.

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How Janet Chose

[Continued from Page 69]

whose only wealth was his weekly pay as a newspaper critic.

He had a plan. He too, would become a screen notable. Then they would wed.

Herb quit his job on the Times and signed a contract as an actor in the Trail of '98. Meanwhile, Janet and Charlie were thrown much into one another's company. There were personal appearances together. They were the joint honored guests at social functions in celebration of their new-found glory.

What, then, would be more natural than that they should fall in love?

Herb Moulten, lonesome and ill, eventually returned to Hollywood to find all his plans for the future blasted.

It wasn't very long afterwards that Janet and Charlie decided they would go through life together with all the sweet romance that they gave theatre-goers through their portrayals in Seventh Heaven. Then they had a spat.

And then Janet met Lydell Peck, son of a wealthy and prominent San Francisco attorney, himself a member of the bar and socially prominent both in San Francisco, where he practices, and in Oakland, across the bay, where the family estate is situated.

It was last fall that Janet whispered to her intimates that she was engaged to him.

"But," she warned them, "don't let it leak out. I don't want any publicity until we are actually married. You remember what happened after my engagement to Herb was announced?"

And it wasn't long afterward that Janet split with Lydell. Janet and Charlie had worked together in another picture and once more they became engaged.

In fact everything was about set for the wedding. The practice had been engaged, no less a personage than Rhea Crawford, "Angel of Broadway," who was conducting an evangelistic campaign in a church in the fashionable Wilshire Boulevard district of Los Angeles. However, the wedding never took place. Janet had re-engaged herself to Lydell Peck.

And she remained so—until she and Charlie were cast opposite one another in Sunny Side Up—their most recent and perhaps their last co-starring vehicle.

They spent their days before the cameras, making love for the benefit of their public. They spent their evenings on the porch of Janet's home, making love for the benefit of themselves. Once again they were betrothed.

HOLLYWOOD never gazed upon a happier man than Charlie Farrell at this moment. All the differences that had cropped up between Janet and himself had been ironed out. There could be no more. Charlie's mother, who was here from the East on her semi-annual visit to him, was elated—her only son now was sure he had won the thing he wanted most in life.

But on the fifth day of the most recent engagement of Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell, she telegraphed Lydell Peck that she was coming to Oakland to become his wife.

It was less than two months previously that Charlie and I sat on a desk in the Fox Studio offices discussing ideal girls and love. Charlie had this to say:

"There's a charm and a sweetness to those big, soft brown eyes of Janet. A fellow can't help being at his best when he is playing opposite such a girl. The greatest effort of my career went into the making of Seventh Heaven and it was Janet's eyes that urged me on."

I TALKED with Charlie again two nights before Janet married Lydell. It was at the railroad station. Charlie was leaving for the East.

But Charlie's a gentleman. He didn't have much to say, and most of that he told me in confidence.

He did admit, however, that the chances were a thousand to one against Janet's and his ever again playing in the same picture.

One can only guess what Janet's choice meant to him.

Who's the Best Talkie Bet?

[Continued from Page 71]

Marvin Davies is sounding her broad a's studiously. She has been practising various types of accents and dialects, as well as foreign languages.

SPEAKING with emphasis, M.G.M. states that Greta Garbo is in no danger of being sent back to Sweden. Greta, they insist, speaks English even better than you and I, while her slight—a accent adds immeasurably to her charm. Furthermore, if for any reason that very slight accent is not wanted in any certain pictures, a little extra care in learning her role will completely eliminate it. We hear Greta's voice is deep, resonant, unforgettable—the most wonderful voice in Hollywood. She is to make her talking début in Anne Christie; and then the world may judge who is the Best Talkie Bet!

Then there's the voice of Lupe Velez—words tumbling over each other, accenting, now persuasive, now explosive, now — never monotonous; and Alice White's, provocative. Dip! Dorothy Mac-Kiill's, with still a hint of the English accent she is trying to lose; Billie Dove's, quiet and charming; Bessie Love's, frank and unaffected; Renée Adorée's, soft and tender; Anita Page's, wistful and appealing. Voices high, voices low; voices with accents, and those without. Voices of stars yet silent; voices of extra girls hoping to be heard above the din.

Countless players yearn for the title of "Best Talkie Bet." Who is your choice?
Boarding the Band Wagon

[Continued from Page 37]

Moreover, finding their tongues after years of stilted silence, the stars of the stilly-heights rather fancied their loquacity. Glorius Gloria, our American marquise, speaks frankly:

"Queen Kelly—my error," she murmurs.

"I should have known better than to make a silent picture. I was just behind the times, that's all. Caught napping. It will be a good film when I add dialogue. An expensive mistake. The talkies are marvelous. It was a joy for me to work in my first sound picture, The Trespasser. I think it will prove my greatest success. I'll never make another silent movie, I don't believe I could ever return to the hampering limitations of the stillies."

MARY PICKFORD, under a frightful handicap of accent in Coquette, hurdles the barriers to more vociferous fame. And now:

Just plain stage fright—"that was my trouble," quoth she. "Of course I was frightened. My whole future depended upon success in this new medium. Sound was such a bugaboo we were all frightened. But now we've discovered that instead of being a handicap, sound opens up new vistas for motion picture players. The Taming of the Shrew, for instance, could never have been produced without the words of Shakespeare."

Colleen Moore came under the wire a winner, even with the weight of the brogue in Smiling Irish Eyes to hold her back. Even Vilma Banky won plaudits with her slurred syllables. In a word, the stage trained voice turned out to be the old abracadabra, or Assyrian boloney.

The intelligent directors found that they had nought to fear from theatrical interlopers. That sound thrust into their hands another weapon with which to pry emotion from the hearts of their audiences. This weapon is the thieving Brennon who had crusadered desk demolishing denunciations—over

my dead body will sound or dialogue be put in my productions—has changed his mind.

Farnum, Spence, Perez, and the rest of the boys who had been writing silent captions, discovered themselves as writers of dialogue. They have been released from the strait-jacket of verbal parsimony.

"It used to be necessary to express the greatest emotions with the sudden brevity of a telegram in which the tenth word was 'love,'" enthuses Perez. "But now the characters may speak with the warm voice of humanity, rather than through cold type." But Broadway has left its mark on Hollywood, like Cromwell's army on Spain and Ireland. A few will remain to learn. Those who came to teach. The term of apprentice-ship passed, these may yet give something valuable to the talking screen.

Replacements have been few. Those entitled by virtue of ability to shine in the silence, find their lustre brightened by sound. Some, who never belonged, have been drowned in the deluge of words. Some who were "ladsmen" of Uncle So-and-So, or were retained for other human but inefficient reasons. These have passed. The talkies have evidenced the truth regarding that doctrine of the survival of the fittest.

And there is this to be said for the men who control the motion picture industry, as well as for the industry itself. Both are fundamentally sound. And on purpose intended. They may not have attained brilliance. But they swim strongly in deep waters. No other industry could have been so blasted from its moorings, and yet hang out a "Business Better Than Usual" sign so quickly.

BURNING QUESTIONS
—ask them!

TALKING SCREEN invites its readers to query the Question Editor of Talking Screen Fan Service Bureau, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York City, regarding any movie matter about which authentic, up-to-date information is desired. This service is designed to meet the needs of modern fans whose questions will usually go beyond the who—when—where problems current during the days of the silent screen. No question will be considered too trivial or too big, too technical or too troublesome. All will be given the prompt attention of an authority on the inside workings of the new motion picture industry. If you desire a personal answer to your enquiry, please be sure that you include a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

Glamorous Gloria
[Continued from Page 55]

in the world could happen to me and the only thing that mattered would be the picture.

The doctor had put her on a diet. "The world moves too fast," she said. "No wonder we have indigestion. I get through a day and I'm exhausted at the end of it. I say to myself—" she placed a finger against her lips "—what have I done today? I think, and, do you know—I can't remember? I feel the world whirling around me in a terrific rate, and there I stand in the middle of it, dazed and dizzy. I met an interesting man on the train. A lecturer. He said it was that way with him, too. He thinks that in time this American scramble will be all over the world. It's appalling, isn't it?"

She wants to be in New York for the opening of The Trespasser. "I shall be in the audience wringing my hands. You know, we finish a picture and when we see it in the studio, it is perfect. When it is sent out to the theater, a chart is sent with it to insure perfect presentation. Some of the operators think they know more than the man who made the chart, and they show it as they think it should be shown. Then we suffer agonies. I shall have an ambulance waiting around the corner the night of the opening. If anything goes wrong, they will carry me out in it. How-astly, they will."

SHE is interested in the talkies, but a little afraid. "When I was very young," she said, "I adored a certain screen actor. It was announced that he would make a personal appearance. I was all excited. I went to see him. He was big and virile, and he should have a bass voice, like this." She imitated a bass voice. (It was pretty hard, and not a huge success.) "But he had a voice way up here somewhere," she indicated the exact height his voice reached. It was about three inches above her little blue head. "My idol crumbled right there. Goodness knows what they expect to come out of my mouth. Oh well . . . if I lose them, I'll just have to set about winning them back." She smiled. "It's a long, hard stretch, too," she said.

Sincerity, simplicity, freshness and distinction, Gloria Swanson has them all. She is the embodiment of everything she holds up to the American girl as necessary to charm. She says what she thinks. What she thinks is worth listening to. She is first the artist and second the woman. In either rôle she stands on the pinnacle that every girl aspires to. Sincerity and simplicity put her there.
It Was the Greatest Shock of My Life to Hear Her Play

— how had she found time to practice?

WELL, Jim, I told you I had a surprise for you!

She beamed at her husband, delighted to see how surprised he was.

And I was astonished, too. Quite casually she had gone to the piano, sat down—and played! Played beautifully—though I had never seen her touch a piano before.

"How did you ever do it?" her husband asked. "When did you find time to practice?"

"And who is your teacher?" I added.

"Wait, wait," she laughed. "One question at a time. I have no teacher—that is, no private teacher—and I do my practicing between dishes,"

"No teacher?"

"No—I learned to play the piano an entirely new way—without a teacher."

Her Secret

"You see," she continued, "in my life I wanted to play some musical instrument. I thought I'd personal appearance to play, though—so I thought I'd take some hours of hand work. And I thought it was too expensive too."

"Well, it's hard work, and it's expensive, I said. "Why, I have a sister—"

"I know," she laughed, "but I learned to play the piano through the new simplified method. Some time ago I saw an announcement of the U. S. School of Music. It told how a young man had learned to play the piano during his spare time without a teacher. I found that thousands of others had learned to play their favorite instruments in this easy way, and so I decided to enroll for a course in piano playing."

"But you didn't tell me anything about it," Jim said.

"Well, you see, that was my big surprise."

"If you planned to surprise me—you've certainly succeeded," said Jim.

Thousand of men and women have learned to play their favorite, musical instruments through the new simplified method. You simply can not go wrong. First you are told how a thing is done, then by illustration you can see how, and when you play—your hear it. Then you actually taught yourself to become an accomplished musician, right in your own home. Without long hours of tedious practice, without dull or uninteresting scales, you learn how to play real music from real notes."

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Richard's Himself Again

[Continued from Page 26]

Sound came to the screen. And a renaissance to Barthelmess.

Despite the difficulties experienced on sound stages by an actor who can brook no interference and requires sympathetic direction, his first talking picture shot his star high from the horizon to which it had descended. The film was Weary River, not especially important, not well suited to him, cursed with an unnecessary voice for double for songs, it proved an overnight success. For whom sound had wrought no horror. It proved more that his public had remained loyal.

His second talkie, Drag, was better. Here and there he's offered flashes of the old Richard. The story gave opportunity for a characterization more to his liking—and more within his range. But it remained for the third picture to bring him back to that lofty eminence of the Tol'able David days, and in Young Nero himself Richard's again.

Now they seem to have floundered finally to the sort of story in which he really belongs. His home life is happy, his professional life again successful. The environment seems one ideally conducive to great artistic accomplishment.

And remember that Barthelmess is essentially the artist. He respects money as important to happiness in an age of capitalism. But it is always incidental. His artistry is his weakness as well as his strength. It has led him to accept inferior stories because of possibilities in his own characterization. It makes him favor unhappy endings where logical, or rather than to end with middle-class tricks that make for box-office sugar. It accounts for his preference of character roles to the usual straight juvenile heroes.

If you are interested in his idiosyncrasies—he always wears a gold crested ring; he never wears a cap, and hates breaking in a new hat; he has a penchant for an opera hat for formal wear; he plays no instrument but likes music; fond of football. He reads the American Mercury and the fan magazines. Every once a year he votes Republican. Sometimes, when he is older, he wants to play General Grant, whom he resembles when he needs a shave. He also wishes to portray Napoleon. He swims and rides well; loves travel and speaks German and French rather badly. He hates interviews and interviews, detests personal appearances; is subject to acute stage fright; won't pose for portraits and actually dislikes talking about himself.

Perhaps this will give you a not too rough idea of an old star, for eight years a silent idol, who now shines with added lustre on the new talking screen. Mr. Richard Semler Barthelmess is the name. And, praise be, Richard's himself again!
Harold Speaks Up

[Continued from Page 33]

in the course of a day's work.

"In the old days we had much greater latitude in making comedies. People would laugh at almost any gag—such as someone falling downstairs, or getting hit on the head with a mallet. A sure fire laugh a few years ago was to show a man looking at a girl and ladling sugar into his coffee. Audiences used to howl at such scenes, but they won't even chuckle at them now.

NATURALLY, I appreciate the fresh opportunities presented by the sound pictures. Gags get worn out—but now that we can have sound, the comedian has been given a whole new bag of tricks. Any sound, such as the quacking of ducks, is amusing. My fight with the old man in Speedy could have been built up twice as humorously with sound effects.

"Spoken words, too, will mean a lot to comedy. We can have a phrase or line repeated through the picture as a gag. Remember the line in The Freshman—"Step right up and call me Speedy," followed by a little jig? That would be great for sound. Also, where we formerly had difficulty in finding some bit of action to start off a film, we are helped immeasurably by such a device as we have to open with in Welcome, Danger—a fast approaching train.

"On the other hand, the problems of producing comedies with sound are terrific. In this picture, for instance, we tried unsuccessfully for sixteen times to get a certain noise. Each time the fuses, very delicate and sensitive to harsh sounds, would be destroyed. But on the seventeenth time we were successful, and you will hear the result when the picture is shown.

"Then, too, the fact that the director must deliver all of his instructions by mute signals is a stumbling block in the performance of gags which must be timed to the fraction of a second. The placing of the microphone is another problem. But time will iron out all the difficulties with which we are struggling at present."

THERE are few men in the business who take their work more seriously than Harold Lloyd. Caring little or nothing for publicity, or the financial rewards to be gained from the release of his pictures, the creation of those pictures is for him an end in itself. He believes with Rabelais that "to laugh is proper to the man," and has definitely dedicated himself to the task of supplying laughter to a trouble-weary world.

Harold's pictures are masterpieces of effort and detail. They customarily require well over a year to make, and in the case of Welcome, Danger the cost has mounted to more than a million dollars. With such an investment it is no wonder that before the finished product makes its initial bow to the public he is as nervous as a fighter on the eve of a big battle.

His intense concentration on his life work—surely one of the happiest life works a man ever had—has not been without all manner of complications. He has one of the finest estates in this country, a magnificent acreage in Beverly Hills that is one of the show-places of the community; a charming wife—Mildred Davis, formerly his leading lady—and a beautiful child.

But in addition to all this he has the knowledge that all over the world—from the giant American movie palaces to the crazy thin-walled theatres of the Chinese, he causes audiences to forget for a little time the burdens and the pressures of their individual lives. For every tick of the clock there is a laugh in some dusty theatre over the antics of a slim, active youth who seems to possess a sure knack for getting into trouble.

He makes us laugh—whether our skins be white or black or yellow or brown. And we love him for it.

Hollywood's Greatest Menace

[Continued from Page 63]

one black boy Ah put lots of faith in to do me dirty. He puts mah name on a five hundred dollar check. Lucky for that big boy Ah nevah found him.' Servant gossip caused two families to become involved in a tangle that resulted in divorce. Gossip of servants caused another young film star to leave her home and now she is not on speaking terms with her own mother.

ONE of the few stars who are practically exempt from the servant menace is Richard Barthelmess. It is his good fortune—and, of course, partly his good judgment—to have reliable and trustworthy servants who have, most of them, been in his service for many years.

THE most common form of petty thievery is bill-padding and hardly a star is exempt from this. The fact that servants do the buying and are the ones to establish contact with the grocer and butcher makes it all the easier to pad expense accounts. Not infrequently they arrange the scale of padding that is carried on, splitting their illegal profits between them. Some merchants are not above tucking in an extra fifty dollars or so occasionally. Richard Dix and Bebe Daniels have both suffered losses from bill-padding by dishonest servants.
For dark, long LASHES instantly

Irene Rich recommends genuine MAYBELLINE

"It is with great pleasure that I express my adoration for 'MAYBELLINE' which I have used for some time with most gratifying results. It is highly satisfactory, and I heartily recommend it to any woman who wishes to keep her Lashes in perfect condition."—Irene Rich

THE natural expressiveness and charm of Irene Rich's eyes are accentuated by the lovely, dense fringes she makes of her lashes with Maybelline Eyelash Beautifier... Your eyes too have expressiveness and charm that can be brought out and made effective only by Maybelline. Millions of women in all parts of the world have found Maybelline delightful, easy-to-use and perfectly harmless. Try it. Just a brush stroke of either Solid or Waterproof Liquid Maybelline and your Lashes will instantly appear darker, longer and more luxuriant.

Solid or Waterproof Liquid Maybelline, Black or Brown, 75c at all Toilet Goods Counters.

Maybelline Co., Chicago

They just must be worn in winter; for that delightful and flattering sun-tan isn't built for warmth!

Gloves are gayer than ever. Many of the shops are featuring, for informal wear, clever slippers or cuffed models of green, red, blue, and purple. Gloves of neutral shade have fancy decoration on the backs and cuffs. The reversible cuff is both practical and smart, and really answers for two different pairs! Glacé kid, suède, and dogskin are most saleable this season. For evening wear—just guess! Long gloves are coming back into style!

This season, hat brims have turned right-about-face. They cover the hairline well in back—often some two or three inches!—but leave the forehead naked and unashamed. The "Garbo" hat is now the rage.

If there are brims, they are of mushroom shape, or amusingly irregular. Crowns are shallow, and trimmings are few. Occasionally one sees a bit of grosgrain ribbon; more frequently it is a little feather that gives a touch of novelty to the hat. But the thing of the moment is the vis-a-vis two-toned soles and dull felts, dark on one side, lighter on the other, or in a contrasting shade. Tubs of panne velvet are highly favored in the motion picture colony. Some are trimmed with bewitching veils of lace. The satin shantung turban is less formal than the velvet, but enjoys equal popularity.

The only way an attractive girl can hope to achieve distinction is through intelligent grooming. The beauty of a garment depends on the perfect line for the individual on the quality of the fabric from which it is made; on the color, which is the flattering element in dress; on the clever decorative details, which make it unusual; and on the suitability to the time when and the place in which it is worn. These are the standards by which the stars—who must always be perfectly groomed—judge the fascinating garments shown to them when they shop on Hollywood Boulevard for their new winter wardrobes.
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Without dieting, drugs or exercises

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You do not see many "grandmothers" these days without a wrinkle on their face—but I am one of them! I kept my secret for years but finally my friends made me supply them with my Hawaiian Wrinkle Remover, and now they insist that I reveal the secret to everyone who is interested in a smooth, clear skin, free from wrinkles. Of course this preparation is absolutely harmless, won't grow hair but is very effective—and costs so little! My secret can be YOUR secret too, if you'll just send 25¢ today, coin or stamps.

ETHEL JAY, P.O. Box 814, Dept. G
Hollywood, Calif.

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ETHEL JAY, P.O. Box 814, Dept. G
Hollywood, Calif.
The Green Goddess

[Continued from Page 77]

Lucilla looked on him dismally.
"I would die a hundred times rather than see them in your hands."

"Remember my power. If I may not take you back to my palace as my queen, I can send you back as my slave."

With a cry of "Devil!" Traherne leaped at the Raja's throat. He pinned the prince against the back of the throne. Priests rushed to the rescue and pulled Traherne back. Furiously they talked among themselves. The chief priest prostrated himself before the Raja. The Raja nodded. Traherne must undergo expiation by torture.

Lucilla rushed to the Raja.
"Sand Dr. Traherne away," she cried. "I must speak to you. Speak to you alone."

He gave the command. Then she told him to let Dr. Traherne go unharmed, and she would comply with his fiendish wishes. He laughed. So, she would do for her "lover" what she would not do for her children! But would Dr. Traherne agree to the sacrifice?

"No, no! He wouldn't!" Lucilla cried.
"But he must have no choice. That is part of the bargain."

The Raja suddenly seized her by the arm.
"Look me in the eyes and tell me that you honestly intend to keep your part of the bargain!" She flinched from his cruel gaze. "Aha, I knew it! You're playing with me. You think when the time comes to pay up, you will put me off with your dead body. Now, I'll make you a plain offer. I will let Doctor Traherne go scot-free on one condition. That you authorize him to hand over your children . . ."

"Never! I will make no bargain that involves my children."

"You see, you will give me no hostages. I must have a pledge. For without that pledge, I don't believe in you one little bit."

"What pledge?"

"Only one is possible. Doctor Traherne himself. I may save his life while keeping him in prison. And when you have fulfilled your part, I will free him. It is for you, Madame, to choose!"

Lucilla clutched on the steps of the throne—torn by conflicting emotions that she could not control.

Suddenly, above the low murmur of the crowd was heard a faint drone. It increased. The air whirred, throbbed. Slowly Lucilla lifted up her eyes. Hope dawned in her face. Could she believe her ears . . . was she hearing?

The Raja looked up. He listened impassively.

Lucilla sprang up with a shriek.
"Planes! Basil! Planes!"
She rushed out through the doorway to the balcony, thrusting aside the priest, stationed there. Musicians, executors, guards—all were petrified. They took the planes for devil-sent monsters. But, with entire composure, the Raja listened intently to the sound of the motors.

Lucilla looked up at the sky and saw ten planes hovering over the palace in V-shaped formation.

"Oh, thank God," she fervently exclaimed.
"I shall see my children again!"

The Raja was imperturbable. The game was up. Well and good! That dog of a major had outwitted him, after all.

He walked to where Traherne and Lucilla were clasped in each other's arms.

"So the Major lied like a gentleman!" he said, with an ironic grin. "Good old Major. I didn't think he had it in him."

Flight Lieutenant Cardow reached the top. He walked coolly through the half-fractured, half-melting crowd of natives. He gave the Raja to understand that if the English subjects were not released in five minutes, his palace would be bombed, reduced to a mass of debris.

Just then a bomb dropped into the ravine, a premonition of the English reprisals.

"I think I must admit," said the Raja, "that I'm beaten. I give in. That comes of falling behind the times. If I'd only had anti-aircraft guns!"

"Thank heaven you didn't," said the Lieutenant. "Then you would have had other demands."

"We bow to civilized Europe.

"Then provide an escort through the crowd, while I signal my men not to start bombing . . . ."

"With pleasure," said the Raja, giving the signal. Then—"Ah, here is your escort. Well, goodbye. And Oh, Mrs. Crespin, my love to the children!"

With an ironical nod, he bade them farewell. Then, alone, he turned back from the door, lit a cigarette at the brazier, puffed nonchalantly, and said to himself:

"Oh, well, she'd probably have been a damned nuisance, anyway!"

The Balkies

[Continued from Page 79]

of these "blimps" and the old-fashioned broached cameras is about fifty-fifty.

One of the greatest difficulties in making talking pictures is the securing of the microphones. Where are they? Anywhere—everywhere—save in the camera's eye. The actor may be holding one, hidden by his hand, or it may be reposing in his pocket. Again it may be just overhead or at the back of the scene concealed by some camouflage, or it may dissemble slily on the floor or along the stairs, giving ear to speech from any sort of posture. The "Mike" Ear must receive and the camera Eye sensitize simultaneously.

This is the meaning of the loud-voiced command "Sink!" after the preliminary "Quiet, please!" has silenced the studio to absolute cessation of motion. To "sink" or synchronize is to link the picture-camera and the phone-camera mechanisms in one drive.

Making talkies is tremendously tricky work. However, progress goes on in the building up of the New Drama in Hollywood. Each new talkie is a step nearer perfection. And the folk who are working with it are in luck. They have an opportunity to achieve fame and fortune in an entirely new form of art.
Introducing a unique Broadway star who will give you a new experience in the theatre—

**IRENE BORDONI in PARIS**

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Unforgettable, the thunder of sixty thousand voices ... unforgettable and tremendous, the rolling crash of cheers. And equally to be remembered, the thrill of pleasure from a cigarette zestful and tangy as autumn ... mild and incomparably mellow ... delicate ... fragrant ... cheering ... the cigarette of people who know ... Camel.
In this issue:

J.P. McEVOY

Nancy Carroll Interviews NANCY CARROLL
WILLIAM FOX presents
Janet Gaynor
Charles Farrell
Warner Baxter
Victor McLaglen
Edmund Lowe
Will Rogers
Frank Albertson
El Brendel
Walter Catlett
William Collier
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Richard Keene
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and 76 other outstanding stage and screen stars in this all-talking, singing, dancing MUSICAL EXTRAVAGANZA.

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One hundred of the most scintillating personalities of stage and screen contribute their talents to this all-star, all-talking, singing, dancing musical extravaganza! The most colorful, tuneful, tantalizing show the stage or screen has ever known!

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John BARRYMORE

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Until you've heard him in "General Crack" you can but guess at the full force of the flaming personality that is the real John Barrymore.

Not figuratively, but literally, John Barrymore "comes to life" in "General Crack".

For here for the first time, Vitaphone restores the pent-up power of the thrilling voice that made him the star of stars of the speaking stage... And resplendent scenes in COLOR show you what he really looks like as he storms recklessly into the vortex of cyclonic romance and adventure, breaking heads and hearts and sweeping monarchs from their thrones to suit a gypsy whim!

This tense and virile love story from George Preedy's famous novel, has been dressed by Warner Bros. in extravagantly sumptuous trappings to celebrate this greatest of all Vitaphone events.

"GENERAL CRACK"

"General Crack" is another example of the treats that await you every week at theatres that feature Vitaphone pictures, produced exclusively by WARNER BROS. and FIRST NATIONAL.
Press Time Topics

Mrs. James (Lucille Webster) Gleason is on her way from Hollywood to New York, with a stopover of about six weeks in Mexico City. She and Jimmie are planning a big homecoming week on Broadway in Meet the Mizzins, which they will put on about the end of February.

Nils Asther, the Scandinavian sex appeal artist, has been dropped by M.G.M. It is rumored that his accent was a big reason—also, the vogue for the Bancroft type of hero.

Zelma O'Neill has arrived in Hollywood preparatory to taking up work with Paramount, with whom she has a long-term contract. Her first picture will be Follow Thru.

Edwina Booth, blond star of Trader Horn, recently came back from nine months on location in Africa and promptly went to bed to recover from the effects of sunstroke and the stetsen fly. She is reported improving.

The first Dickens story to be brought to the screen is Oliver Twist. Lionel Barrymore will direct it for M-G-M.

Mary Astor, whose husband, Kenneth Hawks, was recently killed in an airplane crash, is plunging into work, and is now making her first talkie as George Bancroft's leading woman in Paramount's forthcoming, Ladies Love Brutes.

Lewis Stone recently suffered a knock-out blow when a beam fell on his head during the making of a talkie.

Alma Rubens has been paying a visit to the Madera ranch of her sister, Mrs. Bruce Large.

Roger Wolfe Kahn, son of the banker, Otto Kahn, is going into the talkies. After making a brilliant success as an orchestra leader this young man has signed a contract with Paramount to compose and direct musical scores and specialty numbers.

Walter Huston recently arrived in Hollywood to prepare for his rôle of Abe Lincoln in D. W. Griffith's picturization of the life of the great emancipator.

Mystery surrounds the reconciliation of Pola Negri and her husband, Prince Serge Mdivani, on the eve of their divorce. It is supposed that they are having a sort of trial honeymoon to see if they really can't be happy together after all.

John Barrymore insists that he is in Hollywood, notwithstanding reports to the effect that he and his wife are in New York. Furthermore he insists that he and Dolores will await the coming of the stork in Hollywood.

Mal St. Clair, not Alfred Green, will direct Dangerous Nan McGrew, in which Helen Kane will be featured. St. Clair has left Hollywood for New York to launch preparatory work on the new film.

Van and Schenck have recently been in Agua Caliente where they have been holding down jobs as entertainers in a cabaret. It is expected that they will make personal appearances with their picture, They Learned About Women.

Nancy Carroll and her husband, Jack Kirkland, are spending another honeymoon by way of an ocean voyage on the S. S. City of Honolulu. Nancy needed a well-earned rest before starting on her next picture, The Devil's Sunday.

Paul Page has just been assigned by Fox to one of the leading rôles in The Golden Calf. He has made several pictures for Fox and other companies with great success.

Gary Cooper is slated to have as his next vehicle a picture entitled Civilian Clothes. This talkie will be taken from the ten-year-old play which made such a success on Broadway long ago.

David Newell, who has been giving a very good account of himself on the Paramount lot—especially in Kibitzer—is finishing his contract with that company. When the contract is complete he will free lance for a while.

Jack Oakie, the latest star in the movie firmament, has been given a leading rôle in Paramount's Let's Go Native.
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TO GIVE YOU A LINE OR SO ON CURRENT TALKIE OFFERINGS

The Ten Best and Why

DISRAELI for George Arliss’ classic portrayal of a classic statesman.
HALLELUJAH for its authentic delineation of negro life.
DRAC for the fearless and honest treatment of its theme.
THE HOLLYWOOD REVUE for its elaborate variety.
BULLDOG DRUMMOND for its superior brand of hokum.
THEY HAD TO SEE PARIS for the antics of Will Rogers.
THE COCK-EYED WORLD for its earthy humor.
GENERAL CRACK for John Barrymore and Armida.
YOUNG NOWHERES for Richard Barthelmess’ and Marian Nixon’s memorable performances.
THE LOVE PARADE for Maurice Chevalier and his accent, and Lubitsch’s directing.

THE MIGHTY (Paramount)—George Bancroft takes himself pretty seriously in another one of the swell underworld parties which have put him on top of the world.
NAVY BLUES (M-G-M)—William Haines in a sentimental love story with plenty of laughs.
NOT SO DUMB (M-G-M)—Reviewed in this issue.
OFFICER O’BRIEN (Pathes)—As a noble-hearted policeman, William Boyd cops the honors in this grim and seamy tale which contributes an excellent bit of acting in his best style.
OH, YEAH? (Pathes)—An on-the-right-track railroad yarn with a couple of wandering brakemen in a perpetual wise-crack duel for audi drone sympathy were superb.
PLAYING AROUND (First National)—Reviewed in this issue.
POINTED HEELS (Paramount)—Still another backstage story, as quick as a flash.
THE PRINCE AND THE SHOWGIRL as an angel and Helen Kane as a troupier de looks. She gallops from Powell to Powell.
RED HOT RHYTHM (Pathes)—Tin Pan Alley cops and downs, with snappy words and music.
RIO RITA (RKO)—The famous Ziegfeld extravaganzas very darned impressive in talkie form with Donald O’Connor and John Boles.
ROMANCE OF THE RIO GRANDE (Fox)—A delightfully romantic story of Old Mexico with Warner Baxter (and songs) and Mary Duncan.
SALLY (First National)—All Technicolor revival of the stage hit with Marilyn Miller charming in the title role.
THE SATURDAY NIGHT KID (Paramount) for Bow fans this story of clerk and floorwalker is life is just so much caviar.
SEVEN DAYS’ LEAVE (Paramount)—Gary Cooper and Beryl Mercer in a faithful talkie version of a Ziegfeld story, Unusual and moving. But don’t see it if you insist on easy interest.
SEVEN FACES (Fox)—They certainly put Paul Muni through his paces in this one—he plays seven different characters, and he’s good in each.
SEVEN KEYS TO BALDPAVE (RKO)—Reviewed in this issue.
THE SHANNONS OF BROADWAY (Universal)—Those old-timers, James and Lucille Gleason, put over a good one in this story of a New York street gangsters stranded in a small town.
THE SHOW OF SHOWS (Warner Brothers)—One of the best of the movie revues. Includes everything from plenty of jazz to a bit of Shakespeare. It’s a hit—and wow!
SKY HAWK (Fox)—A story of the bombardment of London by Germany during that famous World War. The scenes of the blitz are authentic.
SOUTH SEA ROSE (Fox)—Reviewed in this issue.
THE TAMING OF THE SHREW (United Artists)—A lucky young playwright, Billy Shakespere, has his first talkie grace; by the initals, and final evaluation, appearance of the Fairbanks’ uproarious adaptation.
THEY HAD TO SEE PARIS (Fox) —In Will Rogers’ first talkie—a swell one, too—it’s proven that although it’s not easy to make people laugh, where there’s a Will there’s a cure.
UNDEFTER (Universal)—Reviewed in this issue.
VAGABOND KING (Paramount)—Reviewed in this issue.
VAGABOND LOVER (RKO)—Rudy Valee in a picture that gives him an opportunity to croon as much as he pleases.
THE VIRGINIAN (Paramount)—A fine out-and-out talkie with Gary Cooper and Richard Arlen fighting it out for Mary Brian.
A Woman’s Master Stroke put Her Sweetheart into the $10,000 a Year Class...Made Him a Social and Business Leader....

By Marie Rogers

WHEN Jimmy Watson proposed to me, he was making $25.00 a week. I had grown to care for him a lot. And I wouldn’t have minded sacrifices if Jimmy had any prospects. But he didn’t seem to be any better anywhere, and I didn’t want to be tied to a failure. After

some hesitation, I told him so.

“You have ability, Jimmy, but nobody but I know it. You are too timid and self-conscious. When somebody speaks to you, you’ve hardly a word to say. You get all flustered and embarrassed when you’re asked to give an opinion. I can’t marry you unless you make some effort to improve yourself.” Of course he was hurt and
dignant. But I was firm, so we parted.

Then one night a year later, I received the surprise of my life. Jimmy drove up to the house one evening in a beautiful sport roadster, dressed like a fashion plate. His manner was entirely changed, too. He seemed supremely self-confident, and had become an interesting conversationalist. I could not help but marvel at the change in him and told him so. He laughed delightedly.

“It’s a long story, Marie, but I’ll cut it short. You remember that my chief fault was that I was afraid of my own voice? Well, shortly after we parted, I heard tales of a popular home study method by which any man could quickly be

come a powerful speaker—able to dominate one man or thousands—a way that banished embarrassment, self-consciousness and timidity in a surprisingly short time.

“That remarkable course was the making of me,” said Jimmy. “With only a few minutes’ practice each day, I made strides in a few weeks that amazed me. It wasn’t long before I went to the boss with an idea that had been in my mind about reorganizing the delivery service, but which I had been afraid to take up with anybody. You should have seen me addressing that conference of department heads in the president’s office—I just bowled them over. That was a few months ago. Since then I’ve climbed ahead fast. The boss is sending me to Europe next month to make a study of department store management over there. By the way, Marie, how would you like to go to Europe as Mrs. Watson?”

Today I am the proud wife of a successful husband...a business leader of our city. We travel in a very exclusive set and enjoy the luxuries of life. Turned Jimmy down had proved to be the second best thing that could have happened to him. It was a lucky break, though, that prompted him to develop his speaking ability which revealed his natural ability.

Today the rich rewards in business, popularity in

social life, positions of honor in the community, go to the man who is an interesting, domineering, persuasive speaker. And there is no magic or mystery about this talent. No matter how timid or self-conscious you are when called upon to speak, you can quickly bring out your natural ability and become a powerful speaker through this amazing new training.

Send for this Amazing Book

This new method of training is fully described in a very interesting and informative booklet which is now being sent to everyone mailing the coupon. This booklet is called, How to Work Wonders with Words. In it you are shown how to conquer stage fright, self-consciousness, timidity, bashfulness and fear—those things that keep you silent while men of lesser ability get what they want by the sheer power of convincing speech. Not only men who have made millions, but thousands of others have sent for this book—and are美

stining in their praise of it. You are told how to bring out and develop your priceless “hidden knack”—the natural gift within you—which will win for you advancement in position and salary, popularity, social standing, power and real success. You can obtain your copy absolutely free by mailing the coupon.

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Address

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Just Your Style
—and Hollywood's

Your early spring wardrobe can be as effective as that of the most smartly dressed movie player—if you follow these clever and helpful style hints and directions by

DOROTHEA HAWLEY CARTWRIGHT

NEVER in the entire history of fashion have clothes undergone such sudden and radical changes. In the space of only a few months the mode has become transformed from the straight, boyish silhouette with scant, short skirts, to the feminine, form-fitting, flared, long models of today. The result is that most of us find ourselves with a wardrobe that is shockingly “old-fashioned.” Most of us are hurriedly “getting the good out of” what we have, and planning as complete a new wardrobe as our shocked purses will allow. Those of us who have to be thrifty in assembling outfits have cautiously waited to see exactly what would happen to the silhouette, the waistline, and the much-disputed hem. The dust of battle seems to have cleared sufficiently for us to make definite observations on prevailing styles without being afraid that the dress we make today will be demodé tomorrow, and a general trend is clearly discernible.

As I mentioned in the first issue of TALKING SCREEN, the princess silhouette is the dernier cri. This means that if you have a straight, loose dress that is “just as good as new”, you must get out your needle and scissors and give it a definite shape. And down must come all hems! Five inches below the knee-cap is the latest edict—and if you’re very, very practical, you’ll leave a generous hem to allow for even more letting down! The waistline is again back to normal. Fortunately is the slender girl—especially if she has feminine curves. Those of you who are proud of your thinness will have to beware of looking undernourished in the new fashions. Those of you who are trying to reduce, do so with caution—for curves are coming in! The tall girl is given a break for the first time in years. The styles are particularly gracious to her, and if she studies her type carefully, she can be as chic, interesting, and feminine as she desires. The short, straight lines were never meant for her. Fortunately, the very styles that are so gracious to the tall girl of today are equally kind to the small. The only girl who is out of luck is the extremely athletic type; but we have a way of adapting ourselves to styles, and the ordinary ungraceful, sport-loving girl takes on feminine charm in the less severe type of garment.

SO MUCH for the general trend of fashion. Now to plan a late winter and early spring wardrobe. I believe that a modern girl who works in an office or goes to school can get by if she has one practical suit and a simple dress for general daytime wear, a simple but decorative afternoon frock that is also adaptable to informal party wear, and an evening gown for formal occasions. She really should have two coats—one for roughing it and the other for more festive occasions. She should also have two hats—one for business, and one for dress-up wear. These costumes, with their proper accessories, seem absolutely necessary. When you have bought or made these, then you can add to your wardrobe as your purse permits.

As most of our important contacts are made during the day, and as our practical, work or school outfits are the ones

[Continued on page 77]
Laughter and happiness are waiting for you in any program containing one of these comedies.

MACK SENNETT TALKING COMEDIES

JACK WHITE TALKING COMEDIES

CORONET TALKING COMEDIES WITH EDWARD EVERETT HORTON

MERMAID TALKING COMEDIES JACK WHITE PRODUCTIONS

TUXEDO TALKING COMEDIES JACK WHITE PRODUCTIONS

What is a show without a laugh?

A PICTURE show without a laugh is like a dinner without a dessert. There may be plenty of it, but it just lacks that zest necessary to make it thoroughly satisfying.

The "tempo" of a show—the pep and snap with which it moves—is usually controlled by the number of laughs it offers. You'll never be bored by a show that makes you laugh.

Why not watch for comedies bearing the "spice of the program" trade-mark? Then you will be sure of plenty of laugh enjoyment. You'll not only see and hear new favorites brought out by the talking film, but you'll get a bigger "kick" out of your old favorites such as Lloyd Hamilton. Lloyd was never funnier than he is in his new talking comedies "TOOT SWEET," "GRASS SKIRTS" and "CAMERA SHY."

LLOYD HAMILTON TALKING COMEDIES

EDUCATIONAL FILM EXCHANGES, Inc., E. W. HAMMONS, President
Executive Offices: 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
Now the Screen has Robbed the Stage of its Most Prized Possession!

marilyn miller

Broadway's brightest dancing beauty will make her first film appearance in

sally

THE FAMOUS FLORENZ ZIEGFELD MUSICAL ROMANCE BY GUY BOLTON AND JEROME KERN COMPLETELY TRANSPLANTED TO THE SCREEN—
WITH ONE OF THE GREATEST COMEDY CASTS EVER ASSEMBLED, INCLUDING ALEXANDER GRAY, JOE E. BROWN, FAY KELTON, T. ROY BARNES, FORD STERLING.
—150 DANCERS; ORCHESTRA OF 110—
DIRECTED BY JOHN FRANCIS DILLON

Every feature that kept "Sally" on Broadway for one solid year—stunning show girls, gorgeous gowns, lavish settings, and the matchless beauty of its famous star—

all in color

Other great stage stars have left Broadway for Hollywood—but none so fair and famous as Marilyn Miller...
Other films have matched the stage in magnitude and class—"Sally" excels it with all-color chorus spectacle more lavish than Broadway ever dreamed of!
150 beauties in the largest indoor scene ever photographed in Color...30 Albertina Rasch girls who toe-dance more perfectly than other choruses can clog...
And an orchestra of 110 to play the song-hits that "Sally" made famous and many new numbers added for the screen production...

Yet even this rich magnificence pales beside the poignant moments of the entrancing love story that made "Sally" one of the greatest musical-romance successes in stage history!

"Vitaphone" is the registered trademark of the Vitaphone Corporation. Color scenes by the Technicolor Process.

A FIRST NATIONAL & VITAPHONE All-COLOR PICTURE
ANITA PAGE, that damsel luscious,
Inspires the hope that soon she'll rush us.
Some pictures rather more ambitious
Than Navy Blues, slight but delicious.
MEET Vic McLaglen, giant he-man,
Who'd scorn a rôle as cake-and-tea-man;
He's wandered over all creation,
Enabling him to thrill a nation.
SALUTE Helen Kane and her baby talk!
When asked to do yes-no-and-maybe-talk,
She makes an adorable pout of it—
Her farce is her fortune, no doubt of it.
WE GREET Miss Claire, smart, witty eye-full.  
Who, given a dramatic trifle,  
With personality disarming  
Can make it altogether charming.
JOHN BARRYMORE has gone and done it—
Has stormed the talking screen and won it;
He swaggers on with regal passion,
And sets the cinematic fashion.
CORINNE'S a lady so resourceful
That when they made the movies forceful
She found her voice, and now, serenely,
Plays ladies naughty, ladies queenly.
The Spokesman of Talking Pictures

TALKING SCREEN

GEORGE T. DELACORTE, Jr.,
Publisher and Editorial Director

ERNEST V. HEYN,
Editor

WAYNE G. HAISLEY,
Managing Editor

ALL THE producers hitch their wagons to the stars. Some pick winners. Others find their selected satellletes to be fast falling meteors. The appropriate theme song for the star gazers is "How Am I to Know?"

A glance at the list of money-makers in the talkies uncovers more than a few surprises. Who would guess that George Bancroft is considered a better box-office bet than either Buddy Rogers or Gary Cooper? Or that Lon Chaney will poll more votes with the ticket-taker than John Gilbert? Yet such is the case. And this isn't all. Al Jolson tops John Barrymore. For that matter, so does Rin-Tin-Tin. And Charlie Chaplin has a decided edge on Douglas Fairbanks. It seems that S. A. is passing as a prime requisite for film favoritism.

However, among the girls it's different. Polly Moran and Marie Dressler don't seriously threaten the supremacy of our established charmers. Clara Bow holds her own. And we don't mean Harry Richman. The Great Garbo has added to her tremendous following. Mary Pickford is a queen among the drawing cards. Dolores Costello stands higher than her husband. Janet Gaynor has oodles of admirers besides her bridegroom. Colleen Moore and Laura La Plante are secure in the cinema heavens.

It seems that fan masculinity is most faithful to its movie loves. The men are true to the sweethearts of the screen. But, alas, the girls are fickle. They break dates with Buddy and Gary to flirt with George and that Frencie, Maurice Chevalier, who has such a naughty twinkle in his eye. They leave Jack to Ina, and Ramón to pine alone, while they fall for one of Mr. Chaney's many faces. And when Al calls "Mammy!" they pass up Barrymore and leave Tom Meighan flat. Apparently life is like that. And love, too. Even the love of fan femininity for movie heroes.

Shakespeare and the Bible are among the perennial best sellers. They have come hand-in-hand through the ages as proof that the people appreciate the classics. Each volume holds all the wondrous riches of a robber's enchanted cave. The faceted, fascinating jewels of history's finest fiction. The unadulterated gold of ever-living truth. In short, a marvellous mine of material for the movies.

It remained for America's Sweetheart and her D'Artagnan to see that the talkies have made it possible to endow these masterpieces with the breath of modern life. To enable the people to see and hear upon the screen the characters they have loved through centuries enacting the dramas that have charmed in print.

Perhaps, now that the way has been blazed, the screen will advance its standard of achievement to meet the advance in science that has given it sound and color and depth, and promises even greater things.

THEY say that America is a woman's country. And they admit us foremost among the nations of the earth. This seems a vivid feather in milady's modish hat. But the sad truth is that the girls have failed to enthronc the mother-land as queen of a realm peculiarly and distinctive feminine. They bow under a burden of entangling alliances in the acceptance of foreign dictation as to fashions. They have bartered for a mess of Parisian potage the constitutional right of saying what they shall wear.

Now, for the first time, this domination is being challenged. The Battle of the Long Skirt is bitterly contested on a dozen fronts. Paris says "Oui." But the girls of both camera coasts, and points between, respond, "Oh, yeah?" and rally to the defense of the freedom of their knees.

American beauties, on and off the screen, decline to forfeit the graceful, comfortable, age-reducing brevity of skirts because the European sisters are, apparently, either bow-legged or knock-kneed. Mary Pickford is the generalissimo on our side. She has turned thumbs down on long skirts. If the fans follow the stars we'll have American modes for our American maids.
"Two lumps, please," said Miss Carroll, the interviewer. "And now, to what do you attribute your success, Miss Carroll?" "To luck," replied Miss Carroll, the talkie star; "and to the fact that I was one of eleven children."

NANCY CARROLL

Interviews Nancy Carroll

NANCY CARROLL? Why, I know her very, very well. As the silly saying goes, I know her like a book—far better than a book, in fact, for no one spends much time on a book these days and I've spent a lot of time with Nancy Carroll. It's true that I've spent years watching everything she did. Intimate isn't the word for my knowledge of her. Why, we've been so much together and know each other so thoroughly that you might almost say we're the same person.

Nancy Carroll? I certainly knew her when—knew her when she lived in a garret—knew her when she walked the streets of New York, looking for work—knew her when she was glad to get a job posing for commercial artists. And if she gets high-hat and tries to tell you that success for her was as easy to get as a cold in a draughty room, don't you believe it.

It was plenty long before she even reached the stage. And when she did it was the chorus. Unhonored and unsung—except for the songs she herself warbled.

AND, by the way, she has a husband! And a little daughter! But she's not supposed to talk about that. Studio rules, you know. So we won't speak of it.

I guess it's customary for the interviewer to ask a lot of questions. Well, here goes. I'll ask the old-sure-fire one.

"To what do you attribute your success, Miss Carroll?"

I had my pencil poised and ready.

"Well," Nancy said slowly, "I guess success is about all luck. You can't tell how much. Nobody can. Take a gambler. We say when he wins that he's lucky. But we don't know how he's worked trying to be lucky! He may have studied the tables for years and designed a system. He may have learned to play bridge from the very best players. He may have studied the stock market all of his life, waiting for that one chance for a lucky winning.

"I was lucky because I was born in a big family. Eleven children. There isn't much time to give attention to one among eleven! You have to take care of yourself. You begin to watch out for your own breaks that by the time you are twenty you have worked so hard for them that if a big one comes you can't call it all luck, can you? Not even if you are Irish!"

"It was an unwritten rule in our family that everyone started work when he finished the eighth grade. I got through a
This magazine, to present a brand-new type of interview, found the one writer who knows this charming red-head best.

**WHOOPEE!** I took a couple of months at a business college and then went out to become a typist. There's no use going into the dozens of places I applied, or the one after another from which I was fired. I was under age, you see, and lying about it to get work. When they checked back with my school records they discovered the truth and out I went! If it hadn't been for those ten others and the at-home competition, I might not have stuck it out until the lucky break came along and I landed with *Voels and Hagener*, a lace firm at 254 Fourth Avenue. I was there for three years, beginning at eight dollars and ending at twenty-five.

**DO YOU** know it was that family of mine which was really responsible for my getting a break on the stage, too? But again it was the preparation we had, although we did not know it. My sister, Terry, was one of those lively, fascinating Irish blondes, tremendously popular. She loved to dance. When she wasn't out dancing she was prancing around at home. We worked up some dancing and singing numbers just for the fun of it. We took all of the Duncan Sisters' specials and added our own ideas to them. Finally we decided we were good enough for amateur theatrical try-outs. Without saying a word to mother or daddy, who would not have approved, we sneaked out to try out for Nils Granlund at the Orpheum.

"We won! We appeared at the Orpheum without telling our family one word about it. We kept our regular jobs and worked on the stage as a lark and a chance for some extra money. It never entered our heads that we'd ever make enough on the stage to be sure of a livelihood.

"Shubert's scouts saw us and asked us to try out for the *Passing Show of 1923*. Even when we won a definite place in the chorus and were assuredly on Broadway, we still kept our offices positions and our secret. But on the day of the dress rehearsal we gave up. We just couldn't do it. And that night, or rather, the next morning, we didn't get home until 6 A. M. All night long rehearsing! We didn't know how to tell my mother and father.

"Here's where we had a little luck without preparation. We didn't

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**Here's a languorous, exotic Nancy—quite unlike anything she has ever done before. It's from Dangerous Paradise, in which she appears with Richard Arlen.**

Only a trained dancer could manage this pose—and Nancy is all of that. Before she went into the movies she and her sister teamed in a dance act.
J. P. McEvoy is a whizz as an author, but when it comes to stocks—well, he admits he bought Dennis McEvoy Deportment at 100 and that it promptly fell to 73. His one consolation is that this investment can hardly go lower.
J. P. McEvoy, famous humorist and brilliant creator of *Show Girl* and *Show Girl in Hollywood*, writes this hilarious complaint against his son's Hollywood whoopee much lower. At least, that is what I have been telling my friends here in the East. But some of them assure me that I am over-optimistic—that conditions in New York and Hollywood are entirely different and that while 73 is low for McEvoy Department in the East, in Hollywood whole blocks of McEvoy Department were thrown on the market. The ticker never did catch up. Eastern investors were wiped out. So you can see there's no great demand for McEvoy Department at 73. Imagine my feelings.

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Hundreds of people work and thousands of dollars are spent—and your favorite players appear on the screen in gorgeous costumes and stunning gowns that make you gasp.

By DOROTHEA HAWLEY CARTWRIGHT

It is dusk. The script says so...

On a plaster balcony, before a marine back-drop, stands Juliet Star of motion picture fame. Soft chiffon ripples about her figure, concealing the fact that, pictorially, her legs are just something to connect her with the floor; lace cascades graciously from shoulders like those of Bull Montana and subtly envelopes arms like water pipes. How beautiful she is—thanks to her clever designer.

Somehow, we always think of our favorite star as a gorgeous creature without any of the common defects of ordinary people like ourselves. We may have long necks, wide hips, skinny arms, and hefty shoulders, but stars are all glorified Venuses in full possession of a beautiful pair of arms! As a matter of fact, for every defect we ordinary mortals possess, there are glaring examples among the most popular cinema celebrities. That their defects are seldom noticed is a tribute to the men and women responsible for their costuming on the screen.

Each studio boasts the cleverest designers available, each one thoroughly qualified through training, travel, and experience. With them lies the heavy responsibility of not only minimizing the defects of the stars and accenting their charms, but of creating styles that are...
several months ahead of the fashion in order that they may be up-to-date when a picture is finally released. These designers must accurately reproduce period costumes, and be positively ingenious in creating the "show stuff" so popular just now when Hollywood is turning out revues in bunches.

Costumes worn by the feminine stars are almost without exception designed and executed inside the studios. The charming gowns of Norma Shearer, the smart, ultra-modish costume of Joan Crawford, Anita Page's feminine adornments, the exotic garments of Ina Garbo—these are creations of Gilbert Adrian, the clever twenty-six-year-old M-G-M designer. The alluring gowns of Billie Dove, Corinne Griffith, Colleen Moore, and Alice White are the designs of Edward Stevenson. Those of Nancy Carroll, Evelyn Brent, Clara Bow, Mary Brian and Ruth Chatterton are from the clever brain of Travis Banton; while at Warner Brothers, Earl Luick handles the sartorial destiny of Myrna Loy, May McAvoy, Marian Nixon, and many others.

Many years ago, when motion pictures were still too young to talk, it was the privilege of the star to report to a studio garbed in her red dress, or her blue, or her white—just as she preferred. It mattered not the least that she wore the same gown as a Tennessee mountain girl in one picture, and as a society belle in the next.

It Suddenly occurred to D. W. Griffith, the man responsible for practically every 

Feathered costumes such as Colleen Moore wore in Footlights and Fools are not only frightfully expensive to create but are valueless after one picture.

In this bridal gown, which Jeanette MacDonald wore in The Love Parade, starring Maurice Chevalier, eighteen yards of the best satin and over twenty-one yards of silver lace were used—to say nothing of pearls and rhinestones.

Here's a chance for feminine readers to become envious of Sue Carol—that's real taffeta she is wearing and there are yards and yards of it.

NOW, after ten years, these departments are a major item in picture making. Their payroll averages $5,000 a week, the cost of ordinary costumes runs around $8000 a production, while the spectacular "show girl" pictures run around $20,000, $30,000, and so on up! Talkies have practically doubled the work of the wardrobe department. The Song of the Flame, First National's lavish Russian operetta, is using 5000 extras, all of whom have to be provided with costumes. The most successful shades are flame and green. Blues and violets are very difficult to handle. Included in the mob extras in this picture are one hundred and twenty-five Russian peasants

(Continued on page 80)
Herbert Cruikshank, eminent dopester of motion picture affairs, knows his business—which happens to be Hollywood's. His forecasts in the accompanying article are based on an intimate knowledge of the screen and its fascinating people.

Our seer foretells (and he has his reasons!) that this famous red-head—initials, C. B.—will soon forsake the screen and settle down to domestic joy and peppiness.

It is the weakness of the world to indulge in prophecy. The veil must be rent so the future may be read. The crystal yields its secrets. Palms are crossed with silver. Ghosts compelled to rend shrouded gibberings. The wanderings of mice forecast the paths of men. Daisies are forced to tell and answers are found in the stars.

Each has his favorite oracle, a sorcerer who cuts the cards three times, sees signs in tea leaves, drops wax in water or draws scrolls in sand. Names and numbers; days and dates; moonbeams and meteors; hocus and pocus. There are a hundred deep and devious methods of divination, mystic abracadabra linking that which is with that which will be.

Step up! Step up! See the Seventh Son of a Son of a Gun! Sees all! Knows all! Tells all! Read your futures! Aye, read 'em—and weep! It's all part of the big show! And the cost, ladies and gentlemen, is a paltry twenty-five cents, five round nickels, the fourth part of a dollar, the price of one grand and glorious copy of Talking Screen! Step up!

Presenting the only sort of prophecy worth while—a prophecy based on inside facts and written by one who knows them inside out.

The prophet declares that the engagement of this young couple—Miss Alice White and Mr. Cyrus Bartlett—will be broken before July 4. Is it possible that Alice will continue on her merry way without a Cy?
THE little lady with the red hair, step right this way. Just a moment while the old doctor goes into his trance. Gala-gala. I see your initials—C. B. Like the Wise Men, you come from the East—Coney Island. You've travelled far. But in 1930 you'll reach your journey's end. You've said you're weary of the silver screen—have gold enough to yield your life to love. In 1930 your wish shall be granted. Your memory will fade from the minds of men. But in return you'll receive the heart of one man—to have and to hold. From now on you'll be a cupid's Bow—and not the Publix property. I see you crossing water—a long, long journey. I hear bells and a baby's cry. Rest for you. Rest and happiness and the freedom for which you long. The vision fades...

Next!

Ah, a bridal couple. And I see the names Jack and Ina. Worry less about your career, Mr. Gilbert, and more about your wife. The career is safe enough. A little care in choosing vehicles. Not until 1933 will you pass the peak of your fame. But you're old enough now to settle down to the calm of married life. She has temperament, too, my friend. More than you have. Watch carefully or 1930 will find you single again—in which event your future is insecure. Watch very carefully.

You, Miss Claire, you knew what you

In our oracle's opinion, Charles Chaplin will not make a talkie until 1932, and 1931 will see him married. And the marriage will be the culmination of the romance begun this year. Sounds serious.

The prognosticator whispers that Miss Swanson and her Marquis will probably never separate—although the lady will have a busy time denying rumors of divorce during this year of grace.

According to the profound stargazer, Greta Garbo will continue triumphant during 1930, but as for 1931—!

Startling things are predicted for the Swedish star that year, including a romance from across the water, no less!
were about. He's only a boy at heart. That's why he appealed to you—and others. You'll be sorry if you lose him. Don't let dar ol' devil Professional Jealousy destroy what may be the idyll of your eventful life. Remember you are in a new medium of which he is king. Take your time, you'll find a new public this year—a greater one than you have ever known. There's a new contract for you Ina, if you're careful. One that will put your name in brighter lights than it has ever been shown in before. Now run along children, and for a thin dime you may buy a packet of my love potion from my assistant, Mme. Zyra. I suggest you do it, and observe the directions on the cover.

Don't shove ladies, don't push gents, there's room for all. Stand back in line, there, Mr. Bartlett, I can see from here that your engagement to Alice White will be broken before—let me see—before July 4, 1930. Now then who is next?

ODD I didn't see you before, Miss G—just a minute, don't tell me, I'll get it. Miss Gustafsson—no, it's Garbo, now isn't it? Yes, I thought so. What would you particularly like to know, Greta? No, there is no longer any link between you and that couple who just left. In fact there never was much—you know that. You never cared. You would have been sweeter about that room he fixed in your honor—about the yacht, about the flowers. You've never really been in love and—I'm sorry, but you won't be during 1930.

But during this year you will remain one of the most brilliant screen stars—perhaps the very brightest. Your great public will remain constant to you during 1930. In 1931 your fame will begin to wane and you will pursue your career under vastly different circumstances. But you will be happier, and theatre marquees will carry your name for a long time to come. Romance will come to you from across the water. His name will be strange to many who know yours. Mean meantime, maintain your aloofness. You can't afford to lose it. One more thing: be more considerate to those whom you have passed in your good fortune. The wheel turns, you know. And rapidly, in Hollywood. That's all, Greta.

WELL, well, this looks like a family party, and I can tell you all at once. Your names are—well, the big bear there is Russell, the medium-sized bear is Lucille, and I see Jimmy as the name of the little bear whose fur is a bit thin on top. Right? Oh, yes, the last name, of course, is Gleason.

I'm very happy to say that 1930 will bring you nothing to worry about. It wouldn't do any good if it did, because you wouldn't worry anyway. All three of you are going to have Hollywood right by the avocado. Contracts, pictures, plays, scenarios—they are all around you like a tornado, a tornado that'll lift that mortgage. You'll make a thousand new friendships—but there is room in your hearts for the old ones, too. Just concentrate your efforts a little more; don't take in too much territory. The dice—pardon, I forgot it was still office hours—I mean the cards, indicate that Lucille will have the best and biggest year. That play, you know. But you two will share in it, and have your own triumphs besides. Just keep away from the bee-hives and stick-tappers, and it'll be a great year. You ain't mad are you, Alice?

Next lady. Now, Miss Carroll, Miss Nancy Carroll, I believe—that's right? Thank you. There's no need to be that ratty about things. Hollywood didn't send for you, you know. You're all set to step into a very important pair of shoes during 1930. But you won't if you let your red-headed impatience get the best of you. You've done very nicely so far, haven't you? But there wasn't much excuse for walking off the set that time. They won't stand for it out there at Paramount. Just ask George Bancroft. That's what you're [Continued on page 84]
NOW YOU'RE TALKING

In recognition of outstanding performance on the talking screen, this magazine hereby extends hearty congratulations to:

Bebe Daniels, who succeeds not only in bringing a splendidly pure singing voice to *Love Comes Along*, but also in perfectly coloring her songs with the emotional intensity of which she is so eminently mistress—an achievement worthy of the new art.

Corinne Griffith, who, in *Lilies of the Field*, creates a personality of vivid and touching appeal from a rôle which demanded the most adroit combination of dignity and delicacy to avoid the sordid and make it one of the talking screen's greatest.

 Ramirez Novarro, for his uniquely romantic performance which makes *Deedl May Care* the glamorous thing it is, and for the songs rendered in his distinctively mellow voice—to perfectly in accord with his wistfully charming and quite delightfully Continental personality.

Warner Baxter, whose performance in *Romance of the Rio Grande* demonstrates his superb ability to blend his own suave personality with that of the uncouth character he portrays, thereby obtaining unusually powerful and telling dramatic effects.

Mary Brian, who, in *Kibitzer*, takes the usual "feminine love interest" rôle and, by investing it with loveable humanness—and genuine humor—transforms a stock character into one having keenly interesting and heart-warming propensities.
Tidings from

Fifi Dorsay has something in her eye, and El Brendel and Victor MacLaglen are searching for it. We refer, of course, to the spark that makes this lady's eyes sparkle. They've all just finished co-working in the comedy, *Hot for Paris.*

This little lady looks as if she wants to fly away to the moon on that broomstick. Goodness knows why, for Helen Twelve-trees—it is none other than she—has just been given a long-term contract for her work in *The Grand Parade.*

At the premiere of *The Great Gabbo*, a young collegian stopped William Haines and asked him to put his autograph on the hat the boy was wearing. William obliged.

"Hooray!" shouted the youngster. "That makes one hundred and eighty movie stars that have signed on my lid."

"Take my advice, young fellow," William told him seriously, "When it reaches two hundred—sell."

James Gleason, whose new starring picture is "Oh, Yeah?", is taking no chances on the vagaries of Hollywood swimming pools.

The author-comedian "went Hollywood" to the extent that he installed a pool on the grounds of his new home in Beverly Hills, but he has gone the rest of the town one better by taking out a $50,000 insurance policy to protect his visiting swimmers against accidents and any damages that might result to ladies' finery from splashing water or other causes.

Trust cagey Jimmy Gleason to not let the wild waves beat him.

The demon and Pythias of Hollywood are William Bake- well and Johnny Mack Brown. They are inseparable. Under Johnny's supervision at the Hollywood Athletic Club, young Billy has been developing into a real athlete.

Not long ago Johnny was instructing Billy in a new leg developer.

"Just lie on your back and move your legs in the air as though you were riding a bicycle," ordered Johnny.

For five minutes, while Brown was busy with his rope skipping in another end of the gym, Bakewell continued the exercise. Then Johnny espied his friend's legs in the air—stationary.

"Hey, what's the idea—tired?" he inquired.

"Nope," replied Billy nonchalantly, "I'm just coasting."

There's nothing like being leading man to an open-hand- ed star! Ask Gilbert Roland. Norma Talmadge has just bought a house in Hollywood for Gilbert's mamma and papa, handling the transaction herself. It's the house next door to the one the other Norma (Shearer) lived in before she became Mrs. Irving Thalberg.

Anita Page has a new possession, and Poppa and Mom- ma Pomares are frightfully proud. It isn't an emerald anklet, because Anita prefers pearls, thank you; but it's a letter from Miss Green, principal of the Queens Grammar School, (Long Island, N. Y.), where Anita learned her a-b- c's, and it tells that Miss Green is very, very proud of the little girl who always excelled in the still-life class, and seldom was tardy. It seems that Miss Green would have liked to have seen every one of Anita's pictures, but of course she couldn't do that with the examination papers and all; however, she did manage to see *The Broadway Melody* and therefore sent this letter. It's in a rewood casque now, while the family, including six-year Marino, decides whether to frame it or put it away in lavender. Now, if we could only promise that all good little schoolgirls would become movie queens...
MAYBE you wondered about the delay in starting the Harry Richman picture. I know we did. Sat up nights trying to figure it out, and then laid it away beside the Paul White man puzzle. But, anyway, this is what we heard about Puttin' on the Ritz. Our informer tells us everything was caused by the cameraman. He took fifty tests of Bow's Beau and still he looked like Harry Richman.

CLAUDE GILLINGWATER, George Fawcett and Alex B. Francis, those three sterling actors so frequently referred to as "the grand old men of the screen," were discussing the past while lunching in the Hollywood Athletic Club.

"Alex, I don't see why they persist in making me as old as you are," said Gillingwater. "The first thing I can remember in life is hearing people say 'There goes that great old actor, Alex Francis,'"

"I suppose that was about the time I received a licking for not saying 'Sir' to Gillingwater," quietly remarked Francis to Fawcett.

THREE famous directors who for years have been issuing orders in the Hollywood studios will take orders during the filming of Buster Keaton's next talkie, On the Set.

Fred Niblo, Cecil B. DeMille and King Vidor will don grease paint and portray roles in the production, which will be directed by Edward Sedgwick.

The story is a satire on studio life. Buster will sing in the picture.

DURING the making of The Rogue's Song recently, the studio costumer ran short of fur hats for the Cossacks. Imitation fur hats were fashioned of grass for the extras. They photographed like fur but to the horses they were only grass and they snatched a bite of hat every time an opportunity presented itself. Since the costumer couldn't muzzle the horses, he had to discard the hats.

MARY NOLAN, the Universal star, was dining in the St. Francis Hotel in San Francisco on a recent trip to the northern city. Almost opposite her sat a striking blonde who greatly resembled someone Mary knew but could not place.

As Mary rose to leave, she walked over to the blonde, and said:

"Pardon me, but haven't I met you before? Your face is very familiar."

"Perhaps you have seen me on the screen," was the reply.

"I'm Mary Nolan, the picture star."

"Oh, that's it," exclaimed Mary. "Thanks a lot, and so that we may know one another should we meet again, here is my card."

The striking blonde fainted.

HAL SKELLY has gone back to his first love—Broadway. His picture days are over, temporarily at least, and lots of folks are wondering why.
Skelly, star of the stage production of *Burlesque*, came West to convert that vehicle to the celluloid as *The Dance of Life*. Paramount liked his work and signed him to a long-term contract.

Skelly worked in two or three more pictures, then Paramount decided it couldn't keep him busy.

They settled on the contract and Hal went East with a couple of years' salary he didn't have to work for.

A SMALL film company went on the rocks in Hollywood last month. Among its outstanding debts was the bill of a costume company for garbing a chorus.

On the day of the blow-up, representatives of the costume company presented a court order for the return of its property.

Nearly a score of alarmed chorus girls pointed out that they had no other clothes at the studio. The costumes had been given them the night before and they had come to work in them.

But a court order is a court order. The unfortunate chorus was compelled to hand its costumes through a door, and to wait until scurrying taxis had collected their street clothes.

Fortunately, no one yelled "Fire!"

*Here's Greta Garbo actually at work on her first talkie. You know, of course, that it's a version of *Anna Christie*, but did you know that throughout the whole picture she does not wear one fashionable gown? That's how things stand at present, anyway! Hurray for rags and tatters!*

If the beams of his new trick lights prove to be as bright as the one on his face, William Boyd should certainly be well satisfied. This popular lad is now working on his forthcoming talkie, *Officer O'Brien*.

**GRATA GARBO is enjoying a laugh on her studio mates who questioned her ability to go on in pictures after the coming of the talkies, because of her dialect.**

Anna Christie is her first talkie, but her dialect fits splendidly for the English version.

Now M-G-M has decided to make a German version for continental release. The only player in the original cast who can go on in the second is Greta. She speaks perfect German.

Charles Bickford, her leading man, George Marion and Marie Dressler will be replaced by German-speaking players.

**JAMES CRUZE**, who has stood loyally by Roscoe ("Fatty") Arbuckle during the comedian's troublesome years, is going to stake a fortune on the fun-maker.

Jimmie, who now produces his own pictures, has signed Fatty to a starring contract which calls for three pictures. He is convinced that it is time the world forgave Arbuckle.

While Cruze is preparing for the first production, he has loaned Fatty to Mack Sennett, for whom Roscoe will direct one picture.

**EDMUND LOWE** relates the newest story on Stepin Fetchit, Fox's colored star.

It seems that Stepin was the lion of a recent social function in Los Angeles black belt.

One of the dusky swains, tiring of the monotonous paens of praise, objected.

"Huh, dat boy ain't so hot," he remarked. "Tse in more pictures than him."

"Is dat so?" challenged his girl friend. "What parts does you all play?"

"Who, me? I crows for the Pathé rooster," was the proud reply.
Fair exchange is no robbery. Or is it? Could William Powell star in a tennis set as well as he does on a talkie set? And Betty Nuthall, the English tennis star, vice-versa? Both seem willing to have a try. Spanish to disguise a conversation is useless, for she speaks them all.

Barbara recently visited a set on which the director of her next picture, *Hardy Garsity*, was at work. There were several foreigners in the cast who eyed her blond presence in admiration. Two Germans were standing near and one of them exclaimed in his own tongue, "Ach Himmel! What a beautiful blonde."

"Thanks," spoke up Barbara in German. After that only English was used on the set.

**During** the recent squabble between hundreds of actors belonging to Equity and the producers, the majority of Hollywood autos carried stickers on their windshields bearing the word "Equity."

The strike is over with the producers the victors. And one still sees the signs on the cars—but the first and last letters have been eliminated.

The picture profession is full of blondes, but few of them have ever been given the break that Betty Compson drew in *The Isle of Escape*.

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**DESPITE** the fact that Tom Mix has thrown his fortune with the circus, he will try his hand at talking pictures.

"Tom left Hollywood just about the time the dialogue films were getting a toe-hold."

Now he has signed with Fox to make one talkie before spring.

**Harry Carey** isn't letting the moss grow under his feet while in the African jungles. Harry is portraying the role of *Trader Horn* in the picture of that name, now being filmed near Nairobi, British East Africa. That job nets him $3,000 a week.

During his work on location, Harry came across two miners who had gone broke working their claim. He staked them for a half-interest in the diamond mine.

**No longer** will the stars be forced to submit to the gaze of the public while they dine and dance. The Embassy Club, Hollywood's most exclusive organization, will shortly open its new home adjoining the famous Montmartre café and under the same management.

Membership has been limited to three hundred screen folk—players, writers and directors.

Rupert Hughes is chairman, with Charlie Chaplin and Antonio Moreno vice presidents. The directors include Gloria Swanson, Bebe Daniels, Marion Davies, Betty Compson, Evelyn Brent, Ruth Roland, Norma Talmadge, Constance Talmadge, John Gilbert and King Vidor.

No guest cards will be issued. If a tourist obtains admission to the portals, he or she will have to be there in the company of a member.

One has to be careful how one speaks in the presence of Barbara Leonard. Using German, French, Italian or

Lupe Velez and Grant Withers, while playing in *Tiger Rose*, a drama of the great north west, donned their make-up in dressing rooms which were completely lined with wood of a very natural finish—something decidedly new in interior decoration. Or perhaps they're just kidding.

Nearly five thousand principals and extras were used in the making of the film—every one a brunette with the exception of Betty. Her blonde loveliness stands out in the big scenes like the sun breaking through on a cloudy sky.

**Nils Asther** is filled up with the Hollywood talk to the effect that his accent will hold them back in the talkies.

[Continued on page 76]
By DORIS TORVILLE

TALKIES! There's more to them than meets the eye—the ear, rather. To you and me and the rest of us, the word itself conjures up a vision of our favorite movie star voicing his emotions in a dramatic scene. But the talkies have other possibilities which we hardly realize.

There is, of course, the newsreel. An authentic, brilliant carbon copy of the current history of the world. When the newest ocean greyhound arrives, for example, you not only see its image on the silver sheet but you hear the whirl of the propellers, the swish of the water, the shouts of the welcoming crowds gathered on the pier. You get the real thrill of it all.

Again, there's politics. Not politics in the dull, abstract sense. Not the Congressional Record. But the vivid, exciting shots of the new type of brilliant politician offering his wares in the race for public office. The witty Mr. Walker used the talkie in his recent battle for re-election. A complete screen and talking outfit was set up in Times Square, New York City, and the dapper Mr. Mayor reiterated his campaign speech from dusk till midnight.

AND foreign statesmen. Who isn't interested to know how the other half of the world is ruled? By virtue

During the recent mayoral campaign in New York City, Mr. Walker's talkie reiterated his campaign speech from dusk to the wee hours, in the very heart of the theatre district. Here is an actual picture of the screen erected at Forty-seventh Street and Broadway and you can plainly see the Mayor's talkie.
of the talkies the American people are almost as familiar with the sight and sound of Mussolini as the Italians are themselves. The Duce's thrilling and amusing Caesarian gestures are almost as well known to us as the glasses of Harold Lloyd.

Premier Ramsay MacDonald of Great Britain has gone even further than his forceful contemporary. He recently made a film in which he called each member of his Ministry by name and presented him to the British public. Then he proceeded to outline the duties with which they were charged under his administration. Thus, he and his cabinet were brought face to face with almost every man and woman they represented.

In pre-talkie days he could have made a silent film. But what a lot of the intimacy, the "between-you-and-me" effect, which begats such confidence in leaders, would have been lost!

The last American presidential election was fought out on the talking screen. For the first time in history, presidential candidates were able to make a direct, personal appeal to hundreds of thousands of voters widely scattered throughout the entire land. The daily tabloid, formerly chief political mouthpiece, enjoyed a subsidiary position in the campaign.

The complaint, "I can't be in two places at once!" is no longer strictly true. When Milton Sills found that work on a picture at the West Coast studios would prevent his attending the convention of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences in Chicago to give an address in person, he made a talking picture of his speech. If the convention was really gracious, it probably sent him back a few hundred feet of roaring applause in a tin container!

Young Carl Laemmle, Jr., saw no reason for curtailing his trip abroad in order to be present at the big annual Universal Sales Convention, held not long ago in Kansas City. It was far simpler for him to make his stirring sales talk in pictures and ship it to Missouri. They like to be shown, anyhow!

Mr. WILLIAM FOX, the well-known film magnate, recently revealed that a sound film had been made of an operation by Dr. Nelson H. Lowry in Chicago. It was a radium knife operation on a cancer patient. Plans were made to show the film at the annual meeting of the American College of Surgeons.

Mr. Fox goes further. He foresees the day when Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, Rabbi Wise, Cardinal Hayes and other clerical leaders will speak each Sunday to congregations in churches all over the country, by way of the talking screen. As a matter of fact, Aimée Semple MacPherson actually has plans for recording her sermons, and so reaching an even greater audience than was possible through her radio broadcasting. Turning to the introduction of talking pictures into the educational field, Mr. Fox suggested the possibilities of shorter time required for instruction which would come by talking pictures.

"With school hours curtailed, the fifty million or so school children in the country could spend more of the day in the health-giving sunlight," he pointed out. No protest from the children at shortening classroom hours is anticipated.

[Continued on page 97]
Edmund Lowe's scholarly background produced a brilliant master of both rough-neck realism and drawing-room subtleties

Of more importance to his later life, he became one of his college's outstanding stage performers. Almost the entire Shakespearian repertoire was played by Lowe at Santa Clara.

"The training I received from these schools and college plays has proven invaluable," Lowe told me. "I strongly advise young people who are inclined toward stage careers to participate in their school and college shows as often as possible."

EDMUND'S introduction to professional acting took place at the historical old Alcazar Theater in San Francisco. Bearing a letter of introduction, young Lowe gained entrance to the theatre. When he reached the offices of Fred Butler, the stage director, he was awed by an array of then famous actors and actresses who were rehearsing for a new play. He was told that no job was open in the current play, but was advised to return the following week. On his way out of the theater, Edmund stopped to look at the lobby pictures of the players who were then members of the theater's stock company. While he was gazing a stage hand dashed through the doors and called out: "Mr. Butler would like to see you, Lowe." Lucky!

An M. A.

Less than two score years ago a lusty youngster first saw the light of day in San José, California.

"What a voice," commented his papa. "He will be a great lawyer."

"A wonderful voice," agreed his mamma.

"Perhaps he will be an opera singer."

"What a voice," groaned the neighbors.

"That brat will be a train announcer."

But Edmund Lowe fooled them. He became an actor, established, finally, as one of the finest and most versatile artists of the talking screen.

Lowe is a dyed-in-the-wool Californian. Born in the Golden State, he was educated in its schools and universities. Until he was twenty-six years of age, Eddie had never left its confines. He was graduated from Santa Clara University at the age of eighteen, and holds the distinction of being that institution's youngest Bachelor of Arts. Later he took a one-year post-graduate course in theoretical pedagogy and attained the degree of Master of Arts. At the age of nineteen he became a member of the University faculty, becoming the youngest teacher in the history of the college.

He was also a football and baseball star. So good was Eddie in the latter sport that he received three offers to play big league baseball during his senior year. He hesitated to decline them, but his chief interest lay elsewhere.

Although not his best-known characterization, Lowe's work as Hop Har-ley, the low-brow fight manager in Is Zat So?, was splendidly unique.

The Cock-Eyed World, one of the most successful talkies ever filmed, made "Edmund Lowe" and "Sergeant Quirt" almost household words.

In Old Arizona, one of the first smashing talkie hits, secured for Lowe a permanent niche as a front rank star of the newly-developed talking screen.
Edmund returned hastily to the inner offices and was given a minor rôle left vacant by the sudden illness of one of the players.

Very soon after his initial visit to the Alcazar, Eddie was made a member of the stock company. Since there seems to be an unwritten law in the theater that all beginners must break in by way of "old rôles", Lowe played gray-haired gentlemen to a fare-thee-well. He played grandfather to players twice his own age. Once he portrayed the part of Mrs. Richard Bennett's father. This fact becomes the more astounding when you realize that he has just played the husband of Constance Bennett in This Thing Called Love, and that the Mrs. Bennett of the old Alcazar days is Connie's mother.

Lowe laughs over memories of his first stage efforts. One of his pet stories concerns the first time he played the rôle of octogenarian. To make himself look old, he coated his [continued on page 88]

Edmund Lowe with Constance Bennett in This Thing Called Love, in which he exhibits new talents — talents for bright, sophisticated comedy.
She was lovely perfection—except for an offendingly large nose that had classified her as "Comic Relief." And the fate of this combination named Peggy Gleason was as strange a thing as Hollywood itself.

By

LURTON BLASSINGAME

A GONG rang three times. Instantly the hammering and shouting in the big Perfect Studio stopped and silence like that of the first day of the world covered everything. Bill Maugham, the director, yanked his tie from his collar and raised a heavy hand. The discharge tube camera glowed. Perched in his sound-proof box, high above the set, technicians bent over the amplifiers. The filming of the café scene in Perfect's big war picture, Love and Hate, was under way.

A soldier's shouted his order for vin blanc and Peggy Gleason came tripping through the door with a padded tray of glasses and bottles. Her rubber heels made no sound on the caked flooring. She opened her small mouth and grinned saucily at the steady shouts of laughter that greeted her entrance, even while she felt the hot flush creeping up her neck.

COMIC relief! That's all she ever was. After all, the laughter had not been simulated—it had been real. Her blue eyes flickered mistily, even as she managed a pert grin. And why shouldn't they laugh? A small, deliciously curved figure. Hair golden as ripe corn set around the well-modelled oval face—but what did these things mean when on that face was a nose that rivaled the famous Cyrano's?

Her glance travelled past the camera, past the huge figure of Bill Maugham, to that of George Wilson, Technical Director, standing in the corner. His tanned face was distorted in a frown of concentration which would stay that way until Glamor MacKail arrived.

AT EXACTLY the right distance from the camera, Peggy stopped, lifted a bottle from the tray with one hand and waved it, and broke into a French ditty. With each bottle and each glass there was a stanza, punctuated by the applause of the soldiers. Very slowly, very evenly, she sang so that the microphone there near the camera could catch every inflection, carry it along the hidden cables to the compartment where it would be passed through the big amplifiers and returned by the hidden cables and an electric wave would change ever so slightly that bright bulb of a camera and make a series of vertical marks an eighth of an inch alongside the hundreds of little pictures that were being run off. It was then that you knew why Peggy Gleason, despite her nose, had a job with Perfect. Her voice rose clear as a bell, with soft,
Back she came, grinning impudently, to find Glamor Mackail in the center of the scene. For a moment, Peggy almost felt sorry for her, as her voice came, strident and sharpened by fear. Bill Maugham's ham-like hand shot upward, and the camera stopped.

The padded walls of the café caught it and killed all echoes. But Peggy saw George Wilson's squarish face relax in a pleased smile and something very bitter-sweet rushed upward through her.

The song stopped. There was the faintest wave from the director's hand. Behind her, near what was the door, Peggy heard Ralph Connors' voice as he called out a greeting that sounded very affected and stilted in the room but which would ring with a laughing heartiness in thousands of theatres. The star had come. Peggy turned as Connors called to her:

"And you, Big Nose, see if you can smell us out a good bottle of wine. Vin blanc, vin rouge—vin!"

And then there was general laughter. She laughed back unsteadily, put her thumb to her nose, wiggled her fingers, and ran off as Connors charged down on her silently. George Wilson had put his soldiers in felt-soled shoes. She glanced at him over her shoulder as she disappeared, but he wasn't looking. The scene went on. Peggy came in and out. Her second trip was delayed the slightest fraction of a second. Then back she came again, grinning impudently, to find Glamor Mackail in the center of the scene.

Pictures
by
Jack Welch
Glamor Mackail! The woman of whom millions of men had probably dreamed during the past ten years. Glamor—who had been born Mary Baker in Pittsburg's steel district and whose regal figure and rounded breasts and swaying hips had been so often in the camera. Glamor, whose face was a song, whose dark hair many men had kissed, and whose nose was so perfect that it made Peggy Gleason want to cry. It was Glamor Mackail who expressed "desire" as Hollywood knew it, and now it was Glamor who was making her last fight against the encroachment of a new art. For Glamor still had in her voice the hardness of Pittsburg steel—a rasping nasal twang that the sensitive microphone picked up, that the amplifiers increased, and that spoiled that illusion of perfection which the world had built around her.

For a moment, Peggy almost felt sorry for her, seeing desperate fear rise in the star's averted eyes as it came her turn to speak. Then Glamor turned, smiling, fighting, toward the camera. Her voice came, strident and sharpened by fear, in what should have been a laughing challenge by the beauty of the village to the men who were giving their all to save la belle France.

BILL Maugham's ham-like hand shot upward. The camera stopped. The men at the tables turned to see what was wrong. Maugham was talking to Wilson, without trying to hide his words:

"Can't you do something about that?"

George Wilson stepped out of the background and onto the set. Peggy's sympathy for Glamor vanished as she saw the star go to meet the man she loved—putting her hands on him, looking at him, unconcealed admiration showing out of those dark, passionate eyes.

GLAMOR was fighting. Peggy knew that. She had a contract with Perfect for a hundred and twenty thousand a picture, with a guarantee of ten pictures, of which this was the ninth. A contract which had been given before sound pictures had become essential for success. Without a renewal of that contract her world would topple about her. And the one man who held the possibility of saving her was the young Boston Tech graduate who had done such excellent things for Perfect in his first year and who was slated for great success.

If you will come in humming now, Miss Gleason, and if you, Connors, will be playing on the table with your fingers in approval—softly, remember—I think we'll cover that."

Once more he stepped into the background and Peggy retired through the door to come in again at the signal for the retake of the scene. She was to hum—to make possible the success of the woman who wanted the man she loved!

The work went on. Peggy came in less and less frequently now. She, too, was standing in the background where she usually stood, watching George Wilson produce miracles with his mind and fingers. The double scene for Glamor's song was easy. She had only to be photographed from the back at a piano without wires, while her dense near the microphone played and sang for her. It was not so easy when the old French vegetable man drove up outside the window in his cart. Then the horse had to be moved along on a belt and coconut shells on a block of granite gave the tattoo of his feet.

And then the shooting was over until after lunch. Peggy stood silently in the background, something tugging at her heart.

Wilson combed his rumpled hair and rubbed the lines of worry and concentration from his face. He was coming toward her, smiling.

"How about a little talk, Peggy? I'm as nervous as six kittens who have just had an unwanted bath. If you will sing—"

"Oh, George!" came Glamor's strident voice. And then the star came across the set toward them. Her beauty was wonderful. All of her poise and confidence seemed to have returned. Her hand on George Wilson's arm was possessive. Suggestively her body swayed close to his. Peggy saw, with something of a catch in her throat, how Wilson's dark eyes took on a glow at that touch.

"Come on, George. Let me run you up to the Montmartre for lunch. I would take you up to my place, but these damn' schedules! I've got an idea about shooting that next scene."

She led him off, bending toward him eagerly to catch his words in answer.

The set was deserted now. Peggy stood there, staring straight ahead, her face very white except for the patches of

[Continued on page 77]
Affairs of the Heart

Bessie Love married William Hawks on December 28, thus becoming a sister-in-law to Norma Shearer, whose sister is married to Howard Hawks. Bessie also becomes an in-law of Mary Astor’s, who is the wife of Kenneth Hawks.

It is whispered that Billie Dove and Irvin Willat, her husband of long standing, have decided to call it quits with three thousand miles between them. He is in New York directing a picture for Weiss Brothers, an independent concern.

Those people who are interested in the Loretta Young and Grant Withers romance are doomed to disappointment if they hope to see these two players married soon. The wedding was indefinitely postponed on account of charming Miss Young’s extreme youth.

Fifi Dorsay is going to get married, but she won’t tell the day. His name is Fred Berrens and he’s a musician and master of ceremonies in New York. Long before Fifi went into the talkies they planned to marry. And when she was playing Rochester, New York, she and Fred actually went to Detroit for the express purpose of getting married. But her booking agent rushed there and begged her not to do it until she had taken a screen test. So they postponed the ceremony and Fifi took the test and won the role she played in They Had To See Paris. From then one she’s been too busy even to get married. But maybe she really will become Mrs. Berrens this time.

Mildred Harris Chaplin McGovern, once the wife of the celebrated Mr. Chaplin, has filed a suit for divorce against her second husband, Everett Terence McGovern, former golf professional, charging desertion. They have been married about five years.

It has been said so many times that Gary Cooper is every which way about Lupe Velez that it’s getting to be old stuff. Now Miss Velez makes this startling announcement, “We are not engaged, nor are we married, and we’re not going to be.” Lupe is wearing a square-cut diamond ring these days. She swears she bought it herself but old dame rumor has it that a young man named Gary presented it to her.

Lou Tellegen, maritée idol and at one time the husband of Geraldine Farrar, is free again. Mrs. Isabel Craven Tellegen, in the divorce action, asserted that her husband had told her he was living with another woman.

Doris Hill, one of the Wampas baby stars of 1929, is reported to be engaged to James Lewis Stunson, of Kentucky. Miss Hill would neither deny nor affirm the report, but friends say that a formal announcement is expected in a few weeks.

Not long ago Adolphe Menjou left Paris for Monte Carlo and his wife left the same city for the U. S. But they both insist that they are entirely happy and have absolutely no thought of separating.

Helene Costello, Dolores’ sister, has announced her engagement to Lowell Sherman. They are planning the big event for next March—that is, tentative. The wedding will be the culmination of a romance of many months.

Ethylene Clair has announced her engagement to Percy Westmore. February 14, Valentine’s Day, has been set for the day of the wedding, which will be held at the Little Church of the Flowers, in Los Angeles. The groom is well known in picture circles and is in charge of the make-up department at the Warner Brothers studio.

Many years ago Noah Beery married the girl of his heart, Margaret by name. In due course a child was born to them. For years their lives went smoothly and the baby grew up into a strapping young boy. Then something happened. Mr. and Mrs. Beery no longer seemed contented.

There were quarrels, disagreement, finally a separation. That was two and a half years ago. Mr. and Mrs. Beery just have effected a reconciliation and it is said that it was brought about by their love for their fifteen year old son.
THE VERY IDEAL

By ALLAN FARNSWORTH

Explaining Marian Nixon, whose ethereal beauty and demure sweetness are those of young manhood's ideal girl and lifetime companion

EVEN in this year of grace and disgrace—of flaming flappers and yipping youths—human nature hasn't changed such a great deal. In spite of all the gin drinking, the heavy necking, the roadside parking and the fifty-fifty palships of boys and girls, almost every boy—although he probably would never admit it—has an ideal of the perfect girl.

And ten times out of ten you'll find that this ideal is a girl who has charm and sweetness, and yet is not saccharine. Who has poise but is not high-hat. Who is smart without being blatantly modern. Is willing to be something of a clinging vine and yet has a high order of courage. Is intellectual and artistic, but yet, when occasion demands, can be a good business woman. Above all, is distinguished enough to stand out in a crowd and yet refrain from verging near the conspicuous.

AND BECAUSE she so perfectly represents this ideal of feminine desirability, Marian Nixon has come to be regarded by countless male fans as exactly the sort of girl they'd like to marry and call "Sweetheart" forever after. Such is the fan world's impression of her, formed from seeing her on the screen. And the amazing fact is that she actually is, off-screen, just the kind of girl her pictures suggest. The history of the individual occupying this unique position should be unique—and is.

WHEN Marian first came to Hollywood she had just two things to help her along the road to success—courage and confidence.

Imagine it!—she was a thin child of fifteen when she first started the dreary round of casting offices. Casting directors were wont to look at her and say, "Your arms and shoulders aren't developed. You're only a child. We're not casting for

In her period costumes in General Crack, Marian made one of the biggest successes of her movie career. Added to her dainty, delightful charm were the winning tones of her wistfully appealing voice in this glamorous talkie.

Peter Pan," and little Marian would trudge off to the next studio.

Perhaps her very wistfulness helped her occasionally, for she managed to get little extra bits once in a great while. Enough, at least, to save her from actual want.

It was a kind of courage other than that of sticking that gave Marian her first real chance. It happened that she applied for a part in a Monte Banks comedy. In certain sequences of the story a girl had to sit on a park bench with a real lion. Fifty other girls who preferred safety to possible fame turned down the job before Marian was offered it. She
wasn't crazy about the idea of sitting with the lion, either—but she did it.

That part brought her to the attention of other directors. With more important parts she began to make new friends. The men she met were attracted by her fragility and invariably wanted to be of assistance to her in the shaping of her career—or in any other way they could think of.

HER pluck and charm and photographic beauty gradually brought her to the attention of directors. Her first contract was given her by the Fox Film Company in 1923. After one year, she moved her bag and baggage to Universal, where she remained for two years and where she played opposite Hoot Gibson, Reginald Denny and other stars.

When talking pictures came, Marian's friends looked at her pityingly: Hers is a small voice—not at all a squeaky or weak voice, but a small voice. Just such a voice as one might expect from a tiny girl like Marian. But what a surprise Hollywood had when Marian's first talkie was released! The microphone, which does unusual things with voices, chose to favor Miss Nixon. She has one of the clearest talking picture voices in Hollywood. As a result, she today holds a Warner contract calling for fifteen hundred dollars every week.

BEING an actress with an income greater than that of the president of the United States; having the knowledge that thousands of fans adore her; living in an age in which girls have more advanced ideas than their grandmothers—one would hardly expect her to be different from the rest. Especially in Hollywood, where a deal of the modern trend is believed to originate. But she is—and therein lies the story.

Since she is a very dainty young lady, possibly five feet tall and tipping the beam at ninety-eight pounds, since she abounds in pep in a rather fragile way, and has beautiful eyes, red cheeks and golden-brown hair—one would expect to find her at the Cocoanut Grove or the Montmartre every evening. Dancing with handsome young college boys. Or playing volley ball on the sand at the beach.

But one rarely finds her at any of these places. She has chosen an entirely different plan of life, and youthful, jazz-mad antics are out.

SINCE she is in her early twenties, since she is the least affected and the sweetest little girl ever, and because girls of her age (and probable inexperience) are most nearly unanimous in their lack of business acumen and judgment, one would expect her to have spent her money as most picture people do. It would be reasonable to suppose that a girl, not yet twenty-five, earning over a hundred thousand a year, would throw her money to the four winds in a reckless abandon of clothes, high-powered cars and whooppee.

But she doesn't! And while her own Hollywood, in its wild spree of money madness, turns a skeptical ear, nevertheless it is an unvarnished fact that Marian Nixon saves over three-quarters of her income. That she is one of the keenest business-women in the picture business. She not only realizes the value of saving money, but is willing to spend it heavily upon her own future. When she was earning but seventy-five dollars a

[Continued on page 92]
Hal Skelly reveals the secret of his insects appeal, and discusses his experiences as brother to the fish, pal of the snail, and comforter to the cockroach.

Hal Skelly limits his snail affections to four talented fellows, and unwelcome stranger-snails find there's always broom for one more.

THE great philanthropist sat at the telephone, his back to the interviewer, speaking emphatically.

"Get the rose-colored drapes," he ordered. "I'll have nothing but the best in my home for disabled cockroaches. Share no expense, Throckmorton."

The great philanthropist turned around, rose and bowed. It was Hal Skelly. He was face to face with Hollywood's most tender-hearted animal lover; the friend of every bug; the kin of all fish. And likewise the famous "Skid" Johnson of The Dance of Life, and all-round talkie wow.

The amenities over, Skelly murmured "Excuse me a moment," bounded out of his Paramount dressing room to gaze in the goldfish pond outside and returned wearing a look of relief.

"Iphigenia has been bothered with hay fever," he said in explanation. "I feared yesterday she would have to give up participating in the goldfish derby next week, but she's better today."

Nervously, I reached for my hat—which was on my head—but was reassured with the famous Skelly grin.

"My pet," he said tenderly.

"Sir!" I looked indignant and the player hastened to explain.

"I mean, my pet goldfish," he said.

THE goldfish, it developed, is Skelly's most prized pet, next to Agrippina, his three-legged trained cockroach. Iphigenia has been trained for swimming races along with Skelly's other goldfish now sojourning in the Paramount pool because there is not room enough for them to practice in the pool at his Beverly Hills home.

"My Iphigenia," confided Skelly, "is almost human. She understands English, as in fact, do all of my goldfish. But Iphigenia is a little smarter than the rest. She obeys orders like a soldier and is beginning to make queer little noises that I interpret as replies. She swims backwards and recognizes the sound of my automobile, as distinguished from others. In fact, the dear girl adores me," he finished with satisfaction.

Like the fish, the interviewer's head was swimming. This certainly was a scoop.

"To what do you attribute your success in training goldfish?" Skelly was asked.

"The right sort of feeding is everything," explained the actor. "Now some people give their fishes only rice paper. That is utterly silly. No wonder the fish don't develop more. My fish are served a four-course dinner daily. Treated like human beings, they behave more or less like them." The interviewer looked wistfully toward the open air.

"A few days ago," Skelly went on, "a joker on this lot played a trick on my goldfish that threatened to hold up the goldfish derby indefinitely. He fed the racers chocolate ice cream soda. They are allowed only eggnogg while training. I just got them safely past the crisis when Iphigenia began sneezing with hay fever."

THE Skelly ménage abounds with small trained creatures, which he prefers to domestic animals—or wild animals.
on BUGS

By DALLAS MACDONNELL

either, for that matter. He bars snakes, too, and except for four highly trained snails, Skelly does not welcome members of the snail family to his home. These four not only sing but do acrobatic stunts on the privet hedge. In a modest way Skelly has made his contribution to natural science. He has discovered an inexpensive, effectual way of ridding his place of snails, which infest it usually after a hard rain. This is the method:

A special radio set has been installed outside the house with amplifiers placed at intervals in the hedge. When the snails make their appearance, Skelly turns on the radio, tunes in on a jazz band and the snails rush giddily away at the rate of three inches per hour. They love grand opera, Skelly explained, so he never tunes in on it, lest the snails gather there in great numbers.

The prize pet of the Skelly collection, Agrippina, the three-legged cockroach, won his heart so completely that during the filming of The Dance of Life by Paramount, he founded the Hal Skelly Home for Disabled Cockroaches.

The cockroach retreat was virtually completed and the inmates moved in while Skelly was making Men Are Like That, adapted from the stage success, The Show-Off.

"Agrippina," Skelly explained, "was a flying cockroach from the Hawaiian Islands. When I found her she had had an accident that rendered her unable to fly. Her grief over this so affected me that I made up my mind I would never take an airplane trip without her. And I have kept my word. I carried her from Hollywood to New York and back again recently, and how Aggie did enjoy it!"

DURING the strenuous period of training for the goldfish derby, Mr. Skelly personally prepares the food for his racing goldfish. It seems that once, when he left this delicate matter to hands less experienced and loving than his own, one of his fleetest swimmers developed gas during the race, and exploded.

One of the comedian's most recent enterprises, he said, is teaching his goldfish to fly. He has had artificial wings made for them, like those of flying fish, and his ultimate hope is that every child will have a fish to fly in place of a kite.

I got to my feet a little unsteadily as I digested the last item of Mr. Skelly's ambitious fish story.

"Ananias — beg pardon — Mr. Skelly," I said, "this visit has been inspiring, entertaining and educational." I had my fingers crossed even as I shook hands.

I glanced at the goldfish pond as I staggered down the walk, and then back at Hal Skelly's dressing room door. I may not be a better girl as a result of my meeting with Mr. Skelly, but I feel lucky not to be a thoroughly dizzy one. It was risky business.
The fans want Lon Chaney—with his voice. But to all entreaties the master of make-up turns a deaf and disgusted ear, vowing that before he'll make a talkie he'll go back to his trade of carpet-laying. Can he hold out? What will happen if he continues to refuse to go talkie? Will they still want him, or—?

Far removed from hair-raising characterizations, here's a picture of Lon Chaney as he is in real life.

Is the face that launched a thousand quips to disappear from the celluloid niche in which it is enshrined? Have we seen the last of that list of thrilling, drilling, awesome characters? Is the master of make-up to disappear into that murk of mystery from which he emerged? Is Lon Chaney through? Or is there any Lon Chaney? Maybe it was a dozen other fellows.

From Hollywood has come the disturbing news that the man of a hundred faces has been replaced in a current production which was to star him. The reason given was that Lon's health was poor. There was talk of a vacation. But all this sounds like an out. The alibis are not convincing. Especially when considered in conjunction with the inside facts. And here they are.

From the very inception of audible photodramas Chaney has been the outstanding insurgent on the Metro lot at Culver City. While one after another of the silent stars were won over to the side of sound, Chaney remained adamant. The lines in his seamed face would deepen to a terrifying scowl as he declared time after time that despite Helen Highwater he'd have no dealings with "Mike."

His deep, resonant voice would boom out its denunciations. His steely eyes would shoot sparks of fire. His iron jaw would set in grim determination. And Chaney has his reasons for this firm stand against the talkies.

Not for me," he thunders. "For some of the others, all right, perhaps. But not for me. In the first place, the sort of characters I portray would use language necessitating an asbestos screen. Their words would burn the censors to a crisp. And if deprived of a searing vocabulary, they'd degenerate into chorus boys!"

Try hard to imagine The Phantom of the Opera as an adagio dancer! Or the legless Blizzard lisping genteel expressions of wrath! The Hunchback a tenor, or the tiger-throttling Chaney of East is East with the accents of a Lizzie!
of Mr. Chaney ...

Just try—and you'll see what it is Lon fears. "Look out, it might be Lon Chaney!" would be applied to butterflies and birds. And "Lon Chaney'll get you" would become just a bedtime line for tiny tots.

The mighty Lon continues, as he does so, twisting his face into that of a snarling gorilla:

"Look," he says, "a character like this is thwarted. All the poison in its ugly, twisted soul wells to its evil lips. What does it say? Not even I can guess. But we can all imagine that its words are terrible, blasting things befitting the source from which they spring. But what happens in the talkies?"—and here Lon leaps to his feet with the suddenness of summer lightning, places hand on hip and prances around the room—"In the talkies this character has to say—'Well, goodness, gracious me!' or something even less profane! No sir, Mister, I've still got my union card as a stage hand, and my trade of carpet-laying. And I'll go back to 'em both before I make a talkie!"

That's his story and he sticks to it. Or perhaps, as the newer saying goes, he's stuck with it.

When Metro had the voices of its stars psychoanalyzed, some one took particular pains to see that Lon saw the announcement of the learned professors that his voice was one of the most perfect in the studio. Which, indeed, is not too great an exaggeration. But neither this nor other flatteries have altered his opinion. Cajolery and threats have been all one to him.

It is his theory, too, that there is insufficient illusion in the movies in these days of Telling All. He won't make personal appearances. He dresses so that he is never recognized on the street—a cap and dark glasses aiding the disguise. He won't pose for pictures. Nor autograph them. And he won't answer fan mail. He hates to be prominent in lobby displays, and upon at least one occasion he demolished photographs of himself set before a theatre. The fact that he is one of the best box-office attractions on the screen seems to support his contention.

But there's one thing that Lon forgets.

The talkies are here to stay.

And Lon must fall in line. Or else...

His public demands him. And it demands him in a talking picture. Whatever records for attendance now exist will be shattered if Chaney talks. To the claims of the public, the producers, knowing this, add their pleas—and a very pretty please it is. His place on the screen is unique. Since The Miracle Man he has occupied a throne which never for an instant has been shaky. And he is the logical choice for the more brilliant diadem which will adorn the brow of one who portrays his parts in the talkies. Some one will do them. For no man is greater than this new medium. Lon first. But if not—then someone else.

Perhaps he has not sufficiently considered the progress made in talking pictures since the first bloops of the first talkie players. Comparative they are now perfection. The indubitable Eddie Lowe and the broad-shouldered Victor McLaglen knocked the country cuckoo with The Cock-Eyed World. Not even Lon may impugn their two-listed virility, nor the lack of Rabelaisian influence in their conversation. Why, then, should he not hear the injunction of the waiting millions—"Go thou and do likewise!"

If he does not care to leap suddenly into the whirlpool of sound, there are characters made-to-order for him, which in the nature of things, would speak but a few syllables, or perhaps confine their dialogue to gutteral grunts. Neither the Phantom nor the Hunchback may well be imagined as loquacious.

Since the days of his first picture, Hell Morgan's Girl, Chaney has been in a particularly favorable position to view the onward march of the movies. He has always been a major force in the industry. And the public needs them both. If Lon can quit, anymore than a fire-horse can resist the smell of smoke. Before he permits his veto of the talkies to become an obsession he should think twice. Many times.

One thing for him to remember is the experience of George Bancroft, another ace who thought he was the whole deck during one tumultuous twenty-four hours. Paramount gave their underworld czar just that length of time to parachute back to earth. Fortunately he saw the light, and remained to thrill his followers.

There have been other stars whose position seemed too strong to permit the possibility of anybody else's offering serious competition, stars who lived to learn that what has been won with difficulty must be guarded with constant vigilance and effort. And as Bancroft has his Beery, Clara Bow her Nancy Carrol, and Gilbert his Asther—so may Chaney...

And if this be treason, make the most of it!
SHE'S the strangest creature in all of Hollywood. A star with scarce a patch of sky in which to shine. A queen without a crown. A girl without friends.

She's always had suitors, but has never known love. One youth after another has won a brief reign in her heart, only to be replaced without a sigh. Not even to live in memory.

She has obviated every obstacle, hurled every barrier, to rise from the proverbial poverty to riches. From obscurity to eminence. Like the prophet, she is not without honor save in her own country—Hollywood.

Her current flame is one Cy Bartlett—like most of his predecessors, unknown save for his association with her. A month, or little more at most, and he'll be with the yesterdays. Her present picture is one of the most ambitious productions undertaken by her studio—Show Girl in Hollywood. No matter how brilliant her effort, credit will be given grudgingly. She's the strangest creature in all Hollywood.

SINCE The Sea Tiger she has been called Alice White. Before that she wasn't called at all. In conversation she refers to herself as "A. White." And after Warners took over First National there was a gag to the effect that she was listed as "Miss Weiss." Now it develops that her first name isn't Alice at all. Back in that dear Paterson, N. J., she was christened "Alva."

She's not yet twenty-two. At eighteen she was drawing somewhere between $35 and $50 a week as a stenog, and being ritzed all over the lot by private secretaries, bit players, second assistants to the boss's yes-men, and all the rest of the studio snobs. At twenty-one she accepts an honorarium of $1500 for every six days of labor. And is still ritzed. Except for the 3000 percent salary increase, no violent changes have come to Alice during her three years of artistic eminence.

Until in sheer desperation the studio presented her with a new car, the kid ratted around in a vehicle that looked like the initial output of the Ford factory. She parked the buggy in front of her one-room apartment until the studio wearied of squaring the tickets that always adorned it in the morning. She drives a long way to a restaurant called "The Carolina Pines." Good Southern cooking for eighty-five cents attracts a crowd that often forms a line a block long. Alice doesn't mind waiting.

ALL of which indicates that A. White is no careless spendthrift. The day's best bet is that Alice didn't get hooked in the stock crash. The second best is that they'll never be running any benefits for her when the acting days are over. She's saving her money, and doesn't care who knows it.

Hollywood will never elect Alice Queen of the Mayfair. Hollywood doesn't like her. And by the same
token she doesn’t like Hollywood. That is, the people in it. Neither side makes any bones about it. Alice is none too popular even in her own studio. But, oh, boy, what a wow she is with the men who buy the pictures—the exhibitors.

When she stole the picture in *The Sea Tiger*, they demanded her in other films. That, by the way, was her first. When she was temporarily shelved because of studio politics, the exhibitors insisted on A. White films. And when her stardom was announced at a movie convention the boys stood up and cheered. When various stars were asked to autograph photographs for the salesmen, Alice’s penned thought to each was this: “You Made Me, Big Boy, And I Sure Won’t Forget It!” Nor will she. Alice, more than any star in Hollywood, is working directly for the salesmen and exhibitors. So long as she clicks with these elements, there isn’t much to worry about.

Observe the White cutie, riding the wave of popularity on a water scooter, with smooth sailing ahead.

That’s the way A. White figures it, and right she is.

The photograph that secured a screen test for her was merely the head of a bob-haired, big-eyed brat with neck encased in the folds of a faded sweater. The original is among her souvenirs. How anyone ever spotted her as a possibility from the photo remains a Hollywood mystery.

**F**

**A**

**C**t or fiction, Alice intimates that her mother cherished an ambition for the theatre that was thwarted by relatives. Perhaps it is this urge that is being fulfilled in her daughter. One of the girl’s ambitions is to re-visit the scenes of her childhood, ermine-clad, in a car long enough to stretch right across the Jersey meadows. Upon occasion, Alice can ritz, too. Her only ties in Hollywood are her grandparents. She dotes on her grandmother, and spends holidays with the old folks. Her mouth waters at the thought of the dishes which the old folks prepare—all the long list of Italian palate pleasers.

Shrewd in money matters, careless in love affairs, she is naive to childishness regarding other of life’s issues. She writes in a round, kiddish hand and dots her *i’s* with little bullet-like circles. She is sincere and ingenuous. But she can’t concentrate on anything for long, and is forgetful even of friendships. Which for her are few. Her chief item of expense is her figure, which, after all, is her stock in trade. She has spent some $5000 for masseuses. She doesn’t diet. On the contrary, the pockets of her coat are generally filled with crackers. Frequently she carries little paper bags containing a dime’s worth of this or that.

An interviewer once called with two lollipops—one for her, one for him. Before either had nibbled down to the stick, he had a good story.

**I**

**F**

**S**HE calls on you, chain the telephone. She can think of more numbers to call on some one’s else phone than there are minus signs on the financial pages. Her hair is really dark. She’ll willingly change it to any other color if the picture demands. She

[Continued on page 89]

She is compared constantly with Clara Bow, and not infrequently mistaken for her. Clara is completely disguised as she dashes about Hollywood. Alice isn’t. The two girls have merely a bowing acquaintance. Each speaks in praise of the other. Apparently they respect the potential competition in affairs of the screen—and affairs of the heart. If their paths ever cross in conflict over a boy friend—double-distilled whoopee will result. With A. White the winner. She’s got more self-control than Clara. And that counts in a war.

The course of love doesn’t run smoothly for Alice. Emergencies have arisen in which it has been deemed expedient to call the cops to still some swain’s ardor. At least one apartment house night clerk has suffered minor mayhem at the hands of impetuous suitors who have felt the urge to see their Chloe at unorthodox hours. At one time Alice changed her abode almost daily for weeks to avoid the amorous attentions of a Hollywood Lothario. So far none of her many boy friends has succeeded in holding her attention for longer than a few months—very few for that long. In sentimental moments she speaks rather lingeringly of marriage. But her sentimental moments don’t last more than sixty seconds.

Alice has not yet been given the movie breaks she deserves, but trust her to see that she gets them—without delay.

There’s just one person to whom Miss White owes her fame—and that person is A. White.
HOLLYWOOD'S

Despite Miss Cartwright's undoubted talents as a fan writer, she just can't blow her own trumpet; Jenny was coaxed to do some trumpeting for her.

Came the talkies, and the thrilling beastsies of silent movie days were threatened with banishment because they depended on spoken commands. But now they're learning to obey noiseless signals, and are all set for a growing success as the snappiest actors on the screen.

By DOROTHEA H. CARTWRIGHT

The talkies have gone to the dogs. They've gone to the cats, cows, monkeys, lions, and geese. and how's your favorite elephant? Owners of educated alligators are stepping along Hollywood Boulevard like plutocrats, while there's positively no living with the keepers of high school skunks.

Flappers with motion picture ambitions can go hungry waiting for extra work, but two hundred dogs of miscellaneous sizes, shapes, and nationalities jauntily punched the time clock for several weeks during the making of a series of M-G-M all-barkie productions. Dancers of vaudeville fame sighed in vain for a studio call, while an all dog-ballet, led by Fuzzy, did a wicked hula in wisps of shredded 'wheat. Collegians and co-eds put their college yells in camphor, but two hundred canines, excitedly watching from hamburger-smeared bleachers, cheered the forward passes and touchdowns of their own team in College Hounds.

Before the talkie era, it was a commonplace event to see lions leap around a comedy set and playfully bite the ear of a villain; or elephants jauntily whack a cop with a telephone pole; or chimpanzees carry away somebody's darling chée-ild. But when the squawkies entered the silent screen, the zoo exited in disorderly haste. All the animals, save two or three super-canines, had been trained to respond to "his master's voice." Now it is no longer good etiquette for an elephant trainer, for example, to stand out of camera range shouting, "Lift up that foot. Anne Mae—I say up with that blanket-blank foot!" Oh, no! Today Anna Mae must cast a coy glance at him, and at his
gentle gesture, raise her pedal extremity promptly and without the aid of persuasive words.

When one considers the colossal task of teaching animals to respond to vocal direction, it is easy to understand the even greater difficulties confronting the men and women who are re-training them to respond to silent signals, often from a distance of thirty feet. So arduous has been this task that until now wild animals have not been used in talkies, save in one or two synchronized sequences. James Cruze, however, has announced that he will bring to the talking screen the first film using lions, elephants, bears, leopards, and other jungle animals. The title is *Circus Parade*, and is an adaptation of Jim Tully's novel. Cages are being constructed at Flintridge, the Cruze home, where the pets will be housed during production.

**WORKING** with "cats"—as they call the family that includes lions, tigers, panthers, etc.—is dangerous business. Of all varieties, the leopard is the most treacherous, for it attacks without warning. Apparently drowsing, with no thought of what is taking place about him, a leopard may suddenly spring on a careless trainer and tear him to ribbons. Lions usually give some indication of ill temper before attacking, and seldom attack from a stool. The greatest danger is when they are prowling around the ring. Several months ago Alexander Koontz, the young trainer at Luna Park, discovered two of his favorite lions in a bad temper toward each other. A fight started. Koontz attempted to referee the bout, and found himself mixed up with five lions. After months of torture on a hospital cot, Koontz was ready to go back to work—but not with lions.

*H. B. Warner used this pet squirrel in one of his pictures recently. Instead of finding itself up a tree in the movies, it is learning new tricks by leaps and bounds.*

I TALKED with young Koontz shortly before this horrible episode. He explained the months of patience that had gone into the training of the five beasts. The proper age to begin a lion's education is at two and a half or three years. Don, a handsome creature of extraordinary intelligence, would bring his trainer a hat, or pull up a stake buried in the ground. When you realize that it takes from two to four months to train a lion to mount the first stool in a ring, you can figure what a task it is to train it to perform like Don. This particular beast is one of the favorite motion picture players. Now, of course, Don has to be re-educated for the talkies. Meanwhile, new cubs are being trained silently, and will never expect to hear their masters' voices.

In the post-graduate class with Don is Olga, the screen's most famous leopards, who has lain in the laps of many of the screen's most famous stars. At the age of nine, she is amiable and affectionate, entirely lacking in the treachery of her sisters and brothers. I held her in my arms while I talked with Mlle. Celeste, her owner, who is said to be a princess and a cousin of Nils Asther. As I stroked the big cat's ears and gently pinched her neck, she purred like an automobile engine.

*Mlle. Celeste, most of whose work is with the leopards at Luna Park, doubles for both men and women stars during
an attack scene. This stunt is the most dangerous of all, not because a cat knows it is attacking a human being—for usually it thinks it is simply jumping on her back at a command—but because if she does not catch the animal in a certain manner, she may be accidentally clawed to death! Padded garments help mitigate the danger, but quick action is more reliable. When a leopard attacks, it catches its prey with its front claws, then rips it open with its hind feet. Incidentally, never call on a lion, tiger, or leopard with a fur piece around your neck. They are apt to be annoyed if you suspect you are wearing their favorite cousin as trimming on your coat.

In one respect, training these giant cats for the talkies is not difficult. You may recall certain pictures in which lions have apparently run amuck, or jumped through windows into the wide open spaces. Really, little runways are built from two cages. The lion is chased from one cage into the other. I watched Numa, perhaps the most popular motion picture lion, run across a stage and leap through a window—into a runway leading to its other cage. The scene had been rehearsed often enough that Numa never even considered prowling around the room before taking his leap. This scene could be enacted before a microphone since spoken direction would not be necessary after a few rehearsals. Every precaution is taken against a possible—though fortunately improbable—attack on a human being during a wild animal sequence. Often the cameraman and director have a special platform built for them, which cannot be reached if a cat runs amuck.

YOU must meet Anna Mae—the cutest little adolescent elephant of nineteen you’ve ever seen, and oh, so popular in the motion picture colony. In six years she will be grown up. Like most Hollywood flappers, she likes smoke—preferably that of very black cigars. If an elephant “got mad” at you, what would you do? If you know packyderm psychology, you’d simply lift up its ear and shout, “Boo!” If you can make saxophonic rumbles down your throat, or other extra-orchestral rackets, you’ll be a source of constant delight to your elephantine friend. This, dear children, is useful information, so don’t forget it in an emergency.

According to Charles Murphy, former husband of Mlle. Celeste, and who has charge of the Universal Studio Zoo, the chimpanzee is the brightest of all animals. Other pets must be definitely trained, but Simians, like our neighbors from Missouri, have only to be shown. If you want to educate a Chimp, just take him into your home and let him monkey around. He will do everything he sees you do. Simians are extreme in their likes and dislikes, as are most children. Unlike any other animal, an angry chimpanzee will bite the hand that feeds him first of all, when he is angry. Mary, another Luna Park resident, has for a decade been one of the most famous and beloved wild animals in motion pictures. Old age has crept upon her now, and she is no longer fit for work. The brain of a chimpanzee grows with the years, while its skull remains the same size. This inevitably results in insanity.

THREE monkeys work steadily in pictures. They are Josephine, Chicago, and Bobby. They “do everything”, according to casting directors, and earn $55 a day—the regular salary of a super-animal.

The chief revenue from animals goes to dog owners. One

[Continued on page 98]
TIPS FROM TYPES

By KENNETH BATTEN

Personality pointers from picture personalities

<table>
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<th>MARY BRIAN</th>
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<td>ARE you one of the attractive girls who lack aggressiveness, force—that something known as &quot;push&quot;? And do you believe that, because of this lack, you are barred from being a successful personality? If you are, listen to the enchanting tale of Mary Brian. Mary is as self-effacing as anyone could well be—and yet she has risen to stardom on the talking screen. How could such a modest, retiring little girl accomplish this? As a child Mary developed a hobby of oil and water-color painting—certainly the hobby of a solitude-loving child. So well did she progress in this difficult art that she won high praise from Linnekamp, the Austrian artist. This praise brought a vision of a quiet, secluded, artistic life into Mary's mind. How different her actual future proved to be! Her parents moved to Los Angeles and there she met Albert Kaufman, manager of a local theater. It was the very quiet and unassuming manner of her that caught his attention sufficiently to offer her a part in one of his elaborate prologues. Not caring for appearing before an audience, Mary accepted his offer almost reluctantly. Her work in the prologue more than pleased the manager. He gave her a more important bit, a song and a few steps to dance. She sang in a sweet voice which perfectly fitted her demure personality—the voice which was later to bring her renewed fame in the talkies—and the audience showed its approval. Mary didn't need push, from then on. Herbert Brenon saw her in the prologue and promptly signed her for the part of Wendy in Peter Pan, in which she made an immediate hit. Ever since that memorable day Mary Brian has gone on consistently to greater glory. Although still shy and retiring, Mary, when called upon, always gives her absolute best. Perhaps you, too, are like Mary Brian. No doubt you have some latent talent hiding under a sweet, unobtrusive personality. Take stock of yourself. Search your inner being and when you've found your hidden talent, tend it carefully. Your winning personality, together with your talent, will constitute your true worth. And once you've found your true worth, you, like Mary Brian, will enjoy the measure of success you and your talents deserve. Try it and see.</td>
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<table>
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<th>WILLIAM HAINES</th>
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| ARE you a natural wisecracker? One of those fellows who just can't seem to help making light of everything and who, merely by making a bright remark, so easily turn the serious into the laughable and ridiculous? If you are, have you sometimes stopped and wondered if people take you seriously at all? Is it possible that you are not as successful as you might be because you consistently give others the undesirable impression of being utterly irresponsible? Consider the case of William Haines, the cinema city's famous wisecracker. Known as "the bad boy of Hollywood", Bill goes merrily on his way, dropping quips and wise remarks like sparks from a locomotive. That's the impression many people get of Bill—that he's just a sort of happy-go-lucky clown who fell into his present success more by good luck, good humor and good friends than by true merit and worth. Perhaps you say to yourself, "If I can make people laugh by wisecracking, they'll like me and push me on to success. That fellow Haines did it—why can't I?" That seems logical, and, as far as it goes, it's an excellent idea. Haines wisecracking has aided him. But there is more to his personality than that. Underlying his wisecracking exterior he has plenty of real ability. Ability which enabled him to run a dance hall successfully, among other things, while still in his teens. Ability which, later on, made him a successful bond salesman. This downright ability was the keystone of his success in the movies. No doubt his bright remarks brought him many friends and probably helped him get his start in front of the camera. But it is his infallibility as a worker as well as a wisecracker that has kept him there. Even in his wildest comedy he has taken the actual labor of movie-making seriously and has pursued it efficiently. Be a wisecracker, by all means. People love to laugh and if you can make them do so, more power to you. But, although wisecracking may help you along, in itself it will not get you to the top. Take a leaf out of William Haines' book. Having built a foundation of real ability to support the super-structure of your wisecracks, you will find a happy combination which has more than once been found to be a sure-fire recipe for success.
Dorothea Hawley Cartwright analyzes the male players' vocal talents—see whether you agree

ONE year before talking pictures became substantially popular, Conrad Nagel spoke from the screen and immediately became the idol of a million fans. His mellifluous voice was in demand not only at his own studio, but at many others that willingly paid large sums for the privilege of borrowing him. Productions were held up in order that he might be procured for a rôle. Conrad was, and still is, a very busy man.

Other studios had their candidates for verbal perfection. Discriminating auditors spoke glowingly of Lionel Barrymore's well-modulated voice, skilled in dramatic nuances, for years a joy to theatre-goers.

Feminine Barthelmess fluttered faster when Richard Barthelmess made *Weary River*. To their great dismay they learned he had a double in his song numbers.

But his speaking voice remains a serious contender for the title of Best Talkie Bet.

Fox officials suddenly became acutely interested to learn that, for two years, Charles Farrell had been studying with a noted vocal teacher. Already their most popular male player, he had still another talent with which to charm his fans. His delightful New England accent is also an added attraction, as accents sometimes are.

For example, that of Nils Asther. Despite his difficulty with the English language, M-G-M, more than confident, has just signed him on a new long-term contract. They claim that his voice is the most powerful, vibrant, and dramatic that has ever been recorded in a studio. They go into ecstacies over it, and use more adjectives than Webster knew, to describe it. Being quite an Asther fan—when he does not wear trick turbans—I am quite willing to believe that he will cause some of the other talkie stars to take in shame to the sad seaside and, like Demosthenes, learn to speak with pebbles in their mouths.

Nils is diligently taking lessons. M-G-M admits—hastily adding that it is simply to give him facility in conversing with interviewers and other insects. His accent? Why, they wouldn't have Nils without it! It's the S in his *Sex Appeal*!

Nor, for that matter, may Ramón Novarro lose his charming Spanish inflection. M-G-M likes it—and so will you. His glorious operatic voice, which has threatened for a long time to prompt him to desert the screen, is heard in *Devil May Care*—one of those spectacular, elaborate affairs of a French period when men wore tights and when petticoats were all the rage. The
TALKIE BET . . .?

Johnny Gilbert's adorers were shocked to hear his rather high-pitched voice in *The Hollywood Revue*. Quoth the studio, much grieved, it was all their fault! It seems that they used, in error, a high frequency recorder, and thus destroyed the masculine quality of poor John's voice. Though its pitch may be as virile, and its quality as tender, as befits the romantic lover of the screen, John has the fault of enunciating his words too precisely and crisply. When he has corrected this habit he may become one of the best talkie bets.

Meanwhile, John Barrymore has just become articulate in *General Crack*. Here, so the whispers run, is the best voice on the screen today! Like that of brother Lionel, it is charming, infinite in its variety of expression, dramatic and distinct. It is even more quiet and smooth than the elder Barrymore's.

Fox, unwilling to discriminate between the voices of its players, declaring them all to be quite perfect—believe it or not!—nevertheless waxed eloquent in speaking of Will Rogers. His voice is a joy to hear, teeming with mirth and kindliness. It is the most natural voice on the screen today.

Paramount is very proud of George Bancroft. In *Thunderbolt* he scored a tremendous hit, and it wasn't only his face that was his fortune. They like Chevalier immensely, too. The inimitable French entertainer is not to make any effort to improve his fascinating broken English.

Nor is Clive Brook to lose his Mayfair accent. Too many people like it—whether they get the hang of it or not! H. B. Warner, as English as a tea cosy, is far more popular than ever before. So, too, is William Powell, whose perfect voice helped elevate him to stardom.

Grant Withers was just a nice boy trying to get along; before the talkie vogue. Now he, too, is to be starred.

Buddy Rogers and Nick Stuart possess nice, average, boyish voices, pleasing but undistinguished. William Haines, the Hollywood cut-up, lifts his voice from the boots up—a deep, thoroughly masculine voice, lacking in broad A's and other nonsense. He believes that his is not a voice to whisper unheard.

NEDER has Edward Everett Horton seemed so funny as in his audible comedies. His varied inflections—now shrill, now deep—are built along comedy lines, while his tricks of muttering, "Oh, dear me, dear me!" and of repeating the last word of a sentence, never fail to produce shouts of laughter. Maybe he cannot make feminine hearts flutter,

*[Continued on page 98]*
Sometimes I think it's my liver. And then I'm not so sure but what it's my stomach. A girl can't be too careful these days, with all those mouthwashes that are served for cocktails. Then again it might be my kidneys. After I read the family almanac I was tossed between two doubts. If it weren't gallstones, then maybe That Tired Feeling, that Run-Down Conditi-on, Spots Before the Eyes, Pains Behind the Ears, Shooting Headaches and all was caused by my thyroid gland. You never can tell. Least of all can you expect a thyroid gland to up and confess.

In Hollywood a wee bit of hypochondria may be pardoned. Producers buy our beauty, our talents and our services. They don't rent our time for the duration of a picture just to hear us talk about our ailments. It pays us to be strong, healthy, brawny creatures. But sometimes there is that fear. Sometimes there is that fear that perhaps we are coming down with acute appendicitis, chronic indigestion. If we tend toward hypochondria, a morbid fear of illness, and busy ourselves finding symptoms; if we take extraordinary precautions to keep well and fit, bear with us. One healthy star is worth two in a hospital.

If keeping fit has become a gentle mania in Hollywood, it is because good health is a definite requisite for success as good looks, good enunciation and acting ability. Dieting, morning exercises, massaging may be a laugh to the layman, but the laugh is on us if the layman gets a peep at an incipient paunch, too much fat on the part of the anatomy that first greets the chair, or puffs beneath the eyes.

Talkies, too, have made it harder. In the good old days when a larynx was just part of the windpipe and not an intrinsic part of the talking picture, a cold in the throat was merely another annoyance. Today it is nothing short of a catastrophe. A warbling soprano who discovers halfway through the picture that her vocal cords have gone contralto faces a dilemma as well as the doctor. So does the director, the cast, the supervisor, the producer. But a girl can't stay out of a draft all of the time, particularly with her film boy friends intent on telling the stories of their lives.

Is it any wonder that gargles, as a voice protection, are growing popular among the film folk? Paramount Studios have installed, in the little cottage hospital on the lot (at the suggestion of Dr. H. J. Strathern, physician in charge), an outfit for knocking coryza in the head, appropriately, the minute the sniffles arrive. In this way a cold is shown the gate before it definitely settles down for a nice, long visit, and the production schedule is not held up because a member of the cast can't pronounce his d's with any degree of clarity. In line with this, the doctor has equipped his quarters with various gargles which are put to frequent use by the players.

Nevertheless, despite gargles and coryza-defeaters, Norma Talmadge is one star who never takes a chance on contracting a cold by riding in the wind in an open car. She always does her motor perambulating in a closed vehicle. She has another little health fetish that she practices with consistency. After a dip in the plunge at her Santa Monica beach home she never permits the water to be absorbed by a towel, preferring to let nature work its wonders and the sun consume the water. This closes the pores naturally and prevents, so Norma insists, catching a cold, that common menace.

Other players, too, have their pet health foibles. Last summer has seen as many sun worshippers as ever made their votive offerings to the great god Ra along the Nile. Probably the first of

Carol Lombard is a firm believer in dissipating fatigue, that staunchest ally of imaginary diseases, at the hands of an expert masseuse. Owners of used cars, you see, aren't the only ones who have to contend with that run-down feeling.

Three times a day Leila Hyams drinks a glass of tomato juice; even when she goes to the studio she brings it with her. Any daughter of hers, maintains Leila, will soon be swallowing in her mother's footsteps.

By Dorothy

Doris Hill uses the anti-coryza outfit installed at the studio; the only sort of germ that she permits is the germ of an idea.
Weakness, Too!

The road to health is paved with good intentions and our talkie stars carry out their curious and amazing anti-disease plans zealously, their motto being: “A sound mind in a sound body in a sound picture”

even farther and, at the completion of a picture, chases Ole Sol into the western skies on his yacht, wearing, besides a healthy tan, as little clothing as possible.

Lest she fall prey to a vile germ of any sort, Greta Garbo also has her sun bath. It has almost become an addiction. Between pictures, in that rare time she is permitted to be at home, she lies for long hours in the sun. On location she steals away from scenes and stretches out on the ground in the sun’s warmth. When she is working in the studio, moments away from the camera find her sitting at the door. Leatrice Joy is an ardent summer and winter sea bather. Lilian Tashman never lets a day pass without a sun bath and fifteen minutes of rapid calisthenics. In the new addition to his home which Jack Gilber is building for Ina Claire Gilbert, he is including a solarium for her special use. She is that much of a sun faddist. Billie Dove is another devotee of the sun’s rays.

Among those beloved persons who take their health very very seriously is Emil Jannings, the great German actor. It is well remembered in Hollywood, the exceeding care he took of himself; his staff of doctors; the medicine kits he brought from Germany with him when he arrived to become an American screen idol. It is rumored that he even had a book, carefully prepared for him by his native physician, which told just what preparation to take for such and such an ailment.

Others may not be as solicitous of their health as Jannings, but they pay heed to it. George Bancroft, for instance, has a pet remedy for an ailment that once gave him considerable trouble, and of which he wants no return. After riding

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Irene Bordoni presents the bicycle as a sure cure for the Hypochondriac Blues; she’s willing to stake her health future on a turn of the wheel, and never flies off the handle.

Now we know what the wild waves are saying: “Ride us, big boy, and keep well!” George O’Brien feels as fit as a fiddle after each and every board meeting.

It’s three o’clock in the afternoon and promptly at that hour Frank Fay does daily battle with the dire dragon Hypochondria by consuming two oranges.

SPENSLEY
An authoritative guide to the newest talkie offerings

DANGEROUS PARADISE (PARAMOUNT)

NANCY CARROLL scores another triumph in her first starring vehicle. This picture was suggested by Joseph Conrad's Victory, and is the story of a girl who plays in Zangiacomo's Ladies' Orchestra in Sourabaya, a South Sea hell-hole. Both Schomburg, the hotel owner, and the bandmaster make advances to Alma, which isn't hard to understand when you see her in her trig little costume. Unable to save herself from them any longer, she throws herself on the mercy of Heyst, a moral coward who, unwilling to face the rough contacts of life after an unhappy love affair, lives on an island miles away, alone save for a Chinese servant. Love does not blossom serenely on Heyst's island. Alma, deeply in love with him, and unable to awaken a response, denounces him and determines to leave on the next boat.

Meanwhile, Schomburg has killed Zangiacomo and has been discovered by three ruffians who, having him in their power, have turned his hotel into a gambling den. In order to get rid of them, Schomburg fires their imaginations with extravagant stories of hidden gold on Heyst's island—gold, and Alma. From here the story moves through a series of smashing climaxes to a happy ending.

PLAYING AROUND (FIRST NATIONAL)

IF YOU'RE an Alice White fan, you won't mind the flimsy plot in this one. It smacks very much of Broadway Babies, but is a better show for the money. Alice, recalling her true life history, plays a stenographer. Wouldn't you just know she'd not be satisfied with an ordinary stenographic suit, but would covet orchids and ermine—and be willing to throw over an adoring drug-clerk for a guy with a habit of flashing a fat bankroll? And since the drug clerk is really an awful-

LY nice young chap trying to get along, you'd just know the interloper would really be a bandit who tries to carry off the very drugstore under the young clerk's heels. Alice, in her innocence, is about to elope with the dashing scoundrel, when the policemen dash up and carry him off to the dashed caboose. So Alice and her soda-clerk—aw, don't be silly!

Alice shows a neat pair of legs again. Carolyn Snowden, the dusky dancer, leads a peppy revue, while Helen Whelie is excellent. William Bakewell is the drug clerk, and Chester Morris is the fascinating villain.

UNDEXTOW (UNIVERSAL)

LOVERS of tense, dramatic conflicts and passionate moments will find this picture completely absorbing. The exotically beautiful Mary Nolan again gives a fine performance as the wife of a lighthouse keeper, played by Johnny Mack Brown. To a vital, pleasure-loving young woman, the loneliness of the rockbound coast becomes torture after five years, and she remembers too poignantly the burning kiss given her on her wedding day by Jim Paine, the lighthouse supervisor. Paul becomes blind after saving a child from drowning, and because their livelihood depends on his sight, it becomes imperative that this secret be kept from Jim. The supervisor, however, discovers Paul's affliction, and steals Sally from under his very nose. Everything manages somehow to work out for the best, and you're quite willing to believe all you see.

Much of the enjoyment of the picture centers on the truly beautiful photography. There's a most stupendous storm, too, with crashing waves, howling winds, and tossing ships—all very realistic.
THEIR OWN DESIRE
(M-G-M)

NORMA SHEARER is seen in still another type of rôle. She is certainly the versatile young lady—and you'll adore her light, bantering moments with attractive young Robert Montgomery. Lally, a modern miss, enjoys perfect companionship with her father, played by Lewis Stone. Their understanding is suddenly shattered when Lally discovers him making love to a Mrs. Cheever, and learns he wants a divorce from his wife, whose battles with their early poverty helped him win fame and fortune. In Paris, where Lally and her mother go for the divorce, the girl meets Jack and falls in love at first sight — only to learn that his mother is Mrs. Cheever. Lally feels that their love is impossible now, but she would gladly have weakened had not her mother opposed the match. Hysterically, Lally goes motorboating with Jack to discuss their future. A storm arises, the boat is overturned, and our young lovers are supposed to be in a watery grave.

You can probably guess how it all ends—but the conclusion gives everybody a chance at reall dramatic acting.

THIS THING CALLED LOVE (PATHE)

CONSTANCE BENNETT gives a delightful performance in a play admirably suited to her type, and Edmund Lowe exhibits a real flair for sophisticated comedy. Since marriages aren't made in heaven, why not go companionate and be happy, though married, in Peru? Such is the arrangement proposed by Ann (Constance Bennett) when she accepts a position as wife to Robert Collings (Edmund Lowe) at $25,000 a year. The young newlyweds broad-mindedly step out with friends of the opposite sex, and all is jolly until jealousy suddenly springs in two human breasts. The dialogue is sophisticated and highly entertaining.

Zasu Pitts, as Ann's sister, is seen in a rôle quite different from her usual sort. Ruth Taylor is decorative in a minor rôle, while Carmelita Geraghty plays a vamp with a vengeance. You'll enjoy the dinner party when the Harry Bertrandz (Zasu Pitts and Roscoe Karns), raging at each other under the surface, attempt to present a picture of marital bliss to the big business magnate. It's a genuine riot.

LOVE COMES ALONG (RKO)

BEBE DANIELS follows her smashing success in Rio Rita with another captivating performance in Love Comes Along. To happy-go-lucky Sailor Johnny (Lloyd Hughes), one port is like any other—until he meets Peggy, an American actress stranded on the island of Caparaja and forced to sing in Brown's Tavern. Their mutual love seems headed for a happy fade-out, when Colonel Sangredo, infuriated by the perfidy of his sweetheart, Carlotta, decides to have another girl sing at the fiesta that night.

Peggy, glad of an opportunity to earn sufficient money to return to America, consents. Johnny ascends to Peggy's balcony to offer her a parrot and a proposal. Learning of her date with the notorious Sangredo, and seeing the abridged costume she plans to wear, Johnny believes she has been stringing him long. A heated quarrel results, and Peggy denounces her sailor lover. At the fiesta she regrets their quarrel and sings Love Comes Along when she catches a glimpse of Johnny, Sangredo, jealous, has the sailor arrested, but reluctantly releases him when Peggy promises to do anything he wishes. Love comes along to save our Peggy from the fate worse than death.
Up-to-the-minute talkie critiques to insure well-spent

THE BISHOP MURDER CASE (M-G-M)

Van Dine enthusiasts will rejoice that his latest mystery has reached the screen with all its chilling horror and baffling suspense. The story deals with a series of apparently haphazard murders of persons in no way associated with each other. All victims, however, bear names that suggest old nursery rhymes, and the murderer himself takes pains to notify the police in a type-written note immediately after each death.

If you saw William Powell as Philo Vance, the detective, in The Greene Murder Case, you may be prejudiced from the start against Basil Rathbone’s portrayal of that same sleuth in The Bishop Murder Case. Rathbone’s performance is polished, though somewhat stolid and unimaginative. George Marion, in a small bit as Drucker, does a fine piece of work. Leila Hyams is highly decorative as the girl.

NOT SO DUMB (M-G-M)

While this is not Marion Davies’ best picture, it is highly amusing, and provides her with opportunities to demonstrate her natural flair for comedy. Constance Talmadge made a silent version of this picture under the title of Duley a few years ago. Now that Miss Davies has brought it to the talking screen, it has been appropriately rechristened Not So Dumb. The wife of the original play becomes a fiancée this time—very pretty, but a hopeless little bungler.

The story hinges on the hilarious attempt of the painfully helpful fiancée to secure for her young intended an advantageous contract.

THE CITY GIRL (FOX)

This is a dramatic conflict enacted against a background of the wheat country. A boy who doesn’t know women meets a girl who does know men, when he goes to the city to sell the grain for his fanatical father. The girl, seeking escape from the city and the drudgery of waiting on tables, entices the boy into matrimony, only to discover that her young husband is a weakling, her father-in-law a tyrant, and the reapers on the farm a lustful lot. The City Girl, originally a million-dollar silent production called Our Daily Bread, is a study in moods—menacing, happy, absorbingly human.

F. W. Murnau’s direction is beautiful and imaginative. Charles Farrell, as the weakling husband, gives an interesting performance in an entirely new type of rôle, while Mary Duncan renders a difficult dramatic characterization skilfully. David Torrence, who plays the religious fanatic, gives a fine performance, as does Edith Yorke.

THE VAGABOND KING (PARAMOUNT)

Without question this is one of the most beautiful and spectacular films yet seen on the talking screen. The gorgeous settings and interesting costumes are rendered more effective by the use of Technicolor throughout. The story is based on the life of François Villon, the romantic Parisian poet of the Fifteenth Century. Dennis King, as the glamorous scribe, leads the vagabonds of Paris in a revolt against the weak King (O. P. Heggie), who refuses to act against the Burgundian army that is besieging the city. Villon is arrested and given his choice of freedom or of being king for a week on the condition that he be hanged on the seventh day. Thinking of the beautiful niece of Louis XI, Villon chooses to be king. The musical score by Rudolph Friml is thrilling and appropriate. As far as costume plays go it is one of the most eye-filling and breath-taking examples of this type of production ever to grace the screen—talking, silent or intermediate. It should not be missed. Jeannette MacDonald comes through triumphant in this production—even bettering her work in The Love Parade, while Dennis King as François Villon is simply superb. He can act, he can sing, and he has the sort of looks that would make almost any girl’s heart flutter.
theatre hours—consult this department every month

HELL'S HEROES (UNIVERSAL)

TAKE a flock of hankies to this one, and prepare for a swell evening. Three bank robbers, who have just killed a man and made their get-away into the desert, come across a woman stranded and about to become a mother. She dies after winning their promise to take the newborn child to its father. A posse is hot on their heels, their horses have given out, and their flight is seriously impeded by the baby. The ruffians manage somehow to attend to the youngster’s constant needs, with results both pathetic and hilarious. Gibbons and Kearny drop off by the wayside to die of thirst, while Bob (Charles Bickford) struggles deliriously back to town to save the life of the child, though it means the noose for him. Bickford, Raymond Hatton and Fred Kohler are splendid.

Here’s a picture that makes little play for the box office, but approaches real art.

THEY LEARNED ABOUT WOMEN (M-G-M)

MRS. LOVE’S little girl, Bessie, turns baseball fan and roots vigorously for Van and Schenck in her latest opus. M-G-M seems astonishingly fond of stories about dear old buddies whose friendship transcends love of women, and of sisters willing to sacrifice heart throbs for each other. Van and Schenck are both in love with Bessie, but Schenck gets himself engaged to her. A chorine works on his sympathies, and Schenck leaves our Bessie out in the cold to be consoled by his pal Van. With Schenck married, the baseball team takes a tumble — especially when Schenck leaves them flat to go into vaudeville.

SOUTH SEA ROSE (FOX)

LENORE ULRIC exchanges the parka of the Frozen North for the grass skirt of a tropical isle in her latest picture. An exotic young French girl, weary of the restraint of a convent, seeks escape by marrying young Captain Briggs (Charles Bickford), who is really after her money. Rosalie finds life very difficult in Briggs’ New England home, especially when he leaves her and goes to France to collect money from her uncle. Dr. Tom Winston (Stephen MacKenna) proves himself a good friend to the downhearted South Sea Rose, and nearly succeeds in winning her away from Captain Briggs. A series of romantic climaxes mounting to a very satisfactory ending makes this picture absorbing. The lure we associate with the tropics, and the plaintive tropical music lend a romantic background to some excellent acting. And then there’s Lenore Ulric.

SEVEN KEYS TO BALDPATE (RKO)

RICHARD DIx, who hied himself from the Paramount lot to the new giant movie firm, RKO, does himself proud in this, his first effort for his new bosses. They ought to be glad that they can include this personable young man in their list of who’s who.

To win a $5000 bet William Magee, a young novelist, goes to the deserted Baldpate Inn to write an entire novel in twenty-four hours. He is told that his is the only key to Baldpate. To his astonishment, six other persons unlock the doors and enter the inn during the night—a newspaper reporter with whom Magee becomes in love at first sight, a hermit, and some crooks. Situations teeming with hilarity and melodrama lead to a wholly unexpected climax. Richard gives a thoroughly entertaining performance as the novelist.

Miriam Seegar proves herself a personable newcomer in the rôle of Mary, the girl who inspired love at first sight in the heart of Author Magee. Margaret Livingston is the siren who attempts to rifle the safe and is shot—with innocent Magee accused of her murder!

If you want an evening of laughter and suspense, you must be sure to catch this one. The story is by no means new to moviegoers, theatre-goers or even readers. Yet it has not lost any of its original freshness and spontaneity and charm.
CAMEO KIRBY (FOX)

A ROMANTIC drama of the Mississippi riverboat days, and of a gambler who lost his soul, staked it on a deck of cards, and won redemption in the eyes of the girl he loved. This is a Movietoned version of the production made twice before, first with Dustin Farnum, then starring John Gilbert. The new Cameo Kirby is glamorous — fascinating — melodious. It has taken full advantage of the talking screen. In sharp contrast to the rest of the picture, which is entirely in dialogue, this scene, dramatic and gripping in itself, utilizes silence with startling, vivid effect.

HEAPING HONORS go to young Murray, who plays the title rôle as Cameo Kirby. His voice is undoubtedly one of the best yet heard on the screen.

Norma Terris plays the feminine lead and her voice is excellent too, and she appears to lovely advantage in the fetching gowns of the bygone period of this picture. Myrna Loy, as the deceptive Creole girl, contributes another exotic performance to her long list of successes in this type of rôle. Charles Morton contributes some good work in a small part. And Stepin Fetchit, he of the dark complexion and delightful comedy pranks, also keeps things moving by his hilarious presence. Eight songs help lend charm and delightful atmosphere to the new, talking Cameo Kirby.

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS (UNIVERSAL)

REGINALD DENNY and Merna Kennedy demonstrate the hilarious possibilities of marriage-by-request. When a fiancée becomes too exacting, a pretty girl is apt to become desperate — particularly if she has just seen a little life in a big city. One way out is to have an imaginary husband somewhere, and "Thaddeus Cruikshank" is as good a name as any — even though it does happen to belong to a famous author. Imagine the embarrassment of Reginald Denny when he discovers himself the supposed trial husband of a girl he has never seen. Naturally, he investigates, and finds Marian (Merna Kennedy) very attractive. Various complications ensue when the family endeavor to keep Cruikshank and Marian apart until after the ceremony. This one isn’t brainy, but it’s bright.

THE GRAND PARADE (PATHE)

YOU’VE seen revue cuties, night club hostesses, and big-time musicals, and here’s a real minstrel show. The Grand Parade takes us back nearly twenty years, to the days when any good guy could go on a perfectly grand and so glorious drunk if he had the price of a few shots at the nearest saloon. Comeback Kelly, the world’s greatest minstrel, drank himself out of his job and into a cheap hotel when his gold-digger friend ditched him. Molly, the little slavey, appointed herself custodian of his health and happiness, and made him go back into the show. How she wins him is the story.

LOOSE ANKLES (FIRST NATIONAL)

YOU’RE in for an evening of hilarity if you go to this one. A few years ago it was Ladies at Play, with Louise Fazenda and Ethel Wales in the same rôles they enact in this version. Again they steal most of the honors, though Loretta Young gives a vivid performance as a little spitfire — something new for Loretta. Ann Harper is bequeathed a million dollars, provided she marries a man approved by aunts Sarah and Katherine. Ann and her cousin Betty (Inez Courtney) plot to compromise Ann and force the aunts to approve of the young man as a husband, to protect themselves from disinheritance by a scandal clause. They advertise for a foursome of gigolos. The aunts get gloriously drunk and disgrace themselves by giving an impromptu adagio dance in a very public place. Ann would fall in love with Gil (Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.). But this isn’t half of it. There is an excellent quality of sustained and high-powered humor in this picture, and the direction is swell.

See the Brief Guide to current talkies, page six
Along came Ruth—

And the world heard a voice crying in the talkie wilderness

By CHARLESON GRAY

I was about ready to quit,” she said in the slow, musical voice which has made her preeminent among American theatrical stars. “There didn’t seem to be any use in going on. I had fame, position, money. What was the good of repeating the old gestures; going through the ancient routine of new plays?”

I looked at her keenly. Ruth Chatterton is a young woman—in years. But as she spoke of her weariness with the legitimate stage, there was in her manner the ineffable fatigue of one who has outgrown his profession.

Well, certainly there are few young women who have covered the dramatic route as completely as this slim, poised star who forsook the stage to enliven the screen. At fourteen, a stage-struck society girl, she accepted a dare from her schoolmates, during a holiday in Washington, D. C., and applied for a job in the chorus of a local show. They accepted her and she has remained on the stage ever since, though not, it scarcely need be added, as a chorus girl.

A SCHOOLGIRL thrown in the midst of well-seasoned troupers has many bitter lessons to learn. Rehearsals and long hours of fatiguing work were not included in the dreams of the inexperienced Ruth. But she had nailed her colors to the mast, and she was determined to stick to the ship. A trumper herself, she stuck it out through the long tedious winter and spring of a musical stock company’s wanderings.

A year later she decided to break away from musical shows and applied for a small part in a stock company which included Lowell Sherman, Pauline Lord and Lenore Ulric. With these seasoned players as teachers, Ruth learned the technique of the drama, a priceless apprenticeship for an untutored girl of fifteen. By this time her parents were reconciled to her stage career and decided to assist her, instead of hindering with futile recriminations.

But even in the competitive atmosphere of Broadway legitimate shows, ability is quickly singled out. Ruth Chatterton’s rise was meteoric. At eighteen she was being starred. The role that won her the glittering honor of stardom was leading woman for Henry Miller in Daddy Long Legs. Her first starring vehicle

[Continued on page 94]
FOR CRIME OUT LOUD

Murder mystery stories—long the neglected step-children of the movies—have at last come into their own with the advent of talking pictures

IT IS the witching hour ... ghostly shadows creep through the sombre halls ... footsteps sound on the creaking stairs ... a wailing wind clangs a rusty door to and fro ... silence now ... Suddenly a woman's shriek rends the darkness. Lights flood the house as servants and guests stumble in terror from their rooms. In the haunted chamber there is no sign of life, save a black cat skulking toward the cellar. Prone on the floor, in a spreading pool of blood, lies a murdered man ...

"Well, what do you make of this, Watson?"

"My dear Sherlock Holmes, I might deduce from the evidence set forth that the mystery melodrama has at last come of age in the talkies

Watson is right.
Since the beginning of motion pictures, mystery stories have found their way screenward, with fair success. The average person is thrilled and entertained by a good murder, and takes the keenest delight in trying to out-smart the detective on the case. Mysteries are tantalizing to the imagination. Woodrow Wilson, and other men of unquestioned mentality, have been known to find great enjoyment in this type of literature.

SOMEHOW, the best mysteries in print fell rather flat when they reached the screen. A scream created by an organist's vigorous banging on the treble keys was mildly convincing to those who were willing to be fooled, but by no means so hair-raising as a lusty genuine shriek.

Ghostly shadows helped create the illusion of horror, but they could not compete with the horror of the unseen, for to photograph a mystery is to minimize its suspense. Hearts thumped apprehensively at the sight of bodiless feet walking in a cobwebby attic, but this was not half as effective as a piercing yell or gruesome groan.

THEN came the talking mystery melodrama. For the first time a wide-eyed audience heard a chilling shriek when Louise Fazenda felt the cold breath of The Terror on her neck. For the first time doors banged audibly, and wind whistled eerily through long corridors. For the first
time a mystery was capable of sustaining long suspense without breaking the spell with written subtitles. For the first time dramatic words were spoken in a manner that heightened the tenseness of a situation. Audiences came, saw, and were conquered. Studios, quick to feel the movie pulse, made mystery dramas thick and fast.

One of the most successful of these was The Canary Murder Case, from the pen of the most popular rival of Sir Conan Doyle—S. S. Van Dine. In this picture the mystery was heightened by a voice, presumably that of the murdered Canary, speaking calmly to a startled group of people who collected at her door in answer to her screams. Without benefit of talkies, this situation would have been impossible on the screen. How could subtitles convey to the audience that it was supposedly the Canary speaking? She could not be shown reassuring them, for the Canary herself was dead. A phonograph record, cleverly faked by the murderer himself, spoke for her. But the audience was not to know that until the end of the picture, when the discovery of the record helped solve the mystery. Avid readers of Van Dine mysteries are eagerly awaiting the screen versions of The Benson Case, The Greene Murder Case, and his latest, The Bishop Murder Case, all done in talkies.

In The Last Performance, co-starring Conrad Veidt and Mary Philbin, the supremacy of talking over silent mystery murders was again brought forcibly to mind. The scene was the stage of a big theatre. An orchestra blared forth, the audience roared its applause when Veidt, as a famous magician, threw open a presumably empty trunk and revealed—the body of a murdered man! The sudden silencing of applause and music, followed by the shrieks of the beholders, created an atmosphere of horror that could not have been approached in a silent picture. Backstage, murders, such as those in Broadway and The Charlatan, are the more successful for combining audible revue numbers with the thrills and chills of mystery melodrama.

For this reason The Studio Murder Mystery was especially successful. An actual close-up of life inside the studio gates, the jargon of electricians, extras, executives, and actors, and all the activities attendant on studio life, gave the audience an illusion of intimacy with the locale and the principals that would have been impossible in the old-fashioned movies.

The talkies made possible the foreboding silence, the barking of the dog, the creaking of the body as the door opened, the clock tolling midnight, all while Ernest Torrence examined the body in The Unholy Night.

The Trial of Mary Dugan was the best murder melodrama that made important use of a courtroom. In this picture a successful stage play was translated faithfully—too faithfully, many critics objected—to the screen, with experienced stage actors carrying most of the roles. Witnesses and attorneys lent a realism through spoken lines that was impossible in the era of printed subtitles. Norma Shearer scored the biggest sensation of her entire motion picture [Continued on page 87]
Not So Dumb

When an oh-so-well-meaning but gosh-how-unbusiness-like darling tries to take a hand with her fiancé's commercial affairs, the results are bound to startle everybody within earshot—especially the fiancé. It's your fascinating duty to read this story of a lady who simply would help

Adapted from M-G-M's talkie riot starring
MARION DAVIES

The moment Gordon Smith had kissed Dulcy Parker and told her that he loved her, he realized that he was engaged. Dulcy, blond vision of youthful loveliness, excited at the prospect of being a helpmeet, sighed and relaxed in his arms. "I always said," she murmured, "that two can live cheaper than one."

Gordon's arms tightened around her slim waist. "These two won't," he said, "until I've put this Forbes deal through. You knew, didn't you, that we can't get married unless I do?"

"I'm going to help, darling," Dulcy whispered. (Gordon could feel the helpful blood pounding in her veins.)

"Now look," he said, "you're going to help at home, sweetheart. You leave the office to me and we'll manage beautifully. A woman can gum things more quickly in bus...

"O-oh," Dulcy protested, "nowadays a woman's place is in the office as well as the home, Gordon. You mustn't keep your old fashioned ideas about the marriage state. I'm going to be a real help. You'll see."

Gordon was hellishly afraid he would see. He swallowed grimly and plunged head first into trouble. "Dulcy," he said, "it's nice, your wanting to help, and all that, but... well, you have a way of coming in and straightening my desk at the office... I mean, this will just show you... when I come in in the morning, I never can find anything. It takes me a half day to get things straightened out my way again. Why, yesterday, I missed an awfully important document and spent three hours looking for it. I haven't found it yet, and I wonder if I ever shall."

Dulcy was talking excitedly to Mrs. Forbes. She jumped and then smiled sweetly—reassuringly, she hoped.

Dulcy turned a fixed and concentrated stare upon the horizon. "Uh... was it yellow?" she asked.

"Yes."

"And... awfully dirty?"

"Yes... yes..."

"I threw it out," Dulcy said faintly. It was so aw-w-fu-ly dirty."

Gordon groaned, stepped savagely on the starter, and they left that place rapidly. They quarreled. Dulcy cried, dried her eyes and proceeded as before. "And you see," she said tearfully, "if you'd let me invite the Forbes family down for the week-end... knowing Forbes' daughter Angela as well as I do... I'll bet I could help you put that deal through and prove to you that I can help. I'll bet I could."

"Dulcinea," Gordon said firmly, "this deal is important. If you'd only realize that! Important. It means our future.
"There's nothing the matter," she told them blithely. Forbes was now thoroughly suspicious, and certainly looked it.

... it means our children's future..."

He paused impressively.

"Oh, Gordon," Dulcinea said, turning a pretty pink and twisting her handkerchief into a knot.

"Yes," Dulcya said, "but you see..."

So Dulcy agreed that the Forbes family would spend the vitally important week-end with her.

THE week-end arrived and sat down upon their threshold, leering. The Parker family consisted of one large young man (Dulcy's brother Bill), one elderly lady (Gramma), and Dulcinea.

On the fateful afternoon, brother Bill was endeavoring to render the Rhapsody in Blue on the piano, assisted by one finger on the bass notes. He watched Dulcy idly. "Nice funeral parlor you're arranging," he said. "I'd laugh if old Forbes had hay fever."

"Shut up, Willie," said Dulcinea. "He'll adore these flowers. All business men adore nice, restful flowers."

"There's nothing the matter," she told them blithely. Forbes was now thoroughly suspicious, and certainly looked it.

"Yeah," Bill said.

Gramma came in and set her alarm clock by the house clock on the table. "My meals," she said firmly, "will be served in my room until Monday morning." She trotted out clutching her alarm clock.

Dulcy started for the garden once more. She had three more vases to fill. Gordon came in with his brief case, stared, and gave voice to a frightened moan. Bill grinned and followed his eyes as they grasped the full significance of the three empty vases lined on the table. "Those too?" Gordon gasped weakly.

"Um—h'mm," Bill nodded delightedly. "Maybe you've heard that Dulcy has an important business deal on with... ah... is the name Forbes, or Gorbes, or something like that?"

"Bill," Gordon said desperately, "I've been a sick man ever since I agreed to this visit. There's no telling—"

"Ha," Bill said. "Ha-ha. Ha-ha. You're not half as sick as you're going to be. Why didn't you stop her?"

"Maybe you've had experience checking glaciers," Gordon said sweetly. "If you have, wiseacre, go out and check that one. You've been her brother for a number of years. How many times have you stopped her?"

"Me?" Bill said. "I haven't got a business. "I'm a lily
of the field!" He embroidered on that and sang, "I'm a Lily of the Field" to the tune of the Rhapsody in Blue. It didn't work out. He gave it up.

Dulcinea's clear, delighted tones seeped in through the archway. "Now, Perkins, when they come, you go up to them and say: 'Good evening. May I take your hat and coat?' Will you step this way? I'll call Miss Parker immediately.' Say it after me, Perkins."

A VOICE like a fog horn boomed the words after her. Bill banged a gleeful discord. "He's an ex-convict," he said. "Dulcy arranged it all just recently with the judge. On probation. Poking around our valuables at his leisure."

Gordon mocked Dulcy's tones. "Mis Parker," he said sternly, "will you please step this way?" Dulcy ran that way squealing "Gordie!" She stopped short and said, "Willie, go change those dirty white pants."

"Better," Gordon said, "or Dulcy'll throw 'em out."

"Not," Bill said calmly, "until you call me Bill."

Gordon drew her around the corner, kissed her tenderly and said, "Dulcy darling, do you think it wise to have an ex-convict acting as butler at such an important time?"

"I always say," Dulcy said, "that there's so much good in the best of us, and so much bad in the worst of us, that it ill behooves the rest of us... it ill behooves... well, every cloud has a silver lining, and Perkins has his."

"No doubt," said Gordon. "I hope there's enough left to set the table for dinner."

"Gordon, when everything is going so splendidly, why must you cast a cloud over the sun? I've arranged the most delightful—"

"Dulcy," Gordon said, struck by a sudden, awful thought, "you haven't invited anybody else?"

"We-ell," Dulcy said, "in a way, I have. It's a—" she looked out of the window. "There he is now. Yoo-hoo, Mr. Van Dyck! Yoo-hoo!

[Continued on page 78]
Here's a "behind the camera" shot taken during the production of one of the most elaborate and impressive talkie revues ever made. It's from *King of Jazz*, jazz epic that is being filmed on the Universal lot with Paul Whiteman for good measure.
Believing

Now that her son has reached man's estate—and is proudly showing her around it—Robert Armstrong's mother is willing to forget her earlier injunction, "Naughty naughty, mustn't point!" Particularly since, on this recent visit to his charming new home in Hollywood, she agrees heartily that he has every reason to point with pride.

The faith that launched a thousand ships, and many a talkie career—

Charlie Farrell's mother visits him in Hollywood regularly once a year. Charlie had a charming house built especially for this annual treat to make sure that his mother would be as comfortable while in Hollywood as she is back in her very own home in Onset, Massachusetts.

Arthur Lake poses with a very old friend of his by the name of Mrs. Edith Lake. She has been his pal and booster since long before his picture career started. Lots of flappers are ardent admirers of this handsome young chap and—judging by the expression on her face—we imagine his mother often feels the urge to write him a fan letter herself.
in Scions

Eddie Quillan stealing jam—and caught red-mouthed by his mother. What a sweet mess he's in! Mrs. Quillan is quite as strict with this personable young man as if he were just an average youngster instead of one of the talkies' most important young comedians. Just the same, we'll wager she approves every one of his screen antics.

You can see for yourself the pride that shines in the face of Gary Cooper's young mother—a pride, however, which doesn't keep her from an occasional gentle kidding of her famous son. And Gary maintains that it would indeed be a duller and a sadder world with no mother to guy him.

Junior Coghlan's mother is justifiably proud that her freckled offspring is growing up to be a bright and shining example to American youth via the talking screen—Sunny boy! With his recent successful sortie into talkie activity, she must certainly revise the old proverb to read: "Children should be seen and—by all means—heard!"
Always a good fellow in private life, William Powell has said farewell to wicked rôles and demonstrated his good-fellowship on the screen.

What they play, you’d better learn, does not prove what they are. The nice juvenile may have a flair for almost any vice, while the man who gets the hisses may have a flair for dahlians and dogs. At home, the slinky, satined lady discusses the market with her business-man husband; while the angel-faced ingénue has a conversation limited to “Daddy, let’s go buy-buy!”

William Powell has suffered more than most players from the usual inability of the movie-going public to dissociate his real from his baser reel personality. Mothers have been known to hide their children at his approach; young husbands to look belligerent when his blue eyes rest upon their no doubt blushing brides.

But all Hollywood knows that Bill was tough for professional purposes only. When he changed from the Wittiest and most kindly of gentlemen to the sort of person who needs a ladder to examine the eyes of a snake, the cinema city shrugged, was aware that the change was merely in the line of duty—that only by order does Bill stop being a swell fellow to become a bad actor.

Bad, that is, only in the intentions of the characters with which he hitherto has been principally associated. His excellence as a trouper has been recognized in glowing terms by no less an authority than Jannings, and by the more or less appreciative stars from whom he has stolen pictures.

But things are changed now. With the assumption of the character of Philo Vance, the urbane detective in the series of enormously popular books by S. S. Van Dine, Bill has left his leers and evil deeds to be things of the past. And so long as he is to be starred—well, let them as are able try to steal one of his pictures!

Especially when one considers that his starring pictures are, of course, to be talkies. Powell has one of the finest microphone voices in the business, as his success in two of the S. S. Van Dine Murder Cases readily testified. Despite his vogue as Philo Vance, however, he wishes his admirers to know that he is not particularly fond of the character. A most surprising admission, until one hears his reasons for it:

"The opportunities of a detective on the screen are too limited. What is his main function? To solve the crime. And how does he do it? By thinking. So we have him standing up and thinking, sitting down and thinking, lying down and thinking, ad nauseam. He is practically the only member of the cast without a chance for dramatic action or outstanding characterization. The interest revolves about him, true enough—but he is like a rock in the center of a whirlpool: 'He doesn’t have a chance to act!'

That complaint characterizes Bill Powell as completely as might volumes. Acting is his bread and breath and bootleg. When he begins to discuss it his whole manner changes. His poised and rather coldly brilliant charm becomes all warmth, eagerness, enthusiasm. ‘He is very Latin in his gestures,’ Dick Barthelmess described him to me. ‘He acts everything out.’

Powell takes his work seriously, and it startles him to see the casual way in which some of the youngsters are entering the profession. ‘They think acting might be fun, and they want to jump in front of the camera and start to act, with no thought of what effects they are after. No preparation or attention to the finer shades of characterization. They simply want to throw themselves about, put on a show.’

‘Oh, I was just as bad, fifteen years ago. A stage-struck kid, I didn’t ask for anything more than a platform and an audience. Just wanted to be out there. Wearing beards. Anything. Just so it was acting... and it all was about as far from real acting as candles are from electric lights.

‘Acting is a conscious art. Never forget that. To be successful it must be. It can’t be anything else. Look, for instance, at a great tennis player. He rosses up a ball and smashes it defyly across the net. To the stand it may seem like a simple and unpremeditated burst of action. But they are not taking into account the hours that that chap spent tossing up balls, hitting them, studying his strokes, practicing! The same holds true in golf. Or in literature. To be a success one must know the rules, the fundamentals. He must prepare, give attention to every slight detail. Study!’

Powell speaks from the heart of a long and arduous experience. For five years, as the stage-struck kid which he recalls with such delightful humor, he battled from theatrical pillar to post with no idea of where he was going, or what sort of thing he wanted to do. He simply knew that he was “acting”—and having a marvelous time in the succession of small companies with which he played one-night stands in tank towns all over the country. Then he met Leo Detchstein.

‘He changed the whole course of my life.’ (Just as he changed Mary Duncan’s.) ‘From a flighty, erratic youngster, he directed me to the path which brought me to an eventual finding of myself. It was from him that I learned that success is the result of labor, of having every detail strictly and precisely correct. Of knowing just what you are
GOOd SCoUt

doing in even the seemingly most emotional moments. I always do. Even when I seem the most hysterical, carried away, I know everything that is happening around me. I am after an effect, and I move my body as though it belonged to another person entirely. That is the Teutonic method of attack. The same approach to a rôle as is used by Emil Jannings."

Thus, if an observer had known of the similarity in methods of the two actors, he could and almost undoubtedly would have been prepared for that amazing meeting which took place between Jannings and Powell on the The Last Command set. "As soon as he approached me," Jan-

nings afterward said, "I knew him for a kindred spirit. No other actor in this country has affected me in the same way. I knew his soul to be that of a great trouper."

"I felt the same way about him," Powell declared simply. And it was a joy to work with him." It is a constant employment of this attitude of joy in his work which in a few brief years has brought Powell from a supporting minor rôle in John Barrymore's Sherlock Holmes, to stardom in Street of Chance. He has consistently maintained a fresh and vigorous outlook in a business and a city where players go stale overnight.

His prime grievance against the motion pictures is the use of false characters. "No amount of study will help a part if it is in the film merely because a menace is needed. No attempt at reality will succeed with the usual silly villain, like those in so many cheap stories. Men don't go about being bad just for the sake of being bad. Unless they are mentally deranged. There must be a reason for their badness, some human failing. Otherwise they merely are fictional characters, having neither father nor mother in life—neither cause nor effect.

The sound pictures are going to help the cause of reality immensely. Thus far we have appealed solely to eye requirements. But now we must sound like our parts. We are far closer to our audience than we were before; far more apt to be scrutinized and criticized. Thus I look for the downfall of most of the silly and absurd characters which have been sliding by. And by the same token, the other rôles than heavies must stand the acid test of synchronization. The heroes must sound convincingly heroic, and not, as I am afraid some of the current ones do, like chorus girls. On the other hand, men who have been playing menaces may reveal themselves as having voices of the hero type with qualities of distinction and charm."

Bill may well have been referring to his own case. From

[Continued on page 89]
Kay Francis selected this interesting hostess gown for scenes opposite William Powell in her latest Paramount production, *Street of Chance*. The clinging folds are of gray transparent velvet and the garment is bordered with a band of gray chinchilla fur.

Curled ostrich lavishly trims a gorgeous boudoir negligee of pale yellow chiffon. Joan Crawford, the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star who wears this ultra-feminine garment, selects satin slippers with fluffy pom-poms to complete her costume.

Warm petal pink satin cut on distinguished and somewhat sophisticated lines forms this superlatively smart negligee ensemble worn by Constance Bennett in her newest Pathé picture, *This Thing Called Love*. This model gains intricacy by the plentiful application of real ecru Aubusson lace.
Glorifying the neglige, these fashionable film favorites present reasons for staying indoors.

Velvet of a deep and subtle red goes into the sinuously draped lines of Barbara Stanwick's robe. Simple butterfly sleeves of generous proportions contribute to the flowing line which is further continued by the metal and crystal band about the neck.

Black invades the boudoir of Raquel Torres, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer player. Here is an ensemble that does not resort to the use of bright colors to achieve smartness. Black lace delicately trims the fragile georgette night gown and the short, pointed bed jacket of the same feminine material.

Marilyn Miller wears this stately and very formal creation of chiffon velvet in Sally, her debut in First National pictures. The train is lined with shell pink satin. Silver beading accentuates the deep V of the yoke and is used to embroider the fine net of the draped and molded sleeves.
The Boy They Named a Street After

By HAGAR WILDE

Charles Farrell was thus honored by his home town of Onset, Massachusetts. But there is something he wants that—in spite of his success—he hasn't got.

CHARLES FARRELL comes of Yankee stock. His home town is Onset, Massachusetts. His father worked on a street-car. "I think he was a motorman," Charles said. "No, maybe he was a motorman—I don't know which one. One end, anyway. When he married my mother he was earning five dollars a week—maybe it was ten, but I think it was five." Fresh out of college, Charles sat down and considered his prospects. There was law, medicine, bond-selling—but he shuddered away from these as a small boy will shudder away from castor oil.

By that time his father had given up motoring or conducting—whichever it was—and had taken over several small motion picture houses in Onset and was by way of being a theater magnate on a small scale. "Altogether," said Charles, "I think his theaters seat about 1800 people."

Perhaps the idea came to him as he sat in the darkness of one of his father's picture houses. He had heard of fabulous sums of money trickling into the hands of men in Hollywood who appeared to be not one whit better looking or more talented than he. Out of a clear sky, Charles announced that he was Hollywood bound. In spite of parental protests and—one gathers—gibes, he went; without money, without contacts...

When he made Seventh Heaven, they named a street after him in Onset.

He is enthusiastic about talking pictures. "They've brought us to life," he said. His smile was impish. "We're scared. We have to be good, now, or—" An expansive gesture with his lean brown hands that said more plainly than speech could have, "Out."

"Take me, for instance. I'm taking dancing lessons and voice training. My voice isn't very good right now because I'm at the in-between stage. I can't sing naturally any more and I don't sing well, but give me time. We were getting stale, but mark my words, those days are gone. There's never been so much pep in Hollywood as there is now."

In spite of his dreamy-eyed, poetic roles, Charles Farrell is not personified. Some day a producer is going to yank him out of poetic roles by the nape of his attractive young neck and let him play Charles Farrell as he is. When this happens we will admire, fame, and wealth all lavished upon this attractive young chap—yet, with it all he is vaguely unhappy. He may not know the exact cause himself—may not be able to place a mental finger on it—but it is most certainly there.

"Now that I've started taking lessons I can't sing naturally any more, and I don't sing well yet," Farrell explained with refreshing, genuine, typical modesty.

Perhaps the idea came to him as he sat in the darkness of one of his father's picture houses. He had heard of fabulous sums of money trickling into the hands of men in Hollywood who appeared to be not one whit better looking or more talented than he. Out of a clear sky, Charles announced that he was Hollywood bound. In spite of parental protests and—one gathers—gibes, he went; without money, without contacts...

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He is enthusiastic about talking pictures. "They've brought us to life," he said. His smile was impish. "We're scared. We have to be good, now, or—" An expansive gesture with his lean brown hands that said more plainly than speech could have, "Out."

"Take me, for instance. I'm taking dancing lessons and voice training. My voice isn't very good right now because I'm at the in-between stage. I can't sing naturally any more and I don't sing well, but give me time. We were getting stale, but mark my words, those days are gone. There's never been so much pep in Hollywood as there is now."

In spite of his dreamy-eyed, poetic roles, Charles Farrell is not personified. Some day a producer is going to yank him out of poetic roles by the nape of his attractive young neck and let him play Charles Farrell as he is. When this happens we will admire, fame, and wealth all lavished upon this attractive young chap—yet, with it all he is vaguely unhappy. He may not know the exact cause himself—may not be able to place a mental finger on it—but it is most certainly there.
Tidings from Talkie Town

When a fellow has to sit in the tee-box to read a book — well, we know what sort of book that must be. We always thought Eddie Nugent was a nice young man, but this looks bad.

SURE, I'll stick by him. He's still my brother isn't he? Sally O'Neil challenged reporters when she went to meet her brother who was brought back to Hollywood on a charge of breaking into and robbing the home of Ted Lewis. A conviction is expected in the case even though Jack Dempsey and others prominent in Hollywood have offered to help.

OTTO, the ventriloquist’s dummy used by Eric von Stroheim in The Great Gabbo, will be starred in a series of two-reel pictures by Producer-Director James Cruze.

“He's the cheapest star I ever had,” said Cruze. “And another thing I like about him is that he never talks back to the director.”

There's appreciation!

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As he was entering a theatre for the world première of The Cockeyed World, he was called to the microphone to say a few words to the radio listeners.

"I would like to say something to you over the radio this evening," announced Nils as he faced the mike, "but my voice double has not yet arrived."

THERE'S a man in Hollywood today who is in great demand for the talkies. And all because he can clank like a lot of chains, gallop like a horse or two horses or several horses, make any noise any known animal (and some unknown ones) can make, sound like a hurricane, fireworks, airplane, motorboat, engine, wireless—in fact he has some 100 sounds listed which he can make for talking films when requested. This most talented man is a real live count, by name, Count Gaetano Mazzaglia dei conti Cutelli, and he made all the sound effects for The Trespasser, The Cockeyed World, Three Sisters, The Love Parade, and Condemned. He claims that a French chicken sounds entirely different from a good old American one, and that an Italian one sounds different. And lake, river and marsh frogs all have a different croak! Altogether, he is a most unusual man and he saves producers a lot of coin and effort when they want natural sounds in their pictures.

IT SEEMS that they wanted a heavy for the Spanish version of Eddie Dowling's new picture, Blaze O' Glory. José Bohr, Argentina's favorite, who is to portray the Dowling rôle in Spanish, was asked to find the right heavy. Said heavy had to speak Spanish with a German accent. That's amazing enough—but, after all kinds of interviews, Bohr found his man. And he wasn't a Spaniard or a German either! Bless your dear heart, he was a Greek and nothing else but! Yep, Demetrius Alexis. It's a funny bizness—this talkie racket.

Dorothy Janis and Raquel Torres zoom down the ice-coated funway in a flashing toboggan.

There's no indecision about the decision Lillian Roth is giving after a Regis Tookey-Harry Green beach battle.

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Comic Relief

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She

She

She

making-up. He had been wanting to talk to her. She walked away in the opposite direction and her eyes saw herself in the big glass that was part of a pile of props. She stopped and stared and then began to laugh.

"Comic relief—Big Nose. That was what he wanted—comic relief. Don't be a fool, Put him out of your mind. He couldn't kiss you, if he wanted to. Your nose—"

She almost sobbed, then walked briskly away.

And yet she could not put George Wilson out of her mind. She could still see him, young, handsome, nervously energetic, as she had that first time six months ago in the filming of New Art's big revue picture. He was just an understudy then, and she a girl in the background who sang during the chorus numbers without even being in front of the camera, and who was doubling for the second feminine lead. Since then he had grown until he was in charge of all technical work in Love and Hate—a man in the background, but a man very important to Perfect if only he could make good.

She was in the background too, playing comic bits occasionally, singing in others, and this gnawing love growing in her. When she would think she had conquered, he would come around to her little apartment some evening and chat with her about books and football. Three times they had played tennis together and she had beaten him once. They seemed to enjoy it. Several times there had been swims. Fellowship based on a mutual liking for sports and intellectual entertainment. And comic relief! She laughed and walked over to the small restaurant on Hollywood Boulevard, totally unaware of the flame of flowers in the street and the faint waving of palm branches overhead.

Work went on during the afternoon, with Maugham driving his crew hard, trying to keep up the reputation in the new art that he had made in the old. Peggy finished her work in half an hour, the scene shifting in set to Glamor's little French cottage where the hero fought the villain for insulating her. Peggy stayed to watch the work, even though it tormented her to see the star's voluptuous beauty hovering around Wilson at every opportunity. Glamor, with two husbands behind her, talk attributing to her affairs with men who had been able to offer her advances in her work. A woman of experience, without scruples, fighting to win an inexperienced youngster whom she would not have noticed a year before.

PEGGY saw Wilson hurry off as someone who was from the technical department stepped up and tapped him on the shoulder. The set was working perfectly. He was needed now to plan the next day's airplane crash, in which the hero would be injured, and to prepare for the big hospital scene, a set that was to be demolished as the climax of the show.

The next day Peggy came down early, leaving her little apartment off Wilshire Boulevard within thirty minutes after she had got up. No need for her to bother with make-up. "Why use powder," she grinned, "on this nose—unless it be gun-powder!"

Hammering was going on in the big lot. The hospital set was being rushed. She stood for a while and watched it, as men placed braces carefully, marked off almost invisible chalk lines on the flooring where the debris was to fall, indicated other lines which were the safety zones. Wilson was nowhere around.

HE CAME to the set late, with circles around eyes slightly blood-shot. During one of the retakes he whispered to her, "Hell of a night. Worked till five o'clock on that 'bloomin' gorilla.' " He laughed at his imitation cockney.

Peggy wanted to take his head in her arms, but, instead, she laughed with him.

Wilson pressed her arm in a friendly gesture and was gone. She saw him supervising the rigging-up of the heavy rug which was to be beaten with sticks near the mike to give the effect of far-off cannon fire.

The work went on. Dusk came stealing down. The wreck of the plane had been filmed two weeks before but hitches occurred now and constant retakes were needed to hide the unpleasant effect of Glamor's voice. Peggy, having finished her work, found a packing-case in the dust behind the set and sat there, wearily despondent. She didn't have the courage to go home to face another evening of loneliness, of a gnawing hunger for companionship that could never be hers. Hammering started up but she was hardly aware of it. She knew that it meant work had stopped on the picture for some reason. Then, very near her, behind one of the enormous pillars, she heard voices—Glamor's voice, low, throaty, with a note of pleading in it.

"Tonight, you'll come....love you."

Wilson's reply was lost in the renewed reverberation of noise, but from the sudden thickening of shadows, she knew what it must have been. She sat, dry-eyed, throat tight, heart contracting until it was like a cup of dry dust.

That night Peggy Gleason ate no dinner, although she didn't know it. Always before she had played the game. For twenty years she had laughed with those that had laughed at her, through grammar school, high school, in college. Always she had been the "good fellow", winning cups at sport, paying no particular attention to men because she knew she could hope for no attention from them. And now some—

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Just Your Style—and Hollywood's

Continued from page 8

in which we spend most of our hours, I'm going to help you plan this portion of your wardrobe this month.

The logical starting point for a girl of moderate means is her coat. Usually the coat determines the general color scheme which she is to follow in her complete wardrobe. If her coat is black, she will choose dresses of red, bright blue, or grey. If it is brown, she will select accessories of certain shades of red, blue, beige, rust, or green. The girl who must make one coat do for both day and evening wear will find black more practical, but if she has an evening wrap, she will find brown preferable because of its present ebullience. A brown or dark blue coat can always be dyed black the second year, and in this way made to look like an entirely different wrap for very little cost.

IN THIS department I shall emphasize one point constantly. It is this: Have a definite color scheme for each complete wardrobe of the season, and stick to it! Brown and beige; brown and green; blue and red; grey and black—each combination with one or two harmonizing colors that lend depth without destroying the color scheme. This helps keep the wardrobe budget within bounds, for, as you've probably discovered, it isn't the original cost of a dress that plays havoc with the purse—it's assembling the accessories to go with it! If one set of accessories combines charmingly with your entire wardrobe, it is because you have carefully planned your color scheme.

In selecting a coat, the really practical girl will buy the best she can afford. In fact, this rule will hold good no matter what the garment. The girl with one perfect costume is more beautifully gownned than the girl with a whole closet full of cheap clothes that do not express her own personality. An all-cloth coat of beautiful, rich fabric is far better than a coat of cheaper material trimmed in fur. By the same token, it is better to have only a small touch of really good fur, than a huge collar of poor quality. The newest coats are showing interesting flares, raglan sleeves, flat furs, and suggestions of capes.

WHEN you think of making a coat, you probably say to yourself, "Oh, I couldn't! It's too hard!" Not at all. If you can make a dress, there is no reason why you cannot make a coat. All you need is a good pattern (and it usually pays to buy the very best, which run about $1), interesting fabric, and somebody to help fit it on you. Fortunately, the styles of today no longer demand the "store look" of yesterday. The "dressmaker type" is the mode of the moment.

ONE of the dressiest coat-and-suit fabrics of the year is lida, which aver-
The moment Gordon Smith had kissed pretty Dulcy Parker and told her he loved her he realized they were engaged.

Not So Dumb

[Continued from page 65]

You'll be so pleased, Gordie, when you know who—this way, Mr. Van Dyck! He's interested in railroads, Gordie . . ."

GORDON stared apprehensively at a gentleman on the lawn, with a golf-bag thrown over his shoulder, who seemed to be practicing putting with perfect seriousness. He looked up presently, picked up his suitcase, and came in through the window. "You must forgive me," he said with a pleasant smile, "for practicing putting on your lawn, but there are three things I can't resist. Business, golf, and a beautiful woman."

It developed that the man was Schuyler Van Dyck, an important financier. Dulcy called Perkins. Gordon discovered that his face was worse, if possible, than his voice. "Perkins," Dulcy said, "show Mr. Van Dyck to the ocean-blue room. Perkins will show you to the ocean-blue room, Mr. Van Dyck." She turned to Gordon triumphantly. "Now, you see?" she said. "Schuyler Van Dyck . . . one of the Van Dysks. He had lots of invitations for the week-end, but he accepted mine. Mr. Forbes will be impressed with his presence. He plays the piano beautifully,"

"What's that got to do with it?" Bill said. "I'm not sure that it's the best thing to have other guests," Gordon said doubtfully, "but Schuyler Van Dyck is an important man . . ."

"Oh, but I've got a real surprise for you," Dulcy burst out.

"Dulcy," said Bill, "has never learned the difference between a surprise and a shock. You'll have to be patient."

"Dulcy! Not—not another guest?"

The doorbell pealed frantically. "That must be Vincent," Dulcy said. "Oh, Gordie, you're going to be so pleased. It's Vincent Leach, the scenarist.

Perkins' voice, saying, "Good evening, may I take your hat and coat? Will you step this way, please? I'll call Miss Parker immediately,"

"I've come booming in to them. A moment later, Vincent Leach, a young, languid, slightly effeminate young man appeared wearing neither hat nor coat. He looked puzzled and a bit frightened. "Dear lady," he said, "springing at Dulcy, "am I early?"

"Well," Dulcy said archly, "you know, the early bird . . . Perkins, show Mr. Leach to the Nile-green room. Perkins will show you to the Nile-green room, Mr. Leach."

With Mr. Leach's departure for the Nile-green room, Bill moaned faintly. "I'm going to find a drink," he said. "Bye-bye, Gordie," and with a leer, he departed to imbibe and change his pants.

"Dulcy!" Gordon said.

"Now," she said mysteriously, "I know what I'm doing. Vincent and Angela like each other. I wanted to arrange it for them to spend a whole week-end together. Maybe something will happen,"

"Don't tell me," Gordon said hollowly, "let me guess. I know what'll happen. I'll be trying to figure out what hit me."

W HY, Gordie, if they marry, Mr. Forbes will be so grateful that he'll give you more than sixteen and two-thirds per cent, of the profits. Sixteen and two-thirds! I think it's hateful of him. He might have made it an even number like twenty-five per cent, or—oh, fifty.

"An ex-convict for a butler," Gordon murmured, "a golf fanatic, and an idiot of a scenario writer to make love to his daughter. Mr. Forbes is going to be thrilled and titilated."

Dulcy burst into tears at the tirade which followed. But when Bill strolled in, clad in clean white flannels and bearing a cocktail, Gordon had her in his arms and his face, above her blonde head, was white and set. Bill lifted the cocktail glass cheerily and I've been drinking things over, and I've come to the conclusion," he said, "that Dulcy was adopted by the family.

The Forbes family arrived. Forbes was a typical business man. His wife, Eleanor, was younger and prettier than he and was his second venture into the matrimonial whirlpool.

His daughter, Angela, greeted Dulcy affectionately. They were old school-mates. Forbes went directly to Gordon and started talking business.

Dulcy said, "Oh, Mr. Forbes, did you come out the long way or the short way?"

"I don't know," he said. "Eleanor, did we come out the long way or the short way?"

"Is Pasadena the long way?" Mrs. Forbes asked.

"Yes . . . no . . . I've forgotten," Dulcy said, "but it doesn't matter, does it? They're both pretty."

Forbes was once more engrossed in business. "I say," Dulcy said, "they're both pretty, aren't they, Mr. Forbes? The long way and the short way, I mean."

"Yes," Forbes growled.

V AN DYCK, minus his golf-bag, appeared in the doorway. Forbes seemed to have the first pleasant sensation since his arrival. He was particularly pleased to learn that Van Dyck was interested in artificial jewelry, which was his own line.

Dulcy took Mrs. Forbes and Angela to their rooms chattering excitedly about Angela's new pearl necklace which was "real and must have been awfully expensive."

The butler, passing them on the stairs, seemed interested, and paused to look after them.

On the way up, Dulcy pinched Angela's arm and said, "sotto voce, "Vincent's here!" She scampered on upstairs ahead of Angela.

Bill strolled out into the hallway.

"Angela," he said quietly.

She started and stepped back on a stair.

"Oh, hello," she said.

"You needn't be afraid. I'm all over the mumps and other childhood diseases."

"I might know," she said bitterly, "that you'd greet me with something like that, even after we hadn't seen each other since . . ."

"What did you expect me to do, leap on you and smother you with kisses? I still don't know why you ditched me."

"Because you haven't an atom of romance in your soul," Angela said.

"Ah," Bill said, "with a poet or something?"

"With a romantic man," said Angela.

Bill grasped his coat-tail with the hand which was not holding aloft a cocktail glass, and led himself into the garden. "Mother Nature, Bill," he assured himself audibly, "offers comfort to the weary." Angela rushed upstairs gasping (also audibly) that she hated him.

All was peace and quiet below stairs until Dulcy reappeared. When she did, she started campaigning for Gordon to show Angela and Mrs. Forbes the view. Gordon's last wish was to leave Dulcy alone with Mr. Forbes. His first was that he might be spared that. However, at her insistence, he departed with a woman on each arm and the whispered admonition to Dulcy. "Don't talk business."

There was a gleam in Dulcy's eye as she pounced on the crying Forbes. "Tomorrow," she said blithely, "you're going to ride horseback." There was only one thing which Mr. Forbes loathed more than
a saddle horse, and that was a broncho.  

"I've been having trouble with my back," he said.  

"Exactly," said Duley. "You need exercise. Just like Gordon. The poor darling, with all his other interests, and now yours, the jewelry, I mean. He works much too hard. He has so many things on hand!"

Mr. Forbes, who had understood that Gordon was devoting all of his energy to their mutual project, looked slightly stunned. "Other interests?" he echoed.  

"Well, you see," Duley said, "it's really too much to expect that he could give them all up for a while—two-thirds per cent, ..."

"I didn't know he had other interests," Forbes said grumpily.  

Duley caught sight of Vincent Leach approaching and went flying to the edge of the porch crying, "Gordon, Gordon . . . bring Angela in!"

Gordon brought Angela in and stood first on one foot and then the other watching Mrs. Forbes, who was dark, reddish, white, and freeze. Meanwhile, Bill, realizing from Angela's and Vincent's greeting to each other that Vincent Leach was the "romantic" man, bit a hole in his lip.

In the living room, Mr. Van Dyck was hopping on every other tile to the end of the pattern and then walking a straight line on the rug back to his starting point. Duley called through the French windows, "Are you having a good time, Mr. Van Dyck? We want everybody to have a good time!"

Duley seemed enchanted, with absorption. He had missed a tile and had to start all over. That was one of the rules. Nearly trembling, Gordon was all but crazy with apprehension. That wild gleam in Forbes' eye boded no good. As from a distance, he heard Duley saying "Mr. Leach, why don't you take Angela out on the lawn and look at the view?"

Leach said fervently to Angela, "I'd love to see you framed against the setting sun." "I'd love," Bill said as fervently, but not as loudly, "to see you framed in satin with a lily in your hand."

Forbes rose and walked toward the edge of the porch, "I'm going to take a stroll myself," he said, "I think I'll come back."

Gordon wiped his brow and departed in search of cocktails. Duley tactfully withdrew when Mr. Van Dyck wandered out on the porch and gravitated in Mrs. Forbes' direction. Duley was pretty happy. Everything was lovely. Mr. Forbes was off by himself enjoying the rest and quiet of the countryside, Angela and Duley were rapidly approaching romance, and Mr. Van Dyck was leaning attentively over Mrs. Forbes, drinking in her words.

However, Duley was mistaken in one point. Mr. Forbes was not enjoying the others. He had Duley in the grip of the country. It was his own voice in the crouching and uncomfortable position in the shrubbery, drawing his own conclusions about Mr. Van Dyck's rap attention to his wife's conversation. Knowing Leach, Mr. Forbes had no illusions about what was going on.

When he could stand it no longer, he wriggled out of the shrubbery and joined them. Van Dyck wandered off. Forbes turned to his wife.

"This place is driving me crazy," he said.

"Angela prances off with that nincompoop Leach, you snoop with Van Dyck, and I have the pleasure to listen to that Parker idiot without choking her! I didn't want to come here anyway, I had a backache and I wanted to stay home and rest. If it weren't for Smith and our business relations—"

He stamped off into the living room, leaving Mrs. Forbes to gasp "Why, Charles! At this air!"

Gordon came to the fore with a cocktail. Forbes refused it, saying, "I want to talk to you, young man. Miss Parker has been telling me of your other business activities."

Gordon spilled a generous amount of the cocktail he held and stared at the rest of the contents with a gloomy air. "But I—" he said, when Mr. Forbes attention was distracted by the entrance of Van Dyck and his wife. Van Dyck had ambled around immediately Forbes left the terrace. Forbes returned to the attack with renewed violence. "My agreement," he said to Gordon, "was to let you into this merger on the condition that you would devote all of your time to it for sixteen and two-thirds per cent. of the profits, but under these circumstances your business and your services would hardly be worth it."

But, Mr. Forbes—

Duley breathed in. "You had men talking business again," she cried. "Come on, now, we're going to have a game of bridge. Mr. Forbes, you're to be my partner. I hope you don't take bridge seriously."

"Really," Forbes said miserably, "I don't believe I'll—"

"Now you sit here—" Leach put on his treat—"he picked up the cards. "There, now," she said giggling, "I'm dealing when I ought to be shuffling. We're going to beat them, Mr. Forbes."

"I have no doubt," Forbes said acidly.

Duley looked around complacently. "Is everybody happy? Oh, somebody tell me again—I mean, who's higher, a heart or a spade? I never can remember. And do you discard from strength or weakness, Mr. Forbes? Of course, it doesn't matter."

"No," Forbes said, "I believe it doesn't matter, Miss Parker."

"I can just see you don't take bridge seriously. I hate serious bridge, don't you? I always say I play at it."

Gordon closed his eyes and started counting sheep.

Dinner was just a bad dream to him. When Perkins dumped wine down the back of Forbes' neck, Gordon simply stared with glazed eyes. When Mr. Forbes insisted upon Forbes taking a comfortable chair after Forbes had insisted that his back needed a straight one, Gordon shrank with mental hands and cursed the day she was born.

They had coffee in the living room and Angela and Leach slipped out into the moonlight. In desperation, Forbes turned to Gordon.

"I'd like just one moment to discuss business matters with you, Smith," he said, but Duley burst out, "Oh, not now. Mr. Van Dyck is going to play for us, aren't you, Mr. Van Dyck?"

"Well, really . . . " Van Dyck said.

"Yet you are. I have a splendid idea—I'll get Vincent to tell us the story of his new picture while you play a musical accompaniment."

Gordon jumped to his feet. "Now you sit down, Gordon," Duley said, "this is going to be wonderful." She disappeared and returned with Vincent in tow. Vincent was willing. He arranged himself and glared for quiet.

Bill said, "How many reels is it?"

With a shaking hand, Gordon stuck a match and held it to Forbes' cigar.

Leach struck a dramatic pose. "The name of the picture," he said in hushed tones, "is Sin."

"Sin," Duley said to Van Dyck.

He had attempted, Leach informed them, to show sin down through the ages, beginning with Noah's Ark. Which ignored the fact, Bill informed them, that there had been a Garden of Eden. Duley glared at him.

For centuries, Leach dragged sin by the nape of its neck through Duley's drawing room and finally cast it, gasping and writhing, into a modern setting. Van Dyck had exhausted his repertoire and his wits playing the accompaniment. Mr. Forbes had gone to sleep, Bill had gone to sleep and Gordon was wondering dazedly how much the initial fee for joining the beggar's union was. Mrs. Forbes, Angela and Duley were breathless, spellbound and admiring. Presently it was over.

Van Dyck rose from the piano and flexed his fingers. Forbes stirred restlessly and opened his eyes. Bill sprang to his feet and shouted, "What a picture, My God, what a picture!" Forbes rose and paced the floor. He was beginning to understand wholesale murder.

Duley had the one inspiration of the evening. She cried, "Mr. Forbes, wouldn't you like to play billiards?"

Forbes' tired eyes lighted with genuine pleasure. "I'm very fond of billiards," he admitted.

Gordon drew a deep, quivering breath: God bless Duley. He led the way downstairs.

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on one single set, and five hundred on another. Sixty village dancer costumes were required; forty-four gorgeous white costumes; elaborate gowns for the principals. It used to be possible to use costumes of any color, without regard for whether or not they "clashed" in a scene; but the use of Technicolor has changed this. The wardrobe department must now study every individual costume and supervise its position in a mob group so that the scene will be color-balanced. This task is even more difficult than it seems, because there are many colors that simply "go blah" on the screen.

It is not unusual for a single dress to cost over the $1000 mark in this talkie-era. Several of the gowns worn by Marian Nixon in General Crack are in this class, while the wedding gown worn by Jeanette MacDonald in The Love Parade is one of the most overwhelming costumes that has yet appeared on the screen. I was shown the order sheet on it. Eighteen and a half yards of satin were used—and this the very best that money could buy; twenty-one and an eighth yards of silver lace, sixteen and three-eighths yards of silver insertion; and actually thousands of strings of pearls and rhinestones. There are 144 rhinestones to a string. The train was seven yards long, and elaborately beaded, as was the gown itself.

The other day I heard someone say, "Oh, the costumes worn on the screen are just cheap things made of cheap material, made up effectively." Whatever else may be faked in a production, the quality of the costumes is not! The camera has a disconcerting trick of revealing textures for what they are—if not for worse! For this reason it is absolutely essential that only the finest materials be used on the screen—and they cost a pretty penny. Furthermore, most of the stars are very temperamental about what they wear before the camera. They can emote far better in pannier velvet than in calico. Until lately, the stars have been given almost free reign in the selection of the colors of their gowns; but Technicolor has again thrown a row of hemstitching into the machine. Now the stars must wear what their designers decide to give them—and this depends largely on the general color of the set and on the colors worn by other players.

Speaking of temperament—well, it's not so easy to be a designer. Surprisingly few of the stars know anything whatever about clothes, but that doesn't prevent their trying to lay down emphatic "thou musts" to the designers who are paid around $500 (and up), a week or so thinking for them. A few stars have made a serious study of costuming from a picture standpoint, and so are able to discuss their clothes intelligently with their designers. This group includes Mary Pickford, Marion Davies, Norma Talmadge, John Barrymore, Eric von Stroheim, Clive Brook, and George Arliss. Legitimate stars, who are more often responsible for their costuming than are stars of motion pictures, are better equipped to cooperate with the studio designers.

When a costume has to be created overnight for Billie Dove she often considerably insists on wearing a hat that has already been worn by half a dozen extra girls; and during the production of her latest picture she offered to save the wardrobe women hours of overtime rush by wearing the basted top of a gown before the camera, while the women finished the skirt in the wardrobe. (P.S. This scene showed Billie seated in a car, so it was all quite correct to the camera's eye.) It is doubtful if Colleen Moore would have consented to this arrangement, for Colleen insists on having everything she wears finished exquisitely. Because shooting schedules are so often changed, and dresses ordered a week in advance are demanded within a few hours, it is difficult at times to reconcile with the fastidious Colleen.

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United Costuming is less pretentious, containing only about $350,000 worth of rental goods. These consist exclusively of costumes and their accessories, constantly in circulation. Mr. N. A. R. Spencer, the young owner, refuses to keep "dead weights," preferring "just one of everything," unless it is something often in demand in large quantities.

If Ta resta is used occasionally, he has them made in his own foundry. He is prepared to furnish, on a moment's notice, two thousand five-hundred allied army uniforms—about 200 or 250 for each country's privates, and twenty-five or thirty for officers.

Beverly Reviews. Every important male star has three copies of every costume worn. One is for himself; one is for his double, and this fits him if his own becomes damaged; and the third is for his "stand-in man," who receives a star of the irksome business of polishing while electricians polish lights. Every important feminine star also has her "stand-in girl," but this second gown worn by her ordinarily only suggests that of the star in color, line, and—some extent—fabric, without actually duplicating it.

Show stuff" (especially feather costumes) is very expensive. Also, it has no value after being used once, as no studio wants to duplicate the chorus numbers of another. Accordingly, these costumes are made as cheaply as possible—effective, of course, but warranted to last only throughout one picture. There is absolutely no rental value in shoes, either—one trip through mud in a "Volga Boatman" scene, and the shoes are useless.

Talking pictures have revolutionized costuming in many ways. If taffeta gowns simply "swished" as they do ordinarily, they would not be objectionable; but curiously enough, they sound like ice in a cocktail. Talkies is used occasionally, but the designers have to "listen in" on various places before selecting the material for a costume. Beaded frocks, which constantly knock against furniture and rattle as a player walks, are also on the "watch-out" list, though they are very popular in revue numbers when the slogan is: "The more noise, the merrier." Some studios permit their players' footsteps to echo resoundingly as they walk; others combat this in two ways—either by telling the set-designers about it and having beaver board floors in place of wood, or by telling the trouble to the costume department, which puts felt soles and heels on every shoe. Oh, the things these wardrobe departments must know!

Next time you visit your neighborhood theatre, study the costuming. You will be amazed at the lavish beauty of The Lafayette King, The Rogue Song, Thirteenth Floor, Mata Hari, and Paramount on Parade. These are among the forthcoming talkies that will help you realize the supreme importance of the wardrobe department to the movie of today.
RICHARD ARLEN and Nancy Carroll present a thrilling example of lovemaking in this scene from *Dangerous Paradise*. If Nancy is the danger in this paradise all we can say is that in this case we'd certainly manage to be brave when face to face with danger.
O BE kissed by Rudy Vallée—what wouldn't a whole lot of girls give for just such a moment as Sally Blane is enjoying in this scene from *The Vagabond Lover*, his first starring picture! We hope Sally doesn't lose any of her feminine fans, but after they all see this picture of Rudy with his arms around her—
RAMÓN NOVARRO, one of the most romantic stars who ever made a girl fan's heart flutter, demonstrates—with the aid of Dorothy Jordan in *Devil May Care*—just what a truly romantic lover ought to do—and how to do it. Ramón is certainly entitled to the very honorary degree of M.A.—Master of Ardency.
1930 Exposed

[Continued from page 26]

interested in, isn’t it? Your career, I mean. After all, you’re all set with a husband and a cute baby. Keep them. You can keep your career as well. Now don’t keep the others waiting. And take a look around occasionally when you feel sorry—you’ll see lots of folks who were once bigger stars than you. It will be something to think about.

Step lively, please!

This is a pleasure, Marquise—or may I call you Gloria? Just in my professional capacity, as a divinity to a divinity, so to speak. Well, we must have our little joke, we psychomancers, and one thing that will happen in 1930 is that you will issue a number of denials regarding a divorce from the Marquis. You won’t divorce him in 1930, of course. The chances are that you never will.

It will be a proud and prosperous year for you Madame; you will reap the benefits of several years of work and turmoil in your personal as well as in a business sense. Try not to be quite so moody. Your philosophy is wrong. You grope and probe too much. There is no answer to life. Just take it as it comes. Be happy that it does come— that things are happening to you. Your two friends will remain staunch and will care for all your requirements, mental or spiritual. Use your own judgment in your vehicles. You know best—both capabilities and limitations. And—I kiss your hand, Madame.

Congratulations on your marriage, Mrs. Pratza. Now that you and Nick have not gone and done it, why don’t you both quit and settle down to raising oranges or something. Yes, you can both make pictures during 1930, but after all, why bother? Sue, here, has had her taste of film fame, and so have you, Nick. Take my advice, and God bless you, children.

COME, come, don’t hit that microphone with your cane, Mr. Chaplin. If you don’t like the talkies, others do. And fifty million film fans can’t be wrong. Not at the box-office, anyway. So put that in your ledger and add it up. You won’t make another picture in 1930, Charlie. You should, of course, but that’s up to you. You don’t have to, unless you feel you owe the public more of the pleasure you alone can give in return for the favors it has lavished on you.

During 1930 you’ll continue to fool around being the artist-philosopher, making visiting princes and maharajahs laugh, and wasting your valuable life as you are accustomed to doing recently. The crystal says you won’t make a talkie until 1932. That is, you won’t speak, although others will. By that time, though, you’ll be convinced. And it won’t be too late. It will never be too late for you.

YOU’LL have a serious romance in 1930. One that will give you something to fret about besides pictures. In 1931 there’s a marriage in the air—be brave, Charlie, be brave—and it will be the culmination of the romance begun this year.

Step right in here, you rough-riding galoots. Sit down, Ken. How are you, Hoot, my boy. Lupe okeh, Gary? Gather around, all the rest of you. It will be a great year for you, don’t Romeo’s. No more shoot-it-in-Griffith-Park pictures for you boys. From now on big roles in Virginia, Old Arizona. You boys have given the customers too many thrills to be relegated to the quickies. 1930 will see a renaissance of outdoor dramas more colorful and spectacular than anything in the past. How will you do an Indian picture, Gary? You and Richard Dix are about the only ones who can really look the part. And there’ll be one apiece for you this year. I don’t know what I can tell you about your personal affairs—at least not in this diary. Now you’ll kindly take those lariats off my neck and let me finish my prognosticating I’ll meet you down at the old cottonwood tree at sunset and we can go ahead with the hanging. It’s wedding bells for you, Hoot—her initials are S. E.

THAT’S okeh there, doomaw, we draw no distinctions here. Let that culled gemman in. He has a future too. Right this way. Well, well, you certainly fooled me, Mr. Jolson. I thought at first that you were Stepin Fetchit or Moran and Mack. If it’s any consolation to you, Al, you’ll black up less in 1930 than ever before in your career as an entertainer. It’ll be a tough one, too, because you wouldn’t want that Sonny Boy who is coming this year to be scared of his man—I mean his daddy.

That concert tour you’re planning—it’s going to be a great success. But get the round-trip world journey in as soon as possible. If you don’t, something will interfere with it. And another thing, Al. Keep away from those bang-tails. You never made money at the track, and never will.

WHO’S next? You’re a nice-looking couple. Let’s see if I can identify you; something scriptural suggests itself—is it Jonah? No, of course not. And certainly it isn’t the whale. I have it—Daniels and her Lyon. The future is a bit clouded, Ben, so far as business is concerned. But for you, Bebe, 1930 will pave the way for another year which will be the most successful you have had upon the screen. As for your personal affairs—I’m afraid that marriage won’t occur. No sign of it in 1930, anyway. Neither of you are very sure of yourselves, are you? It began as kind of fun, and then you both found yourselves getting serious. That’s the trouble, you got too serious. When love gets serious it loses its charm. You both should know that by this time. Remember it when the new romance comes along for both of you. And I hope to be at your weddings.

I THOUGHT your future was assured, Mrs. Thalberg—or do you prefer to be Norma Shearer still? But now that I perceive your aura there is some difficulty, isn’t there? 1930 won’t be such a very splendid year for you, Norma. Those changes you half expect are going to come, and I wouldn’t be surprised if you were right in your decision to seek your future elsewhere. Either that, or you must alter your attitude toward others. And that would be difficult for one of your character. The new connection you contemplate will prove advantageous because of your own faults. But it won’t materialize in 1930. The year for you is merely one of planning. If you work the plan as well as you plan the work, the reward will come later. No need to worry regarding domestic problems, though, because there aren’t any, at least not in 1930—not even little ones. Those, too, will come later. Bye, Norma, and my best to the Little Napoleon.

ALL you kids, there—I haven’t time to see you individually today. You with the grin—Jack Oakie’s the name, isn’t it? Well Jack, 1930 sees you right on top of the heap. The babies are crying for you now. Just keep on the way you’re going and producer director Wesley Ruggles is on your prayers every night. Don’t forget he gave you the break. And you, Robert Montgomery, you’ve got them talking about you. In 1930 you’ll be running right along with Maurice Chevalier in popularity. Oh, Miss Looff, don’t run away. It will be a nice year for you, too, Jeanette. You’re more interested in romances at the moment, aren’t you? Well, the present one will develop nicely during 1930, and I should say about the middle of 1931. A bit later, you’ll say another matrimonial ‘yes.’ And Jean Arthur, you’re sitting pretty too. Big strides during 1930, new contract, more money, everything hootsy-tosy. Dorothy Lee, do what Fred Waring tells you, and you’ll step into the spot Janet Gaynor is getting ready to quit. This year will be a preparation for your triumphs in 1931. Be patient. Stardown for you, Mary Nolan, in 1930. Be yourself and you’ll go far. Perhaps to that place in the public’s heart which Dolores Costello will vacate this year to preside over a Barrymore menace.

A FOR the rest of you youngsters, 1930 spells back home for you, most of you. There’ll be a few new faces, and some of yours will be included. Not many. And the mortality among you old-timers will be great in 1930. The only one really secure is Louise Fazenda. Shell be secure in 1940, too. About half of you four hundred directors had better be looking around, as well. Times change, the screen changes—but you never do. For many of you 1930 is the end.

And now, ladies and gentlemen, if you’ll step along to the right you’ll witness the most stupendous entertainment offered under one top since the dawn of history, the new talking screen—singing, dancing screen, with color and three dimensions, a bigger and better screen for 1930. And television around the corner. What’s more, Zyra will offer you at ten cents the copy a treatise on How to Get the Golden Eggs Without Killing the Goose—something you all may well read. (Oh, Min, whereinell are them treatises?) I thank you, one and all.
Y ES, over half a million delighted men and women all over the world have learned music this easy, quick way.

Half a million—500,000—what a gigantic orchestra they would make! Some are playing on the stage, others in orchestras, and many thousands are daily enjoying the pleasure and popularity of being able to play some instrument.

Surely this is convincing proof of the success of the new, modern method perfected by the U. S. School of Music! And what these people have done, YOU too, can do!

Many of this half million didn’t know one note from another—others had never touched an instrument—yet in half the usual time they learned to play their favorite instrument. Best of all, they found learning music amazing—easy. No monotonous hours of exercises—no tedious scales—no expensive teachers. This simplified method made learning music as easy as A-B-C!

It is like a fascinating game. From the very start you are playing real tunes perfectly by note. You simply can’t go wrong, for every step, from beginning to end, is right before your eyes in print and picture. First you are told how to do a thing, then a picture shows you how, then you do it yourself and hear it. And almost before you know it, you are playing your favorite pieces—jazz, ballads, classics. No private teacher could make it clearer. Little theory—plenty of accomplishment. That’s why students of the U. S. School of Music get ahead twice as fast—three times as fast as those who study old-fashioned plodding methods.

You don’t need any special “talent.” Many of the half million who have already become accomplished players never dreamed they possessed musical ability. They only wanted to play some instrument—just like you—and they found they could quickly learn how this easy way. Just a little of your spare time each day is needed—and you enjoy every minute of it. The cost is surprisingly low—averaging only a few cents a day—and the price is the same for whatever instrument you choose. And remember you are studying right in your own home—without paying big fees to private teachers.

Don’t miss any more good times. Learn now to play your favorite instrument and surprise all your friends! Change from a wallflower to the center of attraction. Music is the best thing to offer at a party—musicians are invited everywhere. Enjoy the popularity you have been missing. Get your share of the musician’s pleasure and profit! Start Now!

Free Booklet and Demonstration Lesson

If you are in earnest about wanting to join the crowd of entertainers and be a “big hit” at any party—if you really want to play your favorite instrument, to become a performer whose services will be in demand—fill out and mail the convenient coupon asking for our Free Booklet and Free Demonstration Lesson. These explain our wonderful method fully and show you how easily and quickly you can learn to play at little expense. The booklet will also tell you all about the amazing new Automatic Finger Control. Instruments are supplied when needed—cash or credit. U. S. School of Music, 1532 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

What Instrument For You?

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Have you above instrument?

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City ____________________________ State ____________________________

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to the billiard room, followed by Forbes and Van Dyck. Dulcy looked at Angela. "I think," she said, "that you and Vincent should go for a stroll in the moonlight."
Leach murmured, "Angela, my maid of the moonbeams!" and grabbed a moonbeam arm with entire disapproval.

"Dull-clay!" came Gordon's agonized tones, "where are the billiard balls?"

"The what?" called Dulcy, going to the head of the stairs.

"The billiard balls!" Forbes yelled, "We can't play without them!"

"Look in the pockets!"

"There are no pockets in a billiard table!" Gordon's voice was, by this time, resigned to catastrophe and plague.

Dulcy went downstairs. Gordon and Forbes were crawling around under the table on their hands and knees, lifting the rugs and peering under them. Van Dyck had had the brilliant idea that the balls were concealed on one of the beams, had drawn himself up to investigate and had been charmed with the splendid opposition to choking himself. He renounced the search and chinned himself.


L E A C H and his maid of the moonbeams were staring into each other's eyes. Romance ran rampant in the garden and tripped over them. "Angela, my wonder girl," Vincent breathed, "will you marry me? Now... tomorrow night? Think of it—a moonlight elopement! Just you and your lover and the moon..."

"Father would be wild," Angela murmured.

"He wouldn't know. But we'd have to tell Miss Parker. She'd have to help us. Your mother too, possibly. She'd take care of your father."

Angela's head sank to his shoulder and she dug her chin into it, nodding.

When Dulcy returned from the billiard room flushed with her victory of finding the billiard balls, she encountered Vincent and Angela in search of her help. She promised it delightfully and assured them that her search was as successful as if she had been in the Bank of England. Bill Strolled around the corner. Dulcy grasped his coat lapels and gasped, "Willie, Vincent and Angela are going to elope. Isn't it marvelous! It's a secret, so don't tell anybody."

Bill's face turned pale green and he regarded Angela with a strange gleam in his eye.

"Congratulations," he said.

Angela turned her eyes away and bit her lip sharply. Dulcy said: "Willie, you have to help. I broke my car this afternoon, but you can drive them wherever they want to go in Mr. Forbes' car. Will you?"

"Yes," Bill said grimly, "I'd be glad to."

In the billiard room, Forbes had made a shot. The ball rolled halfway up the table, stopped, swerved, and scammed back to him. He lifted amazed eyes in Gordon's direction. Gordon was directing a fascinated stare at the ball. Van Dyck's eyes were shining. He said gleefully, "This will be a much better game than billiards," and slithered his fingers in his anticipation.

"I—I guess Dulcy must have had the table moved for some reason or other," Gordon said miserably, "and when they put it back, they didn't get it level."

"What's the difference?" Forbes asked. "What's the difference? Let's go up and talk business."

They reached the upper hall just as Angela and Leach rounded the first flight of stairs in their mad dash to pack. Dulcy was talking excitedly to Mrs. Forbes. She jumped and smiled sweetly. "There's nothing the matter," she assured them, and rushed upstairs after Angela. Forbes looked at his wife. He stared at Dulcy.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

Mrs. Forbes twisted her handkerchief nervously. "Nowhere," she said, "nowhere at all."

"I might have suspected it," he said. "Eleanor, I want to talk to you."

Submissively, she followed him into the living room. He said: "Where's Angela?"

"Somewhere around," Eleanor said.

"If she's gallivanting around with that moving picture noncompo, I'm going to raise hell," he said savagely. "Furthermore, I'm not going to stay here and ride horseback in the moonlight. I'll spend the night in this house! We're going home."

"Oh, Charlie!" Mrs. Forbes wailed. (How could Vincent and Angela elope without the car?)

Dulcy appeared in the archway, smiling innocently. Vincent and Angela were snaking downstairs behind her. Suddenly, Dulcy giggled, overcome with the humor of the situation. Forbes turned sharply.

"Miss Parker," he said, "where's Angela?"

"She... she's right here," Dulcy gasped.

"Angela, your father wants you."

Angela and Vincent threw their wraps on a chair in the hall and came into the living room. Bill strolled behind them and Gordon and Van Dyck appeared a moment later. Dulcy was wringing mental hands. Somehow, she had to get Vincent and Angela off for that perfectly darling elopement. One of her brilliant ideas came to her like that.

W E R E going to play Baffle!" she cried. "Give me something valuable... quickly!"

"What's Baffle?" Bill demanded.

"I hide something valuable," Dulcy explained, "and then I give you a clue and you have to find the article. Angela... your pearls, dear. Splendid!" She raced from the room carrying Angela's necklace.

Forbes groaned, "My God, that's a valuable string of pearls!"

Dulcy ran to her boudoir, dropped the necklace into an open hatbox in the closet, pulled a bill from her father's pockets from one of her negligee's and dropped one on the floor just outside the door of the closet. She dropped another outside the door of her room, one at the head of the stairs, and another halfway down. On the staircase, she encountered Perkins, the butler, who was carrying a dress on a hanger. She said heartily, "Shh..." and gave him a mysterious look. He was properly mystified, but proceeded with the dress. When he reached the closet to hang the dress up, he looked down and spied the bill. His eyes bulged. He hesitated, looked behind him and finally pocketed the necklace.

Dulcy chose Mr. Forbes for the detective and presented him with the last feather. Relaxingly, Forbes started out to solve the great mystery of the stolen pearls.

Angela and Vincent were shoved into the waiting arms of the diabolical Bill, and Dulcy followed Forbes. She found him sitting in the upper hall, his face a study in despair and irritation. After chiding him for being a rotten detective, Dulcy led him to the closet to point out the pearls. "They were there," she gasped. "Let me see... Perkins... I met Perkins on the stairs... my dress... oh, heavens, he's an ex-convict! Mr. Forbes, he's an ex-convict!"

Forbes groaned and started downstairs yelling for someone to get Perkins. There was the sound of an automobile starting. Upon investigation, it proved to be Perkins departing in an old Ford. Forbes howled for somebody to get his car and rush out to the driveway. At that moment, his car, driven by Bill, swept by him, missing his coat-tail by a fraction of an inch. He heard Dulcy cry jubilantly, "They're off!"

"Who's off?" he shouted.

"It's Vincent and Angela," Dulcy said happily. "They've just eloped."

T H E scene which followed was painful and protracted. Not only did Mr. Forbes regret the addition of a braying pack to his family, but fully as heartily did he deplore the fact that, with no means of escape, he was forced to remain in that horrible house overnight. He informed Gordon sullenly that he disliked his methods and that they would be unable to get on in business together. After delivering himself on his spleen, he retired to his room. Mrs. Forbes followed with distress occupying the larger part of her face.

Gordon looked at Dulcy. Dulcy's chin was quivering rapidly. She tried to speak. Gordon said furiously, "Don't ever speak to me again!" and rushed to the kitchen to comfort himself with a drink.

Dulcy's sobs broke into action. Van Dyck called to her from the other room and she went in to him. She told him the whole story. Van Dyck considered it for awhile and then said, "Miss Parker, I like your fiancée very much. I think—yes, I think I shall back him. Together, we will beat Mr. Forbes at his own game. Tell him that the moment he says the word, I'll put up my check for any amount."

D U L C Y flew to the kitchen and broke the news. Schuyler Van Dyck for a partner! Gordon murmured deliciously. His face set in grim lines. His chest expanded. "And now, Mr. Forbes," he said grandly, "you will hear a thing or two from me!"

He called through Mr. Forbes' door that Van Dyck was going to back him and that he, Gordon, was going to lick the shirt off Mr. Forbes in the business world.

While he and Dulcy were congratulating themselves in the living room, the doorbell rang. It opened to admit a man of middle age, well-groomed and with a pair of big blue eyes. He said, "Pardon me, Miss Parker. My name is Blair Patterson."

"Blair Patterson, the attorney?" Gordon [Continued on page 93.]
career in this thrilling mystery picture.

In *The Argyle Case* one entire scene was enacted in total darkness, a situation new to motion pictures. The drama progressed through the medium of sound alone and the audience felt no sense of inadequacy.

Conversation in mystery stories is the means of making the plot move along swiftly. A mystery depends, so often, on conditions arising before the story itself opened, while its dénouement, if told in printed subtitles, is apt to be lengthy and monotonous, with a flavor of the anti-climax. Now, thanks to the talkies, as much as a thousand feet of explanatory material can sometimes be eliminated by one brief conversation. So the story clips along at a breath-taking rate, suspense mounting on suspense, chill upon chill, without extraneous distractions.

The screen mystery is, in this particular, an improvement on even the stage, for the rest between acts permits of an emotional let-down that destroys the sustained effect possible in the talking picture. Talkies have combined all the equipment of the stage with the greater scope of the camera. A ghost seen on the stage is a very substantial human affair, garbed in floating draperies or a good, old-fashioned sheet. A ghost on the screen may be a transparent shape, a disembodied arm, or a human being capable of changing his entire appearance before your very eyes. There is no limit to the weird effects, both visual and audible, of which the talkie mystery is capable. Because in every film of this type healthy screams are heard, Hollywood has dubbed murder mysteries "the shriekies."

Behind That Curtain, *Masquerade*, The Thirteenth Chair, The Mysterious Dr. Fu Manchu, The Drake Case, Tonight at Twelve (in which Madge Bellamy makes her reappearance on the screen after months of inactivity following her disagreement with Fox), The Hole in the Wall—these are only a few of the mystery melodramas that have been brought to the talkies.

Paramount, convinced that murder mysteries are not a fad, but a substantial field of entertainment, has brought—and is planning to bring more of the inimitable Conan Doyle stories to the screen. *The Return of Sherlock Holmes* was the first and it was declared splendid entertainment.

In translating the murder mystery to the screen, the studios recognize the importance of experienced actors. William Powell, Warner Oland, Lois Moran, Doris Hill, Warner Baxter, and others of established reputation create characterizations of genuine merit, not only through the medium of understanding pantomime, but because they can convey the subtleties of mystery through their trained voices. Lionel Barrymore is responsible for some of M-G-M's most successful pictures during the last few months, directed *The Unholy Night*.

No longer is the murder story a stop-gap between more important productions. It is able to put up a man-sized vote for itself for it has come of age in the talkies.
have to tell the folks. My picture was in the Sunday paper and father saw it before he saw us. People began calling on the phone and congratulating him. He—well, he forgot to scold us!

In the meantime, I met Jack Kirkland. He was a newspaper man with a sense of humor. I couldn't have been interested in anyone without a sense of humor. In addition, he was kind and patient and—well, we were married. We lived in Pomerand Walk, that romantic little lane crowded between big buildings at Ninety-sixth and Broadway. It seemed just like heaven.

And the first thing we knew we had a thousand dollars saved between us. We were so excited that we decided to go to Europe! We would live in a garret and eat in those tiny restaurants we had read about, where they had horse meat which tasted like venison, and wine—all for less than twenty-five cents a plate.

"Jack went as the press agent for Tom Mix, so we lived at the Ritz instead of a garret—until Tom went home. But we really got more kick out of the garret.

We hung around with poets and novelists and newspaper folk. Oh, it was glorious. I wouldn't exchange that trip for anything in the world."

Her eyes brooded. I kept quiet. If I didn't interrupt her with a lot of questions, maybe she'd finish the story just as she was so evidently relishing it in her imagination.

"We landed back in New York just in time to give Patricia an American birthright. And in a few months I was back on Broadway. But Jack wanted to try the movies."

We had just enough money this time to get to Hollywood.

"Now, by all rights, I suppose I should have walked the streets of Hollywood looking for a job. She smiled. "Well, I did pound plenty of pavements but it wasn't at the beginning. My first day out I secured a part with Nancy Welford in Nancy. A hundred and fifty a week for a beginning."

"I was so proud. Almost concealed. But pride always comes before a tumble. And my tumble was a hard one, I can tell you. I walked the streets for weeks before I secured a second engagement. It was terrible. My movie tests proved my face was too round. Everybody said, 'Isn't it too bad that Nancy's face is too round? She seems to have something?"

Even after I had won the lead in Chicago and it had been a success, the movie verdict was the same. In those days they demanded that a girl have a certain kind of looks. Ability didn't count as much as beauty. Since the talkie, it's different. It's acting and talking and not just noses and pouts which are important.

"But, again, I was used to competing with sisters who were prettier than I. I didn't let myself get discouraged. I just knew that if I kept at it long enough, something was bound to happen."

"I had a luncheon date with a friend in the Paramount scenario department. I was to meet her in the foyer. She was in conference when I arrived. I waited and waited and waited. Several times I started to leave. But I waited. You see, with all my Irish impetuosity, I was used to waiting.

"And that waiting was one of the luckiest breaks in my whole career. Perhaps the very luckiest. Anne Nichols walked into the lobby. She had been looking at tests for days in search of Rosemary. She couldn't find the right person. She saw me sitting there with my round face, my red hair. She turned to an official, 'Please find out who that girl is. Professional or not, she is Rosemary.'"

After that lucky break I worked hard and—well, I guess you know the rest of the story.

Well, that's Nancy Carroll! Everything she has said is just the way she really feels. There may be some people who think she's high-hat and unmanageable. But those people simply don't really know her. She's as good-natured as anybody could be, when you understand her. You see, I know, because I understand her—well, better than anyone else ever will, I guess!

An M. A. with S. A.

Hair with cornstarch. To further add the illusion of age, he tottered across the stage with a halting gait. But this caused the powdered starch to sift down onto his shoulders, making him appear less like an old man than an advertisement for a dandruff remover. The audience howled.

From stock Eddie went on the road, finally landing in New York. Meanwhile, motion picture companies were making vast inroads on stage talent. Hollywood beckoned Lowe.

He played youthful heroes around the Fox studios for several years. His heroes were the too-good-to-be-true kind who fought ten villains at once or held off ruffian armies until the Marines arrived.

These years of "fair-haired heroes" were enough. They were casting What Price Glory when Lowe, sick of being a paragon of all the virtues, went into the front office, set his jaw and demanded, "How about a chance for a little real acting? What about me for What Price Glory?"

The company's high officials turned apoplectic with amazement. They glared at Edmund and said: "These guys in What Price Glory are tough. You ain't tough."

Edmund Lowe is the sort of fellow who can say sweet things to a girl and look as though he really meant every one of them.

Lowe moistened his lips, pulled down the corner of his mouth, clenched his teeth and spat out of the window. "The hell I ain't," he roared. So they told him to get ready for a test. By the time the test was over, Lowe was so tough he was ready to sprinkle salt on a plate of spicks and enjoy a meal.

That part was the turning point of his career. From that characterization on, he began making screen history.

His latest picture is This Thing Called Love, which he made for Pathé. His next will be an adaptation of the novel Louis Beretti, which will be made by Fox.

Off the screen Lowe is one of the most charming and intelligent gentlemen in Hollywood. He is the sort of chap who would say to the girl he happened to be dancing with, "That's a lovely gown you have on tonight. You are beautiful!"—and look as though he meant it. And he's the sort of chap who, when you returned from eighteen holes of golf, would murmur "Scotch or Rye" and look as though he meant that, too, even if there is precious little Rye around.

Nancy Carroll Interviews Nancy Carroll

[Continued from page 19]

Nancy listens to a play-back of her voice to see if the old devil mixer has done right by it.

[Continued from page 35]
A. White

[Continued from page 47]

has good-looking legs, wears short skirts and no stockings which permits a generous eye-
ful. Her hands aren't pretty because she wears her nails too long. She is seldom without a cigarette, which she puffs nervously, her voice is shrill and she goes to bed early. She takes her work very seriously, and her idea of a big night is to dance a while at the Coconut Grove with the office

er of the day, so to speak. By nature she is frank, and when she tries to lie she makes a bosh of it. She doesn't shirk facing a disagreeable issue.

A THE first part of her stardom she was receiving $300 weekly. She kicked and
kicked for an increase. She said she was worth $1500. And, at last, she got it.
She hasn't yet been given the break her box-

office popularity deserves. Neither her vehicles nor her directors have aided her.
Her sole indebtedness is to A. White.

When not serious she has—with the possi-
ble exception of Marie Prevost—the shriest,
most contagious giggle in the Coast City. To
hear it in a throng of thousands is to say "Tire's a A. White" without glancing around.
She has a portable phonograph in her room
and indulges in impromptu dance steps. She
is fond of dogs, and the current boy-friend
finds one of his duties is to walk the current
canine.

Her life is quite happy in the sense that pleasure is the absence of pain. What-
ever ecstatic moments she may miss, she is laying a foundation for solid comfort in
later years. There will be plenty of dollars with which to shoo the wolf away from
the door of A. White. Her particular public
will always love her. Her fans sense that
she is one of them. More power to her!

Bad Bill—Good Scout

[Continued from page 71]

roles of double-dyed villainy, the distinction
and charm of his voice have won him the
highest runs of the movie ladder. It is
not to be expected, of course, that with
stardom he will desert the characterized roles
which have won him fame. Simply, he will
have the opportunity of appearing more like
a human being and less like an overdrawn
bad-man.

TRAVEL is Bill's main wish for money.
That, and security. A man of frugal
tastes and modest desires, he is banking his
present fat cheques against the lean days
which seem to be the eventual fate of all the
people of pantomime.

The sunset of Bill Powell's dramatic life,
however, is apt to coincide with that of his
physical. There is no member of the pro-

fession to whom his work means more—a
fact which may, with the chances com-
ing to him, raise his name to be one of the
brightest in all the theatrical firmament.

But high as his passion for work may
lift him, I believe that this delightful good-

man will continue to wear the same
hat. He is refreshingly free of that odd egotism which affects lesser artists and
lesser men . . . may his tribe increase!

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course for five days—money back promptly if not
delighted. Don't delay—you owe it to your
self to mail the coupon NOW, while you're thinking about it!

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89
thing bigger than herself, something element-
al, beautiful and terribly bitter, possessed her.

Hardly knowing where she was going, she
night found her walking down Beverly
Boulevard under the pepper trees, which
seemed to catch the fingerprint of a moon on
a hundred branches as she walked. The
warm perfume of flowers surrounded her.
Cars passed in a stream. Persons turned
occasionally to stare at this slim, white-faced
girl with the enormous nose who brushed past them unseen.

I

T

It is seven miles from Hollywood to
Beverly Hills with its big stucco homes
in the Spanish tradition, its gardens, and its
sight of the glow of Los Angeles, miles away.
Before she knew it, Peggy was there and
was standing in front of the villa Glamor
Mackail had built in the days of her power.
Somewhere up there in the scented garden,
on the broad veranda, or inside, hidden,
was the man she loved and the woman who
wished to take him and used him for her
own desire and then throw away the rind,
as she had done at least twice before.

A marriage to Glamor Mackail would
ruin George Wilson’s life. Somehow, in-
triguingly, Peggy knew that, for in those few
talks together she had sensed some of the
fineness and delicacy of the man. For a
long time she stood there in front of the
driveway to the big building faintly il-
uminated in the twilight.

"Can’t do anything but hate me," she
said aloud, and I—" She caught her
breath. Very resolutely then she turned in
and marched up the driveway with long
athletic strides taken from the waist. "I’ve
got to save him," she said to herself.

Her feet stumbled on the stone steps.

"Who’s that?" The angry voice of Glar-
mor Mackail struck out of the darkness
of the porch from behind a row of palms.

Peggy found her mouth dry. She moist-
ened her lips with her tongue. Then

Is Mr. Wilson here? He’s wanted down at the studio. Technical trouble on the
hospital set.

She heard the scraping of feet as Wilson
jumped up hastily and then Glamor’s "Don’t
go, darling, it’s nothing. They can fix it.
I don’t believe they need you anyway.”

Wilson was already beside her, his dark
hair tussled, again anxiety on his face.
"Might have known it," he said as he rush-
ed by her. "I shouldn’t have come up.”

She heard his car roar in the driveway
even as Glamor called again and then she
turned and stumbled down the walk.

H

HE WOULD find out, now that she
had tricked him, and then no more
tennis, no more talks. Her thought had
been to save him from Glamor. And now,
too late, it occurred to her that this brief
interruption, no matter how irritating to the
scheming star, would serve no real purpose
—would merely momentarily halt the course
of George’s sinister romance. In a few hours
he would return to Glamor, and with the
knowledge that Peggy was not to be trust-
ed. Cursing herself for a fool, she told
herself that the only influence her daring
act might have would be to cause George to
turn more surely to the siren whose favor
meant disaster. But she had not look-
ed ahead, had not pondered the outcome—
her one idea had been that Glamor was
wining, and that Glamor must be stopped.
George’s car came swirling down the drive-
way toward them. His brakes screamed as
he came up alongside her.

"Where’s your car?" he called. "Where’s
your car? How did you get out here? How
did you know about the trouble?"

S

She kept on walking as if she hadn’t
heard him. She couldn’t explain now,
she was too tired, too unutterably
tired. Then she felt his hand on her
arm; he was turning her around.
She pulled away from him. If he

touched her again she would cry. I’ll
be hanged for a cattle thief," she heard
Wilson’s voice behind her. And then once
more the roar of his motor, as the cars
grounded in and turned past her.

The next day was the "Big o’riginal" scene.
Peggy came late for it. Already the sup-
posedly wounded soldiers were in the long
row of cots. White-clad nurses were moving
among them. Simulated roar of gunfire
was going on. Occasionally a louder noise
deepened an explosion of a shell nearer at hand.
Peggy stood with a crowd of "townspeople"
who were to make up the mob scene when
the village was actually shelled. Some of
them were to flee, others to help in remov-
ing the wounded. The hospital was to be
destroyed by explosion and gunfire, the vic-
tims to be carried out, and the heroine was
to rush in at the risk of her life and drag
the hero to safety. Then the passage of a
few weeks and the bells which tolled the
Armistice would toll the wedding.

Big Bill Maugham exulted, gesticulating,
rushed toward the mob. Now was the time.
Peggy felt terribly cold inside. She was
to help with the rescue work, but if she
ran into George Wilson—! She couldn’t
bear to see him now. Her hands clenched
and unclenched at her sides. Were it not
for the fact that she was scheduled for
rather important work in this scene, singing
the Marianne for encouragement during
the danger, she wouldn’t be there.

The signal came. Peggy reached up and
tossed the end of her long nose. "Lead
on, nose," she said with an attempt at
laughing gallantry, and rushed forward with
the others.

A

A BIG beam of beaver-board fell between
two cots. Fire from the fire-pots on
the roof licked through. Someone screamed
in a half-cry. Some of the soldiers made
a painful effort to crawl from their beds,
stepping from apparent exhaustion in mark-
ed areas, until the beam or pieces of wreck-
age that was supposed to fall had landed in
front of them. Nurses began to pass men
out. Peggy lifted the man she was supposed
to get, and, with a gesture, warned him
against rising too quickly without assistance.
Then she took up her song.

It came faltering, after a tremendous ef-
fort. Raising her voice, she saw George
Wilson watching her, and her voice died in her
throat. She dragged her man away.

Maugham seized her fiercely as she came
out of the camera line. "Sing, damn you,"
she said, "SING! Have you forgotten? We
can’t take this bloody scene over again.”

A camera a dozen feet away was taking
a long-range shot of Glamor Mackail running
up the hill to save her lover. . . toward
George Wilson, and she, Peggy, was sup-
posed to sing. Turning, she staggered back
into the building and the high, clear notes
of her voice rang out triumphantly in song.

Wilson was inside in the background for
Glamor was still without. Perhaps she had
saved him. She seized another man—the
second man appointed for her, and turned
around and toward the door around which now
licked the flames from the fire-pots.
GLAMOR was out there pausing to get her breath, cursing the necessity of the run up the hill. Big Bill Maugham seized her roughly and pushed her on inside. He knew when a star had fallen.

Peggy realized that she had to finish now. Resolutely she kept her eyes away from that hidden corner where George Wilson stood. The fire was licking around the cots which had been abandoned. Along a faintly marked trail Glamor raised toward that one cot still occupied—the cots in which Ralph Connors lay bandaged so that he would find difficulty in walking even if he had wished. Glamor reached it, tore back the covers, put her arms under Connors' shoulders, and, with his aid, lifted him. Then they started to stagger back.

In the safety zone they paused for the last big beam to fall. This one was real. Its crash was to mark the final destruction of the building. Along it gasoline flames were leaping. Somewhere she knew Wilson was signalling for the man to let it go. For a moment she paused, fascinated with his still, and looked upward. The beam was falling and one end caught on a brace and the other swung outward toward the safety zone where Glamor Mackail was pausing from apparent exhaustion.

PEGGY watched that beam with intense fascination. She could tell that the men above were trying to stop it. She saw it slipping. From somewhere, apparently miles off, she heard Wilson's yell of warning—his call to Glamor to move for safety. Apparently she misunderstood. She only turned her head in the direction of the cry.

The few ensuing seconds Peggy Glamor had lived the entire cycle of her life. All the old primitive instincts in her surged upward to the idea that the woman who was taking her man was about to be removed utterly and finally from the stage of life. She turned her eyes away from Glamor Mackail, and toward George Wilson. She saw the stark horror in his face as he sprang forward. She had not known that he cared so much. His future, she knew in a sudden flash of understanding, was tied up with the saving of those two figures who were trusting his skill for their safety, and their death would ruin him utterly in the picture business. And if he really loved Glamor...

WITH a wild cry, Peggy sprang forward. The beam was falling now. She reached the pair just in time, fell against them, and knocked them backward with the force of her body. As she recovered, she glanced upward, instinctively throwing out her hands to ward off the impending death. Then something struck her across the arms and face and she knew no more.

It was the next day when she recovered consciousness in the hospital. All of her face but her eyes were bandaged. That nose of hers ached and felt as big as a mountain. Her left arm throbbed dully, and when she had the strength to turn her head, she saw it was in splinters.

Before the day was over she knew she was in a hospital in Los Angeles. She knew that Glamor Mackail and Ralph Connors and Bill Maugham and George Wilson had sent her flowers, for the table was covered with them. She knew that George and Glamor had called to see her. The nurse had told her, even though she hadn't let them in.

FRESH flowers came every day. Occasionally George Wilson would come and sit beside her, holding her right hand. If he knew of her deception, he said nothing about it. Twice he tried to tell her bravely. She stopped him. That would have been too much—to have him thank her for saving the woman who was taking him forever out of her life.

When she had been in the hospital about a week, George came in one sunny afternoon. A great warm flood of gold lay across her bed and lit up his boyish, troubled face.

He looked at her for a long time as if trying to find words, then:

"Peggy," he said, "Peggy, I'm in love!"

SHE turned her head away. Big tears welled in her eyes and trickled down her pillow. She wanted to be brave, so brave, now—and yet he might have waited until she was stronger to tell her this. But of course he didn't know.

"Yes, I know."

"Oh, darling, I'm so glad. And when will the girl I love marry me?"

She had to be brave now. She couldn't let him know how much he was tormenting her. But, maybe, if she did, he'd leave.

"Anytime, I think, George. Why don't you ask her?"

She had told him, even though she hadn't let them in.

"I will, sweet-heart. When will you marry me?"

She lay very still but the bed seemed to be going around in dizzying circles. He was speaking to her, Peggy Gleason—"Big Nose Comic Relief." The words danced in front of her. Proposing from pity! Somehow he must have found out. She tore her hand away from him angrily. "Don't!" she cried, "I can't stand it. Please go now and don't come back any more! It's Glamor you love. Glamor! Not Big Nose!"

He had his arms around her. His face against the bandages of her face made that terrible nose of hers throb unendurably. And yet the pain had in it something very akin to ecstasy.

"No," he replied. "I've known her tricks a long time. But—" and his voice was wistful—"she is beautiful."

Yes, Glamor was Beauty and Desire. And she, Peggy, was Big Nose—Comic Relief. Wanting love, but not pity.

"Please go, George, we'll talk some other time."
Are You BASHFUL?

SHY?

NERVOUS?

EMBARRASSED?

DO YOU LACK CONFIDENCE?

ARE YOU SELF-CONSCIOUS?

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Comic Relief

“Is it true?” she asked, “is it true?”

The doctors were smiling. The visiting physician was shaking the other’s hand. She heard his words.

“A splendid success, Doctor, splendid!”

Then Peggy Gleason knew that it was true. Somehow, miraculously, in the operation that had followed that crashing blow on her face, part of that enormous nose of hers had been removed—very possibly through necessity—and there was left a slightly tilted affair of normal size and a rather exaggerated pink, a pinkness that Peggy knew would pass with the growth of new skin and the beneficent influence of sun and air. She turned to the nurse.

“Will you get Mr. Wilson on the phone, please, and ask him to come here?”

And then Peggy Gleason began to sing.

The Very Ideal

[Continued from page 41]

Very little make-up—only a slight wave in her hair. In place of the usual flapper outfit you will find her in dainty frocks or organdie—ruffles and lace. She is the animated picture of the girl graduate. She has that little helpless air that makes strong men want to do things for her. And they do. But they are repaid by that rare quality—gratitude. No man or woman has ever done her a favor and been forgotten.

Generally, young girls in Hollywood lose their former identity, their own families and old connections upon attaining success and prominence—but not this little girl. Her father and her sister will always be welcome in Marian’s vine-covered bungalow. If she has more than one servant I am unaware of it. (This example of her unwillingness to follow the accepted standards of the stars is rare enough to be especially cited.) While it may be said that she always dresses exceptionally well and in the best taste, it is improbable that her name is on the sucker list of Hollywood’s famous modiste shops. For years her sister has made her clothes from Marian’s own designs. Even the wardrobe she wears in pictures. She is too smart to be fooled by a large salary. She is fully aware that life of a screen actress is short at the best. She is just a girl who refuses to “go Hollywood.”

Marian has been termed America’s ideal wife. She is the epitome of every man’s dream of a lifetime companion. Tiny, wistful, charming, even-tempered, beautiful, graceful and gracious—lucky man, Eddie Hillman. He should know it; he won Marian only after a spirited competition with half a dozen prominent masculine screen personages of Los Angeles and New York City.

The Son of a Big Gun

[Continued from page 21]

Now, as chief stockholder in McEvoy Junior, common and preferred, I feel it is my duty to advise you that 73 is not a satisfactory figure, even though it will not be twelve until next July, the beginning of the new fiscal year. And that you personally are held responsible by the president (that’s me) and the chairman of the board (that’s your mother). To be frank with you, we have been informed that it isn’t the mother.

We have been told that you have been seen in Pig ‘n Whistle at all hours throwing buns at Nancy Carroll and pulling chairs from under Lupe Velez. Also you have been seen coming out of Henry’s at midnight with Louise Piazza. And on more than one occasion you have been observed in the early dawn up in the Beverly Hills leaping from jag to jag. Of course you may just be carrying on a noble experiment of your own. Certainly if President Hoover thinks it’s all right—who am I? But just the same, President Hoover isn’t stuck with a lot of your stock. As a matter of fact I’ve offered him some, but haven’t heard from him. Not only that, but after the manager of our Coast offices saw you in the Brown Derby with Alice White he felt pretty blue and dumped all his holdings on the market. And what is this I hear about you and Dorothy Mackail?

There will be a meeting of the Board of Directors following receipt of your January report. I hope your president will be able to look them in the face. What are you going to do about it?

Very truly yours.

P.S.—Your wire just received. Move right out of that beach house on the Malibu and go back to school! You heard me!
asked.  
"Yes. I was referred to Miss Parker by Mrs. Kennedy. She said you had guests this week-end. I wondered if among them there is a Mr. Morgan?" 
"Morgan? No."
"Well ... a Mr. Ford, or Astor?"
"No, there isn't."
"Vanderbilt, perhaps?" he asked hopefully.
"No."
"Hmm. Miss Parker, is one of your guests tall, good-looking, plays the piano rather well, interested in various-ah-investments?"
"You don't mean Mr. Schuyler Van Dyck?"

Patterson considered this. A smile broke over his face. "Yes," he said, "I think I do mean Schuyler Van Dyck. His real name is Patterson. I'm his cousin. He has a hallucination that he's a millionaire. I represent the Van Dyck interests. No doubt that is where he got the name. He goes around forming big corporations, but he's harmless."

He ... retired," Dulcy said weakly. "Perhaps you'll spend the night, Mr. Patterson, and take him back in the morning."

"That's awfully kind of you," Patterson said.

Later, Dulcy and Gordon faced each other alone. "Washed up," Gordon said thickly, and Dulcy threw herself in his arms, wailing.

The following morning Forbes encountered Blair Patterson in the living room. He had been disturbed at the thought of bucking the Van Dyck interests, and at the sight of Patterson, who he knew represented Schuyler Van Dyck, he jumped to the conclusion that Patterson had arrived to draw up the papers for Gordon and Van Dyck. He was ill at ease and unhappy.

When Dulcy came to him and tried, in her blundering way, to explain that it was all a horrible mistake, Forbes immediately decided that she was trying to throw him off the track and became even more determined to hold Gordon to his contract with him. It was ridiculous to suppose that Blair Patterson had a balmy cousin who crashed house parties and had to be chaperoned. The story was just silly enough for that Parker girl to have invented it. "If," he said to Gordon, "I hadn't met Blair Patterson down here, I might have believed it, but it's too coincident-al. I'm going to hold you to your contract, young man. I'm not fool enough to believe that Van Dyck is crazy."

Gordon grinned foolishly and kept his mouth shut. An automobile horn hooted outside. "Angela!" Forbes gasped, and ran to the door. Angela burst in wearing an evening dress. Dulcy said tremulously, "Now you have a genius in the family, Mr. Forbes!"

Forbes said, "Are you married?"

"Yes, father."

"My God," Forbes whispered. "Well, where is he? Your husband."

Bill strode in and removed his scarf. "I'm here," he said.

"Yes, but where's the gown?"

"I'm the gown."

ANGELA said, "It's the most romantic thing that ever happened to me. William just—just kidnapped me!" She ran into Bill's arms and snuggled close to him.

But where's Vincent?" Dulcy demanded shrilly.

Bill shook his head. "Sorry," he said, "I couldn't say. He got out down the road to see if my tail light was working, and suddenly the damned car started. I had presence of mind enough to toss his suitcase out to him."

Forbes said, "You're pretty damned clever. Are you a—ah genius?"

"Nope," Bill said.


"I introduced them," Dulcy said hopefully.

"So that was what you were working for, underneath that Leach business?"

"Yes." Dulcy said faintly, "and no. I mean . . ."

GRAMMA came shuffling downstairs carrying a familiar object. It was Angela's pearls. She handed them to Dulcy. "Here are your beads, Dulcy," she said. "Perkins gave 'em to me last night. I told him he could go in last night because he had to report to the probation officer this morning. Better lock those beads up. It doesn't do to have valuables lying around with funny people in the house."

Dulcy clasped the pearls around Angela's throat. "Just think," she said, "Bill's your son-in-law, Mr. Forbes—and Gordon's distinctly related to you now, isn't he? Um ... sixteen and two-thirds per cent, isn't much for a relative, is it?"

Forbes looked at Gordon. "Well," he said grudgingly, "We'll make it twenty, eh?"

"I'm satisfied," Gordon said, anticipating Dulcy.

"If Gordon's satisfied," said Dulcy, "I am."

She sidled over and pulled his arm around her. "I told you I'd fix it," she whispered happily. "But I'll never interfere again, Gords. . . honestly, I'll never inter . . ."

But Gordon stopped her mouth with a kiss. It was, it seemed, the only way to stop it.

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**Screen Romances**

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Based on a story in Delmar and Screen Romances is presenting a complete novel length fictionization of it in the March issue.

"The Sky Hawk," "Under A Texas Moon," "You're on the Best," "Harmony At Home" and "The Woman Racket" are also all complete in this number.

This is just a glimpse into the editorial pages of the March issue of Screen Romances which is now on sale on all newsstands. Here is a distinctly new kind of movie magazine. Get acquainted with it today!

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**America's Girl-Friend**

With all the zip and verve of the modern girl of today, Alice White takes her place in the sun as the Girl Friend of America. Her latest starring picture, "PLAYING AROUND," is based on a story in Delmar and Screen Romances is presenting a complete novel length fictionization of it in the March issue.

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**Along Came Ruth**

[Continued from page 61]

was Come Out of the Kitchen. Then came Moonlight and Honeydew, and later she was co-starred with Miller in A Marriage of Convenience.

**CHANGELINGS**, with Henry Miller and Blanche Bates, was hailed as a Chatterton masterpiece; and a similar ovation was accorded The Man With a Load of Mischief. Really, it all seemed far too rapid to pages as for such plays as Sir James Barrie's Mary Rose and The Little Minister.

With her capacity and energy she soon ran the theatrical gamut. From chorus girl to prosperer in a passing 6 years so rapid as to seem like minutes! Now her unrest led her to a season of musical comedy, The Magnolia Lady,—surely a far cry from her first job as a girl-in-the-middle-back-row!

**THE REST is screen history. Her portrayals in the great German picture was only equaled by that of Jannings himself, and Ruth was placed under contract as a Paramount featured player. Naturally, her voice was among the best-trained of the studio, and she was given leads in The Damny, The Doctor's Secret, Charming Sinners, The Laughing Lady. She is now making Sarah and Son.

Ruth has lived a full and busy life. But she has not been too busy for that essence of the heart which seems to even the most ambitious women—romance. In August of 1924, she met Ralph Forbes, a handsome young Englishman who had come to America for six months' engagement in the play Hartford Foote which had just come back to England. Rather, he married Miss Chatterton on December 20, 1924, and set about the business of winning himself a place in the affections of the American public.

**AND do you think the new work is going to hold your attention?** I asked Miss Chatterton. "You seem so—so restless."

"Such a question!" she laughed. 'Just at present I would say yes. With the advent of the talking pictures and color films, it is generally conceded that the movies are to be the greatest medium of entertainment. A person likes to be with the best—so I'll probably work with them as long as they want me."

But in her eyes was a note of amusement which told me more plainly that she would remain in pictures only as long as Ruth Chatterton wanted them. And then she would be off to parodies new; her volatile spirit searching for new mediums to conquer and thus prove again the power of her genius and her undoubted charm.
in the wind or being exposed to a cold
draft, George was troubled with an ear
ache. He bit upon a remedy, through the
aid of a friend, and now always keeps gley-
cerine and carbolic acid in the house. Five
drops of acid to fifty drops of glycerine,
warmed first by placing the container in a
pan of hot water and then applied in small
portions to the aching drum, is what George
relies upon.

Lon Chaney has a penchant for eating
raw spinach at least once a day. This he
does, aided by a bit of salad dressing, with
the assurance that he has benefited his sys-
tem by greens in their uncooked form.
Both Ronald Colman and John Gilho
drew at least an hour of exercise a day to
keep the muscles rippling correctly, and to
enjoy the effect of the hot sun on their
bodies. Gilhoon eats simply, avoids drafts,
has regular sleep. After each scene she re-
laxes in her set chair. At noon she takes a
fifteen-minute nap and awakens, refreshed.

Grant Withers has a hunch that highly
spiced Mexican food—tamales, frijoles, mole,
enchiladas—is what his stomach needs to
condition it, and every seven days finds
him at a Mexican restaurant. By contra-
diction, Lupe Velez, of below the mio Gran
de, asks for the milder American dishes and
forges her native dishes, claiming that too
many hot foods make her throat irritable
and annoy the voice. Frank Fay's favorite
health rule is all to the citrus. Promptly at
every afternoon he eats two juicy oranges.

MOST of the health rules of the film
folk are exceedingly simple. Monte
Blue, for instance, gives his alimentary
canal a bath every morning by the simple ex-
pedient of drinking two glasses of cold water.
He hasn't missed this ritual for years. Joan
Crawford's method is a bit more complicated,
and with it she manages to keep down her
weight and to keep up her virility. She
drinks a glass of hot water immediately
upon arising and follows it by a glass of
sauerkraut juice. In an hour she has her
breakfast—a cup of black coffee, which com-
pletes her liquid morning meal. The day
ever passes without Leila Hyams' drink-
ing three glasses of tomato juice.

Norma Shearer tried the value of a yeast sandwich every afternoon at four. Not only is it beneficial to her system, but
it is a stimulant at the lowest ebb of a long
working day. Polly Moran has devised a
see-saw diet, and is the more fit for it. She
eats everything she wants and the follow-
ing day she lives on either orange or
sauerkraut juice. Louise Fazenda goes on an
orange juice diet after she has dined out
three or four nights in succession.

DOLORES COSTELLO's faith in the
health-giving qualities of fresh air is
such that her bedroom windows are never
closed and she drinks orange juice in the
house, except in stormy weather, are open to the winds
of the Pacific, near where the Costello-Bar-
rymore home is built. Al Jolson's famous
songs are abetted by chewing gum and cold
water. Before Al goes into his numbers he
has a glass of cold water downed, just in case of
very cold water. It's a pre-vocal workout
that does not find favor when he is not singing.
Away from the studio he seldom chews gum.

Noah Beery has great faith in the rigorous
shock of a great sneeze produces and
looks upon it as a blessing in catalytic
disguise. Dolores Del Rio and Lois Moran
reject coffee and tea when it is offered, and
Dolores drinks two quarts of milk a day.

MASSAGE and exercise play a big part
in keeping fit in Hollywood. A number
of film men—Richard Dix, Richard
Barthelmess, Douglas Fairbanks, Charles
Farrell—have emulated the old Romans and
have had therapeutic baths installed in their
residences. Nils Asther has a completely
equipped gymnasium in his home, and so
has Victor McLaglen. Ramón Novarro
devotes an hour a day to breathing exercises,
not only as health insurance but as an aid to
his singing. George O'Brien goes in for
swimming, surfboard riding, boxing. Charles
Farrell keeps the ill-health demons away
by a daily early morning row on Toluca Lake
and by playing tennis and golf.

Among the women, massage seems to be
the popular way to keep in good form.
Pathé Studio, abreast of the times, recently
signed Sylvia Ulbeck, a masseuse, to see that
Ina Claire, Constance Bennett, Gloria Swann-
sen, Ann Harding, Jeanette Loff, Carol
Lombard and others be relieved of fatigue
through expert massage. Alice White, Nor-
ma Talmadge, Mary Duncan, Norma Shear-
er, Sue Carol, Carmelita Geraghty and Col-
leen Moore have all been clients of Miss
Ulbeck. For a time there was a tremendous
vogue for Turkish baths as a curative for
all earthly ills and a path was worn to the
doors of an establishment run by a
handsome blond youth. But Turkish baths
have since been superceded by massage
palaces. Perhaps the blond boy retired.

Irene Bordoni is one who prefers taking
her own exercise. In this case it is bicycling.
Billie Dove favors the same exercise, minus
the bicycle. She goes through the motions
of pedalling lying on her back, legs in the
air. Bessie Love devotes an hour a day to
strenuous dance routine that benefits her
health and also her skirt work.

HOLLYWOOD may be too health con-
scious; it may worry about meaning-
less aches and pains and may over-exercise
in an effort to keep fit; and if it does, it is
only because it realizes only too well the
place perfect health holds in a motion pic-
ture career. But—hypochondriacs? Well, when
you come right down to it, aren't we all?

That's My Weakness, Too

[Continued from page 55]
FEELS PEPPY AFTER LOSING 50 POUNDS
Scales Tip at 122 lbs. Now!

Joan's Anderson's radiant beauty is in the kind which comes by nature, not by heredity. At fifteen she weighed 162 pounds and was one of the tallest girls in her school. Confidence and agility were second nature to her, but as she grew older, the weight of her environment began to affect her. She wondered if she should do something about her weight before her heart's desire came through.

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BEN ALEXANDER—All Quiet on the Western Front, Universal Studios, Universal City.

JAMES HALL—Let's Go Native, Paramount Studios, Hollywood.

OLIVER HARDY—until Roach comedy, Roach Studio, Culver City.

WILLIAM IRVING—All Quiet on the Western Front, Universal Studios, Universal City.

KAY JOHNSON—Madame Satan, M-G-M Studios, Culver City.

SCOTT KOLK—All Quiet on the Western Front, Universal Studios, Universal City.

ARTHUR LAKE—Tommy, RKO Studios, Hollywood.

WAGSTAFF LANE—Tonight's the Night, Fox Studios, Hollywood.

LILA LEE—His Woman, First National Studios, Burbank.


CAROL LOMBARD—International Revue, Pathé Studio, Culver City.


BESSIE LOVE—Good News, M-G-M Studios, Culver City.

EDMUND LOWE—A Sailor's Sweetheart, United Artists Studios, Hollywood.

MARY LAWLOR—Good News, M-G-M Studios, Culver City.


DOROTHY MACKAILL—Bright Lights, First National Studios, Burbank.


LOIS MORAN—Bridge 66, United Artists Studios, Hollywood.

JACK MULHALL—His Woman, First National Studios, Burbank.

JOHN MCMURDO—until picture with exteriors made in Ireland, Fox Studios, Hollywood.

JEANNETTE MACDONALD—Let's Go Native, Paramount Studios, Hollywood.


EDDIE QUILLAN—until picture of collegiate life, Pathe Studios, Culver City.

CHARLES ("BUDDY") ROGERS—Young Eagles, Paramount Studios, Hollywood.

LILLIAN ROTH—Come Out of the Kitchen, Paramount Studios, Hollywood.

BENNY RUBIN—Montana, M-G-M Studios, Culver City.

DOROTHY SEBASTIAN—Montana, M-G-M Studios, Culver City.

NORMA SHEARER—The High Road, M-G-M Studios, Culver City.


ALICE WHITE—Etta Mama, First National Studios, Burbank.

PAUL WHITTEMAY—King of Jazz, Universal Studios, Universal City.


LORETTA YOUNG—Murder on the Second Floor, First National Studios, Burbank.
For All Practical Purposes

[Continued from page 33]

The Fox-Case Company recently made a short romance embracing the inner life of a harvesting machine. When the picture was exhibited to individuals interested in farm implements, the noise of the harvester proved—so I have been told—a great inducement to buy!

JUDGE Lindsay, exponent of companionate marriage, made a talking picture record of his will. It is his belief that all important documents, particularly those that might at some time be contested, should be dictated to talking film. If the individual making a will is shown with his witnesses, and is obviously sane and acting of his own volition at the time, there can be no question of its validity, and forgery would be impossible.

IMPORTANT and complicated jury trials may soon be recorded in the talkies, in order that the evidence may be heard as often as necessary to reach a just decision without demanding a repetition of the actual testimony.

A great forward step in criminal procedure was recently taken when the Philadelphia Police Department called for talkie apparatus and recorded the confession of one Harold Roller, facing the charge of burglary. When the police generally are prepared to exhibit the incontrovertible evidence of the accused’s talkie confessing in detail, there should be less of wily criminals’ attempts to evade justice by saying the confession was secured by third degree methods.

Monte Blue, apparently determined to take no wooden nickels, made his latest contact with Warner Brothers on the Vitaphone.

The United Artists Featureettes Corporation is making many short subjects of an extra-entertainment nature. The Overture of 1812, directed by Dr. Hugo Riesenfeld, has already been released, while Victor Herbert’s Irish Rhapsody has been announced for early production. Symphonies and moments with world-famed musicians are to be recorded.

Even the telephone company has found a use for the talkies. In connection with the dial exchanges a talkie outfit is used to transmit the number.

With this new system no one is required to utter a sound. The subscriber merely dials his number and the talkie apparatus automatically repeats the number aloud to the operator who alone hears it.

The spoken numbers on the new automatic talkie telephone were produced on talkie films by one of the company’s clearest-voiced operators.

It is said this will speed up service in cases where a dial and manual exchange both have to be used in getting one number. We’d rather like to hear what the talkie says when it gets a wrong number.

The use of the talkies in the field of education is unlimited. Today, only a few can benefit by the lectures of some great educator. Tomorrow a scientist like Robert Milliken, let us say, will be able to address hundreds of thousands of technology students from a chair in his laboratory. The Mayo Brothers could perform a rare and intricate operation and explain it step by step to medical students and colleagues throughout the entire world. There need be, in the future, such a misfortune as a second-rate education. The talking pictures will be able to bring the most noted authorities on every subject to the students of the smallest villages in every corner of the globe.

Just Your Style—and Hollywood’s

[Continued from page 77]

ages $8.50 a yard, and is fifty inches wide. It comes in fascinating colors, and is soft and pliable to work with. Zeireln, a less decorative but very new and charming fabric, is about a dollar less, and is fifty-four inches wide. Kackem rollo, homespun, tweed, and polo cloth are all excellent, but run more toward the sport type of garment.

As for furs—they must be soft and flat, such as Persian lamb, broadtail, caracul, galiak, astrakhan, and lapin. The last is actually a fine grade of rabbit, and because of its inexpensiveness and attractive appearance, is enjoying particular popularity this season. If you get a really good piece of fur, you can use it on other coats when the original garment is worn out, for good fur outlasts fabric. It does not matter how much the fur is cut, a good furrier can piece it together into some new shape so cleverly that the piecing does not show, and can replace worn-out sections at really very little cost.

Just as you have chosen the best "outside material" and fur you can afford for your winter coat, so should you select a beautiful lining. This makes the entire garment quite perfect. The expensive idea is still so popular that many of us buy enough lining material to finish the coat and make a dress, too.

A DISCUSSION of outdoor apparel would hardly be complete without making some mention of the hat to wear with it. Never have hats been more fascinating and individual than this year. They, like the rest of the wardrobe, may flaunt the home-made look to advantage. Any girl can make her own hat now—and the plain French felt or soleil bodies cost much less than the hats you buy at your favorite milliner’s. You have only to cut the body—usually just a matter of clipping off the brim—and drape it in the manner most becoming to you and sew it down.

In the next issue I’m going to help you plan your day-time frocks to wear under your new coat or to change off from your new suit and remodel dresses that are as good as new, but simply out of date.

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Three hundred and sixty-five days from now—will you still be struggling along in the same old job at the same old salary—worried about the future—never quite able to make both ends meet—standing still while other men go ahead?

One year from today will you be putting off your start toward success—thrilled with ambition one moment and then cold the next—delaying, waiting, fiddling away the precious hours that will never come again?

Don't do it, man—don't do it.

There is no greater tragedy in the world than that of a man who stays in the rut of his life, when with just a little effort he could bring large success within his grasp.

Make up your mind today that you're going to train yourself to do some one thing well. Choose the work you like best, hold the line, mark an X beside it, mail the coupon to Scranton, and without cost or obligation, at least get the full story of what the I. C. S. can do for you.

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Who's the Best Talkie Bet?

(Continued from page 53)

Who's the Best Talkie Bet?

(Continued from page 53)

Hollywood's Beast People

(Continued from page 20)

studio has a thousand dogs listed in its files; another, only two hundred.

Jiggs is the only "talking dog" in Hollywood. His vocabulary is richly composed of two words—"mama" and "hamburger," which he delivers with an oratorical skill that John Barrymore couldn't imitate.

IT WAS only quite recently that M-G-M startled the vocal industry by announcing that it would make a series of eight all-talking comedies, each of which would contain two hundred dogs! Only dogs that would perform on their hind legs would be employed!

THE animal casting director at Warner Brothers told me that if anyone could produce a perfectly trained cat, he would make a fortune. There are only half a dozen motion picture felines in Hollywood, of which Puzzums is the most noted. For six months under contract to Mack Sennett at $100 a week, this super-intelligent Maltese cat was a star in his own right.

The trouble with cats is their unreliability. They may perform a trick once, but if the scene has to be reshot, they are apt to refuse to perform a second time.

Roosters are not so temperamental. If they are kept in the dark before being brought suddenly into the glare of the lights, they will usually crow lustily. There are about five camerawise roosters in the film colony. The ravens used in General Crack were tied to bushes, and cawed obediently at a silent signal from their trainer. There are half a dozen snakes ready to answer a casting office call.

PARAMOUNT keeps a large cage of canaries on the grounds as part of its regular props. Canaries are decorative, and can be used in almost any home interior. One saucy wabler figures quite importantly in The Come On, which Blanche Sweet and Tom Moore have just finished for M-G-M. Camera-wise swans, ducks, geese, eagles, pigeons, cranes, red macaws, and dozens of other types of birds, are also available. One famous Hollywood goose, Bozo, wears jaunty flannel suits and horn-rimmed spectacles.

Buddy Rogers' parrot in Hal' Way to Heaven was expected to sit quietly on a piano stool and keep its thoughts to itself, but in the middle of the scene it suddenly shouted, "Mother, may I come in?" as it had just heard Buddy do. Because of their limited vocabularies, parrots' speeches are generally synthesized. Dussie is the only picture that has used peacocks for ages.

This story would be incomplete without mentioning Frisky, the only trained squirrel in Hollywood. He has worked before the camera for seven years, and is now getting old and feeble. His salary is $55 a day, and he is a well-bred little chap. It is almost impossible to train a squirrel—they're such independent little devils.

LIONS, leopards, lady-bugs, cats, chimpanzees, fleas, dogs, alligators, elephants, snakes, horses—all ready to answer a call any time. Little does the average theatre manager know the price of a new dog (and the humor) that go into their training for the brief amusement of the world. Trained once to respond to voices, they are now learning to watch for complicated signal movements. Soon you will meet these famous wild animal actors of Hollywood in a Jazzing, thrilling Circus Parade, and now in many other talkies made more thrilling by wild animals.

but he can make ribs shake with merriment.

Those who have heard Lewis Stone are saunterers fans than ever. It is one of those voices that women describe, for want of a better expression as, "just wonderful!" That's the term Joan Crawford adoringly employs when she speaks of the voice of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

When the elder Douglas made his talking debut in The Iron Mask, his fans were charmed with the ease and intelligence with which he read his lines. Unfortunately, the pitch seemed rather higher than one would expect from a man who won his laurels as a picturesque athlete. The public's acclaim of The Taming of the Shrew means that both Doug and Mary have met a grimm test manfully.

When in Old Arizona was shown, the country in general became Warner Baxter fans. Subsequent productions have proved him one of the closest competitors for the title of Best Talkie Bet. So, too, is John Boles, who possesses one of the finest singing voices in Hollywood. Now that he has been heard in Rio Rita, he is much nearer the crown of victory.

Ron Tainum, another contract star of long standing, stated emphatically in an interview that, although the talkie stars have the laugh on him he has the bark on them. The popular canine has turned operatic in his latest melodrama, and frankly considers himself too distinguished for competition.

Victor McLaglen scored a triumph in The Black Watch. Unfortunately, he didn't quite connect with Myrna Loy's trick name, Yasmin, and by persistently addressing her so that it sounded like "Yes, Minnie", caused much unnecessary mirth in the ranks. Otherwise, his voice was excellent, masculine in tone, and distinct.

There is one person who is threatening to secure the Best Talkie Bet title—Al Jolson. He has griped the hearts of a nation with his voice. It possesses variety, drama, tenderness, pathos.

From New York and cosmopolitan centers of the entire world have come stage recruits—Paul Muni, Basil Rathbone, Raymond Hackett, Frederic March, Harry Richman. Chester Morris, and a score of others—all logical rivals in the talkie kingdom. Who, among the male stars, do you believe is entitled to the term, "Best Talkie Bet"?
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Decide about keeping the course later—at your leisure. Only assure yourself this last opportunity to own the course—if you decide that you want to alter you have seen it.

French is as Easy as this:
parlez.................................. par-lay
(bouquet).................................. boo-kay
(mais oui).................................. may we
(much, many).............................. bow-koo
(parlez-vous)............................ (but, yes)

The few words appearing above illustrate the simple Hugo key to pronunciation. It is impossible to mispronounce a French word if that key is followed. And every other phase of Hugo's FRENCH-AT-SIGHT is just as clearly and plainly marked, just as easy to master.

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Tiny, fragile lashes, weaving a setting for your eyes—so filmy as to be forgotten by thousands of women. But so vastly important as to affect the color, expression—even the size of your eyes.

Yet, how many, many women daily disregard half of their facial charm by neglecting brows and lashes! And it is so easy to accentuate their beauty. A quick pleasant brushing of Winx on the fringe of your lashes, morning and night, brings about a miraculous change. Lashes seem longer—eyes larger—with an elusive, shadowy background that intensifies their color and brings out all their shining lights and lustre.

Winx—in the new, improved, solid form—closed in an exquisite, indestructible, silvery vanity—is soft and supple—with just the right consistency to make it spread evenly and smoothly. When properly applied, it never smudges, clots or stiffens the lashes. It is neat and handy to carry about. It comes in black and brown. $1 at all the leading drug and department stores.

WINX EYELASH GROWER was originated for just such conditions as thin, falling or scanty lashes. It is rich, nourishing cream made of purest materials—tested by thousands of women and always found successful in cultivating lovely, rich, luxuriant lashes and brows. Apply morning and evening. Priced at $1. In black, brown—or colorless, if you prefer.

LIQUID WINX is a waterproof beautifier unaffected by tears, perspiration, cream or any kind of moisture. If applied sparingly, it leaves the lashes soft and silky—eliminating brittleness—making an attractive, dark setting for your eyes. Priced at 75c. In black and brown.

THIS TEST WILL CONVince You. . . . Before you purchase a package of Winx, make this test. Press your finger nail into the cake. Notice how easily it yields to your pressure, indicating a suppleness and flexibility that is retained even after application on your lashes. This peculiar consistency of Winx explains why it spreads so evenly and smoothly—why it clings so tenaciously—why it never smudges or becomes brittle on the lashes but always leaves them silky and lustrous.

"YOUR EYES ARE.....HALF YOUR BEAUTY"
TALKING SCREEN

May 25

DISCOVERING ROYALTY in Hollywood

The Vivid Life Story of DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, Jr.
It is no accident that Fox has twice in succession won the Photoplay Magazine Gold Medal. The explanation is simple! Fox has had the courage to believe that the great American public appreciates the finest things in film art quite as much as do the high-brow critics! And with this faith Fox has produced the finest things in films. And for the future—the same policy will be carried out, but on a still greater scale.

Imagine lovely Janet Gaynor in the heart-shaking role of the girl-wife in LILIO, the most passionately beautiful stage success of the past ten years. The most sympathetic part Janet has ever had.

And John McCormack, greatest singer of them all, in a romantic singing-talking movietone.

Jack London's mighty tale, THE SEA WOLF, ought to be the high-water mark, so to speak, in sea films. You remember this hair-raising yarn of stark, raw passions—the giant sea-captain, with the soul of a gorilla—the prisoner girl, her lover and the pitiless sea. Directed by the great John Ford!

Many other great ideas are in production—among which these deserve special mention at this time:

THE OREGON TRAIL, first important American epic of the talking screen—based on Francis Parkman's narrative—directed by Raoul Walsh.

COMMON CLAY, Harvard prize play, by Cleves Kincaid, directed by Victor Fleming.

SO THIS IS LONDON! with Will Rogers and Jillan Sandes and a cast of English artists. Staged by Hazzard Short; music by Richard Fall, Viennese composer.
"If You've Anything to Say Speak Up!"—Barked the President

—and I Answered with a Speech that Pushed Me Ahead 10 Years!

The little knot of men around the conference table sat silent as the President's voice rasped to the end of what he was saying.

"It's a bad men, men, and that's all there is to it," he said. "Now I want some ideas from you fellows. Wellington," he turned to me suddenly, "have you anything to say? If so, speak up!" His words came like a flash of lightning. I was in far it now! No time to dodge; no chance to pass the buck to someone else. Almost before I knew it I was on my feet. As I rose I heard some one at the end of the table whisper, "This is going to be a joke! Poor Wellington! I'll admit he's polite, but he doesn't have die on his feet, trying to talk at this meeting."

"I know it," was the whispered reply. "He's so timid he can't even make a coherent sentence. He'll only make a show of himself, and waste valuable time."

I knew they were impatient and scornful—expecting to see me make a chump of myself. Then I grinned to myself, wanting to see their expressions.

It was a treat to watch their faces change with my next words. From bored annoyance their expressions turned to amazement—then to the keenest interest. In clear, concise terms, without a half of hitch, I told them just where I knew the trouble lay, where the waste of time and money came in and how everything could be remedied. For the few minutes it took to tell the whole story I had that group of executives hanging on my words—spellbound. There was not a sound from any of them until I had finished—then a regular chorus of admiring words broke forth from every man there: "That's the idea. All right." "The very thing I thought and didn't know how to say!" "Great stuff, Wellington!"

At the end of it all: "Well, that solves that," said the President. "You certainly know what you're talking about, Wellington. But while I think of it, young man, I'd like an explanation from you. Why haven't you spoken out like this before? Why have you always sat around here as though you were afraid of your own voice. You can certainly talk well enough when you want to! What brought about the change?"

I laughed. "It was just a case of stage-fright that got cured," I admitted. "And then I told them how a certain wonderful little treat before had shown me how to change, almost overnight, from an embarrassed, retiring 'human being' into the self-assured man who had addressed the conference.

That book did a wonderful thing for you, commented the President. "Anyway, Wellington, I want you to take charge of the work of straightening this warehouse tangle. There ought to be a lot in it for you."

"That was something over one year ago. Today I sit in a private office named 'Traffic Manager' on the door—next in line for the General Manager's position. I can hardly believe it, yet I know it's true, and I know that I owe it to that wonderful little booklet that explained to me the secrets of dominating, powerful speech. As far as promotion, salary and increased influence are concerned, that little speech pushed me ahead at least ten years."

More than that, I am now a popular after-dinner speaker—widely sought-after at civic and political meetings, and a constantly-invited guest at social functions. The secrets of effective speech, which I mastered in my own home in only twenty minutes a day, did the work.

** * * *

There is no magic, no trick, no mystery about becoming a powerful and convincing speaker, an easy, fluent conversationalist. You, too, can conquer embarrassment and stage fright. One of America's leading specialists in effective speech can aid you to rise to positions of greater prestige and wider influence. This new method is so delightfully simple and easy that by spending twenty min-

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City... State
AFTEN twelve years, Hobart Bosworth is back again in the Lasky fold. He is to have a big role in The Devil's Holiday, Nancy Carroll's next starring picture. It is to be directed by Edmund Goulding, from his own story.

GRACE MOORE, of the Metropolitan Opera Company, has been signed to appear with Lawrence Tibbett in whatever opera M-G-M provides the Rogue Singer in the spring.

MILDRED HARRIS, former wife of Charles Chaplin, has been signed at Pathé to make a series of short subjects with Don Douglas. Miss Harris' determination to return to pictures was, she testified, the real reason for her February divorce from Everett MacGovern, to whom she was married away back in 1924.

CLARA BOW'S next picture will be True to the Navy. The much desired Hummingbird has, apparently, flown out of her reach.

JACK OAKIE, one of the newest wows of the talking screen, has just completed Let's Go Native and is already at work on Marco Himself. And if that title isn't changed before the picture is released we'll admit we know nothing about movies and their ways.

RENEE ADOREE, whose accent has been a handicap to her in the talkies, has at last found something. She has been cast in The Singer of Seville. Good news to many.

JOAN BENNETT is suing her ex-husband for non-payment of alimony for the support of their little girl. But Joan is not entirely out of luck for she has been picked to play the lead opposite John Barrymore in the Sea Beast, talkie version. And the title will be changed to The White Whale or Moby Dick, according to present plans for it.

BELIEVE it or not, Aiméé Semple McPherson, evangelist, heroine of desert escapades and grand jury investigations, has gone Hollywood. She has had voice and screen tests made at an independent studio and has engaged Harvey Gates to write an original story for her.

LEON ERROL, the big Ziegfeld laugh man, has joined Paramount on Parade, the forthcoming revue.

RUTH ROLAND, Hollywood hostess de luxe, who celebrated the first anniversary of her marriage to Ben Bard recently, is returning to pictures. Her contract is with Sonoart for a talking-picturization of Nealy Vanderbilt's sensational novel of divorce, Reno. This would seem to be a great beginning for the former serial queen's come-back.

MARTHA LEE SPARKS, six year old juvenile in Fox's grandeur revue, Happy Days, spoke the first words of welcome to Mrs. Calvin Coolidge on her arrival in Hollywood. Little Martha Lee was lifted aboard the observation platform and proffered the glad hand of hospitality along with a bunch of roses twice her size.

VICTOR MCLAGLEN is slated for the principal role in The Sea Wolf, the rugged Jack London picture which Fox is about to remake from the silent version of some years back. McLaglen will have the Hobart Bosworth role of the original stage and screen version. London should approve.

JOAN BENNETT'S first starring picture at United Artists will be Smiling Through, a full Technicolor production of the stage play in which Jane Cowl hung up a record, and which Norma Talmadge also made as a silent.

INA CLAIRE'S next starring vehicle at Pathé—as yet unnamed—is to be a more serious opus than any that the sophisticated actress has yet essayed, either on the stage or in pictures. Tears, and a tragic ending—death by drowning—for this woman of the world.

THE PLANS to have Ruth Chatterton play Nancy Sykes in Oliver Twist have been indefinitely deferred, and she and her husband, Ralph Forbes, are going to work together at M-G-M, in Frederick Lonsdale's very British comedy, The High Road.

RAMON NOVARRO is determined to take a long holiday from M-G-M after he finishes work on The Singer of Seville. He is tossing a coin to determine whether it will be a sea voyage and some time in Europe or a long, quiet vacation in Lansing, Michigan.

AS SOON as Nils Asther's contract at M-G-M expired and made him, after months of idleness, a free man again, he promptly went to work for M-G-M! He's off on location with Charles Bickford in Mexico, working on The Sea Bat.

LAURA LAPLANTE will play the lead in Universal's forthcoming production of The Storm.

ROM M-G-M comes word that Norma Shearer will not play in The High Road, after all. Ruth Chatterton has been selected instead. And—big news—Lawrence Tibbett's next talkie-singe will be Rose Marie.

THE news of the death of Mabel Normand has left the entire movie industry mourning the passing of this valuable ray of sunshine. There is no one to take her place.
The Vivid Life Story of Doug. Jr.  
Bob Moak 18
Beginning Young Mr. Fairbanks’ Short But Adventurous History  
Fate Steps In Helen Burns 21
How Mary Astor Faced Tragedy  
Meet Richard Dix
Herbert Cruikshank 22
A Fascinating Close-Up
I Don’t Want to Seem Harsh, But—
Herbert Cruikshank 24
Telling What’s Wrong with the Talkies
They Go Places and Do Things
Dorothea Hawley Cartwright 32
How the Location Department Works
Blond and Victorious
Herbert Cruikshank 34
A Searching Study of Mary Nolan
She Couldn’t Say No (Fictionization)
Winnie Lightner’s Picture in Story Form
They’re Different in Hollywood
Herbert Cruikshank 42
How Hollywood Shows Off
The First of Mr. Chaney Bob Moak 44
Why the Make-up Master Will Talk
Louise Fazenda, No Less—
Gloria McCreery 46
Fascinating Fazenda Facts
Hollywood’s Famous Family Trees
Mary Sharon 48
Talkietown’s Descendants of Royalty and Such
Congratulations!
Florence Haxton Britten 61
Lawrence Tibbert, the New Talkie Luminary
He Made ‘Em What They Are Today
Richard Ray 62
How Hoot Gibson Helped Westerns Talk
Weinstein’s Dearie (Fiction)
Paul Oliver 64
The Fascinating Story of a Waning Star
Rescued by Radio Alice Warder 70
A Song Saved Lloyd Hughes’ Career
Hot Togs Dorothy Spensley 79
Sam Hardy and His Flaming Wardrobe

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TO-GIVE-YOU-A-LINE-OR-SO-ON-CURRENT-TALKIE-OFFERINGS

ANNA CHRISTIE (M-G-M) — Reviewed in this issue.

BEAU BANDIT (RKO) — Reviewed in this issue.

THE BIG PARTY (Fox) — Reviewed in this issue.


BIG TIME (Fox) — A back-stage story, but better than most. Lee Tracy and Mae Clarke do good work.

THE BISHOP MURDER CASE (M-G-M) — Van Dyke’s excellent thriller with Basil Rathbone doing Philo Vance this time. His performance is not quite as imaginative as William Powell’s.

BROADWAY BABIES (First National) — In a story about crooks, gamblers and such-like, Alice White upholds the lure of the land.

CAMEO KIRBY (First National) — The well-known story of boat deckers and card deckers, gamblers and conmen, on the Mississippi in the good old days, beautifully told in talkie form.

THE CITY GIRL (Fox) — An absorbing story of a feeling old girl and a dandy country boy and what happened when she married him. Charles Farrell, an entirely new ray of sunshine, makes Mary Dunson do good work.

DANCE HALL (RKO) — An amusing story of a youngster who always hopes to it when he hears dance music. Arthur Lake and Olive Borden do good work.

DANGEROUS PARADISE (Paramount) — Nancy Carroll and Dick Allen in an interesting tale of love and moral cowardice. It’s supposed to be a Conrad story, but if you’re a Conrad fan—well, it’s supposed to be a Conrad to Hollywood.

DEVIL MAY CARE (M-G-M) — Ramon Novarro gets his long looked-for opportunity to do some standing pictures. This is a fanatstic tale of the Napoleonic era and Ramon shines as a dashing officer who causes the devil to take his hat off to him.

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS (Universal) — Reginald Denny finds himself the trial husband of a girl he has never seen and—well, you can guess some of the amusing situations in this tale of a young man on trial for his wife.

THE FORWARD PASS (First National) — Douglas Fairbanks Jr., and Loretta Young give grand performances in this one about college quadrangles and the old pigskin game.

FRAMED (RKO) — Reviewed in this issue.

THE FURIES (First National) — Reviewed in this issue.

THE GIRL SAID NO (M-G-M) — Reviewed in this issue.

THE GOLDEN CALF (Fox) — Reviewed in this issue.

THE GRAND PARADE (Pathes) — A good human story with an unusual background—that of a minstrel show of twenty years ago, when free lunches were free and needles had nothing to do with beer.

GENERAL CRACK (Fox) — John Barrymore in a hectic tale of war, love, intrigue and what have you. Barrymore is fine as are Lowell Sherman, Marlan Nixon and Armidia.

HAND ‘EM OVER (Universal) — Reviewed in this issue.

HELL’S HEROES (Universal) — Three bank robbers kill a man and make their getaway into the desert. There they find a dying woman and child. What happens when they journey on to Mexico in getting the chance back to civilization makes an unusually gripping story.

HIS GLODIOUS NIGHT (M-G-M) — Jack Gilbert as an officer very Continental and Carmen Monteon as a princess gives thrilling love to. The story is a little thin.

HIT THE DECK (RKO) — The musical comedy transferred to the talkies with new songs and new stars. Jack Oakie does excellent work, as does Polly Walker. The Hallicrux jam is marvelous.

HOLD YOUR MAN (Universal) — Laura La Plante is her usual pleasing self as the wife who goes holidaying in Paris in this amusing marital comedy.

HOLLYWOOD (Paramount) — Reviewed in this issue.

HOT FOR PARIS (Fox) — Fred and MacLeaglen and El Brendel as a couple of sea-going lads provide the fun while Fifi Dorsay provides the feminine interest—and very spicy, too.

THE IDLE RICH (M-G-M) — Conrad Nagel in an interesting tale of them there wealthy folk.

HOUSE OF TROY (M-G-M) — Reviewed in this issue.

THE LOCKED DOOR (United Artists) — Good melodrama full of thrills and suspense with Barbara Stanwyck and Rod La Rocque.

LOOSE ANKLES (First National) — An amusing farce comedy of a will, two girls, two aunts and four gigolos, and—well, figure it out for yourself.

THE LOST ZEPPELIN (Tiffany-Studio) — A gripping yarn of a lost Zepplin, Ricardo Cortez, Conway Tearle and Virginia Valli, who have not been heard from much lately, do good work.

ONE MAD KISS (Fox) — Reviewed in this issue.

THE MAN I LOVE (Paramount) — Mary Brian and Richard Arlen in a nice light romance story which has plenty of punch.

THE MIGHTY (Paramount) — George Bancroft goes over with a vengeance in this story of a reformed underworld character.

MONTANA MOON (M-G-M) — Reviewed in this issue.

NAVY BLUES (M-G-M) — William Haines is a great guy for shore-leave in this amusing story of life on the permanent waves.

NOT AS STRONG (RKO) — The well-loved title by Davies is a riot as the girl who simply had to help her fiancé's business affairs with her own disastrous schemes.

OFFICER O'BRIEN (Pathes) — As a courageous detective, William Boyd arranges the interest in this opus. This is also some fine acting done by Ernest Torrence.

OH, YEAH? (Pathes) — About a couple of shug splittin' brakemen and a couple of gals. There's a sequence of a runaway train that will thrill you.

ONLY THE BRAVE (Paramount) — Reviewed in this issue.

PLAYING AROUND (First National) — A story of a stenographer, a drug clerk and a gangster. Alice White is the stenographer and she certainly shows speed.

POINTED HEELS (Paramount) — Another behind-the-scenes story with Helen Kane, Skeet Gallagher and William Powell. The scenes where Helen and Skeet get tight and do their high-bat vaudeville act in a low-brow way are a scream.

RED HOT RHYTHM (Pathes) — A melody lane story, tuneful tunes and melodies and some inside dope as to how song hits are made.

ROMANCE OF THE RIO GRANDE (Fox) — Warner Baxter sings well in this charming romantic story of old Mexico. Mary Duncan is excellent.

SALLY (First National) — Here’s the answer to the questions: What Became of Sally? Marilyn Miller makes a delightful Sally Life and some of the Technicolor sequences are pealing.

SARAH AND SON (Paramount) — Reviewed in this issue.

THE SATURDAY NIGHT KID (Paramount) — If you decide to look into this one, ladies and floorwalker there’s a lot of fun in department store for you.

SEVEN DAYS’ LEAVE (Paramount) — A Barrie story translated faithfully to the screen with Gaye Cooper and a lovely little lady, and some of the Technicolor sequences are sincere moving performances. A delightfully unusual story that is rich with human interest.

SEVEN KEYS TO BALDPATH (RKO) — Richard Dix in the old-time play that still has plenty of punch. The story of Cheryl and Margaret Livingston also give excellent performances.


THE SHOW OF SHOWS (Warner) — A movie revue that keeps you amused from beginning to end. It’s a pleasure to watch it and the contrast is a delight. You won for the ballyhoo business and the hallmark song—are they riot.

SKY HAWK (Fox) — A thrilling story of a Zeppelin raid on London during the well-known war. The air scenes are startlingly realistic.

SOUTH SEA ROSE (Fox) — Leisure Ulric as a South Sea gal transplanted to New England atmosphere by marrying a skipper who is well after her. This one has a wonderful rhythm.

SUCH MEN ARE DANGEROUS (Fox) — Reviewed in this issue.

THE SONG OF THE FLAME (First National) — Reviewed in this issue.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW (United Artists) — Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks in their hilarious version of Shakespeare’s famous comedy. If the Bard could see this effort he’d be the first artiste for his interpretation of his effort.

A THIEF IN PARADISE (M-G-M) — Reviewed in this issue.

VAGABOND KING (Paramount) — Dennis King in the talkie version of the story of that lovely, villian, Francois Jeanette. MacDonald’s performance is even better than her work in The Fiend of Paradise and MacDon’s songs should accord him a reception in keeping with his name.

THE VIRGINIA MOON (M-G-M) — One of the best open-space talkies with Gary Cooper and Richard Arlen as two pals in love with the same gal, Mary Brian.
In the June Issue of
TALKING SCREEN

"HERE'S HOLLYWOOD!"
— A brilliant pictorial achievement that brings to fans, in fascinating form, a graphic presentation of Talkie Town as it is today. If you’ve ever wondered how Hollywood really looks, if you’ve ever wanted actual pictures to form an accurate impression of this tantalizing, dazzling city — don’t overlook "Here’s Hollywood!" a ten-page feature that you’ll save for years to come.

And in the Same Issue—
"WHAT LOVE MEANS TO ME," the first article of a powerful series by Walter Ramsey. The first item of this series gives Oliver Borden’s views on the greater of all emotions. This lovely, womanly star’s opinions on this subject are as intelligently gripping as her experience has been rich.

How Walter Huston was chosen for the rôle of Abraham Lincoln in David Wark Griffith’s forthcoming talkie epic of the Great Emancipator’s life. A remarkable feature by Dorothy Spensley.

"FREAK CLUBS OF HOLLYWOOD," an amazing account of the unbelievable organizations that flourish in the cinema capital.

The inside story of why Corinne Griffith expects to leave the screen.

"ADDING INSULT TO INJURY," a side-splitting, startling — but absolutely true — report on the hilarious activities of the famous Hollywood character employed by the stars to harass, torment, insult and enrage their guests. He’s a practical joker — and wow!

Also —
A wealth of entertaining and revealing features on Hollywood’s film players, latest talkies, and most recent goings-on. Like its TALKING SCREEN’s distinctive departments, giving the low-down on special subjects of interest to fans everywhere.

At All Newsstands
ON SALE MAY 3

RÔLE CALL

Who’s doing what and where

RICHARD ARLEN — The Border Legion, Paramount Studios, Hollywood.
MARY ASTOR — Cooking Her Own Goose, RKO Studios, Hollywood.
LEWIS AYRES — All Quiet on the Western Front, Universal Studios, Universal City.
LEONEL BARRYMORE — Oliver Twist, M-G-M Studios, Culver City.
WILLIAM BAXTER — Arizona Kid, Fox Studios, Hollywood.
WALLACE BEERY — The Big House, M-G-M Studios, Culver City.
SIDNEY BLACKMER — Under Western Skies, First National Studios, Burbank.
JOHN BOLES — Moonlight Madness, Universal Studios, Universal City, California.
CLARA BOW — Quarantine (title to be changed), Paramount Studios, Hollywood.
MARY BRIAN — The Border Legion, Paramount Studios, Hollywood.
CHARLES CHAPLIN — City Lights, Charles Chaplin Studio, Hollywood.
RUTH CHATTERTON — Oliver Twist, M-G-M Studios, Culver City.
VIRGINIA CHERRILL — City Lights, Charles Chaplin Studio, Hollywood.
BERNICE CLAIRE — Mlle. Modiste, First National Studios, Burbank, California.
CLAUDETTE COLBERT — Young Man of Manhattan, Paramount Studios, Long Island, N. Y.
BUSTER COLLIER — Finders-Keepers, Columbia Studios, Hollywood.
RONALD COLMAN — Raffles, United Artists Studio, Hollywood.
BILLY COOK — Untitled picture, RKO Studios, Hollywood.
GARY COOPER — Untitied picture, Paramount Studios, Hollywood.
BEEB DAVIES — Smooth as Satin, RKO Studios, Hollywood.
MARION DAVIES — The Gay Nineties, M-G-M Studios, Culver City.
REGINALD DODD — Madame Satan, M-G-M Studios, Culver City.
BILLIE DOVE — One Night at Susie’s, First National Studios, Burbank.
MARIE DRESSLER — Oliver Twist, M-G-M Studios, Culver City.
CLIFF EDWARDS — Good News, M-G-M Studios, Culver City.
DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR. — One Night at Susie’s, First National Studios, Burbank.
DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, SR. — Mark of Zorro, United Artists Studios, Hollywood.
GRETA GARBO — Romance, M-G-M Studios, Culver City.
PAULINE GARON — Unholy Night, (French version), M-G-M Studios, Culver City.
HOT GIBSON — The Ace Rider, Universal Studios, Universal City, California.
JETTA GOUADAL — Unholy Night, (French Version), M-G-M Studios, Culver City.
WILLIAM HAINES — Remote Control, M-G-M Studios, Culver City.
JAMES HALL — Dangerous Nan McGrew, Paramount Studios, Long Island, N. Y.
LLOYD HAMILTON — Metropolitan Studios, Los Angeles.
PHILLIP HOLMES — The Devil’s Holiday, Paramount Studios, Hollywood.
EDWARD EVERETT HORTON — Once a Gentleman, James Crusie Studios, Hollywood.
LLOYD HUGHES — Cooking Her Goose, RKO Studios, Hollywood.
WALTER HUSTON — Abraham Lincoln, United Artists Studios, Hollywood.
HELEN KANE — Dangerous Nan McGrew, Paramount Studios, Long Island, N. Y.
SCOTT KOLK — All Quiet on the Western Front, Universal Studios, Universal City.
LOLA LANE — Good News, M-G-M Studios, Culver City.
MARY LAWLOW — Good News, M-G-M Studios, Culver City.
LAURA LA PLAINE — The Week-End Girl, Universal Studios, Universal City.
JEANETTE LOFF — Midnight Madness, Universal Studios, Universal City.
BESSIE LOVE — Good News, M-G-M Studios, Culver City.
BEN LYON — Smooth as Satin, RKO Studios, Hollywood.
KEN MAYNARD — Crimson Courage, Universal Studios, Universal City.
JEANETTE MCDONALD — Bride 66, United Artists Studios, Hollywood.
VICTOR McLAGLEN — On the Level, Fox Studios, Hollywood.
POLLY MORAN — Remote Control, M-G-M Studios, Culver City.
CHESTER MORRIS — The Big House, M-G-M Studios, Culver City.
MARY NOLAN — What Men Want, Universal Studios, Universal City.
ELLIOTT NUGENT — Father’s Day, M-G-M Studios, Culver City.
J. C. NUGENT — Father’s Day, M-G-M Studios, Culver City.
JACK OAKIE — Marco Himsel, Paramount Studios, Hollywood.
WILL ROGERS — So This Is London, Fox Studios, Hollywood.
RUTH ROLAND — Reno, Metropolitan Studios, Los Angeles.
JOSEPH SCHILDRAUT — The Czar of Broadway, Universal Studios, Universal City, California.
NORMA SHEARER — The Divorcees, M-G-M Studios, Culver City.
STANLEY SMITH — Good News, M-G-M Studios, Culver City.
GLORIA SWANSON — Queen Kelly, Pathes Studios, Culver City.
PAUL WHITEMAN — King of Jazz, Universal Studios, Universal City.
ROLAND YOUNG — Madame Satan, M-G-M Studios, Culver City.
With a few dollars and very little effort your spring suit can be every bit as smart as the best dressed movie star's

By DOROTHEA HAWLEY CARTWRIGHT

WHEN spring is in the air, the first thought of every normal woman is clothes! All Nature is blossoming out in lovely new raiment, and so must she.

But what a problem clothes are, especially just now when they are undergoing such drastic transformations from the slim, boyish silhouette to a style distinctly feminine. Alluring, yes; but how confusing to those of us who have to watch our budget and can't afford to buy on the spur of the moment a dress that seems popular, but which is really only another try-out.

It's hard, for example, to know what to do about length. Hollywood, long the most avid exponent of the short styles, suddenly went to the other extreme and appeared in skirts flapping around its heels at all hours of the day and night. Now sanity seems to be taking hold of fashions in the film Mecca, and women are adopting skirts just four inches below the knee—never more than six—for all general wear up to five o'clock, except for formal afternoon parties around three. And these sport and street clothes emphasize only the straight-around hemline. Your evening gowns, or formal frocks, may dip as much as they please—may even have trains. But the uneven line is considered too fussy for the street.

Definitely, the princess silhouette is here to stay—at least throughout the summer. Waistlines are nor-

This smart street ensemble which Claudette Colbert is wearing is of sand-colored couvert cloth, with the slightly raised waist-line. This is a splendid example of the new suit—flared jacket and skirt, tuck-in blouse, modern hat and longer gloves.

mal, and some even seem to be creeping a bit upward by means of pointed skirt tops. Circular skirts are not so popular as they were last season. Flare is now introduced by folds of the material—unpressed pleats! Godets are still good, too. Some of the perkiest spring skirts feature pleats that are made to stand out, instead of lie flat.

In choosing a spring and summer wardrobe, you will want a suit. Never have suits been more popular. Especially fortunate is the girl who is clever with the needle, for "dressmaker" suits—the kind that make no pretense of being tailored or factory-finished—are exceedingly smart. And what a wealth of materials there are to choose from, too. Your suit may be of wool, or of heavy silk. Soft French tweeds are delightful, smart, and very practical for office-and-school wear. They are never too dressy for business, yet are perfectly correct for an informal dinner out with the boy-friend. Particularly lovely now is the lightweight wool crêpe, dressier than tweed, but thoroughly practical. It is a good summer fabric, for it is warm enough for evenings and yet is not stuffy. Then, if you prefer, you may make your suit of silk. Here, again, you have a wide choice of charming fabrics. The heavy ribbed silk is popular now, as are all kinds of heavy crêpés—Canton, flat, frost, etc. It's a definite trend.

YOUR suit must have a blouse or two. They may tie snugly over the skirt, or tuck in—the latter being more highly approved by fashion experts. Crêpes, either of one color or small prints, are all smart. And some dashing youngsters are making blouses of washable taffeta—a perky, youthful material and just a little different.

Now for your frock. It's funny how long prints have stayed with us. Their popularity seems not to have diminished one iota. Prints are, in gen-

[Continued on page 80]
GARRICK—The very thing that you suggest in your letter is being carried out in this issue. In another part of the magazine you will find a list of stars and their latest productions. This feature carries the heading of Rôle Call. Armita, who so charmingly captivated in General Crack, is the latest protegé of Gus Edwards. She may be reached at the Warner Brothers’ studio in Hollywood, providing your arm is long enough. Stanley Smith was loaned by Pathé to Paramount. Stanley is again leading man for Nancy Carroll in Honey which was first known as Come out of the Kitchen. Evelyn Brent’s last picture under her Paramount contract is Slightly Scarlet in which Clive Brook is also featured. Evelyn’s first for Columbia Pictures is a crook masterpiece titled Framed. In His First Command and Officer O’Brien William Boyd has Dorothy Sebastian as his feminine foil.

BETSY—The star and featured player of Their Own Desire is Norma’s latest release, this should be showing in your town in the very near future.

IRIS—Ben Lyon has been engaged for the better part of two years in making Hell’s Angels which Howard Hughes is having a devil of a time finishing. Alexander Gray is co-starred with Bernice Claire in First National Pictures. You’re right, before he signed his new contract, Alex appeared in the stage version of The Desert Song.

JOSEPH—Well, you see it’s this way. Once Grant Withers had brown hair, then he dyed it red, and now the latest reports from our roving scout is that Grant is sporting blonde hair. Sort of hard for Loretta Young to pick a strand from Grant’s coat and ask who the hussy is, eh?

GIRLA—In an address before a fraternity, of which he was a brother, Gary Cooper said he did not intend to marry Lupe Velez. But that statement doesn’t stop them from seeing one another. Lupe spent three months on a location party in Florida for her latest picture

M A. C.—Although she has separated from her husband, Irvin Willat, Billie Dove is still legally married to him. There is but one sure way your letter will reach Marion Davies. Write her care of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Culver City, Calif. The studios are very careful in delivering all mail to the stars. Janet Gaynor, after living in this vale of tears for the past twenty-three years, has managed to grow to the height of five feet two. Vilma Banky was the lady concerned in The Winning of Barbara Worth. There is no good reason why Bessie Love and Anita Page should not be good friends. Anita is taller than Bessie by three inches. Bessie recently up and married William Hawkes on December 28, 1929. Both she and the bridegroom gave their age as twenty-eight to the marriage clerk.

R. J. K.—See above answer in re Bessie Love. Ann Pennington is one of these ageless girls and it’s her boast that she has never been led to an altar to tie a matrimonial knot. We hear it whispered about that she was twenty-nine—sometimes.

LEE—May McAvoy is content to remain Mrs. Maurice Cleary. Well now, May might call her hubby “honey” or “darling” now and then but we do know that their friends call him Maury.

BARBARA—Lloyd Hughes was born in Bisbee, Arizona, on October 21st, 1899. He measures over seventy-two inches, displaces one hundred and sixty pounds, and has brown hair and gray eyes. Your wish has come true, for Lloyd is singing and talking in Love Comes Along opposite Bebe Daniels. Did you read our little piece about him in this issue? See page 52.

PEGGY—After a stage career of fourteen years and a screen experience of nine years duration, one is apt to be way along in the thirties. So it is with Warner Baxter, who first saw the bright day-light in Columbus, Ohio, Winifred Bryson was the name of the girl who just couldn’t say no to his proposal of marriage.

FRANK—Lawrence Gray is also known as Larry C. y. He has no brothers or sisters who are known professionally. We are thinking of Alexander Gray, when you asked this? Larry just finished the lead in Children of Pleasure. He is another silent star who has found his singing voice and is now down on the books for some big featured work on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot.

DALE—Vitaphone methods demand the use of discs for sound reproduction. Movietone reproduction is the sound-on-film process. However, the latest developments by sound engineers have demonstrated the Warner Brothers Vitaphone idea that discs are better than a sound-on-film. Recent experiments using fiber needles on aluminum discs reveal that a better tonal quality is obtainable and this change will be put into effect very shortly by Warner Brothers. There is also an important saving in breakage when the aluminum disc is used.

MARIAN—Your latest heart throb is going to sing for you again. In The [Continued on page 93]

In Reply Would Say

Here are the answers to those burning questions asked by talkie fans everywhere. Answers are prepared by the TALKING SCREEN Fan Service Bureau

Hell Harbor. Your newest crush, Helen "Sugar" Kane is all set to be starred in Dangerous Nan McGrew. No, she does not play the romantic lead in this, but she does boop-boop-a-doop.

The Month’s Best Question

What are the most important developments in the theatre showing of pictures?

H. S.

The new double width film, which is called "Grandeur," was used by Fox Films in their production of Happy Days. This newly devised film requires special apparatus for its projection on a greatly enlarged screen which measures 42 feet wide by 20 feet high. The standard screen is just a little less than half that, the size being 24 feet by 18 feet.

Another development used recently is that of the "double process." This is the projection of the picture on one reel with the projection of sound on another reel. These two reels are run off separately but in perfect synchronization by reason of one motor controlling the projection machine. This method was used in The Rogue Song and explains its wonderful sound values.
Laughter is more precious than gold

FROM the alchemist of old, down to the forty-niner and to the high pressure business man of today, Gold, to many, has been the only goal. But what good is a mountain of gold to a man who cannot laugh? Better a cottage filled with laughter than a mansion shrouded in gloom.

Laugh and the world laughs with you. And nowhere better than in the theatre whose screen offers one of Educational's new talking comedies.

These are the short feature comedies that have brought screen humor to its new and greater prestige and popularity. You will find them playing in the better theatres everywhere.

Educational's Talking Comedies

A Few Big Laughs Especially Worth Watching For

"MATCH PLAY"—Walter Hagen and Leo Dierg, with Andy Clyde and Marjorie Beebe, in a special Mack Sennett featurette of championship golf and championship fun.

"SUGAR PLUM PAPA"—One of the most pretentious talking comedies of the season, with Ephraim Pollard, Andy Clyde and a big Sennett comedy cast in a repertory story.

"DAD KNOWS BEST"—Featuring Taylor Holmes in a Jack White Production that is as class-y as it is lust and funny.

"CAVIAR"—Introducing Terry-Toons, a new idea in combining music with screen cartoons, by the master of them all, Paul Terry.
One of the very loveliest ladies of the talking screen, Norma Shearer has run the gauntlet of human expression in her characterizations— all the difficult way from a woman of easy virtue to an ultra-refined gentlewoman.
When it comes to playing those oh-so-romantic Mexicans, who is there better fitted than Warner Baxter? This fascinating chap seems to know more about southern-latitude romantic glamour than fiction's most famous Latin lovers.
If there’s a sizzling baby of the modern, red-hot variety to be portrayed in one of those collegiate dreamers, who immediately pops into the mind of the casting director? Loretta Young, you say? We knew you’d guess it.
The talkies have certainly done well by Betty Compson and she has done well by them. Each picture she appears in shows us a Betty more accomplished than ever—more seductive, more sophisticated, and more talkie-conscious.
Kindly read this caption in the low voice for it concerns a gentleman called George Bancroft, the best man of them all. Thank Heaven that in this effete age we can always safely and confidently turn to Mr. Bancroft for strength.
This lady, who has charming gray eyes and blond hair, sang a song in Paul Whiteman’s King of Jazz so well that Paul allotted her two more numbers. Jeanette Loff’s combination of sweet voice and sweet looks is irresistible.
AS ONE who has added much to the nation's gaiety via the screen, Calvin Coolidge was the guest of the far-famed Breakfast Club during his recent visit to Hollywood. This honor requires the recipient to eat ham and eggs at six A. M.

One of the high-lights of the occasion was provided by the Duncan Sisters, who had probably remained all night to be on hand. To prove something or other, they warbled as follows:

"Dear Mr. Coolidge, we like to do our parts,
We'll cherish this early morning forever in our hearts.
Remember, Calvin Coolidge, the long ages through,
We'd get up every morning to have ham and eggs with you."

Despite the depressing thought of eating ham and eggs with a couple of Duncan Sisters through all the ages, "Cowboy Cal" proved our idea of an ideal breakfast guest. It is a rule in our house that there be no conversation until after the morning ordeal is passed. Which seems to suit Mr. Coolidge perfectly. We're going to 'phone him that he must come over. Only no Duncan Sisters armed with poetry, please.

A GENTLE REMINDER

HERE is a project on hand to establish a chain of stores in theatre lobbies. They should do a thriving business. The busy house-wife emerging from the movies will doubtless recall that kitchen needs include ham, cheese, paprika, and a little salt if the ushers are too fresh. Or other spices if the plot is too stale.

BUY, BUY BABY

MULTI-MILLIONAIRE is about to marry a movie star. There is the little matter of a divorce to be arranged. But that will be taken care of next month. The doughboy has slaved her husband's feelings with five hundred thousand dollars. These rich guys always get things their own way.

FIDDLING AROUND

JACK GILBERT is going to play the violin in his next picture. Maybe he decided it wisest to say it with music over the microphone.

VINDICATION

LATELY some brunette wolves in Chypre clothing have been insidiously undermining the national credo that gentlemen prefer blondes. But in the nick of time, Ruth Taylor, by the light of whose hair one may see Catalina on a clear day, has come rushing to the rescue.

Ruth, the never-to-be-forgotten Lorelei of Gentlemen Prefer Blondes, has proven the truth of the title. Like the R.N.W.M.P., Ruth has got her man. He is Paul Zuckerman, young, handsome, heroic and very rich. He was an aviator. But he has never been so far up in the air as he is over Ruth.

LOCATIONS

THE Irish are hurling their brogue and their brogans in indignation against Colleen Moore's talkie, Smiling Irish Eyes. And the Chinese are full of "L" over Harold Lloyd's Welcome Danger. Which proves they're not so dam-clever, after all. Maybe when Commander "Dicky" Byrd returns he will supply the producers with some new locations where there are no inhabitants to find offense. Lloyd's next will be filmed on the high seas. He'd better be careful how he pokes fun at the mermaids.

A BANG-UP TITLE

ONE of those Hollywood conferences were called to decide upon a name for a picture. It was to be something brand-new. A drama of the underworld, to be exact. And the hero was to be a Chicago gang czar—a monarch of gunmen. The best title submitted brought only disapproval of its originator's levity. It was Old King Colt.

DICK'S DOUBLES

RICHARD BARTHELMESS, charming chap, had just concluded telling why he will have a double for the aerial scenes in his forthcoming aviation film. "So," said a wise-cracker, "we'll know the flier is a couple of other fellows."

"No," answered Richard with a wistful sigh, "not that. Just the chap who sang in Weary River."
THE VIVID

The fascinating story of a boy's struggle against fate and the handicap of a famous father's name

A jobless actor closed the door of a cheap theatrical rooming house behind him, and strolled over to Broadway, two blocks distant. There, with only a light topcoat and an open doorway to shelter him from the wintry blasts, he stood for hours closely scanning passing throngs.

He was hoping against hope that he might find an acquaintance who had a job and money, for he needed one hundred dollars—and his need was great.

Back in the shabby room that circumstances temporarily forced him to call home was an erstwhile heiress momentarily expecting the stork. The husband wanted to make sure that their offspring's birth would take place in more prosperous surroundings.

His vigil finally brought success.

With seventy-five dollars of his borrowed wealth he rented for one month a furnished apartment at Seventy-ninth and Broadway. Then he engaged a hansom cab and set out to fetch his bride of less than a year.

Such was the early-days situation of a cinema artist.

At the time he was nine years old, young Doug was sent to a military school for a short time. This photograph of him in uniform has never before been published.

Douglas Fairbanks Jr., as he looks today. His first picture was Stephen Steps Out, which he made for Paramount and which turned out to be a box-office flop. After that his personality hardly made any impression on movie fans until he appeared in a featured role in The Barker. From then on movie success was as sure as his unquestioned and increasing ability to act.
THE actor was Douglas Fairbanks, now reigning head of the cinema's royal family.

The expectant mother was the former Beth Sully, daughter of the then cotton king of America, but disowned because of her marriage to a struggling thespian.

The child born three days later on December 9, 1907, was named Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

Today, less than twenty-three years afterward and without the assistance of his now influential parent, we find the crown prince a star in his own right. And he insists his name has been his greatest handicap.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR., is one of the most colorful of Hollywood's younger luminaries. As he relates the story of his climb upward, one might suspect that he was reading from a Horatio Alger tale.

His great mop of blonde hair bristles and his blue eyes sparkle as he tells you:

"I've always studied life—and I'm going to know it before I die."

This from the son of a vast movie fortune, who has set up pins in a bowling alley, jerked sodas in a drug store, slept on park benches, chatted with vicious yeggs in their own language and hob-nobbed, as a mere boy, with the lowest strata of humanity in the dives of Paris—

The same lad who writes poetry and paints beautiful pictures!

Doug, Jr., is as unlike his father as night is like day, as clouds are like sunshine. The former is morbid, philosophic, poetic; the latter is an exponent of dash and optimism and ashamed of the display of sentimental emotions.

This little feller, folks, is none other than your present screen idol, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. —at the tender age of four. Isn't he the attractive and cute kid?

At one time during his young life Doug, Jr., decided that sculpture was his bent—and this bas relief of Napoleon was modelled by his clever hands. Pretty good, no?

I DON'T look like Dad or think like him," young Doug often has told me. "I have been both aided and handicapped by a famous father. He has given me a fine inheritance, and the situation has left me protected, yet unprotected. I feel as if a great wall were around me. I can just see over the top.

"Never has the father and son feeling existed between us. We are pals, cronies. I have the greatest admiration for him—and his work. When I score, he is the first to congratulate me. Yet we are constrained when we are together."

JUNIOR lays the blame for his failure in his first important screen effort to the fact that his producers tried to make him similar to his famous parent.

"When I started they played me to resemble Dad and to act like him," he declared. "They were trading on a name and I resented that. I was never given credit for being an individual, yet I cannot ever hope to do the type of things
was 1919, corner Los Angeles. The five dollars the job earned was a minor role in The Man of the Hour.

DANIEL SULLY of Rhode Island had attained a corner on the world's cotton supply and had vast wealth when his only daughter, Beth, ran off to Watch Hill, R. I., and married Douglas Fairbanks (now senior), then playing a minor role in The Man of the Hour. Sully had other plans for his heiress. He announced that his home and money sacks were closed to her. The months that followed were bad ones in the theatrical business. Jobs for Douglas Fairbanks were few and far between.

And the same lack of funds that surrounded the birth of their son continued with them for many months to come. Fairbanks, Sr., would get an occasional role, but the show generally proved a flop.

IT was from young Doug that I learned of his dad's brief career as a soap salesman. The family again was destitute, so Doug, Sr., basket in hand, paraded New York's street of lights calling his wares. Prospective purchasers got a vaudeville performance thrown in if they requested it.

As young Doug told of his father's ballyhoo, done in his best comedy manner, it ran something like this: "Some soap, lady? Help a hungry actor? Toilet soap, if you please, and of the purest quality. It is only five cents a cake, and if you don't believe it is pure, I'll eat it!"

Often a customer with a sense of humor would purchase after Doug had demonstrated.

But as prosperity returned to the show houses, the three Fairbanks' began to see better days. It wasn't so long before his determined father was being started behind the footlights.

When the child was four, he was sent to kindergarden in New York. And he has never stopped learning.

A five he had his first love affair. He proposed marriage to his cousin, Flobelle Fairbanks, who was his age, and was accepted. That, he will tell you nowadays is why he has always been so grateful to his feminine relative. She, at least, didn't remember long enough to sue him for breach of promise for failure to lead her to the altar.

A YEAR later the son of Douglas Fairbanks was being privately tutored in New York. His education continued in this manner in Los Angeles and Pasadena, California. Then his mother took him to Paris.

When he was eleven, young Doug had memorized Richard

The marriage of Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in New York City is famous—and their triumphant return to Hollywood is even more so. The lady on the right is Joan's mother.

III. But, even then, he had about made up his mind that schools were the bunk, to use his own word. "I was a failure in the classroom, especially in mathematics," he declared. "When I was twelve, we returned to Watch Hills, R. I., for the summer, and I earned my first money by setting up pins in a bowling alley.

"I got in part of another semester in school, but finally I quit and took a job jerking sodas in a drug store."

His parents had been separated for some time when Mrs. Fairbanks won a decree in Westchester county, New York, on March 3, 1919, and was awarded custody of the child.

[Continued on page 77]
Mary Astor yearned for a truly dramatic rôle—until it came in an all too bitter reality

Mary Astor with Frederic March and George Bancroft in a scene from *Ladies Love Brutes*, the picture for which Mary was taking a test when her husband, Kenneth Hawks, so tragically lost his life.

"It is at times like these," Mary Astor says sorrowfully, "that the talkies prove stringent—for it is easier to keep the tears out of one's eyes than out of one's voice." Until her recent tragedy, her striking beauty was unshadowed by sorrow and heartache. But work has been her salvation.

By HELEN BURNS

There come times in the lives of Hollywood's glittering stars when they are called upon to bury personal agony and heartache and prove that they are actresses. Such a time has come to Mary Astor.

For years Mary has been struggling to persuade directors that she was more than a beautiful and colorless heroine. She wanted a chance to reveal hidden depths of character, to portray a dramatic and difficult rôle convincingly. A cruel fate has taken the matter out of the hands of the directors and given her that chance.

A few weeks ago, Kenneth Hawks, Mary's director husband, engaged in making a flight picture, took an airplane ride from which he never returned. While taking a shot of a parachute jump, the plane in which Hawks was a passenger locked wings with a companion ship. The two planes and their ten occupants fell headlong into the sea.

Hawks' body was recovered three days later, and Mary Astor stood watching while his ashes were cast upon the relentless waves. We wondered how she would take this crushing blow.

Mary Astor is tall, gray-eyed and auburn-haired, and her friends know her as a vivacious person with a mischievous twinkle in her eyes. Sorrow has always been foreign to her. Until a few weeks ago her most unhappy moments were portrayed on the screen.

Up to the time of her husband's death, tragic scenes took acting on the part of Mary Astor. Life had treated her kindly, she had youth and beauty, love and success. Laughter came more naturally than tears. But the ruthless hand of fate stepped in and reversed that order. Now it is Mary's laughter that marks her as a finished actress.

Mary and Kenneth had been married only eighteen months. They were considered one of the happiest and most congenial couples in Hollywood. The successful turning point in Mary's career dated from the time of her marriage to Hawks.

"I couldn't go on now without my work," Mary says. "It's the only thing that helps when thinking gets too much for me."

Mary has started work on her first talking picture. She is

[Continued on page 86]
MEET RICHARD DIX

This intimate study of a famous star reveals his personal likes and dislikes—private doings and sayings—with delightful frankness.

By HERBERT CRUIKSHANK

As "THE OLD DOCTOR," he could have been a House-...
He doesn't look before he leaps. Witness the time he made a beautiful swan dive into a gymnasium pool from which the water had been omitted. When he came to Rich laughed it off as he does everything. He's always the guy who laughs last—and longest. Yet he's a pessimist to the extent of wearing both belt and suspenders.

One of the last times he said his prayers was when he jumped, like the proverbial chamois, from precipice to precipice. And missed. Earth was about a mile straight down. He managed to cling to the side of the cliff, and promised that if Providence helped him climb up, he'd never ask another favor. It did. And he hasn't.

Ninety-nine of every hundred people working in Rich's studio believe that he letters in alphabet soup will come together and spell his name. Recently, the hundreth guy was a hamonnie of size and ferocity to make Vic McLaglen and Karl Dane look like the Fairbanks twins. He was a carpenter who made most of the sets out of his own head. He said Dix was sunk in a ditch. Or something that sounded like that. And forgot to smile when he said it. Rich has a scar over one eye. But they're still sending the other fellow flowers.

H E'S true to old friends, old liquor, an old pipe. He reads good books. And recommends them to his friends. A red-head was surprised to receive a gift from him. It was the Life of Benvenuto Cellini. He appreciates a good joke, and is a rare story teller. He'll go to endless pains and devote whatever time may be necessary to build up a yarn so the point will have an intensified kick.

He wears tweeds and serges, soft collars, soft grey hats, voluminous overcoats. When he's in New York—which he loves—he registers under his real name for privacy. And then proceeds to call up all his friends for teas, luncheons, dinners, theatres, breakfasts and parties generally. Although he thinks there's no place like Manhattan, he's always as glad to get back to Hollywood as he is to get away from it.

He got badly nicked in the stock-market, and sent out a Christmas card making fun of his predicament. It showed Rich down for the count. Down—but never out, mind you, with the skeleton of income tax, the burglar, "Bill," the swindling stock market and a pirate (which may have been the film business, although Rich didn't say so) gathered around emitting Bronx cheers. "... well, anyway, Merry Christmas," says he, and you could almost see the grin.

B EFORE he became the Tsar of the Talkies, Dix, it is alleged, was a stage actor. To this day he can't bear

[Continued on page 93]
I Don't Want to Seem

W

HAT's that, Miss Boyle? You say Mr. Schenk of United Artists, and Mr. Schulberg of Paramount, and Mr. Wurtzel of Fox, and Mr. Zanuck of Warner Brothers, and Mr. Thalberg of M-G-M, Mr. Kennedy of Pathé, Mr. Le Baron of RKO and young Mr. Laemmle of Universal, are all waiting outside? Of course. That just reminds me, I sent for them. Tell them to come in. I'll see them now. No, I'm not too busy.

Hi, boys. Won't you—er—sit down? Better make yourselves comfortable. I have quite a lot to say to you. Squeez your right over by that Metro lion, Irving. That's right, Sol, keep that Fox on the other side of the room. Bennie, you and Darryl share the bench. Junior, get a couple of chairs for Mr. Le Baron and Mr. Kennedy, then you come over here and sit on my lap. Now boys, pass the ciggies and let's all violate an amendment together. Here's luck, fellers. You need it.

I suppose you were all surprised when I sent for you. But it's a good thing to get together now and then. And if I'm willing to devote my time to it, there's no reason why you shouldn't be. Goodness knows I have more to do than any of you.

Now the idea of the meeting is this. Between one thing and another, Will Hays seems pretty busy. And as Will Rogers once appointed himself an ambassador or something, I've decided to follow his precedent and lend a helping hand to Mr. Hays. I don't want to lose my temper or anything, but you boys have been falling down on the job. And from now on things gotta be different—or else. I'd hate to let any of you go—but business is business. And we want business to be a whole lot better.

IN THE first place, I want you muggs to show a little originality in the selection of picture material. If one of you accidentally makes a hit, all the others jump the same fence like a lot of Broadway columnists. War pictures, backstage pictures, underworld pictures, revues. Phooey! Don't you suppose the public ever gets tired of your merry-go-round? What's that? To where with the public? The public be what? Just be a little careful of your language!

Don't think you've gotta have a horse-race or some "big physical wow" in every picture. And if you're looking for laughs, remember there are other gags than the one about the fellow losing his trousers. It isn't necessary to blow up a ship for a thrill. Spectacles are pretty passé. Don't forget the best stories—and the best pictures—are simple. A lot of the fillums you've been turning out are simple, too. But in a different way. Don't leave—I'm just getting started.

ANOTHER thing you'll have to stop is this photographing of stage plays. You're making motion pictures. Get it—motion pictures. They've gotta move. Motion is one asset the screen has that the stage lacks. With a camera you can get all sorts of action. In a play your characters must be assembled on a scanty stage and stay there. Instead of taking advantage of the fact that your cameras overcome the physical limitations of the theatre, you deliberately confine yourself to those very limitations by literally transposing stage vehicles to the screen scene, for scene and act for act.

Moreover, you go back to the middle ages for those plays. You take successes of ten years ago, and then wrinkle what are laughingly called your brows when they turn out to be weak and antiquated on the screen. You take a musical show depending entirely upon the personality of a great dancer, a popular singer, a side-splitting comic of the theatre, and you produce it minus the very quality that made it successful originally. You use songs that have lost their vogue in a dim past, and you put in additional numbers that are utterly unimpressive. The talkies haven't had a half-dozen song hits since you began the Woman Disputed, I Love You business.

Another thing. You're hurting both stage and screen by purchasing movie and dialog rights to any weiner schnitzel of a play that by hook or Joe LeBlang can stay in a New York theatre during two languishing weeks. The low estate to which the stage has fallen is greatly due to the fact that playwrights are fashioning dramas in the sole hope of extracting some of the silver from the screen. You're to blame for encouraging them. And that's bad business for all concerned.

By
Herbert Cruikshank

24
The author of this brilliant article tells the movie moguls what's wrong with the talkies—and what to do about it

Harsh, **BUT**—

I don't want to lose my temper or anything," says Mr. Cruikshank to the movie chappies, "but you boys have been falling down on the job, and from now on things have got to be different, or else—"

YOU boys have been in the picture business ever since you quit your old jobs in banks and ready-to-wear. You should know by now that the way to make good movies is to use original stories prepared especially for pictures by a staff of specialists. Instead of hiring every dodo who has his name on a book jacket or a theatre program, develop the particular type of talent you require. Certainly, you can't begin sooner. At present a lot of your dialag, as well as your plot, makes the audience laugh in the wrong places. Please do something about it.

AND why, will you tell me, this eternal delay? Everyone is all hot and bothered about a novel, or a play—even a slang expression. You just can't wait until you use the slang as a title, or acquire rights to the story. Then you've done your share. Nothing else ever happens. Years, later, your picture comes out. The world has forgotten there ever was such an expression. But that doesn't phase you. The best seller you have adapted has been given to the Salvation Army. That's how useless it has become.

You tear your hair and rave about new faces—new talent. In the theatre, if an unknown or a minor player makes a hit—"stops the show"—that actor is immediately thrust before the admiring public in a greater rôle. Does it happen in pictures? It does—not. A girl or a boy sets the public clamoring—the critics to dancing in the street. Years pass. Maybe they see that player again in a grandmother or Civil War veteran rôle. I don't want to get too personal, I suppose you blokes have some feelings. But I can name a dozen young players who could be stars in another six months if given the opportunities. Not manufactured stars, either. Naturals. And don't be silly, they'd make you a lot of money. Because you hold the whip, and you could contract them for fewer dollars than you pay to some of the funny celebs you carry on the pay-roll. Celebs that make the public wonder about it all.

NEVER mind the alibis. I know them all. Granted that some are true, you still have this industry bound up in more red-tape than hog-ties a Republican administration. You say you have plans for this young talent? They're in your hat, like a lot of other things. If necessary make your schedules more flexible. This is show business not hardware, fresh fish or umbrellas to mend.

Another thing you may as well understand. Very few of you know anything about either art or box-office values in a picture. That's one reason you always play follow-the-leader, when one of you stumbles over a success. You're just closing your eyes and counting eenie, meenie, minie, moe. You're all formula followers and blue-print worshippers. And it's gotta stop. You don't have to be told about the state you brought the picture business to before the gods and Warner Brothers and Al Jolson gave you talkies. Just bear in mind you nearly
killed the goose that laid the golden egg. You've got to be careful how you handle those geese, you know. You'd better take a tumble before the talkies go sour, too. You practical picture men have been wrong in just about everything you've said. Or done.

I WANT to see you boys listen with greater attention and more respect to your writers and directors. Heaven knows a lot of them are pretty bad. But they're better than you are, and have better picture sense.

Don't hedge them in and frustrate them at every turn just so you can dominate them through their sheer discouragement. Don't try to grab all the glory. If you are really a big shot, a master mind, you'll be discovered. Some of you are darned close to being discovered, right now. A lot of people are wondering how you get away with it. Probably you are, too.

I want you fellows to tell your theatre men to let us have more real courtesy and less heel-clicking and saluting in the movie places. The courtesy you show now is just as sincere as you yourselves are about some things. Your nit-witted ushers are driving people away from the show with their courtesy. Moreover, cut out this cheese-paring parsimony about theatre programs. I want every theatre to have plenty of programs for every picture. And I want 'em on hand for the first performance and every other. Stop this petty-larceny stuff with twenty-five cent souvenir programs at premières, too. Another thing. You know as well as I do that the great majority of pictures you are showing at two dollar admission prices aren’t worth it. I want you to get all you can. But you’ve gotta give value. Until you really make a two-dollar product, you’d better give people who attend the program theatres a little more for their money. Don’t be greedy.

Moreover," says the admonisher in this article, "cut out the cheese-paring parsimony about theater programs and stop this petty-larceny stuff with twenty-five cent souvenir programs at premières. It’s plain hold-up."

THOSE of you who have newsreels. In going to put a stop to the whole kit-an-kaboodle if you don’t quit photographing baby parades, kid divers at Miami, ski-jumpers, aeroplanes, boat launchings and big guns being fired. I wouldn’t mind seeing some big guns fired from the studios. But it gets pretty boring to see them being tested at some fort. Guns, and ships and aeroplanes all look the same. Get that into your heads, will you? Don’t tell me there aren’t sufficient interesting subjects in the world to provide newsreel material. Goodness knows your overhead is high enough. You’ve got branches all over the world. Now, snap into it. You can do better.

I know you can do better when I look around these intelligent, smiling faces. It just takes a little more concentration, a little closer attention to business, a little more using of the head for something beside a hat-rack. You’re a nice bunch of boys, and I know you’re all good to your mothers and somebody’s sister. Except little Junior Laemmle here on my knee, most of you are good husbands and fathers. And Junior has hopes.

I tell you, I love you boys. I’m speaking to you from the bottom of my heart, as though you were my own sons, with tears in my eyes. In a minute I’m going to break down. Yes, I mean it, break down and cry all over the place just because I’m afraid I’ve hurt your feelings and you can’t realize how much it hurts me to hurt you. Why, I’d rather sit for two hours and be bored with one of the worst movies that ever came out of Hollywood than hurt your feelings and I can’t imagine any worse punishment than that. So let along to your golf games and cook up a few deals on the links Papa’s going to buy himself a little drink. Good-bye sons. I hope it won’t be necessary to speak to you again.

Herbert Cruikshank says that the movie industry is bound up in more red-tape than hogs-ties a Republican administration. And that for this reason the younger talent doesn’t get enough of a chance, while old stars who should retire are kept on the pay-roll.

And also, warns the author, those of the producers who have new-reels have simply got to quit photographing baby parades, kid divers at Miami, ski-jumpers, aeroplanes and big guns being fired. For guns and ships and aeroplanes all look the same and always will.
Jack Oakie, whose delightful ability to be absolutely natural in front of the microphone and camera makes his portrayal of Bilge Smith in *Hit the Deck* a refreshingly human character instead of the usual colorless "hero" we have become so weary of.

Jeanette MacDonald, who proves, in *The Vagabond King*—as also in *The Love Parade*—that she possesses just the right lyric ability and just the right glamorous personality to eminently fit her for the portrayal of romantic rôles in romantic operettas.

In recognition of outstanding performance on the talking screen, this magazine hereby extends hearty congratulations to:

Greta Garbo, who, in *Anna Christie*, so subtly blends her own exotic personality with that of the disillusioned and bitter character of Anna, thus creating a figure at once human and grippingly understandable, yet retaining the mysterious, deep fascination which is so peculiarly her own.

Winnie Lightner, for her unique personality which is at once both femininely charming and deftly humorous—the unique personality which made *She Couldn't Say No*, and also her previous effort, *The Show of Shows*, such thoroughly delectable and unusually stimulating talkie-singie efforts.

Lawrence Tibbett, whose performance in *The Rogue Song* so ably achieves the difficult art of combining the finest qualities of a great opera star with those of a finished talkie star—the marvelous ability to sing gloriously and, at the same time, act his rôle superbly and with compelling charm.
THE LATE Mabel Normand, whose recent death was a source of pain to countless people, had an unrivaled reputation for good deeds, quietly done, which were not confined to her own profession. This story is told as a last tribute to the kind heart of a gay and unpublicized patroness.

When Mabel Normand was one of the screen's greatest, it was the custom of the train reporters of Albuquerque, New Mexico, to act as the star's aides in monthly contributions of cheer to the men in the hospital there who were making their fight against tuberculosis, usually induced by war gas.

A telegram from Miss Normand would ask that a truck be at the railway station. When the truck arrived, it was filled with fruit and flowers. Her one request was that the boys—and the public—never learn the source of the gifts.

The reporters—though always on the alert for "human interest"—never let the secret slip until last Christmas, when news came that Mabel Normand was losing her fight against the disease she had helped so many of "her boys" conquer.

MONTE BLUE, the man who never used a double, who has walked on the wings of aeroplanes, driven his automobiles in front of oncoming locomotives, and jumped nonchalantly off the walls of Babylon, believes in safety first—for the wife and kiddies. I watched him install little Barbara Blue and the baby, Richard Monte, Jr., with their nurse in the Rolls for their afternoon airing. "I like the children to use the big car. It's safer. Though I generally drive Lizette, Mr. Ford's best for 1930, myself." The Blues' handsome new house in Beverly Hills has a safety passage straight from their room to the nursery—in case of fire. And the babies' play pen, in their own private grounds, is fenced in on all sides and the top. Maybe there's a reason: Monte Blue stunted to stardom from an orphan asylum. Anyway, he's playing safe now.

JOHN GILBERT has forsaken the M-G-M commissary since his beautiful new red-tiled dining terrace off his bungalow was completed. Some of the other luminaries who still eat out in the open with all of the extras and Of course, it's all right, but somehow we wouldn't want to fool around with that animile the way Dick Grace, famous stunt flyer, is doing. When it comes to friendliness, he receives the lion's share.

Step right up, all you folks who like classical sculpture. Here is an excellent discus thrower, done in the best El Brendel manner. Wait till art lovers see this!
everybody are Lon Chaney, Joan Crawford, the Duncan Sisters, Ramón Novarro and the tuneful Lawrence Tibbett.

Further gastronomic statistics: Marion Davies and Buster Keaton eat in their respective bungalows. Norma Shearer and the Garbo have their meals brought to them in their dressing rooms. Some mingle and some don't.

Ivan Lebedeff, the young Russian who came to this country because, as he puts it, the sun of liberty shone so brightly there that it got too hot for him, says he can speak any language—with an accent. He was the prince, you remember, in Betty Compson's Street Girl, and the dowder hunting Marquis in They Had to See Paris. Though he speaks English with many elegant, large words, he says frequently "How you say it?" and "one" is always "wan" in his fascinating voice. And when we finished luncheon together last Sunday, the tablecloth was etched all over with the scars left by Lebedeff's long finger nails illustrating what he had been trying to tell me.

Lebedeff has some interesting ideas about his fellow players. "Buddy" Rogers, he says, attracts women strongly because "Buddy" looks so boyish.

Judging by Marie Saxon's expression those books are the kind you couldn't buy in Boston. Marie, aiming for the higher things in literature, has taken a step-ladder in the right direction.

Here you see history in the act of repeating itself. Harry Green, who has made a hit in the talkies, is holding cartoonist John Decker's idea of how Harry would have looked in the Middle Ages.

that women are always thinking how delightful it would be to cuddle his head in their arms. And then, according to this handsome Russian analyst, when they've got him there—mentally!—they realize he's male dynamite. So that's how "Buddy" gets you, girls—this way and that. Does anybody disagree?

What made Rudy Vallée's first singing-talking picture something of a wow? Why, Rudy's golden voice, silly! But it took the rough and ready comic work of ye-oldetime vaudeville gal, Marie Dressler, to fill in the gaps in The Vagabond Lover and send the customers away with that satisfied feeling that comes from having heartily enjoyed a full soup-to-nuts show. In the rôle of Mrs. Whitehall, aspiring crème de la crème of the smart set out Long Island way, she took some naughty nips at the nouveaux riches and hit their merry bull bang! bang! Marie knows the social register rowdies well—in fact belongs among 'em. It came about this way. Once—about forty years ago—she was playing at Proctor's. When the other girls threw roses in the finale of a sportive little number, our hard-boiled comedienne Christy Matthews toned a bunch of onions and hit a third-row dowager smack on the nose. The offended female gathered up her ermines and stalked out of the theatre. Marie waited back stage for the row. She was prepared to lose her job—but not without a giggle. The lady appeared, dithering with
rage. But five minutes later, having invited Miss Dressler to dinner, she went away chuckling. The lady was Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish. And Miss Dressler has been sitting pretty among the bloo bookers ever since.

**EVEN** a make-believe war makes strange bedfellows. During the filming of *All Quiet On The Western Front* these two anomalies were brought to light: A German who had been decorated with the Iron Cross during the World War, fighting in a French uniform. And fighting on the German side, an Englishman who wears the Victoria Cross, Great Britain’s highest military honor.

**I’M** THIS isn’t a wow, what is? When M-G-M’s *Trader Horn* troupe returned from six months celluloid jungling in Africa, they brought back with them several honest-to-goodness cannibals. The cannibals are in Hollywood for exhibition purposes. After the film is released, they will trek back to the native heath. They don’t speak English and their only amusement is to see the “flickers” run off in the M-G-M projection room.

The other day they were treated to a Greta Garbo production. They offered no comment. Then, a studio employee asked:

“Well, how do you like Greta Garbo?”

The cannibal spokesman shook his head, fumbled for words and finally broke out:

“No likee, tummy-tum too thin!”

**MARRIED** and parted — with steps toward annulment already in progress—all in twenty-four hours! That was what happened to Grant Withers and Loretta Young. The couple flew from Hollywood to Yuma, Arizona, the last Sunday in January, got duly and legally married, spent the night there, and flew back to Hollywood Monday morning. Whereupon Miss Young’s mother, Mrs. George Belzer, stepped in and separated the couple. Her prejudice against her daughter’s marriage to Withers—which she had been trying for some months to discourage—was based on religious grounds. It was a marriage outside the church, and Withers was a divorced man. His previous marriage had been dissolved because at the time he entered into it he had been under age. These were the technical grounds on which Mrs. Belzer now wished Loretta’s marriage annulled.

But the legal marriage age in Arizona is sixteen. The judge listened to what Mrs. Belzer had to say and declared he could not find no impediment to the match. He put the matter up to the three of them. Loretta wanted Grant, Grant wanted Loretta—and the ayes had it.

But for two days, at least, Mrs. Belzer managed to keep the young lovers relentlessly apart. She even companioned her daughter on the First National lot where Loretta and Withers were working together in a Chinatown picture. But as soon as the obstacles were removed the two flew
Although Edna Murphy is no oyster, here you can see the little lady on the half-shell. If you ask us, she's just egging you on.

Alexander Gray, herewith, is aiming to please himself—by following the straight and arrow path, for which he's forced to take a bow.

Tidings from Talkie Town

from the same country, just as everyone else does because of her accent, the interviewer said:

"It's a delight, Miss Mercer, to talk to one's countrywoman."

"Oh, are you from Spain, too?" she inquired, for that is her native land.

"Well, anyhow, you were in England so long. I feel sure you are in love with it, and I suppose you will go back there when your acting days are over?"

"Oh, no," Beryl answered. "I would much rather look out of a Hollywood window at sunshine than out of a London window at fog. I expect to remain here always." Needless to say, the interview hasn't appeared.

CHARLES BICKFORD, the new type of rugged leading man most in favor with the ladies (see story on page 73), is investing the big salary Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer pays him in many strange ways.

Bickford owns a fleet of whaling vessels in Mexican waters, a hog ranch in Massachusetts, a chain of oil filling stations, a garage, and a café in Culver City. He also has part interest in a business that rents animals to studios. Versatile financier.

THIS, little ones, and big ones, too, is fame. The Great Northern railroad is changing the name of [Continued on page 72]
They Go Places and Do Things

When it comes to "location" scenes, the whole world is the talkies' oyster

JOIN the navy and see the world—unless you prefer the movies!

Too little has been written about one of the most fascinating and important branches of the motion picture industry—the location department, on whose shoulders rests the task of finding the specified setting for a story; transporting whole companies, crew and equipment; and taking charge of a production in its absence from the studio.

It takes only a second for a scenario writer to name a locale; it often requires two weeks to locate it. Probably the most complete location file in Hollywood is over at Paramount, where Fred Harris and August D. Schroeder preside over 75,000 photographs, worth a quarter of a million dollars. In fire-proof safes are kept pictures of houses, trees, rivers, mountains, street corners, roads, towns, deserts, rocks, and odds and ends found in every portion of the globe. There are even photographs of practically every cactus and fit tree within a thousand miles of Hollywood!

WHEN a picture is about to go into production, a copy of the script is rushed over to the location manager, who reads it carefully and suggests places, if possible, shown among the thirty or forty thousand photos taken within a radius of a few hundred miles from the studio. When a setting is finally agreed upon, it is the location manager who makes complete transportation arrangements for every person from the star to the prop boy; who orders travel planes or sends out a special studio train which runs on its own schedule; who tells hotel keepers to change the sheets, or puts up tents in the desert; who oversees the loading of all equipment, and orders a warmer blanket for the horse. "He's a busy man!"

The most spectacular location trip since the advent of talk-miles from the M-G-M Studios into the heart of South Africa. Months before the company started on the long trek that was to establish a new location record, a business man and laboratory specialists went ahead to look over the country. It was the bright location manager who figured out that the company would need 30,000 pounds of canned food—two carloads; who arranged for a complete auto-truck surgery with a physician; and who sent to Africa 100 tons of motion picture equipment.

LOCATION in South Africa may sound to some adventurers souls like a spring holiday. Yes, Africa's great, except for terrific storms which cause floods that wipe out entire native villages: having to bathe in a river, a portion of which is nearly screened off so that annoyed alligators won't bite off a leg or arm; tents instead of houses, with the bed legs set in cans of coal oil—because there are bugs, my dear! Then, of course, there are odd little play-fellows about—zebras, antelopes, giraffes, ostriches, chimpanzees, hippos, elephants, tigers, lions, leopards, boa constrictors, and a cannibal to eat you, if you don't watch out!

Personally, I'd have preferred being with The Pagan in the South Seas. The location manager promised all the comforts of home. Ramón Novarro had his piano and percolator; his coffee and sewing machine; his tailoring equipment and electric refrigerators; his water filter and a radio powerful enough to communicate daily with the studio in Hollywood.

Better yet would have been a trip to Ireland with Frank Borzage's company, to shoot exteriors for John MacCormack's single; or with Dorothy Mackaill, who made Stranded in...
Paradise in Hawaii, and The Great Divide in Arizona. Perhaps you'd enjoy the Yosemite, with Corinne Griffith in Back Pay; or, going back a year or two, how'd you like a trip along the Mississippi for Show Boat—or a tour of the South in Hallelujah? One location trip I'm not envying is with Conrad Nagel, who is working in a prison chain gang somewhere on the Ridge Route in scenic California.

BEFORE talkies revolutionized the industry, locations were more simple and less expensive—hence, more reckless with the mileage. Formerly ten people left the studio for an outside shot where seventy are required now. Seven or eight trucks have replaced a portable camera or two. A sound truck weighs around eleven tons; and if it leaves a paved road—as is usually required on a real location—it is apt very simply to disappear neatly into the earth! Fortunately, it is believed that within a year a sound apparatus that can be carried in a light car will be perfected.

One of the oddest maps in existence was made by Fred Harris, of Paramount. According to him, France is only twenty miles from the South Seas; the Sahara Desert is near the Arizona border, and Holland is thirty miles from Hollywood. If you're an Israelite, you can cross the Red Sea down in Imperial Valley, and have a rain in Spain a couple of hours later in San Diego. The Malay Coast, at Laguna Beach, is not far from Wales; while Switzerland's snowy Alps at Lake Tahoe rise majestically just a couple of hundred miles below the Mississippi River in Sacramento. And all are in California! Harris could have saved Mahomet a long walk by one of his geographical miracles. No wonder California is a location manager's paradise! In a day's time it is possible to drive from the pit of Death Valley, below sea level, to the snows of Mt. Whitney, passing through sand dunes and orange groves, forests and farmland.

HERE's a tiny Western town called Victorville, just 100 miles from Hollywood, where more than a million dollars have been spent by location companies. From a single spot can be seen green fields, a rocky canyon, a double track railway, a river, drifting sands and sage brush; and just beyond are deep valleys and towering mountains covered with snow in winter. Many a "wild West" melodrama has been filmed in Victorville—in fact, Tom Mix used practically to call it home! The most remote post office in the United States was discovered by the Fox company making The Lone Star Ranger. Kayenta, 175 miles from the nearest railroad station, has as its postmaster an old miner, whose post-office comprises four compartments in an old soap box. While the motion-picture company was shooting in that vicinity, the postmaster did a flourishing business in outgoing mail, which was transferred to Flagstaff once a week on horseback.

HELL'S HEROES was a tidy problem for Jack Lawton, the genial location manager at Universal. The action took place in desert country throughout. Sand can (Continued on page 97)

This map, which Fred Harris, Paramount's Location Manager, is explaining to Fay Wray, is one of the strangest on record. It is a map of California and surrounding states and, according to it, Holland is thirty miles from Hollywood, while the Sahara Desert is actually no farther than the Arizona border. The Red Sea is mentioned, and so is the Malay Coast, Switzerland, Wales, France and all other places necessary to a resourceful location manager who finds he has to have the whole world at Hollywood's doorstep. Small wonder that the State of California is the location manager's paradise. In the short period of twenty-four hours it is possible to drive from the pit of Death Valley, below sea level, to the snows of Mt. Whitney, passing through sand dunes and orange groves, forests and farmland. A great state for talkies.
This distinctive portrait of Mary gives you some idea of the delicately fragile beauty that is hers—the beauty which has been both the blessing and curse of her entire life. At left, a pose that is a far cry from the Mary Nolan we know of *The Shanghai Lady* and *Underton*—proving how versatile this young lady is. Her life, so crowded with tough breaks, is a monument to determination.
BLOND and VICTORIOUS

Mary Nolan, handicapped from the very start of her young life, has battled against terrific odds with Spartan courage

Much has been written of man's inhumanity to man. This is a story of man's inhumanity to woman. A woman who has paid heavily with coin minted from her heart's blood, from her soul's anguish. In squaring her account with the Grundys of the world, she has become a lonely, embittered woman while still almost of débutante age. Her lips are tremulous, chalked, bruised. Her corn-flower blue eyes seem always about to well again with the scalding tears that have washed all laughter from them. There is about her something ineffably sad. Now she's known as Mary Nolan.

I met her just after a Hollywood publicity man had told her to get the hell out of his office. Adding that if she didn't he'd hang one on her eye. Or words to that effect. From the story he told, his anger had been amply provoked. And it fitted perfectly with other pictures drawn from time to time of this tempestuous beauty who has always had the unfortunate gift of doing the wrong thing, saying the wrong thing.

It's not hard to account for. Mary got off to a bum start in life's race. The gods left her at the post. "The post in this case being an orphanage located in the town they call 'St. Joe, Mizzoura.'" From the beginning the kid felt that the world was against her. She battled it at every turn, snarling, fighting, scratching, with all the fierceness and all the futility of a wet kitten. For Mary is a feline type. Instead of wheedling that By Herbert Cruikshank publicist into granting her request, she arched her Persian pussy-back at him and spit—figuratively, of course. That's why he told her what he did. It's been that way more than once.

The dreary tale of Mary's girlhood—the girlhood that should have been spent in playing with dolls—is as sordidly real as any story by De Maupassant. It seems almost a shame to put it in print again. Yet it is a tale of such heart-rending interest that it serves as its own apology. As Mary's inextinguishable beauty is her best excuse for being.

At seven she earned her keep in the institution that she had called "home" since the age of three. She waited on table, darned stockings, scrubbed floors. When she was thirteen she ran away. To the Big City, naturally. Here Mary encountered another menace, about the only one she hadn't met. The menace of men to ignorant, impoverished, unprotected beauty. Alike the blessing and the curse of feminity.

But let her tell it. Through those pouting, bitter, bruised lips. Lips made for kisses. Lips that have felt blows.

"You know the artists, Arthur William Brown and James Montgomery Flagg?" she queried in her purring voice.

Yes, I knew them.

"It was through them that I got started on what I suppose should be called my career. Mr. Brown found me crying in the subway. He was decent enough to take an interest in a sobbing kid. He liked my hair and eyes, I guess. Anyway he gave me a chance to earn some money as his model. After that things were a little better. I became popular as a type that great painters liked to put on canvas. Louis Béz painted me as 'A Bit of Sunshine'..." (she laughed ironically)... Charles Dana Gibson drew me, I posed for Childe Hassam and for Mr. Flagg.

It was Mr. Flagg who gave me a letter to Arthur Hammerstein. The letter got me a place in the chorus. I was fourteen when I met Frank Tinney. You knew about that. Who doesn't? I guess he was the only man I ever really loved. And what did it get me? I was on the front pages as Imogene Wilson, Frank Tinney's sparring partner."

[Continued on page 76]
Adapted from the Warner Brothers talking picture of thrills, suspense, sportsmanship and love.

The director always called rehearsals at the hottest time of day, and enjoyed them most when he was tripping over scrubwomen with pails full of soap suds.

If the Dizzy Club had been a first rate joint, he would have worn a coat with a gardenia in the lapel; if it had been second rate, he might have shed the coat; but being third rate, he had shed the coat and stripped his shirt off. The thin tinkle of a piano vied with the sounds of slopping mops and tap routines.

"Come on," the director said disgustedly, removing his straw hat to mop his forehead. "Step, heel... hesitate... one, two, three... step. You darned act like a layout of beef trust mamis from a burlesque! This is big time." He whirled and shouted to Tommy Blake at the piano. "What do you think this is, a beer joint? Waiting for someone to throw a nickel? Snap into it and give those girls pep!"

WINNIE HARPERS, who was leading the chorus, had to be big to allow room for her heart. She wasn't so terribly good-looking, but she knew more about putting a song over than Lincoln knew about wood chopping. She edged over to Tommy. "Don't mind him, Tommy," she said. "Since he's eating regular, he thinks he's Ziegfeld."

"He wants us to rock the visiting firemen to sleep," one of the girls said. "Here comes Jerry, Winnie."

Jerry Casey had strolled in and started across to Big John's office. Winnie's eyes followed him. Just one look from those eyes of Jerry's would have furnished material for enough day dreams to last a year. "Hello, Mr. Casey," she said.

"Hello," Jerry said, without noticing her much.

WINNIE stared after him adoringly. The director's voice was not sweet and soulful as he yelled, "Come on, now, we'll try it again. Watch me, chumps!" The girls scrambled into line.

Jerry pushed open the door of Big John's office and disappeared. He leaned against the wall, smoking moodily. Big John didn't look up. "Hello, Jerry," he said. "Have a shot?"

"No, thanks.
Cigarette?"
"Got one, thanks.
What's eating you?"
"Nothing much."
"Don't kid me. You're walking around like a guy ready for the East River. Some dame's got you going."
"I'm twenty-one," said Jerry, "an' I know my heart beats."
"I wouldn't sing the blues for the best kid in the whole Scarsdale bouquet."

"Sure, I know. Ain't I raised you?"
The fascinating story of a happy-go-lucky cabaret singer whose very human heart beat for a racketeer—but read for yourself this moving tale of laughter and heartbreaks

Jerry, born a racketeer. He knew. He was a racketeer. He got that last crack. He said, "Well, I'm going to kiss you." Then he caught her in his arms and kissed her hungrily.

Winnie Harper . . .
Winnie Lightner
Jerry Casey . . .
Chester Morris
Iris . . .
Sally Eilers
Tommy Blake . . .
Johnny Arthur
Big John . . .
Tully Marshall

Yeah," Jerry said, with a strange note creeping into his voice, "you raised me all right."

"I don't like that last crack. You ain't gone an' got religion, have you? Come on, Papa John's tuning in."

"The racket's got under my skin, that's all."

"Sure, I know. Take a vacation. Get away from it."

"It's got me screwy, I tell you. That last deal... every time I close my eyes I see that old guy's wife cryin' her eyes out. Takin' every dime he had! God!"

SAY, I've known you since you were a kid. You're a born racketeer. It's in your blood. What else could you do?"

"Work. Get a job, like other guys do, an' work."

"Listen, kid, once a racketeer... an' easy money guy always a racketeer. I've seen 'em break away before... it's in your blood."

"Well, anyway, I'm through. Watch me."

"I'll be seein' you, Jerry, I'll be seein' you." Big John got up and held out his hand. Jerry took it. "Don't be a sap," Big John said.

THEY went out and watched the rehearsal. Winnie was singing, A Darn Fool Woman Like Me, and her eyes were on Jerry, sitting at one of the tables. Jerry was watching her, too. He had an idea. He said to Big John, "That girl's got something."

"Dandruff and twenty pounds of beef she can't use," Big John said.

"Yeah," Jerry said, "but all the same..."

He looked around and said to Tommy, "Hey, tell that Harper dame to meet me at Tony's in half an hour."

Tommy followed Winnie out to her dressing room. She greeted him with a large grin. "Bad news is written all over your pan," she said. "Spill it."

"That fellow Casey wants you to meet him at Tony's in half an hour."

"And furthermore," Jerry said to Iris, "before I go, I'm going to kiss you." Then he caught her in his arms and kissed her hungrily.

When Jerry realized just how much of an ace Winnie was, he took her to the Dizzy Club to celebrate. But as they left the club, a detective stepped up and placed him under arrest.
came to the Kitty Kat for several reasons. One was that the food was good, another was that she liked to listen to Winnie Harper, and the third was ... Jerry.

Tommy Blake, being in love with Winnie, was pretty downhearted about her devotion to Jerry Casey. To Tommy, Jerry was still a racketeer. With Big John, Tommy's conviction was, "Once a racketeer, always a racketeer ... once a big money guy, always a big money guy." And besides, Tommy knew that Jerry was falling for the Park Avenue dame, and when a guy fell for an Iris of Park Avenue, that guy had to have more than ten per cent of the earnings of a Winnie Harper to follow the Park Avenue gang. He was worried.

There was one night in particular when Jerry had joined Iris at her table. She had a party there. A Miss Whitney, who was just out of finishing school, but, as Iris said, was learning her Broadway like the apt student she was, a widow from Paris, a Mr. Prescott, a young Yale man and Iris' escort.

Jerry knew that he was out of place in the company of these people, but they had a fascination for him. Money had always had a fascination for Jerry.

Winnie did her turn that night with Tommy playing the [Continued on page 74]

"Oh boy," Winnie said, "I've been praying for this break for a month! Where's Winnie's hat?"

"He called you a dame," Tommy said.

"That boy could call me Rin Tin Tin or Lon Chaney's uncle . . . just so long as he calls me."

"You're crazy about him, aren't you?"

"He's to me what rice is to a Chinaman. I could no more stop liking him than you can stop writing tunes, Tommy."

"Winnie the yes girl. Did you ever learn to say no, or isn't it in your vocabulary?"

"Tommy boy, you say it for me. I stutter."

WINNIE rushed for the door. Tony's, and Jerry! And it was that day with Jerry that started Winnie on the upgrade, reaching for the white lights of Broadway. It was Jerry, ex-racketeer, now manager of Winnie Harper, who smacked her into the Kitty Kat club at a thousand a week and ten per cent. of the covers. He put her name in electric lights, and had a legitimate business. Ten per cent of Winnie's income was Jerry's cut.

Winnie loved him more than anything else in the world. That heart of hers was so full of Jerry that it hadn't room for anything else, and Jerry was devoted to her ... as a pal.

There was a Park Avenue girl who, very regularly,
AFFAIRS OF THE HEART

Film folk who are saying "We will!"—"We do!"—"We're through!"

JEANNETTE MacDONALD,
whose charms as a woman and a singer were so alluringly displayed in The Love Parade, is being courted about constantly by Robert Ritchie, a New York stockbroker. Apparently Jeannette had to send all the way back to her own Broadway for a man she could like in a big way.

James Hall and Merna Kennedy are as much absorbed in each other as ever. No plans for their marriage have been announced as yet. But they have promised everybody, that no, they will not elope.

Olive Borden, who used, in the not so long ago, to be engaged to George O'Brien, is now seen about with two attractive men—Paul Bern, the director, and Edward Stevenson, costume designer at First National.

Bernice Claire and Alexander Gray had such a good time working together under the technicolor lights in No, No, Nanette, Song of the Flane, et cet., that they have taken to partying together. Where he goes, she goes—and vice versa.

Buddy Rogers is still playing the field. One evening he squires Florence Hamburger, daughter of the owner of Bullock's, Los Angeles' one modernistic department store, to a formal party. The next evening he dines at the Monmartre with Mary Brian—and the evening after, and for two successive evenings after that, he goes places with June Collyer.

You'll remember that Richard Dix and Lois Wilson were engaged once—but they parted while they were still plenty far from the altar. Now Miss Wilson has been boarded by RKO to play with Dix in I Love You. Ex-fiancées or girls who are otherwise difficult in their moods are rarely chosen by stars to play opposite them. If the love-making in I Love You does not stir old memories and provide material for new ones, it will be strange indeed. And the picture, by the way, has propinquity for its theme!

Alice White and Cy Bartlett are as friendly as ever—or more so. They have taken to going down to Agua Caliente for the week-ends. During the week, when Miss White is kept in town by her work in Sweet Mama, they spend their evenings together, often dropping in at the Brown Derby for a good-night bowl of onion soup or some flannel cakes and syrup. Real romance, we call it.

William Powell was recently sued for divorce in Los Angeles courts—after eight years of marriage. After eight years of widely-envied marriage to that wicked, captivating smile of Powell's, Mrs. Powell called it all mental cruelty! She was once on the stage, and plans to return to it.

The Powells have just been granted a divorce in the Los Angeles courts. Mrs. Powell, from whom he has been separated for several years, will have the custody of their son until he attains the age of six years. She received a $100,000 property settlement, which is one year's salary to Bill.

Lois Moran is "that way" with a prosperous looking gentleman much older than herself. It is her first romance. She is seen in his company at all premières, but to date she has introduced him to few of her many friends.

Hollywood fears the betrothal of Vivian Duncan and Nils Asther has grown cold for a second time. Nils is frequently seen in the company of Greta Garbo, his country-woman. It would seem too bad if, after all their romantic break-ups and reconciliations, Vivian and he should call it quits.
Take a good close look at these RELATED

"Don't step on it, it may be Lon Chaney," doesn't mean a thing to Frank Chaney, Lon's brother. When Lon donned a marine's uniform and tried to kid his brother into enlisting, Frank merely said: "Take off that uniform, I know you."

Who wouldn't like to be told a bed-time yarn by that charmer of charmers, Loretta Young? Well, if only you were lucky enough to be little Georgianna, Loretta's diminutive sister, you would hear one every night.

These two flashing señoritas are none other than Raquel Torres and her charming sister Renée. Raquel is, of course, well known to you as a film beauty and Renée is also in the movies. It won't be long before she'll be a twinkle star. When we remarked on how pretty they looked in this get-up, the sisters said playfully: "Oh, we know our Spanish onions." Guess the onions they know are good enough to eat.
SUBJECTS

—find any family resemblance?

To brother Douglas, the great star Norma Shearer is just the kid sister. More than that, Norma has to treat her brother pretty well because Doug is one of them there recording experts and it's a well-known fact that they can ruin a star's voice.

Did you know that Olive Borden had a cousin in the movies? Her name is Natalie Joyce and she played in Dance Hall, in which Olive had the leading role. When these two get together and do their stuff they're a couple of the steppiest little girls on record. And no matter how difficult the trick dance they have to interpret, they're never floored.

Of all Buddy Roger's thousands—we might almost say millions —of fans, the most enthusiastic are his father and his brother, not to mention his dog, Baron. Poppa Rogers proudly assures us that his son is not spoiled.
EUGENE O'NEILL once penned a play. He called it Diff'rent. Perhaps because it was told the story of a guy who was. Or thought he was. Or, anyway, tried to be. The play had nothing to do with Hollywood. Had it, 'Gene might have peopled the pages of his manuscript with any number of citizens who are decidedly "diff'rent". Or think they are. Or try to be. For "Let's be Diff'rent" is the slogan of the studios and Studio Town.

Maybe it's the influence of Peter, the Hermit. The record indicates that he was among the first of the Hollywoodenheads to attempt being different in a really big way. At one time, Peter may have been—well, almost any-
thing. Just one of the throng submerged in the unseemly welter of humanity. Then he decided to be different. Now he lives heaven-knows-where back in them hills. But emerges to stroll the Boulevard on feet innocent of shoes, his dogs at his heels, a sturdy staff in hand, and his white mane and patriarchal beard streaming in the soft breeze.

By being different he has established himself as an outstanding personality of Hollywood. He enjoys at least a bowing acquaintance with the great and not-so-great. And the outsiders from Ioway stand and stare. Peter has attained fame. And that trace of the old sod in the brogue that twists his tongue, plus a twinkle in the sunsafed blue eyes, indicates that he knows rather well just what he is about.

So the influence of Peter the Hermit's "difference" extends from those staunch pillars-of-society that infest the Breakfast Club to the lowliest ranks of the extra people. The Breakfast Club, for instance, strives to be different by assemblng at the ghastly hour of six A. M. to sing songs, be "good fellows" and eat ham and eggs. The honor-guest, be he prince or potentate, is mounted on a hobby-horse christened "Ham", blindfolded and made to thrust his palm into a platter of eggs fried soft and squishy.

As to the extras, one brief True Story will suffice. One of hundreds, she tried without avail to attract the attention of the casting director. But there was nothing to distinguish her from the competition. Then she, too, decided to be different. Armed with a great, juicy tomato she forced her way through the ranks to the front row. Biting deep into the fruit, or vegetable, or soup-greens, or whatever a tomato is, she swaggered directly up to that director and asked him if he'd like a bite. He took one, gave her a part, and never since then has he forgotten the girl-with-the-tomato. She had succeeded in distinguishing herself from the rest. She was different. It actually proved to be the turning point in her career.

IT would make no never-mind—if a place were packed with Presidents, Tom Mix's entrance could never pass un-noticed. Tom's diamond-monogrammed belt-buckle blazes like a dowager's stomacher. If it's evening his plum-colored formal dress marks him as a bird of brilliant plumage in a gathering of crows. At luncheon it may be his cream-colored suit you'll see coming. And of course, there's the ten-gallon hat, increased to twenty in Tom's case, which always tops his regalia. The TM brand is on everything Tom owns, from his hill-high castle to his numerous motor-cars. No one can ever doubt that Mix is different.

Ken Maynard, too, is a figure to be remembered. Again
In Hollywood!

In the most "different" city in the world, no stunt is too wild, no gag is too far-fetched, to be used in demonstrating difference.

James Cruze's (right) open-throated sport shirt and flannel trousers for any and all occasions make him stand out from the crowd and Jim Tully's (left) writings proved his uniqueness.

the fine, white hat, the motor car to match, the clothes that dazzle even the white sun of the Pacific. Ken is different, too.

When those trick Ford town cars came out, Hollywood broke its neck to order them. They were tiny as a band-box, were built in the well-known Ford outline, but they required the presence of a driver and a footman up front. The idea of a Ford requiring a liveried retinue appealed to Hollywood's idea of being different. The scenarist, Charlie Furthman, beat the stars to the punch. His was the first swanky Ford in town, and the crowd surrounding it wherever parked might include celebrities from Al Jolson ranging both ways. At so much the head, the crowd was worth the cost of the car.

Wilson Mizner, whose activities include everything from wedding an heiress to running "The Brown Derby," has long since established his difference. One thing that helped, was the time he drove in evening elegance to one of the snootiest premières the Coast has ever known. Rolls-Royces vied with Hispanos and Isottas in eye-filling luxury. Mizner's wagon was the ancestor of all flivvers. It staggered on two cylinders to a flunky-flagged entrance, and there Wilson alighted with his ritzy lady.

[Continued on page 783]
The First of

The real reason why Lon Chaney changed his mind about the talkies! This versatile master of characterizations will be equally versatile when it comes to his voice—changing it as easily as he changes his make-up

By BOB MOAK

The Last of Mr. Chaney...

The pages reproduced above are from the March issue of TALKING SCREEN, in which we gave his reasons why Chaney wouldn't make a talkie. Lon is a great showman and kept public interest in himself at a tense pitch by making everybody wonder just how long his screen silence would last.

Five vocalizations in a single production!

Ironical? What else might one term it? This son of a deaf and dumb mother and father outdoing all other film notables in the matter of conversational versatility!

Lon Chaney is a shrewd man. Hollywood long since discovered that fact.

When he persistently held out against this new form of celluloid entertainment, the world at large surmised that it was because his voice would not register.

But Lon always has figured out his moves before he made them. It has been that way since the very earliest days of his long and successful motion picture career.

The day of the celluloid miracle is at hand. The Sphinx of the movies is to break his silence.

Lon Chaney finally has joined the talkie parade!

And the star whose ability at make-up won for him the cognomen of "the man of a thousand faces," now gives promise of becoming "the man of a thousand voices." Increasing his popularity a thousandfold.

One million dollars will pour into the Chaney bank account during the next three years as a result of his change of front, but his producers will receive value plus in return for their gold.

Remember The Unholy Three, in which he portrayed the ventriloquist and the old lady? They were among his finest characterizations.

But when Lon remakes this vehicle shortly as a talking picture, he will not only play the same parts, but he will offer five different voices. Enacting the ventriloquist's dummy and the parrot would be out of the question, even for a Chaney, but he can and will speak for them. Their lucky break.
Mr. Chaney

TURN back to the time many years ago when he was working as a cowboy to get his toe-hold in pictures after winning recognition on the stage. He realized that he wasn't young. He wasn't good looking. He would never do as a leading man playing opposite beautiful feminine stars. He decided he would be a character actor—the greatest of character actors. He set about his task with determination and intelligence.

He became the biggest consistent box office winner among the male luminaries—not only because of his work, but because he has shrouded himself in a veil of mystery. Not since his days as a bit player has he appeared on the silver sheet or in a portrait or publicity picture without make-up. His real face is not known outside of Studiotown.

AND continuing with that same shrewdness, his real voice will be a matter of speculation. He will use at least two in every production, and let the public guess.

Chaney has been the master of his own professional destiny ever since his work in The Miracle Man elevated him to stardom ten years ago. His producers, respecting his judgment, have listened to his advice, and, under the terms of his new agreement, they will continue to do so.

Every Chaney film has been a financial success! No other star can duplicate that record.

That's why, when the talkie wave struck the industry, studio heads permitted Lon

—Lon as the old lady in that same production. This fine characterization will gain still greater vividness when reenacted on the talking screen—by Lon Chaney.

to have his own way and go on making silents. When he returned to the lot last December after a long illness, they pleaded with him to fall into line.

"No!" shouted Lon, and he went along with his plans for more noiseless dramas.

I MET Lon at the M-G-M studio early in January and asked him why he objected to talkies.

"I'll not make one until the methods of recording and projection are perfected," he said. "The recording is advancing rapidly, but the 'play-back' in the theatres has a long way to go."

Two weeks later I heard he had signed to follow the crowd. Again I sought him out.

Why this sudden change of attitude? I wanted to know.

I attended the première of The Rogue Song, and heard Lawrence Tibbett, he replied. "They finally have overcome the mechanical defects. I'm ready to go now."

Then Lon told me the whole story of his talkie attitude.

I HAVE sat in studio projection rooms and in theatres and listened to the various types of sound pictures ever since (Continued on page 80)
Meet Miss Louise Fazenda, as she is off-screen. When you compare this charming study with some of her amazing screen characterizations you realize that Louise is something of a feminine Lon Chaney.

Louise greets you from the steps of her charming home in the Wilshire district where she and husband Hal Wallis live.
LOUISE FAZENDA, NO LESS — in Fact, Far Greater Since the Talkies

Success in slapstick comedy was just so much custard pie for this lady — until the talkies made her a feature attraction

By GLORIA McCREERY

At an early age she made up her mind to be a great dramatic actress. And what a chance! She played, along with a number of others, a wooden-faced Indian squaw. With the help of a nice black wig. When she tried to be dramatic the director informed her that Indian squaws never were. And that was that.

The next day she was a settler's wife. In the same picture. A change of wig did the trick. Still her dramatic talent wasn't spotted. She got a job as an extra in a western. For two days she didn't even appear before the cameras. The third day she had to wave good-bye to the cowboys as they rode away. She spent the day waving good-bye as dramatically as she could. But somehow the director was not impressed.

After this battle with the dramatics was over, Miss Fazenda got a chance to work with a fellow called Mack Sennett. She didn't know much about movies in those days and here at last, it seemed to her, was her chance to display her dramatic gifts.

Mack was making a comedy which called for a girl to play the part of an ugly princess. Out of a crowd of girls, Sennett pounced on Louise for this unpleasant task. It was the first real shock of her life. But she gamely played the part, telling to herself it was merely an incident in an otherwise dramatic career. And what a spectacular career. Her next job was to get all dolled up as a charming Southern belle. She looked stunning. But again her cruel fate stepped in. The director had to have a girl to play a black-faced Topsy. Like Sennett, he pounced on Louise. She needed the money and she played the part in her funniest way.

That finished her dramatic ambitions. From then on it was comedy all the time. Every time she suggested a dramatic rôle the directors laughed at her. So finally Louise shrugged her comely shoulders and became a star in the good old pie-throwing opera. She was a philosopher, too.

...the rest...

...from slapstick, Louise went to comedy roles in feature productions. And since the coming of the talkies she has been busy every minute. For a while she was under contract to Warners. Now she is freelancing. So popular is she that she seldom has more than one or two days' rest between pictures.

Among the more important productions she has appeared in are: Down On the Farm, The Gay Old Bird, The Kitchen Lady, Quincy Adams Sawyer, The Beautiful and Damned, Gold Diggers, Main Street, Compromise, Bobbed Hair, Lightning by the Sea, Foolproof Widows, The Passionate Quest, etc.

[Continued on page 94]
HOLLYWOOD'S FAMOUS FAMILY TREES

MARY SHARON tells of Hollywood scions of royalty and such—blue-blooded descendents of kings and the nobility and other lofty family trees

The crest of the House of Van Driel, Holland, and the kinship of Van Dyke, the famous Dutch painter, are both honors which W. S. Van Dyke, M-G-M director, can justly claim. The silver box he is holding was once presented to his famous name sake by the Archduchess Eugenia.

MARY SHARON tells of Hollywood scions of royalty and such—blue-blooded descendents of kings and the nobility and other lofty family trees

Above is the coat-of-arms of Lord Seymour of England, ancestor of Anthony Bushell, movie celebrity. Lord Seymour married the widow of Henry VIII and their daughter married one Anthony Bushell, direct ancestor of the Anthony we know on the screen.

THE Cinderella story has proven the most popular theme with Hollywood publicists. A well-written tale about the girl who has succeeded in bridging the gap between the Bronx and talkie stardom is sure to get over. Cinderella in reverse, however, is not so well-known.

Little is told of the stars who can boast of the bluest blood of European royalty. Respecting the traditions of their ancestors, these aristocrats of Hollywood are the last to mention their origin. For blue blood has always frowned upon acting as a career.

A psycho-analyst would undoubtedly claim that this is why royalty have given some of the best actors and actresses to the screen.

A PEEP up the family trees of Hollywood is enlightening, and in many cases, surprising, for blue blood is sometimes found in unexpected places.

There is jovial Jack Mulhall. You might suppose him to be a descendant of Captain Kidd, The Village Blacksmith or François Villon. If so, you are wrong. Jack is descended from the one and only line of Irish kings and is also a direct descendant of Lord Esmonde, with an acknowledged right to use the Esmonde crest and armor.

He has a flaw-proof genealogy, which he acknowledges cost him grandfather twenty-five dollars. "If firmly believe if grand-dad had dug down a little deeper and paid thirty-five dollars, we might have been traced back to the King of France or Belgium," he told me whimsically. "But he was satisfied with his bargain and I am sure I shan't lose any sleep over the difference."

Bebe Daniels is a descendant of the Empress Josephine on her maternal grandmother's side. She has a miniature silver figurette of a lady in medieval court costume which once graced the dressing table of the Empress.

Bebe's grandfather, Colonel Griffin, was for many years the United States ambassador to Colombia. It was during his term of service that he met and married Eva de la Plaza, the daughter of the Governor of Colombia. It is through Colonel Griffin that Bebe has inherited a Spanish rapier which came over on the flag-ship of Columbus on his third voyage to America, and also a Crusader's sword of the twelfth century. She has added to these a Colichenarde blade, two Spanish daggers, an Italian rapier and a sword of mystery which she has placed in the shield that is one of the numerous attractions of her Santa Monica beach home.

Bebe is much interested in collecting armor and knightly statues. She attended the auction of the personal belongings
This four-appled crest comes from a royal Spanish family by the name of Pomares. For modern movie purposes the name changed to Page, and thus Anita Pomares becomes Anita Page. The gold and sapphire cross once graced the neck of a haughty Spanish aristocrat.

and collections of Rudolph Valentino and purchased the statues of three silver knights, modeled and chased in full armor and embellished with gold. They are mounted on silver bases and are practically priceless. Trust Bebe to pick the right things.

GOLDEN-HAIRED Anita Page is a direct descendant from the ruling line of Spain. Through her father, Moreno Pomares, she traces her origin back to the line of Pomares which has been prominent in Spanish history for centuries. Anita has in her possession an old jeweled cross which was the gift of a king of Spain to one of her ancestors.

Edmund Lowe is a real product of the American melting pot. He is English, Spanish and Irish, with a wee bit of Scotch. His great-great-great-grandmother, Mary Tuckwell, came over on the Mayflower. His grandfather journeyed around Cape Horn in 1852 from Massachusetts and became, subsequently, the first landscape gardener of California. Edmund’s mother was born in Antrim County, Ireland. Her father was of pure Irish blood and her mother was Scotch and Spanish. From this branch of the Lowe family tree, comes a direct strain from Don Luis Ortega Tristan Alhelm Pacheco e’ Pasada, who commanded one of the ships of the Spanish Armada. This ship was sunk off the coast of Scotland and the Don, who was Edmund’s great-great-great-great etc, grandfather, came to a glorious but untimely end.

Anthony Bushell, the young Englishman who has been walking rapidly from one good part to another in recent talkies, traces his origin to the sixth wife of Henry the Eighth. Catherine Parr. She was Henry’s last wife and survived him. Several years after his death, she married Lord Seymour. The issue of this union was a girl, Catherine Ann, who married Anthony Bushell, the direct ancestor of the present Anthony Bushell. The noble line of Seymour is rich in tradition and one of the oldest families in England. This line traces easily back to the days of William the Conqueror and before this time it sprang from the Earl of Broderick.

LYA DE PUTTI, who has never been able to find a groove in Hollywood to fit her personality, is the only daughter of Baron de Putti of Austria and his wife, who, before her marriage, was the Countess of Hoyo. Lya was born on the beautiful country estate of Hoyo, which is steeped in romantic tradition. Hoyo castle stands upon a picturesque crag in the border mountains of Hungary. Lya’s childhood was spent in surroundings that were rich in medieval lore. She is patrician to her fingertips. It is this very quality that has been the main stumbling block in her career. Lya’s beauty is so fragile and flowerlike that producers pass her by when they are looking for something hard and modern in the way of a flapper or ingenue.

No girl in motion pictures has more ancestral backdrop than Dorothy Dwan. On her mother’s side, Dorothy is a direct descendant of Anna Kavanaugh and Lieutenant Andrew Briscoe. This line traces back through Sir Moroch Kavanaugh into the early Irish Kings. Briscoe Hall in England is her ancestral castle. Lady Mary Campbell of England is one of Dorothy’s progenitors. The De-

Nell Hamilton can boast of the Hamilton coat-of-arms which has been handed down from the first Lord John Hamilton of Scotland. The Hamiltons are renowned for their deeds of valor and courage and a castle stands testifying to their ancient glory.

Courtey family of England, the Hansons and Worsopps of Virginia and the Huff’s of Maryland are all ancestors of Dorothy’s, as is Sir William Wallace, the Scotch patriot, with his “Elderlie Castle” still standing and offering an enviable background for her. Her mother is the well-known Nancy Smith.

RUDOLPH VALENTINO was a scion of four noble Italian houses. He was very proud of his origin and went to the trouble to look up and purchase several heirlooms that had been sold out of his family during lean periods. His whole name was Rudolpho Alfonzo Raffaele Pierre Filibert Guiglielmi di Valentia d’Antongiuola. If there be any truth in the
assertion that mixed blood produces unusual men, then Valentino’s origin is partly responsible for his genius. His father, Giovanni Guglielmi, was a Captain, in the Italian cavalry. His mother was the daughter of a famous French surgeon, Pierre Filibert Barbin. Di Valentino was a title which had been bestowed upon his ancestors for services to the Pope in time of war. D’Antonguolla came from an old Italian line of nobility that was absorbed into the family through female issues. With the death of Rudy, his heirlooms and collections of armor were scattered to the winds, from the auction block. His collection of swords and rapiers was one of which he had been justly proud, and collectors scrambled for them.

**ERIC VON STROHEIM** is the scion of an old and honorable line of Austrian army officers. The greatest regret that Von Stroheim acknowledges, springs from the fact that he has not upheld the tradition of his family and spent his life in the uniform of his country. He carries his blue-blood, gold-braid complex over into his film characterizations.

Lilian Tashman, who in private life is Mrs. Edmund Lowe, is of Polish and German descent. Her mother was a golden-haired fräulein of Germany and lived in a little border town near the Rhine. Lilian’s father was an army officer and the son of an aristocratic family in Poland. He won the love of the little German fräulein, married and embarked with her to America, where Lilian was eventually born. Lilian is all-American and not greatly interested in ancestral trees and castles. Nevertheless, she is a queenly hostess and presides over her Hollywood salon in regal style, as all Hollywood knows.

There was only one line of Irish kings and Jack Mulhall has every right to claim them as his ancestors. He is a direct descendant of Lord Esmonde, of Ireland, and Jack has an acknowledged right to use the Esmonde crest should he care to do so. His flaw-proof genealogy cost his grandfather twenty-five dollars, and although Jack thinks a larger fee would have disclosed even earlier glory, he is satisfied.

**NEIL HAMILTON** is a great grandson of the last Duke of Hamilton of Scotland. The line of Hamilton is prominent in the history and folklore of Scotland and a town and castle still remain to testify to its ancient glory.

W. S. Van Dyke, the director responsible for the epic, *White Shadows of the South Seas*, and lately returned from Africa where he directed the *Trader Horn* unit, has a triple claim to noble lineage.

In the thirteenth century, his progenitors were members of the house of Van Driel, Holland, with a title, crest and insignia, and land holdings. However, the ancestor of whom he is most proud is Van Dyke, the painter. Perhaps this artistic strain is responsible for the pictures he paints on celluloid. His genealogy traces straight back without a break to the world-famous artist and shows that the family left Holland for New York in 1652, where they settled perman-

Rod la Rocque is English and French. Through his father, he is descended from an old Bordeux family, whose men have been soldiers from the fifteenth century. Rod often makes use of the family crest and insignia, having them engraved on his personal stationery and cards.

Ramón Novarro is descended from Aztec ancestors on his mother’s side and on his father’s side from a Don in the entourage of Cortez. This early conquistador is undoubtedly responsible for Ramón’s restlessness and vagaries of mood.

Joseph Schildkraut combines four racial strains. From his father, he gets Rumanian blood, from his mother Hungarian and Spanish. His maternal lineage is noble on both sides, but weakened by intermarriage with persons of common birth.

**FLORENCE VIDOR**’s maternal grandfather was a gentleman rancher. His father was a scout of English nobility who married an Irish colleen and was subsequently disowned, came over to America and settled in Louisiana where he built up a fortune.

Kay Francis, who has lately been won over to a career in the talkies, is a direct descendant of DeWitt Clinton, an early
By
KENNETH
BATTEN

Personality
pointers from
picture personalities

TIPS FROM TYPES

# NICK STUART

HOW many times have you been given the horse-laugh because you voiced an ambition to become a movie star, ring champion, great football player, or what have you? Didn't your friends think it the greatest joke? And perhaps if you are a typical boy you listened to their words of so-called wisdom and became discouraged.

What if you are a typical boy? Should your personality hinder you from being a success? Of course not. Nick Stuart is a typical boy. And he certainly reached success.

Clean, smiling, quick-witted, crazy about athletics—Nick's personality is exactly the same as thousands of other young fellows. Early in his teens Nick decided to get ahead and he made up his mind to do it by his personality.

Through a job he had as errand boy he met Tom Mix—and asked the star if he could "get in the movies." Nick's bright smile impressed Tom and he sent him to the casting director who gave him a small part.

When the part was over Nick went into the business end of the movies. And, after a while, the various executives around the studio began to like this young kid who was always so willing to carry out anyone's and everyone's orders.

One day during the casting of Cradle Snatchers (silent edition) the director needed someone for the role of Henry Winton, a typical American boy. The director thought of that cheerful, bright young fellow he'd seen around the studio.

His success as an actor was assured after that. His winning personality, plus his ability to work, had put him over.

If you're afraid of going after success because you think your personality is too typical, remember Nick Stuart. Train yourself to be cheerful, smiling, ready to carry out orders.

No matter in what direction your ambition lies, this recipe makes for a winning personality, success. Ask Nick, he knows.

# ALICE WHITE

WHAT of the girl who is not self-conscious, who is not timid, and who has talent, yet whose personality is not being properly expressed?

Perhaps you are one of those girls whose energy is so great that it is a hindrance instead of a help to your personality. Alice White was like that.

By nature, Alice is peppy, attractive, full of it, talented. Yet, until the last few years, she was always restless, uneasy, discontented. Never knowing exactly what she wanted.

For a time she lived in the East—she was born in Paterson, N. J.—but her restlessness got the best of her and she migrated to California, gaspily leaving her home town.

Overflowing with vitality, Alice dashed through a secretarial course and got a job in a real estate office. She soon switched to being a private secretary. Then a telephone girl.

Then into the movies—but not as an actress. The publicity department of one of the studios held her interest for a while. But not for long. She became a script girl.

Still she wasn't satisfied—hadn't found herself. The idea of acting suddenly gripped her. She went to Universal and took a test. It was terrible.

But she'd made up her mind—she knew, at last, what she wanted to do. A photographer took some shots of her in an old sweater and tam—but he made the picture beautiful. Armed with the pictures Alice crashed the acting field.

And there she found the place where her energy, allure and talent—her complete and full personality—could find a satisfying outlet.

Don't be afraid of making a little change now and then. For, like Alice, when you least expect it you may stumble on the profession—or the place, or the people, depending on which you need to express yourself—that will enable you to bring your personality to full flower and insure contentment.
RESCUED by RADIO

When the studios gave Lloyd Hughes the air, he took it for his own lyric purposes—with results

By ALICE WARDER

NOT so, however, with Lloyd Hughes, who for ten years had been famous in the movies as a high-salaried juvenile supplying masculine attractiveness as a background for the emotional outbursts of the screen's most beautiful feminine stars.

Instead of resting on his financial laurels, Lloyd made up his mind to become an actor.

And thereby hangs the tale of how this handsome young man was rescued from silversheet oblivion by the radio. Rescued, indeed!

WE WERE lunching in a studio commissary fourteen months ago, when Lloyd poured forth his woes to me.

"I've been a fool," he announced over his coffee. "I've been in pictures ever since 1917, and every time I read a review of a film in which I appear I find that Lloyd Hughes gave his usual good performance. That and nothing more. I'm merely a clothes-horse on the screen.

It's just beginning to dawn on me that I have taken the easy way ever since I became a leading man. I have stayed under contract, let the studio toss me in merely to add the masculine lead to a picture, and let things go at that. But I'm through."

I asked him what he meant.

"My contract expires next week and I'm leaving First National," he replied. "I'm going to free-lance so I can pick my roles. I'm determined to either make or break myself."

DURING the year that followed, Lloyd's name seldom was heard. I ran into him on the stages while he was playing the juvenile with Lupe Velez in Lon Chaney's East is East, and again when he worked with Lionel Barrymore in Mysterious Island.

Each time I met him I asked him how he was going as a free-lancer.

"Well, I'm not adding much to my bank account," was his answer, and the accompanying smile seemed a bit forced.

Meanwhile, talking pictures were gathering their foothold, and Lloyd Hughes, the successful juvenile of yesterday, was entirely forgotten by the industry that was interested at the moment in stage-trained voices. And nothing else, apparently.

At the age of twenty-eight Lloyd Hughes found himself with half-a-million dollars, a passion for golf, and his movie decline just around the corner.

SUPPOSE that you were a normal male American just passing the twenty-eighth marker on life's trek, and... that you had accumulated close to half-a-million dollars over a period of eleven years since graduating from high school.

... that you were more interested in pounding a tiny white ball over hill and vale than you were in answering the call of the dining room chimes.

... and that your bosses should intimate that you had gone as far as you could in your chosen profession; that the time was not far distant when your services no longer would be in demand.

Would you worry? Not if you remembered the $500,000.

Chances are you would take time off from your golf game only to clip coupons at regular intervals, and tell the world to roll along.

That is what most of us would do, and sigh luxuriously.
He had gambled heavily on his future—and had lost!

ONE night last November I was one of a crowd gathered at the home of a director. The host's radio was tuned in on station WBFW, operated by Warner Brothers.

An orchestra had just finished playing some dance hits, when the announcer took his place at the "mike."

"We have a new radio artist for you tonight, but one who is well known to motion picture fans. Mr. Lloyd Hughes will render Rose of My Heart and I Kiss Your Hand, Madame. I am sure you will appreciate him."

The director's guests gasped. They all knew Lloyd Hughes. But Lloyd Hughes as a singer? This would be funny.

Then poured forth from the loud speaker a rich dramatic tenor voice that thrilled his hearers. That night thousands of telegrams poured into the broadcasting station pleading for more songs by Hughes.

But that wasn't all.

RUPERT JULIAN, another director, was about to cast Love Comes Along, which was to be Bebe Daniels' second starring vehicle for RKO. He, too, had been listening in on the radio as Hughes sang.

Julian had Lloyd on the phone before he could leave the Warner station.

"Come over to RKO tomorrow and take a test for the lead with Bebe Daniels," commanded Julian over the wire.

"What's the use?" came back Hughes. "They won't hire me over there. I was up for a part not long ago and they said my salary was too high for what I could give them."

"Good God, man, they didn't hear you sing, did they?" demanded the director.

"No, but they don't want me," answered Lloyd. "Well, I'm hiring you right now at $500 a week above your usual salary and you don't even have to take the test," said Julian. "See me tomorrow and we'll sign the contract."

Lloyd did. Now Hollywood hails him as a talkie wow.

DIReCTOR Julian wasn't the only person who was interested in Lloyd after his radio program. Other film chiefs sought him out. So did I, for I knew there was a story behind his hidden abilities.

"Unburden," I ordered when I discovered him at his home and in the middle of his daily practice session.

As the tough, but good-hearted sailor in Love Comes Along, Lloyd Hughes protects Bebe Daniels from the unpleasant advances of the wicked villain. And how he can protect!

"When I left First National, I figured that I was nearing the end of my usefulness on the screen," began Hughes. "So I made up my mind to eventually go on the stage, for I'm far too young to think of quitting work yet. I knew I had a good natural speaking voice even though I hadn't used it in my work, so I thought I might be able to cultivate it for singing. That, I told myself, would benefit me when the time came to take to the footlights."

"I started taking daily lessons of one hour each, followed by three hours of practice. It wasn't long before even Mrs. Hughes was willing to admit that I could sing. She and my vocal teacher were the only ones who knew what I was doing, although some of my neighbors must have suspected it.

I had plenty of time for practice. No one was interested in me for talking pictures, because studio heads knew that I had never been on the stage, and they just took it for granted that I had no voice. They wouldn't even waste the time necessary to give me a test.

As for singing, I didn't want anyone to know [Continued on page 87]
The significant thing about the new hats is the material of which they're made. This black cloche is of a close-knit ted silk straw. A decided change from the usual.

A pretty poke bonnet that makes a piquant frame for a youthful face. This model is of natural baku and is an excellent one to wear with the new print dresses. And the new print dresses are here to stay.
Anita Page's youthful beauty sets off the new spring hats to their advantage—and yours, if you follow their delightful hints.

Here is one of the new wide-brimmed hats that look well with almost any style of costume. There is no doubt that brims are back with us again. The brim of this model swoops forward from an almost backless back.

A close-fitting model of golden tan straw is included in this group of flattering new types for spring wear. This hat is extremely successful in keeping the head small and chic.

Softly becoming and delightfully feminine is this hat of soft silk straw with a hair lace brimline. A crushed velvet bow at the side emphasizes the delightful youthfulness of the model.
An authoritative guide to the newest talkie offerings

THE SONG OF THE FLAME (First National)

This is the latest of the stage musical comedies to reach the talking screen. And one of the best.

The story is laid in Russia. The Russia of just before the revolution—when the Bolshevists were gradually becoming more and more powerful and the ominous murmurings and murmurings of blood-red revolution could be heard through the land.

There is the heroine with the wonderful voice. When the revolutionists need rousing she sings the Bolshevist song to them and incites them to deeds of courage and valor for the cause. Then there is the prince who meets the rebel singer, and falls in love with her.

Although she saves him from her brethren and sister rebels—because she loves him, he doesn't know she saves him, but he does find out that she is the rebel singer. Naturally, knowing that and not knowing how her heart beats for him, he's through.

Bernice Claire, who is rapidly becoming known more and more favorably to talkie fans, is splendid as the Bolshevist singer.

As the prince, Alexander Gray gives another of his competent performances.

FRAMED (RKO)

When a girl sets out to get her man, she might as well give up at the start. In this story, a gangster's daughter (Evelyn Brent) goes out hunting with a gun, and she knows it's loaded.

Somebody's bound, before very long, to get hurt; and since it can't very well be Inspector McArthur, whom Rose considered responsible for her father's death, then it's going to be the inspector's nice young son—Regis Toomey.

It seems that Rose, naughty, frames son; father frames Rose; Rose frames a bad egg known in bootleg circles as "Chuck" Gaines; Chuck frames a pal, "Bing" Murdock, to frame the Inspector; who frames his squad to padlock Chuck's night club; but Chuck frames somebody else to put up bond for him, and sends Bing to put the Inspector on the spot.

If anybody ever sits down to figure what the plot is really all about, he's going to be locked up in a quiet, padded cell. Anyhow, everyone is either mighty busy, or else fidgity enough to be convincing, and you'll get a lot of action and thrills for your money.

HONEY (Paramount)

Remember seeing Come Out of the Kitchen, 'long about 1919? Well, here it is all dolled up into a musical romance teeming with comedy, youth, pep, speed, and five potential song hits—and, of course, Nancy Carroll.

The story is all about a beautiful but unlucky Southern belle who, badly in need of money, has to rent the old homestead and impersonate a (very delectable) Irish cook. And what a brogue Nancy has! The young man who was supposed to marry the new tenant's daughter (Lillian Roth), falls head over heels in love with Nancy. Little Mitzi Green, the child actress, is a delightful bundle of mischief, whose part in this picture is to furnish gossip for $5 a fact—and doesn't that get Nancy and Stanley into a few terrible tough jams?

The cast is excellent. Zasu Pitts plays a dawdling maid, with a fine flair for comedy; Skeets Gallagher plays Nancy's brother, while Harry Green rounds out the cast as a comedy detective. Be sure to see this romantic and amusing talkie.

This picture has everything to make the evening memorable.
THE COHENS & KELLYS IN SCOTLAND (Universal)

THE last time we heard from them, they were in Atlantic City. Now they’re in Scotland, rolling pennies down the streets to take the census. Here’s a lot of happy nonsense about those astute business rivals, Cohen and Kelly. This time they’re both buying up plaid cloth for plaid as soon as the Prince of Moravia—who sets the fashions of the world—appears wearing them. While wives Cohen and Kelly imbibe freely of a strange new kind of ‘soda water,’” with hilarious results, their husbands are out playing golf with the plaid salesmen.

ONE MAD KISS (Fox)

YOUNG Spanish outlaws are getting to be the rage in talkies these days. Here’s Don José Mojica, star of the Chicago Civic Grand Opera, playing the role of a political outlaw who leads a successful revolt against Don Estrada (Antonio Moreno), the tyrannical dictator, and wins the love of Rosario, a beautiful dancer, with whom Estrada also is enamored. Mojica has been called “the singing Valentino.”

Undoubtedly his voice is one of the best ever recorded in talkies, and the young man fortunately possesses acting ability, good looks, and a delightful sense of humor.

Mona Maris proves to have a good mezzo-soprano voice, and dances beautifully. Tom Patricola is one of the really funny comedians on the screen today. Moreno is a very dastardly villain—quite a change from his old-time romantic roles.

No expense, it is obvious from the start of the show, has been spared to make this a truly gorgeous production, and there are eighteen beautiful songs and instrumental numbers, especially written for the picture. The results are quite eminently satisfactory.

E VERY single human being who admires Greta Garbo has been waiting with bated breath for the sound of her voice on the talking screen.

She does not appear in the first reel of Anna Christie. It is not until the scene has shifted to the back room of the saloon that the door opens and Greta stands there. Then—you wait for her first words! And they come—deep, resonant, splendidly befitting this woman of exotic mystery and depth.

All through this poignant drama of a girl who found love after her life had been thoroughly embittered by men, Greta’s voice tells her tragic story with compelling power. And in those scenes where her father and her lover are fighting for her, she reaches dramatic heights which will surprise and delight her fans who hitherto have known her only as the exotic vamp.

George Marion as Anna’s father is pathetically compelling, without being too sentimental. Marie Dressler as a drunken old hag is superb—had the star been anyone other than La Garbo, Marie would have stolen the picture. Charles Bickford as the hot-headed Irishman who loves Anna gives a powerfully human performance.
BEAU BANDIT (RKO)

If you want to see a swell picture, don't miss this one. It's all about a romantic, charming, witty young daredevil who looks on robbery as "strictly business." When he discovers a very attractive young girl eating her heart out because her sweetheart's mortgage is about to be foreclosed by old skinflint Perkins, "Montero the Killer" decides to engage in a little extra "business" to raise the necessary $3000.

Perkins has a hunch that Montero has designs on his pet bank, so makes the bandit an offer of $1250 for killing Howard (George Duryea). When Montero discovers that his victim is the sweetheart of Helen (Doris Kenyon), he pops back to inform Perkins that Howard is such a fine fellow that he ought to bring $5000 for the killing.

HOUSE OF TROY (M-G-M)

This picture proves that Ramón Novarro has a delightful sense of humor as well as a golden voice. Himself a Latin, he plays the rôle of Ricardo Roquer y Paz, a law student in Spain, and an intimate of the House of Troy, a student boarding house. He has promised his father not to go to Madrid to see La Goyita, a dancer with whom he is greatly smitten. Furthermore, he must glance favorably on Carmina, daughter of an old friend of his father. No small-town belle for Ricardo! But what a Carmina she turned out to be—and then she snubbed our dashing hero, put up to it by one Octavio, a student who had a grudge against Ricardo.

SUCH MEN ARE DANGEROUS (Fox)

It was while directing this picture that Kenneth Hawkes and nine other men lost their lives when two planes hit, caught fire, and sank into the Pacific. Hawkes' final picture is one of his best efforts. It was adapted from Elinor Glyn's story, suggested by the mysterious case of Lowenstein.

Warner Baxter portrays, in the early sequences, a repulsively ugly millionaire who is deserted by his beautiful bride when she believes he has simply bought her as he buys anything else he desires. He writes a note that leaves no doubt of his having committed suicide while crossing the Channel.

Baxter, in his dual rôle, gives a remarkable performance.

THE FURIES (First National)

Suppose a wife has quarreled with her husband, has been prevented from getting a divorce, and is in love with her childhood sweetheart...and then, the husband is found murdered—and the wife is late for a dinner engagement. Of course, you and I wouldn't suspect her of the dastardly deed—not when she is Lois Wilson, looking very appealing and widowish. But it takes sleuths—professional and otherwise—many reels to discover that the murderer is actually none other than—(To Be Continued Next Week.)

It's a good spook melodrama. It is a mystery packed with satire and sophistication—yes, and loads of humor.

Up-to-the-minute talkies critiques to insure well-spent
ONLY THE BRAVE (Paramount)

QUITE a relief from the modern jazz single-s is this story of late Civil War days. Gary Cooper plays the rôle of a Union cavalry captain who, jilted and embittered by the girl he loves, volunteers for the almost certain death of spy duty. Seeking to be captured so that false dispatches will be discovered on him, Gary, behind the Confederae lines, meets a little Southern coquette who upsets his plans and leads him into a series of thrilling adventures, which result finally in a military wedding.

Gary fights, rides, and makes charming love to Mary Brian, who is mighty fetching in crinoline and lace and curls.

A THIEF IN PARADISE (M-G-M)

NOBODY'S supposed to recognize the plot as having been lifted from They Knew What They Wanted. Sure enough, nobody will recognize it, for something has been omitted from the screen version. Anyhow, it's a story of a girl in the city who receives a proposal of marriage by mail, and the promise of a life of happiness in a grape vineyard. The suitor, a very kind, romantic old fellow (Edward G. Robinson), has a hunch that Vilma Banky will turn him down on sight, so sends the photo of his younger, good-looking brother, Robert Ames.

Vilma's accent is enchanting, and her acting simply superb.

MONTANA MOON (M-G-M)

EVERYONE sings but the horse in this first all-singie Western musical comedy. A real modern punch has been injected, so that it fits right in with the Joan Crawford style to a T. Why, there's even jazzing and cocktail ing and real up-to-date whoopee right there on the wild prairie—and a great big he-man, who happens to be the girl's new husband (John Mack Brown), to stride into the thick of things and kidnap the bride so as to teach her to lead an honest life.

Joan looks quite alluring in—er—riding togs, and sings and dances with fervor and speed. Believe it or not, it's good entertainment, even if the plot isn't so very much.

THE BIG PARTY (Fox)

IT SEEMS that a girl working in a modiste shop tries on a gorgeous gown, thinking herself alone, and—aw gee, why bring that up again? Anyhow, here's a tale of night life and shop girls, lingerie and tired feet in New York. And clothes! The plot doesn't matter, even if you can find it. But there's a great big jazz party—oh, lots and lots of whoopee! And there's a girl who has an unlimited bank account; but although she gets a swanky roof-top bungalow rent-free, she's a go-o-d girl, and true to her struggling boy-friend. Dixie Lee, a singing-dancing girl, walks away with most of the honors, in spite of Sue Carol.

theatre hours—consult this department every month
HAND 'EM OVER (Universal)

AND SO Hoot Gibson steals a ride in an airplane, and wins a bride—but not before his rival tricks him into losing the money from a shipment of horses, blackens his reputation with Margaret Quimby, and causes no end of minor afflictions. Hoot Gibson is the same hard-riding, genial young Westerner of the old days, plus a voice and a song or two.

Pete Morrison is as dastardly a villain as was ever hissed by an audience of small boys. Margaret Quimby is a pretty girl who believes the villain, even when he's wrong—but she's sorry in the end, she is! Olive Young gives a nice performance as Ming Toy, the Chinese girl who tricks folks.

THE GOLDEN CALF (Fox)

IT'S funny how a perfect wow of a girl never knows she isn't just plain ugly until some good-hearted girl-friend suddenly suggests a little mascara and a new way of parting the hair. Well, here's Sue Carol as homely as homely. And there's a boss—Jack Mulhall—who simply won't listen to her when she swears her legs are perfect enough to qualify out of hundreds of applicants as the ones to advertise Silver Moon Hosiery. Though why the poor sap couldn't see Sue's legs without being told is one of those mysteries found only in a picture like this. Well, Sue dolls up, and lo! Isn't she the real Cinderella, with the boss just wild about her!

THE GIRL SAID NO (M-G-M)

IT TAKES William Haines to chisel in on somebody else's love affair and walk away with the bride in the final reel when she's waiting at the altar for another. Nobody but William would bribe a waiter to spill soup on his rival; break into a house in the uniform of a Salvation Army worker; discover his trousers missing—so casually drape a tablecloth and whisk broom about his waist and go places and do things.

Nobody else could be quite so busy tending to business—monkey-business—as Bill in this comedy. All the gags known from the earliest custard pie days are here; but you'll laugh in spite of yourself. Leila Hyams is pretty in a cute rôle.

SARAH AND SON (Paramount)

THE novel from which the picture was filmed was written by a woman—Zoë Akins; it was directed by a woman, Dorothy Arzner, and Ruth Chatterton plays the title rôle. This is a poignant story of mother love and sacrifice, the type in which Ruth Chatterton excels. Here she portrays a third-rate vaudeville singer teamed with a worthless husband, but idolizing her little son. Out of spite, the husband steals the boy. The remainder of the story shows the motley's tragic search for little Philippe de Lacy—the one hope that helps her forge to success as an operatic star.

Unquestionably Ruth Chatterton scores an outstanding hit.

See the Brief Guide to current talkies, page 6
Congratulations!

With a burst of glorious song, Lawrence Tibbett has bounded—in one jump—to the very front rank of talkie stars

By FLORENCE HAXTON BRITTEN

THE most blasé movie audience in the world gathered at Sid Grauman’s Chinese Theatre in Hollywood to see the première of The Rogue Song. They came—big stars and their satellites, giddy young starlets, important directors, society folk—in limousines of ivory white, of scarlet, of black with silver trimmings, to see the début in pictures of a great grand opera singer.

They were friendly—but frankly sceptical, these people who knew so well, from the inside, the problems of picture making.

"Lawrence Tibbett has a magnificent voice, of course," they said, "BUT—"

And that "but" meant in essence: "but what of it?"

For a modern talking picture done in technicolor requires more—much more—than a magnificent singing voice.

"After all," they said, "can he act? What will he be like in his love scenes? How will he film?"

And they conjured up visions of heavy-bodied opera singers squaring off to sing their arias—moving leadenly through heavy, tedious scenes. Which is all very well for the opera, with a great tradition behind it, but which would never in the wide world please a modern movie-goer who wants pace and personality as well as music with his pictures.

And then Lawrence Tibbett stepped onto the screen. From the moment that roguish, nonchalant Tibbett smile flashed on the screen in The Rogue Song, that whole vast audience was his. He captivated them without having sung a note—without, indeed, having spoken a single word.

From being the most blasé movie audience in the world, they melted into human beings. Something that is Tibbett’s real self got under the veneer of their self-consciousness—got to their hearts. By the time he had sung his rollicking Rogue Song to them, and the touching little White Dove which signals the awakening of tender love in his bandit heart, they were in an ecstatic mood.

The applause at the close of the picture was impressive. Like the persistent clapping of an audience determined to have an encore. But there could be no encore to The Rogue Song. And Tibbett himself was far, far away—he was in New York!

Lawrence Tibbett is back in Hollywood now for a few brief weeks. [Continued on page 86]
He Made 'Em What They Are Today

By RICHARD RAY

There's a ranitin' mare on the old Bar-Q.
No cowboy ever could ride her;
'Till the Ramblin' Kid came bustin' thru,
And easily set astride her.
The mare had throwed the best of us, too;
We thought the Kid was a goner,
'Till we looked in the saddle and found some glue—
The danged fool was pasted on her.

Several years ago, when rodeos were first attracting attention and thousands of people traveled to Pendleton, Oregon, for the annual cowboy events, there rambled into that small Western town a youngster by the name of Gibson. "Hoot," they called him—afterward. He was always hooting and carrying on while he was riding "wild hosses." This kid rode the wildcat horses and gave the most daring exhibitions of roping and throwing steers Pendleton had ever seen. He took away most of the prize money when he rode his horse out of town.

Hoot needed introducing in those days. Today he doesn't. Today he is the pride of young America. He is the cowboy star of the screen—the sole survivor of the old régime that included Tom Mix, Bill Hart, Fred Thompson, Buck Jones and others.

Maybe, if it weren't for Hoot, there would be no Western pictures today. Two years or so ago, when talking pictures came, the producers decided they sounded the death knell of Westerns. Gibson didn't agree. He thought that the same public that had enjoyed the sight of the ranches and prairies would also enjoy the sound. So he invested the bulk of his fortune in a producing company. He purchased valuable sound equipment, organized a crew of workers, arranged with Universal to release his pictures providing they were good, and began filming his pictures in natural sound.

No need to relate the story of success that has attended Hoot's venture. His glowing new contracts speak for themselves and besides, who is interested in financial statements when more intriguing things are at hand?

Hoot talked to me for several hours about the difficulty of
making talking Westerns. His words were quite a revelation.

"Teaching the Wild West to talk has been the most serious
problem I have ever confronted," Gibson confided in me. "It
has not only been costly but it has been gruelling. Thousands
of technical puzzles faced us and had to be solved.

"How much do you think it cost me to learn that talking
picture microphones are too delicate to register the explosion
of pistols? You don't know, of course. Well, I'll tell you. A near
eighteen thousand dollars is the estimate our treasurer places
on this one phase of making Westerns in natural sound. Broken
tubes, shattered microphone registries and lost time constitute
the biggest items of this loss. An expensive way of getting experience.

When the talkies came, the producers said westerns had gone
west. But Hoot Gibson thought otherwise and went ahead and
made westerns with speech and natural sound—and great success

We tried every possible way to eliminate this loss. We
attempted to go through the motion of firing pistols and
later faking in the sound by bursting paper bags filled
with air. You remember how you used to burst paper bags
when you were a kid? But that sound wasn't natural and
there were no flashing guns. Maybe audiences would not
have known the difference but we did. That was enough.
We make our pictures in natural sound. We finally discover-
ed that by opening every bullet and removing three
fourths of the powder we could get the flash and the
explosion wasn't noisy enough to ruin our machines.

Locations make things
much more difficult for us.
Now we must take along
generating machines and at
least one big sound truck.
These trucks weigh eleven
tons each and it is surprising
how many highway bridges
are built to accommodate only
seven or eight tons. Bridge
signs warn traffic: 'This
bridge is seven tons. Severe
penalties for those abusing
[Continued on page 73]

Hoot is daffy over any
sort of thing that has
speed—planes, auto-
mobiles, motor-cycles,
horses—and he rides
them all like nobody's
business. He was one
of the first movie act-
ors, and is still one of
the few, to hold an
air-pilot's license. And
Hoot has been among
the first about a lot
of other things.
BERNICE BRIGHT walked with the remoteness of a Southern aristocrat, although she was acutely conscious that her natural voice belied her suave claim to that heritage.

She knew she looked extremely smart as she entered the richly furnished reception office of the Ultra Studio. A last look in the mirror had satisfied her that the chic sports suit contoured her slender figure in a way which few could achieve, and the close-fitting turban which hid all but a wisp of sheening hair added the final decisive note. But even this assurance did not lessen her feeling of misgivings as she approached the desk and asked for Mr. Sidney Weinstein.

Hardly more than a year ago the door of his private office would have opened simultaneously with Bernice’s appearance in the reception room. But now the cool little blond creature at the desk, with the manners of a grand duchess, said, “Mr. Weinstein is engaged. Did you have an appointment?”

BERNICE nodded. It was significant gestures like this which made a movie star realize it was about time to don her parachute.

“I’ll tell him you’re here,” in a casual tone. The girl smiled and, picking up the receiver, spoke into the transmitter of her telephone.

“Miss Thompson, Miss Bright to see Mr. Weinstein.”

She replaced the receiver and looked up.

“Mr. Weinstein asks that you wait a few minutes.”

Bernice sank down into a deep chair near the door and carefully drew her platinum scarf more closely about her shoulders.

“How could I?” Bernice smiled. “You said I wasn’t the type.” Weinstein groaned.

“For God’s sake, Bernice,” gasped Weinstein as he came forward eagerly, “why didn’t you tell us—”
The absorbing story of what happened when a famous movie star found she was losing—not only her stardom, but also the only man she could ever love. And but for the talkies—!

throat. Once settled she allowed her dreamy blue eyes to wander curiously around the room to see if she had been recognized. She had never grown accustomed to being stared at.

It was doubtful however, if any of those waiting remembered her. Certainly there was little resemblance between this modish young woman of filmland and the wide-eyed, golden-haired girl in the organdie frock and flower-laden hat, whose picture still adorned the wall of the reception room.

Almost angrily Bernice’s eyes swept toward that picture. Once it had given her a thrill to see it suspended there. Now she wanted to jerk it off the wall.

The Dixie Belle had been her first big picture. Larry Darrington had played the masculine lead in this beautiful drama with her and Bernice had been singularly fine in an emotional way. This rôle had made her, everybody said. But now she wondered if it had not been a huge mistake.

After her colossal success in that picture, Weinstein lost no time in signing her. Then suddenly the pattern of her life changed. Not so much money the first year—a salary that was by no means what her magnetism at the box office warranted—but something that touched glory and promised more.

Besides, the company lawyer had called her attention to an option clause. If, at the end of two years the option were exercised she would find herself on the way to achieve fame and a fair amount of fortune.

The Dixie Belle netted more than a quarter of a million. Bernice was declared an ermine-coated knockout. Weinstein was immensely proud of her and his company continued to cast her in the type of picture which had brought her acclaim. She became known as “Weinstein’s Dearie.”

There was something, Bernice thought, insidiously racy about this cognomen, and she wanted to protest against it. But, dazed by the speed of the revolution that had stereotyped her, she repressed this inclination and the nickname stuck.

They dressed her in pastels. They photographed her in costumes that enhanced her winsomeness. Every effort further accentuated her prettiness—her million-dollar face.

In all her subsequent rôles her refreshingly puritanical complex was photographically affirmed and accepted. As a

consequence her personality on and off the screen reflected all the delicacy of lavender and old lace. She was duly checked and catalogued for that class of picture.

Bernice had for several months tried to stifle fears that her professional growth was being hampered. And her distrust of the turn of affairs was increased when one of the tabloids carried a juicy comment about “Weinstein’s Dearie:”

**THERE WAS A YOUNG WOMAN NAMED BRIGHT WHO TRAVELED MUCH FASTER THAN LIGHT; SHE SET OUT ONE DAY, IN A RELATIVE WAY, AND ARRIVED THE PREVIOUS NIGHT.**

To be more rumored about than rumoring decided Bernice and she took matters into her own small hands. She begged Weinstein to try her out in a different kind of rôle. But he told her that it was not an easy matter for a screen star to change her type once she is established as such. He apparently viewed her dissatisfaction with a jaundiced eye.

“You’ve been a wonderful find in your style of pictures. Why do you want to change?” and he moved his shoulders in an impatient shrug.

But Bernice was obdurate. Her mind dwelt on the danger of eventually being shelved. Finally, Weinstein promised her a new play—something out of the ordinary, and more modern.

At last she found what he thought was good picture for her, but it had turned out to be a flop. Bernice was slipping.

Then days and weeks of idleness followed. She had a contract, it was true, and chock full of whereas, but it would expire in a few months. She received her salary, but the money did not go very far. It seemed to Bernice that the career she had visualized as her sublime goal was fading out in a dim and feeble

flicker. She remembered there had been no mention of taking up the option.

And then, as if the gods were more than determined to obliterate Bernice’s movie career, the talkies had come. Bernice was quick to understand that the talkies had come as a winter’s blight upon the petted darlings of the screen, and took her cue. She sensed that scales of value were to be upset; that no longer would a pretty profile and shapely legs alone for a Bowery accent or a vocal fog.

During weeks of marking time she intuited that she was about to be shunted into the discard, shuffled off by the hand of Fate. Her handicap—a shrill, high-pitched voice—haunted her, but she determined to carry on in spite of it. She had brains and grace and a sense of rhythm, so she hied herself back to school. No, not to the little red schoolhouse on the hill, but to voice culturists that had sprung up like mushrooms along the Boulevard, to learn talkie technique.

It took money, courage, time, but at last she had the as
surance that her songs and dialogue flowed smoothly over the microphone.

It was during this trying ordeal that Bernice had missed the congenial companionship of Larry Darrington. Her ever-present thought was that Velma Valley might have him in tow again! Legend in flickerland had it that Bernice and Larry were engaged—had been since their first picture. Tongues buzzed when they were seen together at the favorite stampede palaces, but lately their romance had simmered down to a casual friendship. All because Larry had objected to her spending so much time with Irving Kaufman, a song writer from New York. She recalled with a pang how she had high-hatted Larry, and their last conversation lingered searingly in her memory:

"Larry, I can't see you tonight."

"Why, what's the big idea?"

"Irving's coming over. It's important that we try out some of his new songs. He's right from Broadway, you know."

"But darling, I'll be glad to wait until he leaves," he had insisted.

"'No, Larry. Please don't do that. It'll probably be terribly late."

"Okey—and in the future you can give him all your dates." Larry had swung away from her.

In the back of her mind, Bernice was telling herself that Larry Darrington was the one man in the world for her and that she had been a little fool to let him walk so coolly out of her life. That even this flare-up on his part had served to make her care for him all the more. She believed he loved her—something deep down had told her so. "And I must get him back," she mused.

Bernice now sat staring at the door of the room that held Weinstein in a conference. Why had he put her off from day to day? Each time the door opened she looked up expectantly. People came and went continuously. He seemed busier than she had ever known him to be.

Just one try-out is all I ask," she reflected. "If Sidney will only cast me in his all-talkie special, The Song of Life!"

Her slim, restless foot tapped a minor obligato on the polished floor while many swift thoughts flashed through her consciousness. Her brain conjured up wonderful scenes, but held to the dominant picture of herself playing the lead.

It was in anticipation of this that she had dressed herself so carefully for the interview... If only somehow she might convince Weinstein that she would be a talkie wow.

Her hopeful reflections were finally interrupted by "All right, Miss Bright, you next," and the reception room clerk nodded to her. "He says for you to come in."

With a supreme effort at nonchalance she gided into Weinstein's office. It was absurd for her to feel so upset. Sidney had always been anxious for her success. He had staked thousands on building up her name. Surely he was too shrewd to squander that money without giving her a chance in his voice picture, she reasoned.

"Hello, Bernice," Mr. Weinstein called in a pleasant voice. He did not rise. "Won't you sit down?" He turned to the phone. "Pardon me a moment."

Bernice slipped into her favorite chair and stole a quick glance at his sagging profile as he spoke into the transmitter:

"Sure, Motte. Why not? We'll meet you at my shack in about forty minutes. Why, what's that? Say, you listen to me, I'm confident she's the right girl—just the thing for my special. Be sure and have her there." Then he hung up the receiver.

His words carried no definite meaning to Bernice. She was busy with her own thoughts.

In the first year of their association he would have advanced and greeted her enthusiastically. Her mind clicked back to the time he was interested in everything that concerned her; to the scrawled words across his card: "You're the fairest flower in the garden of my thoughts," that he used to send, with a bunch of long-stemmed roses. Yes, she had always been in his thoughts then. But that was during the halcyon days—days when the shekels she brought his company were of bright, true gold. At that time she had truly been "Weinstein's Dearie," a good, sound business investment for him—nothing more!

At last he leaned back in a leisurely manner and looked at her appraisingly.

There's something you wish to see me about, this morning, Bernice?" His smile was ingratiating.

"Yes, Sidney." She forced a gay little laugh. "Please tell me all about your new special."

He reached for a cigarette in an inlaid box on the desk and studiously inserted it in a long green holder.

"There's nothing to say about it." He paused awkwardly. "Nothing to say!" She was aroused to defiance by his manner.

He tweaked his tie into place with a nervous hand.

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Her mellow voice has brought Lillian Roth from the stage to a very important place on the talking screen. She will be seen in Honey and Paramount on Parade. This young lady has looks, charm, oodles of personality and—her remarkable ability to put over a blues song, which is perhaps her crowning achievement.
Her room simply must be all dolled up for Mary Duncan to sleep soundly. This petite lady firmly believes that her quaint little inanimate friends, her fantastic bed and the profusion of flowers, help her nightly entrance into the soothing land of nod.

Not only do movie celebrities have beds but they actually use them—

All the worries of Ina Claire's busy days end in a puff of smoke. Ina insists that a good night's sleep is an excellent recipe for steady nerves and good health. This she adds, is a blanket statement that's good for the rest of her life.

In this corner of Miss Carol's modest bedroom our Sue has just flung her clothes down any old place and flopped onto the divan with just enough energy left over to give you one of her charming smiles. A divan lady, say we.
Those trick pillows are some of Gwen Lee’s sanestest supporters. For some unfortunate people, Gwen assures us, bed is just the place where insomnia holds forth, but the news that it’s bedtime is good snore for her. Perhaps it’s a quiet conscience enables her to sleep deep.

as we can prove by
these retiring young
ladies of talkie fame

TO BED

One of the newest big stars is Jeanette MacDonald. But stardom means mostly hard work and no play in these days of the talkies, and Jeanette tells us that by the end of the day the strain and whirl of picture making leaves her in a doze.

One of the most attractive stars on the talking screen keeps her good looks by the simple expedient of getting a good night’s sleep. We refer to Dorothy Maclail, of course, and here you see her all booked up for pleasant dreams.
Armchair Gabbies

Here is a simple but highly efficient machine which makes the talkies—with all their glamor—possible right in your own home

THIRTY years ago it was the penny circus in the barn; today it is the sound film in the parlor. The standards by which the showmanship of the younger generation was judged have not budged in these thirty years, but the means by which it is perpetuated have changed beyond recognition. No more is it the bearded lady posed by Cousin Eleanor, or the fire-eater successfully effected by Brother Bob. The line that attracts friends and neighbors now goes something like: "Come into my house of talkies."

The young showman's objection to this change in tradition will not run along the line of sentiment, for he is always ready to adopt a new method that will reveal his acumen. It cannot, on the other hand, be concerned with the outlay of money. For while the false beard for Cousin Eleanor and the magical paraphernalia of Bob did cost little enough, equipment now on the market for exhibiting sound films in the home is well within the reach of even the most moderately-fixed showmen in the amateur field. For those already in possession of a projector, the cost of the additional sound equipment would run little higher than, for example, a new set of tubes for the family radio.

A valuable characteristic of this new equipment is that it can be attached with equally good results to any type of projector. It calls for no changes in the technique to which amateurs have for years been accustomed in the projection of silent pictures. It can be attached to the radio or to the phonograph. This piece of equipment, moreover, can be operated independently, since it has its own means of transmitting sound and dialogue. Thus, even homes that have been passed over by the phonograph and radio fever—few as such cases must be—can take full advantage of this new innovation of sound films without any radical changes in array of furniture.

Since the early beginnings of motion picture projection in the home, the amateur exhibitor has been obliged to follow in the wake of the producer. He has had to accept the films as a sort of by-product that the maker of pictures handled in the regular course of his larger professional business. The film that had been produced for the thirty-five millimeter projector necessarily had to be reduced to fit sixteen millimeter purposes. It had to be cut to meet the exigencies of the smaller machine, and the process of surgery left its marks on the length of the picture, its continuity, its story and its suspense. The film shown at home somehow never contained the "kick" of the feature in the movie emporium around the corner. The competition was very one-sided.

Now, with the exhibiting of films in our own parlor perfected to such an extent that even sound-equipment is within the means of most amateurs, the producer must begin to pay more attention to this thing he has been treating as a by-product, or find himself uncomfortably out of step. He must actually make pictures for home consumption—not adaptations or abstractions, or cuttings, or condensations, but new, fresh, interesting material to supply the demand of the vast army of amateurs, and to fill the need that has arisen even through so small an opening as sixteen millimeters.

With this falling in line by producers, the home exhibitor will be assured of the technique that goes into the making of films for the theatre. Stories and writers, scenarioists and title-writers, directors and cameramen are coming into the field that until recently has been the scrap-heap of the motion picture industry. Real efforts have actually been started towards the establishment of a new technique of production. This technique is aimed specifically for the home and, as such, will evolve a distinct form of entertainment.

Work in this new direction is indeed well under way, and if beginnings may be taken as any sort of criterion by which to judge, family events will soon cease to monopolize the attention of the home exhibitor. A film made by Eddie Dowling, nationally known stage and screen star, for the exclusive use of the home audience, is a start more than auspicious.

WHILE the field has hardly been scratched, the possibilities that lie in the offing among dramatic, vaudeville, screen, radio and concert stars, is unlimited. The Guignol Studio Marionettes have already finished a film giving a complete puppet performance, not merely in pantomime, but in sound. Punch and Judy are not only seen—they are actually heard! Among the others already produced are home talkie performances by Phil Baker, Ema Raper, Hanlon and Murray, a "sister act," and Fred Ketch and Jerry, ventriloquists, two of vaudeville's most popular entertainment units.

The Home-Talkie Syncopators has been organized.

In view of the reasonably-priced sound equipment and the films specially produced for home consumption, the future seems exceedingly bright. It requires no very fertile imagination to hear a very sleepy child say to a relieved father, "Daddy, can I hear a bedtime picture?"
Hollywood's
"No" Man

Charles Bickford views his picture career as a means to an end — big-time whaling — and meanwhile, the world that is Hollywood can like him or else

By BOB MOAK

A SCOWL swept the face of Charles Bickford as he lolled in a wicker chair on the broad veranda of his new home overlooking the Pacific, a few miles from Hollywood. He was trying to reach a decision.

I had just told Charlie three things that he couldn't quite understand. They were:

That the nation's flappers had crowned him "King of IT."

That the most beautiful of the film stars were hailing him as their "suppressed desire."

That the most popular of the silversheet's male luminaries were referring to him as a hero.

For years I have been interviewing movie notables. I thought I knew the technique. But Charlie's threatening frown, the shifting of his eyes from his clenched fist to the rather square toes of his man-sized shoes convinced me that I had just met my most embarrassing moment. This Bickford person is not a celluloid gentleman. Rather, he is something new—a cinema bolshevik.

The man who carried off the acting honors in De Mille's Dynamite and in Hell's Heroes, and who actually shares the glory of South Sea Rose with famed Lenore Ulric, is an anomaly to Hollywood. He's probably the only person in this town ever proclaimed as a hero who actually refuses to be worshipped as such.

Charlie Bickford, the erstwhile coal-passer in the United States navy, the lieutenant of engineers during the nasty row between nations, the stock company actor who built bridges in between footlight jobs, is slated for stardom in the talkies.

But it means only one thing in his life, and that is not admiring throngs follow wherever he might go; it is not riches with which he may buy a million-dollar estate in Beverly Hills—far from it.

Success in Hollywood means to Charlie just one thing—the financing of his own whaling expedition into the Antarctic regions, a little jaunt that will consume two or three years and provide him with a real energy outlet.

And knowing him, it's just what one might expect of this Bickford who has set a new and thrilling style in movie love-making.

Let me give you a word picture of this recent sensation of the cinema, this fellow who, through his excellent portrayals of virile characters, has been handed a long-term feature contract by M-G-M—with, no doubt, stardom to come later on—and for whom he is now at work on The Sea Bat. He's six feet, one inch tall.

He tips the scales at a little better than 185 pounds.

He's thirty-seven years old.

He's married and has two children.

He's red-headed and red faced.

And, above all, he's red-blooded.

It's too bad Jack London isn't alive. Charlie and Jack would be great pals, for this new film favorite fits in

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its Sunnyside station in Montana to Gary. The reason? Because Gary Cooper's ranch—soon to be a glorified paying guest ranch—is there.

Maybe Mr. Lasky, Gary's boss, isn't pleased.

STROLLING through the lobby of the Roosevelt hotel in Hollywood, Sol W'erzelson general manager of the Fox studios, spied the photograph of a beautiful blond woman in a photographer's display.

Returning to his office, he summoned the casting director.

"Send out one of your scouts and get her name and address," said W'erzelson. "I want her under contract."

While he awaited a report from the casting office, W'erzel enthusiastically told his

William Haines and Buster Keaton have been lifted clear off their feet by the force of Edward Sedgwick's personality.

are director, Frank Borzage.

The beautiful blonde turned out to be none other than Mrs. Borzage, who believes that one member of the family in the picture business is sufficient. Tough on the movies, but that's Hollywood.

DON'T you know me? I'm John Barrymore." Which may sound silly, but wait till J. B. comes out of hiding a couple of months hence, with a fullgrown beard. He needs it in his next picture so he and Mrs. Barrymore have gone into "winter quarters" aboard their new yacht "Infanta" at Long Beach and are patiently counting the days, and mayhap the hairs.

His countless admirers should get set to greet bearded John.

Noah Beery, at extreme left, is about to start the exciting turtle race with the crack of his pistol, at the Noah Beery Paradise Trout Club. It seems that horse-racing, dog-racing and other races have turned turtle to provide some new stuff.
He Made 'Em What They Are Today

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limit." When we come up against this problem, there is but one thing to do—build another bridge. Our crew gets busy, and with stones, rocks, trees and planks, we erect our own temporary crossings.

Once we took a sound track across a six-ton limit bridge. It was a fearful risk because those tracks are worth about $70,000. Besides, there is a stiff fine and imprisonment for those who overtax a bridge's capacity. But we went across safely. We wouldn't have done it except for the fact that night was coming on and we didn't want to leave our equipment where it was at the moment. When we build our own bridges, everybody helps; working crew, staff, actors and directors. We put on old clothes and get busy. Even the women help. Sally Eilers played opposite me not long ago and while the men were building a bridge, she and two other women cooked our dinner.

"The average crew we take on location numbers about seventy, including actors and everybody. Before talking pictures came the average was about forty-five. When I took a company to Calgary, Canada, to film The Calgary Stampede, we were sixty-seven strong and a carload of horses. We took our own horses, even when we go to places where they raise thousands of them, because ours are camera trained. That's important.

I took fifty-six people, and a carload of horses to Chicago to film Chicago Rodeo last year. We needed three private cars for our company, not including the horse cars. We put up in hotels in the Windy City and stayed there for about three weeks.

Inconveniences? Boy, the last location trip we took was to a spot eighty-five miles from a railroad. We were seven weeks in the wilderness and saw nobody except members of our own company all the time we were there.

Right now let me answer a question that has been asked me about a million times: People inquire: Do you have sex problems when you go off on these long locations with only three or four lovely women in the company and so many men? We do not. Cowboys are the finest gentlemen in the world. I have never had any such trouble. I'd fire the first fellow who got fresh but it has never been necessary. You see, cowboys are used to being out in the open and facing hardships. They appreciate the difficulties the womenfolk are up against. So they make things as nice as possible for feminine members of the Company.

We have diversified ways of amusing ourselves when we are on location. We take our own projection machines and a stock of motion pictures to run. We play games. Bridge is a favorite pastime; so is poker. Checkers, chess, horse-shoes and such sports are fun. You don't know how much fun a good close game of horse-shoes can be until you get miles away from civilization and can't go to dances or theatres or things of that sort. Occasionally we grow very young and play games like tag, hide-and-go-seek, drop-the-handkerchief and others. No fooling, we have fun. And no matter how silly it sounds we take it seriously on location.

Of course, radio provide endless amusement. Football games thousands of miles from location have stopped production many an afternoon. There is always a portable phonograph or two in the company and sometimes we manage to lay a small, plank floor for dancing. Of course, you understand these amusements are only necessary when we are miles from any town. If we settle down near a town, we drive in every night and find regular entertainment. We meet up with all sorts of hardships through the spraying water. The place was really comfortable after that.

When I visited Hoot's offices at Universal City, I was astonished to find autographed pictures of nearly fifty girls adorning the walls. Most of them, I later learned, had worked in his pictures. I delved deeper into the subject and found that a score of our best known film stars won their first spurs in Westerns with Hoot. Among these are Billie Dove, Marian Nixon, Laura LaFlamme, Mary Philbin, Fay, Wray, Maitelone Day, Paty Ruth Miller, Esther Ralson, Sally Eilers, Gertrude Olmstead, Virginia Brown Faire, Ruth Edna, Ruth Elder and others. Mack Sennett or Cecil B. De Mille, in all their glory, cannot point out a greater number of discoveries than Hoot.

Gurls are not his only discoveries. He is the inventor of an apparatus known as a "blimp." It is a sound-proof casing made with hard rubber exterior, a filling of sponge rubber and cork, and lined with velvet. It fits closely over the camera and eliminates outside sound so that taking pictures can be made without using a camera booth. Camera blimpes are now in common use throughout all the studios and are known simply as "blimps."

Hoot told me about many minor troubles that confront talking picture companies on location. A most amusing one is the occasional interruption of a train whistle. On the plains, he explained, sound carries long distances. A train whistle may be heard for fifty or more miles. It is most disturbing to be filming an early Western picture, supposedly laid in the days before railroads invaded the West, and have the off-note of a locomotive whistle come floating in to be picked up by the microphone.

A study of wind conditions is important. Shifting winds bring voices directly into the microphone at one moment and then suddenly wash them away. Weird effects are brought about when this is not done. The sound expert must understand these conditions and regulate the receiving power of his mechanism accordingly. If the wind blows toward the microphone, the expert reduces the pickup of the sound equipment. If the wind is blowing away from the mikes, he increases this power. A heavy wind sounds like ocean waves beating against the shore. Horses hoof-beats, if the ground is hard or rocky, sound like cannon reverberating unless the power is kept low. Almost every noise changes from its natural sound when picked up by the mike. And goodness knows what it will sound like on the playback! The energy, time and money it takes to make the voices sound natural is staggering.

I'll never forget the hottest location trip I was ever on. We went to a place called Montezuma Castle and in the middle of the day, the thermometer registered one hundred and thirty degrees in the shade and there wasn't much shade. We lived in a little two-story hotel and the heat beat down so fearfully during the day that the building was almost unbearable at night. We finally hit on an idea for our own air-cooling machine. We ran a hose pipe from the water tank to a shower spray which we placed at the end of the wall and set a wind machine outside. When the machine was in motion it forced a breeze into the hallway and it wasn't often that anybody kicked. And a funny thing, the women never protested. I know it is much harder for them than for the men but they never let out a howl; they go through hardship without a murmur.
After the show opened the press notices were poems in praise of Winnie Harper.

She Couldn’t Say No

[Continued from page 38]

piano for her, and he joined her in the dressing room after it was over.

"Listen," he said, "you’re not going to turn on the weeps, are you?"

"For what? You heard any bad news?"

"No—o . . . I just thought you looked sort of gaga when you saw Jerry . . ."

"Sitting with a lot of society dames? Don’t be silly. Expect him to go into a monastery because he’s in love with me? If I asked him, he’d throw bricks at the whole lot of them! He’s my heavy sweater, and he looks out for his baby. Why, only a little while ago, he raised the roof with Larry to get more dough for me . . . don’t you worry about Jerry an’ me, we’re sitting on top of the world."

YOU love him a lot, don’t you?"

“There must be a better word than love to use for what goes on inside of me when I think of that boy . . ."

“It’s time to change, Miss Winnie,” the maid said.

“All right, Cora. Beat it, Tommy, and don’t worry about those girls. He’s my daddy."

“I guess you’re right, Winnie. A guy couldn’t two-time a girl that loves you like—"

BACK at the Dizzy Club, Big John and Steve Bradley were having a business conference. It concerned Jerry. Steve said:

“Listen, this job is a push over. The guy is an invite for some mug to take him."

“That’s just it," Big John said. "It’s too easy. If only some other fellow would take it over, I’d rest easy. I’ve got somebody in mind . . ."

“Jerry? Well, what’s going to stop us?”

“Nothing but a yellow streak that he calls religion."

“I’ve seen guys like that before.”

“The only trouble is, he’s got a soft job now. Managing Winnie Harper. Safe, respectable and easy—that’s Jerry.”

“He’s been traveling on high lately. Society dames, lillies and orchids . . . champagne . . . a guy can’t afford that pace with

a ten per cent, cut in a blue singer’s salary. There’s no harm trying anyway. Tell him how soft it is. He’s got a weakness for cutaway coats and high pressure janes. He was born with ankles that naturally ache for spats. Give it a whirl and see what happens. Maybe he’ll run for a load of easy dough, you can’t tell."

Big John nodded. “I’ll try it.”

IRIS had taken Jerry up. She had gone so far as to invite him to her home. Something about him thrilled her. His grammar was bad, and his conversation was Broadway, but something about him . . .

On the night that Jerry and Winnie had big plans for stepping out, Jerry was at Iris’ house for dinner. He was uncomfortable. They talked about things he didn’t understand. The Riviera in August . . . looking down from the Lantern into the Mediterranean . . . Escargots at the Nigrosco in Nice . . . first debentures forming part of a sinking fund, but not taking care of the ammunication of the special Coupon Fours . . .

He wandered from this conversation into a bridge discussion . . . and when she didn’t take me out of hearts, I knew . . .

“It was an informative bid, you see . . ."

HE WANDERED away from that, too. Iris, across the room, saw the bewildered expression on his face, joined him and drew him into the library. “I hope you’re having a good time,” she said.

“It’s a lot of fun,” said Jerry. “They talk about things I don’t understand . . . but Iris . . . I’m going to understand them. I’m going to make money and learn them . . . money gets you everything. Travel and manners, clothes . . . girls like . . . you.”

“Please, Jerry . . . Nobody can take my love for you away from me,” Jerry said. “I got that, and I’m going to get the other things that go with it. I’m leaving now, but I’ll be back. I’ll be back with dough, and I’m going to marry you. I ain’t never been licked yet. What those birds have left!" He turned toward the door, but hesitated on the threshold. “And furthermore,” he said, “before I go, I’m going to kiss you!”

“No, Jerry . . ."

“I said I was going to kiss you!” Without a warning, he flung his arms about, and kissed her hungrily. When he released her and left without looking back, Iris knew that she loved him. A man without polish, without education . . . but a real man.

AND meanwhile, Winnie was waiting for him. She was used to waiting for Jerry. The doorbell rang and he entered, all apologies. He was ill at ease and wandered around the apartment smoking moody.

“What’s on your mind, Jerry?” Winnie asked. “Tell Mama . . . I take to bad news like a grass widow takes to alimony.”

“It’s nothing. A little headache . . ."

“Wouldn’t you know it? Daddy would have a headache when Winnie wanted to play. I must have been born in a thunderstorm! I’ll get you something for it, dear.”

“Wait a minute."

“Wait a minute? Go away, boy. You’re no minute man. Hours I wait for you . . .”

“Stop gagging, dear. Please . . ."

“Who’s gagging? And what’s the excitement? I want to do you good.”

THAT’S it . . . good. Do me good, the lowest mug in the world. Why, I’m so low I have to reach up to touch bottom.”

“Listen, boy, no headache is doing this to you. Tell Winnie.”

“I . . . I don’t know what to do. I’m in love. Crazy."

“So you’re in love. What am I supposed to do, go into my dance? Oh, don’t worry. I’m not misunderstanding. I know it’s not me. Who is it, that Iris dame?”

Jerry nodded miserably.

“Well,” Winnie clogged, “what’s the good of crying over spilt applesauce? It’s life; ain’t it? We’re all on a big Merry-go-round. The music is playing and some of us ride on the horses that jump up and down. Some ride high and catch the gold ring and ride on, sitting pretty. Then there’s the others that miss the ring and fall off the horse. I guess I’m riding a jackass, and all I get is a brass ring.”

“You’re taking it big, honey. You’re a peach.”

I AM TELLING you, it’s life. I’m a sap in love with a mug . . . I love you . . . you love her. I’d die for you and you’d kill for her. I understand. It’s okay . . . it’s jake with me, honey. Oh, I’m not crying because . . . because it’s that way. I’m crying because I think you’re making a mistake. You’re like a kid. You want the candy with the red ribbon on it. I’m going to hurt your tummy when you eat them. She’s out of your class. What can you do for a girl like her? Nothing. Jerry, promise me one thing. You won’t do anything . . . you know . . . anything that’ll get you into trouble. Promise me, Jerry.”

“I can’t, honey."

“But you did promise, Jerry . . . once.”

“It’s no use. I can’t. I’m already in. Big John put me into a soft spot where there was plenty of jack. I’d been seeing her every day for a month. I had to have money to travel with that crowd . . ."

“Jerry, that’s what I’m afraid of. It ain’t that you love her , it’s that she may not love you, and you’ll get into trouble trying to draw a gold circle around her heart. That would kill me, Jerry.”

“Would it, dear?”

WINNIE laughed shakily. “Would it?" she cried. “I make mud pies out of my heart and he asks me riddles! Jerry, I want to be sure that she won’t hurt you . . . I want to know whether she’d go through or not.”

“Don’t know . . ."

“That’s it. But you know I would, don’t you? Through over and under. Don’t you?”

“Sure. You’re aces, Winnie.”

“Axes back and back, but I always get lepped by three deuces.”

“Awh, don’t take it that way, Winnie.”

“How do you want me to take it . . . laying down and letting her do a wedding march over me? Listen, Jerry . . . you’re a push over for a dame like that. Do you know why? Because you’ve always been a guy who wants to climb out of hi’ class! I ain’t blaming you for being ambitious, but I can’t stand seeing you as a pet! Oh yes, you know what I mean. A puddle dog. She’s bored with her crowd. She wants something new. You’re it. Time will beat you, though, Jerry. She’ll begin noticing things
You don't speak their language, or know their games. It'll dawn on her that her Russian wolf hound is just an ordinary Polack mut, not fit for the high class dog show... and she'll take what was once big shot Casey and throw him into the ash-can along with the hours and days and weeks of painful loving I've given you. That's why I'm squawking. I can't see a Park Avenue dame kick that around. And now, you Broadway punk on Park Avenue, you can stand up and go... " she paused and put her face in her hands. "Why, don't you? Why don't you?"

JERRY's arms were around her. "Winnie," said, "you are an ace. This time it's acres back to back with no deuces in the deck, an' both of us against the world. I've been goofy. What can a girl like that want with me? I've been a sap... a prize sap... but I'm okay now. We'll step tonight, baby. The first stop's the Dizzy Club."

Winnie was almost hysterical with relief. And that night, leaving the Dizzy Club, Jerry was arrested.

While Winnie was wandering things with a hysterical lawyer named Hansen, Iris was visiting Jerry in jail. Iris had come because she loved him, and in spite of Park Avenue. Jerry was made to realize that even a Park Avenue dame could stick and go through. He promised that he would come to her.

MEANWHILE, Winnie was promising her shirt. "I want Jerry out of that filthy hole," she said to Hansen. "I've got five thousand dollars that say so!"

"I'll cost ten thousand."

"Ten grand?"

"There's a lot of work involved."

"All right, you'll get it. Get to work and get him out. I've got to have Jerry, understand? I'll raise the dough somehow."

"It won't be long now, Winnie."

SHE met Joe Lyons, the looking agent, at the elevator. He came over to her. "My God," he said, "I'm combing the city for you and you're hiding in my building. I'm sorry about Jerry, Winnie. Know what I did when I heard? I landed you forty weeks booking at fifteen hundred a week. Only big cities and no big jumps. Come in my office an' sign the contract."

"I can't think of anything right now but Jerry, Joe. He's in there and I have to get him out."

"Sure, but it takes money. Forty times fifteen hundred is money even for Rockefeller. Anyway, where's a fellow a like Jerry be, in a church? He's only a..."

"That'll be enough out of you, Joe. Another crack and I'll give you forty weeks in a hospital."

"All right, all right, I apologize. Joe Lyons is always a friend. The work'll be waiting for you when you want it."

"Thanks, I'll be needing it."

JERRY was released the next day, and when he came out, Iris was waiting for him in her car.

"Iris," he said, "you shouldn't have come. How did you know?"

"You met the young district attorney at my tea, didn't you?"

"Gee," Jerry said. "You—did this?"

"I... I'm very fond of you, Jerry."

"Iris, I can't stay with you. I got something to do. What kind of a guy am I, anyway? Look at me, sitting here with you when Winnie doesn't even know... after the things she's done... the way she stuck it out... you understand, don't you?"

"Of course, Jerry." She stopped the car and he got out. He took her hand. She watched him disappear in a maze of traffic.

Winnie found him at her apartment when she came back from the jail. The desk sergeant had told her about his release. Together, they waited for the call from Hansen's office that told them the case had been dismissed. Drunk with relief, they did a war dance around the apartment and sank on the divan. "Well," Winnie said, "everything is peaches... and now, honey, we have to think of ham and eggs and applause. We've got forty weeks at fifteen hundred smackers a week, two shows a day and no split weeks!"

"Forty weeks," Jerry said slowly. "That's a long time..."

"You bet it is, baby! And you're going to stick closer to me than my pajamas! From now on, the mob is poison. We're going to give Big John enough air to run a zeppelin. Come on, darling, we have to pack."

"Yes," Jerry said, thoughtfully, "Jerry... you don't want to go, Jerry? Answer me. Do you? Answer me!"

"Sure... I want to go," Jerry said, in the same tone.

"No you don't. It's leaving that girl... Iris. You don't want to leave her. That's right, ain't it? Be on the level with me."

OH, GOD, Winnie, any other guy would kiss the ground you walk on! I don't know what the matter with me. I'd cut off my right arm. I sit up nights thinking about it. The more I think, the harder it is..."

"It's not hard, Jerry. It's as simple as love. You love her and that's all. I could reach up and bring you the stars and moon. I could lay down and let you walk over me. I could even die for you, but that wouldn't make you love me... don't talk, Jerry. Don't question, here's your hat... what's your hurry?" She thrust his hat at him and shoved him out the door, dead to his pleading. When he was gone, she flopped down and cried as she'd never cried before.

THE night she opened at the Palace, she went to pieces. They almost had to drag her off the stage. They rang down the curtain, and Winnie Harper disappeared. Nobody knew where she'd gone. She simply went to her dressing room, got her things and walked out into oblivion. Tommy Blake was almost crazy. He searched the city for days, tirelessly.

Finally he ran across her picture in the lobby of a burlesque theater. He waited for her to come out after the show. Over coffee and hot hamburgers, he persuaded her to come back to Broadway via a big review. The backer had promised to keep it running all winter, win or lose, succeed or fail. Tommy had written the music.

SHIE went back, and the press notices, the day after the opening, were poems in praise of Winnie Harper, the girl who could carry a show on her own broad shoulders and put it over.

The second night, before she left for the theater, Tommy joined her at her apartment. Winnie said: "It's funny, isn't it, Tommy?"

"What's funny?"

"Oh, I don't know... your sticking on like that, no matter what comes."

"I've been hoping to shoot a seven, Winnie. A guy's luck can't run against him forever. I've been hoping you'd marry me."

"You're a sucker over second hand goods, aren't you? Marrying me would be like living with a worn out song..."

WOULDN'T I be proud to sing out that I'm Winnie Harper's husband? Try me!" He took her hand gently. "Sure," he said, "I'd be a sucker for marrying the best woman I ever knew... calling Winnie Harper my wife. Oh boy, what a sucker!"

"Tommy... I..."

"Listen, get some things on and we'll dash right down to the City Hall..."

"We can't now. The show..."

"Tomorrow, then. Show or no show... it's Tommy's theme song day!"

THE door bell rang. It was a policeman. He had a message for Winnie Harper from St. Vincent's hospital. A fellow named [Continued on page 91]
Blond and Victorious

Yes, I remembered. The effect of Frank on Imogene was as ruinous as the effect of red rum on Frank. Their love affair was the talk of the town, punctuated as it was by black eyes, notoriety and reconciliations. I doubt if there is another girl in America who could have weathered that storm to come up from the whirlpool to another life. How we newspaper men hated her then. She antagonized the whole bunch. Not a bad crowd. Many a more guilty girl than Mary has received the best of the breaks from the press gang. But not a break for "Bubbles." She was fair game, and every time that blonde head appeared the papers took a crack at it. She scratched and battled—like a kitten—a wet, miserable little kitten battered by fortune. And we all took a kick at her. We're sorry now, of course. But she's never forgiven. And you can't hate her for that.

Then the big blow-off came, and Tinney went to a sanitarium. Imogene followed some good advice for the first time. She beat it to Europe. And under the name of Robertson she got a film job in London. Maybe the newspapermen there helped a little to alay her hatred of the American brethren.

"They practically fed me," she says. And what was of almost equal importance, they gave her a chance to make good without being hounded as she had been, the length and breath of Broadway.

The story is that she drifted over to the great Ufa studios in Berlin, and that John Considine, of United Artists, saw one of her pictures.

"Who is that blonde beauty?" queried Considine, and the studio secret service reported back that she was "Imogene Robertson." They say she signed her up to come to Hollywood with—knowing that she was really "Bubbles" Wilson, "Frank Tinney's sparring partner."

But maybe this is just a yarn. Mary herself says: "It was Joseph M. Schenck who gave me a chance in Hollywood. He saw me in a film called My Viennese Lover, and gave me a contract at the same time he signed Nils Asther.

"I'll always be grateful to Mr. Schenck," she adds, "he fought my battles for me. Only for him they'd never have given me a chance to make good. Those were lonesome, desperate days. My whole future was in doubt. I didn't dare be seen in public because every appearance was chronicled in the press. For instance, they had me engaged to Nils Asther, Norman Kerry, John Gilbert, and goodness knows who else.

Now things look better. I've worked awfully hard. I'm trying so hard to make the picture public take me to its heart. Lately it seems as though it has done so. My pictures, The Shanghai Lady and Undertow received some nice notices, and more important yet, they're doing wonderful business. I have a good contract. In another year—who can tell—maybe I'll be on the very top of the ladder. I'll try anyway."

"Are you happy?" I asked her, knowing all the time that the mark of perpetual sorrow was on that beautiful face.

"Happy!" she laughed, "don't be silly. Of course I'm not happy. I never expect to be. But I think I am lucky. And I am, perhaps, content. Contentment, after all, is as close an approach to happiness as most of us ever attain. I'm interested now in my work. I've always dreamed of doing something really worth while—of contributing some little bit to the art of the theatre or the screen. This ambition means everything in life to me. If I ever realize it, maybe then I'll be happy. Now I'm content in having a chance to succeed. I'm still in the race."

A year ago Mary didn't like the talkies. Now she's a convert. They have been good to her, and she realizes that their advent has been another of the good breaks that have been so long in coming. Her voice, like her beauty, "screens" amazingly well and truly.

One can never be impervious to Mary's beauty. It is of the type which burns deep-ly into the observer's consciousness. So much so, for instance, that the impetuous Lupe Velez once tore Mary's hat from her head to fully visualize her gorgeousness.

"You are the most beautiful girl I have ever seen," exclaimed the dusky Mexican tornado, "you are like an angel! What is your name?"

Pondering this pulchritude I wondered if I dared ask what was in my mind. Finally I took the chance.

"Has your beauty been a help or a hindrance to you in your career?"

"In the first place," she answered after a moment's hesitation, "I do not think that I am really beautiful. No, this is not mock modesty. I like myself well enough. I think everyone does. A fair measure of conceit is only human. But as far as beauty is concerned, I'm not my own ideal. I happen to photograph well, that's all.

"But that photographic beauty has certainly helped me. Whatever may have happened during my life as Imogene Wilson—which is a vastly different one from that which Mary Nolan is leading—my appearance never occasioned any of the bad breaks. It has been a great aid to me. Beauty is a great aid to any woman. Don't ever let anyone tell you differently. Either she doesn't know, or she's faking, if she does."

And after all, if Mary wasn't beautiful she would have been forgotten long since. More, she'd never have been heard of at all. If the bitterness ever leaves her, with the coming of a new love, for instance, there is much for her to live for."

"Is this your ever-tire of this everlasting glitter?" I asked her.

Yes, I do," she half-sighed. "But what's the use? I know I'll never leave it. I'm too used to it. To a maid and a chauffeur and a car and physical comfort. To having people do things for me. I used to be more adaptable. But no more. Don't misunderstand me, though. I know how little all this amounts to. It's just something one can't leave. I guess there is no such thing as freedom. We make our own cages—and we're pretty glad to have the security of their bars."

And that—up to this instalment of her life—is the story of Mary Nolan. So far it's been a sub-sister's delight. Now, in Hollywood—where full lives are more commonplace than in our humdrum existence, where careers are painted with broad strokes of vivid colors, where the summit of success and the canyon of despair adjoin one another—people haven't time to remember the past.

So MARY's white-hennaed hair isn't so conspicuous. She's going to have her chance. She created a new personality for herself. She's come through the test by fire nobly. In another year she'll be a great star. And of all the girls in Hollywood she most deserves a great big helping hand from the press and public. So do your share.
The Vivid Life Story of Doug., Jr.

[Continued from page 20]

"There were some prosperous times and some rocky ones for Mother and me after that," young Doug related. "Father made her a settlement, but it was poorly invested, and—well, you know."

Within a few weeks after the divorce, Mrs. Fairbanks married James Evans, Jr., a Pittsburgh broker.

It was another twelve months before Mary Pickford divorced Owen Moore and wed Doug's father, a union destined to become the royal family of moviedom with millions of dollars at their beck and call and millions of hero worshippers scattered over the universe.

But that meant nothing to this youngster—nothing except what he calls his greatest handicap.

He worked about the studios of New York and Hollywood as a child extra. Occasionally, he got extra roles in his father's starring vehicles, but he did so against his parents wishes. The senior Fairbanks bitterly opposed his son's going on either screen or stage.

Always devoted to his mother, there were long periods when he did not see his father.

He had about made up his mind to become a painter when the old Famous Players-Lasky company, from which his father and Mary Pickford had already withdrawn the release of their independently-produced pictures, sought out Junior's mother.

One day the old New York Herald carried the following story:

"Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, 13-year-old son of the 'king of the movies,' has signed a contract to be starred in pictures by the Famous Players-Lasky company. The report that young Fairbanks would follow in his father's shoes in more ways than one has been current for the last few days about the Algonquin Hotel, where he is staying with his mother, Mrs. James Evans, Jr., the film star's first wife.

"His salary will be over $1000 a week."

"The son of the redoubtable Doug is the youngest star ever signed by the company. The definite engagement of young Fairbanks marks, in a sense, a 'coming of age' of the movies."

That was the biggest break I got out of that first starring contract," young Doug confided recently as he handed me the yellowed clipping.

"The picture, Stephen Steps Out, was a miserable flop," he went on. "They expected me to duplicate my father's work. Naturally it was destined for failure before it was made."

"The company said they would keep me on providing mother would permit them to cut my salary in half, but I had already made up my mind that I didn't care for the screen."

"The failure of this celluloid vehicle, however, did not discourage Doug, Jr. on the question of remaining in the arts."

Accompanied by his mother, he went back to Paris, once more to take up the study of drawing, painting and music.

Once more Doug was happy. It gave him an opportunity to run off to his old haunts—the hell holes of Paris—there to resume his course in human nature.

"Even then I was learning about life," he said.

But two years later, Mrs. Evans and her son again found themselves in straitened circumstances and were forced to return to America.

They needed money, and Doug, Jr., convinced that the movies would offer him a quicker return than his painting, began to haunt the studios. He got work, but not as a star this time. Instead, he did "bits."

Famous Players-Lasky used him in minor parts in The Air Mail and Wild Horse Mesa. Then he came back to Hollywood in time to land a small part with United Artists in Stella Dallas. He appeared on the silver sheet for only a few minutes, but long enough to convince the doubters that he had ability.

Life grew somewhat monotonous for him about this time, but he knew his pay checks were necessary to support his mother and himself, for he refused to seek any aid from his father.

Followed parts in such films as Padlocked, Man Bait, Women Love Diamonds and Dead Man's Curve.

In 1927, First National engaged him for what he was told would be an important role with Will Rogers in that star's first picture, Texas Steer, and the company was sent on to Washington, D. C., to do the exteriors first.

There he discovered that they had decided to eliminate his part entirely.

With only fifty cents in his pocket, he departed from the hotel where the players were quartered and wandered about the streets. That night he slept on a park bench.

It was there that he met up with three yegg's engaged in planning the blowing of a vault in a Washington suburb the following night. He had told them he had 'ridden the rods from Chi' and was "looking for a job to pull." The bandits needed a lookout, so they promised to cut him in on the robbery. He was told to meet them in the same spot the next afternoon.

"It was one of the most enjoyable nights of my life up to that time," Doug told me. "I learned all about safe-cracking, its perils and profits. I think I could have done the job alone. Of course I had no intention of joining them."

The next morning, Doug panhandled enough money for a breakfast.

"That was another great experience," he said. "I discovered that no one need ever be broke if he has a good sales talk, and you don't have to eat soap, either."

In the afternoon, he crashed the gate of a Washington theatre, and there, for the first time, gazed upon the screen face of Joan Crawford, later to become his wife.

He decided he would look over the hobo situation by "riding the rods" back to Hollywood, but his hopes were blasted when the police picked him up in the railroad yards and returned him to the company hotel.

Director Wallace had changed his mind about using him in Texas Steer, and when he was told that Doug had not been seen since early the previous day, he sent out an S. O. S. figuring the lad had met with foul play.

Returning to Hollywood and finishing his work in the Rogers film, he was offered a role in Modern MOTHER by Columbia. Then came The Tollers for Tiffany-Stahl. In this he caused both the producers and critics to take notice of him.

Followed The Barker, giving him his greatest role up to that moment, for here he had the juvenile lead with Milton Sills, Betty Compson and Dorothy Mackaill. It

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They’re Different in Hollywood

(Continued from page 43)

"You can’t park that here," announced an excited attendant.

"Oh, that’s all right," said Wilson, nonchalant as a Murad-smoker, "I don’t want it. You can have it."

And the open-road populace realized that Mr. Skizner was different.

CLAIRA BOW—or is it Mrs. Richman?—wears garments vividly colored as her hair. Indeed, it is by these you may know her. Even when she attempts to hide her identity by dashing about Hollywood in blonde wig and dark glasses, her bright clothes give her away. She, and her perpetual nemesis, Alice White, are both different, too, in that Clara’s bungalow and the White house seldom see a gathering of young people of both sexes. The Brooklyn Boudoir and the Paterson Pyrotechnic both prefer to be the sole femme at their soirées. Clara attends formal parties clad in sports things.

GEORGIE BANCROFT, great big man, likes to speak baby talk toickle little dillys. Evelyn Brent, for instance. And at any film party where George may be, he demonstrates his difference by saying a piece which has become familiar as Ganga Din to the picture people. It’s about a snake. And George speaks it with gestures.

Lon Chaney is one of the few in the colony who chooses his friends from outside. One suspects that Lon hasn’t a great deal of use for people “in the profession” once he leaves the studio. Ronald Colman, too, is different in his affection of an austere aloofness which is somehow belied by his extreme good fellowship and charm of manner once his armor of reserve is penetrated.

Paul Fejos, the director, demonstrated that he can be different in an important way, when he recently lay abed and drilled neat, round holes through the backs of books on his library shelves through the medium of what used to be called a six-gun. Now better known as a rod, gat or cannon. John Ford can speak Gaelic. And does upon all occasions.

Ludwig Berger, another of the megaphone brethren, attempted to be different when, instead of the usual whooppee party, he gave a musical evening, inviting for the purpose several other musicians. Ludwig himself being a viola virtuoso. Along about the second movement of the concerto, the company realized it wasn’t a gag. Search for the bar proved unfruitful. And the guests folded their tents like Longfellow Arabs. Of course, the old directorial different gags—the puttees, Byronian shirts, riding breeches and the rest—have become so universal as to be totally unnoticed.

REGINALD Denny’s very English accent makes him different. And he seems at some pains not to lose it. Esther Ralston’s husband endeavors to impress his individuality by referring to his gorgeously beautiful wife as “my commodity” or “my product” and by speaking of “selling” her as though she were indeed an object of trade and barter. Mr. Ralston, or whatever his name may be, has also distinguished himself upon occasion by a discretion which must have been studied.

Al Jolson is the joy of press and public and the despair of producers. Al always speaks out in meeting—whether it be during an interview or over the radio. A lesser figure would be ostracized. But Al goes merrily on his way caring nothing for the storm of comment he arouses by speaking both in and out of turn. In a community where most interviews are cut and dried and everyone is fearful of saying the wrong thing at the right time, this Jolson characteristic sets Al apart from the herd.

GILDA GRAY’s stationery and checks are different during every picture she makes. Naturally, both are made to order and always depict the star in the rôle she is playing. Lillian Gish’s stationery is distinctive, and Sam Hardy’s too. Sam signs his name with a dollar sign, so—$am. And, of course, Sam’s scenery rivals that of the Grand Canyon.

They Even Spend Their Money Differently!

As you will read in the next issue of TALKING SCREEN. Their First Film Money is the title of the story and you’ll both laugh and be touched when you learn how, when and where those very first salary checks went.

Paul Whitman, whose girth alone makes him different, used to ride in his great, white Rolls Royce clad sketchily in flannel trousers and white silk shirt devoid of neck scarf. Now, however, Paul rolls around town in a complete riding outfit. All that he needs to finish the picture is for him to lead the horse. For the horse’s sake we hope he doesn’t ride it.

Darryl Zanuck, one of the many “Little Napoleons” of the film industry, is a half-pint sized executioner, despite his great responsibilities. But Darryl insists on getting himself up like Von Stroheim in The Great Gabbo, resplendent in white silk-lined opera cape and topper to attend all Hollywood premières.

ARTHUR CAESAR, one of the industry’s writing men, has registered his difference by deliberately insulting his bosses, Mr. Zanuck among others. Another high-priced scenarist, Carey Wilson, built for his occupancy a turreted castle, the entrance to which leads directly into a tall tower. Carey declares that it uplifts him after a day with the supervisors to come home and fancy himself a laird of the manor, a feudal baron who is at least monarch of his own towers.

Nils Asther’s bid for difference rests securely on his lion-taming proclivities. He claims comradeship with the great cats to an extent which at present has led him to have one of the tawney beasts wandering in sinister, padded silence around his house.

Alice White appeared in public with an Australian honey-bear. Which was different until Clara Bow got one, too. Frequent changes in the shade of their hair distinguishes both girls. But that difference was topped by Lya De Putti, who changed from brunette to blonde in the middle of a picture. The producer’s hair changed color, too, when he saw the altered Lya. When the film was completed it showed her hiding from the villain under a couch, a raven-topped beauty— and emerging, no less beautiful, but a dazzling blonde.

THE latest import, Lotta Lodi, immediately embarked on a career of difference when she made her bow to Hollywood by extending a hand, each finger-nail of which was of vivid, emerald hue. Later it developed that Lotta’s nails changed color to match her gowns.

Lotta’s fingers suggest Ivan Lebedeff, who raised himself from the ranks of the unemployed to featured rôles by his inauguration of a hand-kissing crusade. In a country where girls are greeted with a slap on the back, Ivan’s I-Kiss-Your-Hand-Madame tactics marked him as different. Contracts resulted.

The monocle is a featured prop of Andreas De Segurola. The Count must sleep in his. And while he has some competition among other wearers of the single glass, he has stolen a march to win fame for his own particular monocle by featuring it in a book of decidedly interesting reminiscences. This will be titled Through My Monocle, and marks him as more different than the competition. Lucien Prival, however, gave the Count’s monocle a hit for tar, when he wore it under a beret. The combination makes Lucien very different indeed.

SUCH minor differences as Corinne Griffith’s satin-quilted bath-room, and the onyx and gold equipment of many another, fade into insignificance compared with Jack Dempsey’s scheme to erect a hotel in which automobile elevators will transport guests, cars and all to their rooms. Or the Lloyd estate on which there are rivers, lakes, waterfalls—a beautiful little world with Harold as its sovereign.

When all the world was wearing stockings, the girls of Hollywood wore none—or at best, scant sox.

LILYAN TASHMAN recently achieved another difference to add to her long list when she created a new coiffure. Her hair is almost white, cut right to her head in clusters of ringlets, and looks for all the world like molten, white-gold or platinum poured over her shapely head and hardened there.

Sid Grauman’s hair is rather a Hollywood landmark, it is as different as generosity in
Of course, I am not one to comment on it. Not I. But even in this broad day of introverts and extroverts, exhibitionists and complexes, with every man his own psycho-analyst and let the inhibitions fall where they may, there is Sam Hardy's wardrobe.

Even in lush Hollywood where orchid limousines and Burma rose roadsters pass unnoticed and iodine-colored ladies parade in backless gowns, Sam Hardy's bright blue coat with the brass buttons can always attract a crowd of glances.

On St. Patrick's Day Sam wears an emerald green Lido hat, one of those soft, crushable hats, built for pocketing, and a blazing green tie. He has worn it on successive occasions, too, with conservative blue suits. At other times, for driving his open roadster, he carelessly knots a red bandana about his dark brown hair, and twists another about his throat.

There are swell black and white checked socks, and white shoes with audible black trimmings; white trousers, mostly duck, by the gross; bright jackets, some checkered enough to play that firehouse game on, some as flamboyantly colored as a gay parakeet. One imagines that Sam's wardrobe chest is as vivid and multi-colored as the rainbow, and rightly.

**HOT TOGS**

Although Sam wore this in a production it is no louder than his off-screen garb. The coat is a rich purple, the trousers are of eye-smacking black and white checks and the vest is even checkier. The white spats and pearl-gray high hat complete the gasp.

Here's Mr. Hardy's streetwear outfit. Brilliant geranium hat, bright blue coat with brass buttons, oversize duck trousers and black and white footwear. The flowing collar of the open shirt heightens the effect to the—but why go on?

Sam Hardy's flagrant wardrobe is the talk of blasé Hollywood. There are many rumors as to how he got that way, but Sam gives the low-down at last.

但也为什么？为什么一个男人，一个六英尺三英寸的高个子，一个性格的化身，必须求助于这样的服装？不是为了吸引注意。甚至在更温和和更保守的服装中，他偶尔会穿着，而那些在无可挑剔的黑色和白色的正式着装中，他是被目光所吸引。他总是待在事情的中心。他生来就是演员。如果他没有成为一位演员，他本来会成为一名律师，而且会无疑地，通过个人的活力，吸引他客户的目光，即使是她穿着奥利弗·波登的裤子。在屏幕上和舞台上，他有那种使他成为焦点的技巧，新陈代谢，明亮的，他明亮的眼睛，发亮的，而其他的角色则在滚上滚下。他总是，通常地，被场景的荣耀所拥抱。

His flamboyant personal attire, though. One thinks of the school day classic of the dapper male bird and his bright plumage with which he dazzles the unsuspecting females. But it can't be applied to Hardy, twenty years married to his first wife, and still devoted. It isn’t for the boulevard chicks that Sam goes gaudy.

There is a story, current about town, that Ed Wynn, that

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eral, of smaller patterns this year than last, and many are featuring dark backgrounds. The one exception to this general trend are chiffons, which remain as gay and large-patterned as ever. Yes, you simply must have a printed frock this spring! They are feminine and flattering, especially now that the mode itself is more graceful.

Satins is no longer with us. It has been emphatically replaced by crêpes and other types of silk—moire, for example, and even taffeta, for evening.

BUT oh! what a year this is for cotton materials! Dotted swiss is very, very smart, and piqués are, too. And you just must have an organide dance frock for warm nights—or even for garden-party wear. Cottons are not only cheaper than silk, but they are every bit as lovely if they are made up in some smart style. No longer are they in the kid class—they may be mighty sophisticated these days, in an alluring way.

Sleeves! Let them be decorative and gay and big—anything that calls attention to themselves. Huge sleeves may be gathered into a cloy little tight wristband, or they may be gaily embroidered in wool or silk. They may be cut in all sorts of clever styles: but, except on quite tailored dresses, they should never be plain. And can you imagine—short sleeves are back! Not that I like them—for they seem rather awkward to me, except those cute little 'baby' puffs, which are extremely chic just now. Now’s the time for the girl with a perfect arm—neither too plump nor too skinny, too short or too long—to emphasize this feature with short sleeves.

MORE graceful, I think, are those capelets, or Marie Antoinette collars, which fall over the arms gently without definitely breaking the line. Everything is
capelets these days—on morning frocks, afternoon, and evening gowns. They are feminine enough for the most ardent admirers of lovely ladies.

And capes. Don’t forget that they are the dernier cri. Today, in one of Hollywood’s most fashionable shops, I saw a clever little soft tweed sports dress with a little short, detachable cape to match. Beside it was a heavy flannel afternoon gown, with a cape that buttoned on and seemed part of the costume, but which could be removed any time to give the frock an entirely different appearance. (And there’s an idea for a thrifty girl. These two-in-one frocks are marvelously practical, and we can even convince ourselves that we’ve changed our dress each time we take off a tricky little cape or scarf or bolero.)

ONE of the most astonishing changes in the spring and summer mode this year is the complete absence of “sun-tan” backs. Of course, evening frocks are as low as they please in the back, but there’s a new angle on the shoulder back this year before eight or nine in the evening. Fashion definitely decrees that miladys shall have the picturesque peaches-and-cream complexion of other very feminine eras; but there are many stars in Hollywood who say they are going to bake in sun-rays this year in spite of fashion’s decrees. But they won’t be wearing sun-tan-backed frocks except, perhaps, on the beach itself.

Coats are not to be too long this year. The longer and straighter they are, the less graceful. Jackets are featuring parky little flats. Prince lines are very popular for formal coats. Belted silhouettes prepon-

derate, while practically every model shows
flats somewhere below the waist. Many models feature capelets, as do the dresses.

One of the most important items in the
spring and summer wardrobe is the hat. Felt is the most practical, as it is both a winner and summer fabric, and no longer confined to sports wear. But try to afford, if you can, one of the lovely new straws. They are so pretty, made of pliable, closely-woven straw that drapes in all kinds of fascinating shapes. Balibuntal, baku, linine de soie—oh, there are any number of straws this year. For “dress-up” wear, fine braid has replaced horsehair. Then, too, there are those pretty little formal hats of net—sev-
eral layers of it—following the shape of the head closely, but flaring out defiantly at the nape of the neck.

EVENING gowns show less radical changes than any other type of costume. They remain quite long, either dipping or almost touching the floor all the way around or featuring trains. Panels no longer form trains—they are part of the skirt itself. Bows are still used a great deal, but now they usually really tie something.

Slippers this season are becoming more simple. The plain pump is the most popular, and may be had in a large variety of fabrics, including crêpe de chine, lamé, moire, and even straw. Black and white, blue and white, and brown and white slippers are especially favored for sports. Straps and buckles are used nowadays with the greatest caution.

DON’T forget, in planning your spring and summer wardrobe, that if you’ll choose a definite color scheme, featuring just two or three shades, and buy or make everything with a view to its harmonizing with the rest, your pocketbook won’t suffer so much and you can manage to squeeze in perhaps just one more pretty frock to wear for that very very special date!

The First of Mr. Chaney

[Continued from page 43]

they came into being,” he began. “To me they were terrible things—not from the photographic standpoint, but from the mechanical angle. I vowed I would not make one until perfection had arrived.

"Some time ago, the recording apparatus reached a point where I was convinced that it was all right, but the theatre apparatus was far from it. What good is a perfectly recorded picture if it is to have faulty sound projection?

"But that's all over now. The engineers have worked rapidly. Gradually the smaller houses, those that formerly had what we might call 'boodle' equipment, have replaced it with standardized and improved machinery.

"Right up to the afternoon before I went to hear The Rogue Song, I was in story conference with Fred Niblo. He was to direct me in another silent picture.

"The day after that premiere, however, I walked into the studio office and announced that I was ready to sign the new contract providing for all-dialogue in my pictures.

I THINK The Unholy Three was one of my best vehicles of the past. I am going to remake it with dialogue and play the same roles I did before, but I will use five different voices.

"Also I have a story in which I will play a deaf and dumb detective," he went on. "This, too, will be made with dialogue throughout, but I will use sign language until the last reel. Then I suddenly gain my voice and finish with speaking lines.

"Right now it is a question of which I shall do first, but I shall use The Unholy Three not later than my second talking picture, and I am hoping that it will be my first.

Those who may have thought that Lon Chaney has been sitting back since the dawn of sound for the screen are due for a shock.

Of course," he declared, "even in the beginning I realized that perfection would come and that sooner or later I would make talkies, so I started in to prepare for the future.

"I knew my natural speaking voice would register, I knew I could sing and I can dance, but I wanted to be able to do more when the time came to make the break. I have mastered the Spanish tongue and I am now studying German. I have practiced and I am able to handle eight dialects.

"But I am not going to stop there. I am going to learn more languages and more dialects. I want to be as versatile with my voice as I am with my face."

So step up, fans, and stop, look and listen to your old favorite's talkie achievements.

[Continued from page 8]
HAROLD MURRAY and Norma Terris, in this scene from *Cameo Kirby*, obligingly show us how the art of love-making was performed in the days of crinolines and stern-wheelers. We moderns think we know an awful lot about kissing but, believe us, those old-timers knew their osculations!
The Song of the Flame, Bernice Claire and Alexander Gray show the world just how the art of kissing should be practised. If we could take Alexander's place in this thrilling pose we'd be ready to compose a song of the flame ourselves. These two like each other off-screen, also.
FOR the first time since *What Price Glory*, Edmund Lowe and Dolores Del Rio are together again in *The Bad One*. This charming demonstration of how to make love is taken from the latter screen play, which—judging by this highly entertaining pose—is far from being a bad one.
Weinstein's Dearie

[Continued from page 66]

"Sure, nothing you'll want to hear."

BERNICE winced as though stung. "Why, Sidney, aren't you going to give me the lead? I've been counting on it—I've even studied the part." She wanted to tell him she had already learned the songs, but he interrupted impatiently.

"Sorry, Bernice, but it isn't your type. You see," he flattered, "the public wants you in plays that have beauty and grace and delicacy." He inhaled a lungful of smoke slowly and gazed at her speculatively through narrowed lids.

"You've made me as old-fashioned as Janie Meredith! I've always been a type—and as out of date as a bustle," she retorted. "The public doesn't know what it wants."

WEINSTEIN shook his head vehemently. "Say, listen to me, Bernice! The public knows now what it wants—good talkies—and believe me, that's what I'm going to give it," he added defiantly.

"But, Sidney," and Bernice off her guard with eagerness leaned across towards him, "All I need is a chance to speak."

"What!" Weinstein's exclamation had a thread of laughter in it. "Surely, Bernice, you're joking."

"Never more serious in my life." Her tone was quiet, even mildly insistent, but there was a self-confident look in her shining eyes. "Please, Sidney, give me a chance in The Song of Life."

"My God! Bernice, this is ridiculous. You know what your voice is like. To be frank—shrilh, high-pitched," and waving his fat palms at her, "you're just not suited, that's all."

SHE drew herself up imperiously, "But you don't know my ability." Then, with a pleading intonation, "Let me prove it. I'll make good if you'll only give me a test—"

She broke off abruptly, afraid to trust her voice further.

If Weinstein caught the note of desperation in her tone, he made no sign. But he could not have cut her more effectively than when, looking at her calculatingly, he spoke with stern finality: "There's no use in discussing it, Bernice, we've practically decided on the girl for our lead."

WEINSTEIN rose. She saw there was no chance to prolong the interview. His attitude caused her to cringe as though he had struck her. She stood up unsteadily. She could not speak and turned to leave him. Suddenly, the door opened and Larry Darrington appeared before them.

"Hello, Sidney! Just stopped in for you on my way to—"

Then Larry saw Bernice. "Why, hello, Bernice! Where have you been all these weeks?" and he caught her hands and held them close. A swift deep smile illumined his eyes.

There was the same aristocratic control and ease of manner, the same courtesy, but Larry seemed to be greatly elated over an important matter.

THIS was the first time Bernice had seen him since the regrettable Irving Kaufman misunderstanding. Now he was headed towards stardom in the talkies, with women going goofy about him. The latest gossip had it that he was to become one of the most popular idols of the talking screen.

"Larry!" She laughed happily. "How do you happen to be here?"

His piercingly direct brown eyes weakened to the point of puzzled inquiry. "Why, haven't you heard?" Then, with an unassuming modesty, "Sidney's starring me in The Song of Life."

"Congratulations!" Bernice had suspected this the moment Larry had entered Weinstein's office unannounced. The unpleasant matter was what she didn't suspect. Weinstein glanced at his watch impatiently.

Bernice was quick to take the hint. "Please don't let me detain you," she faltered.

"Gee! Bernice, it's great to see you again, but we're on our way to Weinstein's studio to hear Velma Vallery's voice test." At her questioning glance he looked puzzled and hastened to explain:

"You know, Bernice, Velma's the surprise choice for the lead in The Song of Life."

HER face flamed at his words. The temperamental musical comedy star who was trying to crash the talkies. So her rival had fallen heir to this big break! The rôle she coveted—had prepared for! Now she could understand Larry's excitement. All the warm ardency of her nature went cold. Bitter jealousy welled up in her. But she managed to put on something that looked like a smile and extended her hand:

"The best of luck to you, Larry." Her voice had a strange, earnest sharpness. "So long!" and she turned towards the door.

"Oh, Bernice, just a moment, and Larry spoke in his most dangerously magnetic tones. Laying an impulsive hand on her arm, he locked keenly into her face. She saw a flicker of the old light in his eyes.

SAY, he turned to Weinstein. "Why can't we take Bernice with us?" The producer nodded. "Sure, why not?" but his face showed ill-concealed chagrin, and Larry started at him with a puzzled expression.

Facing Bernice eagerly, Larry drew her towards him. "It'll be an opportunity for you to learn something about the 'mike.' Will you go, Bernice?"

Her face did not change as he asked the question, but her breast rose perceptibly with an increased speed in her breathing. She could feel Larry's voice winning her again, making her feel sick and faint and joyous and full of that maddening confusion of emotion.

She tried to despise herself for it as she remembered that it would be Velma he would hold in his arms while he crooned a
melody of love in the moonlight scene in The Song of Life.

BERNICE swayed uncertainly. "I'd love to—but—" she stammered, and then changing her mind, added in a thready voice, "Yes. I'll be glad to, Larry." She was struggling to keep back the stinging tears. "It'll be splendid to know how it's done." Her eyes tried to register—smile, wonder, but her lips quivered nervously.

For Larry to learn of Weinstein's refusal to give her a place in his talkie made her feel ashamed, humiliated. Now, for him to invite her exultantly to listen to Velma's test for the very rôle that should have been hers, was like a knife in her heart.

"But maybe Larry wanted Velma to have the lead," was her thought, as stunned and resentful, she shrugged as if to shake herself mentally. Gradually, by some stupendous feat of will, she managed to gain control of herself, and the three of them went about silently, tensely, matching their steps.

The soft violet brilliancy of the California morning crept across the ragged foothills to wipe out the purple shadows of the sunrise. The sun now poured floods of blue vapor down on the trees, melting the pastel shades into a golden radiance.

In a little while they came to Larry's new roadster carefully parked in the shade of a pepper tree. Larry took the wheel and Bernice, thrilled with his nearness, unconsciously moved closer to him to make room for Weinstein. She did not emerge from her ecstatic trance as they sped out along the Boulevard towards Weinstein's home until she heard Sidney enthusing in a deep baritone:

"Listen Larry, what this Velma's got is what it takes," he chuckled. "If only the mike is kind to her, she'll pack 'em a wallop in The Song of Life."

"Sounds good," agreed Larry. Then he added thoughtfully. "That's right, Sidney, it's going to take a voice as golden as this sunlight—and gray matter, too," he supplemented, with a quick glance at Bernice, "to lend pathos to the song-writer's words."

"She's 'em all, if you ask me. She'll not only slip 'em a lensful, but a loudspeakerful," promised Weinstein.

They say she's a high powered and pampered doll," commented the leading man. "Have you signed her up yet?"

"No; I've waited to hear if she records well."

"And if she doesn't?" Larry showed a crescentshaped brow.

"Don't worry, she'll be all right, I'm sure. Maybe I'm not a picker," and Weinstein beamed.

A half hour's spin brought them to the house on the beach that Bernice had heard Weinstein refer to as his shack. It was a huge, white affair, Spanish, with burnt red tiles and multi-colored awnings. Off from the big living-room, with broad windows leading out to velvety lawns and wide patios, he had constructed a sound-proof studio where apparatus for reproduction of sound pictures had been installed.

The vivid vamp!" Bernice thought. "She's picked Larry for a new thrill—I'll bet she's thinking of the love scenes," and she tried to appear oblivious of the two of them and to concentrate on what the songwriter was saying, but her heart was running out of rhythm. Larry's manner seemed uneasy now. He glanced again towards Bernice and before Velma suspected it, he had guided her to where Bernice and Irving sat at the piano.

"Gee! Bernice, you two seem to be getting a good one out of the air," he smiled quizzically, "how about letting us in?"

"Irving and I were just trying the new theme song—it goes something like this," and swaying to and fro Bernice hummed the soft, plaintive notes of The Matinée Call.

But she came to a sudden stop. The haughty Velma's chin went up. An appraising look at the slim, clear-eyed girl at her side had apparently brought on her most ritzy manner. Then, sweeping Bernice from head to foot with a contemptuous and

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playing the leading feminine rôle in *Women Love Brutes*, a Paramount picture starring George Bancroft. Here is a dramatic rôle in which pathos and humor intermingle, a rôle entirely different from anything she has hitherto attempted. Mary was taking her first screen tests for this picture at the moment Hawkes was killed.

ON the set she is a silent, pitiful figure until she steps before the camera. There, if the script requires that she smile, her old vivacity returns. No one watching and not knowing of her recent bereavement, would guess the inner heartache that her laughter conceals.

"It is at times like these," says Mary, "that the demands of the talkies prove stringent. I'd never thought of it before, but it's much easier to keep the tears out of one's eyes than out of one's voice."

When Mary started her career in the movies at the age of fourteen, she wasn't particular about the parts she played. She was glad to get any kind of a part while waiting for her "chance." It was when she signed a contract with First National that she realized she had been branded as a type.

She was "a goody goody girl" in the best old melodramatic sense. It was then that she started to fight for more human rôles."I wanted to be something more real than the garden variety of heroine," Mary said. "But no one would believe I could be anything else. I begged and pleaded to be allowed to try something different, but all I ever got was a conciliatory pat on the back."

The majority of Mary's pictures preached the doctrine of virtue as its own reward, and she was beginning to think that her entire life would be spent in driving home that moral when she got a break.

"It's not your type," Sol Wurtzel began, when he suggested that Mary play the female lead in *Dressed to Kill*. If Mary had had any hesitation about accepting the offer, the statement that it was not her type would have settled it. She was willing to try anything that would get her away from the despised type:

"In *Dressed to Kill* I was a bad girl," said Mary, "and I liked it. I smoked and I drank, I flitted and did many things no really nice girl is supposed to do, and I felt very wide awake and very much alive.

But for a moment think that Lawrence Tibbett gets that emotional power of his across to you on the screen without effort. A perfect performance of *The Rogue Song* is a matter of months of effort. And Tibbett says that with him, singing is at its best an expression of extreme emotional excitement. Where talking leaves off, singing begins! Yet he had to get himself into the proper mood to sing *The Late Song*. He sang it exactly fifteen times before they got a perfect recording of it. They worked that day from nine o'clock in the morning until one-thirty at night.

"Either the recording mechanics would fail to get the effect we wanted, or a light would blow out—or, if none of these things happened, my voice that particular time would not be at its best. And so—all to do over.

"But I found so much difficulty in keeping pitched up emotionally for that whipping scene—which I think is the best scene in the whole picture—with long waits in between, that I finally kept at it steadily.

"The hot technicolor lights flooded over me, the perspiration poured off me—and I sang it, and sang it, and sang it.

"If that music moves you at all, when you hear it, it will be because it moved me first in exactly the same way."

TIBBETT is unmistakably a "real" person, and not a step in the whole course of his life to this day contradicts it. He was born in the little town of Bakersfield, California, the son of a sheriff. When Lawrence was only a youngster, his father was killed by a bandit. Sheriff Tibbett's death left his wife and small son pretty much forced to fend for themselves. They moved to Los Angeles, then, and Lawrence, when he reached high school, not only sang in the glee club, but took any chance that came his way to sing for money outside. He sang at lodges and churches and banquets and motion picture houses—and his voice, instead of suffering from the strain, got steadily better.

In 1918 he took him a wife—a girl he had known in high school. And in another year they had twin boys—Lawrence, Jr., and Dick.

HE KNEW he had talent. So did everybody else. But he had no money. Finally he borrowed on his life insurance to make that precarious long journey to New York—the trip that many a hopeful young artist has made in vain. But with Tibbett it was different. For five months he studied with Frank Laforge and then his chance came to appear at the Met. The rest is history. "And now," he says casually, "I appear to be in the movies—and making records—and singing ten concerts in exactly twelve evenings. And buying a house, and a new car with a special body . . ."
**Hot Togs**

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perfect fool, is responsible for Sam's revolutionary attire. It seems that Wynn and Hardy, meeting at Broadway and 47th Street, or at the Lambs' Club, held conversation, as was their custom. It was during the twenty-four year period that Sam was a Main Stem attraction, playing romantic leads and starring in pieces that ranged from *Princess Pat*, his favorite, to featured roles in *Mr. Zeigfeld's Follies*.

"Sam," said Mr. Wynn, glancing at Hardy's conservative and impeccable cravat, and knowing Sam's decided flair for comedy, "you look like a romantic leading man. Why don't you dress like a comedian? Wear louder clothes, a lot of bright colors, and be a comedian."

This delicious legend is blown to pieces by a direct question to Mr. Sam Hardy, himself. On the occasion of the question he wore a coat that might have been a maroon if it was not the newest red from Channel. He also white duck trousers of at least plus sixteen propensities, and his slightly sardonic lips were folded contentedly over a pipe.

"When did I start wearing bright colored clothes? Sam was tolerantly amused.

"When I started in school, I guess. I've always worn them."

One can picture an orange-pinnaforeed Sam trudging with his tiny friends down the New Haven, Connecticut, road on his way to kindergarten; a bright canary amidst a swarm of English sparrows. And in the law school at Yale, which he conveniently attended, he probably dazzled his fellow barristers with a snappy blazer. Later, when success on the New York stage embraced him, he must have taken to the white ducks and blue and brass-buttoned coats of yachting with ease, when he raised his craft "Kiki" in Atlantic waters.

He still clings to the ducks. Not, of course, the same ones. But he clings to them, we surmise, for their cool comfort. They symbolize the freedom which he has always managed to maintain in a day when other men, and frequently himself when custom demanded, sweated and swore in serges and stiff collars. Sam, with his eccentric wardrobe, is the advance guard, the Messiah, if you insist, of a day when man as well as woman, can express his individuality in clothes.

**Rescued By Radio**

(Continued from page 53)

that I could even read music until I was sure my voice was ready. When I decided the time had arrived, I went to the manager of the broadcasting station, convinced him that I could sing by singing for him, and asked him to give me a chance. He did. Then I prayed that someone in authority in the picture industry might be listening.

That's all there was to it, according to Lloyd.

Despite the fact that he was born in Bisbee, Arizona, Hughes grew into his "teens in the very shadow of the Hollywood studios, so it was only natural that he should turn to them for employment when he had completed his schooling at the age of seventeen.

Even while he was attending Hollywood High, he would play hookey occasionally to work as an extra in mob scenes.

However, his first job after graduation was not before the cameras. He found a position in a film laboratory and worked there for several months, until—

A young fellow named King Vidor, an unknown in the celluloid world, had saved three hundred dollars and borrowed a little more. He wanted to be a director, but producers didn't seem to be very eager to give him a chance.

He gathered about him a group of young bloods with more enthusiasm than experience, but who were willing to work on the chance that someday they would be rewarded for their efforts. They filmed *The Turn in the Road*, Lloyd played the male lead.

The picture was a box-office sensation and made Lloyd Hughes and King Vidor.

Thomas Ince saw the production and signed Hughes as leading man for Gloria Hope, then an Ince star, but now devoting her time and energy to mothering Donald Hughes, aged three.

Three years later, Lloyd left Ince and played the heavy in Frank Lloyd's *The Sea Hawk*, probably the greatest role that came to him during his career in the silents. This led to a long-term agreement with First National.

Since making his first talkie with Bebe Daniels, Lloyd has completed a second and third—*Hello Sister*, produced by James Cruze, and *Acquitted* for Columbia.

I asked Lloyd about his golf—the thing that used to mean so much to him.

"Golf!" he exclaimed. "Why, I haven't had time to think about it for more than a year. You see my singing lessons take up all my spare time."

Sam Hardy does excellent work in *Song of the West*, the tremendous epic of early American history.

It is a stage veteran who has long missed the use of his voice in silent pictures, that Hardy says that the best characterizations lie within the realm of the voice. To this end he would like to bring to the screen Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford to compare with the silent Wallingford he did under Frank Borzage's direction some years ago.

His utter independence in matters of personal attire, have given him courage to be original about other matters. For instance, if you should be fortunate to have Sam as a debtor and he reimbursed you with a check, you would have in your hands, until you banked it, at least, a picture of Mr. Hardy as *Marc Antony* in that Christy picture, *When Caesar Ran a Newspaper*. Also, if you happen to smoke a friendly pipe with him and he carelessly left a paper match folder on your smoking stand, you would discover on it his shining face. On the reverse side would be, "Sam Hardy—America's Favorite."

He has another neat little trick. He puts a perpendicular stroke through the S of his given name and has done so since he first learned to write it in large flattering letters. It is symbolic of his financial success. The ink he uses is always of a brilliant, jungle green.
iminating glance, she asked, "Why are you so interested in the theme song, I should like to know."

Flushingly, Bernice made no reply. The other girl suddenly turned on Larry, eyes blazing. "What's this extra girl got to do with our songs?" she demanded in an imperious tone.

Bernice saw Larry and Irving eye each other helplessly as they scanned the face before them. But before either could attempt an explanation, the temperamental legitimate star, snatched the music from the song-writer's hand and shook it in Bernice's face.

WHAT do you know about music?" she taunted viciously. "You've no right here—I'll not have a test with you present—your crashing in where you're not wanted."

It was an electrically charged moment. Bewildenment replaced anger as Bernice now shrank back behind Larry where she watched, frightened, as the "wonder girl's" face took on an expression of uncontrollable and devastating rage.

"Wait a minute," Larry tried to make her listen, but could not stop the rapid-fire epithets which Velma let fly at all of them. The emotional actress was indulging in one of her celebrated tantrums for which she was so famous.

Weinstein, Motte and Laney now edged over and grouped themselves about her. The other guests seated there stared in surprise and embarrassed discomfort. Weinstein stepped closer and putting her shoulder asked:

"Why, what's the matter?"

"Matter?" she cried, shaking herself free from his touch, "Why, having your 'Dearie' learn my songs, that's what," she declared, spacing the words significantly. "You knew all along that—that—" she paused, panting. Weinstein interrupted her with a sardonic laugh. "Knew what?" she asked sneeringly and pointedly.

Her eyes had narrowed down into horizontal slits.

"That she wanted the lead because—" But Weinstein's frenzied gestures expressing bewilderment had stopped her. In a flash, shaking with fury, she swung about and struck him full in the face.

TOO dazed to speak, his face went purple and he quivered with anger. There was dead silence in the studio. The mort-gazed dumbly into each other's eyes as Velma picked up her red velvet coat and flounced from the room.

Bernice smiled and dropped into a chair. Silently studying the faces of those near her, she was surprised when the director, apparently with studied calm to lower the tension, remarked dryly, "Guess we'll have to wait until she returns."

"Sure, we'll have to get her back." Then reflectively Weinstein added with a half-smile. "She's a little devil, but just the girl for the part—she'll be oke when she gets over her hectic emotional seizure."

THE room now buzzed with small, shrill confusions which blended into one cacophony. To add to it, suddenly there was an avalanche of stirring music from the piano, sure sign of Irving's frame of mind—his effort to bring the situation back to well-mannered normalcy.

Bernice saw him signal Joan Mixon and Willis Karnes to the front. Their hot tap dancing act was then followed by the other guests doing clever dialogue stunts, all gen-erously strutting their stuff.

But a hurried glance at Weinstein's face showed Bernice that he, in spite of all this, was still brooding over the scene that Velma had staged. She wondered if during their years of pleasant association he would have valued her more had she occasionally flown into a rage. The music came to a sudden stop while some of the girls sauntered towards their seats.

"Before we go let's have a song," some one suggested.

"Yes, from Bernice Bright," and the eyes of the song-writer mirrored the bright idea as if it had that moment suddenly struck him.

BERNICE, always willing to do her part towards a happy ending and just a little ashamed of herself for the delight which Velma's outbreak had given her, crossed the studio and stood near the piano.

She could feel all eyes turned towards her in wondering, doubting expectancy. Even Weinstein's face seemed to hold an expression of admiration, but apparently not unmingled with a look of appraisal and regret that she could not sing. But surprise sud-denly spread over his countenance as Irving's fingers struck the chords of The Mur-ning Call in The Song of Life. Bernice paused to take a deep breath, then drew her-self up dramatically and began to sing, completely losing herself in the music.

In tones that throbbed, caressed and awak-ened memories even in her own mind, she sang the dignified and soft music that Irving had written especially for her voice and which they had rehearsed hour after hour and day after day.

SHE could feel the surge of vibrations flooding up in upon her as the faces of her listeners became alive with enthusiasm. There was a flush of warmth in her cheeks as her eyes lingered a moment on Larry's face. Something tremendously emotional crept into her voice as her lips formed the tender words.

Before she had finished, wild applause burst upon her startled ears, accompanied by Weinstein's frantic gestures as he shouted to the technician.

"The mike—quick—we'll take a rest." and grasping Bernice by the arm, he ushered her into the sound-proof room, followed by Larry and Irving who took his place at the piano.

HERE, amid a mad maze of wires, lights and strange looking machinery sets, Ber-nice found herself repeating her song into a microphone—singing better than before.

When it was over, a pin drop could have been heard. Tense, strained looks were exchanged while they waited for the playback. Finally, it came to them and Bernice listened to marvelous tones holding a final top-note with bird-like ease. Then again utter silence reigned in the cathedral-like stillness of the sound proof room.

FOR God's sake, Bernice," gasped Weinstein as he elbowed Larry out of the way in his eagerness to reach her, "Why didn't you tell us you could sing?"

"Why?" she asked coolly.

Then Weinstein exploded. "Why?" he echoed, "because you're just the girl for the lead."

"But you said I was not the type—that—"

"Don't rub it in, Bernice," he interrupted with a grin, apparently cheered at the thought that Larry had been dumb as he, "but tell us, do you want the rôle?"

"Maybe Larry'd rather have someone else?" and she smiled naively at Larry who was gazing at her with ardent eyes.

AND that seemed too much for Weinstein. He shrugged with an understanding gesture and, turning quickly, left them alone. Bernice dropped her eyes and sat very still. The effect was odd. It made her seem un-attractive. And it apparently made Larry cast aside his cultivated reserve as he cried out. "You know, Bernice, the girl I want—"

—his voice was slow, deliberate—"have al-ways wanted, and his eyes sparkled with heightened eagerness. "Will you take the rôle?"

"What rôle?" With a twinkle that betrayed her thought.

"The biggest rôle in life—the one for which you were created," he whispered fervently.

"And what's that?" she asked quietly, looking into his eyes.

"The lead in our drama, sweetheart. Don't you know what I mean?" in an en-chanted voice, "yours and mine!"

"Well, that depends," her eyes were chal-lenging now.

"Upon what?"

"You," she laughed softly, "and how you play your part."

"I?" Then eagerly, "my part'll be in making you the happiest girl in the world—if you'll let me," he added persuasively.

"Then, and she hesitated, now utterly amazed at her own audacity," 'T'll accept—both rôles—because—" She looked deep into his eyes that were gleaming with excitement as he took her into his arms.

"Because," he prompted softly, drawing her closer.

"Because—I want to make you happy, too!"

HAD the camera been whirring at them under a director's signal, a retake for a more fervid scene in The Song of Life would not have been necessary. For Larry's lips were crushed against hers in one of those clinging kisses which every movie fan remembers so extremely well.
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NEW CATALOGUE FREE TO ADULTS

The Vivid Life Story of Doug., Jr. 

[Continued from page 77]

wasn’t necessary for him to beg for work after that.

BUT after his experience in Texas Steer, several months elapsed before The Barker, and during those months Doug, Jr., decided he would not toss all of his eggs into one basket.

He cast his eyes toward the stage. He took a course in dramatic acting under a famous stage director. And he put his writing abilities to use in tiling films. This he did on two of his father’s productions, The Black Pirate and The Gauchos, as well as on Two Lovers, co-starring Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky.

Meanwhile, he sought for a chance on the stage, but no manager seemed willing to gamble.

Here in Hollywood we have—the Writers’ Club, with its weekly series of one-act plays written and attended by members of the movie colony. Doug, Jr., appealed to the club’s stage director.

THE name of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., created little interest on a program that invariably contained the biggest names in Hollywood. Furthermore, the majority of the auditors had at some time or other seen him in the films, and—well—he wasn’t so strong.

But they didn’t know this youngsters had been training for the stage. He showed all the poise and charm of the veteran, with a dramatic ability that was outstanding.

Seated, almost unseen, in the rear of the little theatre were Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., and Mary Pickford. The father appeared highly nervous, but as his son’s scene progressed, he leaned forward in his chair. A most startled expression swept his face.

A s the curtain fell, a proud Dad turned to a pleased step-mother and shouted, “By Gad, Mary, the boy can act!”

One more play for the Writers’, and young Doug was ready for bigger things. One Los Angeles theatre cast him for the title role in Young Woodley.” Again the scion of the king scored, and the shouts of the royal Dad, who was in the audience, almost lifted the roof.

After weeks of capacity houses here, the play was sent to San Francisco, where it still was a drawing card when Doug was summoned home to take the principal role in Saturday’s Children in the same theatre that had housed his first success.

As a stage actor he was made.

First National held up the start of The Barker for three weeks until he could wind up his stage contract.

EVEN in those days, however, Doug, Jr., refused to take the screen seriously. The first National publicity office had asked him to fill out the usual biography form. Here are some of the studio’s questions and his replies:

**Question:** Interesting data on relatives.

**Answer:** Horse thieves.

Q. Married? A. No.


Q. Names and ages of them? A. Abra-

ham (22), Isaac (43), Jacob (70).

Q. What titles have been used in your publicity? A. The biggest heelf in Hollywood.

Q. What would you advise a beginner to do in starting a screen career? A. Forget it.

Q. What do you like to do best? A. Sleep.


Q. What kind of dancing do you do? A. You’d be surprised.

Q. Do you sing? A. Heavens, no.

Q. Where can you be reached if not at home. A. In jail.

Q. What plans did your parents have for you? A. They never confided in me.

BUT he was trying his best to get somewhere on the stage. He had decided that that was where he would find success. He dropped the athletics that had so long appealed to him—football, tennis, boxing and wrestling—to devote all of his leisure to further training and developing his speaking voice, his pantomime and his dramatic ability.

It was after The Barker had been completed that we were lunching in the Holly-

wood Athletic Club. The picture had been his first talkie.

“Has dialogue changed your views on the screen?” I asked him.

He admitted it had. I asked him what role he would like best to play.

“The Duke of Richstadt in L’Aiglon”, he replied. “I like the romantic costume plays.”

Doug, Jr., apparently forgot about love after his infantile affair with the baby Fl-

belle, for, from that time until he met Joan Crawford three years ago, he gave little thought to the fair sex—except for his mother.

I used to go to parties, yes,” he said, by way of explanation. “But I had a terrible memory for faces and names, so I’d stand off in a corner by myself. But fear I would insult someone by not recognizing him or being able to call him by name.

“That’s why Hollywood for a long while considered me high-hat. And I being only a failure trying to hustle a living.”

---

**READ ON—**

In the second half of this fascinating story of Doug. Jr., you will learn—

How love changed the views of Doug and Joan.

About their courtship and marriage.

What Doug thinks of Doug. Sr., and Mary Pickford.

How he supports his grand-

mother and grandfather—

the latter once a famous

millionaire.

All these intimate revelations of this young man’s life and more in the next issue of TALKING SCREEN. Watch for it on your

newstand.
She Couldn't Say No

[Continued from page 72]

Jerry Casey was asking for her. They'd brought him in last night. He'd shot it out with Big John, and was in a very bad way.

Winnie forgot everything. She broke all speed records getting to Jerry. Iris was with him, but she went out when Winnie came in. Jerry said weakly, "I had to see you, Winnie. I had to tell you that I understand now. I realize what I should have known long ago. I'd have been the luckiest man on earth to have had you. I wasn't big enough to receive the love you had to offer. I'm going to . . . kick . . . the bucket, Winnie. I want to fade out calling you my pal."

"It's all right, Jerry. Everything's going to be all right."

J E R R Y didn't contradict her. He had things to say. "I'm glad about the show," he said weakly, "you're the hit of Broadway, just like we always planned. I . . . I had seats for tonight."

"There'll be lots of other nights, boy."

"Yes, for me . . . I wanted to hear you sing your big hit number. What is it, Winnie?"

"It's that old song I started with . . . A Dare Fool Woman Like Me . . . remember? The first one you heard at the Dizzy Club."

"Sing it for me, Winnie."

Winnie sang it with the tears rolling down her cheeks. Iris, pacing the floor outside, could hear her. When the song ended, she went in . . . Winnie was just standing there looking at him. Jerry was dead. He had faded out, saying weakly, "Winnie . . . goodbye . . . goodbye, pal."

S H E sat in her dressing room with her makeup on. Tommy was there.

The manager came to the door.

"You're on, Winnie. What's the matter, sick?" Winnie shook her head.

"Tommy said, 'She's all broken up. Some one died . . . '"

"Gee," the manager faltered, "that's too bad. A relative?"

"Friend. Fellow named Jerry Casey."

"Jerry Casey? Jerry Casey, dead?"

Winnie looked up with a dull light in her eyes. "Do you know him?"

"He's the man who's backing this show!"

"Back ing this . . . show?"

"Sure. He came to me, offered to put up the money if I'd give you the lead. He made me promise to keep his name secret."

Winnie passed her hand over her forehead. There was a vague excitement rising in her. She sobbed, sharply. "He did!" she said. "He did! Tommy, think of it! It's his show! He loved me! He loved me!"

The call boy rapped smartly on the door.

Two minutes, Miss Harper.

"All right, darling," the manager said.

Winnie looked in the mirror and adjusted her hair, patted her dress down. She was smiling. She turned to Tommy with that smile on her face. "Come on," she said, "let's go. I can't lay down now, Tommy. It's Jerry's show. It's Jerry's show, and I'll put it over!" And there was a light of quiet happiness shining in her eyes.
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Juanita Anderson's radiant beauty is the kind which brings joy to the beholder. Yet her youth and grace were once marred by unattractive figure and shape. Gruelingly she determined to get off her obesity and to win back the luster that through Korea she reached her heart's desire.

I weighed 172 pounds before I started using Korein. Within a month I lost 50 pounds.

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Tidings from Talkie Town

(Continued from page 72)

NOW that Rin-Tin-Tin has announced his intention of joining the Cook-and
Bucheret devotees, we can't sleep nights, wondering what he'll do in the Louvre.
He's not going to stop at a mere European
trip, either. No, he's much too "harmant"
and, besides, he can't afford to let Benjamin Franklin get ahead of him. With the help of Lee Dunstan, who found him on the battle
fields of France and is still his owner and
champion, he's going to give to the viewing
world the story of his life—and join the gal-
gy of immortals.

NOW that young William Ince, son of the late and great motion picture
pioneer, Thomas H. Ince, is safely married to Miss Ada Williams, Kentucky beauty con-
test winner who took her honors to Raymond
Cannon's Joy Street, he can begin to think of his future. He did, and enrolled for a
five year course at the Osteopathic Surgeons' College where he goes five days a week, while Ada sits at home and thinks about
planes. She refuses to divulge who
loves her. But you have her word, and ours, that he is a nice man.

IF YOU had a hard time crashing the stu-
dio gates last summer when you came out
to Hollywood to visit Aunt Emma, this will
console you:

Robert Armstrong sauntered into the War-
er studio the other day, before starting work in Sunset in Esmire. Says the gate-
man: "Where y' goin'?" "Inside," grins Bob
"You'll have to go around by the caviing office,
was the g.m.'s ultimatum, and he struck by
his guns. Bob was amused at first, but
when the same thing happened again a little
later in the afternoon, he began to be
anoyed. Then he had a bright idea. The
third time he approached the unrecognizing
gateman and being accosted with the usual
query, he pointed to the two slugs slung over
his left arm and said curtly, "I am Mr.
Armstrong's valet." "Oh, you're with Bob Armstrong," beamed the g.m. cordially,"Sure, come on in.

"In a couple of weeks," remarks Bob,
"he'll probably be asking me why my boss
ever comes to work."

SPEAKING of betrothal gifts, Helene
Costello, who is to marry Lowell Sher-
man in March or April—they're waiting for
Dolores to present the Barrymore heir and
that should be about April first—has some of
the loveliest presents these eyes have seen.
Sherman likes to see his beloved in ear-
ings and has given her some stunning an-
tiques. One pair dates from the Meditari
is set in gold with opals, like a lovely drift-
ing fan. The reverse side is chased with a
minute design. There are Chinese earings, too, and jade, and an Imperial
cloisonne scaplet bearing the royal color of
yellow. For Christmas, Lowell gave Helene
a striking flat diamond necklace. Very
simple and in very, very good taste.

Mrs. Julia Sherman, reported to be the dis-
concerting factor in the Pauline Garon-Lowell
Sherman marriage, is exceedingly fond of
Helene, which makes everything pretty swell.
Each of the three has his own apartment in
the Beverly-Willshire Hotel in Beverly Hills.
This will be Helene's second leap. The
first with Jack Regan, a childhood sweet-
heart, was dissolved not long ago.

The story on page 48 of this issue tells about the
scions of genuine aristocrats who form a goodly por-
tion of Hollywood's film players. In the next issue of
TALKING SCREEN we are going to tell you the
inside dope on the fake royalty that infest the film
capital—and we can promise you that some of these
revelations will be startling, to say the very least.

Don't Fail to Read This Exposure of the Title Fakers
Meet Richard Dix

[Continued from page 25]

the sight of a spear and a leopard skin. His first appearance was as a Russian war leader, which he holds. Before he realized it, he had led "em the wrong way, and kept right on going through the stage door. With Caesar's centuries behind him. He used to be a good football player. He isn't bad at baseball. He wields a mean tennis racket, too, and can hold his own in hockey. He can be tempted to go hunting, but prefers fishing, and manages to get out in a stream with hip-boots and trout line at not too frequent intervals. He's got a nice home in Hollywood—but the plumbing isn't gold, and the glass isn't cut. Neither is the Bourbon. The place is fairly well cluttered up with setter dogs of a prize-winning strain.

Back in Minnesota he has a sister and a cousin. The Ams both are beautiful. His dull-colored neckwear is never ornamented with a stick-pin. Tie pins recall hard times. He's had 'em in hock in more states than voted Democratic. He's also made a meal from a pair of cuff-links. Via "Uncle", of course.

Although considered best as a light comedian, Rich has proven his ability to play dramatic roles. Since his experiences in making The Vanishing American—which he refers to as The Vanishing American—and Redskin, he has become greatly interested in Indian life. He'd like to make another heap-big-chief film. His popularity extends to the braves on the reservations where he worked, and one room in his abode is devoted to a collection of Indian trophies heaped upon him by the red brethren. His first movie, by the way, was Not Guilty. And Joe Schenk, now president of United Artists, gave him the role. He holds a deep and sincere attachment for William Le Baron, RKO produc- tion, the roving home-companion. It has existed for years.

He's Hollywood's perennial bachelor. Every time he takes a girl to dinner he's reported engaged. An impeachment which he never denies for fear of causing the lady an embarrassment. When anyone asks him why he doesn't marry, he responds "Who'd have me?" So now, girls, don't all speak at once.

Win Nash and $500.00 or $1,845 Cash
Seven Brand New 6-Cylinder Cars Given

For advertising purposes I am going to give absolutely free a brand new six-cylinder Special Nash four-door Sedan, an Oldsmobile two-door Sedan, a Deto two-door Sedan, a Pontiac two-door Sedan, an Essex two-door Sedan, a Whippet two-door Sedan, and a Chevrolet two-door Sedan, all six-cylinder latest model Sedans. I am also going to supply new complete type radios, a Victor Orthophonic Victrola, and other valuable prizes. Any person living in the United States outside of Chicago may enter an answer to this puzzle except our employees or members of their families, or winners of automobiles or first prizes in any of our previous offers, or members of their families.

Solve This Traffic Puzzle

In the picture there are 7 cars in a bad traffic jam. None of them can move forward, for each car is blocked by the one in front of it. One of these cars will have to be backed out. Which one? The traffic policeman seems to be stumped. Can you attract his attention, and help him out? Each car can be moved backward, and if you pick out the right one, you will see that it is not necessary to back up any of the others. Send the number of the car which when backed out will relieve this traffic tie-up, and if your answer is correct you will be qualified for this opportunity.

$500.00 for Promptness

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Louise Fazenda—No Less

(Continued from page 47)


On Thanksgiving Day, 1927, Louise married Hal Wallis, now an associate executive at First National. They got that way about each other several years before when Hal was publicity director at Warner Bros. That time Louise was under contract to the same company. That’s how they met.

These charming Hal Wallis’ inhabit a stunning house in the Wilshire district. The house, incidentally, was designed by Louise. Building houses is one of her hobbies. And after she’s had the fun of planning and building a house, she sells it.

LOUISE is crazy about her mother. They are great friends—real friends. Kid the life out of each other.

"You know," Louise giggled, "mother, having given birth to a comic artist, tries to furnish what she thinks is the correct parental background for such a person. I called for her the other day at one of those Ladies’ Aid Society meetings and several of the members corralled me, saying gushingly, "Oh, Miss Fazenda, your mother! She certainly is a card!"

"I have a sneaking suspicion that Mother does the buck and wing when I’m not around," Miss Fazenda added. "And, member, she’s seventy and still wears black satin and puts on her earrings before she takes off her night gown. So you can imagine—"

And Louise is on the same basis of delightfulness with her father. She built a house for her parents adjoining her own. A buzzer system connects the two houses.

BESIDES her hobby of building houses, Louise spends her spare time (such as it is) collecting books, chinaware, rare objects of art and exquisite novelties. And wigs. She is the lucky owner of several illustrated manuscripts of the Middle Ages.

The wigs are for her work. In nearly every one of her characterizations she wears a wig. And she has one of the finest collection of hirsute adornments in Hollywood.

"My attic is my film wardrobe," she explained with a laugh. "Every bit of available space is filled with wig boxes, cupboards of strange dresses and boxes of shoes, I often buy the entire stock of a little country dry goods shop in order to get hold of odd costumes.

LOUISE landed in California when she was a baby—her family moved there from Indiana at that time. Her father ran a small store. Many a childhood hour Louise spent waiting on the customers. And observing them and imitating them. Some of her funniest characterizations were built up from the memories of those quaint old types she saw as a child.

The big market in Los Angeles at the corner of Third and Broadway is one of the best places I know of to study people," Louise says. "These shoppers reveal their sure-enough natures. I have stood on the sidelines for half-an-hour at a time, watching them. Eventually I’ll use them in my work."

Railroad stations are other hang-outs of Louise’s when she is searching for good stock material. There, of all places, when greeting and saying good-bye to friends, lovers and loved ones, people drop their mask of everyday life and show their natural eccentricities for all the world to see. It is these things that Louise spots and capitalizes on. And she always manages to keep any trace of malice out of her characterizations.

When you think of Louise Fazenda you immediately see a clever actress who can flick back her hair and wrinkle her brow into a fun-provoking, middle-aged woman. Or the ringletted and giggling funny woman in a musical comedy.

But there is a side to this remarkable woman that film fans never even suspect. She has a remarkably sane philosophy and a brain that is keen and shrewd. And, in spite of her opulent success, she still has an excellent idea of values.

"Most girls I’ve known who are worried about getting married," Louise says, "seem to think they would never consider a man unless he is wealthy. I know they’re making a big mistake. When I first knew Hal he was driving a funny little Ford. It didn’t make a bit of difference to me. We liked each other. The Ford might have been a gorgeous limousine. As far as we were concerned, it was.

Beauty is not necessary in order to attract and hold a man, this girl believes. If women would make a point of treating men with the same consideration they themselves expect from men, romance would flourish more than it does.

LOUISE has a little joke to tell about The Galloping Fish, a silent comedy she made at the Thomas Ince Studios years ago.

"The name rôle was played by atrained seal whose ability to make noises amounted to something very near talk. Syd Chaplin, Ford Sterling and Chester Conklin, who were in the picture, used to have a lot of fun with me because I tried to imitate the guttural sounds of the seal.

"Lately the picture was made again as a talkie. When it came time for the seal to talk he became temperamental. Someone had to double for him. I told them I could. They tested me and I did!"

Miss Fazenda regards her hair and her voice as the two powerful mediums in portraying her rôles. In no two of the many talking pictures she has made have either her hair or her voice been the same.

In speaking of the new demands that the talkies have made upon the screen player, she says:

"You have to be a much finer actor these days. Talking pictures mean study—study. But they’re worth it. There is a satisfaction to making a talking picture that I have never known in silent ones."
They’re Different in Hollywood

[Continued from page 76]

a Scot, and when he has it cut the news runs like an electric current the length and breadth of the town. Of course, Sid is different in other ways too. But his hair is the pièce de résistance.

Helen Morgan’s loosening of garters upon entering her boxer’s home, is nothing compared with Greta Garbo’s penchant for removing her shoes, or Lupe Velez’s for removing almost anything that restricts her freedom of action, or Jim Cruze’s utter refusal to get dressed at all, and his rigid adherence to an open-throated sport shirt and flannel trousers for any and all occasions.

The bronze make-up simulating a sun tan was originated by Max Factor, the Hollywood cosmetic king. The brilliant beach pajamas and gorgeous negligees are inspired by the ready market found in Malibu. Without doubt the many ultra styles of Hollywood affect the fashions of the world. Strange to say, with the climate and among the film folk, they are the most pleasing colorful styles seen anywhere in the world. The whole town is gay because of them. They buoy up the spirit—make living more attractive.

Aside from Jette Goudal’s different hats, and Mary Pickford’s peanut-bristle, and Charlie Chaplin’s suberfinges to gain center stage, Virginia Bradford’s (and a dozen others) highly manicured tootsies, there are Louise Fayenda’s wig collection—one of which she’ll don if her appointments preclude a visit to the hair-dresser—Jimmie Gleason’s total abstinence from liquor—which is certainly different in Hollywood; George Bancroft’s baby talk ... and ... but, why continue? Name me a movie star and I’ll tell you the difference.

It extends throughout the town itself. A church bears a sign inviting one and all to come and see the stars worship. A sermon is advertised—Playing Golf With God. Aimée MacPherson runs religion like a three-ringed circus. Gingerale, milk, restaurants are advertised by plaster-of-paris statues. The one with the girl seated beside the bullhooys a different brand of milk. The other bovine calls attention to the “Bull Pen Inn.” Windmills revolve over bakeries; hot-dog stands are built in wondrous shapes—even the frankfurters become “Pedigreed Pups.” A home in Beverly has every window put in crooked—not just a little, but at a decidedly different angle.

The trees themselves are masses of carnation or purple. Geraniums grow shoulder high in hedges. Roses grow in the streets. You shoot fish and catch birds with a line. The houses have no cellars. The gorgeous flowers no odor—except the glorious scent of the orange groves. The grass doesn’t grow where there are walnut trees. The best fruit is shipped East. And everyone is courteous.

Yes, decidedly, Hollywood is as “different” as its citizens. May they reign till it pours. Which means forever—since it never rains in California. The climate’s “different,” too.


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Hollywood’s “No” Man

[Continued from Page 71]

Bickford was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, the son of a coffee importer. He was educated in the Boston schools and at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Then he enlisted in the navy and made a cruise around the globe.

Returning to America, he became an actor, although that was a question frequently disputed by his employers. Between stage jobs, he worked very successfully as a construction engineer.

Charlie showed me, his face beaming, the plans and specifications from which was being constructed, at a California shipyard, his new two-masted schooner yacht. It won’t be long now before the craft rides at anchor right in front of his home. And when, finally, he had given me every detail of the boat’s design, accommodations and equipment I led him back to the subject of his sole ambition in life—whale hunting.

“Oh, yes, I’ve been on several whale hunts off the Atlantic coast, and I’m pretty good at handling the harpoon,” he said, “but they were just short trips—a month or so.” At once his enthusiasm was riding high. He was like a child describing a game of marbles.

RIGHT now he is doing something he doesn’t want to do, but he is doing it mightily well. The real reason is that he is eager to get a stake to do the things he wants to do.

While Charlie was working in a scene for Anna Christie, in which he plays a derelict sailor who falls in love with Greta Garbo, I sat on the set watching him. He didn’t know it. I explained, “Explain him, if you can.” I dared a famous director who occupied a chair next to me on the sidelines.

“Why, he does things in his own way—the natural way,” responded the F.D. “When he plays the character he makes it real, even if he has to punch the director in the eye, and he plays it in a way that makes the audience realize that somewhere in real life they know a fellow who is just exactly like the character he is doing.”

Hollywood's Famous Family Tree

[Continued from page 50]

governor of New York. She has in her possession a number of heirlooms which have been handed down to her from her famous statesmen progenitor, including pewter and silver dishes, candlesticks, candleholders, and pens which he used during his term of service as governor.

Virginia Lee Corbin is descended from a princess of Holland. In 1905, John C. Corbin her paternal ancestor, financed a war of conquest for the French, being knighted as a reward. His son went to Holland where he married Princess von Vorhees. Virginia is a direct descendant of this union. Her great-great-grandfather, on her mother’s side, was Colonel Garrett, and his daughter, Ann Garrett, was one of the first woman attorneys in the United States. Virginia has been acclaimed in her childhood in the role of a princess in her childhood and she is noted for her wilfulness and her strong desire to handle her own affairs.

Were Hollywood to compile a blue book, many famous names would be among those present. Even though the aristocrats of the talkie colony do not mention the circumstances of their birth, they have that indefinable something which stamps them as persons of background and culture.
They Go Places and Do Things

(Continued from page 33)

become mighty monotonous if you see it exclusively for six or eight reels; so Lawton hunted up five distinctly different types of desert, beginning with frenzied Joshua forests and ending with reconstructed granite hill formations—the very edge of Hell itself! For the town, he discovered Bodie, an old abandoned mining camp that sprung up overnight during the California Gold rush days, and was as quickly deserted. Railroad companies are one of the most reliable sources of information available to a location manager; for if they can find good locations along their rights of way, the studios will use their trains.

In Sarah and Son a dramatic bit of action was to take place on Long Island Sound. A motor boat was to travel from a secluded bay under a railroad trestle, and out into the open sound. The writer had a definite location on Long Island in mind; but it was faithfully duplicated fifty miles from the Paramount Studios, in California, at a place called Anaheim Landing.

I T WAS a busy location manager who went on The Virginiae location. Hours before dawn he was out gathering in the cows—3000 of them, who were scheduled to swim a river at eight o'clock next morning! A crew of 250 spent three weeks on this location near Sonora, California, costing $75,000. It's hard to estimate the cost of studio locations. Theoretically, they approximate 1% of the production cost; but they fluctuate from $50 to several hundred thousand. One of the most costly locations now shooting is All Quiet on the Western Front, filmed on the 110,000 acre Irvine Ranch in Orange County. Only the portion that is flat and not surrounded by mountains can be used for "Belgium". As this land was cultivated, the studio had to pay the owner for his entire barley crop, in addition to the regular rental fee. Here trenches have been dug for both Allied and German armies.

An amusing incident occurred during the firing sequences of this picture. A tenant in an outlying house wrote in to the Universal Studios complaining that the concussion from the bombing had broken a flower dish, and he wanted it replaced, pronto! A location manager, constantly meeting the public, must be a past-master in diplomacy.

When one of Fred Lawton's companies was shooting, the monitor man reported an odd sound interfering at frequent intervals. Radio stations were heard announcing. Lawton paid a visit to every likely broadcasting station in the vicinity, without discovering the trouble. At last he climbed into a car and made a circuit of the local territory, finally tracing the disturbance to a private radio in a home atop Mulholland Drive, two miles from Universal. Because of the peculiar geographical situation, whenever the wind blew in a certain direction, the radio made whoopee with the studio sound track. Diplomatically Lawton invited the owner to visit the studio and see what made talkies talk. Now there's a friendly agreement that if there's an ill wind, the owner of the radio will read a book.

Lawton has also won cooperation from airplane pilots. The studio is situated in a bowl of hills in such a manner that planes flying even quite high often cause the sounds of their motors to reverberate in the monitor cabinet. An unsuspecting pilot sometimes steps from his plane to discover a form telegram already waiting at the flying field, asking him to fly away from Universal. Lawton has even caused the owner of a power-driven lawn mower to let grass grow under his feet for a few days of location work.

The most modern addition to location files is a collection of location sounds. A roving camera crew under the supervision of George Schneiderman, of Fox Films, is recreating the voices of every European capital. In Paris alone, sixty-one reels were filmed; the hubbub of streets beneath the Arc de Triumph; the measured tread of countless hundreds visiting the tomb of the Unknown Soldier; the chatter of tourists; the gossip and jests at sidewalk cafes; the rumble of trains; the scurrying porters in the Gare Sainte Lazare; the whir of airplanes above Le Bourget field. As each sound film reaches Hollywood, it is classified and stored in huge concrete-and-steel vaults until it is needed as an authentic sight-and-sound background for a particular production.

You can travel from Toronto to Timbuctoo without films—or if you can find the entire world on location within a hundred miles of Hollywood. No trouble at all.

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Some die o' bootleg liquor,
Some die o' dancing sweeties,
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Who die o' dialogue.

Jerry Benedict

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[Advertisement for Buescher saxophones]

In Reply Would Say

(Continued from page 9)
two song numbers. John’s latest full length feature is La Marseillaise opposite Luana La Plante. There is a chance that this title may be changed. Someone submitted to University the title La Marseillaise in the Cold, Cold Ground. Yes, they shot him for it.

FLORENCE—Vilma Banky was loaned by Sam Goldwyn to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for one picture, and that is A Lady to Love which is the new title from the play They Knew What They Wanted. Ann Harding is the mother of a chee-ild, who is still an infant in arms, although by the time you read this the infant may have taken her first step alone, without the help of her daddy—Harry Bannister. Miss Harding is one of the few blondes who has not bobbed her hair. Her eyes are gray and she has a range of five feet three inches with a weight of one hundred and twenty pounds.

V. G.—That blonde young man who helped Evelyn Brent take Moran for a sleigh ride in Why Bring That Up was Freeman Wood. Mae Murray’s debut in the talkies is Peacock Alley, produced by Tiffany Pictures. The beautiful brunette known as Betty Boyd was in Corinne Griffith’s picture Lilies of the Field.

A FAN—Thanks so much for your good wishes. The Duncan Sisters like most women are rather tight-lipped about their ages. The blonde one with the baby blue eyes is called Vivian, and the sister, who weighs a trifle less, answers to the name of Rosetta. No, they do not live together, each sister maintaining a separate establishment.

H. G.—Alice White for the past year has been flauting a rather blonde mane to the winds although the original color was brown.

I. Y.—All the players you mentioned are with the Paramount Famous-Lasky Corporation. Write them at 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood. We suggest that you enclose a quarter for each of the star’s portraits.

E. T. L.—Gosh, you guessed right in both instances. Charles Ruggles was in The Lady Lies and Gertrude Lawrence appeared in the New York presentation of Charlot’s Revue. Also, she was in Oh, Kay. Dennis King was The Vagabond King while Jeannette MacDonald played the niece of the king.

R. B.—Mary Pickford’s stage career started in 1898, at the age of five, when she played juvenile parts in the Valentine Stock Company in Toronto, Canada. Mary’s screen career started in 1915 under the direction of David W. Griffith. Her first leading role was in a one reeler for the Independent Motion Picture Company. Her next picture was A Good Little Devil which was a film version of the Belasco stage hit. Famous Players used the entire original stage cast. After making ten productions for Artcraft, Mary went over to First National and made three releases and then joined United Artists, who still release her productions. Mary’s disposition is a sunny and bright as her lovely blonde hair and her hazel eyes never stop smiling. Well, there you are, R. B, the earliest data on your, and goodness knows how many others, favorite film star.

ROBERTA—Buddy Rogers is not the most popular actor. According to a poll made over the country by the Exhibitor’s Daily, Lon Chaney pulled in more cuties at the box office during 1929 than any other male star. Clara Bow was the wow of the entire film industry. Eyes to the contrary, is just a good little Helena Montana girl. Greta Garbo is five feet eight inches tall. Great doubt exists whether the Bow-Richman naturals will ever be realized. Rin-Tin-Tin is owned by Lee Duncan who accompanies him at all personal appearances. Jack Coogan is not working in any production but is busyly engaged in his studies at a military academy in Los Angeles. His brother Robert is now five years old. Grec, Roberta, but you can ask a variety of questions. But we’re right in step with you. Try us again, soon.

M. H.—Up to the time we went to press, the title of Rudy Vallee’s next picture was not announced. Rudy himself doesn’t even know with whom he will finally sign. You can now buy his autobiography, published by E. P. Dutton Co. and called Vagabond Dreams Come True. Write Rudy at 10 East 60th Street, New York City.

F. B.—Mrs. John Boles was Marcellite Dobbs, a non-professional. The Boles were married in 1917, immediately after his graduation from college. John’s birthplace is Greenville, Texas. He has brown eyes and hair. And you’d never guess it, but his middle name is Love.

PATSY—Joan Crawford’s name was Lucille LeSueur. She and Doug, Jr., are extremely happy. Yes, she does call him Do. We doubt very much whether Jack Mulhall and Dorothy Mackill will ever marry, much less as the present Mrs. Mulhall may object. Oh, yes, didn’t you know there was already a Missus? Her name is Evelyn, and Jack and she are one of the longest married couples in Hollywood. Jack was born in Wappinger Falls, N. Y., while Dorothy hails from Hull, England.

DAVID—Give you Patsy Ruth Miller’s address? Now, David, don’t you know Patsy is a married woman? She is wife to Ray Garrett, one of the most promising directors on the Radio lot. Patsy’s latest work has been with Warner Brothers.

A. S.—Nancy Carroll has red hair. Don’t you read the ads?
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Presented by WILLIAM FOX
Directed by Benjamin Stoloff
Press Time Topics

Jack Oakie has arrived in New York to start work on his new picture, *The Sap from Syracuse*. He will be starred.

Edward Everett Horton will play in *Once a Gentleman* for Sono-Art. Francis X. Bushman and King Baggott will also be in the cast.

Catherine Dale Owen was in New York for the opening of her latest picture, *Strictly Unconventional*, which was based on the play, *The Circle*.

*Pleasure Island*, a story of the South Seas with a title that sounds interesting, will soon be put into production by Tiffany-Gainsborough.

Bernice Claire has been put into the cast of *Top Speed*, the musical comedy which First National is making with Joe E. Brown and some famous others in the cast.

Roland West will direct *Whispers* for United Artists. Chester Morris will be in the cast.

Ann Harding has completed *The Girl of the Golden West* for First National, and will soon start work on *Holiday*, from the play by Philip Barry, for Pathé. Mary Astor will also be in *Holiday*.

John Boles was recently in New York and spent a busy three weeks with his many friends.

Universal will hereafter make no more program pictures. All of their productions will be specials, each one costing a fabulous sum.

*Captain Blood*, the Raphael Sabatini story, will be done by First National as an all-Technicolor special. What a field for color.

The first wide screen picture which RKO will make will be a railroad story, at present untitled, with Louis Wolheim and Robert Armstrong in the leading roles.

Maurice Chevalier is very busy making his newest talkie. It is called *Too Much Luck*, and promises to be a wow.

*Rain or Shine* with the incomparable Joe Cook has been completed by Columbia, and will be released shortly. It is expected to be a knockout.

Al Jolson’s first picture for United Artists will be *Sons o’ Guns* from the famous musical comedy of the same title. Later on Al will do *Big Boy* for the talkies. Go to it, Al.

Lon Chaney’s first talkie will definitely be *The Unholy Three*, the film which was such a success as a silent.

Laura La Plante has been in New York for the last few weeks very busy shopping and doing all the gay things that stars do when they hit New York.

Doris Kenyon has been chosen by Paramount to play opposite George Bancroft in two pictures, *Cave Man* and *The Spoilers*.

The talkie rights for *Cimarron*, Edna Ferber’s novel, have been purchased by RKO.

*Madame Satan*, the Cecil B. De Mille big musical feature, has just been completed.

Buddy Rogers finished *Follow Thru* on the coast, and is now in New York to start production on *Heads Up* in the Long Island studios of Paramount. It seems that Buddy is popular in the talkie versions of famous musical comedies.

Alfred E. Green, the man who directed *Disraeli* and *The Green Goddess* for Warner’s, has been signed by Pathé.

Dolores Del Rio will probably be in New York for the opening of *The Bad One*, which is expected to take place some time in May.

Jeanette Loff and Paul Whiteman are expected to be at the opening of the already famous *King of Jazz*. This, as you probably know, is Whiteman’s first effort for the talkies, and promises to make movie history.

Dorothy Mackaill has been picked to play the feminine lead in *The Bad Man*, a talkie adaptation of the play by the same name. Walter Huston will play the title role made famous by Holbrook Blinn.

Marion Davies will do a talkie-bigie version of *Rosalie* for M-G-M. Harry Beaumont will direct.

Aileen Pringle and Grant Withers have been selected for *Soldiers and Women*, which will be made by Columbia, and will be an adaptation of the stage play.

George Arliss’ next picture for Warner Bros. will be *Old English*. The play of the same name was a Broadway success of some seasons ago.

Sue Carol has been signed to play opposite Arthur Lake in *Tommy*, which is being made by RKO. A great pair.
What Love Means to Me
as told to Walter Ramsey by
Olive Borden
The First of a Brilliant Series in Which the Stars Disclose Their Feelings on the Greatest Emotion
The Cat's Whispers
Marcella S. Gardner
Fifi Dorsay's Cat Gives the Low-down
Abraham Lincoln Huston
Dorothy Spensley
How D. W. Griffith Chose These Clubs Are Trumps
Mary Sharon
Hollywood's Amazing Clubs Setting the Stage for Talkies
Dorothea Hawley Cartwright
On the Art of Talkie Set Building
The Orchid Lady Bids Farewell to the Screen Dorothy Spensley
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THE ROGUE SONG for the glorious voice of Tibbett.

ANNA CHRISTIE for Greta Garbo's voice and Marie Dressler's characterization.

THE VAGABOND KING for its spirit of romance.

DISRAELI for its being without hokum and with George Arliss.

STREET OF CHANCE for William Powell's superb acting.

SON OF THE GODS for Richard Barthelmess' sincerity.

THE MAN FROM BLANKLEY'S for John Barrymore's amusing interpretation of a farcical role.

PUTTIN' ON THE RITZ for its entertainment value.

UNDER A TEXAS MOON for its great color photography.

CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD for its amusing mob scenes and for John Boles and his voice.

DANGEROUS PARADISE for Nancy Carroll and Dick Arlen in a Hollywood version of Joseph Conrad's 'Victory.' Nancy and Dick do excellent work, but the story wobbles at times.

DEVIL MAY CARE for Ramon Novarro as pompous operatic in this one and Rea and serviceable settings. This tale of the Nepalese era is well worth seeing—and entertaining.

DISRAELI for George Arliss in a splendid story of an historical character, which stands up very well, and entertaining while sticking fairly close to history.

THE DIVORCE for—Reviewed in this issue.

DYNAMITE for Kay Johnson and Charles Bickford in a drama which can only be called a flop. Cecil B. de Mille directed—enough said!

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS for Reginald Denny in another of those comedies he does so well. He finds himself, through force of circumstances, the trial husband of a girl he had never seen. You can imagine some of the side-splitting situations this predicament brings about.

FRAMED (REO) for Evelyn Brent as Clara Bow and gets her man—with a gun. Everybody is very busy freaking everybody else in this picture—no fun intended. If you can follow the plot, it's good entertainment.

THE FURIES for Lois Wilson as the wife who is accused of murdering her hubby. All the evidence in the world is stacked against the poor girl until—we're going to keep the secret.

THE NINETIES for—Reviewed in this issue.

GENERAL CRACK for John Barrymore, Lovell Sherman, Marion Nixon, and their work. This is a splendid costume epic based on a story out of history. Barrymore is splendid. If you like to laugh, this talkie assures his success in the new medium.

THE GIRL SAID NO (M-G-M) for the wise-cracking Bill Hinns in his usual role, this time in a background of college life. A story of triangles and quadrangles that will amuse you, particularly if you are one of the multitude of romantic females.

THE GOLDEN Calf for this one of those stories where the girl thinks she is up to somepretty smart game and friend shows her how to look beautiful. Sue Carol is the girl and what a job she has to look plain!

THE GRAND PAGEANT for a well-chosen show of a score of years ago is the setting for this human and gripping story. See it by all means.

THE GREAT GABBO for James Cruze—Von Stroheim and Betty Compson in an excellent comedy picture.

THE GREEN GODDESS for Warner Brothers—The famous play in talkie form. It's hokum, of course, but grand hokum that has stood the test of years. George Arliss as the Devil is splendid.

GREEN STOCKINGS for—Reviewed in this issue.

HELL HARBOR for Lupe Velez is fine in this story. It's melodrama, but it's good.

HELL'S HEROES for Universal—A gripping story of three bank robbers who risk their lives to save the life of a little child. It sounds like hokum but it is not.

HER PRIVATE AFFAIR for—Ann Harding in her second Pathé picture is simply superb. A great story, however, is it not, you won't believe it.

HIT THE DECAY for—the swell musical comedy comes out still sweller in the talkies with some new songs and high lights are the Hallelujah number and Mr. Jack Oakie whose performance simply wows 'em.

HONEY for—Sweet little Nancy Carroll and boyish Stanley Smith in an amusing farce of a Southern belle who rings true. Nancy Carroll is delightful and Zasu Pitts, as a red-headed ingénue. Skeet Gallagher as Nancy's brother and Harry Green furnish plenty of comedy.

HOT FOR PARIS for—Victor McLaglen, Fifi Dorsay and El Brendel hand out some laughs in this one. It's a comedy for sure.

IN GAY MADRID for—Ramon Novarro plays a Spanish youngster with natural abilities and voice. His entanglements with fiery Spanish señoritas furnish much comedy. He also sings a couple of songs in his usual splendid style.

IS EVERYBODY HAPPY for—We should say no! Ted Lewis certainly knows his saxophone, but for as his acting—

IT'S A GREAT LIFE for—The Duncan sisters, Rosetta and Vivian, as a couple ofavadaville sisters, team with a sensation in this one.

KETTLE CREEK for—Reviewed in this issue.

THE KIBITZER for—This is a comedy of the first water, aided and abetted by the amusing Harry Green's Hebraic act.

LADIES OF LEISURE for—Reviewed in this issue.

A LADY TO LOVE (M-G-M) for Vilma Banky replies with an eminently satisfactory answer to the question: What will she be like in the talkies?" Good as she is, Edward G. Robinson makes a fine picture.

THE LOCKED DOOR for—Rod La Rocque and Barbara Stanwyck in a melodrama full of the well known thrills, chills and excitement.

LORD BYRON OF BROADWAY for—A story of a man who gets well-headed. Well, Well! We seem to have heard it before! Nevertheless, it's a good yarn and well handled.

LOOSE ANKLES for—A story of two girls, two scots, four gogoles and an inheritance.

[Continued on page 96]
To those who think Learning Music is hard-

Perhaps you think that taking music lessons is like taking a dose of medicine. It isn't any longer!

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JUNE! The month of sunshine and flowers and dreams come true; and dozens of brides and "sweet girl graduates" in a deliriously happy whirl of shopping for the loveliest gowns they can afford!

For years brides have generally followed the period costume lines—tight bodices to the hip, and long, full skirts. While femininity in bridal costumes is still the most emphatic keynote, there are two different trends from which to choose.

First, there's the quaint bridal gown, with its cute little "baby" sleeves that just cover the shoulders; or a bertha, or Marie Antoinette collar, that falls gracefully over the arms. Skirts may be full and long still; but now they are even all around, unless they actually trail a little on the floor behind.

For the sophisticated girl who rejoices in "the very last word" of fashion, there is the ultra-smart bridal gown built on the princess silhouette. Intricately cut bodices, clever sleeves, skirts that have the "Frenchy" touch—these will delight her.

Although satin is not a smart fabric this year, brides are permitted to follow the tradition if they choose, selecting one of the off-white shades tending eggshell or a blue-white. Crêpes are especially good for the bride who is willing to depart from satin; and then there are the lovely French chiffon, soft moiré, and all-over lace. Any one of these fabrics not only lends itself to modish treatment, but is flattering and feminine to the girl who wants to look her very best on her day of days.

The most difficult problem of the formal bride is her wedding veil. It may make or mar the otherwise quite perfect ensemble! First, the cap must be molded very close to the head this year, giving it a tidy, smart appearance. Then, the length is terribly important. Imagine a too-short veil on a tall bride, or a long, trailing veil on a very little girl! The proper proportion can be discovered only by comparing different effects in a full-length mirror. If you happen to have a beautiful piece of old lace in the family, you are especially fortunate. But unless lace is really fine and soft, it is far less attractive than the traditional net veil. Particularly popular is the combination of cleverly modeled old-lace cap with a net veil.

The very smart bride this year carries a white moiré or velvet prayer book instead of a bridal bouquet. But if you are one of the many, many June brides who can't imagine her costume complete without flowers, you are permitted a choice of several smart shower bouquet substitutes. For example, a garland of entwined flowers, a sheaf of lilies (if you happen to like their cold austerity) or an armload of white lilacs. But the very newest flower fashion of all is a coy little muff of white violets and tiny roses! A flower cap to match is an added touch of novelty.

As long gloves are again modish, the bridal gown may have short sleeves, if any. If gloves are not worn, how-

[Continued on page 75]
Lest We Forget

Just to arouse your secret memories
of the dear dead silent days
which have gone forever
and forever and a day

The Bechtels—William and
Jenny—were the stars of the old
Edison company twenty-five years
ago, working in a make-shift studio in
the Bronx, New York. Betchel, lead-
ing man to Lillian Russell, was one of
the first to desert the stage for the
flickers.

He still is in pictures, playing char-
acter roles.

Alma Rubens made her first
starring picture, Dine of the
Green Van, eleven years ago. Nigel
Barrie was her leading man.

Alma now is attempting a come-
back after a year in a state institu-
tion, where she was cured of the
narcotic habit.

Don't Change Your Husband, starring Glor-
via Swanson, with Lew Cody and
Elliot Dexter and directed by
Cecil De Mille, was causing
them to line up at the box of-
ices ten years ago.

Twenty-one years ago,
Alec B. Francis left the
stage and joined the old
Vitagraph company, his first
screen role being that of the
Car in The Bell of Justice.

Francis never returned to the footlights and has averaged
twenty roles each year in the studios.

Despite the fact that he is past seventy, this year will be no
exception. His income for 1929 was almost $70,000.

The American Film company was bally-hooing Secretary
of Frivolous Affairs in 1915 as an all-star production.
The cast included Harold Lockwood, Hal Clements, William
Ehfe, Carl von Schiller, May Allison, Carol Holloway, Joseph-
ine Dit, Lucy Payton and Lillian Gonzales. Thomas Rick-
etts was the director.

All these have now retired—either from life or from the
screen.

Beautiful Martha Mansfield, who left the Ziegfeld
Follies ten years ago to seek fame in Hollywood, was
burned to death just after she attained stardom six years ago.
The end came while she was working before the camera.

Pauline Frederick gave her age as 33. Alice Brady
refused to be definite, but admitted she was in her mid-
dle twenties. Bert Lytell said he was "about thirty". Norma
Talmadge supposedly was twenty-two and no foolin'.

Here we have the very latest in fashions for
evening wear in the year—well, figure it out
for yourself. The lady whom this creation
adorns is none other than our own Gloria
Swanson. She was in the pie-throwing game
at the time and certainly made a hit.

But that was eleven years ago, so figure
it out for yourself.

When Orphans of the Storm was
premiered in Washington, D. C.,
in 1922, David Wark Griffith and Lillian
and Dorothy Gish were luncheon
guests of President and Mrs. Warren
G. Harding.

They were the first members of the
film colony to crash the White House
gates.

Newspaper files reveal that
Mary Pickford celebrated her
twenty-sixth birthday ten years ago.
Her mother, the late Mrs. Charlot-
tte Smith Pickford, gave a dinner
in Mary's honor.

Sally was made in 1922 with
Lacece joy as the star.
The title, however, must not be conf-
used with that of Marylin Mil-
er's Sally.

Lon Chaney was a cowboy
extra with Universal in
1911. His pay was $5 a day—
when he worked.

The government had asked the studio to produce some
food propaganda films. In order to inject some entertain-
ment value into the first one, which dealt with fish—dead
ones—Eddie Cline, the director, dressed all the girls on the
lot in beach attire.

They were a hit and brought Mack Sennett fame.

It was fourteen years ago that Wallace Beery intro-
duced Gloria Swanson to his fellow players on the Sennett lot,
and she got her first picture role.

Donald Crisp, now a director, played the leading role
in The Battle of the Sexes when D. W. Griffith pro-
duced it for the first time in 1913.

Bill Hart was starred in Riddle Gauze in 1918 with
Katherine MacDonald as his leading woman and Lon
Chaney as the villain.

After several sad (financially) experiences, Hollywood
producers vowed against engaging any more New York
stage stars for their pictures. And this went for every star.
But that was twelve years ago, and that's a long time.
Here are the answers to those burning questions asked by talkie fans everywhere. Answers are prepared by the TALKING SCREEN Fan Service Bureau

**A RAMON NOVARRO FAN—** You will not be disappointed in your favorite’s voice. By now you must have heard him in Devil May Care. Ramón also sings in In Gay Madrid and The Singer of Seville. He was born in Durango, Mexico, on February 6th, 1899. He’s grown a lot since that happy day, now measuring five feet ten inches, and the scale indicator points to one hundred and sixty pounds when he stands on it. His first stage appearance, in 1919, was with the Marion Morgan Dancers. We doubt whether he will ever entirely forsake the screen for opera. Ramón could not live in Hollywood and not attend its brilliant premières.

**JACK—** Karl Dane once answered “Here” to the name of Rasmus Karl Thekelson Gottlieb in a little school in Copenhagen. Karl’s father was connected with the theatre so that Karl was everything from an infant in arms to curtain boy in his father’s productions.

**LEILA—** Clara Bow and Buddy Rogers are with Paramount while Joan Crawford and Ukeleke Ike, who is really Cliff Edwards, play on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot. Janet Gaynor is a Fox star. Janet’s latest is High Society Bluester opposite Charles Farrell, of course. Well, Leila, it takes a little more than mere good looks to get on the screen these days. Just glance over the qualifications for girls applying for positions as dancers on the Radio pictures lot: Age limit, twenty years. Height limit, five feet two inches. Weight must not exceed one hundred and ten pounds. Full figure must be almost perfect. Experience should include the following forms of dancing—tango, waltz, tango, waltz, tango. Even so, Leila, despite these rigid requirements, girls still flock to Hollywood, with an idea they’ll get ahead with their beauty, whereas study of the new conditions brought about by talking pictures would show them they haven’t got the goods.

**BILLIE—** Galyac is the name of the flat fur that trimmed Kay Francis’ traveling suit which she wore in The Street of Chance. Galyac is a soft kid fur that is something new in the fur trade. Kay made her first screen appearance as the female menace in Gentlemen of the Press.

**BELGIAN ROSE—** Do you know that Belgium, your native land, celebrates its one hundredth anniversary as a nation this year? Sorry, but we, too, cannot name one movie star that claims your little country as his birthland.

**SUSAN—** So you’re a hound for the original monickers of movie stars. Well, here are the family names of those stars you listed; Jack Oakie is the son of Mrs. Keister; Myrna Loy comes from the Williams family; Jack Gilbert was once John Pringle; June Collyer is better known to her Pelham friends as Dorothea Hermance and Doug Fairbanks really is Douglas Ullman. Sue Carol is now legally Mrs. Nicholas Stuart, Nick having had a court order changing his name.

**EMMA—** The Bennett sisters are Constance, Barbara and Joan. All three have been married at one time or another. Constance and Joan have found life more tolerable without their husbands and are now divorced. Barbara is Mrs. Morton Downey and ‘tis said an interesting event is imminent.

**SCHOOL MA’AM—** Although Lois Wilson studied to be a school teacher, Thelma Todd actually taught school in Lowell, Mass. Her pupils were of the sixth grade, elementary school. A theatre owner persuaded Thelma to submit her picture to the Paramount Picture School and she was called to New York for an interview which was to change the course of her life. Thelma is five feet six inches and weighs one hundred and thirty pounds; has dark

[Continued on page 98]
One of the most consistently good actors on the screen today is Lewis Stone. He invariably succeeds in being suave and polite—yet splendidly masculine.

Photo. by Hurrell
An unusual study, this, of the pretty Janet Gaynor whose singing has won her an amazing number of new fans who think she's the best on the screen.

Photo by Irving Chidnoff
The newest importation from Europe is Lotti Loder, who, when it comes to the well-known sex appeal, simply—but, after all, see for yourself—

Photo by Fred. R. Archer
One of the real he-men of the screen, George O'Brien does his stuff in one picture after another with never-failing and unvarying success. He is alone in his class.
Here is Paramount's pride and pet, Jeanette McDonald, who is making talkie history very fast these days by appearing in one great picture after another.

Photo by Gene Robert Riches
LOWELL SHERMAN'S brother-in-law, whose screen name is John Barrymore, earns about $3,000 a day. Well, anyway, the Warner Brothers pay him that much. But it isn't "net" on his income tax return. He has to advance the household expenses to Dolores and provide jack for the baby's shoes. What little is left goes for cigarettes and whatnot. One of the what-nots is John's critic.

Pretty impatient with the usual run of critics, he has hired a personal one. A mysterious, Philo Vanceish sort of person, he accompanies the boss to view each day's rushes. He is never introduced to the riff-raff of studio executives.

Every now and then he whispers to the Barrymore profile. Sometimes the two go into a huddle. So far the job seems permanent enough. John is far better pleased with these private criticisms than with the public, or garden variety.

FACE FORWARD, PLEASE

ON CHANEY has taken our tint and capitulated to the talking screen. The studio is seeking novel ideas for his pictures. Why not sign up all the Tiller Girls to play opposite the star? If an ordinary gob has a different girl in every port, Lon should be entitled to a different leading lady for each of his thousand faces. Beside, he has always wanted to win the girl, and in this way his chances would be greatly increased. Another advantage would be that the Tiller Girls would be kept out of all the other pictures. Next month we have a suggestion to make about child actors.

LE MARQUIS DE LA ETC.

IF CONSTANCE BENNETT switches Gloria's Marquis, as some folk say she will, she'll be marrying into a family with a pretty long list of ancestors to worry about. The Falaises had a genuine castle named after them nearly a thousand years ago. It is on a mountain top near Mont Mirat, in France, and was built by the early Dukes of Normandy. It was in the Castle de la Falaise that a fresh young fellow called Robert le Diable—"that devil, Robert"—met a flapper named Arlette. Her dad was a tanner. He tanned Arlette if she stayed out after ten, and mumbled about "the jazz age." But Arlette and Robert laughed at locksmiths and tanners, too.

Then one day in 1927 things came to a pretty pass. Arlette anticipated what the Walter Winchell of the day doubtless referred to as "a blessed event." They locked her in a cell in the castle's dungeon, and there her baby was born. He was a nice little fellow who grew up to be William the Conqueror. The castle is now a picturesque ruin. But le Marquis de la Falaise is kind of proud of it. And Constance Bennett would be, too.

SWEET SIMPLICITY

A STRANGER in Hollywood was invited to spend a week-end at the beach shack of a beautiful blond movie star. It was quite proper. Her boyfriend would be there, too. At the appointed hour she drove him to the shack, which proved to bear remarkable resemblance to the Grand Central Station. Alighting from the Rolls, she indicated the huge pile of masonry to the gaping guest, then, showing her charming dimples, she explained: "Just a little house by the side of the road!"

MOOT QUESTION

RUTH TAYLOR has married her millionaire. The ceremony was to have been in Hollywood. But one evening, atop the tall building where Phyllis Haver's pent-house perches, things got sort of slow and Mayor Jimmy Walker suggested that Ruth be wed then and there. He issued a special license to help. When it came to stating Ruth's occupation, she wrote "actress (?)" with a question-mark just like that. "What's the idea of the interrogation?" asked New York's Mayor, who knows lots of big words. "Well, it's this way," responded Ruthie, who doesn't. "Whether or not I'm an actress has always been a question upon which I and the producers have never agreed. Maybe they're right, so let's give 'em a break and leave it. . . ."actress (?)"! And that's the way it read.
The first of a series of brilliant articles in which Mr. Ramsey tells, in intimate detail, what the most important emotion of all signifies in the lives of the leading stars.

LOVE means so much to me that I am afraid of it!

"Love means that I would be married; that I would leave Hollywood far behind; that I would go to that little town in the middle west that I've dreamed of and settle down to just being 'Mrs.' and that 'Olive Borden' would become a memory!

"But where in Hollywood will I find the man who shares my ideas and ideals? Where, in all of Hollywood, is there a man who wants to leave all this fleeting fame and fortune for a sane and normal married life in a "Main Street Town"? How can I find a man who, in this haven of restless discontent and money-madness, will be content to work and save money and raise a family in a vine-covered cottage? I don't believe my man is here. Surely no man in Hollywood measures up to these requirements."

I wonder how this will strike all the ambitious swains who have been storming the Borden doorstep? Olive seems to eliminate all of the famous and handsome gentlemen in our little city with one fell swoop. Does anyone ever think of Olive in terms of small towns and vine-covered cottages? Why not?

IAM a Hollywood actress, yes. But first of all I am a Southern girl, and Southern men have bred traditions in their women that are hard to forget. They are so chivalrous, so kind and protective. Much less than other men do they recognize the so-called emancipation of women. Love and marriage in the South is still old-fashioned. The man is the wage earner and the head of the home and the woman is the mother and the home-maker. Her only duty is to be charming,
The studios have consistently built up Miss Borden in the minds of the public as an exotic, passionate creature whose every thought is to attract men—as a girl to whom fine love means very little.

famous for. Love that begins with a hot flame and burning breath and soon flickers out. I’m afraid of love on a rampage. Love without reason. Love without respect. Because I place love and respect on the same plane. One without the other is impossible. Hollywood does things too rapidly. Love and marriage are taken as lightly and as hurriedly as a dream. A dream from which one must awaken sooner or later—and I don’t want to awaken from my marriage to find that it has been a mere swift dream of passion and speed. You see, Hollywood doesn’t always base her marriages on respect—most generally it is nothing more substantial than mere infatuation."

OLIVE BORDEN is afraid of mad love because she is capable of it. She is fiery, brunette type. The girl with flashing, black

sweet and understanding. Their aim is to grow old together and when the beauty of the body has passed, a hundred travails of the heart they have weathered together will bind them more closely.

"Southern men still make love to their sweethearts romantically. They build dreams. Perhaps to the modern, this smacks of the Laura Jean Libby love story, but I hope I never become so sophisticated that the sweet things of romance do not appeal to me—all the little things that are such big things. Flowers that remember little secret anniversaries; notes that bring a message only to be deciphered by the reader. These things grow with the years into sweet memories, and they are important to me. I think they are important to all women—in their hearts, no matter how much they may scoff at gallantry.

AND romantic love, to me, includes jealousy. I don’t believe I could help but be extremely jealous of the wonderful man I have pictured as my husband. This, I am convinced, comes from the fact that I am seeking protection in love. And since the want for protection naturally implies the need for it, I shall fight to keep my loved one forever my own. It is the age-old law of nature: self-preservation. Self-preservation to a romantic girl means jealousy. Not the nagging sort, but the terrible struggle within one’s self to hold what is dear to one.

"When I say that I am afraid of love, I don’t mean real love—I mean mad love. The kind of love that Hollywood is
eyes and olive skin—warm, blooded and emotional. She is
the type of woman who has caused men of all ages to build
empires—and destroy them. Passionate! She will love madly
and wildly if she is not terribly careful. That passion plays a
huge part in almost every Hollywood marriage is known to
her, but she doesn’t want it
to be of too much im-
portance in her own marriage.
She realizes that because of
her temperament she can
very easily be swept off her
feet; that she can be made,
in a romantic mood, to
forget all her resolutions to
seek that other and greater
love. For that reason she is
careful.
“When I do fall in love
I know that I will be devoted
to the man I marry. I
won’t just be ‘in love’ with
him, I’ll adore him—idolize
him. That is why I say that when the time comes
I will be happy and willing to give up everything
Hollywood, career, money and fame, for love.
I want the name Olive Borden to become a memory
—a fine one, I hope.
“But to be afraid of love, one must have given
it a great deal of thought and consideration. I
have. Ever since I was a small girl in grammar
school, I have had wonderful ideas on love and
marriage. Then, when I was sixteen I came to
Hollywood. Hollywood — where marriage and
divorce are spoken of in the same breath, just as
one would mention coffee and cream. Hollywood
doesn’t expect a marriage to last any length of
time. A divorce is the natural sequence. I have
been a long time trying to understand why the
people in my new home thought of love in such
different ways from the love I had always dream-
ed of having. I doubt if I’ll ever find out the real
reason. But they do! Out here everything is done
with speed and commotion. No time is given for
thought and decision. And, as a consequence, love
is taken at a dazzling pace—and dropped in just
the same manner.

HOLLYWOOD’S speed and glittering effusion,
then, will never produce the sort of love and
marriage I am dreaming of. My ideas call for
gradual development from deep friendship into that
greatest of all happiness—love. Slowly, and with
a clear mind—that is the way in which I want to
approach marriage. For that reason I have always
wanted to fall ultimately in love with someone
whom I had known over a long period of years.
A man who had earned my sincere respect and
admiration. A man with a deep, honest character.

These things aren’t often discovered in a wild, hectic
Hollywood romance. There isn’t time for any such concrete ex
aminations. The couple are in the sky. When they finally
wake up married—they are faced with the task of learn-
ing whether they have married someone with honesty, toler-
ance and character, or not. Some unfor-
tunate girls have found these essential at-
tributes wanting, upon a close inspection
And without them no marriage can be suc-
cessful.

“For that reason, my ideas of marriage
have always been old-fashioned. It must
be ‘forever’ or not at all for Olive Borden.
I want to be married but once. That is
why I must never marry in Hollywood.
where love is always associated with pas-
sion, and marriage with divorce. I must
marry a man far away from this town—
one who has learned to combine love with
respect; frankness with honesty and force
of character with gentleness. Nothing else

[Continued on page 92]
Had it not been for Fifi Dorsay's cat—Minou—there would have been no
tale to tell. For Fifi Dorsay was sick abed with bronchitis, the aftermath
of six weeks of playing five-a-day on the West Coast circuit.

But Minou—cat among cats, sable colored, velvet-textured, artiste in her own right
(for who will dispute her thespian genius displayed in They Had to See Paris?) acted
as hostess and—gracious and raconteuse, par excellence—gave me the low-down on
Fifi. And not the kind of low-down one would expect of her species. I mean, if
Minou had sharp claws, which I think she has upon occasion, they were not in
evidence during her recital. She is the soul of loyalty and is her mistress' mentor
and bosom friend, as well as her severest wotchermacallit.

"What a misfortune!" Minou regretfully tchk-tchk'd, "that Fifi cannot herself
talk to mademoiselle. But, alas! had she only listened to me, when I warned her not
to overwork. I said to her: 'Fifi, my little cabbage, vaudeville is not what it was
before the talkies. No longer we play only two shows a day. Now it is four and
five. Do not take it seriously, my angel!' But does mademoiselle think she heed
me?—Mais, non! She work so hard each time her turn come to go on, you think
her entire carrière it depend on it.

"And when she return to Hollywood, you think la pauvre petite she get some
rest?—Non! At once she report at the studio and they give her a part to study for a
new picture. Le docteur, he order Fifi to stay in bed and take it easy. But has she

(Continued on page 76)
Here are three trial make-ups created by Walter Huston in preparation for playing Lincoln. Mr. Huston points out that his greatest resemblance to the historical character will be in the calm, intent gaze he has.

By DOROTHY SPENSLEY

IN HOLLYWOOD they say he is America’s greatest actor.

"Boy, bring up another, and when John Barrymore rings, tell him I’m out."

In Hollywood they say he is the foremost thespian on the stage. But really he is Scotch-Irish, born in Canada, and don’t let them kid you.

David Wark Griffith, who has selected him to play Abraham Lincoln in his four hundred and thirty-second votive offering to the Great God Motion Picture, stood beside his desk and vowed that no finer actor trod the soil of this land of the free and easy.

"Clannish, you know. Hollywood’s that way."

But Griffith, Birth of a Nation Griffith, Clansman Griffith is not alone in his contention. A rival producer, one who thinks Ben Hecht wrote Humpty Dumpty — and he did, but not both of them — has a smart scenario editor who also says Walter Huston is America’s foremost actor.

Lincoln’s famous plug hat and umbrella. You may be sure his apparel will be faithfully duplicated on the screen.

Walter Huston, actor par excellence — famous on the stage for many characterizations and already well-known on the screen — will achieve unparalleled talkie fame.

The object of all this adulation, this man who is going to bring to the talking screen his characterization of the Great Emancipator — the revered figure of American history: the gaunt, lonely man who guided America’s destiny while civil strife was gnawing at her vitals — reached across the desk for another cigarette. There was something of Lincoln, Honest Abe the railsplitter, in the set of his broad shoulders; something measured and slow in the timing of that movement. Little shawl, high silk hat, Abraham Lincoln. This man reached for an Old Gold.

In New York, Walter Huston packs them in at all performances. It’s a quaint old Manhattan custom. And has been since 1923 when he made his first Broadway ap-
Out of fifty men—and two women—Walter Huston is chosen for the honor of playing Lincoln in D. W. Griffith's epic

When he appears in this make-up as Abraham Lincoln, he is indeed fortunate to be the worthy recipient of such an honor. This is one of the prize roles of the entire year.

The appearance in Zona Gale's *Mr. Pitt*, the character study of a man with an inferiority complex, is one of the better adjectives, and again the mantle of fame is buttoned more securely on a six footer with dark hair that greys at the temples. A six footer with kindly, hazel-grey eyes, broad forehead, furrowed vertically between benign brows, and humorous, expansive mouth, who lays claim to forty-five years and a birthday April 6th.

A calm, compassionate sort of cuss, this Huston; a philosopher whose philosophy has not concealed his soul; who can tell a story as well as that able raconteur, Honest Abe himself. Who likes an occasional nip, dislikes coffee, drives an open-topped Packard and is thinking of securing a [Continued on page 83]
THESE CLUBS ARE TRUMPS

By MARY SHARON

WHEN in doubt about what to do, found a club. This seems to be the slogan of the film colony. There are more clubs in Hollywood than in any other city on the globe. There are humorous clubs, weird clubs, suicide clubs, social clubs and clubs that exist for no reason at all.

At the head of Laurel Canyon, in a grim old house, half hidden by eucalyptus trees, live three women who dabble in a semi-civilized form of painting. They call themselves the Soul Painting Club; dress in flowing robes and sandals and imagine themselves to be some species of Graces sent by a forgotten deity to aid men in finding themselves. Their house is barely furnished and the inner walls are covered with heavy canvas. A series of scrolls, resembling maps, hang from the ceiling. When unwound, each scroll displays a soul chart.

Their system is very complicated, at least to me. They borrow certain figures from the early astrologers, others from the Egyptians and Greeks. They play a great deal upon the significance of three and seven, believe in reincarnation and insist that every little line in their paintings has a meaning all its own. They have painted the souls of practically every prominent movie star, but when I asked them how they had prevailed upon the stars to pose for their weird paintings, they explained that they had painted the shadows of their souls only. Which was too deep for me. I do not yet understand how they paint souls, let alone soul shadows.

But they themselves seem to understand and speak of their work with serious respect.

The United Order of the Ukelele Addicts is a dignified club indeed. Ukelele Ike Cliff Edwards would just naturally be a member. The pretty Bessie Love is president and Bill Haines belongs to it.

All the Hell's Angels camera staff are members of the Skull and Crossbones Club. This is a special club for technical men who have flirted with death while on the job and you'd be surprised how many have.

Here are the Masquers with Mary Sharon, the author of this article, who was the first woman to penetrate the fastnesses of this strictly male organization. This is similar to the famous Lambs Club of New York City.
The number of clubs in Hollywood is legion—and they cover everything from funny to grim

Further up the canyon I ran into a club of another sort. A barefooted old Irishman, self-styled Peter the Hermit, with press-books that stack up favorably with those of a talkie star, lives out-of-doors, eats nothing but uncooked food and prevails upon a number of his followers to go and do likewise. He calls himself God’s child and has entertained with preachments in his open-air church, Count Tolstoi, Cecil De Mille, Belle Bennett and a host of others prominent in the film colony.

I was somewhat surprised when I called upon him, to find him in an unholy rage and belaboring his pet donkey because it would not go through some sort of a trick he had taught it. I longed for an S.P.C.A. representative, but like everything else, they are often absent when one needs them most.

Having heard a lot about the Masquers, I paid them a visit upon my return to Hollywood. They are to Hollywood what the Lambs Club is to New York. I walked boldly into the club and inquired for Russell Gleason.

The club members began to cast amused and interested glances in my direction.

I had never thought of myself as a person whom a stranger would look at twice. Yet here were twenty or thirty men favoring me with as many as three or four glances.

Russell came just then and led me out upon a little sun-porch.

"I'll bet you’re wondering why all the Masquers were looking at you so intently," he challenged. "That is because you are the first woman ever to set foot inside the club. They have been debating for weeks on whether to admit women guests or not, but haven’t been able to decide."

Just then they all came outside and proved

These are some of those soul paintings which adorn the walls of The Soul Painting Club in Laurel Canyon. If you can figure them out for yourself, you’re good; and certainly deserve membership in this soulful lodge.

The Breakfast Club has become famous almost the world over. Everyone of note who comes to Hollywood is made a member. Here you see Prince Leopold, of Prussia, Norman Manning and Baron Cerrini.

The Suicide Club is composed of stunt aviators who make their living in the movies. Dick Grace is a famous member and here you see him with Bud Rogers in a picture taken while they were working in Young Eagles.

That gentleman with the flowing beard is none other than Tex Driscoll who is president of the Whiskerino Club. This organization meets in a room behind a barber shop regularly. No doubt to annoy the barber.
The Russian Eagle Club of Hollywood was not at all famous until it burned down in spite of the efforts of Charlie Chaplin and John Gilbert to save it. It's been rebuilt now and is a rendez-vous of the stars.

The Circle 33 Club is for the cowboys and daredevils who ride 'em hard and fearlessly. Johnny Mack Brown, for his work in Montana Moon, was made a proud member of this unusual organization.

they weren't such a bad lot by standing up with me for a still. Which makes a record for me of some kind or another.

The Suicide Club was the next on my list. It is an organization composed of stunt men whose business is to supply the talkies with thrills. They flirt with death as a matter of course.

The founders of the Club are Chic Collins, Billy Jones, Jack Holbrook, Johnny Sinclair, Harvey Perry, and Dick Grace.

Grace is famous for his airplane crashes. He is the one real dare-devil of Hollywood. He never attempts a stunt unless the odds are against him. He has had practically every bone in his body, including his neck, broken during the course of his stunting career. The surprising part about it is that accidents do not impair his nerve. He always comes back for more.

I ran into him in the lobby of the Hollywood Plaza.

"How about a story next week?" I flung over my shoulder because I was late to another appointment.

"Better get it tomorrow," he laughed. "I've got three crashes to make this week. May not be here if you wait too long."

But he came through them all okay. They were crack-ups he made in Young Eagles. Upon each occasion, he was strapped in his plane before taking off. When he made his second crash, he miscalculated a fraction of a second and instead of striking the water beneath him, he fell upon the shore-edge. Three of his ribs were broken, but he reported for work and made a highly successful crack-up on the following day.

The other members of the Suicide Club specialize in parachute-jumps, automobile crack-ups, walking on airplane wings, high diving and high jumps. Each has had his own particular escapes from death and few of their experiences are alike.

I talked with Sinclair between scenes of True to the Navy, Clara Bow's new production, in which he joins with Collins, Jones and Holbrook in staging several free-for-all rough and tumble fights.

Don't let anybody convince you that fights in the talkies are faked. I thought so myself until I watched these boys work out. They came out of the scene, bruised, bleeding and covered with perspiration.

Sinclair explained to me the purposes of the club.

"We don't look upon our work as particularly dangerous. We like to live as well as anybody else does," he insisted.

"You see, we calculate and measure cause and effect and time our stunts accordingly. After we have them figured out in seconds and feet, we practice [Continued on page 86]
NOW YOU'RE TALKING

In recognition of outstanding performance on the talking screen, this magazine hereby extends hearty congratulations to:

Alice White, who, in Show Girl in Hollywood, retains her unique personality when Hollywood is all too ready to be something with an English accent.

Gary Cooper, for his ability, in Only the Brave, to invest the character he portrays with just enough satire to make it a brilliant and fascinating study.

Chester Morris, whose pathos, in The Case of Sergeant Grischa, overcomes the obstacles of an unsightly beard and a drab story, with amazing power.

Norma Shearer, who proves, in The Divorcee, that she has a peculiar ability to portray roles calling for smoothness, smartness and sophistication.

Joe E. Brown, who makes Song of the West a splendid entertainment by his amusing antics and also by his remarkable ability to convey pathos without being in the least sentimental and cloying—no mean achievement.
Sprightly, inside comment about talking pictures and talking picture people

**Tidings from**

They are telling one now about John Barrymore and an extra who worked in his latest picture. It seems that the extra crashed the gate of a certain party where Barrymore was a guest. After imbibing of the 'punch' quite freely, he approached the star and slapped him on the back.

"Well, well, well! How are you, Jack, old boy?" he cried.

"Ah, don't be so formal," Barrymore is reported to have said, "Just call me kid!"

Ed Lowe vows he witnessed this right in front of the Fox studios. A Rolls-Royce whizzed past and suddenly backfired, giving a very perfect imitation of two shots from a 45. Whereupon a pert little extra girl near the gate swung around, screaming for all she was worth:

"I DON'T EVEN KNOW YOUR HUSBAND!"

Kay Francis was telephoned by the publicity department to ask what kind of dessert she preferred. It was for one of those motion picture magazine stories. A voice fraught with fury answered:

"I'll call you back, later. I can't answer you now! I simply can't!" Bang! went the receiver.

The caller sat wondering whether it was murder or arson.

Every time you turn around in Hollywood a new sound stage has been built. Here you see the latest, which is being erected by RKO.

These stars shine brightly even in the presence of a big son. It's Alister McDonald, son of Britain's Premier, chatting with Mary Pickford and Norma Talmadge.

Several hours later the phone rang and it was Kay with her usual dulcet tones:

"I couldn't answer you then, my dear. I was having a perfectly swell fight with my cook, and I never like to be interrupted when I am quarreling. It spoils everything. You can't get back into the tempo again."

The devotion of Charles and Al Christie to their mother is one of the beautiful legends of Hollywood. In Mrs. Christie's bedroom are two glass button discs—one red, the other green. At night a light glows behind these as long as her sons are out of the house.

When Al comes in, he presses a button downstairs which puts out the green light in his mother's room.

Charles, the red.

In this way, Mrs. Christie knows when her sons, both gray-haired and one married, come home. They say she never closes her eyes until both lights are out.

It happened in a theatre lobby. Between acts, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., pulled a cigarette lighter from his pocket. Before he could light it, a young chap dashed up to him with:

"I bet you five dollars it won't light!" The man was a stranger to him but Doug took his bet. And won. The loser handed him the five spot, which Doug didn't want to take.

"Why," he asked curiously, "did you think my lighter wouldn't work?"
One can lead a horse to the water and ought to be able to make him drink—when Loretta Young is doing the leading. "Shemesh" is the name of the horse, folks.

"Most of 'em don't, as a rule!"

Doug still refused to take the money.

"Go ahead," said the fellow. "Take it. I make my living this way."

"How's that?" asked Doug.

"I bet anybody I see with a lighter that it won't work. Five dollars is my smallest bet. I win on an average of eighty-five bets out of a hundred. I can afford to lose the other fifteen!"

Whereupon, Doug pocketed the five-dollar bill.

In the film colony it's Billy Haines, who comes by his humor honestly. On Haines' last birthday, he received a telegram from his parents. It read:

"Greetings to the golden egg from the drake and the gander."

Well, of all things, lap an eyeful of this! He was a film producer. He had a nice secretary. Both the producer and secretary distinctly disliked to—er—lie.

So they rigged up a little scheme between them.

When a "persona non grata" (someone who is classed as a nuisance) calls this particular movie man on the phone, his secretary gives the voice the usual "Just a moment, please," business. The producer shakes his head, reaches in the second drawer of his desk, and pulls forth a photograph. "I'm sorry," the secretary regretfully tells the hopeful other-end-of-the-wire, "but Louis Wolheim—a nice fellow—sits down every day and writes a poem to a helpless flower or something. Yeah! He's just the type-writer.

Mr. So-and-So is looking at a picture and can't be disturbed!"

There is one souvenir from which Laura La Plante could not be separated, unless you walked over her dead body, as they say.

It is a helmet presented to her by ex-service men who worked with her in Finders Keepers, and this is the inscription:

Greater Hollywood Post 1508
Veterans of Foreign Legion
Veterans of Foreign Wars

Presented to Laura La Plante by her buddies of the Finders Keepers company in token of appreciation of a true soldier.

November 19, 1927.

Noticing that one of the electricians on the set had watched him narrowly all day, William Powell sought out the man when the company was dismissed.

"Say, what's the matter with me?" he asked.

"Well," explained the man with a broad grin, "the working crew got up a pool on which of the ten actors would forget his lines first. I picked you twice and lost both times!"

They tell this one about Carl Laemmle, Jr., out at Universal Studios, where his word is law:
Strolling about on the U lot, Junior espied Joseph Schildkraut talking with one of the G sisters. The G sisters, by the way, are two brunettes imported from Germany by Universal for Terpsichorean purposes.

Later in the day, on another stroll, Carl again spied friend Schildkraut talking with this particular G sister. And so what did he do but call Joseph aside and hiss merrily in his ear:

"Ah, Joseph, I see you’re out to get your letter!"

THE secret of the Von Stroheim haircut is out at last.

For years the world in general and Hollywood in particular have wondered why the closely cropped hair of the famous Eric, now starring in Three Faces East, never changed.

Now Eric admits that his barber calls at his home at 7 a. m. daily and goes over his locks with comb and flaming tapers. And the same barber has been doing it for seven years.

TALKIES have even changed the styles in temperament as displayed by the feminine stars.

Hollywood long looked upon Mae Murray as the temperamental champion of the films. When things went wrong on the set, Mae would fly into a rage and denounce everyone from producers to prop boys.

Now that Mary Nolan has succeeded to the title and all noises are barred on the sound stages, the beautiful blonde girl merely falls over in a quiet faint when things are not to her liking.

HAD Charlie Chaplin not succeeded as a picture star he might have made an equally large

fortune in the real estate business.

When the comedian bought his present studio site in 1917, he paid $33,000 for it. Now it is assessed at $1,650,000.

Charlie is looking for a new location far out in the San Fernando valley, because, he says, he can’t afford to pay the taxes on the new valuation.

FAY LAMPHIER, who won the title of “Miss America” at Atlantic City five years ago, and who turned up a beautiful nose at the movie industry after being starred in Paramount’s The American Venus, is back at work at that studio—as a stenographer.

Fay has changed her mind about the films and took the typing job to tide her over while she awaits another call before the cameras and the kleigs.
Illusion and The Love Doctor.
When her time was up, Fox dropped her.
Apparently she isn't going to be allowed to starve, however, for Paramount has just signed her at $1,000 a week for a long term.
Yes, her romance with Buddy that began in that first picture together, continues "hot."

TULAIRE BOW, former step-mother of the famous Clara, has resumed her film career, which was interrupted when she wed Clara's father about two years ago. She was then an extra girl. Now she is being "started" in an independent production called Feed the Flame. The producer gives assurances that it is not the story of Clara's many diets.

IT SEEMS there was a Chinaman — he worked on the First National lot and his name was Ah Yet. One day Director Mervyn LeRoy dismissed Ah Yet and called one Lee Young to take his place. When Lee Young came, he was found to be Ah Yet.
"Yes, I have two names," was the calm reply to the mystified LeRoy, "I get more work that way."

THE most cheerful news that John Gilbert and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer have received in many a long day was handed them by Dr. P. M. Maraffoti, M-G-M's voice expert. Jack's voice, he says, is all right, and with a little care and training, which is no more than any other star on the screen has needed, he

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**Rin-Tin-Tin grins as he looked at the old call board which will call him no more. He says that many are called but few are dozin'—they're all sleeping soundly. Rin-Tin-Tin is going on a world tour.**

Little Nellie, the beautiful chimpanzee, shows Alice White the intricacies of the roller skate. The athletic Alice doubtlessly rolls her own.

**Duke Worne, Hollywood director, is looking for a new medical advisor.**
Duke visited his family physician, complaining that he was feeling miserable. "I can't get my mind on my work, I can't sleep and I have no appetite," he told the medico.
The doctor wrote a few words on a prescription blank and sealed it in an envelope. "Read this when you get home," he told Duke. "Five dollars, please."
"Marry the girl!" was the physician's advice.

FOR two years, June Collyer added a delicate feminine beauty to Fox films.
Her salary was only $250 a week.
Just before her Fox contract expired she was borrowed by Paramount to play opposite Buddy Rogers in River of Romance. Paramount liked her work so well that they obtained her services for
SETTING THE STAGE

Max Réé (left), of RKO, has every motion picture set worked out in detail on a tiny scale over at the studio carpenter shop before one nail is driven on the set proper. This gives the director a concrete vision of the set with which he will have to work and if he wants to make changes it is a simple business—with a model. Far simpler than it would be with the full-sized set. See if you can find any changes between the model on the left and the set proper, below. These were used in *The Case of Sergeant Grisha*, and when this scene appeared on the screen it seemed like Russia itself.

Mr. Polglase (with curly hair), of the Paramount studios, works only with black and white sketches except where the script calls for Technicolor. He seldom uses models. Below you see him busily at work.

ALl the world may be a stage, but the talkies have wrought miracles of setting that the Bard of Avon never dreamed of. The sound stage today may show a sylvan spot of growing trees and grass and a gently flowing stream; tomorrow it may have magically turned into a modernistic boudoir, a Russian peasant home, or an exotic cabaret. No branch of the motion picture industry is more fascinating and versatile than the art department.

When the movies were in their baby-talk stage, every portion of picture making was seriously affected. The settings were among those hardest hit. Because of peculiarities of recording, microphones had to be placed very close to the speakers—behind a palm, upon the floor, or coyly concealed in somebody’s breast pocket. Long shots were taboo. The high-vaulted stages of the past were considered unfit, so were frantically replaced by squat, intimate little buildings. People walked like ghosts in felt-soled shoes. Voices spoke gently, but echoed like a shout; so sets were built of monks-cloth or celotex and dressed with acoustic paint. Then, gentle voices fell down and died a hollow death amid too many swaddling clothes. Nobody sounded quite human when the old mike did its stuff in the projection room.

GRADUALLY sound equipment was perfected to the point of reproducing almost faithfully whatever was fed into it. Now it was no longer necessary to huddle together like a football squad to ask, “Had your iron today?” Sets again had ceilings and walls; people moved about uncaged; the camera could show wide open...
FOR TALKIES  By DOROTHEA HAWLEY CARTWRIGHT

spaces. Voices were allowed to reverberate as naturally on a set as they would in an ordinary room. Extraneous racket were controlled inside the monitor room. The bugaboo of sound was stabbed in the heart and died quietly after a reign of imagined horrors.

Along came Broadway, the first "show picture" filmed on a sound stage 175 by 275 feet, with a height of 50 feet. Came bigger and better revues in rapid succession; and the set designers were busy, busy men.

If you've a vast yearning to become an art supervisor, you will have to be a thoroughly trained architect—or at least a master draftsman. You will have to know all there is to know about period furnishings, textures of hangings, woods, and various odds and ends of interior decoration; and be able to oversee every tiny detail in a set, from a table napkin to a cathedral window. Let a star write a letter with a fountain pen in a Civil War picture, and fans by the hundred snicker hideously. The art director must do no wrong.

To young Polglase, art director of the Paramount Studios, psychology plays an important part in set designing. If you feel that the living room in The Benson Murder Case, for example, is crude and "cluttered", it is because it represents the very sort of room that Benson himself would have furnished. By the same token, Jeanette MacDonald in The Love Parade simply had to have a marble bathtub on a dais, posed before a huge mirror, and flanked by carved white swans. Then, there are those awful Americans in Slightly Scarlet, who naturally rented the biggest and showiest villa on the Riviera, though it was nothing at all like home used to be.

OVER at the RKO Studios there's a brilliant young Dane, Max Ree, whose list of achievements sounds [Continued on page 77]

William Darling presides over the set building on the Fox lot. Below is one of his sets and was created for Let's Go Places. Imagine the labor spent in creating such splendor.

We used to think that the sets they made in the old silent days were pretty swell—but the sets which the sound stages require are as different from those of the silent days as the talking pictures themselves.

Above is the sort of sketch from which Danny Hall, one of Hollywood's most famous set designers, creates his sets. At left is the completed sound-stage set.

Also the work of Danny Hall is this black and white sketch of a fascinating cabaret (above). It does not take much imagination to visualize how attractive the finished set of this drawing would be when built and with real characters in action.
Corinnes Griffith has announced that the picture she is working on now will be her last—but maybe she has her very delicate fingers crossed as she utters this weighty statement by Dorothy Spensley

This breath-taking figure (right) is the Corinnes as she appeared in the ballet mécanique sequence from Lilacs of the Field. This symbol of modernity is amazingly appropriate to Miss Griffith's statuesque beauty.

As Hester in Back Pay (above), Corinnes Griffith does some of the best work of her entire twelve motion picture years.

Some say it is the beginning of the end. That the star system, flourishing for ten years, is on the skids. Colleen Moore has no contract. Jannings is through. And Milton Sills. Billie Dove will make one more picture and then take a vacation. Jack Mulhall has said farewell to First National. Dorothy Mackaill remains with them until July 27th. Corinnes Griffith announces her retirement.

The talkies are going absolutely "single." They are importing Romberg and Hammerstein, Friml and Jerome (Show Boat) Kern; Paul Whiteman, Warings' Pennsylvanians, George Olsen, Vincent Lopez. The movies are through with idolatry. They are going high-brow. The microphones call for mellow 'cello voices and larynges like Tibbett's; for the strumming fingers of Ukelele Ike and the tip-toeing of Marilyn Miller. Actors like George Arliss, Walter Huston, Charles Bickford, Basil Rathbone are invading the precincts of the studios. Actresses like Winnie Lightner and Ruth Chatterton are stacking up fan followings.

There is handwriting on the wall. Oh, yeah? And Hollywood is in chaos. Again. Yet.

Corinnes Griffith, "orchid lady of the screen," patrician, distinguished, a capable actress with fifty pictures or more to her credit, veteran of twelve motion picture years, one of the chief exponents of feminine sex appeal, is leaving us flat.

There is more to it than the surface reveals.
With everybody talking excitedly about her retirement, with youth, beauty and talent still in her favor, Corinne Griffith sits in the green and gold living-room of her Beverly Hills home and meditates.

(Right) The orchid lady of the screen is supremely happy with her husband, Walter Morosco. A producer on his own account, Mr. Morosco also manages his wife—speaking cinematically, of course.

Newspaper stories are to the effect that she and First National disagreed over the treatment of her next picture. She had three to make before her contract folded up. She had cancelled two of them and work had commenced on the next and final one, a version of Willa Cather's justly celebrated Lost Lady.

Reports continue that she wanted to retain the book's ending, which was unhappy. The studio wanted a bluebird ending, with joy and happiness tacked on stickily.

Corinne herself says the dialogue was not exceptional and the writer she requested to do the job was not given ample time to turn out the product she wanted for her cinema swan song. First National and Miss Griffith, abetted by her producer-supervisor husband, Walter Morosco, agreed to disagree.

And, the story goes, it cost First National a quarter of a million dollars.

With the papers screaming banner lines of her retirement, with youth, beauty and talent still in her favor,

[Continued on page 95]
Connie Crale knew what it meant to get her chance and she went through with it bravely, until—

Onnie Crale looked away from the man’s moist red lips and heavy features. She felt faint and dizzy. The next instant she heard the squeak of his swivel chair as he looked back from his desk. A pudgy, insinuating hand came to rest on her knee.

"Well," said Karg, "How about it?"

"I’ll think it over," muttered Connie. "Think it over?" Karg growled. "I don’t see anything about the proposition that needs thinking over. You’d be a sap to turn me down. I cut a lot of ice around here. Clemvant takes my judgment on everything. You know that. And I’m telling you I’ll get you a nice little part in Flower of Paradise, if—"

He paused significantly and looked at her, his small black eyes roaming over her dainty face, her creamy throat, her exquisite, slender body.

"Tell you what," he went on, "you go to Jones this afternoon and have a test. Then we’ll know whether you can talk or not—"

"You know that now," protested Connie helplessly. "I’ve shown you what the Eames School says about my voice."

Karg shrugged. "The Eames School. A cheap little speaker’s joint—"

"It’s small, but it’s one of the best schools in Hollywood. What they don’t know about elocution isn’t in the books. But you know that, too," she finished wearily.

"Go to Jones this afternoon, about three," said Karg, completely ignoring her protest. "Then, this evening you and I will have a nice dinner out at the Owl. After that we’ll come back to my apartment. And tomorrow I’ll see Clemvant and you can rely on me that you’ll get the part."

CONNIE sighed, opened her sensitive mouth as though about to refuse, then closed it again.

Karg gazed shrewdly at her, noting her indecision.

"Take the rest anyway," he commanded. "After that you can do your thinking. I’ll be at your apartment tonight at eight. If you’re at the door ready to step, I’ll know everything’s okey. If you’re not—" he stopped.

Connie nodded wordlessly, and went home.

Home was a one-room kitchenette affair in a big shabby building gaudily named Braylen Manor. She shared it with Bobby Joy, a vivacious but coolly calculating little blonde.
whose name, in pre-Hollywood days, had been Robina Jochum.

Brylen Manor was Connie's hard luck bavouia. When she had first come to Hollywood she had lived there. Then, with a few very small and unimportant parts in some of Clemmance's pictures to her credit, she had moved to better quarters.

Now she was back. The answer was the talkies—and Karg.

She paced up and down the cramped, shoddy room, and was whirled this way and that by the sick stream of her thoughts. The old, old struggle. The old, old problem to be answered.

Be nice to Karg, or else....

The door was opened with an imperious swish, and Bobby danced into the room.

"It's me!" she proclaimed, striking a pose. "Little Bobby Joy in person. Future queen of the screen, star of stars and vamp of vamps! I'm on the royal road, Connie. Nothing can stop me now!"

Connie gazed somberly at her, remarking a hardness in the blue of her eyes, a recklessness in the set of her soft red lips that had not been there a few months ago.

"So you got the part?" she asked quietly.

"Yep. I got it. They start shooting Monday. Haven't you had lunch yet? No wonder you look kinda low! Come on and we'll throw a meal together."

The meal consisted of cold hamburger steak, milk from which the top had been carefully skimmed for coffee, and the heel of a loaf of bread.

Bobby sniffed at it.

"This's the last time I'll ever have to eat such fodder," she said. "And I'm moving out of this dump right after lunch," she added, glancing disparagingly around at the room.

Connie said nothing. She felt like protesting. If she couldn't get some one to take Bobby's place she would be left to carry the whole of the rent till the end of the month. But she knew that an objection would come to nothing; it was not Bobby's habit to consider others.

DID you land anything?

Bobby mumbled through a mouthful of steak and bread.

"No," said Connie, her lovely dark eyes clouding.

"Too bad. Who'd you see?"

"Karg again."

"Karg?" Bobby's blue eyes opened very widely. "And you didn't get anything? Why, you could—"

Connie held up her hand in a pleading gesture.

"Don't Bobby," she said.

"I know what you're going to say, and I don't want to hear it. Not now. I'm too blue, too desperate—"

But Bobby rushed along regardless.

"Don't you think it's about time you quit being so bingly?"

ON THE dresser, a few feet away, was a picture. It was an enlarged photograph of a gray-haired woman with old-fashioned gold rimmed spectacles and a plain but somehow beautiful face. Written across the bottom were the words, "To my own Connie, from her Mother."

Beside this was a smaller picture. This was just a snapshot. It was of a young man with a nose too large for the rest of his square, attractive face; and with hair that apparently could not be brushed smooth. On this was simply the inscription, "Yours, John."

"Even in this modern day," said Connie gravely, "There
Here's Hollywood!

ON THESE PAGES WE HAVE A MAP OF HOLLYWOOD—AS ARTIST MICHELSON SEES IT. TURN THE PAGE TO SEE IF THE ENJOY A HEARTY LAUGH. THE FOLLOWING TEN PAGES WILL ENABLE YOU TO CHECK UP ON THIS VERSION OF TALKIE TOWN.
Here is a bird's-eye view of the entire city. When you arrive in the film city by plane this is what will greet you. (To identify famous points of interest in this photograph, turn to page 89.) On the following pages is your chance to see what Hollywood really looks like. There are pictures of almost everything in the film city—from studios to swanky hotels.
Here are some views of those famous Boulevards of the most talked-of city in all the world.

As one of the most beautiful thoroughfares in the world, this street (above) certainly gets the palm. It is Beverly Drive and is part of the very exclusive Beverly Hills section of Hollywood, and we don’t have to tell you that this is the part of town where the stars have those lovely homes you’ve heard about.

The Embassy Club (right) is one of the most exclusive places in Hollywood. Only movie stars may be members and here you see one of its most famous members—Joan Crawford—leaving with a friend after a swell lunch.

On the left, folks (hand us the megaphone, please), you see the famous Grauman’s Chinese, where those well-known opening nights happen. It looks kind of deserted at the moment but how that sidewalk fills up when the stars roll up in their swanky cars!

Above you see a shot of that famous Boulevard known as Hollywood. The tower in the distance is the landmark provided by the Hollywood Athletic Club to help some of its gay members safely home in those wee sma’ hours. And what a fetching landmark this is.
and here and there you can catch a glimpse of a famous star treading these well-known streets

On the left we have that famous restaurant, The Brown Derby, which derived its name from Al Smith's campaign hat. And who should be emerging therefrom but Regis Toomey, Mary Brian and Jack Oakie.

Above you see a beautiful shot of that well-known hotel, the Beverly Hills. It is in this calm and restful place that the two Wills (Rogers and Hays) live, to say nothing of the other fifty-seven varieties of movie celebrities who pass through its doors every morning, noon and night.

Above, looking down Hollywood Boulevard toward the Roosevelt Hotel, which is the large building on the left hand side of the street in the distance. This is just about the town's swankiest hostelry, and everyone who is anyone simply must go there.

Here's a couple of RKO players (right) caught in the act of strolling through the Beverly Hills section. They are Dorothy Lee and Helen Kaiser, and it seems that they walk—do not run—to the nearest studio entrance, unless, of course, they're just out for a stroll.
It may look like a Spanish mission or it may be a superb building done in the modern manner—

This, ladies and gentlemen, to the right, is the place where Jack Oakie, Kay Francis, William Powell and—oh, name the Paramount stars for yourself—all work on those masterpieces of inspiration which Paramount creates. Inspiration should be easy in such surroundings.

Once upon a time there was Metro and there was Goldwyn and there was Louis B. Mayer—but now it’s Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and all one happy family. These studios look more business-like than decorative, but there are some pretty corners hiding behind those buildings.

Above is the studio where the youngest executive in the industry holds sway. We refer, of course, to Carl Laemmle, Jr., who is the big gun of big guns over at Universal.

Out at Culver City is one of the most beautiful studios in the movie world. Cool green lawns surround it and a surprising atmosphere of quiet pervades this villa which carries on business efficiently under the well-known name of Pathé.
but each and every one is a richly built movie studio, in keeping with the new talkie era

On Sunset Boulevard (the name itself suggests beauty) there is one of the most stately of all the Hollywood studios (left). Something about it suggests a splendid city hall or court building of a modern city. The Warner Brothers company owns this noble and splendid edifice.

These buildings look suspiciously like some kind of a factory. Well, so they are—part of the First National film factory where they turn out those excellent talkies with business-like speed. This studio, too, with all its efficiency has its spots of beauty which are as fine as any of them.

This very modern and up-to-the-minute studio needs no introduction if you can read those initials over the door. A decidedly appropriate style of architecture for an up-and-coming company.

In case you get the wrong idea, this is a movie studio, not just an old Spanish custom house. The Fox company is responsible for this attractive building and we think Hollywood owes the company a debt of thanks and, again, thanks.
Some Hollywood apartment houses, hotels and private homes—some of the finest the world offers people anywhere.

To the right you see the Mar-mont Apartments in Beverly Hills, where every time you turn around you bump into a star. In the foreground we have Jeanette Loff and Glenn Tryon talking things over.

Below, you see the Gaylord Apartments on the left, while the low building straight ahead is the Ambassador Hotel, famous for the stars it houses.

Many, many times you've read about the stars' famous beach bungalows. Well—right below there's a bird's-eye view of a few of the very swellest. In the foreground is Marion Davies' shack—as they are gaily called. Beyond this are Bebe Daniels', Connie Talmadge's and Dick Barthel-mess' little huts.

Below, facing the precipice, you see the beautiful John Barrymore mansion in which he and Dolores Costello have prepared everything for the coming of that ole dawd stork.

If you can get within a block of this secluded house on the left, you're lucky. We had to go to endless trouble to get this shot. The dweller in this lovely place is retiring, you see, although a famous star—Swedish, by birth. Yes, it's the secluded Greta Garbo's home.
It’s the comedians who can afford those ultra swell homes in Beverly Hills. This marvelous residence (left), in the Spanish manner, is the property of that lucky wooden-faced fellow, Buster Keaton. Just think, all this for not cracking a smile!

Above is a typical scene taken in one of the public parks which dot Hollywood. Did you ever see such beauty? No wonder those Californians feel inclined to boast about their marvelous native land.

Above, you see a splendid panorama picture of the grounds on which stand the residences of some of the film colony’s foremost members. Those roofs you can see are part of the Chaplin residence, and, also, Pickfair.

Right, the Casa Granada apartments. Joe E. Brown, Ben Lyon, and Gilbert Roland are some of the really big stars that manage to eke out an existence in this luxurious palace.
Here they are, folks, your favorite stars in informal moments—eating, walking, talking, in unusual spots.

You've been reading plenty about that beard which John Barrymore has been raising for his appearance in *Moby Dick*, and here it is. The other half of this duo is Irving Bacon, the director of the new piece.

Below is a delightfully intimate glimpse of Jim’s, the barber shop. June Clyde is seated, with Jim the Barber standing behind her, while Sally Blane appears to be just paying her check.

Here's a corking idea of what the Universal cafeteria looks like during the noon hour. Glenn Tryon, Mary Nolan and John Boles seem to be having a good time dishing.

Below you see a view of the Ambassador Hotel grounds. Dorothy Sebastian and Leila Hyams are the two fair damsels throwing those captivating smiles at you so invitingly.
(Above) This time it's the Paramount Commissary during the famous noon hour. Charles Mack, Kay Francis and George Bancroft are the three musketeers who seem all set to eat.

(Below) Here's an off-stage shot taken over at the Warner studio. Grant Withers, he of the excellent physique, and Loretta Young, she of the swell figure, listen to a playback.

(Above) Three speedy comedians — Leon Errol, Harry Green and Skeet Gallagher — each get a ticket, but not for speeding. They're all set to see a fight at the American Legion Fight Stadium in Hollywood.

At left we have a little informal chat outside the Universal studios. Joan Marsh and Laura La Plante (in the center, with the dark wig) are listening to that wow which Jeanette Loff is telling them.

Below we have William Le Baron (extreme right) of RKO greeting those funny fellows, Bert Wheeler and Bob Woolsey (next to Le Baron). These are the two boys who make The Cuckoos, RKO's snappy revue, the knockout it is.
The thrill of that original movie salary check is a thrill that comes only once

*As told to MARY SHARON
ALICE WHITE*

When I was a script girl, the stars' possessions I envied most were their prize dogs. The favorite dogs of Hollywood are chows. Long before I dreamed of being a movie star, I had an intense ambition to own a chow. I made up my mind that as soon as I had enough money, I would buy a little chow with a tail like an umbrella handle, and I would strut down Hollywood boulevard with him on a leading chain, and myself wearing a swagger brown sports outfit, with alligator skin slippers and a spiffy little brown hat. I used to have brown hair then. My first pay check went for that very thing and also some silk lingerie. That's a combination for you. I never had been able to buy French lin-

When Alice White received her first film money she dashed out and bought a chow with a tail like an umbrella handle, and also some lingerie. That's Alice for you.

Rex Bell and his dog Boco. Mr. Bell's original movie money went for a splendid beaver hat for Westerns, while Boco's choice was fancy dog biscuits.

Leila Hyams' first flicker gold bought a large bottle of specially blended, imported perfume. The same brand of perfume upon which she relies for mood and relaxation at the present time.

gerie and laces and I went on a lingerie spending spree and bought everything in sight. My second pay check went for my brown outfit.

*BEN LYON*

My first pay-check was for extra work with the old Famous-Players-Lasky Studio on Vine Street. I had haunted the casting office for weeks before they finally put me on and I was so proud of the fact that I had worked in the movies that I carried my voucher around in my pocket for a couple of weeks. I told everyone I met who was kind enough to listen, that I was a movie actor. If they seemed incredulous or inclined to doubt my word, I backed up my statement with that lone paycheck.

Looking back, I am surprised that I didn't burst with pride. I was so inflated over the first call. The saddest part of the story is that I lost the voucher before I had finished displaying it to friends and acquaintances. Being ashamed to ask for a duplicate I never received pay for my first film work. However, when the picture was shown on the screen, I rushed down-town to see myself in the opus. To my chagrin, the scenes in which I had worked had been ruthlessly cut from the picture. After that, I felt as if Famous-Players and Ben Lyon were even. I had worked for nothing and they had not profited by my services. I received far more
That first money was spent on some things wise and some foolish—why not?

KAY FRANCIS

I LOVE animals, especially dogs. I can hardly bring myself to pass even a stray dog without petting it on the head. When I first came to Hollywood, I saw the most adorable little puppy for sale in a pet shop. I paid a deposit on him and when my salary check came, I went right down and brought him home. Believe it or not, I bought him and a Ford coupe to bring him home in. I adore Scotty and I'm not ashamed to drive my little coupe around town, either. In fact, I am slightly proud of both of them. They were the first things I purchased with my own money. Having my own dog and my own car made me feel as if I belonged, and I have never been homesick or lonely since I came to the movie colony.

FARINA OF OUR GANG

SUDDINLY, Ah mem. her war Ah bought (Continued on page 78)

At the time she received her first pay-check, Clara Bow was phonograph-crazy—and still is. She owns several, and adds to her collection as often as a new one pleases her.

Laura La Plante (shown here in Jiggs in Society, one of her first pictures, released in 1920) spent her first movie money on shoes—lots.

JOHNNY MACK BROWN

I've never got over the way I spent my first movie money. I was so excited when I got my first salary check that I called the folks on long distance to tell them all about it. I could not wait to write a letter and a telegram would not accomplish my end. I wanted to hear for myself how the shock of learning that I was acting in the movies affected them.

I learned all right. First, I talked with mother. Then she asked me to wait just a minute, that my kid brother wanted to ask me something. I waited. In fact, I kept on waiting and listening until everyone in the family down to my baby sister and littlest brother had found out just how it felt to be acting in the movies and rubbing elbows with Greta Garbo, Jack Gilbert and other big stars on the lot. When my call was completed, I found that I had only one dollar and eighty cents left from my check for my expenses until next pay day. But it sure was worth it. And when I saw my family in the flesh, as they say, it was thrilling to tell them all over again, and in detail, what it was like to work in the movies. But it wasn't half as thrilling as that telephone conversation.
ARMIDA

Now don't say you can't recognize this cute young lady for it is none other than Armida at the age of 4 months (count 'em). Incidentally, it was taken in Sonora, Mexico and has never before been published.

By DOROTHY SPENSLEY

She has had more discoverers than America. America had Lief the Lucky, Americo Vespucci, Columbus. Armida had Ted LeBerthon, Fanchon Royer, Daphne Marquette, Gus Edwards; even Sid Grauman, he of the prologues and recalcitrant hair.

Armida wriggled slightly on the piano bench—this was an interview—and said, "Oh, I 'ave told so-o-o many time where I was born."

Pulling a Bernhardt on us at nineteen, this one. At nineteen and a Gus Edwards' protégée, size Number One slipper, face like a fragrant flower, four feet eleven inches tall.

She sat erect now, as radiant as a piece of pottery from her own Aguascalientes, backed by the crimson of a Spanish shawl that completely obliterated the upright piano and cascaded to the floor of the small living room.

Lydia, her sister, sat on the sofa, both of her feet were resting sedately on the floor, reading a large red book; Lydia is eight, the youngest, and you will pronounce it "Leedia." Gus Edwards, picker of infant wonders, says she will be an Yvonne, or maybe it was Jeanne, Guilbert. A born comedienne, that's what she is.

Dolores, another sister, two years older than Armida, sat in the other chair, poised, very dignified, giggling slightly as the occasion demanded. Dolores, now Lolita, once Lola, is also in pictures. She is to play with Señor José Bohr of the Argentine, in that caballero's talking picture for Sono-Art.

Enrique is in school, we hope, and so is it with Joaquin. "Rrrun," rolling her Spanish r's, said Dolores, as a lad appeared at the bungalow's front door, "rrrun to the back. We 'ave visitors 'ere, you see." Hush! Armida is being interviewed.

Maria and Angelina are safely married. Mama Maria and Papa Joaquin are in the cocina, at the back of the house, rattling plates and things. Oh, frijoles and tortillas! The parents, alas! señorita, do not speak the English. It ees too bad.
This little lady tells—in ze brokane Ingelees—all about her very young self and how she came to be a celebrity

The girls giggled at a pleasant memory, and Armida wriggled a reminiscent foot.

"I am born May 21, 1911," said Armida, now swinging one slender leg slowly to and fro, "in Sonora, México." The j slipped softly forth like b, as it is in Spanish.

"In La Colorado, a little mining town," amended Dolores.

"An' when I am ver-ry little—six, maybe—we go to Dawgless," caressing the word. "Dawgless" is in Arizona, should you not know.

"Then we go to Phoenix, in Arizona, and after that we come to Los Angeles. But I started to dance ver-ry young. My fa-ther had a theatre . . ."

"The Royal," interrupted Dolores, proudly.

". . . and in it he show vaudeville and motion pictures, no?" continued Armida. "Well, I like to go and see them, and then come 'ome and do the dances myself. But before that I danced, too."

Simple stuff on the surface. Dancing-girl-makes-good sort of thing. But on these frail shoulders rests the responsibility of a family of seven—no, nine, counting Madre and Padre Vendrell. On the slim shoulders of Armida Celestina (blessed name!) Vendrell, whose fragrant, flowerlike face now gleams from the motion picture screen, are the worries of a family. Now the burden is slightly lessened by the marriage of two sisters, and the independence of Dolores, out to carve her own career after an unsuccessful marriage. These three all married within two months. Lydia brings in money, yes, by occasionally working for Gus in his Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer revues, but Lydia is a child and must go to school and learn to esppeak the English.

Like Lydia, thus discussed, bent pink ears over book and remained contentedly silent.

Not like Lupe, the Mexican wildcat, who fought her way into public acclaim, is Armida. Shy, quiet, retiring—until the magic of music and song and dance touches her, she is a child. For one who has danced anywhere and everywhere, who has had coins tossed to her from grimy peon's hand in small Mexican theatres, and golden words from New York's greatest critics, she is strangely immature and sweet. Confiding and trusting, she does the bidding of Meester Edwards, who considers her one of the most promising of the two or three hundred protégés of his long theatrical career. And that includes Eddie Cantor.

Slightly puzzled by the glamor and the tinsel of this world into which she has been thrust, she, nevertheless, has herself and her talent well in hand. She is not temperamental, but has not been told what temperament is. Her

Armida is slightly puzzled by the glamor and tinsel of the show world into which she has been thrust. Luckily, her fame and success have not affected the generosity with which she lavishly outpours her talent.

God-given gift of pantomime, song and dance, flows like an eternal spring to quench the thirsty. She is generous with her talents, humming gay little snatches of songs in a high, colorful voice, tripping into the sprightly steps of Mexican folk dances, singing The China Princess. She is slightly dazzled by the social affairs to which she is whirled, escorted by Gus and his wife Lily.

She is a little bewildered when a great star of the stage leans across the table to her at the Biltmore and comments on the weather. Looking up from the plate on which are bits of meat that Gus has cut for her, she murmurs, "Always when I eat I get sleepy;" and subsides into bright-eyed silence.

Different from the usual volcanic importation from below the Rio Grande, she prefers not to be known as a "hot tamale," because, frankly, she doesn't like tamales. Nor does she care particularly for females of any nationality who are labelled in this highly descriptive and informal manner.

[Continued on page 87]
An authoritative guide to
the newest talkie offerings

THE CUCKOOS (RKO)

If you want an evening of high-powered entertainment, don't miss this musical comedy.

The story has to do with a couple of fortune tellers, Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey, who get mixed up with a widow worth $6,000,000, a terrifying Gypsy knife-thrower, an evil-eyed baron hunting trouble, a young aviator very much in love, and a pretty girl who has been forbidden to marry him.

The action takes place along the Mexican border, where anything might happen—and does! This is one of the most excruciatingly funny pictures produced to date. The music is catchy, and the Technicolor very successful.

Hugh Trevor and June Clyde furnish a satisfactory love interest, with Jobyna Howland—who is six feet two—and Robert Woolsey—five feet four—bringing in the laughs.

It's really Wheeler and Woolsey's show: but Dorothy Lee, Ivan Lebedeff, and Mitchell Lewis have their own big moments. You can't afford to miss this one. It is one of Radio's very biggest pictures of the year and well earns, in entertainment value, all the time and money spent on it.

THE DIVORCEE (M-G-M)

Nobody is supposed to recognize this picture as an adaptation of the sensational anonymous novel, Ex-Wife: but it's pretty much all there just the same. It's about a young couple who experiment with a little extra-marital love and land in the divorce courts in spite of their secret love for each other. Jerry (Norma Shearer), becomes a successful fashion artist, and the life of a very merry crowd of ex-wives and their sweethearts. A man she nearly married once, (Conrad Nagel), is wretched with the girl he wed from a sense of obligation; she having ruined her beauty in an automobile accident. Nagel persuades Helen Johnson to agree to divorce him so that he can marry Norma and take her to Japan. Successive events lead to a surprising but thoroughly satisfactory climax.

Again Norma Shearer scores in a sophisticated, ultra-modern picture that seems to be her special forte. Chester Morris, as the faithless but charming husband, is excellent, while Nagel and Helen Johnson handle their roles well.

PARAMOUNT ON PARADE
(Paramount)

Here's another one of those spectacular Hollywood revues that include a dozen or more top-liners in clever vaudeville acts comprising humor, pathos, burlesque, and beauty.

It is one of the most entertaining films of its type made to date, and one you ought not miss. Probably the best novelty is Origin of the Apache, with Maurice Chevalier and Evelyn Brent doing a side-splitting slap-stick number in a very decorative bedroom. Little Mitzi Green's impersonations of Charles Mack and Chevalier are truly clever.

Nancy Carroll leads a snappy chorus in a fast number called Dancing to Save Your Sole, with Abe Lyman and his band accompanying. Ruth Chatterton sings a soulful ballad, My Marine, reminiscent of My Man, while Clara Bow pops forth with a gay little sailor song.

The final number, Sweeping the Clouds Away, is spectacularly beautiful. Anyone who enjoys high-class vaudeville presented by clever stars will get his money's worth at this picture.
UNDER A TEXAS MOON
(Warner Brothers)

THE REAL West, in its most picturesque aspects, has been reproduced in gorgeous technicolor in what promises to be one of the best films of the year. The story concerns the loves and adventures of an extraordinary Mexican, Frank Fay, along the Rio Grande in the exciting days of the early eighties. He's a gay Don Juan, an ingratiating liar, who, with two guitar-strumming companions, makes amorous pilgrimages through the cattle country, capturing thieves and barely escaping capture—only to ride jauntily on, hunting new adventure.

FRANK FAY is excellent in a rôle requiring subtlety, humor, and romance. A quintet of dark-haired beauties vie for his affections—Raquel Torres, Myrna Loy, Betty Boyd, Mona Maris, and sparkling little Armida, who leads a hot Spanish dance number. You won't guess until the very end which captivating maiden wins the gay caballo. NOAH BEERY gives a particularly outstanding performance. This is one of the most successful color films to date. The scenery is marvelous.

ROUGH ROMANCE (Fox)

THIS picture promises to do for the great Northland what In Old Arizona did for the Southwest. Filmed and recorded amid the winter scenery of Washington, it brings to the screen vistas of surpassing beauty—great forests, raging torrents, towering mountains, and actual lumber camps.

The story concerns a stalwart lumberjack, George O'Brien, who sees Antonio Moreno kill a man. Both fall for pretty, winsome little Helen Chandler, and Moreno tries to win her by force. He tricks O'Brien into a fight at the annual lumberjack jamboree—and here's a rough party for you young moderns!—and later manages to shoot him in a gun battle. Wounded though he is, our George manages to save the girl from a log-jammed torrent. George O'Brien gives an excellent performance in a rôle to which he is admirably suited. At one time in his career he actually worked in a lumber camp in Northern California. Helen Chandler, of stage fame, is a pleasing little heroine, while some clever comedy is furnished by Eddie Borden. This is heavy melodrama hinging on stark realism, but it is not depressing and can be enjoyed by the whole family including grandma.

ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT (Universal)

HERE'S one of the greatest pictures of the year. Universal has a habit of turning out program pictures in the best factory tradition, very seldom bothering to do anything in the way of "roadshows." But once in a while they do happen to go in for specials (witness Phantom of the Opera) wherein they usually make good.

And so it is with All Quiet on the Western Front. Hundreds and thousands of people have read the book with keen enjoyment and now, in talkie form, it is available to the millions of the world.

Lewis Ayres, a young fellow almost unknown heretofore, makes a splendid impression as Paul Baumer, the lad who epitomizes the tragedy of Young Germany in the War. Our old friend Louis Wolheim, famous for his ferocious characterizations, makes the part of Katczensky as convincingly brutal as you could wish.

The cast reads like an all-star benefit, including such important names as Russell Gleason, Zasu Pitts, William Bakewell, Owen Davis, Jr., Heinie Conklin and John Wray. There is not a great deal of story, interest being sustained mainly by character drawing and the picture of the horror and desolation of war. But it is truly gripping.
LADIES OF LEISURE (Columbia)

COLUMBIA PICTURES have gradually been coming to the fore and with Ladies of Leisure, their first big picture of the year, they keep up the good work. It is a story of New York night life, the party girl racket and artists' models — both during and after working hours.

Goodness knows, the night life and artists' model theme has been done pl-enty on the screen, both talking and silent. But somehow, Frank Capra, the director, has managed to inject a very sincere atmosphere into this one, which makes it seem different. Lowell Sherman, Ralph Graves, and Marie Prevost, among others, give excellent performances.

SHOW GIRL IN HOLLYWOOD (First National)

ALICE WHITE comes dancing into Hollywood to crash into the movies. She has lots of tough breaks, because a dirty so-and-so of a director goes on the make for her. But Alice knows her roller skates and not only gets herself a leading rôle that leads to stardom, but lands a good job for her song-writer boy-friend. Hollywoodites are chuckling over this picture, which is real inside stuff. It is hinted that many of the characterizations are take-offs on certain movie magnates. Honors go chiefly to Ford Sterling, who plays the big producer. Alice sings and dances in very clever revue numbers filmed in technicolor.

TRUE TO THE NAVY (Paramount)

REX BELL, hero of Western romances, has laid aside chaps, spurs, and lariat for a cute little soda jerker named Clara Bow.

Imagine her consternation when she finds seven very ardent young sailors in love with her. Only the It girl could manage the situation without driving six of them to the big drink forever.

The Brooklyn Bonfire is letting her hair grow, and looks a little wooly, but is captivating just the same. This is not one of her best pictures, but it more than satisfies. Rex Bell is a personable hero, while Harry Green is great.

SWING HIGH (Pathe)

THIS story deals with those glamorous days forty years ago when small-time circuses and medicine shows were the only entertainments that brought horses and buggies to rest at the iron hitching post. Helen Twelvetrees plays a trapeze performer in love with a shy ballyhoo singer, Fred Scott. Happiness Over the Hill, their theme song, sounds like a lifelong echo, when in steps Dorothy Burgess and her villainous monkey that she has trained to pick pockets.

Jealousy, dirty work, and general misunderstanding cause our Helen to suffer crucially (Oh, how she suffers!). An excellent story, well told, with a cast that is excellent.
THE CZAR OF BROADWAY (Universal)

Here is still another picture about the underworld boss of the city, his favorite dancer, and the honest reporter. The reporter gets into the graces of the boss and falls in love with the boss’ girl. His idea being, of course, to get the goods on the boss, for his paper.

It is, however, done very well, with Johnny Haron playing the part of the reporter excellently. Betty Compson is the dancer in the cabaret which is owned by the city boss. Her performance is just about the best thing she’s done in the talkies, which is saying a good deal. If you care for newspaper underworld dramas, don’t fail to see this.

GREEN STOCKINGS (First National)

Few things are more diverting and subtly entertaining than an English comedy; and when it is presented by an English cast, it’s mighty good stuff. Dorothy Mackaill gives a performance reminiscent of The Crystal Cup, in which she affected very mannish “bachelorette” costumes—until she went out to get her man. Dorothy’s elder sister persuades her that she should marry; so Dorothy finally announces her engagement to “Colonel Smith of the British army in Arabia,” and writes glowing billets doux that she expects will land in the dead letter office. Then matters become complicated indeed. The dialogue is sophisticated and clever and very enjoyable.

DANGEROUS NAN MCGREW (Paramount)

Our old friend, Helen Kane, boop-boopa-doops back into the limelight again in this highly amusing comedy directed by that swell director, Mal St. Claire. It is a comedy of the Great Northwest and is just about as funny as they come.

There is a cast that will take your breath away, including, besides Helen Kane, James Hall, Stuart Erwin (Axel of Sweetie), Frank Morgan, Victor Moore, and Louise Closer Hale, all well known New York stage stars who put their stuff over in a way that will certainly make you sit up and take notice. Roberta Robinson, an unknown, does well.

THIS MAD WORLD (M-G-M)

Tragedy stalks in this story of warring nations. Louise Dresser, whose son is a French spy, is forced by the Germans to give shelter to Kay Johnson, a Hapsburg princess traveling incognito to meet her German husband behind the lines. When the mother discovers that the princess has learned that Basil Rathbone is a spy, she plots with her son to kill Kay, so that she may not betray him to the Germans and prevent his giving valuable information to his own officers.

Realizing her danger, and disappointed by her husband’s refusal to see her, the princess deliberately intrigues the spy, which provides some dramatic and thrilling situations.

theatre hours—consult this department every month
ALIAS FRENCH GERTIE (RKO)

TO LOOK at Bebe Daniels in her chic French maid's uniform you'd never guess she was Gertie the Gun in underworld circles. She is cracking her mistress' safe, when along comes Ben Lyon, the best "can opener" in the business, and spoils her game. During a quarrel over the division of the loot, an officer appears and Ben protects Gertie in order to take the "rap" alone.

After a year in prison, Ben takes Bebe into partnership, and they make crime pay—$30,000. Bebe gets particular about their going straight from now on, and in a dramatic climax forces him to give up the racket. Ben Lyon is good.

THE BAD ONE (United Artists)

THE beautiful Dolores del Rio trifles with hearts in her latest picture, and, incidentally, proves herself a fine dramatic actress in a more modern rôle than we've been accustomed to see her.

Love, to this dancing girl in a Marseilles waterfront saloon, meant nothing, until Edmund Lowe, a daring young Don Juan of the seven seas, with a girl in every port, casually decides to add her to his harem and make her like it. A tense situation arises when Lowe is accused of the murder of a man who forces his attention on Dolores. A dramatic climax finally brings happiness and freedom in an unexpected manner.

THE GAY NINETIES (M-G-M)

MARION DAVIES appears in a back-stage comedy of forty years ago. She's the only unengaged member of the famous Floradora Sextette; and in spite of her charm, doesn't seem to be able to land just the right kind of man—until two commiserating chorines give her practical instructions.

Chorus cuties weren't very popular with fond mamas in those days, particularly when a young man's shaky fortune depended on a rich marriage; so Marion has her conflicting emotions and is cruelly torn between love and the knowledge of what seems best for Lawrence Gray. You'll like this.

KETTLE CREEK (Universal)

KEN MAYNARD rounds up a few score more fans with his latest picture, teeming with action and foul play. Ken's father is shot from ambush on his ranch in Oklahoma, and dies in his son's arms after showing him a letter warning him he is in danger.

Ken goes to Kettle Creek in search of a clue to the murder, and poses as being deaf in the hope of overhearing vital bits of information. He becomes involved in a long-standing feud, and falls in love with a pretty girl, Kathryn Crawford. When it is learned that his deafness is only a pose, Ken has some busy moments and hair-breadth escapes.

See the Brief Guide to current talkies, page 6
Personality pointers from picture personalities

HAVE you a temper which, when unleashed, runs riot and causes you to act in a manner of which you are thoroughly ashamed when the tempest subsides? Do you often find yourself chagrined and remorseful after a scene which you stirred up by your lack of control over your temper? One of the best ways of avoiding a repetition of such embarrassing situations is to follow the path of Lupe Velez, and to harness that splendid abundance of vital emotion and direct it into fields that yield pleasure and reward rather than pain and discomfort. Violent emotions and tension of feeling, when permitted to run amuck, cause disturbance and suffering such as the lava, relentlessly spewed forth from the crater of a volcano, casts in its wake. Yet this same dynamic energy, when properly guided, can give to the individual the same beneficent and utilitarian results that lightning, when harnessed in the form of electric current, produces.

Lupe Velez, the firecracker from México, did not permit the warm suns of her tropical homeland to sputter to no avail. Instead, she garnered this remarkable energy and put it to work, while she, general manager and chief director of this gift dynamic power, reaped the results. Early in life Lupe decided to become a movie actress. She turned on the current of her power, and swayed all her energies in that direction. Through the devious trails of obscurity in musical comedy roles, with the added impediments of the necessity of helping to support her family when her father was killed in a revolution, Lupe’s vital current led her until she finally achieved her goal. And after that was attained Lupe did not rest content. More of her driving energy led her on and on to better efforts. Success and reward are Lupe’s, and both may be attributed to the fact that instead of squandering her emotions, she used them wisely.

There is much that may be gained from an analysis of this study of Lupe Velez. In the first place, pause a moment and consider whether much of your valuable energy is being hopelessly dashed on the rocks and disappearing, leaving no traces behind it but memories of which you are ashamed. Conserve it! Then set yourself a definite goal, crystal clear in your mind, and apply an ample dose of your wisely controlled energy. The results will startle you, just as Lupe Velez’ amazing personality never fails to startle movie audiences.

WHEN it comes to personality, who could there be more fitting as an example than Jack Oakie?

Here is a boy who, through personality—and personality alone—has made a success which is sweeping the country like a forest fire on a windy day. And for those people who think that personality is born and not made, let them take heed from Jack.

Here is a chap who certainly isn’t good-looking; could never be called the handsome leading man type; and yet, in Hit the Deck, he played the leading role and not only played it well but actually won far more laurels than the average leading man could possibly have gained.

How? The answer is the same old word: personality. The ability to be likeable at all times and still be natural—not over-friendly. And how well he manages to do just that.

Oakie started life in a bond house. It was soon apparent that business was not for him. Everybody liked him, but still he knew that being liked isn’t enough for business success. And, yet, although he could sing and dance a bit, he wasn’t funny enough, or handsome enough, for real success on the stage or in the movies as either a leading man or a straight comedian.

He had one talent: a certain ability to wise-crack. On the strength of it he managed to get a job in small time vaudeville. And once there he determined to train his personality to such an extent that it would take the place of the good-looks or the funny faces big movie success depends upon.

It wasn’t done in a day.

He sharpened up his wise-cracks, developed his sense of humor and became quick to say the right word at the right moment and also—most important—to listen to the words of others at the right time.

In due course he went to Hollywood and—with the aid of his grin—made a name for himself as a new type of actor. A splendid combination for leading man. Oakie’s entirely different personality has won him his friends and success. You too can have the success (both social and business) you deserve if you train your personality, as he has, to stand out from the ordinary run and demand attention. Such a course leaves failure well-nigh impossible.
ADDLING INSULT TO INJURY

By DOROTHY WOOLDRIDGE

A N ADVERTISE- MENT which might be prepared by a unique character now operating in Hollywood would very likely read something like this:

HAVE YOUR DINNER GUESTS INSULTED!

Marvelous Fun

I will agree to make everyone at your table highly indignant; guarantee to make individuals feel embarrassed, humiliated and utterly miserable. No one overlooked. But get this—I always leave them laughing when they say good-bye. Appointment by request.

VINCENT BARNETT.

Yeah, marvelous fun!

THE MOTION picture actress who hasn’t risen haughtily from her seat and with flushed face announced she “never was so insulted by a waiter in all her life” and that, furthermore, she purposed getting out of such a place and never coming back, has missed a mark of distinction. And the producer or actor who hasn’t felt himself turning red in the face and determining to “punch that fellow in the snoot, dinner or not!” isn’t among the honored elite. It has become “just an old Hollywood custom.” Barnett, who occasionally works in pictures, has found it remunerative to insult persons at formal dinners, especially when the guest list is large. He is paid to do it. Garbed sometimes as a waiter and at other times as one of the invited, he goes about his work with a seeming malevolence which ends with women furious and men ready to throw “that insolent person” out on his neck. Of course they don’t do it because the insulter knows just how far to go without being struck and there always is someone present to explain that he is merely a hired “goat-getter” doing his stuff in a spirit of fun.

BUT somebody will kill that bird some day!” more than one screen player has remarked.

On sober reflection, however, they decide not. It would be poor sportsmanship and, anyway, such an action would bring in the police and other annoyances. Barnett, according to an interviewer, says his father was a professional insulter before him. He, himself, came to Hollywood because Moran and Mack, The Two Black Crows, told him that it was "a great new field for him where insults were direly needed."

So he arrived and has certainly delivered the goods. And the things the motion picture folk say about him and their
Here's a man who is actually paid to insult the dinner guests, and all Hollywood agrees that he certainly earns his salary ready to go after him. And Tom, athlete, can make things very unhappy for an average man in quick time.

"He comes at you unexpectedly," said Louise Fazenda, in telling of the tormentor. "He gets you all fussed before you know what is happening. At Mr. Jack Warner's party, he stepped up to the back of my chair just as the fish cocktail course had been served.

"Please!" he said, "Use the spoon, not the fork, with the cocktail!"

"Use what?" I asked, utterly nonplussed.

"The spoon with the cocktail, always!"

"I was so embarrassed I did not know what to do. I knew very well that fish cocktail should be eaten with the fork but this fellow so upset me that I only turned red and gurgled something. I don't know yet whether I resumed with the spoon or the fork. In a moment, however, I very dramatically drew myself up to extreme heights, mentally took out my lorgnette and looked at him icily. He ignored the look. Actor or actress, star or ingenue, producer or director—all are the same in the eyes of Barnett. Coming back to Los Angeles after dedication of the new Warner Brothers theater in Fresno, Cal., the "goat-getter" was put to work in a railroad dining car by J. L. [Continued on page 93]

humiliating experiences!

Lupe Velez, the little, bit of Mexican wildfire, was at a dinner party all dressed up like a fashion-plate. Her pretty new evening gown was an exquisite creation which laid much of her shoulders bare and was cut low in V shape at the back. She was chattering away in her accustomed vivacious manner while the eyes of the diners focused upon her.

"And," said Lupe, "just as ze camera—!"

The sentence was not finished. The "head waiter", standing a few feet away, moved to her chair and held a napkin over her shoulders.

"Your dress is too low," he remarked, audibly. "You know, such things really aren't being worn now. You will pardon me, but this would be better."

Dumbfounded the little Velez girl stopped short and began turning red in the face. Everyone at the table had seen the gesture and some had heard the words. Tom Mix, seated next to her, began rising from his seat. The situation grew tense. Deadly silence pervaded the room. Such an act on the part of a waiter was inexcusable. Before Mix reached the offending gargon, however, he was moving on around the dining board. He had a few things to say to other guests and it appeared as though the dinner party was being utterly ruined.

Barnett's dénouement came quickly. His identity came out as rapidly as it ever had in all his life, because Tom Mix was

Margaret Livingston was informed by the paid insulter that she wasn't much of an actress. Instead of getting angry Miss Livingston gave as good as she received.

Vincent Barnett told Richard Barthelmess, in the presence of Jack Warner, that Dick should have his voice trained. Barthelmess left the room in very high dudgeon.

Marion Davies was cautioned not to throw olive pits on the carpet. Since she doesn't eat olives she merely thought Barnett was a smart alec trying to be funny and he did not get the rise out of her which he had expected.
The character of Wyn in The Careless Age, in which he played opposite Loretta Young, is Doug's favorite screen role of all to date.

WHEN Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., bestowed the name of moviedom's royal family upon Joan Crawford as they knelt before the altar of a New York church on June 3, 1929, he violated a very definite promise made to his father. But it was that broken vow that did much to bring Junior into stardom early this year.

Only a few short weeks before the marriage, Douglas Fairbanks had summoned his son to Pickfair and said: "Doug, if you want to marry Joan, I'll not stand in your way, but I want you to assure me that you will wait for one year."

Doug, Jr., promised.

Less than a month later the already betrothed couple found time between their screen engagements to take a trip East. It was to be only a vacation, for the junior Doug had in mind his parent's request.

Seated in a New York hotel the day following their arrival in Gotham, with Junior's mother (then Beth Sully, but now Mrs. Jack Whiting) as their luncheon guest, the conversation turned to love.

"Why don't you two kids get married?" demanded the mater.

Doug, startled, glanced at his mother. Yes, she was serious. Then his eyes rested on Joan. She was blushing.

"Well, why not, Joan?" he asked.

"Why not?" answered the embarrassed Joan, trying to smile.

THERE was a rush to the City Hall for a license, thence to a Catholic edifice on the other side of town.

The news that greeted Dad Fairbanks back in Hollywood as he opened the telegram from his son didn't cause any pangs of joy. Doug, Jr., had failed to keep his word! But this king of the movies isn't like the kings of yore.

"Come home and receive our blessings," read the message that traveled back over the wires to the newlyweds. It was
How the young Doug broke a promise to his father, married the girl of his heart, and became a star in his own right

Frequently, between scenes of pictures, Doug gets out the old notebook and jots down a poem or two. A volume of his poetry will be published this summer and a series of his articles will soon appear in a notable highbrow magazine.

Doug's heart wasn't really in the movies until he played in The Barker, with Milton Sills. That picture introduced him to the new technique of the talkies and it immediately aroused his whole interest.

Doug's biggest success in the dear dead silents was in the well-known Our Modern Maidens, in which he played opposite a certain young lady by the name of Joan Crawford. That was how they met.

signed "Dad and Aunt Mary."

The youngster who returned from New York with a bride and new responsibilities resting on shoulders long burdened, threw himself into his picture work with such zeal that it wasn't long before First National gave him a contract for featured parts in four films. He was now definitely established as a leading man to the feminine stars.

Stardom—that goal for which so many clamor and which so few attain, came to him when he was assigned to Sin Flood. In this he is supported by Dorothy Revier and Noah Beery.

The courtship of Doug and Joan had been one of the most unusual in Hollywood.

The boy who didn't care for girls, but went in for athletics, and who spent the major portion of his leisure time on the field, was always the sort of boy who preferred athletics to girls. In fact, girls were just one of the things to be endured—until he met Joan. And how he changed then!
tennis courts and in the gymnasium of the Hollywood Athletic club, gave up these sports which meant so much in his earlier life.

Joan, the girl who couldn’t be happy unless she was basking in the glare of the bright lights of the Montmarte or Cocoanut Grove or the Blossom Room, the girl who won all of the cups awarded in Hollywood dancing contests, settled down to a life that stood out in contrast. She had built for herself a home and it was there that she and Doug spent their evenings of courtship, Joan sewing or listening to Doug as he played the piano or read to her.

HOLLYWOOD wondered what had become of them. Then came the announcement of their engagement. And neither hesitated to tell the world that they were in love.

Instead of the conventional solitaire, Joan appeared at the studio wearing a wedding ring. Questioned, she replied: “Oh, that’s just being different. Doug is going to give me the engagement ring when we are married.”

Newspaper reporters swooped down on the betrothed couple. The whole film colony began to suspect that they already were married—probably in Mexico.

I knew at the time the reason why Joan and Doug wanted “to be different,” but I kept their secret. In telling it now, since they have accomplished their purpose, I am betraying no confidence.

Doug couldn’t afford the solitaire!

Doug’s salary wasn’t as large as some might have suspected. He had to support himself. He was aiding his mother financially. And here in Hollywood he maintains another home for his grandparents, Daniel J. Sully, the one-time cotton king of America, and Mrs. Sully.

DOUG had never attended college, so he had no fraternity insignia that he might pin on Joan’s dress. He couldn’t very well drop into one of Mr. Kresge’s well-known emporiums and purchase one of those huge glass rocks that retail at a dime each, for gem values are too well known among Joan’s screen acquaintances. Many of them have been famous collectors of such baubles.

So Doug simply did the thing that best suited the condition of his purse at the moment. He purchased for $100 a narrow platinum band. Then he set out to save the $2,000 necessary to buy the square-cut diamond that was to grace the third finger of Joan’s left hand after their marriage.

Throughout their courtship and since their marriage, both Joan and Doug have shown the utmost common sense in their expenditures.

SHORTLY before Joan met Doug, Jr., she commenced the construction of a new house of the Spanish type in the Brentwood Hills. From its balconies one gazes across vales to the mansions of Harold Lloyd, Carl Laemmle, Sr., Milton Sills—yes, even upon Pickfair.

But the house is small, having been designed for the [Continued on page 80]
The eternal cry is for new faces—and new figures—and here you can meet one. Shake hands with Miss Lucille Williams, who is going strong with Pathé.
KEEPING THE HOME

With true Hollywood hospitality, these famous film players bare their hearths to you.

Yo-ho for an open fireplace and a jolly, roaring blaze. Jean Arthur has a positive passion for sitting and staring into a fire and it, no doubt, reciprocates.

Elliot Nugent is here seen looking on the black side of things. We suppose we don't have to tell you—but we will, just the same—that this here Nugent fellow certainly knows his poker.

The orchid lady of the screen, Corinne Griffith, if you prefer, always lights her gas-fire with an extra long colored match, delightfully in keeping with her dainty personality. By the way, that long match idea of hers has become quite a Hollywood fad.
FIRES BURNING

Who, more naturally, would be the owner of this romantic old fireplace than our own John Gilbert? No one, of course. Young lady readers please picture yourselves sitting opposite John and flutter your hearts accordingly.

We've often imagined Lois Wilson, one of our favorite actresses, sitting in front of a log fire. And here she is —and the logs, too! You may be sure that this is the only kind of log-rolling that Lois has ever gone in for.

Buster Keaton's idea of an open fire is a place where juicy steaks can sizzle. We always said comedians had more sense than most folks. Buster wants to know if you've heard the fire song. It goes like this: "I hear you coaling me!"
At one time, and not so long ago either, no Hollywood fireside seemed complete without at least one pedigreed lion rumbling beside it. And since the charlains of Hollywood's recently sprung-up Tudor palazzos and Renaissance manors bailed them with their overstocked larders and cellars, a veritable invasion of titles descended upon the film capital.

"Ooh, my deah! An impoverished count or duchess sure lends class to one's drawing room!" some of those former Midwest beauty contest winners with brand new contracts crackling in their vanity bags would draw ecstatically.

The Almanac of Gotha, at its palmiest, could not compete with Hollywood's array of titles. And even now, Hollywood is still swamped and well nigh overrun with nobility.

It's a great racket! And those who were not already in the swim "muscleied" their way into it, by tacking a "count" or a "baronesse" in front of their own modest John Henry or Jane Doe or any other plain name you can think of.

Removed of their false names and stripped of their picturesque stripes, these rampant lions and roaring tigresses all too often revealed themselves to be nothing more than a variety of domestic felines. As, for example, the young lady, who represented herself as a member of an ancient Spanish aristocratic family. After keeping Hollywood on its ear, so to speak, for several weeks, she turned out to be a San Francisco hello gal.

And regrettably too often, when their adventurous aura wanes, they turn out to be the domestic felines' prowling poor relations. Prowling for a handout and getting away, if luck is on their side, with a banquet. Like that so-called scion of the late ruling house of Russia, who had cut a wide swath and was eventually arrested in the Midwest last summer, because he had been addicted to writing bad checks. Closer scrutiny of the gentleman's pedigree revealed him to be a former East Side sweat shop assistant.

But gradually Hollywood is getting to be nobility-wise — let us hope.

At least four times out of five, the game was worth the bluff. A title was the open sesame to the most jealously guarded sancrums. Even the King of Kliegs, whose well-earned reputation it is that he is as hard to see as the Empress of China, yielded for once when the name of a Countess was sent up to him. The name accompanying the title could have belonged to a Spaniard, a Russian or even a Norwegian. It was that kind of a name.

And she was lovely to look at. Oddly enough, when the same girl, under her own commonplace American name, used to work as an extra on his super-super-specials, he had never noticed her. And now, the King himself, as well as his huge entourage of "Yes-sites," received her with all the traditional ostentation accorded to opera bouffe royalty. The most royal of all the cinematic dazzlers out-dazzled his wildest production dreams in the lovely Countess' behalf. He even gave her a job. But honest, dyed-in-the-wool American that she was at heart, the girl soon realized that she could not bluff the public all the time. And instead of going on with a none too certain career, she got married.

But there was that canny old party, who waited till Hollywood went Bohemia a few seasons ago, before he displayed his own little royal flush — of his own making. Along with several glittering bracelets and a lavender silk hankie he had hitherto kept tucked up his sleeve.

One fine day, out of nowhere, he tripped onto the horizon, a self-styled Kammersaenger to some obscure court on the Northmost peak of Europe. But in the days prior to the talkies Hollywood knew precious little of what a Kammersaenger was. It sounded suspiciously like Kaisenjammer and it did not get him anywheres. It therefore became necessary that he create a title for himself. Only a modest one. So he tacked a "Sir" in front of a real Spanish name, as a token of royal recognition to his artistry.

And Sir Sandy McIntosh Burns, Kammersaenger to His Majesty, the King of Scandihovia, was taken up by society with a rush. But when it came to exercising his vocal cords, he could emit nary a croak. Soon the patrones of the arts grew tired of feeding him and his name began gradually to disappear from the guest lists.

It was tough on the poor old dear. He had loved the rich food! And more than that, he had loved to shine. But since he could no longer shine himself, he decided to act as a satellite for other luminaries.

And why not? If Hollywood had fallen so well for his line, why shouldn't it fall again and yet again.
HE HAD a gift for detaching and contracting ambitious nobodies, at the same time keeping a sharp ear to the ground for forthcoming social events. Thus, when a certain obscure actress arrived here from the Antipodes, he dubbed her a Duchess, and with the title used as a battering ram, he crashed a most closely guarded social stronghold.

The Duchess Bella de Schianti was a striking figure. A peeress among actresses and an actress without peer. She was tall. She was lithe. She had framing tresses. Her pure English was flavored with a soupcon of the most delectable Irish brogue. In short, Her Grace clicked. It was not long before she played a Spanish queen in the "biggest male star’s biggest production of the year." Subsequently she was featured in a continental comedy, produced by THE leading local art theatre. And freshly crowned with the laurels of that production, she was about to be launched into a commercial venture, sponsored by a fabulously wealthy patroness of the arts, when the Authorities had her brought to trial, charged with an infringement of the immigration laws. At court, when she took the stand, she was said to have outshone the Divine Sarah in her famous Madame X court room scene. But all her histrionics were in vain. Bedelia Delahanty, the erstwhile Duchess de Schianti, was transported.

SUBSEQUENTLY, Sir Sandy pulled another social coup. He introduced and sponsored to society his godson, the Duke of Hangover. The Duke went over big. Within two weeks of his initial bow to local celebs and elite, he lunched with a famous French actress, noted for her eccentricities and outrée gowns; figured almost nightly as guest of honor at glittering dinner parties; made a striking figure as the French actress’ escort at the gala première of her first starring picture; was "among those present" in an exclusive little coterie of guests of a popular hostess at the annual Wampas ball; had proposed to sundry young women of varying social strata; was reported organizing a picture company, for the purpose of studying American picture methods, and eventually was arrested on a charge of deserting a wife and two minor children in the East, where prior to his coming to Hollywood, he had been a clerk.

That much for the Duke of Hangover.

IN THE meantime, Sir Sandy had left no stone unturned to discover bigger and better finds. Among the rank and file of free lance taxi drivers, he discovered a future John Gilbert, and among cafeteria bus boys, he unearthed a voice greater than Caruso’s. They helped him crash weekly salons and informal Sunday night buffet suppers. Fortified by these, a "captain" of aviation, a British knight and his lady (of his own dubbing), and a Russian Grand-Duke, the Hangover debacle merely rolled off Sir Sandy’s knife. And all would have gone smoothly for the erstwhile Kammerzanger, had not the police arrested him on a mysterious charge, the true nature of which no one ever bothered to discover. Thus ended another illustrious gentleman’s trail.

SCARCELY a week passes without another aristocrat being stripped of his or her tinsel and trappings. Times without number, Her Ladyship—she of the bottomless trunk and the famous hyphenated British name—is challenged for the authenticity of her name and title. Incidentally, her Ladyship’s trunk is said to contain a king’s ransom in unpublished manuscripts and musical compositions of her own creation, which up to the present have not been exposed to the profanation of the public eye and ear. It is further said to contain priceless gems and family heirlooms, with which she is loath to part, despite the fact that her letter of credit has been five years overdue. At times, when her Ladyship must needs look for work in pictures, she is forced to borrow busfare from her acquaintances.

Her countrywoman, the Lady Batibrush, has a mania for getting herself into scrapes over checks. Every time she comes up for arraignment, her identity is questioned. She has finally compromised about her name and is known hereabouts as Mrs. Brush.

THE funny part of it all is that the local film colony can boast of real nobility. But none of the real aristocrats care to brag about it.

There is Ivan Lebedeff, Youcca Troubetzkoy, the lovely Natacha Golizine—all Russian aristocrats of the first water, but known professionally and socially only as Mister and Miss. Pierre de Ramey, really the Compte de Ronseray, who, because casting directors happen to be that way, has in the past been cast to play French butlers and valets, is coming into his own in the talkies.

Captain Alberti Conti, the descendant of one of the oldest and most noble lineages of Austria, never exploited his lineage in his phenomenal rise on the screen.

And there are countless others who have carefully tucked their titles away, prior to coming to Hollywood. Some of them have made good without the use of the family name as a short cut to success; others are still trying. Very few of them have given up. In all cases, blood will always tell.
These young ladies pose for you in informal attire which is positively the very latest—both in style and the hour when worn.

Gorgeous embroidery in black, gold and red trims the trousers and shoulders of Carmelita Geraghty's exotic lounging suit of white satin-back crêpe (at top of page). The extremely wide trousers lend a note of individuality, which is continued by the sash which is moulded tightly about the hips of the lovely wearer. The black satin three-quarter length jacket which completes the stunning ensemble is trimmed with the same embroidery that appears upon the trousers. Black mules seem important chiefly as a contrast to the white suit.

Seductive is the mildest word we can find to express our impression of these dainty pajamas with the fabulous trousers of pleated georgette crêpe (at the right). The belted coatée is concocted of flesh-colored satin, and its deep V neck is piped with a deeper tone of rosy pink and fastened with a cupid's arrow of onyx and crystal. Carol Lombard is the damsel who adorns this confection.
Sharon Lynn (extreme right of page) plays Harlequin in a fetching checkered pajama suit of black and white satin—one of the few pajama suits we've seen lately that could be worn to bed. To be shed at bed time, however, are the strapped leather sandals of lacquer red.

Added temptation to lounge is offered by the pajama suit in which Bernice Claire (above) does it. Chartreuse and green is the soothing color combination which is presented in this charming informal ensemble, with just the necessary antidote of pep furnished by the black piping on blouse, jacket, and the extraordinarily deep trouser cuffs. Satin slippers to match the deeper color complete the costume.

Reminiscent of the very feminine vamp who vamp-ed in elaborate negligée is the costume worn by Billie Dove (above). It seems to be contrived of egg-shell satin and a quantity of cerulean lace, with a frilly pleated inset in the wide trousers.

The new spring plaid (right) is much in evidence in Helen Johnson's pajamas, which continue the vogue of the careless and informal ensemble consisting of the wide trousers, tuck-in blouse, and short jacket. Complete tom-boyishness is denied by the droopy bow, going feminine at Helen's waistline and by the dainty linen pumps of modernistic design.
Leila Hyams looks as though she can't think of what to write. But nevertheless, she manages to appear charming and delightful. But maybe she's practicing signing her name for a contract—because, judging by the work she's been doing lately, she'll be busy signing them for many years.

Although Rex Bell's dog usually reserves this action for marauders, here's one time he's willing to drive his master away.

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will speak lines with the best of them.

What with the recognized Gilbert ability as an actor and a lover, 1930 does not look so dismal for Jack after all. Dr. Marafioti probably is the greatest in his line and the fact that M-G-M has put him under contract at a huge salary to pass on all their stars' voices makes an interesting little story. Dr. Marafioti is due to be a busy, busy man.

FROM location in northern California comes a little anecdote about Hoot Gibson. Seems he was working on a certain scene for his new picture, Concentration Kid, and said scene required him to make a jump across a chasm several hundred feet deep. A small boy stood watching preparations for the sequence. Suddenly he walked over to the edge of the chasm and speculatively measured its width and depth with wide open eyes. Then he turned to Hoot:

"Say Mr. Gibson," he called. "If you don't make that jump, can I have your horse?"

A LITTLE thing like LEVATORLIBIISUPERIORISALA-
EQUENAS! can cause an awful lot of trouble, as Dorothy Lee, R-K-O featured player, can testify.

It seems that Dorothy was having a little trouble with her singing when about halfway through making Rio Rita, so, not wanting to hold up production, she visited a physician.

"It's just your levatorlibiissuperiorisalaequenasi," cheerfully remarked the medico.

A few minutes later Dorothy was revived and the doctor informed her that this long name covered the smallest muscle in the body. Well, anyhow, Miss Lee's—oh, you say it—is all right now and she's busy working again.

CLIFF (Ukelele Ike) Edwards recently got a fan letter at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios from a fan who, to say the least, seemed exceedingly confused:

"Since you are one of my many admirers, I would greatly appreciate it if you would send me one of my pictures and in return I will send you one of yours . . . ." the letter read!

IT WAS on the Fall Guy set at R.K.O. An electrician came over to Ned Sparks, poker-faced comedian, and began telling all about his army experiences in France.

"Now, when I was in Wipers—" he began.

"Ypres," corrected Sparks.

"In Wipers, I—"

"Ypres," put in Sparks.

"Well, as I was saying, in Wipers—"

"Ypres!" stammered Sparks in a loud voice.

"Say," exclaimed the electrician sympathetically, "you better take my advice and do something about that hiccupping!"

IT WAS on a set at the Fox studio. A young lady visitor approached Edmund Lowe and exclaimed:

"Oh, Mr. Lowe, I think you make love divinely on the screen! How do you do it?"

"Easy," drawled Ed. "It's just like making pie. All you need is some crust and a lot of applesauce!"

KEN MAYNARD has invented a new style horse truck and patented it under his own name.

Instead of riding horses in the usual truck, where the animals are all thrown together in one car, Maynard's animals ride in separate compartments.
ever, tradition favors long sleeves; and this year sleeves are so very interesting and decorative that one really enjoys wearing them. Chiffon slippers of satin, crépe de chine, or silvet-shot moiré are a very important item in the bride's perfect ensemble. Perhaps you are planning a less formal wedding—either at your own home, or under the trees of your garden. Then you will want a soft or fine, dotted net, or even organdy; and you will probably select your favorite pastel shade, if not even a gay, all-over print! Instead of a cap and veil, you'll want a clever hat of tulle or lace, or of one of the very chic new lace straw. Of course you'll probably prefer the off-the-face model to the old-style picture hat as being much smarter. Perhaps, if you are very chic, you'll wear one of those clever little veils that fall from under the brim of the hat—if there is a brim, and just cover the tip of your nose! Charming indeed is the informal bride.

Bridesmaids have long suffered from an appalling sameness. Now, at last, real ingenuity is being introduced into the bridal entourage. At a recent wedding in Hollywood, the attendants wore gay chiffon gowns, little taffeta bolero jackets, and clever berets of sequin-studded ruffle! The modem bridesmaid often carries, instead of the customary bouquet, little chiffon mantles covered with gay flowers—panties, yellow roses, or sweetpeas! Clever, don't you think? The tendency in modern weddings is toward gaiety and color. A bride recently caused much astonishment among the wedding guests by wearing an all-over lace gown of black; but this striving for distinction is one that is apt to be copied very extensively!

For the informal wedding an afternoon gown of crépe is smart. The new cowl collar, bolero, capelet, or fancy sleeves lend interest to a frock that will become part of a girl's general wardrobe after the ceremony. This outfit may be of any color desired, and is worn with a rather decorative formal afternoon hat and dressy slippers, with quite long sleeves of light beige or a similar light shade.

Perhaps you are going to be married in a going-away outfit. Then you'll probably choose a distinctive little suit of one of the new light-weight wool crépes, such as Orion; or a silk crépe, such as frost. You will choose a light shade, if you wish to look very bridesy, and give your costume a note of color by means of a gay scarf, street shoes, a close-fitting tailored hat of Baku or felt, slip-on gloves, and a neat envelope purse, all matching or harmonizing faultlessly, will insure chic. Of course your blouse will be of the tuck-in variety, because it is so much more popular than the "hippy" kind this season. Instead of a bridal bouquet, you will probably wear a corsage, if you are having flowers at all. The bride who is married in a street costume may look every bit as charming as her more formal sisters!

Even modern brides plan a hope chest. There must be at least six of everything, preferably twelve—table linens, guest towels, pastel colored sheets and pillow cases. In the bride's personal wardrobe should be included at least enough of everything to last a year. Of undies she should have no less than three sets, and preferably six, all dainty and fresh and bridiey. The practical girl will be careful not to include anything in her hope chest or trousseau that is too fancy to launder well, or too frail. It is a terrible temptation, though, to include one or two recklessly extravagant and exquisite things in the hope chest—and what bride can be blamed for that?

Perhaps you are a graduate. There's almost as much thrill in planning the baccalaureate or Senior prom frock as an entire trousseau! I know! The graduate will wisely avoid any gown that suggests sophistication out of proportion to her years. Simplicity does not necessarily lack or informal evening. Many practical girls these days are making a bolero with sleeves to transform a sleeveless gown into an afternoon or dinner frock; thereby giving the illusion of two different costumes.

For those end-of-school parties, nothing is more popular this year than printed chiffon—and what gorgeous designs there are to choose from! Prints have remained popular for several seasons because they are becoming to practically everyone, and are very feminine and dainty. Worn in the afternoon, they can also be worn with equal favor at night. This is a colorful season indeed. Those who are youthful or who wish to add the illusion of youth (and don't we all) should include a printed chiffon in their wardrobe for party wear.

Next month we are going on a vacation so we will need to plan our playtime costumes for bathing, tennis, and all our other favorite sports—including luxurious laziness! And so, until July—au revoir! And hope to see you next month.

The beautiful portrait of Corinne Griffith on the cover of this issue was executed by the famous and brilliant artist, W. T. Benda.

TALKING SCREEN takes the greatest pleasure in announcing that this is the first of a series of uniquely beautiful star portraits which will be painted by this splendid artist for our covers.

You will note that all the type on the front cover which tells about our features is placed on the gray frame of the picture and does not in any way fall onto the picture itself. We did this purposely because the picture is so beautiful and we did not wish to see it marred by type of any kind.

Don't forget to watch for future issues. Mr. Benda will soon have another picture cover of one of the most famous stars that will leave you amazed at its superb beauty. In fact, you will wonder how it is possible to safely convey such delicate beauty through the medium of any reproduction process.
The Cat's Whispers

[Continued from page 21]

the patience to lie still? Non, again! She read the new script. She planned the costumes she is going to wear. And once or twice, mademoiselle, I catch her run down to the piano to try over the new songs. Then I get hard bold. I scold and chase her back to bed. Voilà!"

Minou stopped for breath and at the same time reflectively lifted her right hind leg and with it, daintily scratched her left ear.

WHAT about the time Miss Dorsay was the toast of Montmartre? I delicately hinted.

"Ah, that's where mademoiselle is mistaken!" Minou retorted. "She is what one may call an ana... ano... ona..." "Anomaly?"

"A-ne-malle! C'est ca! Had Fifi remained in France, she probably would never have gone on the stage. She would have remained plain Yvette Dorsay, the daughter of a government official. Peraps, had she, she would have become Madame Yvette Bonnefemme. More than likely if Papa Dorsay had had his way, she would have taken the veil. See you? She first had to come to America before she became known as the only French soubrette of her kind in America—attended—" "Tiens, Papa Dorsay he was a Frenchman of the old school. He think the stage was a terrib place for a woman. He could never forgive his own sister for becoming an actress, even when she became one of the best known and most popular tragediennes in France.

"The final break between Monsieur Dorsay and his sister Yvette occurred on the day of our Fifi's christening. Monsieur's sister was Fifi's marraine—godmother. They named the little girl Yvette after that sister. When the ceremonies were over and the guests had left, Yvette, the big one, she say to her brother: 'Mark well, my old one, that godchild of mine will be famous some day! If not the greatest, she will be one of the great actresses of her day!' "Papa Dorsay nearly had an apoplectic stroke when he hear that. His face it turn purple and he bang his fists down on table. Then he show his sister the door, without another word.

M A I S, la Fifi was destined for the stage. Even the good nuns of the convent at Chartres, where her parents sent her to school, contributed towards it. All the time they had her perform. Fifi was taught to recite little pieces, and whenever there was an entertainment at the school, she was made to perform. The good sisters taught her how to walk and how to talk and how to sing. Mademoiselle will be surprised how much this help when later on the stage she went. But her papa, he get furious every time he see Fifi perform for her sisters and brothers and the neighbor's children with the silk top hats and cane she borrow from him, when he do not look." Minou smiled sympathetically.

Minou had hauled out the Dorsay family album.

"Voyons, if mademoiselle will throw a stroke of the eye over these, she will for herself judge the kind of family the Dorsays were."

The album contained mostly family groups, with a solo photograph scattered here and there. Swarms of handsome youngsters with their parents, Big, bold Papa Dorsay, a man of the out-doors, with humorous eyes, but with a determined jaw. Maman Dorsay, sweet-faced and grave, cradling her youngest in her arms. Both Papa and Maman Dorsay are dead now as are most of their children, excepting Fifi and a sister and a brother. As Minou told me, Fifi is both father and mother to the two. Then there were pictures of aunts and uncles with their families, most notably that of the aunt in Bordeaux, the progenitress of fifteen, with all the fifteen around her. A prolific family that, and certainly one not that would bring up its children to sing and dance for the amusement of others!

M I N O U pointed out the picture of a roguish, fair-haired little girl.

"Would Mademoiselle believe it that this was Fifi as a child, hein?—Aha, and mademoiselle marvels at the change in the color of Fifi's hair, is that not so?"

"But told of her old school, that Fifi is an an-o-malle? Nature made Fifi a blonde with a brunette disposition. But there is none of the clinging vine in her, with which most blondes are credited. She is une âme déterminée—soul of a determined woman. She believed that opportunity knocked but once; and neither is she a shrinking violet. Alors, when she started out to make her way in the world she did not wait for anyone to mistake her for a typical blonde. She put unguents and liniments on her hair for so long, until it turned dark."

And this, according to Minou, was Fifi Dorsay's first step towards her future emancipation.

When Fifi was in her early teens, the government sent her father to Montreal, Canada, Unbeknown to her family, Fifi took up a business course, and as soon as her shorthand and typewriting were perfected, she went to New York. The stage, of course, was her ultimate goal. But she started in a business office, and before long she was made head of a department. As soon as she had enough money saved to tide her over lean times, she left business and its dreary routines, and started looking around for jobs as a model.

She would go into exclusive gown establishments and photographers and ask point-blank: "Do you need a good model?—Here I am!" And if they asked her about previous experience, she would put up a royal bluff and tell them that she used to pose for the Galleries Lafayette in Paris. invariably Fifi got the job.

Eventually she landed in the chorus of the Greenwich Village Follies, and a few weeks later, she sang a French version of Mr. Gallagher and Mr. Shearer's two famous comedians. In fact, it was the late Gallagher who taught her the ropes of the show business.

T I E N C E she went into vaudeville and stayed there until last summer. But with what the big time houses being wired for the talkies and only the four and five-a-day surviving, the outlook in vaudeville last summer was pretty glum. But out of a clear sky, Fifi was summoned to take a screen and voice test for Fox. She was offered a contract and a week later she was on her way to Hollywood. So pleased were the powers-that-be with her work in her first talkie They Had to See Paris, the Will Rogers starring vehicle, that they made Fifi Dorsay a featured player and she was cast opposite Victor McLaglen in Hot for Paris.

"Now that Fifi earns sufficient money," Minou continued, "she is able to take care of her sister and brother, as she had always hoped she would. The brother is going through school, and she intends to set up her sister in business. Certainly, it is her wish to see her sister get married. Not so much because the sister is a blond with all the blond attributes, but because she hopes that some day she will be 'Tante Yvette' to a flock of little ones. Tch-tchh—our Fifi has a passion veritable for children of all ages.

"Mademoiselle wonders why she does not get married, hein? Of a certainty there is the man in the East, whom she was going to marry before she signed her present contract. But his work keeps him in the East and hers keeps her out West. What will you?" Minou shrugged her shoulders.

A N D Minou waxed highly indignant over the various engagement rumors that have hitherto circulated, in which Fifi Dorsay's name was first linked with Georges Carpentier and later with Rex Bell. She thinks it was mean of whoever started the rumors to have Fifi Dorsay, who is a well-behaved girl, because the poor man has a wife and children in France, and she can just about imagine how badly his wife would feel if she heard about it. As for Rex Bell, Minou claims that he enjoys courtship. "The man's quite young, he has his breezy, out-door manner, and since both are extremely fond of horseback riding, they are frequently seen in each other's company. That and nothing more, for Fifi is the soul of constancy, and there is that man in the East waiting."

"Ah, tiens," Minou happily sighed, "our Fifi now sees the world through rose-colored glasses. A hundred times a day she tell me how lucky she is. She lacks nothing, and shares her good fortune with her family and old friends."

Minou reached up and knocked on wood.
like a press agent's dream after the eighth cocktail. With nice, shiny diplomas in both law and architecture, the ambitious young adventurer sold the great German impresario, Max Reinhardt, the idea that he could design gorgeous settings, and counted all the hits. Thus the young Max Réé to America, some four years ago, to startle the motion picture world by costuming Greta Garbo's first American productions and inventing the famous 'Garbo collar.' Two years as fashion creator for First National preceded his present position as art supervisor for RKO.

His office makes you think you are in the toy department of a store at Christmas time. The room is bristling with miniature houses, castles, gardens, churches, basililtes, and villages; for Mr. Réé has every motion picture set worked out in detail on a tiny scale over at the studio carpenter shop. Some walls are made "wild," just as the full-sized set will be, so that they can be removed when necessary, for camera angles of special lightings are specified—a room may be "soft," or of harder make-up, depending on the intensity of reverberation that is to be allowed in mike recording. No natural rebound must strike the sensitive ear of the microphone, yet a door must sound like a door when it is closed—and this is often a matter of building materials.

The value of these miniature models, which seem like too much monkey business to an observer, lies in the ability of the director to get a concrete vision of the set with which he will later work. Changes are often necessary, and to move a house or a tree in miniature is but the work of a minute as contrasted with hours wasted if the set were already completely built in full-size.

DANNY HALL, who claims to be the "old'est" art director in Hollywood, employs the method he inaugurated twenty years ago. Polgaste, of Paramount, works only with black-and-white sketches, except where a picture is to be filmed in technicolor; but occasionally he has miniatures made from his designs to lend extra clarity in a difficult setting particularly hard to visualize. It's not the ordinary home set, or even period designs, that worry an art director. These are just so much routine. The real brain work was doubled when talkies popularized revues which called for sets of unprecedented originality. Ideas simply have to be plucked from the imagination like cards from a conjurer's sleeve on this type of set-work. Then, there's that new modernistic trend in furniture that gives rise to other complicated and gymnastic mental contortions.

And, as if this weren't enough for a busy brain, there's "trick stuff." An earthquake had to happen on a desert island set, erected on a sound stage, in Let's Go Native. Earth shook; sand dunes sank into the earth and reappeared a dozen feet away; palm trees walked. This set naturally required highly ingenious mechanics, consisting of small elevator systems in the floor and props on rollers. And, worse yet, it all had to look "natural!"

Not all "exteriors," you see, are filmed out-of-doors. William Darling, of Fox Films, built a most convincing Louisiana swamp on an ordinary sound stage for Cameo Kirby. A portion of the cement floor was boarded up to hold water, and trees, grass, and swamp grass completed the illusion of an exterior. An illusion that was simply perfect.

YOU can't believe all you see on a set. Green screen makes beautiful grass. Snow is every coat of salt. Once upon a time a bright boy suggested using white corn flakes for a snow storm—but a horse ate up the snow. Fog is liquid smoke, smoke pots, or even flour sifted slowly onto the scenery. Cobwebs are made from a rubber solution in a contraption that looks like a revolver. Lighting, which used to be made with noisy high amperage, now consists of two sunarcs in glass cabinets, controlled by an outside switch. Water in a shower bath sounds like rain from a can, unless there are several layers of ordinary wire flying screening laced on the floor to break up the drops as they fall. Just now a big worry is sea- stuff, a great deal of which is shot on a stage tank. The machine which rocks the "boat" makes a noise that will do with the water; but violent waves and shouting sailors can drown out the rocker very well if they have to.

Huge buildings, or even sections of an elaborate set, are often only "glass shots"—paintings on glass plates placed before the camera in such a position that they pick up the part of a small set on which the action actually takes place. Often miniatures are used in lieu of ordinary sized sets, particularly in those for fire scenes where the set must be destroyed. Then, there are "transparencies," a sort of double-exposure system capable of showing a star casually strolling down Fifth Avenue or the Rue de la Paix when she has never strayed a hundred miles from Hollywood. These short-cuts are often invaluable in creating unusual and amazing effects.

Technicolor has complicated the work of the art departments greatly. The costume designer and the art director now have to work hand-in-hand, so as to avoid a hodgepodge of colors. A subbed set permits gay costuming, and vice versa. Too much color is apt to be tiring. Until the process is perfected, only a limited number of shades are really usable—greens, flames, and reds and browns. The modern set designer must be a color-artist as well.

Now that the sound and color bugbears are fairly well controlled, another even greater terror is looming on the horizon that will probably affect the set designer more than anyone else in the studios. It is the magnascope, which broadens the screen without adding to its height. The effect is very much the same as cutting off an inch or two from the top of a small picture—the proportion is entirely changed, and a sense of height is destroyed. When the magnascope screen is generally adopted—and this step is not far distant—height will have to be gained more through suggestion than actual design; and that's a man-sized job for the best of the art directors.

Twenty years ago the same set was used for a balcony or a hut. When the actors were not before the camera, they spent their time repapering the set. All the early young male stars were expert paper-hangers. Furniture was borrowed from somebody's mother, and there was no nonsense about it, either.

Today, an average-sized art department contains twenty-five persons. In busy periods there are often twice as many. Every individual picture has its own art director, working under the art supervisor, and two or more draftsmen. From 200 to 600 carpenters are busy building these sets and tearing them down to give way to other sets. The art work on The King of Jazz ran around $150,000; All Quiet on the Western Front will top this by several thousands. The Love Parade and The Vagabond King are up in the big money, too, along with Song of the Flame and other big and extravagant revues.

I T CERTAINLY is a long stride in the history of motion pictures—this setting of the stage for the talkies. Gone are the days when a couple of chairs and a table did for any number of scenes, and gone, too, are the days when you gaily borrowed the furniture from the lady living next door to the studio, and returned it when the scene had been shot.

Like every other kind of job in the talkie studios, set-building is a highly-specialized art. And an art that requires the excellent brains of a highly organized staff.

The next time you see one of those lavish revues it will give you an added kick if you stop to realize the time and labor and energy that have been put into the sets which are built to enhance the pleasure of your eye.

This realistic tree set in a swamp was built in a studio for Cameo Kirby, with J. Harold Murray. It looks unbelievably true to nature.
Their First Film Money

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with mah fuss pay check. Ah bought a kiddie car (Farina pronounces it like cyah). Ah is too big a pusson foh a kiddie car now, and my little brudder rides it around. Cum with me and sh’l show you something that is something now. Ah bought it two weeks ago. It took a lot moah money than my kiddie car, too. I paid foh it myself. Course, Ah is making moh money than ah used to, anyhow.

Farina led me out to the walk where he had parked a gorgeous aeroplane, which any youthful modern would be proud to own and exhibit. He proudly gave it the works and showed me what it can do.

"Boy, how she do hum!" His eyes rolled with pride as I acknowledged truthfully that I had never seen such a remarkable plane.

"It’s a tremendous secret, you all understand," he looked about us, cautiously, "Wouldn’t do to let it around the lot, but when ah gets completely grew up, ah is going to be a flyah, Mebbe fly clean across the ocean. Suah!"

LEILA HYNMS

My weakness is perfume. A large amount of my first film money went towards the purchase of a large bottle of imported, specially-blended perfume. I still use this same scent. To depend upon perfume for mood may sound extravagant and foolish but I never feel quite the same without it. I am very sensitive to both good and bad perfumes. I found one scene very difficult and trying in the beginning of my career because a woman who shared it with me used a cheap perfume which proved nauseating to me in the close, badly-ventilated set. I don’t think I am alone in my weakness, for I read in one of the trade magazines recently that theatre managers have decided to use perfumes and exotic scents to heighten emotional sequences in films.

BETTY COMPSON

When I arrived in California, my entire earthly possessions consisted of a fairly presentable wardrobe, an intense ambition to be somebody and a beautiful old violin. I don’t believe any other city can be as cold and hard to a beginner as Los Angeles. My struggle to succeed became, very soon, a fight to exist. I made barely enough for the necessities. Luxuries were out of the question. At last, a small opportunity came to work in the films. Pictures were new and I felt I had a future. I decided that the straight path to my goal lay through the movies and I accepted a contract at a small salary to play featured parts in comedies.

The strength of my contract, I rented a small house and stocked it with groceries. Something went wrong at the studio and the production was held up for three weeks. I shall never forget that first brief struggle. I’ve been in other tight places since, and have suffered disappointments and delays, but none of them ever seemed quite so seri-

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Regarding
Lola Lane

By JAMES
MARION

INTERVIEWED Lola Lane on a moonlight night. We
were seated in her garden and romance seemed to linger
in the air. Like the stars overhead, Lola's eyes shone
brightly. She is a beautiful girl and very young and charm-
ing. I am young, too.

Maybe this is why I happened to ask her if she believed in
love and why she has never been engaged.

"I'm looking for love," Lola murmured. "If Cupid will
just pay me a serious call, I'll welcome him with open arms.
Romance tugs at my heart; I want love. But I have been on
the stage many years. I have seen life. I know people; men
in particular. Most of them are trying to avoid falling in
love. They would like to have girls love them but they want
to escape unscathed. Because I know this, I am afraid of
love. Still, I am hungry for romance."

"Shouldn't think you'd have to worry about suitors," I sug-
gested.

"Or, I guess I know plenty of fellows; nice fellows,
too. But one can't fall in love with a man because
he is nice. I don't know what this thing called love is.
I don't suppose anyone does. But whatever it is, I have
yet to experience it. Some day, maybe I will." Lola's eyes
were dreamy and had a far-away look in them.

"I must have sighed more lustily than I thought, for she
looked at me questioningly. "What about you?" she asked.
"Are you in love?"

"Constantly," I replied. "I'm seldom out of love. First
one girl, then another. But my successes are short lived; my
girl friends soon forget me. They have a habit of deserting
me for the first handsome sheik that ventures along."

"Perhaps you are lucky and don't know it," Lola consoled
me. "I'm not sure which is better—or worse; to never be
in love, or to be always in love in an unsettled, fickle way.
I do not believe I'd be happy if I devoted myself to a new
sweetheart every few weeks or months. No, I am sure I'd
rather remain as I am. One of these days my man will come
along and I'll probably fall so madly in love that I won't be
able to sleep or eat or do anything but sit and dream about
him."

She laughed. Like her personality, her laugh is strong

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comfort of a bachelor girl. However, it eventually became and is still the honeymoon palace of this popular pair.

Now the Junior Fairbanks are working toward another goal. Their joint savings are going into a building fund, with which they plan to erect their dream home. It will be a little larger than the English type and will have broader grounds and gardens.

To attain this place their expenses are held to the minimum at which two screen notables can live. They travel to and from their studios in flivver coupes to save the additional costs of operating their two large cars. Their servants consist of a chauffeur, a maid and a cook.

Never, since their marriage have the young Fairbanks thrown a party. In the first place they don’t care for them. In the second, Hollywood’s “affairs” are costly.

Once or twice a week there are informal dinners at “El Jodo,” the Joan-Doug residence. The guests seldom number more than four—their most intimate friends.

WORD of Doug’s ability as an author had preceded him to New York when he went there on what turned out to be his wedding trip. During his stay there, he was besieged by publishers’ representatives. Two things resulted.

A volume of poems written by him over a period of three years will be published during the summer. And he signed a contract with a high-brow magazine for a series of eight articles dealing with the lives of modern painters and illustrating them with his own caricatures. One of these will cover his father and Mary Pickford. Another will be on Chaplin, his life-long friend.

In his literary work, Joan has been a big help to him. Much of the research work necessary for both his verse and his magazine series has been done by her.

JUST as young Doug has looked upon Doug, Sr., as a pal rather than as a father, he thinks of Mary Pickford as a sister instead of as a step-mother.

Throughout his boyhood and until his marriage, Junior’s own mother has been at his side. Then, too, for years he has towered above the diminutive Mary.

In his younger days, he called her “Aunt Mary.” But the “Aunt” has long since been dropped. She is just “Mary” to him now. However, Joan continues to use the “Aunt Mary” when she speaks of Miss Pickford.

Since the marriage of Doug and Joan, they have spent many happy Sundays and holidays at Pickfair. “As a rule, there is tennis on the Pickfair courts, dinner with Dad and Mary and in the evening a family gathering before one of the open fires. Usually they remain there until time to report at their studios on Monday morning.”

It is seldom that visiting notables are entertained at Pickfair without Doug, Jr., and Joan being among the guests, with a father pointing with pride to some new success gained by his son who has made his way to the top without parental aid or influence.

DOUG’s mother once more is a resident of Beverly Hills, having returned from the East after her marriage to Jack Whiting, the actor, which followed closely on that of Doug and Joan. It was her third matrimonial venture.

Of his mother, Doug once said: “Naturally, we have been very close, but the tie between us is more binding than that between the average mother and son, because of the convictions we have faced together since I was a child. Of course, we had our prosperous times, but most of our years was a struggle.

“It has always been my mother’s ambition ever since she and Dad parted that some day I would be a great star. But I couldn’t hold out very much encouragement to her until the talkies came along. I think the happiest moments of her life have been those since I won a foothold in pictures and took a real interest in my work.”

DOUG’S heart just wasn’t in the movies until he played that featured role in The Barker with Milton Sills, Betty Compson and Dorothy Mackaill, because, he often said, it required his ability to be a silent actor. But The Barker opened his eyes to a new and fascinating technique and aroused his enthusiasm, for it was his first dialogue production.

Following on the heels of this picture, however, was new glory in the “quiver” when he scored in a principal rôle in Our Modern Maidens. But this was not alone due to his new found love for Hollywood’s principal industry. Here he was playing in support of his fiancée, Joan.

LIFE moved rapidly for young Doug after that picture. His marriage followed within a few weeks, and, back in Hollywood, he found waiting him his four-picture contract with First National.

Under contract, he made Fast Life, in which he was teamed with Loretta Young. So successful was this combination that it was continued in The Careless Age, which Doug refers to as his favorite rôle to date. Followed The Forward Pass and Spring is Here.

The box office returns began to pour in and before Spring is Here had been completed, First National handed him the long-term contract and eventually was to lead him into the cinema heavens as a full-fledged star.

Under this new agreement, he made Loose Ankles and contributed his bit to Warner Brothers’ The Show of Shows.

MEANWHILE, he found time between pictures to accept another stage engagement and he was cast as the star of The Youngest at one of the Hollywood theatres. Time, talkies and marriage had instilled in him a courage that he never before had displayed before the footlights. He was acclaimed by critics and public alike.

Then came Doug’s “big moment.” First National announced that his next picture would be Sin Flood and that it would be his first starring vehicle.

I was on the set awaiting his arrival on his first day in the new production.

One of the emoluments of stardom is a portable dressing-room on the sidelines.

Doug’s new one was rolled in as I waited for him. On the door was his name and beneath the name, a star.

Two studio executives and Frank Lloyd, who was to direct, were nearby. Doug arrived, greeted them and announced: “I’ll be with you as soon as I touch up this make-up.”

But then he hurried off to a corner, opened his make-up box and began dapping yellow powder on his face.

“Hi, there!” shouted Director Lloyd. “Why not use your dressing room for that?”

“Haven’t one,” answered Doug and he went on with his task.

“Take a look,” said Lloyd, ordering one of the electrical crew to turn a spotlight on the portable.

DOUG did. He espied the name and the star beneath it. His face beamed.

“Gee, that’s great.” And he rushed over and shook the director by the hand. “Gosh, I never thought I’d rate one of those things. It just goes to prove that one can come back.” Doug told me afterward.

I admired him very much.

“Well, I was a star when I was thirteen and I got ‘fired’ because I wasn’t any good,” he replied. “There’s the proof that I’m a star again.”

IT WAS in the new dressing room, later that day, that Doug told me of his hopes for the future—his future and Joan’s.

“I’m not a pessimist,” he said, “but screen stardom today is short-lived at the best. I doubt if any of us will have the years on top of the heap that have been the good fortune of Dad and Mary and Chaplin. That’s why I’m looking ahead—pushing my writing, for that’s what I think I shall do after the final studio check is handed me.

“Joan and I want to hang on to our money—invest it. A home is always an investment, so we plan to get the kind we want the first thing. Then we want some babies. Joan loves children. So do I. Joan says six, but I’d be satisfied with two or three.

“They may not mean so much when you are young, but in the mellow days they mean a great deal. I don’t fear divorce in our case. I think our happiness will be lasting, for we have common interests and we made sure that we were in love before we discussed marriage. Then, too, children help to protect the marriage ties.

“I would hate to think of a time when Joan and I might part. Divorce is bad at best. But if there are children, it’s worse. It is the children who are the real sufferers.”

SOMEDAY, Doug would like to play L’Aiglon on the silver screen. This desire was expressed by him early in his film career. He is an enthusiast he the subject of Napoleon and all things relating to the First Empire. He would also like to do The Jei as a talkie.

Doug is very frank when he says he doesn’t care for work in any way shape or form, but that he does it only as a matter of necessity.

“But when one has to work, then one should work hard and well,” says he.
They Kiss

The towerling Rod La Rocque and the fascinating Doris Kenyon make love with superb tenderness in Beau Bandit. Rod plays the title rôle, and when it comes to the hearts of his female fans he certainly lives up to name of this delightful character.
Catherine Dale Owen, she of the crystal beauty, and Paul Cavanaugh, a newcomer to the talking screen, caught in a charming moment from *Strictly Unconventional*, a story in which delightful love-making forms the fascinating main theme.
You would never imagine, as you see Evelyn Brent and Regis Toomey in this delightful scene from *Framed*, that Evelyn, in the story, goes after her man with a gun! How she changes when she's in his arms and he's looking down at her.
Regarding Lola Lane

[Continued from page 79]

and hearty. It penetrates into one’s self and banishes blues as the sun drives away the clouds. “My knight,” she mused. “I wonder if he will come in an aeroplane and carry me away? Or will he be a bashful fellow, and will I have to prompt him to propose? Often I think about romance and wonder if I will ever know it as I want to.”

WHEN love comes, Lola believes, everything else in her life will be subsidiary. She will continue her career if it does not interfere with the duties of a wife and mother. Yes, romance, to Lola, includes children; two or three or four of them. A boy first and then a girl; two years apart. Now, when she speaks of the romance she hopes for, she vaguely declares that she wants him to be sincere, good natured, clean cut in appearance and she hopes he has money. She admits, with the next breath, that while the thought of money dwells in her mind now, she knows that it will not count at all when the right man happens into her life. She doesn’t want great wealth. She wants comforts and she wants her possible children to have everything they need and should have.

INDIANOLA offered little opportunity for girls. Lola wanted a fuller life. She saw that love and romance, to a young girl in a small village, meant only marriage to a man who probably would never leave the town. From then until death there would be an unending daily drudge; work and children and more work and more children. Lola left Indianola. She went to Des Moines. There she secured a position for theatrical work. Moneys, she finally had to compromise with hunger and took a job in an ice cream factory. She might have written home for aid but she preferred to stand alone. She earned fifteen dollars weekly in the ice cream factory. Five of these hard-earned dollars she carefully deposited in a savings bank; eight went for her room and board. The remaining two dollars, after laundry and carfare were paid, she squandered as she pleased.

Lola dreamed of bigger things than making ice cream models of flowers and animals. So when an opportunity came for her to work her way through college, she enrolled at Simson, a Methodist school.

LOLA had to leave college when finances tightened. She returned to Des Moines and while searching for work, met Madame Maybelle Wagner Shank, a singer who made the first Edison phonograph records. This woman persuaded her to travel with her in vaudeville. Aided by her sister, Lotta, Lola invented a little song and dance act. Gus Edwards saw their sister team in Des Moines and offered them a job in New York. They both went to the great city and were featured in the Greenwich Village Folier as protégés of Edwards.

Her advance on the stage was swift and sure. It culminated with the leading rôle opposite George Jessel in The War Song. She might have gone on to greater accomplishments behind the footlights but for the arrival of talking pictures and the mad rush of the movie producers for stage talent. Lola was one of the first to be discovered. A screen test, a Fox contract and she was soon in Hollywood. Then came pictures: Speak Easy, Fox Follet of 1929, The Girl From Havana, What a Break, Good News—pictures, pictures, pictures, one after the other.

LOLA’s introduction to romance is going to be interesting to watch. Love has a way of making weaklings out of strong people—and Lola is strong. Physically and mentally she is strong. She is physically an outdoor girl—and has farm muscles. She swims, rides, plays tennis and golf, seldom misses football or basketball games and drives her automobile like mad over hills and into valleys. She is thoroughly independent, self sustaining. She impresses you as being more dependable than a man. How then, will she treat romance? Will she attract and be attracted to a man not so interested in games and sports and the outdoors? They say opposites do attract but I can’t imagine any man curbing Lola’s vim and vivacity unless he, too, plays tennis and golf and swims and drives his car madly.

Love is something to be regarded as beautiful and sacred by Lola; something she doesn’t care to have profaned by cheapness or promiscuity. She anticipates romance. She knows it will mean complete happiness to her provided she meets the right man. And because that word provided must be inspected, she is being very careful.

“But Lola, how will you know he is the right man?” I insisted. We were still sitting in her garden, bathed in the moonlight.

“Because I do not believe in mad love,” she said very earnestly. “I believe real love is based on respect and friendship. I expect to be the closest chum of the man I marry and I want to make myself his dearest friend. I believe that marriage is just a great friendship—the greatest possible friendship. I think I will be able to know when I have met the right man because we will necessarily be friends for a long time before we realize we’re in love with each other.”

Affairs of the Heart

[Continued from page 39]

Riley when they were on location for His First Command and has been moving on like a transcontinental train ever since. First nights, dinners, dances, parties.

Joan Bennett, who was divorced from John Marion Fox in 1928, is now seen going places on the arm of her producer, John Considine, Jr. Considine was recently engaged to Cornelia Pantages.

Billie Dove is got fretting over her separation from her husband, Irving Willat, to whom she has been married for six years. Howard Hughes the millionaire who producing Hell’s Angel, is squiring the fair Dove.

Ruth Taylor, the Lorelei, suddenly got married to Paul Suckerman of New York. They had already obtained the license when Mayor Walker asked why the delay and tied the knot at a party although they had not expected to be married so soon.

Marilyn Miller met Michael Farmer, a wealthy Irishman, at a party given by Clifton Webb, the dancer. Four days later Michael slipped a perfectly huge solitaire on Marilyn’s finger and now they’re engaged.

One modern marriage appears to be working out well despite vicissitudes of publicity and professional hard luck. John Gilbert and the lovely Ina go everywhere together—and they entertain constantly at dinner; first at his house and then at hers. Showing that you can be happy though married, even with a couple of artistic tempers in the family—if you have two houses and are genuinely in love.

Natalie Moorehead did not marry director Alan Crosland, after all. They were supposed to have been wed in April but it seems that complications in Alan’s divorce from his former wife prevented it. No doubt it will be straightened out very shortly.

Russell Gleason and Margarette Churchill played together in Seven Faces. Since then the two have been a great deal together, but not at the usual noisy places. They spend most of their time with her parents, or his—and love it.
Bigger and Noisier

Rivet expert banging girders,
Shrieks from latest love-need murder;
Noises of a thousand beavers,
Butcher shops—the click of cleavers;
Auto horns in Denver traffic,
Walrus roars—extremely graphic;
Throng great ping-pong champ with paddists:
"Atta boy!" "Some kid!" and "Gawd, it's wonderful the way he plays 'em!"

Sounds of elks and gun that slays 'em,
Coos of pigeons, crows of roosters;
Cheers of Kansas City boosters,
Sounds of moth-wings as they flutter;
Chugs of steam in rum-boot cutter,
Whiskey gurgling in the gutter;
Click of billiard balls on table,
Horses neighing in a stable;
Shouts of Zulus in a spear dance,
Six-string zither strums a queer dance;
Squawks of auk, the silly creatures—
Here's to better sound film features.

—PARKE CUMMINGS.

HE REALIZES, fully, the difficulty confronting him, as an actor, to please the thousands, each with his own mental picture of Lincoln. He approaches the assignment with intelligence and not much humility. He is aware that you can't please everyone, and has long since stopped trying. What he wants is a fine and true performance.

He has reached that point in life, personally and professionally, where he resists the inclination to battle for his rights, preferring to use that strength on the boards or before the microphone in the pursuit of a perfect performance.

He is closing his New York apartment and has taken a Spanish house that the Arts & Letters Club of New York leased him for a year. He wants to spend eight months of the year on the West Coast and four in New York. Broadway is too much of a traffic jam. He wants to play Othello and Lear next year. Following the completion of Lincoln in September, he goes to Lasky's star in The General, much to the chagrin of a Paramount director who refused to have him in a picture because he thought he was a terrible actor.

Incidentally, his first three talking pictures rank first, second and sixth in a trade paper popularity poll. That's showing them.

Abraham Lincoln Huston

(Continued from page 23)

Basque beret to confine the stormy long locks necessitated by his rôle of the Great Com- moner. Who has become casually admiring of Drury Lane's and the Panorama on his latest trip to the Coast by slow boat for the purpose of raising that hirsute crop. Whose bosom buddies out in this great open country are Dick Arlen and wife, Joby. It's a friendship that dates back to last July and The Virginian, when Huston as Draper made his first appearance and Richard, cinematically, had his neck broken as Steve.

As TRAMPAS, whiskered and mean, as mean as an actor knee-deep in a rôle and enjoying it, Huston admits that he adsjusted his holster with a flourish and did a bit of fancy acting. It is his rule, though, and here's a tip for all Sargent Dramatic School froshes, never to act. To so thoroughly understand the rôle that its enactment is as simple as breathing. Never to force a situation, nor to strain a voice. Simplicity is the keynote of good acting. It's as easy as that.

In his two years in Hollywood, Huston has adapted an actor's skill to the business of making a character. He has done this with the quietness and smoothness of the Japanese. He has assimilated the subtle exits and entrances of a character, the lean and the feathery changes of a character. He has succeeded in doing this with ease and grace and never forced his role. He is one of the most versatile actors in Hollywood today.

He is not a man of many words. He is a man of many actions. He is a man of many deeds. He is a man of many talents. He is a man of many achievements. He is a man of many accomplishments. He is a man of many things. He is a man of many words.

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These Clubs Are Tramps

[Continued from page 26]

until we have them letter perfect. We are almost as certain of completing them successfully as you are of crossing the street. We gather at the beach or in the hills back of Hollywood each week, and go through our stunts just for the fun of it. The Suicide Club has been in existence for about three years and only five of its members have been killed while engaged in stunting.

**THE Black Cat Club is an organization consisting of thirteen prominent aviators. They wear the club emblem—a black cat, on their helmets or sweaters, defying superstitions relevant to flying and their membership list always totals thirteen. Death is the only reason for dropping a name from their roll and the vacancy is filled immediately. Colonel Pablo Sídar, in charge of the aviation department of the Mexican government has been made an honorary member of the Club. I met him upon the occasion of his last visit to Hollywood. He is a big grinning six-footer, afraid of neither man nor devil, and handsome enough to be a talkie star.**

**THE Caterpillar Club is an organization of aviators who have made at least three parachute drops, one of which has occurred from necessity. Lindbergh is the most famous member of the Club, Ben Lyon, James Hall, Roy Wilson, Stuart Murphy, Ralph Douglas, Leo Nomis and Frank Clarke have been admitted into the Caterpillar Club on account of their experiences during the making of Hell's Angels.**

**THE Upside Down Club is another organization of aviators of which Lindbergh is one of the star members. It is composed of men who have flown planes upside down. Martin Jensen, the latest aviator admitted to membership, during a recent test flight, flew his plane upside down and backwards for a distance of a half mile. The Chieftains Club began as a hangout for today heads the list of prominent clubs. Joe Schenck is leader of the organization and a gold chisel is its emblem. One of the requirements of the club for membership is that the applicant shall have been granted a divorce on the grounds of infidelity. Two such divorces admit him immediately to the inner shrine and all privileges of the organization.**

**THE Mind-reading Club is a fast and loose organization. There are no rolls of honor, no members that rate higher than their fellows. Meetings are held weekly in and around the studios and anyone who has special powers of divining the thoughts of others may attend and take part in the program.**

Polly Moran is one of the leaders of the club. There is hardly a thought can elude Polly. Her results are uncanny. I watched her give an exhibition of her mind-reading ability at the last meeting of the club. Carl K. Arthur was seated before her when I entered. Polly was staring intensely into his eyes. George was wearing a vacuous expression on his face.

"You have just returned from Caliente,"

she accused in a sing-song voice. "You are debating whether to get someone around the lot to stake you to ham and eggs or to go home and take what's coming to you. Am I right?"

George nodded his head in a miserable assent as he slid from his chair.

**COME To Speak Of It**

The lead whose face was nobly cut, (He speaks like someone chewing hay); The foreign star (a beauty, but She cannot talk plain U. S. A.)— We knew them in a silent day When noiselessly their fame grew fat. But now we shake our heads and say, "We never knew they'd sound like that." The villain, hard as any nut, Has tenor tones like lambs at play; The gray-haired ma's sharp accents cut Like whistles on a holiday. The flaming lover sighs away And sights like tunes becoming flat. Though once we thought them all okay, We never knew they'd sound like that.

But—what of these unknowns who jut Into the Kleig light's brightest ray? They hoped—and met a cool "Tut-tut" From folks who thought them fools to stay. But there's a something clear and gay In every word. They come to bat And knock us for a loud "Hurray!" We never knew they'd sound like that.

The crookers go; the crooners stay; And everything will soon be pat. But still we cry (as well we may), "We never knew they'd sound like that!"

—Jerry Benedict.

Karl Dane took the vacated seat. Polly looked at his eyes intently. Karl squirmed. Polly looked closer. She studied her subject earnestly. Not a word. Suddenly she threw up her hands in disgust. "I'm a mind-reader," she announced. "I can't get anything at all from you. You aren't thinking of anything."

**THE Magician's Club, of which Harold Lloyd is an active member, holds bi-monthly meetings at the Roosevelt Hotel. Many leading stars and directors are able to take bunnies out of hats and cards out of the air. Jack Oakie is a new member of the club but is already quite proficient in jerking a duck or chicken out from under your coat.**

The United Order of Ukelele Addicts holds weekly meetings and each member tries to outshine his fellows in his ability with the uke.

Ukelele Ike Edwards has become one of the leaders in the forward movement of the club to extend sympathy and assistance to disabled ukelele players. Bessie Love is also prominent in the work of the club.

**THE Circle 33 Club is an organization composed of ex-cavalry men and cowboys, also a number of world-famous trick ropers, riders and broncho busters. Johnny Mack Brown was a six-footer, afraid of neither man nor devil, and handsome enough to be a talkie star. The Ananias Club is just what it's name implies and its most active members are James Hall, Jack Oakie and Regis Toomey. The Paramounters is a club composed of the younger stars on the Paramount lot, who are inclined to make light whoopee. Kay Francis, Nancy Carroll, Jack Oakie and Harry Green are its leaders. The Breakfast Club has become one of Hollywood's best traditions. Everyone of note who visits Hollywood goes to the Breakfast Club. Its membership list includes celebrities from all over the world. The club was founded five years ago by a group of equestrians who were accustomed to riding before breakfast through the Hollywood hills. For this reason, members initiated into the club are made to ride the Ham Horse. Ex-President Coolidge and his wife were made honorary members of the club when they visited Hollywood and Mr. Coolidge was presented with a small bronze horse at the conclusion of the ceremony.**

**THE Russian-Eagle Club came into the limelight when it caught fire and burned, in spite of the efforts of Charlie Chaplin, Marquis de la Coudraye and Jack Gilbert. It has been rebuilt and is a favorite rendezvous of film stars. The Hole-in-one-Club limits its membership to those who have made a hole in one in the presence of a reputable witness. Buster Keaton is a member. The Whiskerino Club holds weekly meetings in the rear of a barber shop on Cahuenga Avenue and boasts of forty members who have not shaved for ten years or more. Tex Driscoll is president and Weber and Fields are newly initiated members of the club. I haven't found anyone who can explain to my satisfaction why their meetings are held in the barber shop.**

**IN A City where almost anything is liable to happen, such clubs as these are part and parcel of the atmosphere. And who is there to deny that Hollywood certainly has an atmosphere all its own? Not a soul.**
Armida from Méjico

so labelled.
Her greatest concern is the fact that people say she copies Raquel Meller.
"I 'ave never seen 'er," she says vigorously shaking her head—her head of black hair that tumbles about her small face delightfully, "But my fa-ther 'ave."

SURPRISINGLY naive, yet with lurking knowledge of Eve, she says, "I do things that Meller could not do, no? When I sing 'Who Will Buy My Violets?' I can fuss with the man's 'air and pool their ears, like I do in New York, but she cannot be—cause they would not let 'er. It looks not good. I am ver-ry little and young . . . they let me, no?"

How does this child come to be in the whirlpool of theatrical life? A vessel of exquisite talent that has been passed from hand to hand but still is fired with a pure, chaste flame.

Four years ago she was dancing in the Hidalgo Teatro, or it might have been the Teatro México, on Los Angeles' Main Street. A theatre patronized by the Mexican population of America's third largest Mexican city. She and the other Vendrells were living near the bare walls of the Canal the tracks. Into the theatre strolled Ted LeBethon, newspaper man, poet, who saw near-genius in the tiny flashing figure—a colorful mote under the spotlight. The next night he brought Fanchon Royer, manager-agent, and Daphne Marquette, associated in business, to see the cantarita.

Armida was signed for motion pictures by them, but it was the days before talkies. She played in a silent comedy, and was submerged by black and white. She needed color and sound. She worked in a Grauman prologue and thereby started the Grauman discovery myth. Followed by Gus Edwards was induced by Miss Royer to give the petite Armida a try-out, but only after lengthy parley. It was Gus who took her about the country for a year and a half in vaudeville, always with Mama.

Mr. Edwards has large plans for Armida. Having finished three Warner pictures, including General Crack with Barrymore and Under the Texas Moon, he, having her under personal contract, is confronted with diverging paths. Shall he send her to New York to take Lily Damita's place in Sons o' Guns, while Lily returns to Hollywood and her film obligations, or shall he take advantage of several picture offers made since General Crack was released?

Armida, in the meantime, is taming that high, shrill voice with which she ensnared audiences from Los Angeles to New York. And studying dancing, too, with the chinas. She likes Los Angeles, where she can slip down to the Plaza, occasionally, and sip a glass of orchata, which, you know, is sweetish and non-intoxicating; and where she can giggle with Dolores at such a funny city that would call a street Calzones, when every good Mexican knows that Calzones means bloomers and nothing else.

Now he DRAW$ the things he wants

Look at drawing No. 1 above. Then compare it with No. 2 and note the improvement Federal School training has made in the work of Art Nelson.
Before he studied drawing with the Federal Schools, he worked as a surveyor's assistant at $8.00 a week. Today he has a fine position in the work he enjoys at $65.00 a week. He says, "The Federal Schools made this possible through their training and co-operation, as I had only average ability before enrolling as a student." Mr. Nelson is just one of many young people making good money because of Federal training.

Opportunities for artists have never been better. Magazines and newspapers buy millions of dollars worth of illustrations every year. If you like to draw, let your talent make your living.

The Federal School of Illustrating has taught hundreds of successful students. That is because its methods of instruction are right. Over fifty famous artists contribute exclusive lessons and drawings to the Federal Course. They tell you their methods in a clear understandable way. The subjects include illustrating, cartooning, lettering, poster designing, window card illustrating, etc. They are easy to learn the "Federal Way"—at home in your spare time.

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If you like to draw, you may have the free criticism and analysis of your work by sending for our free Vocational Test Chart. We will send with it our free book, "A Road to Bigger Things," which explains illustrating as a profession. Nelson got his start sending for it. This is your opportunity—grasp it. Fill out the coupon now.

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87
The Royal Road

But shortly his voice broke.

"Oh, Connie! Don't! Don't! You can't do this. I won't let you! Is it money? I'll quit this damned scenario business at once. I'll get a job, cleaning the streets, anything! I'll support you and your mother somehow. As far as that goes, I might get my act together tomorrow. Think how you'd feel then! Connie, listen—"

But now at last Connie's hand moved to obey her. Slowly, inexorably, she lowered the receiver toward its hook. It clicked into place and the flood of words was snapped off. The phone did not ring again.

SHE went to the studio and sought out Karg's man, Jones, for her test. She would go through with it. She hated Karg—always would hate him. But she'd got through with this thing and make herself subdue her hate. She had to succeed. She couldn't go back home. There was no other way—than Karg. Between her and success stood—this horrible beast, whom she must yield to.

"Now be damnate about this," said Jones, after the heavily padded doors had closed behind her. "Your father has just been ruined in business. He tells you he might come back if he has time. But to gain time he has to get on the good side of the guy that nailed him. That's the guy you're supposed to be talking to, see? You're down to the last ditch, and you face him and tell him just what you think of him. You're being shoved around by him, see? We want the full range of your voice, lot of emotion and so on. Here's the script. Spout the part I've marked. I don't care how exact you are, the voice is the thing."

He talked indifferently. Knowing Karg as he did, he was well aware of the fact that this trial meant little. If the girl was in right with Karg, she would pass. If she wasn't, she wouldn't.

"I see," Connie told him dully.

CONNIE started to speak, her voice mellowing to the task. It rose and fell as the script required, now low with pleading, now harsh with desperation.

As she warmed up to the part she found herself worked up more and more. She began to be carried away. She didn't keep to the lines of the script. Invented her own which were quite in keeping. She knew what men were like and into her words she put all her knowledge.

Afterward Connie walked for hours, blindly staring wide-eyed at nothing, before she went home to Braylen Manor.

Seven o'clock came. Seven thirty; and finally—eight. A low roadster, glittering with nickel trimmings, drew up to the curb on the street below. After an instant the horn was sounded impatiently. Again, after a slight wait, came the arrogant blast. Connie did not move. In a little while the car drove away.

At last she rose, bathed her swollen eyes, and got ready for bed.

I'VE done it now," she whispered. "I've killed my last chance. But I couldn't help it. I just couldn't! Well, in the morning I'll start looking for some kind of regular work that will keep me alive till I can go home."

Some twenty hours later, just as Connie came wearily in from a fruitless day of hunting, a man sat in a darkened room checking the results of a series of tests.

The man was Timothy Clemmant, forty, nearly bald, unromantic looking, and one of the best and hardest working directors.

One girl after another peered at him from the screen and went through the trial script chosen by Jones.

"... you dog!" hissed, shrilled, or screamed the various candidates, who were unanimously overacting the part, "You rotten hound! It's because of men like you that women have suffered through tens of thousands of years. It's you and your kind that make the world's outcasts... ." And on through the various histrionics of it.

At length the procession seemed to have come to an end. Clemmant got up.

"Is that all, Burke?" he asked the operator. But even as he spoke, one last picture was flashed on the screen.

The next moment it was flashed off again.

"Sorry," called Burke, "my mistake. This is one that Karg marked for the discard."

But Clemmant was frowning thoughtfully.

The one glimpse he had had of the girl's face had touched a note of memory.

"Say, isn't that the girl who acted the kid sister part in The Woman Weds, last year?" he inquired. "Constance Crane—?"

"Constance Crane," corrected Burke.

"Hmm," mused Clemmant. "As I remember, she was rather good in that. Just a small part, of course. Let's hear her."

"But Karg says—" begun Burke, anxious to get home. He wondered why the chief fooled with such details instead of leaving them to his assistants.

"Run the shot anyway," directed Clemmant, brusquely.

Burke shrugged his shoulders and went back to the projection machine.

"Karg? Why, for the luva-mike," Bobby exploded, "he's for you like a kid for a new red sled. Give him one little word and he'd—" Connie nodded her head slowly.

Yes, one little word—"
SO THE picture was flashed back on the screen.

"She's not bad," muttered Clemmant as Connie's voice, rich and vibrant, was released from its celluloid prison. "Not bad at all. I wonder why Karg——"

He stopped to listen attentively as Connie swept up to the climax.

"... you dog! You rotten hound! It's because of men like you..." Her voice was glorious in its inflection and pitch, vivid with personality and sincerity.

"Why, she's excellent," Clemmant's brows lowered. "I can't imagine why Karg——"

He was interrupted by the voice from the picture—by words—startling and resounding words—that had never been written into Jones' script.

"You, Tony Karg! I'm talking to you! You're the villain in this little skit. You're the hound in this piece. And I'm telling you now that I'll not see you tonight nor any other night! Do you hear? I wouldn't touch the sleeve of your coat with the tip of my little finger—no, not if I starved for it! Kill this test if you like. I'll get along somehow..."

The voice rolled on, magnificent with reckless passion, pouring out the heart-break of half a year of needless misery.

At the conclusion, one of Hollywood's greatest directors, his jaw set at a purposeful angle, drew from his pocket a worn notebook and wrote down two sentences.

- Have sec. phone C. Crate first thing in the morning.
- Fire Karg.

He snapped the notebook shut grimly.

Among the many fascinating and delightful features and stories which will appear in our July issue will be the following:

A detailed story of the women who work in the movie industry. That is to say, the many unusual and not-very-well-known jobs which are held by members of the feminine sex inside the studio gates. This does not include stars and extras, of course; it is entirely outside the acting field, dealing only with the technical and business end of the movie game. You will be amazed at the number of important positions held by these very competent women workers. If you are at all interested in what women are doing in the world, don't miss this feature.

A delightfully humorous feature in which various stars give amusing, wisecracking answers to various questions based on the subject "What Is Your Favorite Sport?" There will be opinions by many of Hollywood's most famous.

A detailed story dealing with the inside workings of the research departments of the studios. This will be in much the same vein as our stories which have already appeared called Dressing Up the Talkies and Setting the Stage for Talkies—articles giving the inside dope on talkie making.

See page 92 for further announcements.

HERE'S HOLLYWOOD!—This will explain the points of interest and help you to discover them on pages 42 and 43

The street running from the top, through the center to the bottom of the picture, is Hollywood Boulevard. Vine Street runs across the picture from side to side in the foreground.

If you look along the Boulevard you will notice a high tower on the right side of the street. This is the corner of Highland and Hollywood Boulevard. Beyond this tower you will notice a long, black-looking, flat building. This is the famous Grauman's Chinese Theatre where all those well-known premières happen. Across the street from this, two high buildings can be seen. The nearer one is the popular El Capitan Theatre, and the farther one is the well-known Roosevelt Hotel.

Next to the tower on the corner of Highland and Hollywood Boulevard are the Embassy Club and the Montmartre.

In the foreground, just at the corner of Hollywood Boulevard and Vine Street you will see the sign "Dyas" on top of a building. This is the Dyas store and is well known to all Hollywoodians. Right across from this is the famous Brown Derby restaurant, which squats next to the tall building on the corner. You will notice that a block down on Hollywood Boulevard from the Dyas store is a building in course of construction. This building is the new Pantages Theatre.

Many of these beautiful buildings can be seen in greater detail in the pictorial section from pages 44 to 51.
Their First Film Money

[Continued from page 78]

were a nuisance. So that was out. Next day, we decided to get her a new book that was being ballyhooed in the book stores. We sounded her out on it and she told us it didn’t amount to a centennial, so we were up a tree again.

Finally, pay day rolled around and our decision was still hanging in mid-air. We passed a shop window on our way home which had some very brilliant-patterned sateen on display. We decided that nothing could be lovelier for a dress for Peg. We were in doubt about the amount that would be required and bought the entire piece. There were about eight yards of it and we had enough change left for an ice-cream soda and a lolly-pop spice. Mother was very effusive in her thanks for the goods but could never decide on an effective pattern for such regal colors. The fact that nobody else was wearing dresses of sateen did not deter her, I am sure. She explained to us at some length that she was going to select something really fine in the way of a pattern. The weeks wore on and winter came and her selection was still unmade. Her coat needed refining and she was so sure that there would be enough material for both a coat and a dress that Connie and I begged her to line it with the sateen. Alas, with much regret, mother broke the news to us when we came home next day, that she had made a terrible mistake in cutting one of the goreds and it had taken practically all of the beautiful goods to line her coat. Peg is something of an actress, and seemed so cut up about it that Connie and I wasted several days trying to match the goods without success. We have had more than one laugh over that dress that went wrong.

JOAN CRAWFORD

I BOUGHT dancing slippers with my first picture money. I had always wanted some made-to-order ballet slippers and when I became a contract player with M-G-M, I felt able at last to gratify this wish.

LAURA LA PLANTE

I HAVE always admired pretty shoes and slippers. To me, good shoes are as important as a new gown, or more so. If one is clever, one can always make over a gown, but it is impossible to make over a shoe so that it will pass as good as new. In my tramping around the studios, I wore out much shoe leather and I was badly in need of shoes when I secured my first contract. A good portion of my first check went for several pair of slippers and shoes. I was working in the Jiggs in Society picture taken from the comic strip of Maggie and Jiggs. When I cashed my first voucher, I rushed down to the Boulevard and purchased a pair of evening slippers, a pair of white kid slippers and some brown oxfords. It made quite a hole in my salary but I did not regret the expenditure. I had been very conscious of my shabby shoes, but with the new ones I felt as good as the best actress on the screen. There is a psychology about clothing and to be well-dressed bolsters one’s self-esteem and confidence.

STAN LAUREL

MY first film money did not last very long, but it was great while it lasted. I got into a lively crap game which soon proved too lively for me. Luckily, the game broke up before I found it necessary to go home in a barrel and I was able to report for work the next day. After sleeping over the experience, I lost the thrill and I was pretty well fed up on “coffee and” by the time the next payday rolled around. One of the lucky participants in the game was playing extra at the Roach Studio and let everybody in on my plight. Consequently, I was kidded mercilessly. I won’t say that I was cured. Once a crap-shooter, always a crap-shooter.

CLARA BOW

I HAVE loved music all my life and my especial weakness is spelled “p-h-o-n-o-g-r-a-p-h.” When in doubt about what to buy, I purchase a phonograph. With my first pay check which I received while making Down to the Sea in Ships, I made the down payment on a phonograph. The folks were much surprised when it was delivered for I had kept my purchase a secret. They were trying to convince the deliveryman from the music company that he had made a mistake in the address, when I walked in. I felt like a millionaire when I told them that I had bought it with my own money. I am phonograph poor today, for there is one in my dressing-room on the Paramount lot, one at my beach home, and one at my home on Bedford Drive. My monthly bill for records vies with my other bills for first place. I can’t pass up any of the new song hits.

BUSTER KEATON

ThE first pay check I remember came for a bit I enacted for the Keaton troupe when we were all playing in vaudeville. I was just a kid, but insisted on pay for my work and the folks humored me. I went right down-town and bought myself a drum and a kodak. I still have the kodak, but the drum disappeared under mysterious circumstances. After I bought the noise-maker, I used to enjoy it at all hours. Bribery was the only way that I could be separated from it during my waking hours. It disappeared when we were changing towns—I never had another.

My first movie check went for a graftex.

WILLIAM HAINES

WHEN I started to work in pictures, everybody was swell to me and invited me out to so many parties that I became obsessed with a desire to throw one in return. A big affair, in the right way at the right time. I wasn’t in a position to do this until my salary check arrived. The minute I got it cashed, I invited the boys to a swell blow-out. With the residue, I paid my room rent and current bills and bought a set of golf clubs. I still have part of the clubs and a keen remembrance of the really swell dinner.

CHARLES KING

My first talkie money was spent for beach paraphernalia. It took just about all of that first check, too. We got beach tents, umbrellas, beach balls, sun-bath suits and bathing suits, caps and shoes. We also got a free coat of tan with our outfits, for we spent the entire weekend on the sands of Santa Monica Beach.

No Escape

The Talkies, I guess, are a Permanent Fact. They’ve come and no doubt they will stay; They seem to allure and appear to attract The bulk of the People Who Pay. But I, who so often and peacefully sat In the cinema’s glittering gloam, No longer find rest and a respite in that, For I have a Talkie at home!

Yes, I have a Talkie whose synchronized speech Spins forth from an infinite reel, A serial feature that never will reach A happy conclusion, I feel. It hasn’t much logic, it hasn’t much plot, It gives me an ache in the dome, It certainly needs to be cut quite a lot But—I have a Talkie at home!

It used to be great to sit watching the screen Where lips moved with never a word, Where many a woman was constantly seen But never—thank heaven!—was heard. But now that the camera’s added a voice Oh where can a poor fellow roam? The Speaksies may make other people rejoice, But I have a Talkie at home!—Bertram Foyry.
You CAN GET and HOLD the MAN YOU WANT!

He is yours! Worshipful! Adoring! Fascinated! He is yours until the end of time—held by the magic of your eyes, warmed by the glory of your caresses, happy to serve you, love you and lay all of life's good things at your feet. Here is the secret of complete, compelling and powerful loveliness, personality and charm!

Read all of these revealing chapters and many more:

- Sex Appeal
- Our Men
- Honeymoons
- Trial Marriage
- Losing Your Husband
- To Schoolgirls
- Feminine Daintiness
- The Other Woman
- The Lovely Voice
- Brunettes and Blondes
- "Carrot" Heads
- White-haired Types
- Occupation—Housewife
- The Business Woman
- Clever Makeup
- Wardrobe Economy
- Motherhood

Have you mastered the art of being a woman? Do you carry your clothes well; choose your hats with infallible taste? Does your voice captivate your hearers? Is your speech clear, correct and interesting? Are you witty, clever at conversation and repartee; can you give and accept compliments gracefully? Do men compete for your favors? Are you in demand for parties, dances and excursions? Do women like you? Does the one man you prefer above all others seem also to prefer you?

In two beautiful, dainty, illustrated volumes called LOVELY LADIES, the Art of Being a Woman, you can learn how to make your dreams come true. You can have at your instant command all the wealth of secrets about beauty, charm and loveliness that the world's most famous women have discovered through the ages. Here are simple, easy rules for emphasizing all of your good points and concealing your poor ones. Here are formulas for correcting complexion blemishes, increasing the natural allurement of your eyes, your lashes, your lips and throat.

Never before has so much sound knowledge of true womanly loveliness been put within the covers of a book. Five hundred, twenty-five pages of instructions and advice from DARE, the world-famous expert on all things feminine. You have heard her on the radio. You have read her articles in newspapers and magazines. Now, learn what she has to tell about plain and unadorned women who have been transformed into ladies of ravishing loveliness through a few simple easy rules which you can follow in your own home.

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You may send me LOVELY LADIES by DARE. I will deposit $2.98 with the postman. If I decide to keep the books this deposit becomes yours. If I return them, my deposit will be refunded in full.

Name
Address
City State

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What Love Means To Me

[Continued from page 20]

will matter. He need not be the wealthiest man in the country nor the most handsome. In fact, beauty of features is of little moment. I want a man who has beauty of character, personality and thought—they are much more lasting and satisfying. Hollywood and her good-looking matinee idols are not for me.

Thus does Olive Borden become a psychological study in diagonal opposites. Her beautiful and much-publicized form attracts one type of man and her heart and mind cry for another. Even the studios have helped along. They have built her up as an exotic, passionate creature whose every thought is to attract men. This very fact has made it impossible for Olive to attract the type of man her heart is seeking. And by the same token, it has driven numberless men to her feet in passionate pleading. Hollywood has taught the world that Olive’s attractiveness is physical and forgotten everything else.

Olive realizes this and tries to fight against the kind of love that would grow out of this type of romance. The man who naturally gravitates to her is in love with her physically, with her beautiful face—not with her beautiful character and personality. They can’t see the really wonderful side of this little girl with the gorgeous form—they have been prepared by Hollywood to be near-sighted. They see only the surface they have been told to look for, and fail to look beyond the edge of her physical beauty into the depths of her character.

A little more of an insight into her real self might be gleaned from a part of our conversation of the other afternoon. She told me not to print this. I hope she will forgive me.

As I have said, I am looking for a man who has great strength of character. A man whose honesty is above reproach. I am so rabid on the subject, in fact, that I really believe my work in pictures may have suffered a wee bit because of it. Especially since the advent of talking pictures. I mean that I haven’t been exactly honest in speaking my lines. During the making of silent pictures I was honest—but since I’ve had to speak real words, I’ve said ‘I love you’ more than twenty times, to as many different men. I didn’t mean it. It may be that you knew I didn’t mean it from the tone of my voice. If you did—my work has suffered. But I couldn’t help it. To me the words ‘I Love You’ are the three most wonderful and sacred of all. I want to mean them when I say them. I don’t want to say them so many times in play that the real meaning and beauty is lost—who the time I want to use them in real life as I’ve dreamed of doing. Not only do I want to mean it when I say ‘I Love You’, but I want those three words to mean everything in the world to the man I say them to. I want them to make him the happiest man in creation. I want them to be honest.

Does that sound anything at all like the picture you had visioned of Olive Borden? That is why I call her a psychological study in opposites. Because psychology works from cause to effect. What then, will be the effect of the two great causes in Olive’s life? Her body is one of the causes. It has been publicized to the four corners of the earth as one of the most beautiful and enticing objects of well-rounded feminine we have. Her heart and mind are the other great cause. They are continually broadcasting to the right man that she is waiting for him. Will that sound—principalled, steady, hop-ed-for lover come into Olive’s life before something swifter or more passionate sweeps her off her feet? Thousands of other girls have started out with similar ideas and have been carried away against their better judgment. Will Hollywood ever give her a man who is sufficiently different that he will forget that she has a beautiful body and fall in love with her beautiful mind? One who doesn’t always think of love in terms of infatuation and who places love on the same plane as respect. One who combines love and marriage with honesty and tolerance.

How long will this emotional and beautiful woman be able to withstand the bombardment of the handsome, personable men of Hollywood—most of whom have decidedly different views on love than she has? Her heart cries aloud for that real love she knows is waiting somewhere for her. But her physical self is continually saying, ‘Come and take me—carry me away by force—I am thirsting for love and passion—come, take me away!’

The Voice of the Films

We sing your eyes a-wink with tears; We crack our quips till ribs are quaking; With roars of wars we set your ears To aching.

The wail of wolves while lovers freeze, The clatter of a prancing chorus, All mammy songs and symphonies Are for us.

From some great operatic group With regal voices richly whooping, In one swift swoop we stoop to A-dooping.

The din from pets of farmerettes, The sighs of sweethearts, fond and tearful— Why, boy! whoever sees us, gets An earful—

—Jerome Barry.

In the July Issue of TALKING SCREEN

“What Love Means Means To Me”, the second article of the powerful series by Walter Ramsey. This time Mr. Ramsey brings to these pages the views of Bebe Daniels on the greatest of all emotions. This fascinating star’s opinions on this fascinating subject display a warmth of feeling and depth of intelligence which will grip you.

“HOLLYWOOD NIGHT LIFE,” a delightfully detailed description of the famous night life which flourishes in the film capital like tropical plants in a hothouse. Do not fail to read how and where the stars make whoopee from midnight till breakfast.

“THEY KNOW WHAT THEY DON’ T WANT” is a fascinating story depicting with delightful intimacy the things that the stars don’t like, the places that the stars don’t go and the ideas that the stars don’t approve of.

Also in this Issue—

There will be delightful personality stories on Constance Bennett, the sophisticated lady of the talkies, Alexander Gray, the boy from the stage who made good on the screen in a big way, Betty Compson the beautiful, who made such a terrific comeback on the talking screen; and other stars and talkie players.

And—

There will also be the usual lavish number of intimate stories on Hollywood, Hollywood film players, and Hollywood events in general. And, of course, there will be the regular TALKING SCREEN distinctive departments, giving the very lowest down on those special subjects of interest to talkie fans the globe over.

At All Newsstands

ON SALE JUNE 13
Adding Insult to Injury

[Continued from page 63]

Warner. The first person he picked on was Mary Poulson, then the accredited fiancée of Bud Montana and now his wife. He corrected Miss Poulson for leaving her bag on the table and for mussing up the silverware, until "Bool" got mad.

"I think you are a tam fool!" Boll glared as he glared at the tormentor as if he were going to throw a brick through the window.

"No!" replied Barnett, "if I were a tam fool I would be an actor."

Which did not serve to appease Mr. Montana's ire in the least. But he grinned in delight a moment later when William Bakewell was contributed to get his chair more out of the aisle and to eat like a gentleman.

Bebe Daniels had the insulter come to her birthday party where Will Hays, Lew Cody, Buster Keaton, Jack White, Pauline Starke and Edmund Lowe were among the guests.

"This is a first-class hotel," the 'head waiter' said irritably to one of the guests. "Will you please keep your elbows off the table?"

And a moment later he informed another that it was exceedingly improper to powder one's nose in public.

These things coming from a head waiter, could hardly be called good taste and were bound to make someone mad. But no blows were struck.

PROBABLY the most daring of all Barnett's attacks came at a dinner given by Winfield Sheehan where there were nearly 400 present. Among them were William Randolph Hearst, Victor McAllagan, Bobbie Burns, Alexander Moore, Marion Davies, El Brendel, and many other famous names. Acting as the head waiter, he coolly asked several to rise while he pushed their chairs closer to the table. He cautioned others about improper use of silverware and the climate was reached when he said in a hoarse whisper to the chair:

"I have told you five or six times not to waggles your knife when you talk. You are disgracing this hotel with your manners."

Sheehan waxed wroth instantly. His Irish blood boiled and the more he thought about it the angrier he got.

"You never told me before!" he began.

"Why, damn it, who are you to tell me anything?"

Sensing a battle of fists would, Marion Davies arose to quiet the affair.

"Sit down, mam, and mind your own business!" commanded the "head waiter."

The officious servant had carried his goat-getting far enough and introductions and explanations were offered. The tense strain broken, the diners relaxed and kidded the players in the little drama for the balance of the evening.

Barnett, in the guise of a German sound expert, told George Bancroft at a B. P. Schulberg dinner that he was lucky to catch the rooster and because he could only play one role "and that's your self."

Mrs. Bancroft came up like a human yeast-cake and wanted George to throw him out on his neck. Elsie Janis chimed in with a little pacifying remark and he started in on her. At a Ben Gazzle dinner party, Bar-

[Continued on page 97]
Has New Hair
KOTALKO DID IT

Frances Lonsdale has thick, wavy hair now. "My daughter's hair would not grow," she writes her father.

"We thought the roots were dead. We sent for KOTALKO as a final test and thought it would be the last. But now I am glad to state that after using KOTALKO faultlessly, she has thick, wavy hair, as you will see by her photograph. Unless I had seen it myself I would not have believed it possible."

Robert Chapman

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Role Call

Who's doing what and where


JACOB ARSIToff—The Spoilers, Paramount Studio, Hollywood.

RICHARD BARTHELMESS—Daun Pat
terial Studio, Burbank.

CONSTANCE BENNETT—Saratoga, Pathe Studio, Culver City.

JOAN BENNETT—Irish Rhapsody, United Artists Studio, Hollywood.

CLARA BOW—True to the Navy, Paramount Studio, Hollywood.

WILLIAM BOYD—Crashing Through, Pathe Studio, Culver City.

JOE E. BROWN—Top Speed, First National Studio, Burbank.
JOHNNY MACK BROWN—Billy the Kid, M-G-M Studio, Culver City.

HARRY CAREY—Trailer Horn, M-G-M Studio, Culver City.


CHARLES CHAPLIN—City Lights, Chaplin Studio, Hollywood.


VIRGINIA CHERILL—City Lights, Chaplin Studio, Hollywood.

MAURICE CHEVALIER—Too Much Luck, Paramount Studio, Long Island City.

BERNICE CLARE—Top Speed, First National Studio, Burbank.

INA CLAIRE—Lazy Lady, Pathe Studio, Culver City.


BETTY COMPSON—The Lie, RKO Studio, Hollywood.

JOE COOK—Rain or Shine, Columbia Studio, Hollywood.


JOAN CRAWFORD—The Blushing Bride, M-G-M Studio, Culver City.


MYPICKFORD—Forever Yours, United Artists Studio, Hollywood.


EDDIE QUILLAN—Romeo's Juliet, Pathe Studio, Culver City.


DUNCAN REYNOLDS—Pen and Poison, M-G-M Studio, Culver City.

GINGER ROGERS—Queen High, Paramount Studio, Long Island City.


RUTH ROLAND—Reno, Metropolitan Studio, Hollywood.

CHARLES RUGGLES—Queen High, Paramount Studio, Long Island City.

LUDWIG STOLTZ—That Girl Has a Name, Universal Studio, Universal City.

HARRY GREEN—True to the Navy, Paramount Studio, Hollywood.

WILLIAM Haines—Easy Going, M-G-M Studio, Culver City.

ALAN HALE—No Brakes, Pathe Studio, Culver City.

GEORGINA HALE—City Lights, Chaplin Studio, Hollywood.

ANN HARDING—Jane Eyre, Pathe Studio, Culver City.


KAY JONSON—Madame Satin, M-G-M Studio, Culver City.


ROSEMA L—What a Widow, Pathe Studio, Culver City.

LAWRENCE TIBBETT—Rose of Algeria, M-G-M Studio, Culver City.

ALICE WHITE—They Call It Love, First National Studio, Burbank.
Corinne Griffith sits in the cool green-and-gold living room of her Beverly Hills home, and meditates.

Like the wary Mr. Dempsey, who ever and anon announces his thoughts of returning to the ring, Corinne realizes that the call of "Wolf! Wolf!" is not as dangerous as it has been reported.

She says she is retiring, but her fingers are crossed.

Back of all the hoopah of bidding adieu to the profession that has brought her $350,000 a year—$10,000 a week for a contractual year of thirty-five weeks; that has brought her office buildings (the Griffith in Beverly Hills) and apartment houses; that has brought her fame, travel and, ultimately, happy marriage, there is a terrific urge. She wants to be herself. And, indeed, who could wish to blame her?

She is tired of being The Orchid Lady of the Screen, with chinchilla and ermine hanging from her, dangling diamonds, and wandering through countless miles of celluloid to the eventual clinic which every fan knows so well.

She wants to be herself twenty-four hours of the day and not the fragile damsel that some scenario writer has concocted and that the film public expects.

She wants to let the frisky ocean waves spank her and let the soft curl (artificial) in her hair drip briny sea water with grand disregard.

She doesn't want to worry about keeping the gentle furrow in her brown hair for tomorrow so it will match today's shooting.

She wants to be able to perspire at tennis or golf and not fret about her bangs being just so.

She wants to get white hairs on her dark sports suit from the English sheep dog, who might be part mongrel, and to ramble along the Malibu beach with her Doberman Pinchers (or three other dogs that are a part of the Griffith-Morosco family).

She wants to play bridge with the Mayer girls and Norma Shearer and talk chintz with Mildred Gloria Lloyd.

She wants to plan her bride's maid dress for Edith Bujold's wedding to William Goetz, and discuss the superiority of lilacs over roses in bridal bouquets.

She wants to root out quaint old antique shops where she can pick up Early American relics for her new beach home with the spinet. She wants to have the time to look up samplers and walnut furniture of pine-apple design.

She wants to play tennis with her husband.

She wants football games with her husband. Dance with her husband. Motor with her husband. Go to premières with her husband.

She wants to go to Cannes and Antibes and Biarritz, and price chateaux a few minutes from Paris with her husband.

But mostly, and this is her supreme desire, she wants to make a great picture before she retires. She wants to do the life of Josephine, Empress of France, creole from the Island of Martinique, woman of all women in the life of Napoleon.

HAVING done Emma Hamilton, in The Divine Lady, she now wants to do her favorite character of history, Josephine, who fell under, and followed "the star of destiny" that led to glory and to ruin.

And so, we might add, do Bebe Daniels, Estelle Taylor, and other film ladies too numerous to mention.

Corinne has wanted to do Josephine for years. Therefore the crossed fingers in this present secession from the screen. She wants to make it in France, as Gloria Swanson did Madame Sans Gene, with the assistance of the French government. She wants to leave a chronicle in celluloid by which to be remembered.

And she probably will. But not immediately.

First she is going to study. She realizes her limitations. That her knowledge of screen technique is not equal to the newer weapons of the Broadway invasion. Her singing voice, sweet and pleasant, but not great, which was doubled in certain sequences of The Divine Lady but which appeared in Back Pay, is being expertly trained. After Josephine, Corinne has no operatic aspirations. She may even retire to a life of domesticity, but her fingers are crossed. She is completely happy in her second marriage. The first with Webster Campbell, actor-director, was dissolved a number of years ago.

She will study French and German, and dancing. In the Fall, her husband, still with First National, will be able to travel. Together they will go abroad and arrange for the production of Josephine which will be an immense undertaking.

Relaxed, she sat on the low footstool in the Whoopee room of their home, around her throat a flaming orange garland of beads, a print dress on her slim figure, and talked of weddings and women and Norma Shearer Thalberg's coming baby.

Thirty-two, perhaps, very beautiful, with the world at her feet and its wealth in her hands—yet renouncing it all for textbooks and studies. It takes courage to make her decision. To drop from public sight for a year and take the chance of being forgotten. It takes daring, even with one's fingers crossed.

She is tired, true, of being The Orchid Lady of the Screen, but it's a big price to pay for being one's self. And for the privilege of possibly having a child.

"But not yet," she said, "with a fragmentary smile, defeating the latest rumor for her retirement.

Six years ago, it seems, during the filming of Declared she told me she would retire after two more pictures. Since then she has made Classified, The Marriage Whirl, Madameleine Modiste, Into Her Kingdom, Syncopating Sue, The Lady in Ermine, Three Hours, The Divine Lady, Back Pay, and several others.

Perhaps, then, her fingers really are crossed. At any rate, lovely ladies should never be consistent, and Corinne is lovely.
Adding Insult to Injury

[Continued from page 93]

nett told Ina Claire that he never had heard of her except as the wife of Jack Gilbert. At a banquet in the Indian room at the Ambassadore Hotel for motion picture celebrities and given by Julian Bach, Everett Jacobs, Percy Mendelsohn and Michael Far- num, New York financiers, Barnett, as a guest, sat between Margaret Livingston and Joseph M. Schenck. Turning to Miss Liv- ingston, he said:

'I've seen you, in Germany, in pictures.'

"Yes?" the red-head sweetly replied.

"I saw you in Sanisse. I think you are a very wicked woman—wicked at heart."

"Well, I must be, because I'm always cast in that kind of role."

"I don't consider you much of an actress, either."

"Maybe you're right," said Margaret.

"But if I am not I've been fooling the produc- ers a mighty long time."

For thirty minutes the assured tried to get a rise out of Miss Livingston. Mr. Schenck, at the side, enjoyed the passage at arms immensely and laughed at the sallies. Barnett eventually gave it up and remarked:

"You have one of the sweetest disposi- tions I ever have encountered."

THUS far, very few have gotten angry and remained angry. Mrs. Nan Howard, wife of Director William Howard, became highly indignant because the insulter removed her plate of soup before she had consumed half of it and Alice Joyce was ex- ceeding "miffed" over another such ex- perience. Marion Davies, in her first encoun- ter, gave the insulter only an icy stare and ignored his remarks when he told her to stop throwing olive pits on the carpet.

"In the first place, I do not eat olives," Marion said, and in the second place, I thought he was just some-alack trying to be funny.

On the golf course, Joseph Schenck and Douglas Fairbanks employed Barnett to caddy for Samuel Goldwyn, the producer. After a hole or two had been played, Bar- nett grabbed one of Goldwyn's golf sticks and broke it over his knee. What the producer said cannot be printed, and the "caddy" was fired on the spot. (The club had been supplied in advance by Fairbanks.)

There is a sting in every remark—a sting carefully figured out in advance. He told Richard Barthelmess in the presence of Jack Warner that he should have his voice trained. Whereupon, Richard arose haughti- fully from the table and replied:

"I'll take a voice test whenever Mr. War- ner tells me to!"

Then he stalked from the room in a dudgeon.

HERE, here and everywhere at Holly- wood affairs the professional "post-garde" has been called and is paid something like $100 a night for insulting the guests. Just how long his employment can last is prob- lematical because his face is beginning to be quite well known. Some look on as crude horse-play and don't like it.

But he goes right on. His vocation is one of the strangest in a city of strange things. The most amazing city in the world.
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In Reply Would Say

[Continued from page 10]

blue eyes and golden hair. Her signature is on a five-year Roach contract. So you think your life is uneventful? Just think if you lived in Turkey! There, you know, a teacher may not use rouge nor wear silk gowns! And there was an all! If your face shows the results of long hours of beauty parlor, you get the sack!

SLIM—See above, re Thelma Todd. Your interests are lightheaded, eh? The other blonde lady known as Josephine Dunn was also a member of the Paramount School. She is an accomplished dancer and pianist. In appearance, she is graceful, blonde and blue-eyed. Her height is five feet, five inches, and she weighs one hundred and nineteen pounds. She was married, Slim, but has had her matrimonial bonds unshackled.

MADRE—Now, isn't that Spanish for mother? Your question at any rate bears this out. So you want to know about the children of some of our new stars? Well, how new do you want your stars. Chester Morris has a son, Brooks Kilborn, who is one year and a half; Ann Harding has given her favorite name of Jane to her wee baby daughter; Elliott Nugent and Norma Lee are just Papa and Mama to Annabelle Lee. four, and Barbara Ruth, two; Raymond Hackett's offspring will have a Junior tagged after his name; and John Mack Brown has an infant named Jane Harriette in his home. Charles Bickford has two children, one of each sex. His Doris Marie is eleven and his boy Rex is four. Victor McLaglen is father to a boy named Andrew, who is ten years old, and to a girl called Sheila, who is just six. Dorothy Revier and Carlotta King are mothers of boys. Joan Bennett's little girl, Adrienne, is not yet six. We're sorry to disappoint you, but neither Billie Dove nor Laura LaPlante have ever called a child their own. Mary Pickford adopted her sister Lottie's child and renamed her after herself. So now there are two Mary Pickfords.

IRIS—Alexander Gray was in Ziegfeld's shows for three years which led him to be chosen as Marilyn Miller's leading man in Sally, for he was also her leading man in the stage version. Before Sally was shown on Broadway, Alexander had made and finished four pictures for First National, He has light brown hair, blue eyes and is unmarried. Wrightsville, Pa., is the name of the little town where he first saw the light of day.

L. T.—The pretty lady who accompanied Maurice Chevalier on his trip to Hollywood is Mrs. Maurice Chevalier, of course. But in Paris she is quite a star in her own name; which is Yvonne Vallée. Maurice was at one time leading man in Mistinguett's pictures. His screen career so far includes Innocents of Paris, The Love Parade and The Big Pond. He is now making Too Much Luck.

K. R.—Harold Lloyd's business manager is his brother, Gaylord, who, some ten years ago, also played on the screen. Harold was born in 1893 and started his stage career at the age of twelve. Welcome Danger is his latest but Harold is now busy getting ready for his next, which is yet untitled. Paramount-Famous-Lasky distributes his films.

ROUGH RIDER—Yes, siree, you're right. Tom Mix was a member of the Rough Riders during the Spanish American War. He also rode the plains as a cowboy—so you win the bet.

IRISH EYES — The popular Moore brothers—Joe, Matt, Owen and Tom, were all born in County Meath, Ireland. But while they were all children, their parents migrated to America and settled down at Toledo, Ohio. Matt is now directing for Columbia Pictures and Owen is in Gloria Swanson's latest, What A Widow! Tom recently played with Blanche Sweet in The Woman Racket, for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

RITA—A list of Lila Lee's screen appearances during 1929 is as follows: Little Wild- cat, Man in Hobble, Queen of the Night Clubs, Black Pearl, Honky Tonk, Argyle Case, Drag, Flight, Dark Streets, The Sacred Flame, and Love, Lie and Laugh. Lila is now under contract to First National Pictures, Burbank, Calif. Enclose a quarter with your request for a photo, which will assure your getting it. 'Tis true she has a five year old son, but she is now divorced from James Kirkwood, the father of the boy.

W. A. H.—So you want to know the biggest financial box office hit? Well, records reveal that Ben Hur holds the gross record, it having brought into the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer coffers some eight millions of dollars—and it's still being shown in Europe! Anna Christie is now breaking all-box office records, Garbo fans being willing to stand hours to hear her voice.

Y. C.—We had almost forgotten that Reginald Denny was English, until we heard him in his first talkie, and he has a very natural English accent. This was What A Man, for Sono-Art. Reginald has been married twice, his second wife, Bubbles Steifel, having played opposite him on the Universal lot. He is now free lanceing and his next leading role is in Cecil de Mille's Madame Satine.

STANLEY—Ruth Roland is now at work on Reno, an all-talkie. It is her first picture in years.

SONGSTER—The theme song from Fast Life was Fast Life and was sung by Rita Flynn. Happy Days was heard in the opening and closing shots of Chasing Rainbows, which featured Charles King and Bessie Love. Hello, Baby, How Do You Do is from Doug's Junior's picture. The Forward Pass. That Precious Little Thing Called Love is from Showpwn Angel staring Nancy Carroll. Louie is from Chevalier's Innocents of Paris. And now we think it time for those that we sang our own little good-by song. See you next month with a lot of new notes. 'Bye. Let me hear from you all.
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Abel Lyman and His Band
BEBE DANIELS has at last set the date for her marriage to Ben Lyon. It is scheduled for June 14.

Bebe is planning a quiet home wedding, with only a few close friends and relatives present. Ben's two sisters have arrived from Baltimore for the occasion and the Daniels apartment is beginning to overflow with gifts.

Renee Adoree is fighting a game battle for her life. For the past several months she has been in a sanitarium, a victim of tuberculosis, but physicians note an improvement.

Marlene Dietrich, the Austrian discovery of Joseph von Sternberg, will make her bow to American audiences in Morocco, opposite Gary Cooper. The story has a Continental locale and is based on a novel von Sternberg read just before his recent return to this country.

Gloria Swanson is vacationing away from Hollywood, but nobody knows just where. As soon as she finished What a Widow, she left for a rest—going to either the mountains or seashore.

During the summer, First National will announce the definite production information on Mothers Cry. This is the book by Helen Grace Carlisle, which created a stir in literary circles.

Marilyn Miller has begun work on Sweethearts, which will be a musical romance filmed entirely in technicolor.

Hollywood has been wondering as to the identity of the young man seen with June Collyer so often of late. Finally, it has leaked out that he isn't a new romance at all—only her brother, Richard Heerman. He has moved to Hollywood to keep June company, and is living with her in her Beverly Hills home.

Estelle Taylor hadn't worked for a year—then two companies began to fight for her services!

After a year in which she had been unable to crash the talkies, Estelle finally had a test for When We Were Twenty-One at First National. However, the role was won by Myrna Loy.

A day or two later, Estelle was tested for the heavy in Lilion, at Fox, and just as that studio sent for her to sign on the dotted line, First National decided they wanted her to play the Loy role. So, both companies went to the Producers' Association to settle the matter. Fox was the one who won.

Harmonizing by the Three Brox Sisters will have to be postponed until one of them returns from her honeymoon. Patricia Brox was married to Robert D. Gerstenzang, prominent New Yorker, on May 5. They left immediately after the ceremony for a trip to the groom's camp in the Adirondacks, but Mrs. Gerstenzang intends returning to Hollywood and her motion picture career.

Edwin Carewe has won the garbage disposal rights for Dallas, Texas. Carewe is owner of an incinerator company which proposes to utilize wet garbage in the production of cosmetics. His bid for the Dallas job was $150,000.

When Universal established its claim to the title Jailbreak, First National was in a quandary. Mervyn Leroy was directing a prison picture under the working title of Jailbreak for the latter organization. But after casting about for a substitute, Numbered Men was the final choice and a pretty good choice at that.

Richard Dix will begin work on Cimarron within the next month. He plays Yancey Cravat, a picturesque character of the Oklahoma land-rush, in the latest Edna Ferber novel. No other members of the cast have been chosen. Wesley Ruggles will direct this production.

Now that Al Jolson has finished Big Boy, he is planning a tour of Europe, accompanied by wife Ruby, of course.

Lois Moran, to whom the talkies have not been too kind, has received an offer from a Broadway producer and will probably go to New York to appear on the stage.

It is probable that Walter Huston will sign a long-term contract with United Artists to make two pictures a year for that organization. Huston, who portrays Abraham Lincoln in D. W. Griffith's production of that name, is one of the most successful of the stage importations. He has appeared in a number of Paramount productions, among them The Virginian, and has just completed a leading role in The Bad Man for First National.

Subject to change without notice: Janet Gaynor and Lydell Peck have been seen together so much since Janet's return from Honolulu that rumors of a rift in the lute have been dispelled.

Stanley Smith is appearing opposite Clara Bow in her current production, which has not yet been titled.

Helen Twelvetrees recently arrived in New York bringing with her the print of her newest picture, Swing High.
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ALIAS FRENCH GERTIE (RKO)—Here we have two of the most famous screen lovers in real life—the deans of Hollywood and perhaps the best picture ever made. Lewis Ayres scores in the leading role.

ANNA CHRISTIE (M-G-M)—It's unnecessary to comment on this picture. We repeat that Greta Garbo is marvelous and we also repeat that she turns near loses the picture to Marie Dressler who gives a performance that should go down in history.

THE BAD ONE (United Artists)—Dolores del R00 has in this picture of the Mackenzie water front with Edmund Lowe as a dash- ing anti-drunk copper. A winner.

BEAU BANDIT (RKO)—A picture about a d-lightful rogue who stole from the rich to give to the poor. This time, however, Duncan Renaldo's picture and Marie Dressler and the delightful rogue is none other than Red La Rocque.

BE YOURSELF (United Artists)—If you like the late-act-scenario triumphs where the girl simply sacrifices and sacrifices and sacrifices for her man, don't miss this one. Fanny Brice is the girl.

THE BIG PARTY (Fox)—Pretty much what its title implies and very good at that.

THE BISHOP MURDER CASE (M-G-M)—Humphrey Bogart's version. Dick Powell, this time with Basil Rathbone playing William Powell—we mean, Philo Vance. Rathbone thinks so, their brained work and consequently he's not quite as effective as Powell.

BROADWAY SCANDALS (Columbia)—The backstage story is here again, here again, here again. However, this version is a little better than most of them and Jack Egan and Carmel Myers give good performances.

BURNING UP (Paramount)—Dick Arlen as an automobile jockey in a racy story of the track. This young man is turning out to be one of the most consistent good actors in the game.

CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD (Universal)—John Boles and Lupe Velez in a splendidly and magnificent story of the French Revolution. The mob scenes are won. John Boles is good.

THE CASE OF SERGEANT GRISCHA (RKO)—A somewhat disappointing version of the well known book with Chester Morris and Betty Compson playing vis-a-vis. This picture could have been improved with an expert cutter on the job.

CHASING RAINBOWS (M-G-M)—Bessie Love and Charles King did so well in The Runt that they tried to duplicate it. But alas, it's not quite as quiet are you Bessie? Marie Dressler gives a performance which is almost as good as her work in Anna Christie.

CITY GIRL (Fox)—Charles Farrell and Mary Duncan in a story about a boy who comes from the country to the city, falls in love with a waitress, marries her, and what happened when the city girl gets on the farm is kind of revolting, but, it gives Farrell a chance to be a little less poetic than usual.

CLANCY IN WALL STREET (Capital Film Enterprises)—This is a whole lot better than you'd expect and it's good for a couple of laughs. Nothing in the least tears. Charlie Murray has given up making too many faces and does some swell acting.

THE COHEN S AND THE KELLY'S IN SCOTLAND (Universal)—Here they are again, this time in kilts and slengtaries. This is just about the best of the Cohen and Kelly series and George Sydney is especially good as Cohen. There are plenty Scotch jokes.

THE CUCKOOS (RKO)—If you like comedy in good heavy doses, for heaven's sake don't miss this picture. Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolster certainly put this picture over in fun shape.

THE CZAR OF BROADWAY (Universal)—Here's a picture about a newspaper reporter who falls in love with a cabaret girl who belongs to the cabaret owner who is a crooked politician and whom the reporter is trying to get the goods on. Figure it out for yourself.

DAMES AHOY (Universal)—Glenn Tryon is pretty good in this fake comedy of three sailors and their troubles and going-on while on shore leave.

DANGEROUS NANN McGREW (Paramount)—Here's a comedy with a list of names that will knock your eye out, headed by Helen Kane and Stuart Erwin. Excellent stuff.

DISRAELI (Warners Brothers)—George Arliss as Disraeli gives one of the best performances of his career. The story is refreshingly free from hokum and should not be missed by anybody.

THE DIVORCEE (M-G-M)—Here's the famous book Edmund Lowe has spent a little bit and transferred to the screen—although not officially. Chester Moris is miscast as Norma Shearer's husband.

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS (Universal)—Reginald Denny in a typically Denny farce comedy.

FRAMED (RKO)—All about cabarets, crooks and framing and framing and framing. Evelyn Brent is a lot like the usual sinister roles. In fact, she sinisters in swell fashion.

FREE AND EASY (M-G-M)—Buster Keaton's first talkie. It's slow starting, but speeds up very well toward the end. Tracie Finan's almost steals the picture from Buster, especially in the sequences on the boat.

THE FURIES (First National)—Lois Wilson and H. B. Warner in a photographic stage which, alas, is rather slow and stagey. It's something of a mystery story but needs speeding up.

THE GAY MIRACLES (M-G-M)—Here's Miss Davies again, this time as a charming bit of the Florentine pretties. Of course, the costumes and general carrying-on are good for a good many laughs.

GENERAL CRACK (Warners Brothers)—If you like lavish costume dramas, don't miss this Barrymore number. Besides our own John, Lowell Sherman, Marian Nixon and Armida all do good work.

THE GIRL SAID NO (M-G-M)—Bill Haines as a wise-cracking hood sawsome who crashes in and cashes in on his nerve. This sort role is just right for him.

THE GOLDEN CAFE (Fox)—See Carol in one of those stories of a girl who doesn't know she is pretty until somebody tells her. It's about time this sort role is given to him.

THE GRAND PARADE (M-G-M)—A pretty good story about a minstrel show of years ago. It's hokum, but pretty good hokum.

THE GREAT GABBO (Sono)—Von Stroheim returns to epic playing the role of a conceived ham. Betty Compson gives good performances as the pretty girl who doesn't know she is homely until somebody tells her.

THE GREEN GODDESS (Warners Brothers)—George Arliss in the famous play and the famous talking picture. Arliss is splendid. The picture, of course, is pure hokum but the Arliss touches make it stand out.

HE KNEW WOMEN (RKO)—Lowell Sherman in the talkie version of Second Man. The Theatre Guild play of some years ago. It's sophisticated stuff and Lowell Sherman handles it in splendid style. Alice Joyce is good, but her voice is a little bit metallic.

THE KING OF JAZZ (Universal)—The million dollar picture with Willard Whitehead doing his stuff among stars immemorable. As sort of entertainment, it's good.

HELL HARBOR (United Artists)—Lupe Velez is pretty good in this melodrama. If you like good strong dramae, don't miss this one.

HELLO SISTER (Sono)—All about a girl who gives up being wild in order to get an inheritance. She even goes to church and meets a deacon—and then things begin to happen.

HONEY (Paramount)—Nancy Carroll is charming in this tale of a southern girl who goes Irish. Stanley Smith, Zan Pitta, Skeets Gallagher and Harry Green all do their stuff in great style.

IN GAY MADRID (M-G-M)—Ramon Novarro as a naive boy who gets into fights in cabarets, gets spanked by papa and sent away to college in a far distant town. Of course, he gets mixed up with the college belle, falls madly in love with her and then one of his old flames comes back—but we mustn't give away the story.

KETTLE CREEK (Universal)—An good fast-moving western with Ken Maynard as the hero putting the villains to shame.

LADIES OF LEISURE (Columbia)—A story of night life and artistes' models with Lowell Sherman, Ralph Bellamy and Dora Stanwyck giving good performances.

A LADY TO LOVE (M-G-M)—Vilma Banky is excellent in this picture, based on They Know What They Want. Edward G. Robinson is fine as Tony.

[Continued on page 92]
7,000 OUT OF 10,000 WIRED THEATRES in the UNITED STATES and CANADA ARE PLAYING

Educational’s Talking Comedies

YOU’LL LIKE THEM TOO!

EDUCATIONAL FILM EXCHANGES, INC.
E W HAMMONS, President
Executive Offices: 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
Vacation days are play days, and half the fun in planning for them is in assembling the cleverest possible wardrobe. Never before have festival costumes been so decorative and individual, yet at the same time comfortable and practical. Happily for most of us who have to watch our clothes budget, the essential chic of our playtime outfits is not a matter of extra dollars, but of originality.

During these warm Summer days we just naturally think first of bathing costumes when we say "vacation." Two adjectives especially suggest the modern mode: colorful, and brief. The gayer your suit, the better! No longer are you confined to black, red, or green, but can choose vivid orange, jaunty rose, turquoise blue, and dozens of other "different" shades that one used never to dream of seeing on the beach. Smarter than the one-color suits are the bold combinations, especially those in modernistic designs. Ziggzags of brilliant colors; odd little motifs; decorative initials—these are some of the features of the new bathing suits. If you have a plain suit left over from last year, why not "doll it up" with some contrasting shade of jersey or felt appliqued in some original manner? The expense would be nominal and it would give your costume a flatteringly up-to-the-minute appearance.

Many of the new bathing suits have cute little felt shorts of a color contrasting strikingly with the jersey top, and secured with jaunty belts or bright suspenders. These brief trousers are easily made by a girl who is clever with the needle, and suggest another means of transforming last year's suit into a smart 1930 sport model de luxe.

If last year's suits were sun-tan, this year's might accurately be called 'no-back.' I'm sure I can't understand this particular trend—unless it's for the very righteous purpose of inducing ultra-violet rays into the system; for it's no longer smart to have a tanned skin. Peaches-and-cream complexions are with us again with a vengeance—and they're not preserved by exposure to a burning beach sun! Yet, if you want your bathing suit to be in style, you'll choose one with a very low back—if any! Many of the new models have a sort of bib in front, but only straps in the back—like overalls.

If you want to be extra-elegant, you'll buy or make a three-piece beach set—a swim-suit, jacket, and pajamas, all to match or harmonize. Jersey is the favorite material for these sets, in two-tone combinations.

Fashion definitely decrees that the girl who vacations at the beach should have gay pajamas for lounging on [Continued on page 93]
LOOK—Miss Nobody thinks she can play "someone whispered —but when she sat down at the piano...

How wonderful it all was! And what a surprise, too. Eileen had never expected to be asked to Grace Williams's party. Grace Williams—the leader of the most exclusive set in town. It was like a dream! Eileen was thrilled beyond words—yet so frightened. What dress would she wear? Would it be smart enough for such a wonderful gathering? Would she feel out of place in such exclusive society? Well, she had already accepted Bill Gordon's invitation, and now she'd have to go through with it.

That night Bill called for her. "You look positively adorable," he told her. Eileen knew that Bill was proud of her—but how would the others feel about her?

The party was in full swing when they arrived. Everything stopped while Eileen was introduced. As she found herself face to face with the smartest social celebrities in town Eileen suddenly realized she had never felt more uneasy in all her life. But that was only the beginning. Later, as conversation lulled, Eileen felt that everyone's eyes were on her. Yes, Eileen admitted to herself, she did feel out of place. Oh, if this evening would only end!

And then it happened! It was while they were playing bridge. Eileen couldn't help but overhear:

"Who is that girl with Bill?" she heard someone whisper.

"I never saw her before. Bill met her some place or other. Seems nice enough but nobody of importance, I guess," came the reply.

Eileen blushed to the roots of her hair. So that's what they thought of her! Eileen suddenly grew indignant. She'd show them. Little did she realize how soon her opportunity to "show them" would arrive. Soon the bridge tables were pushed away.

"Where's Jim Blake tonight?" someone asked. "If he were here we could have some music."

"Jim had to go out of town on business," came the answer. Here was Eileen's chance. She'd show this smart set a thing or two. Summing up all her courage she spoke somewhat timidly:

"I think I could play a little if you're not too critical."

There was an embarrassing moment of silence. Eileen promptly became panic-stricken but realizing that she had to go through with it, she sat down nervously at the piano. Hastily she played a few chords—then broke into the haunting strains of "The Pagan Love Song". Her listeners sat spellbound as her fingers skipped lightly over the keys. Never had she played with such inspiration—such complete confidence in herself.

As she struck the last chord there was a burst of loud applause. "More, more," everyone cried. It was almost an hour before they permitted her to rise from the piano. As Eileen stood up she found herself the center of an admiring group. A glow of pride suffused Bill's face.

"Why, Eileen I never knew you could play a note," he exclaimed.

"Well, to tell you the truth, I have really only been playing a short while," she answered.

"Why, you play as if you had studied for years. Who was your teacher?" someone asked.

"I had no teacher," Eileen replied.

"Well, how in the world did you ever do it?" they asked.

"It's a secret," said Eileen. And no amount of reading would make her disclose it.

For Eileen, this night was just the beginning of a new world of pleasures. She became one of the most admired girls in the smartest of society. And all because she found this new secret to popularity.

On the way home, Eileen finally gave in and told Bill the whole story.

I TAUGHT MYSELF

"You may laugh when I tell you," Eileen began. "But I learned to play it at home, without a teacher. I laughed myself when I first saw the U.S. School of Music advertisement. However I sent for the Free Demonstration Lesson. When it came I saw how silly it all was. I sent for the complete course. What pleased me so was that I was playing simple tunes by note from the start.

Why, it was just as simple as A-B-C to follow the clear print and picture illustrations that came with the lessons. Now I can play several classics by note and most all the popular music. And do you know it only averaged a few cents a day?"

This story is typical. The amazing success of the men and women and children who take the U. S. School of Music course is largely due to a newly perfected method that really makes reading and playing music as easy as A-B-C.

Even if you don't know one note from another, you can easily grasp each clear inspiring lesson of this surprising course. You can't go wrong. First you are told how to do it, then a picture shows you how, and then you do it yourself and hear it.

Thus you teach yourself—in your spare time—right in your own home, without any long hours of tedious practice.

Free Book and Demonstration Lesson

Our wonderful illustrated Free Book and our Free Demonstration Lesson explain all about this remarkable method. They prove just how anyone can learn to play his favorite instrument by note in almost no time for a fraction of what old, slow methods cost. The book will also tell you all about the amazing new Automatic Finger Control.

Forget the old fashioned idea that talent means everything. Read the list of instruments, decide what you want to play, and the U. S. School of Music will do the rest. As an average cost of only a few cents a day! Act now. Clip and mail this coupon today, and the fascinating Free Book and Free Demonstration Lesson will be mailed to you at once. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit. No obligation. U. S. School of Music, 1537 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC
1537 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

Please send me your Free Book "Music Lessons in Your Own Home", with introduction by Dr. Frank Crane, Free Demonstration Lesson and particulars of your easy payment plan. I am interested in the following course:

Have you

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Name
Address
City
State
Here are the answers to those burning questions asked by talkie fans everywhere. Answers are prepared by the TALKING SCREEN Fan Service Bureau far away land. His next is The Dawn Patrol and for the first time, Dick is without a leading lady.

LILLIAN—A Lady To Love was Vilma Banky's second talking picture, and from a recent statement Vilma gave out to the press, it is probably her which the microphone suspends. "Mike stew" indicates undesired sounds heard by the mixer. The mixer is the man who controls the volume of sound that passes through the microphone.

E. M.—Although Nick Stuart represents the perfect American boy on the screen, he was born in Abrud, Roumania. Nick came to America when he was fifteen years old, which is ten years ago. He is now free-lancing and his latest picture is Swing High for Pâbek.

MARGUERITE—A brief biography of Jean Arthur reads like this: Born on October 17th in New York City, blue eyes, brown hair, displaces 105 pounds and is five feet three inches tall. Yes, she was the nurse in the Leon Errol skit in Paramount On Parade.

J. S.—Chasing Rainbows was George K. Arthur's latest talkie before he started his extended vaudeville tour. George is now back again in the land of eternal sunshine and RKO is starring him and Karl Dane in six two-reel funny talkies. Louise Fazenda will be their full of fun girl. Some fun, eh kid?

IRENE—Curling or marceling the hair for a certain rôle is no unusual thing for a male star to do. James Hall certainly did not grow curls for his part in Smiling Irish Eyes. Each tendril was tenderly nursed into being via the curling iron. Jimmy usually wears his brown hair slicked down. Dallas, Texas is the city of his birth which occurred on October 22, 1900. At this writing he and Merna Kennedy have not yet said "I Do" but they sure are the turtle-doves.

ESPANOL—We doubt whether Loretta Young has made any Spanish talking pictures. But this condition is speedily being remedied, for Warner Brothers have instituted a Vitaphone School of Languages for stars and featured players on the First National and Warner Brothers' payroll.

[Continued on page 98]
No matter what rôle it is, no matter how difficult, no matter how unusual, Ruth Chatterton can always be relied upon to always give a satisfying, super-intelligent portrayal.

Photograph by Hurrell
Here is one of the very gayest of the song and dance young ladies. Cute, buoyant and superbly happy, sunny Marjorie White is the hit of the talkie-singing pictures.
The latest importation from the legitimate stage is none other than the famous Otis Skinner. This sterling actor will bring his famous characterizations to the conquering talkies.

Photograph by Nickolas Muray
Having elected to do some delicate clowning in his last talkie, John Barrymore is returning to the dramatic in his next—*Moby Dick*. In the silent days it was *The Sea Beast*. 
Daintily compelling, superbly delicate, the beauty which is Ann Harding’s. Hollywood has not spoiled this exquisite lady whose fair hair and features are so breath-taking.

Photograph by
William E. Thomas
To act the real Parisian you've got to be real Parisian and nobody can dispute Fifi Dorsay's claim to that rôle. This little lady is rapidly becoming one of our leading players.
WINFIELD SHEEHAN, victorious in the Fox fray as were his Irish ancestors at Fontenoy, declares there will be fifty brand-new stars within the year. A rival chieftain whispers, confidentially, that by 1932 no single one of the old, familiar faces will be seen upon the screen.

It is not so much that stars of the silent night fade with the dawn of sound. It is the bitter struggle of age against youth, now, for the first time, apparent in the movies. In their teens and twenties the present crop of cinema satellites first set foot along the fame and fortune route. Now, sadly, they are in middle life. The screen calls for romance. And romance must be young.

But the old-timers have known the golden age of pictures. The life and laughter of the studios—the fun of film-making before the domination of bankers and big business. The deep purses of picture-land has been lavishly open to them. They have basked in warmer adulation than any set of heroes in history. Times have changed. They should be willing to take a final bow. To make way for youth.

HOW IT STARTED

JIMMY GLEASON avows and avers that a favorite slang expression attributed to him, has really been handed down through the ages from ancient Egypt. For, he says, it was when Pharaoh's daughter told her Pa she had found the infant Moses in the bull-rushes that Pharaoh stroked his whiskers pensively and murmured: "Oh, Yeah?"

THE BREAKS

CHARLIE SCHWAB, Pittsburgh Pollyanna and head Rollo Boy of Industry, ascribes his success to "the breaks." He declares there is such a thing as "luck." A little, wide-eyed kid called Jeanie Lang should agree with him. Here's why.

Before *The King of Jazz* was publicly shown, it was privately previewed by the critics. Reviews were prepared in advance for publication with the picture's première. Jeanie sang one song. But the trained eyes of the writers spotted a personality glittering with stardust. They wrote raves about the "discovery."

But meantime the big shots eliminated Jeanie from the film. When it opened in the theatre, hers was the face on the cutting-room floor. When the reviews appeared, her sequence was hastily put back again, and the ads carried her picture above those of the stars. "Jeanie Lang, New Cinema Sensation!" The breaks.

HER FAVORITE

SHE'S a flapper. A foreigner. Very blonde. Very cute. Not too wise. And she doesn't know our language well. Although she's a movie fan, she isn't yet familiar with our stars. Asked which actor she likes best, she responds that to her Warner Bros. is most wonderful of all. Warner Bros? Oh, yes, she explains, he is in great demand. His name appears before so many theatres. Warner Bros. beats Lon Chaney for disguises, she insists. For despite her admiration she can seldom recognize him. Good old Warner Bros.!

"GREATER LOVE . . ."

THE quotation grows rusty in memory's files from lack of use in these selfish days. It's something about "greater love hath no man than this—that he layeth down his life for a friend." And it applies to Raymond Griffith and Lewis Milestone. For Ray died to make "Miley" happy. Died on a trench-scared battlefield.

In *All Quiet on the Western Front* there was a bit which had to be perfect. "No one can play this like Ray Griffith," said the director. But a bit player gets $50 a day—by the day. Ray's salary is $500 a day—with a two week guarantee. However, Milestone explained his dilemma. And because they were friends, the actor spent weeks in realistic trench mud playing the part—for nothing!

Ray's reward is the satisfaction of having contributed a matchless histrionic gem to the picture's diadem in his portrayal of the French poilu who dies in a shell-hole. That and the happiness brought by helping a friend. There's a lesson or something in this for the people who say the movie game is peopled by the worst characters in the world. Or maybe it's a moral.
WALTER

By

HOLLYWOOD

THAT is the type that comes within our definition of a "bad actor" ... as far as Hollywood is concerned. It is strictly a local reputation that places one in this group —not a rumored bit of gossip that floats around the country. And so, just for a few lines, let's be truthful about these people called famous ... let's leave off the sugar coating and see what goes toward earning the local reputation of being a "bad actor."

The first and most important, as a class, are the studio bad actors, who turn in good work—picture after picture—but add a grey hair to the temple of their already-bald producers, who have torn off the top batch long ago.

HEAVE with us: Monsieur Jack Oakie, who has been cutting a merry caper along the line of "bad acting" when he wasn't being paid for it. No sooner had he arrived in town a few months ago, than he impulsively signed a contract with three (or maybe it was thirty) agents in town,
her contract to the effect that they were at liberty to lay her off without pay for a period of twelve weeks each year—
THIS WENT INTO EFFECT IMMEDIATELY. Now believe me, there’s nothing like a slack bank balance to bring a naughty little actresses to terms in Hollywood. Minus her check for a couple of weeks, Mary came trundling home bringing her lamb-like submission with her. All is forgiven.

And Jimmie Hall. He has other ways of playing pranks on old School-teacher Executives that are almost as upsetting as the ones pulled by Mary and Jack, his little play—(with dynamite)—mates. Not that Jimmie is temperamentally. No! No! No! Never did a studio house a more amiable soul.

BAD ACTORS

RAMSEY

He’s just forgetful. So many things slip his mind. He’s just the type of boy to go to sleep—for a couple of hours in his dressing room, or the back seat of his car, or under an old piano stool—or anywhere . . . while his company waits impatiently on the set. Now don’t get him wrong. He doesn’t mean to be late—he just figures they wouldn’t be wanting him ANYway!

As for standing up interviewers on appointments, he just didn’t have anything to say in the first place (he explains a couple of months later.) One glutton for punishment made seven different appointments with Jimmie, and has yet to shake hands with him at the time and place agreed upon.

Sometimes the folks don’t know whether Nancy Carroll is joking or not, when she stamps her little foot and says “NO” to everyone and everything from her director to her latest studio dress. Nancy is such an opinionated youngster. It just seems as though there’s no pleasing her at times. And when one asks her “WHY”, one is left wondering. She merely storms in general. Sometimes it’s about the length of her skirt, sometimes because she hasn’t been photographed on her best side and sometimes it’s just a “cross WORD” puzzle—if you know what I mean. Nancy is given to quite a bit of puttering. She’ll putter over to the publicity department and fuss about something that has been said (or left unsaid) about her . . . then she’ll putter back over to the set—but all upset. It’s a little funny, how Nancy can be such a good actress and such a “bad actor” all rolled in one.

But, of course, like the others, Nancy can be oh so nice when she feels like it. At times there’s no one more charming.

It’s almost like the line that Eddie Goulding said about Gloria Swanson, after he finished directing her in The Trespasser. Said Eddie (and he ought to know), “When she’s grand, there’s no one in pictures easier to work with, and when she isn’t, there’s no one as tough.” Gloria is one of our smartest girls—too smart, some people think. She knows too much about directing and cutting and writing movies—all of which makes it very hard on the guys who are paid for the work. She can be awfully intelligent (in a confusing way) about any little thing that comes up—and intelligence always COMPLICATES things in a studio. It keeps the machine from running smoothly when everyone doesn’t acquiesce right off the reel . . . and ON it. But there’s one thing about Gloria, she always knows when she’s been a bad actor, and she is always a good enough scout to say, "I’m sorry."

And that, Pals, is more than you can say for John Gilbert. Johnny, as we all call him, has that unhappy faculty of being inconsistent in his naughtiness. He bewails the fact that all the publicity that goes out about him is not the sweetest that can be written. He cautions the department that he won’t see certain writers because they’re just “old meannes.”

Then, just to give them something sweet to say, he goes down to the Brown Derby and clunks Mr. Jim Tully on the jaw, making Mr. Tully so furious that he feels called upon to put Johnny to sleep—which, by the way, he DID. Fist-fighting among

And here are some more of those naughty naughty boys and girls. From right to left, this time:

Lilyan Tashman
Mary Nolan
John Gilbert
Clara Bow
WITH Clara Bow and Alice White it’s somewhat the same. It usually is. Those girls can always get in the same kind of trouble, when they put their minds to it. And not that Clara and Alice mean to be bad . . . they’re just innocent bad actors in this respect:

*They just won’t say what they’re supposed to say . . . and much too much of THAT!*

Clara even went so far as to complain (out loud in print) about several of her pictures; her salary arrangement with Paramount and a few other items that Paramount is sensitive about. From that day on, Clara has been looked upon as slightly “dynamite material” by the home team. Lately, when she has met the press, it has been under the chaperonage of a guardian who is sent there to see that Clara acts nice and says “nicer.”

On the other hand Alice does so much talking that she lands in print about three times to everyone else’s once. The rest of the gals over at First National think she is very naughty about the whole thing. It has given her the reputation of being very “bad-actor-ishi” in the minds of the folks who are slighted.

And now, as we draw near the foot of the class, we find Jimmie Murray and Eric von Stroheim. These two boys have been used so often as horrible examples of this thing called “bad acting,” that it isn’t even funny—and for that reason, we shall dwell on them but briefly—which is only fair. After saying that Von is a bad actor to every producer in Hollywood and that Jimmie is a reformed bad actor who has gone through every phase of bad acting—what can you say? Right you are . . . NOTHING. And nothing it is.

Above, we have Jack Oakie who walked off the set because he had too many agents who got slices of his salary — almost all of it.

Below is the famous Eric von Stroheim, considered one of “Hollywood’s bad actors” because he has a habit of spending too much on productions.

celebrities is one of the best ways I can think of for getting sugar-coated publicity—but what can the boys at the studio do if the newspapers won’t see it that way? Bad! Bad! Bad!

But our Johnny isn’t the only boy who gets in Dutch with the press . . . nor the only JOHNNY! Take Johnny Barrymore. He can say the most killing things!

Once, when a nice lady went to see him, ’tis whispered that he told the lady that she looked ‘a great deal more like a house wife than a scribbler and for that reason he much preferred that she darn his socks . . . than ask questions. And what do you suppose she did but come right out in print and refer to Mr. Barrymore as a “bad mannered actor”—even if he was the cream in America’s dramatic coffee! And while you’re laughing that one off, I might recall the occasion when he turned on his heel, when approached by a sob-sister, with the brief information that he didn’t speak English! I ask you . . . how can a good actor be so bad?

And, you know, the writing crowd are only too anxious to say something nice about a star, if possible. But writers are human, after all.
TO THE LADIES

John Boles gives credit to the four women who have helped him in his brilliantly successful and unusually interesting career

By FLORENCE HAXTON BRITTEN

Two dark-haired little girls, tots of six and seven, accosted John Boles at the luncheon table and begged for his autograph. He smiled at them, pinched their fat cheeks, asked them where they lived, signed on the dotted line—and sent them away giggling with delight.

Two minutes later they came back with their sixteen-year-old blonde flapper sister. A sophisticated young woman of the world, if there ever was one.

Boles’ manner toward her was entirely different. He was suavely courteous—a man of experience happy to talk for a bit with a pretty woman who knew all about life. His deference was subtly flattering.

“All things to all women?” I asked, as we watched her smart little figure departing. An amused and disarming smile curved his full lips.

Geraldine Farrar (below), one of Boles’ benefactresses, in a scene from The Woman God Forgot, one of her movie successes.

Gloria Swanson (right), who gave John Boles his first screen opportunity when she cast The Loves of Sanya.

Helen Valentine (left), the girl who really started Boles on the road to fame fortune and glory.

John Boles has one of the best baritones on the talking screen. His excellent work has won him a contract with Universal.

Miss Rebecca, (left), the shrewd business woman, who saw that Boles profited by his talkie success.

“Not intentionally,” he said. “But it’s a queer thing about girls. Every woman has an aura about her . . . She exudes something—a sort of ectoplasm—”

He hesitated, searching for a bigger word, and compromised on a bunch of small ones.

“The minute you meet a woman, you get—if you are sensitive—a feeling of what she expects you to be. And if you are as fond of women as I am (John Boles is a Southerner) you like very much to be what they expect.

‘Some girls, in a sweet, romantic kind of way, bring out your gentle, protective feeling toward them. Others make you feel—well—more impulsive.”

“Really?” I said. “Tell me more!”

Boles laughed and tried to change the subject.

But I was interested.

“You know as well as I do,” I said, “that you have a natural gift for being charming to women. Now tell me, hasn’t it helped your career a lot?”

Boles was quick to acknowledge his debt. “I’ve had a lot of fun and happiness—and a little fame,” said he, modestly, “through women. There have been four women in particular, I think . . . I’ll tell you about them presently.”

But first he talked of his school days—his first “girl” days—in Greenville Texas. “I was a pitcher on the high school baseball team—and something of [Continued on page 80]
You’ve heard time and time again the things that the stars like—but here are some of the things they don’t like. You’ll be amazed.

Clara Bow (above), of the famous sex appeal, has more than one aversion, her most persistent being for a certain brand of perfume. Even a faint trace of it gets on her nerves unbearably.

Evelyn Brent’s own particular aversion is cats. She simply can’t abide them. All her friends know of this dislike of hers and when she goes visiting, any and all felines are shooed out of the way.

By MARIA LOMBARD

YOU have been told almost everything about your favorite stars, and now you are to be told about their aversions.

Did they get this way because of these aversions; or did they develop them because they are as they are? Either way you take it it’s very involved ... something like the chicken and the egg—which came first? Here we should probably call it a day, and turn in our material to Dr. Marston. However, seeing that we are not interested in the “idea behind the idea” we will go and call on Sue Carol and have her talk about her aversions—if any.

Miss Carol, you must agree, does not look as though she would have any aversions. In looking at her one is reminded of black-eyed susans ruffled by a clean breeze ... prep school ... a hard game of tennis ... the odor of pine trees ... cool showers, and all the things which go toward the making of the typical American girl.

Imagine our surprise then, when without a moment’s hesitation she said: “Yes, I have an aversion. It is for birds. I positively detest them! To see or hear the flapping of their wings almost drives me insane. When we were in France filming Chasing Through Europe, we came across a flock of peaceful geese along one of the country roads. You know,” (and here Miss Carol’s sparkling eyes became somewhat opaque) “Mr. Butler, our director, had to get rid of them before I could go on with my work.”

Asked if she knew the reason for this fear, Sue replied that she did. “When I was a child—about eleven I think—I went out one day in a little cart. The road I was driving on was at the bottom of a deep ravine. All of a sudden I noticed a hawk—or possibly an eagle—circling from the sky lower and lower around my head. If the horse had not had sense enough to take me home I would never have arrived there. I was so absolutely paralyzed with fright.”
AFTER talking to Miss Carol, we decided to call on Lowell Sherman by way of contrast. The typical villain and heroine—if you get our meaning.

Mr. Sherman’s answer to our question is not quite printable; but suffice it to say that he misunderstood what we had asked. After we repeated what we wanted to know he answered:

"Height. To me any altitude above seventy-five feet is wrong. I have an almost uncontrollable desire to jump off. Now, I have always found life a rather interesting show, and can’t say that I have any suicidal tendencies.

"John Barrymore has a picture of himself climbing Mont Blanc. He is pictured there, on the side of it, on an angle of almost ninety degrees, tied by a rope between two Alpine climbers. You know, whenever I see the confounded thing I have the most horrible sensation. I picture myself at that dizzy height and the vision is so startling that it is almost real. Whenever I go to see Jack, I try not to look at that picture, but a resistless attraction invariably makes me do so."

Kay Francis becomes very positive on the subject of aversions. She says that she has a violent, lasting, terrible—but why go on, when Kay used about every adjective in the English language in describing how she felt about closed-in places. In talking about it, she looked like an animated statue of aversion. Even the fascinating little V made by the dark and glossy hair on her forehead seemed to vibrate with it.

"It isn’t just a dislike," she told us. "My fear of closed-in places amounts to a great deal more than that. It seems as though something were choking me—covering me in such a fashion that I find it almost impossible to breathe.

"I recall clearly one incident in my life. I was a young girl at school, and my roommate locked me in a clothes closet for a joke. When she let me out I almost choked her. It took the concentrated efforts of three girls to get me away from her. Needless to say, the young lady in question changed roommates. I can’t tell you what causes this. If I could, I would probably overcome it. I might add that the subway, the Holland and Hudson tunnels are not marvelous feats of engineering to me, but just great big pains in the neck."

After listening to Miss Francis, we decided that if we ever rode in a subway again it would not be in mortal shape.

[Continued on page 88]
As told by BEBE DANIELS to WALTER RAMSEY

“I know what love is because I’ve been through it several times,” says Miss Daniels. “But I wouldn’t be insincere enough to say that I’ve known what it was from the start. When I was very young, I thought love was just about the easiest thing to get into, and almost as simple to get out of. I drifted from one hectic romance to another and constancy was not a part of the relation as far as I was concerned.”
LOVE MEANS TO ME

You will be thrilled with Bebe's confession—the second of the series in which the stars give their views on the greatest emotion of all

LOVE, to me, means a delightful responsibility. A duty which we all want to perform. An opportunity to be real.

I believe that the moment one falls in love, one has undertaken a responsibility which lasts until that love is entirely dead. Never for one minute does the duty cease. Which means that love is not an easy thing to shoulder—as a matter of fact, it’s a very trying emotion.

But it’s a glorious one!

I know what love is because I’ve been through it several times. But I wouldn’t be insincere enough to say that I’ve known what it was from the start. Far from it. At first, when I was very young, I thought love was just about the easiest thing to get into, and almost as simple to get out of. I drifted from one hectic romance to another. Constancy was not a part of the relation as far as I was concerned. It never occurred to me at that time that I owed anything to the boys I knew...as I remember it, I had quite the opposite view of the situation: they owed me a lot of attention and sweetness. I suppose all young girls have similar ideas, but the reason is very simple:

They aren’t yet learned that Love Means a Responsibility.

THEN, sooner or later, we find someone who merits a greater feeling than we have heretofore bestowed. We find love as it really is. And, all at once, we find ourselves taking the thing very seriously. It causes us worry and heartache. We have a wonderful responsibility. Nothing else matters.

What do I mean by a responsibility? Loyalty! The old ideas of letting the man do everything in his power to hold us is gone; in its place is something akin to mother love.

That marvelous urge to help. Anything we can do seems so small in comparison to what we want to do. We lie awake nights trying to think of new ways to make our loved one’s life a bit easier—a little less trying. What a different thing love is than we had expected it to be. What a delightful task it has turned out to be. We enjoy it.

But never forget that a responsibility anticipates a possibility of failure. That is the only reason I have found for the death of love. As long as we meet all of the manifold demands that love places upon us, we are able to hold it. But if we forget our duty for one day we are liable to lose it. And of course, the converse is just as true: if our loved one fails us in his responsibility, we are through. After one failure, it is almost impossible to regain the old status. Love, once lost, is a very difficult thing to recapture.

Bebe Daniels tells us that appreciation is one of the surest qualities which hold love. She has learned by experience that a person may be very happy in sacrificing many things—if the other party appreciates it.

There’s no doubt that Ben Lyon appreciates everything.
It can very easily be compared to friendship. This relation also implies a responsibility. Not quite as harsh as does love, but a duty nevertheless. Have you ever been in the position of having a friend fail you at a crucial moment? It is almost as heartbreaking as to lose love. This is a very easy thing to understand if one thinks of it in this manner: if one senses a responsibility in another, it is the natural thing to depend upon that person. Depend upon him blindly. Then if that person fails—it kills love or friendship.

The reader of this article probably doesn’t realize how nearly Bebe Daniels follows her philosophy of love. Her explanation of what love means to her is exactly how she has treated it ever since her romances have been the common property of Hollywood. Hers is always the delightful responsibility. She wants it to be that way. She hopes for it. And she has always practiced it!

Hollywood has watched her affairs of the heart from the very first. It is ever the same. She is the most helpful and conscientious girl in the film capital. No sacrifice is too great—no favor too exacting. And Hollywood appreciates her for it. She has been the raison d’etre of much happiness for the men upon whom she has showered that wonderful affection of which she is so capable.

One might be prompted to ask me how I know when I am in love. When does this thing I call a delightful responsibility, set in? In the first place, I will have to admit that it took me a long time to answer that question for myself. But the whole thing became clear when I suddenly realized that love always follows a wave of absolute unselfishness. I am very probably no more self-centered than the average individual, but I can truthfully say that I am just as much. For that reason it was easy to understand what it meant when it came along. All at once, for no apparent reason (except, as I later realized, that I was in love) I became the least self-centered person in the world. My own happiness became of secondary consideration entirely. My every waking hour was spent in an attempt to conceive of some new and different way of proving my unselfishness to the person I loved. It was a responsibility—but it was a wonderful one.

Love then, to me, included absolute unselfishness.

My answer would not be complete were I to leave out those wonderful things that love brings with it. Companionship! Where can you find such a lasting degree of companionship in the world as you are able to find in the person you love? True, one is often able to get a deal of companionship from a real friendship, but a companionship based on love has a much firmer and steadier base upon which to rest. Love allows a scope to friendship that amounts to the greatest possible degree of companionship known. Also, the fact that love, to me, means unselfishness, places companionship on such a lovely plane that it is really the most wonderful thing in life.

A sense of security! Surely one couldn’t leave that out!

It takes a longer time to appear than does unselfishness and companionship, but it is a source of a great deal of peace in life. Love always gives me a sense of security about everything. It seems that nothing else in the world means so much to me as the person I love and, of course, I believe him to think the same way about me. And when I look at a man through the eyes of love I am able to see the wonderful possibilities he has for a future. He is always protective toward me. I can depend upon him—and I do. It’s really one of the greatest things about love—a sense of security.

But love doesn’t necessarily mean happiness!

After what I have already said, you will very likely find that statement a hard one to believe. You will say to yourself, “I can’t see how all these wonderful things could help but build for a marvelous happiness”—but it doesn’t always follow. However, don’t misunderstand, love is capable of a great and lasting happiness. A happiness that is second to none possible. But let us not forget that any condition which is capable of producing a great deal of peace of mind is also capable of producing the opposite. If this weren’t true, the happiness wouldn’t be so important.

Conditions always follow the trend of comparative values, ay that I mean: if a certain status is capable only of happiness, the happiness will never be of any sterling strength. On the other hand, take love. It is a condition which has two possible conclusions, intense happiness and unbearable misery. Not only have I known many women to whom love has failed, but—unfortunately—I have known many men to whom love has failed. But I’m not giving way to pessimism. (Continued on page 78.)
In recognition of outstanding performance on the talking screen, this magazine hereby extends hearty congratulations to:

NOW YOU'RE TALKING

Bernice Claire (top left hand corner), whose remarkable ease and poise in front of the microphones and whose really trained voice make *The Song of the Flame* a very out-of-the-ordinary and unusual production.

Nancy Carroll (above), who brings so much of the right sort of gay spirit to *Paramount on Parade* by her cute work in the charming song and dance number allotted to her in that excellent production.

Jeanette Loff (top right hand corner), who, in *King of Jazz*, displays an ability, which is almost unique, to portray romantic characters charmingly, both with her excellent singing voice and histrionic power.

Charles Farrell (above), who, when talkies came, went ahead and studied singing; the wisdom of which is shown by his work in *High Society Blues*—a natural wow, made so by his voice and delightful presence.

Colin Clive (above), whose brilliantly realistic performance in *Journey's End* has shown us a new brand of acting so amazingly free from the usual hokum and blah that it should set a new standard for the talkies.
Sprightly, inside comment about the talkies and talkie folk

AL JOLSON doesn't receive $500,000 a picture for nothing! During the filming of Big Boy, his intellect helped solve many grave production problems. Among them:

Big Boy is a colt—a cute little animal. But it just couldn't be made to follow at Al's heels. The company was in despair until Al put his wits on the problem.

He thought deeply for a moment, then left the set.

When he returned, Big Boy trailed docilely at his heels. He had covered the back of his coat with a sugar and water mixture—what little horse could resist such lure?

ALEXANDER GRAY and Bernice Claire took a bit of a motor trip across the desert recently. In one of the small towns en route, No. No Nanette was showing. Fancy their surprise to see Louise Fazenda and Lilyan Tashman billed in lights in the picture in which Alexander and Bernice played the leads.

HOOT GIBSON's venture into the rodeo business proved to be a winner, according to last reports from the fifth annual Baker ranch affair at Saugus, about an hour's drive from Los Angeles.

Roy Baker and Bob Anderson, the former the owner of the ranch, took Gibson in with them and together they had some 40,000 spectators at this year's. wild west. Special trains on the Southern Pacific took care of part of the crowd but most came by motor.

More than 400 cowboy and cowgirl performers took part in the several events, competing for nearly $8000 in prize money. Two thousand of this was given in the bronco busting end of the program.

The spectators had their money's worth because those taking part were the winners of the past four years of the rodeo's existence and the champions of roundups in other parts of the United States, Canada and Mexico.

Bill Hart was the guest of honor and aroused considerable enthusiasm among the fans who saw him along with the parade and the fourteen events.

IT JUST never was to be," is what Mrs. Irene Day says about her daughter Alice's romance with Jack Cohn. For Alice has broken her engagement to the young business man, and there will be no wedding this summer.

Miss Day and Mr. Cohn have known each other for five years. Alice is one of the most popular girls in the film colony, and though she assigns no reason for the break, friends believe that it resulted from
disagreement over their future financial arrangements.
Mr. Cohn is a pawnbroker.

WILLIAM BOYD, Pathé star, bought a new car with all the modern trimmings, including a new fangled radio receiving set concealed beneath the hood. A few days later he was skimming along a Los Angeles boulevard, when a motorcycle cop pulled up alongside and motioned him to the curb.

"Do you know you cut that traffic button back there?" demanded the officer.
"You're the cream in my c-o-f-f-e-e—You're the—"
"What's that?"
"I didn't say a word," replied Bill.
"Radio KNX broadcasting."
"Say," boomed the officer, "are you trying to kid me?"

"No," meekly protested Bill, "it's this gadget here. See?" He turned a dial on the dashboard. "The radio is under the hood."

"It is?" The officer was amazed. He lifted the engine cover. "How far can you get with it?"
"Well," came back Bill, "if I can get as far as Beverly Hills with it this time, I'll throw the darn thing away."

Bill escaped the ticket but was delayed while the policeman listened in on Denver.

WHEN Billie Dove begins her new Caddo contract, she will be among old friends. Joe Engel, production manager of that organization, was her "disco- 
cover."

Eight years ago, when Engel was vice-president of the old Metro Company, he saw Miss Dove in the Fol-lies. Sensing her latent possibilities, he brought her to Hollywood. She made her film début in Metro pictures and it was during that period that she came under the direction of Irvin Willat. A romance developed and it was with regret that Engel ceded the management of her career to Willat. It is said that he always hoped to get her under his wing again.

When Engel took over management of the Caddo Company, he introduced its presi-dent, Howard Hughes, to the beautiful star who had been his protégée. A friendship developed, with the result that Hughes took over Billie's First National contract.

Since obtaining his divorce in Texas from Ella Rice Hughes, Howard Hughes has been considered one of the "best catches" in the colony (just among us girls). However, since Billie has been separated from Irvin Willat, Howard has been going with no one else.

SUE CAROL and Nick Stuart have bought a new home. It is a
Tidings from Talkie Town

Marjorie White just must have her music and so she invented this cute harp which has no strings attached to it. Miss White is just one of those girls who plays and plays and plays.

French Normandy cottage in the exclusive Los Feliz district.

"It's the first home we have ever owned," Sue said. "And it's grand, picking out every bit of furniture ourselves. We poke around into all kinds of queer shops and I'm reading lots of books on periods and designs of furniture.

"We want everything to blend but we are not going to limit ourselves to any particular type. We'll have some antiques, but I don't like a lot of old, rickety stuff around."

BELIEVE it or not, some day Universal is going to make a serial called The Indians Are Coming. It has been on every yearly schedule for the past eight years, and 1930 is no exception. Whether or not they ever make it, the title looks thrilling in print!

IF ANY one is in doubt as to fashions changing in every generation with the whim of my lady just let her appear in as many different ages as I have," said Betty Compton on the set at RKO the other day.

"I've played in everything from costume plays to modern dramas. All up and down the ages I have been on the screen, and my waistline has been forced to follow me. It has varied from below my hips to just under my neck, or has been absolutely missing."

"Now, in Inside the Lines, it is 1914 and I am forced to stumble around in bobble skirts—with a waistline I have to get a ladder to reach!

The modern waist line cannot seem to make up its mind either so I am not quite sure I haven't lost all sense of where my real one is. No, I won't marry again," Betty Compson went on in denying the question as to whether she will wed Hugh Trevor, youthful leading man of the RKO studio.

"Even my marriage to James Cruze was a mistake. I'm the kind who should never have married. And now that it's all over, I wouldn't take a million dollars for what it meant to me."

"Marriage taught me tolerance more than anything else has ever done. It taught me to look at the other fellows' side of everything before considering my own."

Betty, who has made more money than any other actress in talking pictures during the last year, declared that Trevor was a friend—a platonic one.

The Sea Bat gave Raquel Torres a chance to visit her native land. Here she is with her director, Wesley Ruggles, on the beach at Mazatlan, Mexico, where scenes for this picture were shot.
Miss Myrna Loy seems to be all mixed up with her golf sticks, er, uh, fan and not what. If you can find twenty mistakes in this picture and will mail them to us you will have found twenty mistakes.

"He is one of a prized cabinet of six platonic friends who treat me just as a regular fellow. I wouldn't take millions for the friendships that I enjoy with them.

"But for marriage? I'm washed up!"

JEANETTE LOFF, the erstwhile Seattle organist who rose to stardom in the films, got the thrill of her life when Carl Laemmle, Jr., notified her that she was to be sent to New York to make a personal appearance at the première of Paul Whiteman's King of Jazz in which she has a featured rôle.

"Just think of it," she excitedly told young Carl, "I can come back and say that I am now a Broadway stage actress."

Even a Metropolitan Opera star has his worries.

No sooner had Everett Marshall ar-ived in Hollywood to play opposite Bebe Daniels in Dixiana, than he discovered he had a namesake.

Everett Marshall, world's champion wrestler, is the other gentleman, and now baritone Marshall is wondering what will happen if wrestler Marshall gets a movie offer.

Another case like that of the two William Boyds.

NEIL HAMILTON, one of the movie colony's sailing enthusiasts, is attending night classes in navigation, at the University of Southern California. He is owner of one of the most beautiful sailing vessels on the coast.

One of his favorite misdeeds is to sail from his Malibu home and get becalmed. Mrs. Hamilton waves from the shore that dinner is ready, but he has to stay out until a kindly breeze comes along to waft him back to his fireside and food.

WHEN Herbert Brenon returned from his recent visit to Denmark, his mother had a surprise gift waiting for him.

Mr. Brenon and his mother are enthusiastic collectors of antiques and spend many hours prowling into old and musty shops. One day Mrs. Brenon stumbled on what looked like an old pewter ship-model. Scraping the mould from it as best she could, she enquired its price. After some hesitation, the dealer let her have it for

[Continued on page 37]
Now that Garbo is definitely established as one of the leading talkie stars, her second picture is being awaited with as much suspense as that which greeted Anna Christie. Romance is the present title, and it is taken from a stage play of some years ago. Garbo plays an Italian actress and the period of the play is the nineteenth century. A new departure for Greta.

CAESAR'S crossed the Rubicon! Alexander's severed the Gordian Knot! Gridley has fired! The Sphinx speaks! Greta Garbo has made a talkie. And the great myth of the movies—the legend of Hollywood—has received another tremendous impetus that will mean millions to M-G-M and its sequestered Swede.

The tumultuous words have been uttered—"Gimme a whiskey wit yingerale on de side; an' don't be stingy, baby"—and another Bernhardt has been born. That is, according to director Clarence Brown. List to the voice of the Oracle:

"I consider Greta Garbo one of the three great actresses the world has known. Bernhardt, Duse, and now Garbo!"

Shades of Rachel—shades of all that glamorous pageant of memory-enthraling thespians—forgive him for he knows not what he says! Of at any rate, he's a nice guy greatly interested in automobiles, trying to get along in the world, succeeding rather well, and breaking down like this only because he's Greta's director and wants to be nice.

Greta has spoken the hackneyed, time-worn lines of 'Gene O'Neill's drama. So what?

Everyone knew she could talk. No one suspected of her being dumb. Hollywood is accustomed to that husky, guttural voice intoning: "Aye tank aye go home," as Greta crowds big feet into small shoes and walks out on the party not in the least disturbed at leaving flat.

How different, the present Greta, from this rather naive, decidedly undeveloped young lady who sailed into New York harbor a few short years ago!
MYTH OF THE MOVIES
MORE AMAZING THAN ALL. THE MYSTERY STUFF IS THE TRUTH—PRESENTED HEREWITH—CONCERNING GRETA

The Greta Garbo-John Gilbert team (shown here in A Woman of Affairs) was one of the factors which helped make Greta such a towering and well-founded success.

Can you picture the seductive Garbo working in a barber shop? Or standing behind a counter in the Maey’s of her home town, selling millinery? It doesn’t seem possible.

Greta Garbo, queen of the studios, is, according to the author of this article, what movie officials call “difficult.” In other words, temperamental.

Yet because she can face a microphone without wrecking it, the movie world goes mad. At least—madly. Upon what meat doth this our Greta feed that she hath grown so great?

In a few brief years she has become one of the Great American Credos like those about the Noble Experiment, that We Won the War, Three Lights on a Match, All Men Born Free and Equal, and Clara Bow being a Red Hot Momma.

In a garrulous nation she has kept silent. Amid a mob of magpies she’s clam-like as Cal. And because she won’t “give out”, they’ve drooled her into mystery with more bilious babbings than pop from a mud-geyser. No matter what else, Greta has had sense enough to play the pose. In a province of Pollyannas, she is Sweet Melancholy—the ever-fascinating figure of the Woman Who Walks Alone.

So we are treated to the spectacle of an anemic, over-slender girl, with straight and rather stringy tresses, a skin kissed to washed-out pallor by the cold Northern Lights, shoulders too broad and angular for her frame, over-sized extremities, and a mouth knife-like to the point of cruelty, being hailed as the Beauty par excellence of Hollywood. Yet there is every type from Dove to Del Rio.

She conjures sympathy with a pose of perpetual unhappiness. The boring posture of eternal loneliness. The stoic figure ever gazing toward the sea. And they build her into the Woman Who Walks Alone. Yet there is the plucky Swanson.

They nominate her the “Volcano of Ice”, the “Woman of Snow and Fire”, and a thousand other catchy descriptions exactly similar to those slogans which sell cigarettes, soap and cinema stars. Yet there is Evelyn Brent.

As a matter of fact, Greta should be bubbling over with happiness, and through sheer thankfulness and the great joy of living—of being allowed to live—she should be the life of the party.

She herself tacitly admits being one of us when she means: “I was born in a house; I grew up like everybody else; I didn’t like to go to school.” It sounds human. And it seems she must have been human during those first fourteen years in that suburb of Sodertalje, over the Malar. Before the death of her father left her a widow’s youngest of three orphans.

Her family had no money—who’s has?—and as little Greta Louise was, shall we say, backward in the school she detested, Ma Gustafsson consented that she go to work. Not unlike the history of the girl next door, so far, is it?

She worked in a barber shop, lathering mugs. An American girl would have been manicurist—or a “beautician.” Tall for her age (the neighbors probably called it “gawky,” “awkward”), she got a job in the local Macy’s or Marshall Field’s. In ladies and misses ready-to-wear. Later, in millinery. Contact with the hair-trigger wit of the sales-girls sharpened her own. She became smarter—more chic—and more critical of the customers and the whole world. It may be presumed that one so introspective as Greta began now to be a bit sneering and bitter toward the luxury surrounding her and marked “Verboten” to a mere vendeuse of hats.

Just ten years ago she made her film bow. It was in what

[Continued on page 89]
Mr. McLaglen is the second star to give the low-down on himself in TALKING SCREEN'S series of delightful self-interviews—and he does himself proud.

"Well, McLaglen," I says to myself like, "so you've turned out to be one of those writing fellows. You've done everything in the world except shove a pen across a piece of paper and now they ask you to turn H. G. Wells and train a gross of adjectives and a barrel of nouns into a pretty yarn." "Yeah?" says I threateningly.

"Nix!" says McLaglen, fast with his footwork, and dodging that one neatly. "Why not?" I comes back. "Well, in the first place, Vic, I never could spell. Always got the vowels in 'receive' and 'believe' mixed up." "Won't need to use those words," says I, grinning.

AND, in the second place," continues McLaglen ignoring that, "I'd rather handle a horse than a typewriter, any day. Or build a cabin like the one I built in Cobalt, up in the Canadian backwoods that season I was scouting around for silver... remember?" "And you cut down trees, larches they were, all piny smell-
In Baghdad, Victor McLaglen was a Provost Marshal. He had a house, stables and servants at his command. But he gave them all up for the McLaglen wanderlust. Here you see him in typical Arabian costume.

But that was after the four kids came down from the Syrian's place and wanted to live with me. They were pampered kids, living on their parents' remittances, and bought the roof for the shack. And then they decided they didn't want to support me and we got into a big row and threw canned beans around the place and—""—picked up the stove—""

""—and hurled it at 'em!" says McLaglen, eyes all fired with memory, and then the Chief of Police came down and settled it. Told the boys to beat it. That he had seen Vic McLaglen building that house himself, and it was his."

"Was it a good roof?" I asks casually.

"Water-tight," answers McLaglen, thinking of the smell of the pine woods in the early morning, and Arkhill, the quiet Englishman who wrote a novel in the shack, and 'Peanut Joe' Silverman, London medical student, whose barrel of frozen oysters started him on his road to wealth, and Decamp, the mineralogist, and LeFevre, the wrestler, who brought him a hundred and fifty dollars in a fixed fight, and Fred Snyder, and Pete the Greek, and ten frozen toes.

"But the cabin burned," he finished suddenly, snapping out of it.

And you just had time to grab your clothes and the two thousand dollars you'd saved and beat it for Cobalt. But the town didn't last long because the fire caught the dynamite house—"

"And then I pushed on to Toronto," interrupts McLaglen, taking the words from out of my mouth.

"Boxing all corners."

"Yeah. What a life. Sometimes I wish I were living it over again. I smell musk, somewhere, and it reminds me of Poona in India. I go to Palm Springs in the California desert and get a powerful longing for Baghdad and the hot oriental sun, and the life that the 4/10 Middlesex Regiment led. Fighting, marching, achin', bleeding, sweating, cursing, living, loving. I think of the Bund and the Tigris, like copper in the evening sun, and the bazaar walls yelling their heads off trying to sell laces and rugs to the Tommies."

And little Niema... Remember Niema, McLaglen? You almost married her. Sweet little thing, too. All soft and womanly.

"And her father. A fine old Arabian gentleman. I was going to chuck the Army, you recall, and settle down in business with him. Have a camel caravan. I wangled gold coins from the Turkish prisoners and had them melted into bangles, bracelets, earrings and such — for Niema."

"It was just then that Fred died, wasn't it, McLaglen? He was always your favorite brother. Kind of hero to you. Lied about his age and enlisted at fourteen and all that. None of the other six boys ranked with him in your mind. Anything he did was okey. Of course, Lily was different. She was your only sister. But if Fred hadn't died, right before the close of the War, you might still be in Arabia, eh?"

"Maybe. And not putting a powder puff on my cheeks in Hollywood for a living. And lining my eyebrows with a pencil. It's a soft job for a man, isn't it? I mean being a hero from nine to five every day and riding home in a red Lincoln? Posing for publicity pictures and making personal appearances. Gee, if 'Punch' Allen could see me now, he'd say I was a softie. Red-headed, he was, big as a giant, with freckles like postage stamps. Head groom in the barracks stables when I ran away from home in Tunbridge Wells, Kent, and joined the Life Guards. Great chap. Lucky to get in His Majesty's Life Guards, I was, but at fourteen I was tall like the rest of the family, and the Guardsmen had to be big chaps."

Funny racket — pictures, for a man, McLaglen. But don't you kind of like it? Mugging for the camera and being known all over the world. It's an easy way to make money, too. Your wife and little Andrew and Sheila can have everything they want. A home in Beverly Hills. A summer home in La Jolla along the coast. You can keep a horse and ride every morning at six, the way you do. And all you're doing is reliving your life before the camera. In Winds of Chance you were a Canuck lumberjack. In What Price Glory and The Cock-Eyed World you were a soldier. And in The Black Watch you were a soldier in your native country's service. It's a pipe, man, a pipe!" He slapped his leg jovially.

[Continued on page 80]
NOW there's a woman assistant director—a quiet girl named Winfred Laurance, whose fluency in four languages made it possible for her to aid in the filming of the RKO foreign versions of Rio Rita, The Case of Sergeant Grischa, and other pictures. As assistant director, her work consists of okaying pay checks, synchronizing and cutting film, and outlining work for the entire company for the following day. It is, naturally, Miss Laurance's ambition to attain a full directorship some day.

Sounds of vigorous whacking, mingled with the groans of strong men and plump women, issue from a certain bungalow on the Pathé lot. That's Sylvia Ulbeck, the famous Norwegian masseuse, who looks quite small and unterrifying—until she rolls up her sleeves and gets to work. God creates humans, but Sylvia makes them safe for "dat ole davil camera." They may be black and blue in their boudoir, but the stars are beautiful on the screen when she finishes them! Every week Sylvia deposits $400 in her sock, paid by the studio. Stars come from every other lot in Hollywood, at $10 to $25 a treatment, paid into the Pathé coffers.

By DOROTHEA HAWLEY CARTWRIGHT

WOEVER said this is a man's world had never been to Hollywood! In almost every one of the highly specialized departments of the motion picture industry, women have invaded territory that is masculine by tradition.

Probably best known to the fans is Dorothy Arzner, one of the most successful women to pit her ability against that of men. She is one of the most delightful young persons in the film colony—frank, unassuming, and completely lacking in egotism, in spite of her being the only woman director in the business. Photographs of her suggest an austerity that she does not possess. The trim tweed suits she wears are by no means a concession to her "masculine" position—she apparently is lacking in the frilly vanities of the average woman, and she finds tweeds comfortable. She is probably the only woman allowed at the sacred long table reserved for Paramount bigwigs; but she is not flattered by this privilege—after all, there are lots of other tables in the room! She believes in talkies as excellent entertainment, but was never terrified by them. Stage and screen are two separate entities, and neither will ever encroach seriously on the other. Miss Arzner is enthusiastic over the possibilities of television, which she claims will be the next great forward stride in the motion picture business. Her practical knowledge of many branches of the film industry—she has been secretary, reader, writer, script girl, and star cutter—enables her to tackle her difficult job intelligently. She, as a person, is every bit as interesting as the success she has carved for herself in a business of heartbreaking ups and downs. A success for which she has worked hard and thoroughly

At the RKO studios, Betty Roberts (left) is in complete charge of the scenario department. Her knowledge of good screen stories is profound.

To the right we have Peggie Coleman, chief nurse over at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot. She can cure you of anything, in a jiffy—or half a jiffy.

Henrietta Cohn (left) is Business Manager at Paramount. She had complete charge of all the expenditures for the film Sarah and Son.
ONLY

Dorothy Mackaill is now being reduced by inches; Mary Lewis’ moon-face was made heart-shaped, and her pounds of all-too-solid flesh diminished by twenty-odd; Ina Claire has been unfeelingly ordered by Sylvia to chew gum to develop her lower jaw; Whispering Jack Smith is being trimmed down and beautified. There is probably not a star in Hollywood who hasn’t felt Sylvia’s strong right arm where it would do the most good. Constance Bennett, who was distressingly underweight, is now fifteen pounds plumper, and is one of Sylvia’s best boosters on the screen and off.

Strange as it seems, the majority of designers in the film mecca are men. Out of eight or ten leading studios, only three have women in charge of the sartorial destiny of their stars. Of these, the most noted is Sophie Wachner of Fox Films, who began her long and successful career by designing clever outfits for her paper dolls when she was a tiny child. Mrs. Wachner is responsible for the beautiful gowns of Sue Carol, Mary Duncan, Janet Gaynor, Lois Moran, Lenore Ulric, June Collyer, Fifi Dorsay, and dozens of other Fox players. Johanna Mathieson, of Universal Pictures, handles the chic wardrobes of Laura La Plante, Mary Nolan, Jeanette Loff, and Barbara Kent. The youngest woman designer in a studio is Gwen Wakeling, who is as pretty as many of the stars for whom she creates wonderful garments — Ina Claire, Constance Bennett,

You’ll be surprised at the number of women who hold important positions in the movie industry—quite apart from acting.

Above, we have Gwen Wakeling, the youngest dress designer in the movie game. Carol Lombard is one of the stars for whom she creates brilliant and fascinating garments.

Lillian Rosini (above) is one of the cleverest make-up directors in Hollywood. She works for M-G-M and here you see her giving hints on make-up to Raquel Torres.

Winifred Laurance is the only woman assistant director in the business. Her fluency in four languages made it possible for her to aid in the filming of the foreign versions of Rio Rita and others.

Ann Harding, Helen Twelvetrees, all under contract to Pathé. In spite of the popularity of men designers, many of the fans feel that it’s the women who can best bring to the screen clothes that combine originality and practicality.

Beauty may be skin deep; but what’s on top of the skin matters most to the all-seeing eye of the camera. Lillian Rosini, director of make-up for M-G-M, knows all the clever little tricks that make small eyes seem large; long noses, short; wide mouths, kissable; double chins, girlish.
She can make old faces bloom with youth, and baby-faces assume the lines of middle-age. She is an artist whose canvas is the human body. Like a master painter, she must know what colors to apply for certain effects, and how. Never in the history of motion pictures has make-up been more involved. If a panchromatic make-up were used when a multicolor camera was employed, maybe your favorite star would look like nothing but a hole in the wall! Miss Rosini personally handles the make-up of Greta Garbo, Joan Crawford, Anita Page, Marion Davies, Norma Shearer and dozens of others who come and go at the studio. Her thorough understanding of her work conceals from the fans the glaring facial defects of many of your favorite actresses. No wonder Miss Rosini is just about the most popular woman in Hollywood!

PROBABLY the best-known studio research woman is Besie McGaffey, who organized the first Famous-Players-Lasky department, around 1915, and later joined De Mille. Miss McGaffey can tell you just which of the many styles of ancient Egyptian derby Pharaoh should wear; all about the dental work of the cave man; how to hail a taxi in Siam—in fact, there's mighty little she doesn't know, after all these years of research! For more about her, see story on page 64.

"Business Manager" is a very important sounding title; but Henrietta Cohn of Paramount, and Ella Williams of M-G-M, have both earned it. Miss Cohn was responsible for all the expenditures on Sarah and Son, while Miss Williams handles all the business affairs for Cosmopolitan Productions—Marion Davies' unit.

HOW would you like to be phoned very casually some night and told to pack your toothbrush for a trip to South Africa or Tahiti, or one of a hundred other Arabian Night sections of the globe? Josephine Chippo has recently returned from ten months in Africa, where Trader Horn was filmed. She handled script— that is, checked off each scene as it was shot—on White Shadows of the South Sea and The Pagan. In addition to this job, "Joe" serves as private secretary to the traveling director, W. S. Van Dyke. Hers is the most broadening job in the entire motion picture industry, since travel is an education in itself.

Outside of Hollywood, a "film cutter" is an unknown quantity; but inside a studio he or she is the deity who assembles all the sequences of a picture and turns out a finished product—a sort of editorial dressmaker. It is left to the cutter's judgment which of the several shots of the same scene is to be used, and how long certain sequences are to run. Now that talkies have complicated picture-making, the cutter's job includes eliminating words, phrases, even entire paragraphs of a speech. And if your favorite actor lisps, the cutter, with a snip of the scissors, turns all the "th's" to "ts"! It is said that Anne Bauchens is the most experienced film editor in the motion picture colony. Not only has she cut all of C. B. De Mille's pictures, but scores of others—Margaret Clancy of Fox; Blanche Sewell and Margaret Booth of M-G-M; and Verna Willis, of Paramount, are outstanding in their profession. The job of cutter is fairly evenly divided between men and women.

IF YOU'RE an interior decorator, you might run competition with Margery Prevost, who supervises the decorations of all the modern, English, and Spanish settings for M-G-M productions.

If you're a trained nurse, perhaps you could get a job in one of the emergency hospitals, maintained and fully staffed by every studio in the business. Accidents will happen, and doctors and nurses must be ready for everything from hangnails to broken ribs. Peggie Coleman, chief nurse of M-G-M.

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**AFFAIRS OF THE HEART**

Film folk who are saying "We will!"—"We do!"—"We're through!"

**D**aniel Cupid will have to step on it if he wants to keep pace with dat ole david divorce. Just when Hollywood was beginning to pride itself on its number of tried-and-true marriages, along came two shocks within the same month.

Colleen Moore sued John McCormick for divorce, and on the heels of that announcement came the news that Betty Compson and Jim Cruze had reached the parting of the ways.

Colleen claimed mental cruelty, filed her papers and a property settlement was arranged out of court. Immediately afterward, John plunged recklessly in the stock market and won $80,000 at one shot. Pocketing that roll, he sailed for Honolulu.

Betty Compson also claimed mental cruelty and further explained that Cruze kept their home filled with guests, invited and uninvited, to such an extent that she could never rest.

Betty and Jim separated about a year ago but went back together. Everyone thought they had reached a permanent attitude of live and let live, so word of the definite break came as a surprise.

Hollywood has brought more than screen fame to Vivienne Segal and William Boyd, both of the New York stage. Vivienne came west to appear in Warner Brothers productions and Boyd made his film début in The Locked Door for United Artists.

The couple met at a party and a romance developed. Now, Boyd is superintending the building of Miss Segal's new Malibu cottage and it is suspected that they will use it for a honeymoon.

When Lewis Milestone returns from his trip abroad, wedding bells will ring for him and Agnes Ayres. The couple announced their engagement prior to his departure from Hollywood. Miss Ayres was at one time the wife of Manuel Reachi, prominent South American, and Mr. Milestone has heretofore escaped the toils of matrimony.

By the time this reaches print, Natalie Moorhead will probably be Mrs. Alan Crosland. Two divorces within the past year have helped the cause of true love between this charming couple.

Some time ago Miss Moorhead was the wife of Raymond H. Phillips and when a Reno dispatch trumpeted the divorce, both professed to know nothing about it. This will also be Crosland's second marriage, his first wife, Mrs. Juanita Fletcher Crosland, having obtained a Paris decree recently.

Some months ago Crosland and Phillips enjoyed a fisticuff encounter near Miss Moorhead's home. Phillips was taken to a police station in Beverly Hills but was later released.

Dorothy Dwan, widow of Larry Semon, is going to try matrimony again. She has announced her engagement to Paul N. Boggs, Jr., prominent young business man of Beverly Hills.

Miss Dwan was a well-known actress several years ago at the time she married Larry Semon and retired from the screen. Upon his death, she tried to effect a comeback, but without much success. So, she entered her mother's publicity business, and gave up all thought of further appearance on the screen.

Mr. Boggs is the son of the vice-president of the Union Oil Company, one of the largest corporations on the coast, and is himself an official of that organization.

The wedding will be a quiet one, after which the couple will take a short honeymoon trip. Upon their return they will move into a completely furnished new home, the gift of the groom's parents.

Dorothy Jordan has one of the nicest beaus in Hollywood. He is Lieut. Chester Lewis, a young aviator, and he proves his devotion by sending an orchid a day. Now other Hollywood girls are asking Dorothy her system. But we venture to say that mighty few girls could train them this way.
When the talkies came, John Boles (right) was earning $600 a week. Immediately his worth jumped and his employers loaned him out at four times that sum.

Clara Bow earned plenty of money at Paramount, but she didn’t get it all. She had to give some to B. P. Schulberg because her personal contract with him forced her to.

Buddy Rogers, the sole surviving member of the Paramount School, was receiving only $400 a week on the day his fan mail broke Valentino’s record.

Alice White (left) has been a full-fledged star for some time, yet, when she first became one her salary was only $500 a week. She was worth far more.

Supporting the legend of immense salaries paid Hollywood film players is sometimes necessary—in Hollywood. But here is the truth about it

By HERBERT CRUIKSHANK

BACK in the good old days when life was tougher than a gunman’s gal, many a boy with a strong back and no brains proved that there was gold in them that Hollywood hills. They faced the wilderness with a pick and poverty as companions. They returned to what was laughingly called civilization in the guise of muscle-bound millionaires.

The Hollywood hegira hasn’t ceased since ’49. But now, in place of gold from the hills, the modern argonauts seek silver from the silver screen. The gold was 14 K., but the silver is frequently without the “sterling” hall-mark. Examination discloses the word “plated” in very small type.

If you doubt it, ask those intrepid miners Jack Oakie, Clara Bow, John Boles, Alice White, Jimmy Hall, Helen Twelvetrees, Sue Carol, “Buddy” Rogers,—oh, shut your eyes and select any screen name. They all can tell you. For, like Dad, they know.

Their troubles, however, are not usually written for runners to read. There are two sorts of people in the world—those who deny being winners in a poker game, and movie actors. The actors always pretend far more prosperity than even Charlie Schwab imagines. So financial difficulties are carefully hidden from all but creditors. But sometimes secrets, like murders, will out.

ABOUT two years ago Jack Oakie hit Hollywood with a smile and a spade with which to shovel movie money into his own private vault. But somewhere there was a hitch, and soon Jack’s spade looked more like a deuce than an ace. Then along came director Wesley Ruggles, a bright boy with an eye for the main chance. Wes gave Jack a job in a Universal picture, and Jack gave Wes a first-rate performance.

Ruggles, however, was the only one who appreciated the fact that he’d stumbled over a rough diamond—very rough. He backed his judgment by signing Oakie to a contract, the terms of which called for Jack to draw $100 every Saturday—whether he worked or not. Wesley was to have for his end all over the $100 that he could get for his player’s services. From time to time Jack was to get a raise in pay.

Through Ruggles’ skillful management, his connections, and because Oakie had the goods to deliver, it wasn’t long before Wesley sublet the actor to Paramount for $250 a week—$100 for Jack, $150 for his manager. Because of a combination of things in which good fortune played no little part, Oakie appeared in a series of roles especially suited to his type and talents. Then the trouble began. It still endures.

RIGHTFULLY enough, Oakie, now one of Paramount’s most popular featured players, believes he is worth more than what he is receiving. He has endeavored to make an arrangement with the Company. But up bobs Ruggles with his contract. After a series of conferences all around, the director arranged with Paramount for that organization to pay him $1,750 weekly, $1500 of which he agreed to hand Jack. But the player snorts a stentorian “no” to this. So no one’s getting anything and Paramount is saving the difference between what it is willing to pay Jack when things are straightened out, and what it is paying now under the terms of its old contract with Ruggles.
The case is not exceptional. Many and many a poverty-stricken player has been taken in tow by some one with bread-and-butter money to pass out, and enough judgment to visualize possibilities overlooked by the rank and file producers. And in nine cases in ten, an unfortunate spectacle of broken friendship ensues.

Not all the actors who appear to be good bets turn out so. Then the angel must pocket his loss. It would seem, therefore, that he is entitled to remuneration when he selects a winner. And that his profit should be commensurate with

At the left we have Wesley Ruggles, the shrewd director who saw possibilities in Jack Oakie and put him under contract at $100 a week.

Oakie (right) is still under contract to Ruggles and although Paramount is willing to pay Ruggles $1750 weekly, of which Jack would receive only $1500, Jack refuses this.

A LICE WHITE was a full-fledged star at First National, and yet her salary was but $500 weekly. Sue Carol was rented out for $1,200 a week and received $200. John Boles was getting $600 a week, and the company doubted that it was more blessed to give than to receive. Then came the talkies, and overnight, John, with Hollywood's best—in fact only—singing voice, was sublet for $2,500 or $3,500. And had he been triplets there wouldn't have been enough Boles to go 'round. Clara Bow was under personal contract to B. P. Schulberg. And it was said that this contract was one of the assets that enabled Ben to become one of the Paramount fold.

One hears much of "long term contracts." One reads that a player has been signed up for five years. This, to the casual reader, seems to spell a period of security. But it doesn't. For with very few exceptions, each of these agreements contains an option clause recurring each year or every six months. According to the terms, the player may be released upon the expiration of each option. The company has all the say-so. The actor none. Lois Moran's contract with Fox was one of the exceptions. It ran for three years—with no options.

Contracts almost invariably provide a "sliding scale" of remuneration. If, when option time rolls round, the actor's services are continued, it is usually with increased salary. But there are not a few cases when the procedure has been somewhat as follows.

About a month before option day, the player finds himself shunned by the studio bosses. And after thirty days of this treatment he feels pretty sensitive and uneasy regarding his status on the lot. Then the zero hour arrives and he is called in on the carpet. With many frowns, and hems and haws, he is told that business isn't half as sound as Mr. Hoover would have him believe. And that it is especially pedilicus so far as his particular pictures are concerned. So

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Silver-Plated Screen

the dollar and cents success attained by the protégé.

O F COURSE, when the thespian gets the wrinkles out of his abdominal region by filling the long-felt want of a few beef stews, he is rather liable to form the views of a somewhat different and more self-sufficient man. There's an old adage about the hardship of paying for dead horses, and surely there can be nothing more irksome than the repetitious paying for past favors. It is not hard to see why a player revolts at handing over a big percentage of his earnings. Especially when those earnings reach important figures.

This situation is but one of many existing in the realm of the silver-plated screen. "Buddy" Rogers, figuratively picked from the air for the Paramount Players School of several seasons back, was the only one of a group of promising students to make good in a big way. Originally all the graduates were signed to contracts at small salaries—about $100 a week. Paramount lost money on most of them. But it made money on Rogers. Yet upon the very day when his fan-mail record broke that established by Rudolph Valentino, he was making only $400. On the same day he received a vaudeville offer of twenty weeks at $10,000 a week. What is the answer?

But for Paramount there'd have been no "Buddy." Yet the Rogers name came to mean box-office thousands to the organization. It would require a Solomon to render a just judgment. And Solomons are rarer than Abies.

At the left we have Lois Moran, one of the very few stars who has had the good fortune to have a contract without any options to it.

John McCormack had a real contract, according to reports. He is supposed to have received $10,000 a week for ten weeks for being in Song O' My Heart.
LIBERTY BELLE

By
Herbert Cruikshank

If your quota number isn't too recent, perhaps you've heard tell that the Liberty (Ring-Grandpa-Ring) Bell repos in Philadelphia with the citizenry. It's cracked as the voice of a movie actor who sticks to the stillies — split wide as the Eighteenth Amendment.

But there's another Liberty Belle whose tones ring clear as one of those days when you can see Catalina from Hollywood. Her name is synonymous with Freedom.

That quotation about "Ring Out Wild Belle" might be taken as an ode to Betty. Except for the wild part.

Or should it be the wild part-y. She shouts the Battle Cry of Freedom, all right. But her discretion equals her enthusiasm. As in her songs upon the talking screen.

You've read of stars who try to be different. Betty was indifferent. Without trying. Just when she signed her own particular Declaration of Independence is shrouded in the mists of memory. Had she been born on a Fourth of July, it might have been then. Probably it dates back to the days of pigtails and pinafores, and the drab poverty of childhood in a Utah log cabin. Maybe the initial revolt occurred at the injustice of being made to wash for a short-sleeved frock—when the only one she owned had long sleeves. And no elbows.

But Betty was born to be a star. Herself, she didn't care. One imagines the sullen, pouting mouth began to grow that way under the jibes of those heartless savages we call children. But a mother who slaved if ever a mother did, forced this daughter's half-shod feet along the paths of fame. As a kid, for instance, she was taking violin lessons. Her mother made her.

Somehow she got as far as high school. Then, one day she decided she wanted silk stockings. She joined a vaudeville act and left Salt Lake flat. She's never been back. "Local Girl, Makes Good!" So what the devil? It's all one to Betty Compson.

Of course she was a movie fan. Among her favorites were Earle Williams and James Cruze. (She played in Earle's last film. And she married Jim.) So she was drawn toward Hollywood. Subconsciously. Because it was as good a place as any. Because destiny led her there.

Blue-eyed, Swede-thatched blondes,
As Babka, in The Case of Sergeant Grisha, playing opposite Chester Morris, Betty gave one of the best performances that she has ever donated to the talking or silent screen.

They were titled The Terror of the Range and The Devil's Trail.

But fortune came tap, tap tapping along, like the blind beggar it is. It was ten years ago—eleven come next Michaelmass—that George Loane Tucker produced that three-fold star-maker, The Miracle Man. From its celluloid mazes, Betty, Lon Chaney and Tom Meighan emerged to glory and glorify. She and Lon are placed in proximity because the slim princess of the cinema has named him as her idea of sex-appealful manhood.

Perhaps is was the passing of director Tucker that intensified her indifference. For, as every rule has its exception, so was he one man toward whom the star with the pouring lips felt far from neutral. He was the first great love. And Betty, who believes a little in such things, will tell you that she has heard from him. Even from the Valley of the Shadow.

But fortune had fitted her into its groove. Big parts came her way. And she played them. They sought her. Never she them. She went on for five years. Played in thirty films. Then, with financial independence to back her own, she suddenly quit pictures cold. Without even bothering to say "addio", she washed off the make-up and retired.

The true story of her so-called come-back has never before been printed. It is very brief. Very simple. And very personal. A feminine characteristic is responsible—vanity.

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Free-lancer extraordinary, Betty Compson voluntarily dropped out of the movies and then staged a come-back with amazing ease. Perhaps her very casualness has been her success.
SO YOU’RE FROM

Heaven help you if you’re a celebrity from the cinema capital, for you’ll be bombarded with questions about Hollywood. Questions foolish and amazing.

Every star that departs from Hollywood for any point in the whole world is deluged with questions. Monte Blue was asked to show a picture of his gold-plated bath-tub.

S
O YOU’RE from Hollywood, eh?
Well, well, well!

Putty rough town, that, eh? Ha ha! Nothing quiet and peaceful about it like Pleasantown, here, is there? Wild parties and extra girls, cracky if that ain’t the modern Babylon. Jazz, gin and janes, eh? Ha ha! Well, them that has artistic instincts has got to give ‘em a little exercise. Art for art’s sake is my motto. But, sa-ay, is it true about all these dope parties? Do they really go around half naked? Can a girl get along in pictures without—well, you know.

How about Mary Pickford? Was that a wig she used to wear with them long curls? Is it true that Gloria Swanson is really dead, that she died in France a couple of years ago, and this gal we see on the screen is her double? Did Bebe Daniels sing all those songs in Rio Rita herself, or did someone sing them for her? Does Lupe Velez eat raw hamburger sandwiches for luncheon and is it true that she is married to Monte Blue? Was Greta Garbo once a jazz dancer on a vaudeville circuit in Sweden?

And so on, far into the night. And far into the day. That’s what the traveling artiste gets when the natives spot the word “Hollywood” on his luggage; on the hotel register. Questions. Questions. Inquiries. How far is Hollywood from Los Angeles and does Rin Tin Tin eat shredded wheat biscuits? Far into the dawn the questions come tumbling. The sunlight peeps in at the window but the chambermaid is there before it: How does Lilian Tashman dress her hair, and where could I get a screen test?

The bell hop wants to know if Lon Chaney looks that way in life and the elevator starter has heard that Charlie (Two Black Crows) Mack eats watermelon for breakfast. At tea, the sub-deb or jeune fille—have it your own way. I’m not one to argue—sidles up to ask if Charlie Farrell and Virginia Valli are really That Way about each other, and
HOLLYWOOD! By DOROTHY SPENSLEY

whether Myrna Loy is Chinese. At the florid banquet table that night the mayor leans across the terrapin to ask if the Hollywood liquor question is distressing, and, confidentially, if Clara Bow is—ahem, well, you know—sort of gay off-screen.

The country is saddled with curiosity. It has a Peeping Tom complex. It wants to know about Hollywood—all about Hollywood and its people. It must know about the passion center of the world, the most publicized town in two hemispheres, but not sufficiently press-agented, apparently, to satisfy the public’s demand for news. In other fields they can wallow in information. They can buy biographies, if they’re the type, and discover that George Washington drank too much and dallied with the dames. They can have their favorite hero de-bunked in a best seller. But they can’t put an eye to the keyhole and see what Joan Crawford wears for breakfast. They must spread an open ear, like the best of us, for any gossip that concerns Hollywood. They believe the most fabulous things. Incredibilities are accepted as truths. Returning film players, home after vacations, location trips, or from abroad, repeat amazing questions that have been thrust at them.

ALL THE way from Bakersfield to Bruges and faraway Uganda the questions arise to smite the travelling Hollywoodians. The world has a few definite notions about Hollywood, too, that are not to be blasted. Hollywood is a den of iniquity. Of that they are sure. It is a festering sore on the face of humanity. It is overrun with cocaine sniffers, morphine addicts, drunkards, ladies of joy and the scum of the earth. The favorite question, according to reports of the city’s returning prodigals, is on the dope situation. Next comes the question of morals.

After that the climate, which is good for several hours. They don’t ask the travelling stars about Buenavente or Ibsen or whether Gershwin’s stuff will endure. They didn’t want Madeline Hurlock, for instance, to talk about the superiority of Schnitzler when she went to Hawaii. All they wanted to know was whether Ben Turpin’s eyes were really crossed. She had been his leading lady in a sheaf of pictures.

When Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy, our favorite film funny fellows, went to make a personal appearance in San Francisco, did they ask them about the source of true humor? They did not. The question was “Is Farina a boy or a girl?” Of course he’s a boy, and Ben’s eyes are permanently befuddled. And they wanted to know what the parents did with the money the kids in “Our Gang” earned. And whether the studios paid for clothes damaged in those knock-em-down-and-drag-em-out comedies.

IN ALSACE the natives asked Corinne Griffith if Hollywood had its own dialect and whether New Yorkers could understand it, and in Saint Moritz, a Swiss guide wanted Richard Barthelmess to tell him if the mark of stardom was in having three homes—one in Beverly Hills, one in Hollywood and one at Malibu Beach. He had been reading the magazines. Alphonse, in a French café, struck an attitude of astonishment when Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., entered

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CAPTAIN COURAGEOUS

The life of Ivan Lebedeff—up-and-coming talkie player—has had more real drama than any of his movie roles

By MAYME OBER PEAK

DISTINGUE is the best word to describe the air of Ivan Lebedeff. The first time I saw him, I involuntarily turned and stared. In this city of false fronts and no backs (with due apologies to Fanny Hurst) to turn a hard-boiled reporter around for another look is some achievement.

The slim young Russian had a military—almost autocratic—bearing about him. Groomed to a meticulous nicety, carrying gloves and walking stick with the debonair air of the Boulevardier, he strode down the street wrapped in an intensity of reflection apparently unconscious of the effect he was creating.

I did not know who he was but I knew he was somebody. Frequently he emerged from the Plaza Hotel, as I was passing on route to the Hollywood post office on the next block. I reached the point where I looked for the handsome, always hatless, Russian—counting the day lost when he failed to appear. Somehow the true elegant seemed to lend a breath of the Champs Elysees to the village air of Hollywood's trade marts.

Before long, I began recognizing my distinguished Russian on the screen. In little parts, bending gracefully over ladies' hands. My word, thought I, the man is nothing but a handsome handkisser with a Satanic smile! A beautiful automaton in faultless evening clothes! Certainly the perfect model for a ladies man, and apparently to the manner born, but that's all.

Ivan was not yet 17 when he entered the Imperial Lyceum. Above is the graduation report which entitled him to special privileges in all government activities.

At left is the official document which gives credit to Ivan Lebedeff for being, with his troops, the first to enter Odessa.
I WATCHED him lending an air to movie premières with his monocle and spats, beaming lovely women around, pressing courtly kisses on their dainty wrists.

From a story standpoint, I did not become interested in Ivan Lebedeff until I saw him do a finished piece of work in Bety Compson's Street Girl, in which he appeared as the Austrian prince. His entrance in the café scene was a stunner. He was every inch the prince, thrilling the feminine contingent of the audience when he opened his mouth and spoke as a prince should speak.

Again I was impressed with Lebedeff as the handsome young Marquis, in Will Rogers' They Had to See Paris. The picture featured another grand stairway entrance, to be sure—producers no more can resist it with a man who looks like Lebedeff than they could have resisted trailing Gloria Swanson up and down stairs when they discovered how well trains became her!

While shooting a scene in this picture, I happened to be on the set one day. Will Rogers was putting over a bit of business. Ivan Lebedeff stood watching—aloof and stiff, with an expression on his face that intrigued me. What was this cultured continental thinking of America's rough and ready Will?

When I finally interviewed Lebedeff, I reminded him of this scene, declaring I would have given more than a penny for his thoughts. "Oh," said he, "I was studying my character. This man looks with contempt upon me because I want to marry his daughter for her money. I must act as he thinks I am."

Certainly, Ivan Lebedeff does not act as he is in real life. To meet him is to find all the charm of the typical Continental—than which there is none greater. But the courtly, beautiful shell in which he lives is not the real Lebedeff.

At left is a document establishing Lebedeff's status as an aristocrat. "...he is acknowledged in the status of hereditary nobility..." the certificate reads in part.

P ut your ear to it, and see what echoes you hear of a past more replete with drama than any movie ever written. The drama of the youngest officer in the Russian army, who once held a city of half a million souls in the palm of his hand. I listened to his story for four hours one afternoon, way beyond the tea hour at the Plaza. And when I left I carried away papers giving dates of battles, names of officers still living who could be queried if his story were doubted.

Hollywood is the Mecca for bogus titles and imposters. Ivan Lebedeff, I dare say, has been "looked up" more than once. Whoever he may be, he is an interesting study for analysis.

Take his hotel suite, for instance. Instead of the luxury one would imagine his fastidiousness would require, Ivan Lebedeff's modest, almost bare surroundings might be those of a student. Manuscript, papers, books were strewn everywhere, and were piled in a desk in a window facing the Hollywood hills.

"What I am doing now," he told me, "is only preparatory work. I am studying and working all the time. By and by the time may come when I will be on top, when I am able not only to act but to influence the creation of the whole story.

"I find enormous pleasure in art, music, literature, science,

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JANICE LANE looked at herself in the wavy mirror over her dressing table. Despite the mirror's imperfections what she saw should have been eminently satisfactory to any girl. Her eyes were deep and fire, like violets; her nose straight and good, with a tiny tilt at the end; her mouth wide, sweet and kissable. Her soft brown hair, newly grown out, set off her well-shaped head and emphasized the white perfection of her throat. It was caught in a small bun at the back.

Then she looked down at her dress, and into her eyes came a look of despair. It was an old dress, one she had worn often to dances and parties here in Crestmont, and it could never again be remodeled in accordance with the mode. The skirt was too short and narrow, the waistline was all wrong, and the dress cried aloud its age.

"Oh, I can't go!" she cried. "I can't be seen again in this awful rag! I'll phone Dorothy and tell her I'm ill. No, she won't believe that. And if I don't go—Bill—"

Tears welled up in her eyes, making them more than ever like violets, like violets glistening in the rain.

Dorothy Jarvis, who was Thomas P. Jarvis' daughter and lived in the mansion on the hill, had invited Janice to her party. They were old friends. Bill — William Westworth Price, Jr., to give him his full name—would be there. Bill, as Dorothy well knew, was Janice's ideal. She had worshipped him from her school days, had followed his career in college, even though she could seldom afford to go to the big games in which he had played star roles, and now—since he had taken his place in his father's business—he frankly adored him.

BILL, on his part, was fond of her. At least, she thought he was. One could never be quite sure of Bill. He was a supremely casual young man. Once in a long while he called Janice up and said, in his careless way, "Hello, Jan. Let's hop in my car and go somewhere to eat and dance, will you?"

Janice, who would never have thought of being anything but frank and honest with Bill, always accepted eagerly. Bill took it for granted that she would, never imagined that she might have any other engagements. Janice allowed him to get the impression that she was always waiting, patiently but eagerly, for his invitations.

She was happy with him. She loved his carefree good humor, his brilliant good looks, his appearance of being perfectly groomed in any clothes. She liked him best when they were driving through a cool night, in his roadster, and he had to lean against his tweed-clad arm for warmth.

When he kissed her, lightly, as they met or when they parted, she smiled at him. Some day, she hoped, his kisses would not be casual, indifferent things. Some day he would seize her in his arms and hold her tight against him and kiss her madly.

"Oh, I'm a fool!" she said aloud, to her reflection in the mirror. "Bill doesn't care . . . as I do. He never will. I'm mad."

She hadn't seen him for several weeks. She had heard, from several catty acquaintances, that he was rushing Gwendolyn Moore, who was visiting in Crestmont. He hadn't time for Janice when a girl like Gwendolyn was around.

Gwen was as smart as the Rue de la Paix. Janice had met her at a tea given by Dorothy. Gwen's startling, vivid beauty—dark, glowing eyes; blue-black hair; crimson lips—was enough to attract any man. And Bill had shown himself before this to be a susceptible young man.

Besides, Gwen was rich, and Bill's parents no doubt wished him to marry, when he married, a girl whose fortune was as great as his own. Janice was poor, terribly poor; for there
When a movie hero comes to a small town things are bound to happen. Things did happen to Janice—but not what you’d expect.

"I can’t guess," protested Janice. "Tell me."

"Handsome, brilliant, famous, rich!” gloomed Dorothy. "And as nice as anybody. Oh, most awfully nice!"

"Who is it?" cried Janice, really excited.

"Ronald Hill!"

"Ronald Hill!" echoed Janice.

"Oh, you’re spoiling! How did you ever get Ronald Hill here?"

"That’s the amazing and wonderful part of it," went on Dorothy. "Imagine me being hostess to a celebrated talkie star! I was scared to death of meeting him. I didn’t know what he’d be like. You know, he looks nice, but you hear such things about picture people. He was a polo player—really, not publicity—before he went on the stage. You know, he made a big hit in New York and then they got him for the talkies. Well, my cousin, Jim Bradley, has known him for ages. When he was coming here, for a rest between pictures, Jim told him to look me up—and he did!"

"He does look nice, on the screen," said Janice, "and he has the grandest voice. But isn’t he awfully conceited?"

"You’ll judge for yourself, my dear. I think he’s sweet."

"Don’t tell me you’ve fallen in love!"

"Oh, no!" laughed Dorothy. "I’m not the type for him. Besides, when I get good and ready I’m going to marry Hugh."

"Where is this handsome creature? Is he here?"

Janice discovered, when she danced with Ronald, that she had not known what dancing could be until that moment. It was so different from the athletic dancing of Bill.

"He is," nodded Dorothy. "He’s talking to dad now. And dad is perfectly amazed. He says he’s the only gentleman he’s ever met among my friends. Ronald’s English, you know, and of a very good family. Come on! We’ll drag him out of dad’s den and you shall be the first Crestmont vamp to meet him!"

"Oh, no!" protested Janice. "I—"

But Dorothy had her by the arm and was vigorously propelling her toward the door of her father’s study. She flung the door open without knocking and Janice was aware of a tall, good-looking young man rising to meet her.

No, he wasn’t quite handsome, she decided. Not really as handsome as Bill. His features were rather irregular, but charming. He seemed always to be smiling at some secret joke.

"Ronald," said Dorothy, "this is my dearest friend, Janice Lane."

Janice felt shy and awkward before him. He approached her and accepted her hand, bowing over it.

"How do you do, Miss Lane?" he said, in the voice she
had heard in many pictures.

"Why, he was just like anyone else!"

"Janice is one of your most devoted fans, Ronald," said Dorothy, mischievously.

"I hope that's true," he said with a smile. "But I suspect you, Dorothy."

"It is true," Janice found herself saying. "I've enjoyed all of your pictures—ever so much."

"Thank you," he bowed again. "The last one wasn't so bad, I guess. But the one before that—well, they made me play that silly part."

"It was amusing, though," said Janice.

"I've never seen your pictures," spoke up Dorothy's father. "But I shall from now on."

"You may not like them," the star warned him. "I don't like some of them myself."

He turned to Janice. "I wanted to be in-cognito here, but Dorothy wouldn't let me. Won't you tell me if the people I'm to meet?"

With a "See you later, sir" for Mr. Jarvis, and a bow to Dorothy, he indicated that he would like to talk to Janice. Her heart fluttered in confusion. What could she possibly say to this man? Agreeable and mannerly as he was, he must have noted her out-moded dress and her pathetic attempt to look well. Trust a Hollywood man to know styles!

"Run along," said Dorothy. "Tell him to beware of the Crestmont vamps, Jan."

**BY JOVE, he's an intelligent chap!** observed Mr. Jarvis, somewhat wondertingly. "Told me all about the financing of theatrical enterprises. What'd you say they paid him?"

"Five thousand a week," said Dorothy casually. "Nice little stipend, what?"

"Hm! I'm going to buy some theatre stock!"

Ronald and Janice, walking out to the veranda, were silent. He stood looking down over the estates of Crestmont. It was a fine night—clear, cool, starry. Other guests were arriving now. Janice, with a pang of jealousy, saw Bill come up with Gwen on his arm. He was bending over her, chuckling as he talked to her. Gwen flashed him a brilliant, seductive smile.

As the couple paused for an instant, in the light, Ronald saw them.

"Good-looking pair," he observed. "You're to tell me about these people, you know."

"That—that's Gwen Moore. She doesn't live here, she's just visiting in Crestmont. Beautiful, isn't she?"

"Well," he temporized, "perhaps. Striking, at any rate. And the blond chap. He's rather striking, too."

"That's Bill," replied Janice, with a catch in her throat. "Bill Price. He is good-looking, isn't he?"

The star peered at her intently, smiling a little. "Very," he agreed. "Bill seems rather overwhelmed by Gwen."

"Yes, doesn't he?" said Janice, her voice almost stifled. Ronald smiled to himself. He glanced at the girl beside him, saw the tremor of her lips, the mistiness in her eyes, and suddenly felt quite sorry for her. The quality that enabled him to play sympathetic, winning roles on the screen permitted him to detect what another might not have observed. He turned abruptly.

"If you'll pardon my candor, my dear lady," he said, in his winning voice, "some one not far from here is very fond of Bill and is rather afraid that Gwen—"

He shrugged.

"Isn't that so?"

There was more than a glint of tears in Janice's eyes, now.

"Oh, how did you know?" she gasped. "I—"

She knew she shouldn't have come to this party! She would be humiliated. Bill would ignore himself to Gwen, and she would be obviously deserted. Others would talk.

Her shoulders heaved and she was sobbing. Ronald took out a huge square of white linen, and laughing a little, held it to her eyes.

"Here, here, this won't do, you know," he said. "Not at all! Buck up, girl! If you like this Bill chap—he is a handsome brute!—don't let him know you're hurt."

As she continued to sob, he put his arm over her shoulder and murmured to her. Janice shook her head and ceased sobbing.

"I'm an idiot," she confessed, aloud. "Only—"

**SOMEHOW**, against Ronald's shoulder, it was easy for her to talk about Bill. She had not talked about him to anyone else. Ronald listened gravely, although his irrepressible smile lingered about his lips, and when she had finished, he seized her hands.

"Toujours gal!" he cried. "That's the battle-cry. Come along! We'll trip the light fantastic, and all that sort of rot. We'll be merry. We'll give Bill and Gwen to understand that they haven't a monopoly on happiness. What do you say?"

"Oh, you're just being kind. You'll want to be with Dorothy and Gwen and—"

"With you," he corrected her. "Where's your powder puff and compact? Have you them with you?"

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Douglas
Instead,
you
Specialize
private
evaluate
soon
tenderly,
slavey

By
CROSBY FRANK

\[\text{TIPS from TYPES}\]

\[\text{Personality pointers from picture personalities}\]

\[\text{ARE you the sort of young fellow who finds his interests drawn in many different directions—the sort of fellow who is interested in too many things to ever amount to much in one thing? If you are, you may often have worried as to your future. But there is really no cause for such worry, for many, many young fellows have found themselves in this predicament and, sooner or later, have found the path to success. Perhaps the most famous of this type is Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.}\]

\[\text{As a young, very young boy, Doug found himself tremendously interested in drawing and painting. In Paris, where he lived with his mother, he studied and worked at this art until, considering his youth and the short time he had been at it, he attained a splendid proficiency.}\]

\[\text{Having attained this proficiency, his interest immediately switched to writing poetry and he proceeded to study the art of literary composition with great zeal.}\]

\[\text{But in the course of time poetry became less interesting to the young Doug, and his taste suddenly transferred itself, with characteristic ease, to sculpture.}\]

\[\text{Sadly enough, however, the remuneration from these arts is very small—one might even say infinitesimal. So it came about that Doug got a chance to go into the movies. Strange to say, he did not carry his interest into this occupation as he had into his former pursuits.}\]

\[\text{For a time he worked along in a lackadaisical manner, admitting that he thought the movies nor so hot, and certainly not troubling to deny his lack of interest in his work.}\]

\[\text{Then came the talkies and suddenly Doug found himself taking a real interest in his job. No longer was he the bored, lackadaisical chap on the lot. Instead, he was enthusiastic.}\]

\[\text{But was it the talkies that aroused his interest, or was it the fact that he had forgotten not to be interested in his job?}\]

\[\text{In other words, many young fellows will work hard at something they themselves have chosen, but when faced with an occupation which they have not picked out, their interest wanes, although, if they but knew it, they could be just as interested in the medium that fate has pointed out for them as in the medium they themselves might have selected. And just as Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., has succeeded in a profession which he himself did not either choose or want, so you, too, if faced with this problem of working in a profession not of your own choice, can rouse your interest and become as successful and happy as if you yourself had selected your job.}\]
I will not soon forget the pathetic, heart-broken little person that crept into my office one afternoon a few months ago.

Her large, wistful eyes were red from crying. Her lips were trembling with the effort to prevent more tears from pouring down her cheeks. Her shoulders sagged as if some great weight was bearing them down.

Somehow, she summoned a smile to her face. Not that the smile could have fooled anyone, but it did prove her pluck.

"I'm going home; back to New York," she said. Her chin lifted defiantly. "Hollywood doesn't want me."

I arose from my desk chair and stared at her, amazed at what she had said.

"Helen Jurgens Twelvetrees, what are you talking about?" I demanded.

Again that half smile. "Just what I said; I am going to New York," she repeated. "My trunks are packed and I have made reservations for tomorrow night's train."

"Are you mad?" I shouted. "What about the picture career? What about the Fox contract? What of all that?"

"That's just it; Fox let me go," she said. "They don't want me. I'm..." she hesitated over the words "... a failure. I am no good for pictures."

And then her bravery came to an abrupt end and she sank into a big chair, rested her head on her arms and burst into sobs.

You'd have to know Helen personally to realize just how badly I felt. She is small and petite and wistful. I wanted to kneel beside her and put my arm about her shoulders and say comforting things to her. Because I have known Helen ever since she came to Hollywood and we are real chums, I did just that.

"Don't be silly, Helen," I said to her. "You think you are a failure because Fox let you go. That means nothing. Fox has so many people under contract that they do not realize themselves which players are good and which are bad. There are other studios. You can't give up the fight so easily."

And then little Miss Twelvetrees, between tears and brave attempts at smiles, told me her story. It is the story of a girl whose heart was broken by cold-blooded Hollywood.
Helen Twelvetrees is the young lady whom Hollywood beckoned, broke, and then made—all in one short year

About twelve months before the day she entered my office, Helen left New York City with hope and gladness in her heart. In her hand she carried a copy of her contract with the Fox Film Corporation. She was not to receive a big salary but better than the money were the promises of Fox officials that she would be given opportunities—the same opportunities that had been granted Janet Gaynor and Olive Borden and Sue Carol.

Helen had heard golden stories about Hollywood and the film studios. Who has not? She was only too glad to give up a promising career on the stage and set out for the West with her young husband. They must have been an eager couple as they boarded a California-bound train. Like the foreigner whose face turns to America, they dreamed of streets paved with gold.

A year passed. A year of confusion and shattered ideals. Fox studio officials, with the sudden arrival of talking pictures, signed scores and scores of stage players in an attempt to garner the finest talent for their productions. Prominent stage actors and actresses found themselves in Hollywood with no work to do. It was impossible for Fox to make enough pictures to keep busy all the people the company had placed under contract.

During the year, Helen was apparently forgotten. She took part in but two pictures—The Ghost Talks and Blue Skies. Six weeks' work. The remaining forty-six weeks she was idle. She wanted to work but there was nothing for her to do. She visited studio officials until she felt they were tired of seeing her. She protested that she wanted to work; she was not satisfied to draw her salary and remain idle.

As months passed and her lull continued, time hung heavily on her hands. To frustrate monotonism, she and her husband attended parties that lasted until the small hours of the morning. To keep from sitting at home all day long, she went places and spent money. She bought an automobile. She made the first payment on a

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What Mrs. Cooper Says:

MRS. Cooper paused a moment before she answered my question. She was propped up among the snowy pillows of a hospital bed, a handsome sea-blue eyed woman with graying hair that curled about her head. On the bedside table stood a stack of pictures of her second child, to comfort her as she recovered from the injuries of an automobile accident.

She paused, and then said, slowly: "Gary's wife must be respectable. She must be fathomless."

An unusual demand in Hollywood where notoriety brings fame; where respectability is a drug on the market and shunned; where sin gets you headlines. But her ideas are not Hollywood's. They savor of Montana where she spent a large part of her life as the wife of an esteemed judge, and of the English countryside where she was born. Sane, sensible ideas, uninfluenced by the Hollywood which takes tinsel for sterling, and worships sham and shame.

"I could never imagine Gary married," she smiled. "Even when he was a little boy I never thought of the kind of woman who was to be his wife when he grew older. Now, at twenty-eight, the possibility of Gary bringing a wife into the family is, to me, just as remote."

"I want him to marry. Don't think any other way. But I want him to think well before he marries, and to marry a girl who can make a good home for him."

"Gary is very domestic. He loves a home. He loves the [Continued on page 95]

According to Mrs. Cooper, she and Gary look upon his motion picture career as a passing phase of his life. That's why they are starting these dude ranches, as a business to step into, later. His wife must be the type of girl who will enjoy living on a ranch.

Dorothy Spensley, the Author

FAR be it from me to snoop. Ob, no. Or ask questions or solicit replies. Let well enough alone is my motto. But what about this plethora (abem) of dream girls? This public yearning of the motion picture Darbys for their ideal Janes. And vice-versa. Eyes of this, lips of that, put them altogether and I'll marry her. Or him, if it's vice-versa.

What does momma have to say of this? After all, when it comes to the three-day banns and wedding cake, mother, as Edna Ferber and the film pointed out, knows
In this unique article, Mrs. Brian tells what sort of boy she would like Mary to marry and Mrs. Cooper tells what kind of wife she would pick for her own Gary.

Three years ago Mary had about as much sex appeal as an oyster. She was but a chubby child who was trying hard to become a motion picture actress. But, since then, something has happened. She has developed into a delightfully charming young woman.

“Mary and I both like masterful men,” says Mrs. Brian. “Men who can provide good, substantial homes—I don’t mean extravagant homes—and who can bear the burden of maintaining them. ‘He-men,’” and here she smiled slightly, “I guess they’re called.”

of This Unusual Article, Says:

best. She knows best what sort of life will make her boy, or her girl, happy. Or so she thinks. What sort of blushing daughter-in-law, for instance, does Alice Brazier Cooper, fond mother of Gary, our latest institute of yearning, want? And what sort of stalwart son-in-law does Mrs. Louise Brian, proud parent of Mary, want her to bring home?

Old Busy-body Spensley is at it again. What strictures has Mrs. Cooper, say, against blondes? Or brunettes. And—Gary has been rumored engaged a number of times.

What Mrs. Brian Says:

MRS. Brian considered considerably, too. This was the first interview she had ever granted. The antithesis of the usual stage mother, she prefers to stand silently in the background and let the honors go to Mary. It took persuasion to climax this.

Tonight she sat beneath the lamp in the apartment where she and daughter Mary and son Torrence live happily together. The light shed glory on her brown hair, slightly tinged with gray. She pursed her lips and puffed her firm, round cheeks in the smile that is also Mary’s.

“I want Mary’s husband to be wholesome and kind and considerate,” she said.

Three years ago, Mary was still living down the Wendy business of Peter Pan. She had as much sex appeal as an oyster. She was a pearl within a shell. She was but a chubby child who was trying hard to become a good motion picture actress. But something has happened. Being twenty-one and a fine little trouper; having made nine pictures in one year and handled a tremendous emotional scene in The Virginian like a veteran, has done something to Mary. She has become a charming, poised young woman.

Her gentian-blue eyes, black-fringed and wide, offer misty glances that would put a Castillian charmer to shame. Young gentlemen, and old, melt visibly beneath the rays of her soft gaze. At parties, if she is squirmed by Rex Bell, sad expressions are worn by Arthur Lake, Billy Bakewell, Buddy Rogers and half of the male attendance at the affair.

[Continued on page 95]
An authoritative guide to the newest talkie offerings

BRIDE OF THE REGIMENT (First National)

Despite the fact that Mussolini will squirm in his chair of state at the thought of an Austrian army invading his beloved Italy, this picture will delight those who enjoy a dash of the mythical in their celluloid cocktails.

And as an excuse to inject songs into the piece, we find an interned show troupe, chorus girls and all, fraternizing with the dogs of war.

Count Adrian Beltrami, leader of the Italian revolutionists, weds Countess Mariana and returns to the ancestral estate for the honeymoon, only to have the Austrians, led by Gen. Vultow, walk in seeking his head. The Count escapes, clad in the clothes of an artist friend, but Vultow decides to seduce the bride before departing on the chase.

Vultow imbibes freely while awaiting the coming of the beautiful Mariana and dreams that he has accomplished his villainy. Imagine his surprise—but one mustn’t disclose the ending.

Vivienne Segal stands out as Mariana, with Allan Prior excellent as the bridegroom. Walter Pidgeon scores as the drinking-singing Vultow.

GOLDEN DAWN (Warner Brothers)

Golden Dawn, a highly successful stage operetta written by Oscar Hammerstein II and Otto Harbach, has been brought to the talking screen with a reckless use of action, color and talent.

Based on the recurring African legend of a white child found among the black tribes, the dramatic story is no more logical than necessary for a spectacular musical production, but it furnishes a glorious scenic background for Walter Woolf, Vivienne Segal, Noah Beery and Alice Gentle, the principals of the cast.

Woolf is a new-comer to the silver-sheet, a popular leading man in many New York musical productions, brought to Hollywood for this particular picture. Miss Segal has already met the celluloid public in several releases, and Noah Beery speaks—and in this case sings—for himself. Miss Gentle, the operatic soprano, is given a unique opportunity to display her talents.

The supporting players include such favorites as Lupino Lane, Marion Byron, Lee Moran, Nigel de Brulier, Otto Matieson and many others.

GOOD NEWS (M-G-M)

Novel twiss and plenty of comedy, interspersed with clever song and dance numbers, lift this musical tale out of the ordinary run of college life pictures.

Stanley Smith, as the football captain, faces disbarment from the big game of the year because of his low grades in astronomy, and asks Lola Lane, playing the college belle, with whom he is in love, to coach him.

Lola, thinking it a good joke on him, induces her cousin, played by Mary Lawlor, who has been a flop with the boys, to aid Stanley. Impressed by her quiet charm, Stanley asks Mary to marry him.

Lola, torn by jealousy, announces her engagement to Stanley—and, well, that’s the plot, and, except for Lola, everyone is happy.

Bessie Love whose name has been associated with things musical ever since she scored in Broadway Melody, gives another worthwhile performance. Cliff Edwards, with his uke, Gus Shy, Thomas Jackson, Billy Taft, Frank McGlynn, Vera Marsh and Dorothy McNulty offer strong support.

If you like good musicals don’t miss this. It’s a real natural.
THE BORDER LEGION (Paramount)

This outlaw band, created by fiction but typical of the desperado forces that ravaged the camps of the forty-niners, has been revived as an all-talking picturization of Zane Grey's famous novel.

Prospectors along the California gold washes were the especial prey of these bandit invaders who wrote frontier history in blood with the Golden State as their first plundering ground, later making life miserable for those who sought fortune in the wide-open spaces of Idaho and Montana where gold was gold all right.

WHAT MEN WANT (Universal)

This romance of modern youth by Warner Fabian who finds his forte in this type of story is brought to the screen with an all-star cast and clever direction.

Pauline Starke is revealed in the act of breaking with a rich foreigner to whom she has been a mistress, in order to marry Ben Lyon, a wealthy American youth.

But Barbara Kent, playing Pauline's school girl sister, arrives on the scene and wins Ben's affections.

Intriguing situations that leave the climax in doubt until the end run throughout the yarn which evolves about a young and gay set in New York.

The opus affords opportunity for many colorful and sensational scenes, including those in which Pauline, first, and later, Barbara, decide to throw discretion to the winds to "play the game."

Pauline Starke is particularly fine in a difficult rôle and Ben Lyon is great as the rich youngster.

Robert Ellis, Hallam Cooley and Carmelita Geraghty are seen in support of the three principals. Ellis is particularly effective.

FOX MOVietONE FOLLIES OF 1930 (Fox)

Tuneful songs and spectacular dance numbers, interwoven throughout with an interesting story, cause one to forget that he is being taken backstage for the hundred and thirteenth time within the year as he views this second annual edition of Mr. Fox's screen frolic.

Love runs rampant as Broadway's youth and beauty plays Cupid's game in high society, and who's going to win who provides suspense from the opening shot through to the final fadeout.

You'll be singing and whistling Emily Brown, You'll Give In, Doing the Derby, I Feel a Certain Feeling Coming On, Cheer Up and Smile, I'd Love to be a Talking Picture Queen and I'm Bashful after viewing this picture.

Miriam Seegar, a lady of the ensemble, is the heroine, with William Collier, Jr., as the young millionaire, who, after a somewhat hectic courtship, finally wins her hand.

El Brendel, the Swede comedian, posing as a rich lumberman, when in reality he is Collier's valet, is aided and abetted by Marjorie White in supplying the many laughs.

Other outstanding figures in the capable cast are Frank Richardson, Noel Francis and Huntley Gordon.

Riding at the head of the legion is Jack Holt, seen in a horseman rôle for the first time since the coming of the audibles. Richard Arlen plays the youthful hero of the story, with Fay Wray, who scored as Gary Cooper's leading woman in The Texan, as the girl in the case.

The hold-up scenes were made where the old gold trail from Columbia to Stockton winds through the Sierra-Nevada mountains, just wide enough for the passage of one vehicle. It was the natural strategic point for robberies in the days when nuggets and dust passed that way.

The entire cast does very well.
SAFETY IN NUMBERS (Paramount)

Here's Buddy Rogers surrounded by five lovely ladies. He's just a poor, struggling song-writer trying to get along on an inheritance of three hundred and twenty million dollars (no kidding!), and is perfectly willing to blow it all on a few weeks of fun—until his canny guardian pays three chorus cuties to "educate" him. (That should be hard to take!) The girls have agreed to regard their pupil as a strictly business proposition; but Buddy falls hard for Kathryn Crawford, and spoils everything.

This picture is entirely different from anything Buddy has done to date, and gives him an opportunity to play again.

SWEETHEARTS AND WIVES (First National)

Here we have Clive Brook as a detective in a story about the well known jools, the hotel wherein the murdered man is found, and where all the suspects are staying. Add to this the hero and heroine being forced to seek shelter at the hotel when their car runs out of gas and you have the ingredients for a very swell little mystery story with the suspicion being doused first on one and then on another of the characters.

There is a cast of names which is swell, commencing with charming Billie Dove as the maid, Sidney Blackmer and Leila Hyams as the young lovers and, of course, Clive Brook.

WOMEN EVERYWHERE (Fox)

This is the thrilling, tuneful and vividly dramatic romance of an American gun and rum-runner, intimately familiar with women everywhere, who at last falls for the charms of a vivacious belle of a café in a Moroccan seaport.

Their subsequent love affair is played against a colorful background of lurid Levantine life and the picturesque warnings of a battalion of the French Foreign Legion on outpost duty in the desert. It is a story of love battling for its rights through danger and adventure, and is told in brilliant staccato. There is music, laughter, heartbreak and heroism—and a happy finale.

UNDER MONTANA SKIES (Tiffany)

Kenneth Harlan makes a great comeback in this comedy of the Golden West. As Clay Conning, Harlan and his cowboy friends ride into Red Rock for a merry week-end, only to find that the show troupe advertised as playing the town has been jailed for an unpaid board bill. Craving entertainment, Harlan and his pals from the range obtain the freedom of the actors and actresses with cash and intrigues.

Success looms just as Frank Blake, played by Christian Frank, and his outlaw band enter the scene on the trail of Harlan. Excitement a-plenty follows amid song and comedy.

Up-to-the-minute talkies critiques to insure well-spent
SOLDIERS AND WOMEN (Columbia)

THE affairs of the heart—the loves and jealousies of the wives of officers of the United States Marine corps stationed at Haiti—form the basis of this vehicle, which co-stars Aileen Pringle and Grant Withers, who is seen in the rôle of the dashing young captain whose attentions are sought by two women.

When Miss Pringle, as the Colonel's wife, discovers Withers in the arms of Blanche Friderici, she exposes their romance to Walter McGrail, the betrayed husband.

Withers is found dead—shot through the back. The conviction of the guilty party concludes the story.

DUMBELLS IN ERMINE (Warner Brothers)

THAT inimitable pair of funsters, Robert Armstrong and James Gleason, are back again—Armstrong as a handsome young pug, and Gleason as his smart-cracking, lame-brained trainer.

The story takes place in old "Virginy", where the protected daughter of a blue-blooded family, tied to the apron strings of her mother, falls in love with a prize-fighter.

Barbara Kent, as the daughter, plays the part to perfection. Claude Gillingwater, as the rheumatic and romantic Uncle Roger, gives a splendid performance. Beryl Mercer provides one laugh after another as the smart-cracking grandmother.

CHEER UP AND SMILE (Fox)

THIS celluloid tale will click with those who like their whooppee—both the college variety and that of the more sophisticated sort to be found in the night clubs of New York.

Arthur Lake struggles through a protracted fraternity initiation at Jones College, at the same time making love to Dixie Lee, clerk in the college music store and flame of all the students. But Arthur is expelled when he kicks a professor on the shin and hies himself to the "big town" to make good. His adventures there are unusual and exciting and make this story a decidedly out-of-the-ordinary one.

THE SINGER OF SEVILLE (M-G-M)

IN THIS story Ramón is a singer in a Spanish cantina. His voice floats across the street to a convent, where it is heard by Dorothy Jordan, who decides to run away to see him.

Ramón is coached by an old singer, Ernest Torrence, who is upset when Ramón brings Dorothy home with him, but the trio leaves for Madrid, where Novarro is to try-out for the opera. His audition fails because of his lack of emotional experience, but through Torrence's pleading he is given a chance to appear.

You must see the rest of this story for yourself.

theatre hours—consult this department every month
DANCING SWEETIES (Warner Brothers)

STARTING in a rather stereotyped manner, with a pair of dancing teams in a contest, the boy in No. 1 couple steals the girl in No. 2 and the race begins. From this point on there is originality and suspense in this yarn with considerable comedy thrown in. There is something about this offering that grips and holds.

Grant Withers probably does the best work of his screen career as the flip sheik who purloins his rival’s sweetie and marries her the same night. Sue Carol is appealing as the girl, while Eddie Phillips and Edna Murphy are entirely adequate as the other boy and girl. Very entertaining.

T HE DAWN PATROL (First National)

RICHARD BARTHELMESS and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., take the air in this story of aviation which is brought to the screen with a spectacular war background. It is a man’s picture—with the hero “gone West” after attempting to avenge the death of his buddy’s kid brother at the hands of the enemy.

The aerial scenes, and especially the crashes, are among the most realistic yet filmed. The entire production is highly dramatic.

Neil Hamilton, James Finlayson, Clyde Cook, Gardner James and Edmund Breon also are in the supporting cast.

NANCY CARROLL, as Hallie Hobart, a gold-digger who uses the “party girl” method of increasing her bank account, displays new and unsuspected dramatic powers, giving a perfect portrayal of the role. Young Phillips Holmes, as David Stone, son of a wealthy wheat farmer, was a fortunate choice as the lead opposite Miss Carroll and earns praise for his splendid performance.

James Kirkwood, seen only at intervals of late, scores as the elder brother of Phillips, carrying off honors in a difficult characterization.

In the cast are Ned Sparks, Zasu Pitts and Paul Lukas.

LET US BE GAY (M-G-M)

NORMA SHEARER, drab and colorless in the beginning of the story, divorces her husband, Rod LaRoque, after finding him in the arms of another woman. Rod hits from one girl to another, finally settling his affections on Sally Eilers, playing the granddaughter to an eccentric old dowager, portrayed by Miss Dressler.

Norma, who meanwhile becomes one of the world’s outstanding beauties, makes the acquaintance of Miss Dressler in Paris and is invited to the latter’s home to vamp Rod away from Sally, whom Marie hopes will marry Raymond Hackett.

Figure out the rest for yourself. It’s easy—but good

See the Brief Guide to current talkies, page 6
Alexander Gray has called himself a crêpe-hanger, but in his own particular style he can cut up with the best of them

By DALLAS MacDONNELL

Alexander Gray, Hollywood's self-styled "crêpe-hanger", was doing a romantic scene with Vivienne Segal in First National's Viennese Nights on the elaborate biergarten set. Suddenly Miss Segal was electrified to see Gray's ears wiggle violently. She glanced at his face, which was quite composed. The ears continued their erratic behavior and Vivienne with difficulty maintained her composure until the end of the scene.

Alexander was up to his old trick of indulging his sense of humor while at work, which he has little chance to gratify in the talkies. It costs too much to retake scenes.

Back in the old days when Alexander was on the road playing the Red Shadow in The Desert Song, with Bernice Claire as his leading woman, he used to wiggle his ears at her regularly. Bernice would invariably giggle at the most inopportune moments and when she was called down by the stage Manager, Alec would go around and 'fess up that it was his fault, Bernice being no tattle tale.

Then one time, in The Desert Song, when Alec was supposed to fall down the steps at Bernice's feet just after the Red Shadow had violently kissed Margot and disappeared, Alec arrived with a beret perched on his head for no reason at all. He looked so funny, according to Bernice, that instead of looking frightened she simply howled with laughter.

In the scene where Alec was supposed to carry Bernice up the stairs in his arms, he would hold her by the feet and pretend he was going to drop her, snatching her to safety just as her head nearly touched the stairs.

The foregoing data is by way of informing an eager public that Alec Gray is not the crêpe-hanger he would have you believe. Just listen to him, now:

"I'm a crêpe-hanger at parties. I'm not socially inclined and never talk much. People always imagine I'm not enjoying myself because I'm quiet even when I'm having a good time, and I always imagine I'm boring others."

As a matter of fact, Alec Gray doesn't give a hoot for whoopee parties. A Hollywood non-conformist, he'd rather give parties himself than go to them. He loves to gather a crowd of friends around him and have a music and talk fest, and particularly does he like to surprise his guests with some unusual treat.

Recently Gray rounded up nearly the entire cast—including one chorus girl he discovered in a studio—of the original Desert Song company he played with so long, and without [Continued on page 85]
Only a mere handful have ever dared say "no" to Hollywood. Read about them and judge for yourself the sort of strength of character they possess.

BY H. A. WOODMANSEEE

THE creed of Hollywood is the creed of the yes-man. Agree with the boss. Follow the crowd. Flatter, and, at any cost, avoid giving offense. It's pretty good safety insurance in a spot where criticism and non-conformity are often drastically punished. That's why the croak of "yes . . . yes . . . yes" wells up from Hollywood like a chorus of bull-frogs in the old mill pond.

And yet there is courage in Yes-Man's Land. A few take their jobs and even their careers in their hands and dare to say and do what seems best to them. Here and there an actor, director or other studio figure, famous or obscure, shatters the Movietown calm with a loud and emphatic "No!" Particularly is this true in the new talkie era.

There's Greta Garbo, for instance, fighting to maintain her aloof independence with Hollywood yapping at her heels. She refuses to cater to the movie powers. She avoids Beverly Hills society. She ignores the press. These things are simply not done, and they would be sure suicide for the ordinary actor or actress.

The Garbo dares to disregard the movie convention that a feminine star must always appear in a story which depicts her as a good woman. Anna in Anna Christie, was far from that but Greta played it courageously—and the public went wild with delight. But it was a great risk. The fickle public might just as easily have said thumbs down.

THE late Jeanne Eagels was another actress who dared to go her own way. Nobody could make a conventional movie puppet of her. And there are others, such as Jetta Goudal, whom Hollywood calls "temperamental", who have risked their careers and aroused antagonism where they needed help. They don't seem to give a hoot for consequences.

Nobody would ever call the jovial Al Jolson a yes-man. Not after he walked out on a premiere given by his boss, while the latter boiled with wrath. Not after an audience at a personal appearance requested him to sing a certain number, and he shook his head and sang a song of his own selection four times, remarking genially, "To heck with the audience, I got

Eric von Stroheim's whole directorial career has been a prolonged battle to make pictures in the way that seemed best to him. To this day he has never capitulated to Hollywood's demands.
ta have my fun too!"  Al can afford to be courageous.
There is a certain type of executive in Talkietown who
demands the deference due to an Oriental monarch. There's
a certain director, for instance, who has come up from no-	hing in the past few years and has contracted a badly
swollen head. On a recent picture he belittled and antagon-
ized everybody working under him until matters reached a
crisis. Many would have liked to punch him in the nose,
but only one dared to say a word. The star of the film told
the conceited one that if he didn't come to his senses, he
would be given a thrashing. The director was flabbergasted
to find some one who wouldn't "yes" him. There was a
short battle of glares during which each weighed in his
mind the disaster he could bring to the other's career. The
director backed down and the picture was fin-
ished amicably.

It HAS always taken a
lot of nerve to stand the hardships and uncer-
tainties of breaking into the movies, but never as much as it does now. Com-
petition for movie jobs has reached such a peak that
even experienced and popular stage players find it hard to
get in, and even harder to stay in. Is it any wonder that per-
sons desperately anxious for talkie careers should be falling
over themselves trying to please studio people who can make or
break them? The movie-wise know that it's almost essential to have an
influential relative, friend or agent to push the new-comer. And yet more
than one-girl has said "No!" when an influential man tried to get too friendly
with her.

Most directors lack the courage to
strike out along new lines, preferring to play it safe by trying to duplicate successful pic-
tures they have previously made. King
Vidor is one of the few who has consistent-
ly dared to take a chance. All of his recent
films have been marked departures from prece-
dent, and usually he has been warned
against making them. Hollywood told him,
for instance, that an all-negro talking film
feature would be a box-office flop, but he

[Continued on page 96]
Research is one of the most important—and of study. Yet modern pictures contain many irritating small problems. Have you ever seen your favorite star hand a ticket to a conductor on a transcontinental train? This is not just any ticket, but actually the very one that would be used. Has your pet hero idly flapped the pages of the Follies program? It is not a dummy, but the real thing. A lady's maid in a modern production laid in Paris, phones a dog dentist that Fifi's teeth need filing. It's a bona fide Paris telephone book, not Hollywood's in a French jacket; and, likely as not, it's a well-advertised French vet whose name is called by Marie!

One of the most complete research libraries in the world, and certainly the best owned by any motion picture studio, is that at M-G-M, in charge of Nathalie Bucknell. The monetary valuation—approximates $500,000; but if it were destroyed no amount could replace it. In addition to books on every subject, many of which Mrs. Bucknell collected last year while shopping in Europe and Asia for the studio, there are thousands of newspaper clippings and photographs of every section of the globe, in every language. Mrs. Bucknell herself is an attractive young person, Russian-English by birth, fluent in half a dozen languages, and understandably articulate in half a dozen others. She has a vast store of valuable information in her head, and is the only woman sound engineer in Hollywood. Her department differs radically from any other in the motion picture industry in that it is directly responsible for every technical detail on a produc-

One of the recent jobs of the Fox Research Department was to see that this reproduction of the deck of the Aquitania, for So This Is London, was correct in every small—and large—detail.

This lady is Mrs. Nathalie Bucknell, who is in charge of one of the most complete research departments in Hollywood. Mrs. Bucknell has done a lot to attain this completeness for M-G-M.

W HAT is a dark watch? What makes the holes in Swiss cheese? Does the sun set in the West in Alaska, too? How does spaghetti come out of an Automat? What is the title of a duke's eldest son? How do cannibals dance while cooking a succulent missionary?

Ask me another—this is the Research Department of the Big-Time Studios, Incorporated.

Before shooting commences on such super-productions as The Ten Commandments, The Godless Girl, The Vagabond King, and The Rogue Song, from three to twelve months' research is necessary. Even on a simple, average picture, approximately four hundred questions are asked before it goes into production; and during the shooting from forty to seventy questions a day baffle the directors, technicians, set designers, costumers, and even the prop boys and electricians. The Research Department is the supreme court of appeal.

A director who had been to college instructed his scenarist, who hadn't, "Now I don't want anything near rococo on this picture." The writer, much-a-panic, leapt into the Research Department in charge of Bessie McGaffey and cried, "Quick, an atlas! Where is that place, Rococo?"

THE normal picture-goer probably never realized the minute details connected with a production. Period films, such as The Gay Nineties, Swing High and Cameo Kirby obviously represent hours—and even weeks and months
fascinating—jobs in the entire movie game

TALKIES have considerably increased the problems of the Research Departments. In a story whose locale is England, an actor does not ask for molasses, but calls for treacle; a clown who is cuckoo in America is a duffer who’s barmy in jolly old London. If you wear a vest in England, you’re only in your undershirt here. You use a drawing pin instead of a thumb tack; ask a shopwalker directions in a store; post your letters in a pillar-box, and send for a Bobby instead of a cop.

Many amusing words and phrases came to light when Marion Davies made The Gay Nineties. In those days a gentleman expressed violent disgust by hissing, “Oh fudge!” A lady called a boy-friend who was a flat tire, a “lobster”; but she was probably only a “lemon” to him! Those were the days of spooning; and you bet your boots one never peached about it. A humming of a pippin was often in high feather when some gay dog got giddy and smoked a coffin nail. She probably told him, “Twenty-three skidoo!” even when he was dippy over her. Zowie!

Foreign words and phrases further complicate the work of a research department. Mrs. Bucknell spends a great deal of time in the mixing cabinet during the filming of a foreign language picture, for only one familiar with a strange tongue can properly adjust the sound equipment so that the recording is distinct.

Bessie McGaffey, a stock actress who became a scenario reader, organized the first research department in the motion picture colony on the old Lasky lot in 1914. Prior to that time the only effort made by a director to insure the accuracy of every detail on a production was on Intolerance, one of the most spectacular of D. W. Griffith’s pictures. For the last few years Miss McGaffey has been Cecil B. De Mille’s research specialist. She states that she is an authority on over a hundred bathtubs, a few of which have not yet been used. While she is quite jealous of Jeanette MacDonald’s swan-flanked marble tub in The Love Parade, she believes that her all-glass tub in Dynamite still wins the rolling bathtub.

Miss McGaffey is a decided realist on her job. While compiling data for Dynamite, she spent hours down in a mine shaft, absorbing the atmosphere, talking with mining engineers and workers, contacting the Hercules explosive specialists, and making notes on incidents and details so casual that they might never be used. For Madam Satan, DeMille’s latest opus, she traveled about in a dirigible, recording the special phrasing of the officers’ orders and their individual slang. Not long ago Miss McGaffey took a submarine dive at San Diego; and she wouldn’t be surprised if Mr. DeMille should suddenly ask her to take a parachute jump! I really believe she’d do it without any hesitation at all.
Here's a sweet job for the research department—a Russian mob scene used in Song of the Flame, in which every one of the costumes had to be copies of the sort of thing they actually wore in Russia.

Miss McGaffey finds that the extras on a set are often a valuable source of information to a research department. Several ex-miners were found working on Dynamite, and they contributed technical information that helped make this picture accurate. On The Godless Girl there were several inmates of reformatories drawing a daily pay-check. Before De Mille starts shooting, Miss McGaffey presents to him a huge book in which she has gathered all information of possible value on the production, with newspaper clippings and magazine pictures from all over the world. This research book system, her own idea, is now used successfully by Fox Films.

Helena Gladys Percey, of Paramount, was recently called upon for a picture of Spark Plug without his blanket! Hours of probing at the Los Angeles Public Library finally produced a Sparky au naturel! She finds that Western pictures of the Gold Rush period complicate the work of her department. Early California photographs are difficult to find, especially of dance-hall girls, who were not considered quite nice for photographic purposes in those censorious days!

The Vagabond King represented a vast amount of research. The flag of Burgundy had to be found; swords, armor, eating utensils, the actual type of food and fruit commonly seen on the tables of the poor and at the banquet of a Spanish grandee; the barber and his razor—these were all technically perfect.

An anachronism or inaccuracy is occasionally deliberate, but only when it seems especially necessary to enhance the pictorial value of a production. In The Alaskan, for example, the Indians were garbed in a sort of story-book style instead of in the ill-fitting "store clothes" and "Mother Hubbards" which would have been technically correct but artistically disappointing. Sometimes an inaccuracy is not the fault of the research department. Paramount received a number of letters after the release of The Four Feathers calling attention to the fact that the officers at the ball should not have worn their dress uniforms unless the king and queen were present. It happened that the working script called for royalty in this sequence, and the research department's supervision of the costumes was correct. But when the picture reached the screen, the king and queen were on the cutting-room floor.

Another somewhat prevalent inaccuracy is found in beards. Few of our heroes of the screen will permit anything to mar their well-known countenances, even for dear art's sake, though all virile

[Continued on page 88]
There is one little lady who can always be counted on to give a good performance, be it comedy or be it drayma. We refer, of course, to none other than delightful Loretta Young. Young in name, young in years and young in spirit—young in everything.

Photograph by Elmer Fryer
Presenting some

You know as well as we do that there isn't a movie star in the world who hasn't his, or her, pet. Here is our old friend Edmund Lowe (left) and his own particular choice in that direction. It looks as though his dog is one jump ahead of Ed.

At the lower left hand corner Edward Everett Horton gives us a glimpse of his three special favorites — two magnificent shepherds and a terrier. It's obvious from the way these animals got together for the photographer that every dog has his date.

The delightful June Collyer, seen right below, is simply crazy about her beautiful police dog. June admits that her dog is both her best friend and severest critter.
This gorgeous collie (above) is lucky enough to have as a mistress charming Bernice Claire, the stage star who went to Hollywood and calmly proceeded to wow 'em with a voice and a vengeance.

In the lower right hand corner we have a delightful example of poppy love, beg pardon, we mean peppy love—no we don't, either. We won't say it now, we're mad. Anyway it's Helen Twelvetrees and pets.

Below we have Miss Duncan and her St. Bernard. Well, you say, the dog is almost as big as the young lady herself. Yes, we reply facetiously, that's about the size of it. Three skulls broken in the ensuing laughter.
BY HERBERT CRUIKSHANK

A BRILLIANT WRITER'S BRILLIANT PEN-PORTRAIT OF A BRILLIANT ACTRESS

COLONEL DANIELS

On page 24 of this issue you will find Miss Daniels' views on the greatest of all emotions—love. In the following article this young lady is presented to you in new and vivid fashion. Together, these articles will give you a real insight into the personality of this fascinating star.

—THE EDITORS

IT WAS my master's voice.

"Hey, you," it said, "get the lead out of your coat-tails and hop over to interview Colonel Daniels."

Outwardly I overlooked the "hey, you" part. But inwardly I resolved such disrespect was going to cost that bozo another cent a word for his story.

"Interview who, or whom?" I asked languidly.

"Colonel Daniels," said the voice, "Colonel Daniels, of Dallas, Texas, Sub. The most popular officer of the 32 Pursuit Squadron, U. S. Air Forces."

Colonel Daniels! Ah, here indeed was an assignment after my own heart. Myself, in youth had cantered, trotted, galloped with the Horse Marines, and had dug spurs into many a highly polished desk. And now again opportunity called. No longer would I have to hang my hoary locks when the little ones asked:

"Grandpa, what did you do ten years after the War?"
Now I could say:
"Climb upon my knee, Sonny . . ."
I mean:
"Come, me little man (or woman as the case may turn out), and Grandfather will tell you how he interviewed good old Colonel Daniels, of the Dallas, Texas, Daniels', the finest and bravest old Indian-fighter who ever mounted a 'plane of the 32 Pursuit Squadron, U. S. Air Forces. You see, me lad (or lady) it was this-away . . ."
I assembled myself in the proper formation, and snapping to attention, intoned.
"Sir, the troop is formed."
'Okay, get going. And don't forget to ask her about Ben Lyon—you know, whether the engagement is on or off. That's all—ooscray!' Then I knew all.

Life being an adventure to Bebe, she naturally goes in for the newest adventure—flying. Here she is with her flying instructor, Captain Roscoe Turner.

I T WAS the Bebe he referred to all the time. Bebe Daniels. Well, if she's a Colonel, I'm a nut, I thought. And was right twice. For Bebe is indeed an honorary Colonel of the . . . oh, you know what he said.
I found her sitting in her patio. Patio is an old California custom. Any other place they call it the back yard. There is only this difference. A patio may be in front, at the back or on either side of the house. In fact some of them perch on the roof. Anyway, Bebe's abutted on the side of her domicile and she was sitting in it.
When she arose I noticed that her head could have rested nicely on my shoulder—in a purely platonic way, of course. This would make her about five feet five in height. And if I were one of those "guess your weight" guys, I'd say she grosses about—let me see—you're pretty solid, aren't you—oh, I'd say about one hundred and—one hundred and twenty pounds. I'd win. She isn't three pounds either way.
A glimpse into the depths of her dark, almost sombre eyes, recalls the Shuberts and A Night in Spain. One hears the rhythmic clicking of castanets. In my case it was my knees knocking together. I'm no lady's man. Her hair, burnished here and there by the sun's caresses, cascades almost to her shoulders. Shoulders that are most alluring when draped in the brilliant fringes of a Spanish shawl—but alluring when draped in anything. Or not draped at all.
And by this time we were both sitting in her patio.

SHALL I tell your fortune?" she smiled. And I remembered that Bebe is a reader of the cards. Not only so far as fortunes are concerned, but also in the matter of contract and poker. She knows her packboards as well as anyone in Hollywood. Fearing the fortune gag to be merely a come-on to ensnare me as a fourth at bridge, I declined.
"No," I said, "but let's play this way. You tell me your past—I'll tell you your future."
Well, I was right. She's Spanish. With just a nip of Scotch. The mother's people came north from the South American Republics. The Argentine—Colombia—down that way. When she was ten weeks old she made her stage début. It was in a stock company, and her mother, an actress with the troupe, carried her on to take her first bow. Eight years later, in Hollywood, she played a few kid roles. At fourteen she slipped a grown-up gown and got a job as an extra.

Bebe Daniels made her stage début at the age of ten weeks. At fourteen years she swiped a grown-up gown and got a job as an extra.

(Continued on page 90)
These smartly gowned parties would grace any party, garden or otherwise.

This intriguing creation by Sophie Wachner, Fox Fashionist, worn by Catherine Dale Owen, is interpreted in flowered georgette. From the princess silhouette, the skirt falls in graceful flounces to a deep train. Fastened in front of the right shoulder, a long streamer of black velvet falls over the diaphanous capelet to the hem of the skirt.

A charming ensemble for summer wear is this model of printed crêpe, selected by Carol Lombard. The frock has long sleeves, semi-fitted. Two soft ruffles accentuate the slightly uneven hemline. A short cape of self-material is worn as a wrap, and a skull cap of yellow horsehair forms a novel chapeau. The smart shoes are of printed shantung.

Fine tucks feature this fascinating garden frock worn by Natalie Moorhead, charming Paramount player. Sleeveless, of sheer souffle in flesh tones, the gown is shaped closely to the silhouette, ending in a deep, full flounce that reaches to the toes. A graceful, attached capelet collar balances the flounce. Simplicity is the keynote of this costume.
They are wearing the very latest in the sort of frilly things which summer brings.

Worn by Mary Doran, this clever Milgrim creation of white chiffon, flowered in pastel tones, displays the new silhouette. The high waistline is smartly accentuated by a bow of chartreuse moire ribbon, attached to the narrow sash, with long ends falling to the hem of the frock. The youthful bertha collar falls below the waistline in back.

Adorably young, this frock fashioned of shell pink organdie worn by Loretta Young. A narrow belt of dark rose velvet brings out the youthfully fashionable high waistline. Interesting tucking gives a final smart touch to the full, ankle-length skirt, shirred softly to the fitted hipline. A bewitching frock for summer outdoor affairs so popular now.

Youthfully flattering is this dainty conceit of beige chiffon, displayed by Sue Carol. The long circular skirt ends in an interesting treatment of lace unevenly applied. The sleeves, similarly treated with lace, are slit to the elbows. From the modish high neckline, soft ruffles simulate a bertha collar around a lace insert. Excellent for the young miss.
$125, saying he had paid $200 for it, but couldn't sell it.

Mrs. Brenon took it home and cleaned it. Beneath all the dirt of years, she found markings and letters which proved it to be a sterling ornament from the ex-Kaiser's tea-service. It is valued at nearly $2,000.

The Rogue Singer has come back to Hollywood from his singing swing around the circle, checked in at the M-G-M studio and is prepared to make The New Moon with Grace Moore. Tibbett visited some fairly small towns in the Middle West on his concert tour. Everybody seemed to know him. But it took the town of Riverside in his home state to give him the laugh in electric lights. Tibbett drove up to the auditorium where he was to sing and was rather embarrassed to see his concert featured this wise: Lawrence Tibbett: One Grand Show. "But I'm afraid I wasn't," said Tibbett.

(Below) Little Billy, the Midget, is a great admirer of Fred Kohler. So much so that he got himself up to look like Fred — hair, beard, gestures and everything. Pretty cute, what?

No, this isn't the Floradora girls, it's the chorus girls from Dixiana and the high-hat is Everett Marshall. Anybody seeing those skirts simply can't help saying "Hoops, my dear!"

Jeanette MacDonald and Paul L. Stern get playful on the United Artists lot where Jeanette is acting in and Paul is directing Bride 66. If you look carefully you'll see that Paul is all dressed up with no place to go.

Russell Gleason is his father's own son. His ready wit sets him apart even in this town of wise-crackers.

In All Quiet on the Western Front there is a scene in which four of the young boys take a bath in the river — au naturel, of course. Ben Lyon was praising the shot.

"Oh, I don't know," replied Gleason. "It's things like that which give war a bad name!"

I've taken a new name, dad, it's Kay Marsh."

"Oh, that so? Why? Isn't Katherine de Mille good enough?" Cecil B. wanted to know.

Then it came out that Katherine, declining to ask her famous father for a chance as an actress, went to Paramount's casting office and applied as an extra. She got a small part in several pictures before a director who knew who she was happened to find her on the Paramount lot. Then she had to tell daddy and now she's done a bit in Madame Satan, de Mille's latest. She was treated just as if she were not the famous director's charming daughter.

She's still Kay Marsh but after she's made the grade, if she does, she'll take back the name Cecil B. de Mille gave her — not before, she says.
in speculating on the free and limitless power of human thought. This business gives me emotional outlet, speed, constant change."

UNLIKE the average screen player enjoying for the first time the fruits of an easy success, Lebedeff, born in the lap of luxury, knew defeat as well as victory. Apparently he has suffered too many hardships to go East beyond.

Among the Russian refugees in France are Lebedeff's mother, a sister who went blind, and a brother-in-law ill with tuberculosis in a sanitarium. Lebedeff's earnings contribute to their actual livelihood; hence too precious to be squandered on keeping up a front in Hollywood.

The Lebedeff family estate at Uspolai, Lithuania, was swept away with the Russian Revolution. The collapse of his army career found Ivan Lebedeff in Constantinople, searching for a job. He became a broker in antiquities and objects of art, later, a stock broker.

Eventually landing in Paris, Lebedeff turned to pictures, obtaining work with the Cine France Company.

The restless call of adventure influenced this decision to come to America. One day he saw a ship model in a window of the Cunard line, went right in and booked passage to America.

On the ship coming over, Lebedeff met a prominent New York booking agent who, impressed with his appearance, asked him to call at his office on arrival. When the handsome young Russian showed up, the theatrical agency was galvanized into action. D. W. Griffith, it seems, had been vainly seeking a man to play the leading rôle in *Sorrows of Satan*. If ever a man was made for the part, this Russian was!

Griffith enthusiastically agreed. The director brought the Russian to the Coast. Paramount, meantime, had bought Griffith's contracts. The officials balked at the unknown foreigner. "Perhaps Ivan Lebedeff was a perfect Satan," they declared, "but we've got to have a name with box office value!"

So, instead of making his American début as a villain of the reddest dye in a rôle that really would have put him over, Ivan Lebedeff began a series of bad breaks with parts that have merely identified him as the screen's handsomest Continental.

He was selected to play The Darling of the Gods, which was indefinitely postponed. Henry King wanted him for The Woman Disposed, and that fell through.

Nothing succeeds like success. KRO signed Ivan Lebedeff to a contract, whereupon Fox borrowed him for Will Rogers picture and then Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer asked for his loan in *The Bungle Sounds*. In this picture, Lebedeff plays his first Russian rôle.

LEBEDEFF'S English, though spoken with a decided accent, is as good as his French and his German. "In my home," he told me, "Monday and Thursday we have German; Tuesday and Friday French; Wednesday and Saturday English.

"I started my intellectual life too early," he went on. "For 13 years I had finished the whole classical literature. I was like a sponge, extremely thirsty for any kind of knowledge and experience."

"I had a brother and sister, both moderately sweet. They lived most of the time abroad. I was left with my father and mom. My father was Privy Councillor of the Russian Government, financial minister similar to your undersecretary of treasury. He was a man of magnificent intellect. Any character that I'm lucky enough to have is due to my father."

I WAS not yet 17 when I entered the Imperial Lyceum—a privileged college with enlarged program of training for the

Here's to Hue

Color films, the latest fashion.
Out in sunny Hollywood,
Now go in for purple passion
As a photodrama should.

There's the plotting wicked fellow
With the smooth persuasive line
Who betrays a streak of yellow
Running up and down his spine.

But there's very little cheering.
(Or at least I've heard it said)
If a movie is appearing
To be headed for the red.
Further color is forthcoming.
(Though this really isn't news)
From the gifted singers humming
All the very latest blues.

—But the thing they're out to collar,
From the extra to the queen,
Is the good old-fashioned dollar,
The dependable long green!

—Parke Cummings.
He took them from her bag as she opened it, and again wiped her eyes, used them adroitly on her upturned, piquant face.

"Now!" he said, resting his hand lightly on her shoulders.

Most of the guests had arrived when they re-entered the house. Seeing them, Dorothy pronounced her celebrity and said something about Janice's capture of him. Blushing a little, Janice knew that every girl in the room was looking at her.

"Let's dance," said Ronald, who was used to being stared at.

She discovered that she had not known what dancing might be until this dance with him. It was like music. Contrast with Bill's athletic dancing, it was perfect and graceful.

"You dance beautifully," he told her.

"Do you really mean it?" she asked, her face flushed.

"I used to be an awful duffer at it," he confessed. "They made me take lessons before I made that silly Gypsy picture.

"It wasn't silly. It was great."

"Love at first sight!" he laughed. "Do you believe in that?"

"In stories," she said.

"Oh, yes, I suppose it's all right in stories, but in real life—Well, now, if I should fall in love with you, for instance, what chance would I have? There's Bill, you see."

Feeling quite happy now, she smiled up at him. "There's always a rival—in stories, but you, the hero, always win out."

"Yes, in stories. But not in life. It becomes monotonous, always winning what I want in stories, never winning it in life."

"Oh, come! Don't tell me you don't want what you want in life, too?" she mocked him. "You're idolized."

"Today. Tomorrow, forgotten. Not that I care very much about that."

"Fame rests lightly on your shoulders."

"Thank heavens I haven't lost my perspective. I have my father to thank for that, too. You see, he's very much disappointed in me. He thinks I should have been at least a colonel in the King's army."

"We always disappoint our parents, don't we?" she asked.

Out of the corner of her eye she saw that Bill and Gwen were dancing together. Gwen was as ardent as ever, but Bill, she observed with something of a thrill, was scowling at Ronald's gay, attentive face.

LATER, while Ronald was dancing with Dorothy, and Gwen had been captured by another man, Bill strode up to Janice. In his usual way, he took her in his arms without a word, and they swung out on the floor.

"Falling pretty hard for that movie sheik, aren't you?" he demanded, almost at once.

Janice checked the protest that came to her lips, and smiled instead. For almost the first time since she had known Bill she practiced deceit.

"Isn't he wonderful?" she gushed, in an almost Gwen-like fashion. "And how he dances! Divinely!"

"Huh!" snorted Bill. "Why shouldn't he? It's part of his job, like making love and dressing up. Girls are sure funny—they always fall for a lot of hokum."

"Do we?" she smiled.

"I didn't think you would, Jan," he growled. "You always seemed so sensible."

"Every girl is romantic," she assured him, even the sensible ones. And you can't deny that Ronald is attractive. Why, he's famous! And he's just as nice as he —"

Dorothy gaily presented Janice to Ronald. Janice was tongue-tied until Ronald started talking, which put her at her ease.

callow, Bill. Ronald's just the sort for a girl to go crazy over.

"That's the way you feel about it, isn't it? Well, all right. He's going to cut in on us, in a minute, so you'll be happy again. But I never thought—"

RONALD did cut in, and as she was surrendered to him she saw Bill's hurt, angry look. For the first time she had hurt him. He had hurt her often. And she was sorry, as well as happy.

"Defend me from Gwen!" pleaded Ronald, softly. "She acts like the siren in a thriller. I can't stand sirens. I like nice little girls—sweet and sincere and kind—rather like you, you know."

"How do you know that I'm like that?" asked Janice.

"Oh, I'm a great judge of character. Your Bill seemed a bit peevish. Was it on account of Gwen, or because you have been so good to me?"

"A little of both," said Janice, shyly, "I think."

"Good! I have no doubt he's an estimable chap, in his better moments, since you're fond of him. I suspect, too, that he's the sort who must be kept guessing—and that you've not done that. Shall we kill two birds with one pebble? Shall we enjoy ourselves and at the same time cause your Bill the sort of anguish that will bring him around?"

Janice smiled and nodded.

"Then—" chuckled Ronald, "isn't it awfully warm in here?"

Dancing, they glided across the floor to an open door and out on the veranda.

"I like driving on a night like this. Do you?"

Janice nodded.

"Good. Then let's run my boat out and spin down the highway. Dorothy won't mind, I'm sure, and Bill will. So—" he chuckled.

Presently his long-nosed, black and silver roadster emerged from the garage. Getting out, he helped Janice into the deeply cushioned seat, wrapped her in a soft robe, and took his place at the wheel.

As they drove down the driveway, Janice looked back to see Bill and Gwen on the veranda. They were quarreling, that glance told her. And as they passed, Bill looked up to see her beside Ronald. An expression of astonishment crossed his face, and Janice, although she trembled a little, was glad.

"Warm enough?" asked Ronald, slipping his arm over her shoulders.

At the headlands, where the rocky coast was splashed with waves, he stopped the car.

"Reminds me of Kent," he said. "I like a coast like this."

HIS arm tightened on her shoulders, and he took her hand. Janice let him hold it, although she was half-afraid that he intended to kiss her. She didn't want him to think—he had been so kind and nice—that she was a silly little brute. But neither did she want him to think that she expected his kisses. No doubt he was
used to girls who did expect him.

She turned to look at him, and he held her close.

"Jove, you're a sweet girl!" he exclaimed.

She leaned toward him, about to kiss her, and Janice turned away. Instead, he lifted her hand to his lips.

"I mean that, Janice," he said. "I don't often meet a girl as sweet and genuine as you. But I won't make love to you. If it weren't for Bill, though..." He smiled and pressed his lips again to her slim, cool fingers.

"Aren't you just saying that?" she asked.

He shook his head. "I mean it, he assured her, and for once his usual smile was missing. "Why do you love this Bill fellow—anyway?"

She laughed at him. "I don't know," she admitted. "I guess I've always loved him. When we were kids in school, they used to tease me about Bill. But I didn't care.

"You know what I think," said Ronald. "I think you're a very loyal girl, and you've cherished this school-girl love for Bill. But you don't really love him now."

"Oh,"

"Shouldn't I have said that?" asked Ronald. "Well, you think about it, anyway. You know I told you I was a great judge of character." He laughed softly. "Shall we go back?"

"Perhaps—perhaps you're right," Janice admitted thoughtfully. "I don't know. Bill—"

"Aha!" cried Dorothy, when they returned. "The screen's foremost lover and Crestmont's beauteous daughter! Aha!"

"Don't be a nut, Dorothy!" grumbled Ronald.

BILL descended upon them, his face flushed and angry, his eyes cold. With a disdainful glance for Ronald, which the latter countered with a smile, he took Janice's arm and led her away.

"Where have you been?" he demanded.

"Who's inquiring?" asked Janice, impatiently.

"I am! You little fool, don't you know what people will say—when you go out riding with a man like that?"

"I've often gone riding with you."

"That's different," Bill growled.

"How?"

"You know. Why, we've known each other all our lives! We've—well, I thought you understood how I felt."

"How do you feel, Bill? It seems to me that Gwen—"

"Gwen! Rats! I don't care anything about Gwen."

"Since when?"

"Well, since—since this evening."

"Oh," smiled Janice. "Well, we have been friends for a long time, Bill, but I don't see why I shouldn't go riding with Ronald. And I don't see what right you have to object."

That wasn't at all what Janice intended to say, but somehow her attitude toward Bill was changing. Never again would she let him ignore her and then welcome him with open arms. Not ever again.


"You can't afford to be talked about!" growled Bill, flushing darkly. "How do you suppose I'll ever get Mother and Dad to consent to letting me marry you—if they can bring up this movie sheik as well as the other things?"

FOR a moment the girl was silent, as her eyes searched Bill's face and she felt her own turn crimson.

"The other things?" she said, in a strained voice. "You mean—I'm poor."

"No position," growled Bill. "Mother's keen on that sort of thing. Janice, and—"

"Don't try to get their consent to our marriage," said Janice coldly. "Because you'll never get mine. I'm glad to know, Bill, just how important these—other things—are. Good-bye. Hereafter you need not worry about my conduct. Since I have no—position, I'll go riding with whom I please."

She turned quickly away from him, and walked directly to Ronald, who was chatting with Dorothy.

"Dot, dear," said Janice. "I'm sorry, but I must go home. Good night. Good night, Mr. Hill—Ronald."

"If you must go," said Ronald promptly, "you'll at least let me take you."

"You can't go—yet," cried Dorothy.

Janice nodded to Ronald, and he drove her home. They were silent all the way. At last, when he left her at the door of her parents old, once stately, home, he spoke.

"May I come around tomorrow?" he asked.

"Yes," said Janice. "Do. Come for luncheon, can't you?"

"I'd love it."

Again he bowed over her hand, lifted it to his lips and kissed it.

"Good night, Janice."

"Good night—Ronald."

SHE began to cry on the way upstairs, and when she again stood before her mirror the tears were flowing freely.

"Why did I ask him for luncheon?" she questioned herself. "It'll be a perfect flop! He'll see this house in the daylight. He'll see me—against my proper background. Well?"

What did it matter? What did anything matter? Bill had shown her clearly how he felt. What was that Ronald had said? Oh, yes—"Toujours gai," that was the battle-cry. She smiled, and laughed softly to herself.

She'd be gay. She'd go down smiling, anyway. She had lost Bill, and it didn't matter, now that she knew how he felt. If her position, and his parents' wishes, meant more to him than she did, she was glad to know it now.

"Toujours gai!" she murmured sleepily.

She was up early, next morning, to prepare for the luncheon. Her mother, she

[Continued on page 94]
other. It requires a whole heap of both to make love a happy condition. Love means loyalty—and loyalty presupposes the last degree of fair-play and sportsmanship. If one is to be successful in love, one must practice both of these virtues constantly. Of course, they both go hand-in-hand with unselfishness, and the combination of them all is what makes for the greatest of all results—Love.

Love has taught me one or two methods of holding it—once I attain it. The first of these is: Appreciation. It is really impossible to stress this word too strongly. I have learned that a person in love may be very happy in sacrificing his life and other happinesses for the person he loves—if the appreciation. That is the most essential attribute to acquire if one is to hold love. In fact, I might go so far as to say that anything is possible in love if one shows the proper amount of appreciation. If you've had no experience with love you may not be able to understand this line of reasoning. Many young girls believe it is the moderne manner to take everything for granted. They think they are being clever when they take all that real love offers them, without so much as a "thank you" in return. But, one day, they will awaken to find themselves done out of that great possibility for happiness. They will realize that they have lost the most wonderful thing in life by a mere lack of appreciation.

By that last I do not mean that one should be continually gushing over the object of one's affection. But don't let it slip from your mind entirely—that is all. Never take your loved-one's virtues for granted. Too many of us are guilty of that misdemeanor. In fact, we reach the point where we fail to see anything concrete about them but their faults. Nothing could drive love away faster. To be lovable and kind, generous and sweet is a pleasure—just as long as it is appreciated. Don't forget that! The moment you begin to take those things as your just due,you are flirting with the death of love.

I really believe that my expression of What Love Means To Me has been grossly inadequate. The few things I have mentioned are in such a small ratio to what I feel in my heart. I have tried to express in mere words the greatest of all sensations—and I finish with the thought that I have only scratched the surface. One might even gather from this that I have been unhappy in love—quite the contrary. It has been very kind to me in the long run. But I have tried to be honest in what I have said—a meager as it is. That part of the definition of love that I have been unable to express is still in my heart, but it might well be read between the lines of...

Love is a delightful responsibility!

Next Month Alice White Tells About Love

Walter Ramsey's article on Miss White, which will be in the August Issue of TALKING SCREEN is one of his best. Alice's frank talk on what love means to her will hold you spellbound.
little house and furnished it on the instal-
ment plan.
Her husband, too, could not find work. 
Because idleness breeds discontent, there 
were quarrels and the Twelvetrees separated. 
Divorce proceedings followed.

TO TOP all this, when her first year in 
Hollywood came to an end, Fox of-
ficials failed to renew her contract. They 
looked up her record for the year, saw that 
she had appeared in but two pictures and 
perceived that she had accomplished nothing 
of note. They did not pause to remember 
that it was their own fault that Helen had 
made so little progress. They did not re-
call that she had stowed their offices day 
and night begging for something to do. They 
only saw black figures on white paper; fig-
ures that said Helen had worked but six 
weeks and had drawn fifty-two weeks' salary.

Helen's heart was broken. Gone were 
the golden dreams of a year ago. In their 
place was a horrible nightmare. She was 
deeply in debt. Bill collectors were hound-
ing her. Soon they took the automobile 
away from her. She lost her home because 
she could not continue the payments. The 
furniture, too, was attached. Everything 
was gone—dreams, hopes, ambition, hus-
band. A void remained in her heart. Poor, 
pathetic Helen Twelvetrees.

My own heart ached for her the day she 
came to my office. As I listened to her 
story, I wondered if success and fortune 
and fame are worth the heartbreaks that 
are so common in Hollywood.

"You mustn't return to New York, Helen; 
not yet, anyway," I said. "We who know 
you have tremendous faith in you. Why, 
only yesterday I heard one of the finest 
agents in Hollywood talking about you. He 
thing you have a brilliant future. He 
was berating Fox officials for denying you 
opportunities. Why don't you let me take 
you to his office? You can talk with him 
and perhaps he will show you the folly 
of giving up the fight."

THAT was how it happened that Helen 
was persuaded to remain two more 
weeks in Hollywood. Three days after the 
session in my office, she was given a test 
at the Pathé studios and was assigned to 
the leading feminine rôle in The Grand 
Parade. Before the picture was completed, 
Pathé officials were singing her praises. She 
was placed under a long term contract at 
a salary nearly thrice what she had been 
receiving from Fox. The Grand Parade has 
been released now and Helen is receiving 
thousands of letters from fans throughout 
the world. She has been given a new pic-
ture to do for Pathé. It is titled Swing 
High and has a circus background. Studio 
officials are enthusiastic in their predictions 
for her future.

Hers is one of the most beautiful stories 
in Hollywood. No motion picture could 
have greater heart interest. She hasn't 
his husband back; they are definitely divorced. 
But she has her new contract and new confi-
dence in herself. More than these, she 
again has a light heart and golden dreams. 
Once more the shy, wistful little girl who 
went West to find happiness and found only 
unhappiness, sings and laughs.

AND now that I have told you her story, 
may I intrude upon your time and 
tell you something about Helen? You will 
want to know about her for one of these 
days she is going to be a beeg, beeg star. 
She is a native of Brooklyn, New York, 
and was born on Christmas Day. Her father 
is advertising manager for a group of East-
ern newspapers and Helen was a reporter 
for a few months. She graduated from the 
Brooklyn Heights Seminary and enrolled at 
the Arts Students League and the American 
Academy of Dramatic Arts. Upon comple-
tion of her courses at these schools she 
began a stage career in stock with the Stuart 
Walker Players of New York. Among the 
plays in which she enacted leading rôles 
were An American Tragedy, Yen, Roulette, 
Broadway, and Elmer Gantry.

Helen is five feet, two inches tall and 
weights about one hundred and eight pounds. 
She has turquoise blue eyes that are ex-
tremely trusting and wistful. She is a quiet, 
dignified and cultured young lady and all 
who know her, like her. She enjoys social 
life but not to excess; she had enough of 
that during her first nightmare year in Hol-
lywood to last a lifetime, she says.

She likes both classical and modern music 
and in her home she has a piano, which 
she plays, a phonograph and a radio. She 
is a devotee to tennis and golf. In the sum-
mer she is one of the most regular atten-
dants at the beach clubs. She seldom misses 
a boxing contest when she is not working 
at the studio. She dislikes motoring. She 
did not learn to drive until she came to 
California. In New York one travels in 
subways and taxicabs. She had no occasion 
to learn to drive there.

Helen is pleasingly frank and sweet. She 
is ever poking fun at herself. She has a 
soft, throaty laugh that causes you to want 
her to laugh often. For pets she has three 
wire-haired terriers—Romeo, Juliet and 
one of their children, Catherine the Great.

She loves life. She adores California. 
She is mad about the studios and her 
work. She is enjoying to the utmost the 
fullness of life.

We, her friends, are happy with her. Not 
only because she is glad but because she 
has succeeded in recovering the golden 
dreams that she took West with her.

Today she is a success; a monument to 
other girls who are struggling ahead and 
who need encouragement.

No longer is Helen referred to as the 
girl whose heart was broken by Hollywood.
To the Ladies

[Continued from page 21]

no avail. He couldn't get a part.

And then one evening at a little party he met Helen Valentine—the friend-of-a-friend of his. Helen was a bit of a singer herself—a chorus girl, in fact—and she knew her Times Square well. Also she knew a good voice when she heard it—and what to do next.

It was she who really started John Boles on the cruise that led to fame. For she took him to see Lawrence Weber, the producer who was about to put on Little Jessie James—and it was settled just like that! A month later Boles, as the leading man in the show, was making "I love you" the song-hit of Broadway.

THE man who introduced Boles to Helen Valentine is now a Fifth Avenue importer of jewels, and Helen herself has vanished. But she lives in John Boles' grateful memory as a "regular fellow"—symbol of the ready comradship that girls of the stage give.

The next woman important in John Boles' career was none other than the great Geraldine Farrar. She gave him the lead in Franz Lehár's lavish operetta, The Love Spell and they rehearsed for five weeks together—and opened and closed in Hartford! The production never reached New York.

Many a young actor, sharing as he did the sorrows of Miss Farrar's spectacular failure in The Love Spell would have blamed the temperamental diva for definitely delaying his career. But not John Boles. For out of those five weeks of experience with the greatest actress of the operative stage, he says he learned most of what he knows of the art of acting. He regards his work with Farrar as the opportunity of a lifetime.

After the Farrar fasto, Boles drifted back to Broadway—a sadman but a better actor. He was singing in an amiable trille called Kitty's Kisses when Gloria Swanson happened to visit New York. The rest is screen history. Miss Swanson was so captivated by his performance that she picked him to return to Hollywood with her and play in The Loves of Sunya.

FAVORING breezes for a while—and then Boles was sailing against the wind again. For in the silent films he was a hit of a disappointment—just "good enough"—the reason is evident. Here he was with a real voice—and no opportunity to use it. His natural speech is song and, muzzled in the land of pantomime, he was unhappy. He failed in consequence to do his best work. When along came the talkies and brought him speedily to the harbor of fame, Boles was himself again—with his natural, charming voice to express him. The same romantic quality that caught the interest of Miss Valentine, of Geraldine Farrar and of Gloria Swanson, when they heard him sing on Broadway, blossomed fully on the screen.

And now the fourth woman in John Boles' career—"Miss Rebecca"—saw to it that he got his reward. He had been lent out at a big profit to make those first singing-talkies—Desert Song, Rio Rita, Song of the West—and it was "Miss Rebecca," the woman who guides his business destinies, who saw to it that his contract on the home lot got a big revision upward.

The singing caballero is safe now in the harbor of fame and fortune and will be for a long time. And with the perfectly natural gallantry of his Southern temperament he gives credit to whom credit is due. "Four women," he says, "have helped me in my career at crucial moments. I am happy to acknowledge it with all my thanks."

Victor McLaglen Interviews Victor McLaglen

"Yeah? It may look great. But sometimes I get tired of it. Sometimes I get so tired of the smell of greasepaint and the stuffy air of sound stages that I want to chuck it all. I want to go back to Baghdad. I want to take my wife and kids and go to England or to Australia or to Cape Town, where my father was born."

M Y FATHER had it. Born in Africa. Married in England. But that didn't prevent him from training troops in Madagascar and adventuring in Mauritius. All the boys were that way, Fred, Leo, Arthur, Lewis, Clifford, Cyril and Kenneth. Couldn't keep them in one place long. Always pushing off somewhere."

"Like yourself," says I.

"Like myself. Left home when I was fourteen and joined the Life Guards. At seventeen and a half my father had me come home. At eighteen I was aboard the Lake Champlain, steerage, bound for Canada. Worked as farmer, miner, lumberjack, sign painter, boxer. Went from Cobalt, up near Lake Timiskaming, to Toronto to Port Arthur to Winnipeg to Vancouver to the States. Started a physical culture school in Spokane, played vaudeville, boxed. San Francisco, San José, Chicago, Hawaii, Australia, Bombay and Pondicherry. Then the War and home. But always the McLaglens are drawn toward home. There's that about us."

"Crazy to go, but anxious to return," says I soberly.

"That's the way it was in Baghdad. Swell berth, a birkhah towed by six natives dressed in white, a house and stables at my command. Provost Marshal, I was. Down there five years. But as soon as I heard that Fred had gone and that I had leave to go home, nothing could keep me from tearing north."

"You might have gone back to Arabia."

"Maybe ... if I hadn't met Enid LaMonte. She was bridal attendant or something at a wedding. All dressed in Ruffy stuff. I knew after I saw her that I'd stay in England."

"Then J. Stuart Blackton asked if you'd play a prizefighter in a picture he was making. He had heard you were amateur champion boxer of the Army. Funny thing, it was The Call of the Road."

"Appropriate title."

"Yeah."

"After that you played in a lot of pictures. Diana Manners was in some, wasn't she? And then you came to America."

"Six years ago—to play in Blackton's The Beloved Brute."

"And in Beau Geste."

"But I liked Wuthering Heights better than the whole raft of them. Better than Cock-Eyed World, even."

"Yeah? Well, now then, what are you going to do about this interview?"

"Nothing."

"Yeah? See you."

"See me, Vic."

Victor McLaglen
The collegiate Stanley Smith, who got that way in real life and in the movies, is hogging the picture in this delightful scene from *Good News*. And the picture, we almost forgot to add, is delightful Mary Lawlor, rising star.
Here, ladies and gentlemen, we have Walter Pidgeon and Bernice Claire turtle-doving in a scene from Mademoiselle Modiste. As far as we can see, judging by this, here's one case where a Pidgeon can bill and coo better than a dove.
There is something superbly tender in this scene from *The Devil's Holiday*. Nancy Carroll, in all her fragile beauty and Phillips Holmes, so romantically handsome. No wonder the devil took a holiday. He couldn't compete with angel Nancy.
Ladies Only

[Continued from page 38]

JANE MURFIN'S chief distinction lies in her discovery of "Strongheart," the dog that made canine operas famous in the good old days. She has written several plays in collaboration with Jane Cowl, of the legitimate stage—"Lilac Time, Daybreak, Information Please, and Smilin' Through." Now she is under contract to RKO as one of their most popular writers. Other well-known film scripts in Hollywood are Bess Meredith, who ranks very high in the profession; Zoe Akins, the novelist; Viola Brothers Shore; Doris Anderson, Marion Dix, Lenore Coffee, Sylvia Thalberg, and many others. Writing seems to be one of women's most successful fields.

When is a secretary not a secretary? When she's as important as Gladys Rosson, who has held the longest consecutive position of its kind in the annals of motion picture history. Since 1914 she has been with DeMille, handling the contracts of Gloria Swanson, Wallace Reid, Thomas Meighan, Bebe Daniels, Leatrice Joy, and scores of others. The secrets she doesn't know—and won't tell—aren't worth knowing.

Frances MacPherson, secretary to Irving Thalberg, likewise holds one of the most important positions in the movie world, which is saying a lot.

Ida Koverman, public relations director for L. B. Mayer, is a person of high authority. Marcella Napp, assistant casting director at M-G-M, knows practically every player in the business. Many other women have carved for themselves a very distinguished niche in the picture industry because of their brains and ability, and in spite of being mighty pleasing to the eye.

The Silver-Plated Screen

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The staggering sums computed to be the earnings of Chaplin, Lloyd, Fairbanks and others of that ilk, aren't salaries at all. These personages are in business for themselves. They produce their own pictures, either with their own funds, money advanced by a bank, a film laboratory, a finance company, or distributing organization. For instance, the only interest held by United Artists in the pictures of Gloria Swanson, Mary Pickford, Chaplin and the rest, is that the company, acting as sales agent for their products receives a certain percentage of the receipts as its commission.

In the particular case of United Artists, it is a little different, for the stars are "owner-members" who participate in the profits of the distributors as well. Lloyd, whose pictures are sent throughout the country by Paramount, produces his own films and pays Paramount for distribution.

HOWEVER, as there really was gold in them there hills, so there really is a goodly percentage of silver which a skilled cinema alchemist may wash from the silver-plated screen. The most startling contract recently to flash before the dazzled eyes of Hollywood's hopefuls is that by which Fox secured the singer, John McCormack, to star in a production called Song O' My Heart. The Fox folk took a gamble on McCormack as Wesley Ruggles did on Jack Oakie. The figures, however, are slightly different. The Irish tenor received $50,000 a week for ten weeks. Which, if figures don't lie, is at the rate of $2,600,000 per year. There is no contract like it on record. But then, there is no other John McCormack. And even John's option may be allowed to lapse. It all depends on you.
telling any of them that the others were to be there, invited them to a dinner at his home. A regular family reunion took place and Alec gave the crowd a thrill by showing movies he had taken of The Desert Song from a box in one of the theatres they were playing in the previous year. The pictures were silent and evoked shouts of laughter from the players as they saw themselves singing with dramatic gestures but heard not a note.

Gray's modesty and self-effacement is well known among his friends and acquaintances. He is very appreciative of praise for his singing but always seems surprised over it. He is essentially fair and honest and has a direct way of looking at persons he is talking to that inspires considerable respect. He has gray eyes and brown hair and is perhaps five feet, eight inches in height.

GRAY accidentally got in on one wild party in Hollywood and spent the evening in the kitchen chatting with his host, who wasn't imbibing much either. Elsewhere in the house were various disappointed females who were all-of-a-twitter to get acquainted with the new singer who is First National's pride and joy. Not that Alec is an old mechanic who sits around glaring when others appear to be enjoying themselves. He's broad-minded enough.

"One reason I don't go to whoopee parties," grinned Alec, "is because nobody asks me to them."

IT IS a little disconcerting to realize that the whoopeeless Mr. Gray was literally brought up on kissing games. Hold on, now. Don't be too hasty!

When Alec and his sister Vi were youngsters, their parents were the cordial hosts to all their young friends each weekend. They joined in all the games with the kids, even in the kissing games.

The family made up the Gray Quartet which sang in the West Chester, Penn., Presbyterian Church. Alec was the tenor (he's a baritone now); his father, second bass; his mother and sister, contralto and soprano respectively.

One of the few things that arouse Gray's ire is the quite unfounded rumor that he became a singer because he failed in business several times. He denies it vigorously. He got along very well in business, doing a variety of things to earn a living and he studied music at the same time. He taught school, handled advertising for a truck company in Chicago, and worked for an automobile supply company in Oklahoma. When the latter business went to the wall during the depression which followed the World War, Gray decided that if business could be as uncertain as the music profession, he might as well try the latter. He liked it better.

For some time Alec had been studying singing and had sung in church choirs and at concerts. At the Pennsylvania State College where he took an engineering course, he had been active in glee club work, although he had never taken a single voice lesson until graduation.

When the National Federation of Musical Clubs conducted a contest for American-trained singers under thirty years of age, Gray won the district honors and was given the opportunity of singing before the National Convention of Music Clubs in Los Angeles. The following four years he divided between business and concert appearances. Then, when he decided to devote his entire time to music, he hied himself to New York.

GRAY camped on Ziegfeld's doorstep until he got a hearing and the very next night sang in the Midnite Frolic on the New Amsterdam Roof, later appearing in the Follies.

Although he had never spoken a line on the stage, Gray jumped at the chance to fill the role in the stage production of Sally, vacated by Marilyn Miller's leading man, who left the show in Philadelphia. He played the season out and later sang in Tell Me More, Naughty Marietta with Mitzi, and Twinkle, Twinkle, with Joe E. Brown.

He sang for one summer in the original New York company of The Desert Song, being its first Red Shadow, and then went on the road with it. Gray's adventure in the talkies came about when Marilyn Miller was asked whom she wanted for her leading man in the talking picture version of Sally and immediately replied, "Alexander Gray."

Alec's most cherished interests are music and his ten-year-old daughter, Jeannie. Since the death of Mrs. Gray, over a year ago, Gray's sister, Mrs. Couch, has had charge of his home and has mothered Jeannie. Alec himself watches over the little girl devotedly. He insists that she shall attend public school and hopes that she will not develop a feeling of too great importance because she is the child of a prominent screen player. He refuses to allow any pictures of her used in newspapers or magazines for that reason.

Gray's modest, retiring ways have not been described lately. He always was that way. A few years ago when he was teaching grade subjects to lively small boys at the Northwestern Military and Naval Academy at Highland Park, Ill., his young charges discovered it embarrassed their youthful instructor to be called "professor"—chiefly because he was so young and was not entitled to be called by so dignified a title. Of course he was "professor" as long as he remained.

Mrs. Couch describes her brother as "an understanding sort of person," to whom many friends and relatives go for advice and sympathy. Back in his former homes, Baltimore, Philadelphia and West Chester (he is a native of Wrightsville, Penn.), Alec Gray is remembered as a likeable, dependable boy.

Not only humans have been benefited by Gray's aid and hospitality. There is one member of his household who was literally plucked out of the gutter and transformed into a respectable citizen. Her name is Snoopy, her color, black, and her disposition, giddy.

Mrs. Couch discovered Snoopy mewing in a gutter when the kitten's eyes were just opening and took her home to a delighted Jeannie. I was formally introduced to Snoopy as she sat nonchalantly upon a table, blinking impudent yellow eyes, and as I chucked her beneath the chin she fell upon my gloved hand with poorly simulated ferocity. I've never met such a frivulous feline.

Alec is not properly enthused about Snoopy. She sneaks up on him as he crosses a room and springs upon his legs, sinking careless claws into his calf; a new version of biting the hand that feeds her, no doubt.

Gray's German shepherd puppy, named Ranger, after its famous father, is away at school, taking a course in etiquette. His habit of leaping upon feminine visitors with affectionate intentions and muddy paws did not endear him to anyone. Now he is learning what every well-bred dog should know.

"Maybe," said his fond master with a grin, "maybe I'll put the dog in the movies and then I can retire and lead a quiet life."
Lest We Forget

FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN married Beverly Bayne in 1918. They have long since parted.

DAWN of 1918 found Kenneth Harlan, then a star, serving as a private at Camp Kearney, and Bull Montana bemoaning the fact that bad hearing caused the army to reject him.

NORMA TALMADGE was elevated to stardom in January, 1922, when she made Smilin' Through.

Now Joan Bennett, a featured player for less than a year, will ride into the cinema heavens in the same vehicle, which will be remade shortly as a talkie.

THE MARK OF ZORRO, Douglas Fairbanks' greatest success was made originally in 1920. Now he is re-making it into a talkie.

TWO-and-one-half-dollars was the amount paid for the first movie film ever bought. Thomas A. Edison paid that to the Eastman Kodak Company on Sept. 2, 1889, for one strip of celluloid, which ran through the camera horizontally.

ABOUT thirty years ago Harry Warner and his brothers built their first theatre, the Cascade, in Newcastle, Pa. It was located in an old store-building and seated ninety-nine persons. The chairs were rented from the village undertaker and on occasions of large funerals, picturegoers had to take their entertainment standing up.

MAURICE COSTELLO was the first screen idol to get temperamental. Fifteen years ago, when he was the most popular idol of the day, he set a precedent by refusing to help studio carpenters and "prop men." Tell that to a modern star.

IN 1912, Mary Miles Minter made her film début in a one-reeler, The Nurse. She was Juliet Shelby then, becoming Mary Miles Minter when she joined the Metro company. Miss Minter is now taking strenuous reducing treatments, preparatory to attempting a comeback.

NEARLY twenty years ago Anita Loos wrote her first scenario, The New York Hat. It was directed by D. W. Griffith and had for its leading players Mary Pickford and Lionel Barrymore. Just think what such a combination would cost today.

This smart young lady—so impeccably gowned—is our old friend Priscilla Dean. Remember her? What a star she was in them there thrilling dramas and such like.

FORERUNNER of our present elaborate studios, the first movie studio was a small, box-like structure suspended from a bridge. It was built in 1893 by Thomas A. Edison. Because of its size, it greatly resembled the patrol wagon of those days and was nick-named "The Black Maria" after that popular conveyance.

BELIEVE it or not, Norma Talmadge's face never showed in her first picture. In 1912 she made her début with the old Vitagraph Company and her first part was that of a household pest. She played a camera fiend who went through the entire picture with her head shrouded and bent over a camera.

TWENTY years ago Jeanie MacPherson and Henry B. Walthall played opposite each other in one-reel offerings. Miss MacPherson later gave up acting and went into the writing phase of the industry. She is responsible for most of Cecil De Mille's pictures, and is one of the best-known scenarists in the business. Walthall is still acting.

TEN years ago, Gloria Swanson was the wife of Herbert Somborn, wealthy capitalist, and had just become the mother of baby Gloria. Somborn is now part-owner of the popular Hollywood restaurant, the Brown Derby.

SIXTEEN years ago Alice Joyce and Tom Moore were co-featured in a series of comedy-dramas, such as The Stonewall and The Leech. They were produced by the Kalem Company.

AS LATE as 1923, Mary Pickford discovered that many of her earliest pictures were being reissued and used as feature-drawing-cards in unreliable theatres. So, to protect herself, she bought up as many as she could. She paid approximately $10,000 for a collection of old films.

FIFTEEN years ago the old American Company, located at Santa Barbara, tried to induce Mary Pickford to appear in a serial, The Diamond From the Sky. When unsuccessful, they performed what they considered a strategy masterpiece—they signed Lottie Pickford instead. Irving Cummings also appeared in that production. He is now an ace-director at Fox.

ABOUT fourteen years ago, the old Vitagraph Company was featuring Anita Stewart and Earle Williams.
So You're From Hollywood

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the restaurant. "But surely, m'sieu, you have changed since we saw you in The Mark of Zorro. A fisherman in Hull, that English seaport, stopped Dorothy Mackaill and asked if Los Angeles was a part of Hollywood.

In Deauville, an Irishman from Cork asked Gloria Swanson if Mae Murray was a Viennoise and whether you could pick oranges from street car windows as you rode along Hollywood Boulevard. At Elstree, the British cinema center, a doddering old fellow told Betty Compson about his desire to go to Hollywood.

"But I lack courage," he said. "Courage?" said Betty, thinking, perhaps, of his extreme age.

"Yes. I'm afraid of taking a chance with the Indians. When I was young I wouldn't have minded, but I'm getting too old to fight the bandits."

A grimy faced youngster in San Francisco edged up to Ronald Colman and Isrepid. "Please, sir, is the Roosevelt Hotel in Hollywood named after Buddy Roosevelt, the Western actor?" and Victor McLaglen was asked, considerably, if all the studios in Hollywood were on one street. As a point of interest, they are sprawled over the adjoining valleys at distances of eight to ten miles. One of the first questions asked Jeanette MacDonald when she returned to New York after making her initial talkie was, "Do they serve real food in motion picture backyards?" and someone else wanted to know if the stars were given their meals free of charge by Montmartre Cafe because of the tourist interest they created by their presence.

CHEVALIER, the one and only Maurice, spent his vacation in dear Paris, answering "No" to the question of "Are Chaplin's feet that big in real life?" and "Yes" to "Does Douglas do his own stunts?" And Lupe Velez, in Florida for Hell Harbor, received a delegation of timid school children who asked her, almost inaudibly, overcome by shyness, if she had a couple of trained wildcats that followed her around Hollywood.

"Whoosh, my darlings—no!" she answered explosively. "Eagles, yes, and dogs, turtles, birds and rabbits, but no wildcats."

In the smoker on his last trip to New York, Al (Mammy!) Jolson had to keep a straight face when he answered a beefy boy's question of "Who doubles for you in the singing scenes. Mr. Jolson?" And Myrna Loy had to think of a hurried answer when a curious fan asked her how Edward Everett Horton could think of so many fast and funny retorts in the talkie of that well-known play The Honeymoon. Pauline Frederick was asked by a passenger on a Channel plane if it were true that she bathed in nothing but certified milk; and Monte Blue, that invertebrate traveler, was asked, while in the air, to show a picture of his gold-plated bathtub that the fan had heard he owned.

One intrepid seeker of advice in Montreal presented Charles Farrell with a questionaire on which she had listed: Is Colleen Moore a sister of the three Moore boys? Are Alexander Gray and Larry Gray brothers? Is Jeanette MacDonald related to J. Farrell MacDonald? How many William Boyds are there? Do they feed nicotine to Wheeler, the little boy in Our Gang, to keep him small? Is the Hollywood Bowl a reservoir?

AT VICTORVILLE, where Bebe Daniels was taking scenes for Rio Rita, a young girl slipped into her dressing room and sat tersely on the edge of the chair.

"Please, Miss Daniels ..." she quavered. "Yes?" curiously.

"Do—you really eat baked oranges? I read in a paper that you did and I've been trying and trying to bake some but they don't seem to turn out well."

Bebe, it is apparent from the following, is the prey of these questioners. At the studio, not long ago, a delegation was seeing the sights. No less than three or four asked Bebe the same question: Did you have the double in Rio Rita? The real question called forth a superb gesture from Bebe. Without saying a word, she walked over to the piano, sat down, and sang one or two of the numbers. Yes, dearies, it silenced them.

But John Gilbert and Greta Garbo speak when they meet? There's a question that bobs up frequently. And did Buster Keaton have an operation performed that permanently prevents him from smiling? Is Chester Conklin's moustache real and what kind of hair tonic does he use to make it so luxuriant?

JOHN BOLES has been cornered and asked if it is true that all Hollywood uses a certain scented, highly-advertised soap, and little Dorothy Lee who sits on the piano and sings herself into grace with Do Do Do Something, in Synopagation, was asked, while on a personal appearance tour, if a film career was the goal of every Hollywood High School damsel. Dorothy is an alumna. Not only that, they asked Laura La Plante, en route to Hawaii, if Poverty Row, where inexpensive pictures are independently produced, was the residence of out-of-work extras; and in Gadsby, Canada, where Barbara Kent visited, they inquired if Lillian Gish really liked carrots. Do the stars have their real names in the telephone book? Sam Hardy was questioned; and in New York, Joseph Cawthorn was asked if the players wore greatpaint all the time.


Who started this damned business anyway?

Liberty Belle

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And perhaps another, common to women—married women particularly—is a contributing one. Betty permitted herself to become fat—well then, plump—and dowdy—or at any rate, careless of her appearance as she was of all else. Fate saw to it that she became friendly with a girl known to Hollywood as "Miss Rebecca"—an oracle who presides over the destinies of many stars. In short, a casting agent. This youngster read such a riot act, and so upbraided her friend for quitting and allowing herself to slump at the height of a career, that for the first time in that career the star "snapped out of it."

She dictated, she massaged, she facaded and hair-dressed. And when the body was all polished up, she went shopping for some upholsteries. Then, a regular next year's model, she presented herself to "Miss Rebecca." And of course she got the job—dozens of 'em.

She's still independent as all the stars in the flag. But she's no longer the disinterested, lackadaisical, come-day-go-day personality of before the talkies. She's been re-born.

The old independence makes itself apparent in her dealings with producers and friends. There's a difference, both must come to her. At Pletridge's home, once, she visualizes the answer to the old riddle. For there the door is always ajar. There is hospitality. But frequently no hostess. Guests, invited or not, may arrive and depart without seeing Betty. At best she emerges from her seclusion only with the festivities well under way. Lingers awhile, and then selecting those she likes best retires with them to privacy that is inviolable.

Her new credo is that of hard work and keep fit. It's an endless chain. Keep fit for hard work—work hard to keep fit. Not infrequently she's working in two pictures during one day. There are no lay-offs for Betty. There never were many.

In the end what? She doesn't know herself. Something is leading her on. Maybe it is that something from beyond which has touched her hand. Maybe it is the hand of destiny. Whatever it may be Betty is ready to meet it—and follow, with head high and throbbing heart. Independent—especially now that she has broken with husband James Cruze—but intensely interested in life and all it offers, professionally and socially.

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They Know What They Don’t Like

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EVELYN BRENT says that she can’t abide cats.

"This awful hatred I have for them is known to all my friends. I’m sorry I can’t demonstrate what I mean by a terrible aversion..." she continued, "however, if a cat were to come into this room, I would not have to be told, nor would it be necessary for me to see it. I can feel it. I get deadly pale and my vocal chords seem to become paralyzed. I fully believe that if one were to jump in my lap I would die of fright. It is horrible," she finished, "to be terrorized by something you can feel but are unable to understand."

"Wonder if Clara Bow has any aversions," we said to one of the publicity men on the Paramount lot.

"I guess we can try to find out," he answered.

And—the great American Desire has not one aversion but several. The most pronounced being that for a certain brand of perfume. She has been known to take a sudden and violent dislike to women using it, for no other reason but that the odor clogged her nostrils, until she felt like taking the person in question, and putting her under a shower, so that not a vestige of the perfume would remain.

We then went over to George Bancroft’s set and talked to him between scenes.

"Sentimental greeting cards are my pet abomination," he said. "I wish I could get the guy who writes that tripe on them and have my hands on his neck for just two minutes... I hate to see the holidays come around for just that very reason. My wife tries to keep the worst ones away from me, but a man has to read friends’ greetings, hasn’t he? I wish there were some sort of law against the things. I would be a happy man at Christmas time if all the mawkish sentiments were done away with."

ON THE way to Mona Maris’ house that evening, we tried to think what the Spanish word for “aversion” is. Luckily we did not have to call on that language—it having grown rather rusty from disuse—for Miss Maris understands and speaks our language very well. In her precise English, with its charming accent, she informed us that helpless women were her pet aversion.

"You know the ones I mean; the kind that can’t bend over to pick up a handkerchief; they look up with their eyes opened wide—so—and here Miss Maris gave a perfect facial imitation of a young lady about to ask for a diamond bracelet—and say: ‘But I can’t do this; or I’m not well enough to do that.’ Such women make me feel ashamed of my sex, and set me to wondering what this boasted of equality is all about."

Ronald Colman has an aversion for crowds. In fact, he goes to all sorts of trouble in order to avoid people... going as far as shaving off his moustache in order not to be recognized. He has a perfect horror of having his private life intruded upon, and will not attend an opening night, or the premiere of one of his pictures. This is not an affectation on Mr. Colman’s part, but a sincere dislike for people en masse. Their jostling, their curiosity... their good or bad behaviors, these are things which drive him wild. Being close to the people is not his idea of sport.

"You know," he says, "a crowd is like a voracious maw. Everything is food for its tremendous appetite. And have you ever watched a crowd—studied it? Ever notice how senseless are its directions? How like a herd of sheep its reactions? The few times I have been caught in one have made me feel like running for days—running to the end of the world—and beyond."

BILL HAINES’ aversion is for orange juice. The reason he will tell you, is that as a small boy he took particular delight in eating green apples with the usual result; a stomach-ache. Mama’s favorite panacea for this was castor oil in the form of an orange juice sandwich. To this day, orange juice—the smell and the taste of it—is associated with the hated oil. So much so, in fact, that even the sight of it makes him experience a sickening revulsion.

"Aversions?" asked Joan Crawford. "Oh, yes. Scorers. I can’t listen to the sound of those Farewell Bells. And if anyone happens to pick up a pair of scissors in my presence, cold shivers run through my whole person, and I have to muster all the will power at my command to keep from screaming."

Bette Compson, in answer to our question, "told us that she did not have any aversion. She could not recall disliking anything so much that it would come under that classification. So we started to talk about other things, and were well on our way to solving a few problems of the universe, when a young man came into her dressing room wearing a tie in which the color purple predominated. To say that Betty shouted at him would be to put it very mildly indeed.

For the imperial color of the Caesars—as she afterwards explained—was something she had never liked and could not tolerate.

"Would you say that you had an aversion for it?" she was asked.

I’m afraid so. My mother was the same. Whenever she saw purple she used to become literally ill at her stomach.

"Some time ago," she continued, "I went into an agency with the view of buying a certain make of car. It so happened that they had on display the same model, only in a sickly, purple lavender. Needless to say I walked out of that showroom and bought another kind shortly afterwards."

WE COULD go on and on telling you about the aversions of these people—for it seems they all have one—but that would take too much space. For instance: Warner Baxter will not let anyone drive his car while he is in it. If Janet Gaynor happens to put her left shoe on in the morning before the right, her whole day is ruined. Bessie Love hates sand. Almost every star has some kind of aversion.

Their Business Is Looking Up

[Continued from page 65]

young blades of the particular period wouldn’t have been caught dead without one! Dennis King wore a none-concealing stubble in The Vagabond King—but he was an extra-braw ladie! When you think of beards, you probably see Santa Claus. But the research departments can produce as many fashions for faces as Godey’s book can show fashions in frocks. The hirsute adornment of a rogue in Russia differs radically from the Forty-Niners of California, a German officer in the World War, or a sheik of Araby.

It often happens that research information for a production can be obtained only in its actual locale. This is true of the M-G-M picture based on the life of Jenny Lind, in which Grace Moore is to make her screen début. The Swedish church service of 1850 had to be procured on native territory, as well as endless other details that will faithfully reproduce the exact mood and setting of that production. Mrs. Bucknell discovered that young student boys of that year affected flesh-colored collars that nearly caused their expulsion for immorality.

EVERTY department of a studio calls constantly on the research chiefs for information. The set designers need architectural details of a Fifteenth Century château; costumers require data on frocks of the Gay Nineties; the musical department needs a sea chantey or a fragment of an old Egyptian score; the foreign department wants a Russian phrase "all well"; the scenarist must know everything possible about sea fishing in the Arctic Circle; everyone wants something.

Fox has a complete library of humor, including 57 Varieties of the joke. Was that your ladle you were eating with last night?—No, that was no ladle, that was my knife! Only once in the history of time has a research department failed to deliver the goods. Bright and early one morning a director leapt into the library of the Fox Studios, and barked at Miss Frances Richardson, "Get me the secret code of the British Navy!"

"But Mr. Blank," she protested, "if I had it, I’d be shot at sunrise."

"And," he snapped impatiently, "I want it by ten o’clock and not a second later."
is known as an "industrial" picture—a commercial film sold by its producers to manufacturers of, say, widgets—so that the waiting world may be enlightened and sales increased. She was fifteen.

Through a series of events not unique in the experience of a milliner, she graduated from dull trade into the Svenska equivalent of Mack Sennett comedies. She alternated between the comedy make-ups of a Louise Fazenda or Daphne Pollard to the dishabille which Gloria, herself, affected in the early days of beautifying a bathing pool. And progressed further into drammer.

Then she came near going the way of Molly O'Day. Her rounded curves became round. She hated to look a scale in the face. But she met Mauritz Stiller in time. Poor Stiller, dead now, was six and a half feet of manhood. He towered. His head was like that of a mighty mastiff. His hands were as the proverbial hams. A shake of his fists (years later) sent John Gilbert hammering to the cops and the protective cloister of a cell. Mauritz fell for the Gustafsson girl.

He gave her the first real break in a thing called Goetta Berling. It made a hit in Yuppup. But the more important item was that Greta made a hit—and a surefire one—with Stiller.

Ever on the watch, the American movie men spotted this Swedish giant as a director of genius. They sent for him—and the emissary had contracts for his approval and signature.

"I won't go," he said, "unless you take Greta, too."

There was no place for her. The Big Shot didn't think the plump eighteen year old kid so hot. But Stiller's confidence—and Stiller's love—remained unshaken.

"You offer me so much money," he countered, "deduct a certain amount from my salary—give Greta a chance—pay her with my money—but don't let her know."

So the milliner came to the movies—in Hollywood.

BUT first Stiller groomed her as a trainer does a horse for a great race, or a fighter for his big bout. The result was not all that he wished. But it was enough. Under Monta Bell's direction she attracted sufficient attention in The Torrent to get a real contract of her own—and to draw her own money. The Temptress followed. And you fans began to write in. Then came Flesh and the Devil. It established Greta and John Gilbert as a team. And it didn't do C. Brown, director, a bit of harm.

She made five more films. Then the talkies came. And Greta spoke. Mean-time Greta developed temperament. She would do thus and so. She wouldn't do this nor that. And a funny thing had happened. The producers, checking carefully on fan mail and box-office receipts, found that their hole card was an ace—an ace of hearts—Greta Garbo. They smiled indulgently—and ground their teeth when no one was looking. Greta had her way. She still is having it. But if the time ever comes when she slips—she'll wish she'd been "nicer" when she faces the bared teeth.
STILLER, of course, died broken-hearted.

He lost Greta. And with her the ability to fit into studio conditions here. He failed. Had he known better he would have known that Hollywood failure means nothing. The Main Events in all the studios have been the Phil Storrs of others. It is just a merry-go-round — with no hard feelings. But Stiller took his initial defeat to heart—and departed. He didn't say good-bye to Greta.

She, now Queen of the Studio, was what the official called "difficult." The publicity squadron hated her. She'd refuse them their appearances. She'd dawned down with reluctance for making their jobs tougher. Her attitude toward everyone was the same. Friendly folk, the studio gang, she repulsed their advances. She valued them all lightly. And showed it. She does still.

Gilbert, the playboy lover, she treated pretty badly. Jack always has to imagine himself in love. He likes to tell the world, too. He told a level-headed studio sachem that he wanted to give Greta all he had. All his cash, all his property—everything. It was no beaux gigue, Jack wanted to call in the lawyers and do it all ship-shape, legally and irrevocably. His friend, and watta pal, told him not to be a darned fool. But that's one piece of advice Jack never takes and never will.

He spent a small fortune for a yacht, because Greta's racket is that she loves the sea. It was a big yacht with a captain and a crew, and accommodations for guests of Jack's, the gregarious, convivial soul. On the first cruise there was a carefully culled group asked to "honor Greta." But she, sweet thing, immersed herself in her cabin—and well, that was that. Jack took a loss on the boat.

SHE didn't like the room where the ladies who attended the Gilbertian parties were escorted to arrange their hair. So Jack planned a surprise and got those of the charlatan carpenters busy. (Odd how carpenters pursue him. Maybe a complex.) And after the carpenters came, interior decorators and all that. When the special boudoir was complete, Jack invited Greta up the hillside to his castle, and with the joy-of-giving—the pleasure of surprising a sweetheart—making his heart skip beats, the big bob ushered the girl to the chamber and threw aside the drapes with the happiness of a boy. She looked it over, powdered her nose, and stiffed a yarn repeated her most famous line: "Aye tank aye go home." And that, again, was that.

After the break with Jack—even before it—her deep voice would boom over Lilyan Tashman's 'phone. Lilyan was her pal, her confessor, her advisor. They say Lil, Hollywood's smartest dresser, gowned Garbo. A day didn't pass but what "Lilyan dis is Garbo" reverberated through the phone. But that friendship died with others.

Now Greta stands pretty much alone in the rather cheap little house where she dwells. Recently she allowed herself the luxury of a pool, and early-risers or late home-comers have seen her swimming not long after dawn. She stays in her places, and no matter how inane her remarks they are the signal for loud clamor, or if allegedly funny, for sustained laughter. She has only to remove her shoes and say: "Gees-wah," for the intelligentsia to go hysterical.

But, smart child, she's saving her shekels. The pay envelope contains $3,500 fresh and fresh every Sat'dy night. Less than a tenth is spent. The rest marches to de bank, to de bank, to de bank. And $3,500 a week mounts up to plenty of kronen against that day when Greta will grin at Hollywood and mutter: "Aye tank aye go home"—to that dear Stockholm.

Colonel Daniels

[Continued from page 71]

BEN wasn't so fortunate, was he? I think he reminisced, recalling how young Mr. Lyon had taken it on the chin during the days of sound business.

"He lost a lot. But what an awfully good sport he was about it! Do you know something? It's another secret! I think Ben has been more popular with Hollywood—and more popular with me, too—since those dark brown October days. He proved himself to be a thoroughbred, a fellow any girl might be proud to know—or love. While the rest of the boys—and they all got stung—were moaning not-so-low, Ben simply thanked his luck stars that he was young and had still the chance to work for another bank-roll. He took it with a smile. I thought that was great. And so did everyone else."

"What about Ben?" I remembered the master's voice.

"Well, you know he likes flying—and I'm learning to operate a 'plane. I like Bridge—and he's learned to play."


"Do you know the motto on my escutcheon—you know—my coat-of-arms? It is Semper Paratus. That means Always Prepared. I think companionship is the greatest thing in matrimony. I think it is what a girl should look for most when she thinks of wedding bells."

I remembered her attitude when her engagement to Mr. Lyon was first announced. To their friends, neither made a pretense of the desperate, cloying, ridiculous love that was a little wearing on the Crawford-Fairbanks family wardrobe, and all on her own hook, got a job as an extra girl.

Hal Roach was the first to discover her. Then Harold Lloyd—who loved her, too, they say. And finally Cecil B. De Mille (with a capital d please). Ten years with Paramount followed. Ten years and fifty photographs.

"You've been something of a pioneer," I said. For I remembered that Bebe was among the first to realize that the talkies had come to stay. Among the first to visualize the longer lease of stardom they guaranteed. Among the first to insist on an audible appearance. The first to quit when it was denied her. The first to make a terrific smash-hit in the singing cinema—as Rio Rita.

Perhaps I inherit that," she said seriously. "We've been rather adventurous, you know. And while I can't very well sail the Spanish Main, or go 'rollin' down to Rio,' within my limitations life is an adventure to me, too."

"Of course like it, an adventure, isn't it? And the people who meet it half-way, force it a little upon occasion, get most from it. I like to tell fortunes—but I make them come out my way."

I thought of Alexander, the conqueror. How he had to battle with charlatan oracle by his side. How he never moved without consulting the diviners. How, nevertheless, he forced his destiny. If the sibyl said the month was unlucky, he changed its name. When the Gordian knot defied him, he severed it with his sword. I thought I knew what Bebe meant.

"About pioneering," she continued, "do you want to laugh?"

I admitted it.

"Don't tell," she said, "but I was a pioneer patient in plastic surgery."

"Does anyone know?" I gasped from sheer surprise.

"Ask the Miss nose knows. It wasn't just what they wanted for the screen originally. So I had it fixed."

Now it is one of the cutest noses between eyes and lips anywhere. And speaking of lips—but why go into rhapsodies over Bebe's lips. Ben Lyon'll tell you. Besides, they speak for themselves.

"About pioneering," this time the words were mine, "so few of the established stars have anything left but the glitter of the silver screen. You remember Roscoe Arbuckle's definition of gen as something which Hollywood spent its money for while Ruth Roland was buying real estate. Is there any danger of your ever climbing that well-worn hill that makes the path to the poor-house so tough?"

"It's like this," she said. "I love freedom. The only way it is attainable is through financial independence. If I hadn't had my little army of dollars behind me I'd never have been able to make my Declaration of Independence when the time came. Here's another secret—just for you and the readers of TALKING SCREEN. When I left Paramount I figured my holdings to be worth about $500,000. And I've put it where it can't get away from me. In other words, Wall Street can have an earthquake every day, and my investments will remain a hundred per cent secure."

[Continued on page 97]
AMOUR 'N ANDY—Check and Double Check, RKO Studio, Hollywood.
JEAN ARTHUR—The Railroad Man, RKO Location, Harlottown, Mont.
ROBERT ARMSTRONG—The Railroad Man, RKO Location, Harlottown, Mont.
GLANVILLE BATES—The Sap from Syracuse, Paramount Studio, Long Island City, N. Y.
CONSTANCE BENNETT—Bustick, Pathé Studio, Culver City.
CHARLES BICKFORD—Tampico, M-G-M Studio, Culver City.
WILLIAM BOYD—Beyond Victory, Pathé Studio, Hollywood.
JOE E. BROWN—High Life, First National Studio, Burbank.
NANCY CARROLL—Laughter, Paramount Studio, Long Island City, N. Y.
MAURICE CHEVALIER—The Little Cafe, Paramount Studio, Hollywood.
JOHN DIX—The Great Day, M-G-M Studio, Culver City.
MARGARET DUMONT—Animal Crackers, Paramount Studio, Long Island City, N. Y.
DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR.—Broken Dishes, First National Studio, Burbank.
GRAHAM FIELDS—Red Dust, M-G-M Studio, Culver City.
JOHN GILBERT—Way for a Sailor, M-G-M Studio, Culver City.
JAMES GLEASON—Beyond Victory, Pathé Studio, Culver City.
ROBERT GRIEG—Animal Crackers, Paramount Studio, Long Island City, N. Y.
WILLIAM HAGER—Return Control, M-G-M Studio, Culver City.
NEIL HAMILTON—A Widow from Chicago, First National Studio, Burbank.
PHILLIPS HOLMES Studio, Hollywood.
ANN HARDING—House of Fury, Pathé Studio, Culver City.
AL JOLSON—Big Boy, Warner Brothers Studio, Hollywood.
DOROTHY LEE—Half-shot at Sunrise, RKO Studio, Hollywood.
MARY LEWIS—The Siren Song, Pathé Studio, Culver City.
FREDERIC MARCH—Leather, Paramount Studio, Long Island City, N. Y.
EVERETT MARSHALL—Heart of the Rockies, RKO Studio, Hollywood.
CHICO MARX—Animal Crackers, Paramount Studio, Long Island City, N. Y.
GROUCHO MARX—Animal Crackers, Paramount Studio, Long Island City, N. Y.
HARPO MARX—Animal Crackers, Paramount Studio, Long Island City, N. Y.
ZUPO MARX—Animal Crackers, Paramount Studio, Long Island City, N. Y.
JEANETTE MACDONALD—The Little Cafe, Paramount Studio, Hollywood.
FRANK McHUGH—A Widow from Chicago, First National Studio, Burbank.
EDWARD METCALF—Animal Crackers, Paramount Studio, Long Island City, N. Y.
VICTOR MOORE—Heads Up, Paramount Studio, Long Island City, N. Y.
ROBERT MONTGOMERY—Kelly's Vacation, M-G-M Studio, Culver City.
GRACE MOORE—New Moon, M-G-M Studio, Culver City.
POLLY MORAN—Remote Control, M-G-M Studio, Culver City.
JACK OAKIE—The Sap from Syracuse, Paramount Studio, Long Island City, N. Y.
EDDIE QUILIAN—Looking for Trouble, Pathé Studio, Culver City.
CHARLES "BUDDY" ROGERS—Heads Up, Paramount Studio, Long Island City, N. Y.
GINGER ROGERS—The Sap from Syracuse, Paramount Studio, Long Island City, N. Y.
LILLIAN ROTH—Animal Crackers, Paramount Studio, Long Island City, N. Y.
FRED SCOTT—Beyond Victory, Pathé Studio, Culver City.
OTIS SKINNER—Kismet, First National Studio, Burbank.
LOUIS SORIN—Animal Crackers, Paramount Studio, Long Island City, N. Y.
BETTY STARBUCK—The Sap from Syracuse, Paramount Studio, Long Island City, N. Y.
LAWRENCE TIBBETT—New Moon, M-G-M Studio, Culver City.
RAOUEL TORRES—Never the Twain Shall Meet, M-G-M Studio, Culver City.
HELEN TWELVETREES—Her Man, Pathé Studio, Culver City.
BERT WHEELER—Half-shot at Sunrise, RKO Studio, Hollywood.
ALICE WHITE—A Widow from Chicago, First National Studio, Burbank.
LOUIS WOLHEIM—The Railroad Man, RKO Location, Harlottown, Mont.
ROBERT WOOLSEY—Half-shot at Sunrise, RKO Studio, Hollywood.
LORETTA YOUNG—Broken Dishes, First National Studio, Burbank.

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---TEAR AND MAIL---
Just Your Style—and Hollywood's

(Continued from page 8)

the sands. Vivid English prints are popular and very festive. A few, romantic scenes and matching bunches to masculine, are sporting those amusing beach skirts—exaggerated full and set on a snug little hip yoke. But almost everyone prefers pajamas, which are really more comfortable, and vastly smarter.

You can continue comfortable for that extra warmth needed to ward off the after-swim chill. Jaunty little hosiery are seen often this season. And capes! These may be of any length, from the perky, short military variety, to the all-enveloping circular. They are very, very smart this season, and thoroughly practical. Full-length beach coats are as popular as ever, and probably always will be. Whichever type of wrap you choose, you'll want your material to be jersey, gaily printed toweling, or any other soft, absorbent, fast-color material.

Rubberized silk is quite attractive, but it is more expensive and is not always so practical and effective as some of the cheaper materials.

BATHING caps have always been a rather baffling problem. The really becoming types are usually too fragile for practicality. Now two types of cap are taking Hollywood by storm—the helmet, and the beret, both of very durable rubber, and available in all brilliant shades, including gold and silver. For lounging on the beach, Hollywood is wearing enormous straw hats gay colors.

Those clever wooden clogs are nice to have for protecting the feet from sharp pebbles or shells. And have you seen the new beach jewelry, carved from pine, oak, and maple, cut into modernistic shapes, and lacquered to match the beach pajamas? I'll not believe this without seeing it—but I've heard that the very modish seaside siren is wearing long rubber gloves of bright colors and gold stripes.

The vacation girl doesn't spend all her time on the beach. Sometimes she plays tennis. This is one type of costume that remains "bobbied" in the new long-skirt era. Pleats, folds, circular foils, or godets give that very necessary fullness. Many of the newest tennis frocks are showing tiny cap sleeves, though the sleeveless mode still predominates for sport. All pastel shades are good this season—particularly pinks, and a sort of dusty blue. Yellow, too, is extremely popular. The tennis girl slips on a bright colored, very gay "roughneck" sweater after the game. She wears vivid hued socks, and goes stockinged on the court. Her tennis slippers are usually two-toned—white with some color to harmonize with her costume. She may wear a printed scarf and matching bandeau. She may select a smart dress and clever accessories, to look quite romantic during the game. Some of the Hollywood flappers are wearing jaunty linen shorts for tennis! They are cute, comfortable, and inexpensive.

Hollywood is all abloom with three-piece knitted suits for golf. They are very practical and are shown in dozens of smart styles. If you are wise, you'll line your skirt to prevent it from bagging at the knee. You can buy these golf sets in pastel shades, as well as in tweed-like mixtures. If you find the sweater too warm, why not include in your vacation wardrobe a little sleeveless tuck-in blouse or two of handkerchief linens, piqué, or wash-to-wear in some becoming tint?

Of course the ultra-modern sports girl must have an aviation costume. They just have to be warm; so it is wise to choose one of the attractive leather coats, now available not only in the usual colors, but in dozens of interesting new shades. Some of the shops are showing suede aviation suits—trousers, vest, and coat—in several colors, and very smartly cut. They permit the modern girl to keep her slender silhouette without sacrificing bodily warmth when she's allying with the boy-friend.

Do you enjoy backpack riding? For summer wear, white linen trousers are comfortable and attractive. Or perhaps you'd prefer one of the more decorative checked pairs. Soft tailored blouses worn with a four-in-hand tie, are approved by Daze Fashion. On chilly mornings, a pastel slip-on sweater is worn over the shirt. Whipcord riding breeches of beige or gray are very popular. Sleeveless tailored coats are smart for the girl who likes to look well turned out on the bridle path. A small-brimmed, tailored, soft felt hat in dark or neutral shade, is correct. Many girls prefer jodhpurs to riding breeches. They are unquestionably quite attractive and cool.

THE vacation girl needs a top-coat. Tweed—possibly to match a jaunty little two-piece suit—is very popular, while more modish still this season is the shaggy polo coat in pale blue, light green, lavender, or any other pastel shade that harmonizes with your general play-time wardrobe. They can be bought for as low as $20, and are wonderfully warm and sporty looking.

You just must have at least one beret in your summer wardrobe. The gay felt berets are still good; but newer are those woolly crocheted, or chenille varietics, multicolored or solid-hued. They are youthful and amusing, and fortunately are becoming to almost every type of girl. In fact, so flattering are they, that we now have very dressy afternoon and evening berets!

If you go away for your vacation, you will need a good jacket. Fitted cases are lovely, but quite expensive. A really good leather bag should last for many years and lose none of its smartness. It seems real economy to put more money into a good case, and to buy the fittings separately as one's needs arise. Colored luggage is popular now; and if you yield to the weakness of buying it—which I can easily understand—you could always have it dyed black if the styles should change. Suitcases (with dress hangers, as in wardrope trunks), and hat boxes are being made so fascinating these days. They positively lure us to go places and do things when vacation days approach in all their glory.

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Toujours Gai

[Continued from page 77]

Toujours Gai

discovered, was going to a club meeting. Sophia, the dark lady of the kitchen, grumbled over the request for hot biscuits, but a word of flattery won her consent. Janice herself went out to select chickens for frying, Sophia could fry chicken.

She looked at the dining-room, with its battered old table and chairs. Nothing much could be done to the room. But with snowy linen, and their really fine old silver; with flowers on the table and the curtains drawn for the light to stream in, perhaps it wouldn’t seem so dreary.

“What do I care?” she asked herself.

“Toujours gai!”

It seemed to her, indeed, that she was making her debut, with this luncheon, to the social life of Crestmont. No more parties, no more desperate attempts to make out-of-date frocks, no more desire to be where Bill was. Oh, she’d see Dorothy, of course, but she’d be her old friend. But the others, who talked about her clothes and who didn’t invite her except to fill in at the last moment, she wouldn’t try to keep up with them any more.

She was relieved, now that she had reached that decision, now that Bill was no longer important to her, had no further power to hurt her.

The door-bell rang and since Sophia was busy in the kitchen she went to answer it. Expecting Ronald, she met Bill.

“Janice, I’m sorry,” he said at once. “I didn’t mean to talk as I did last night. I was—goofy. Gwen—well, she made me pretty mad, and you did too. But you know how I feel about you. Gee, it isn’t my fault if the folks are keen about money and position and all that. I want you. But—well, we’ve got to win the folks around.”

Janice slowly shook her head. “No Bill,” she said, “not sorry, Bill, but I don’t think you know what you want. And—I, well, I really couldn’t be troubled to win your folks over. It wouldn’t be worth it.”

While Bill was attempting to take that in, standing on the dingy porch, a black and silver roadster stopped at the curb. Ronald waved gayly, and Janice responded.

“Oh, I see!” growled Bill, pulling his hat down over his eyes. “That’s it, is it?”

Ronald came up the walk, with a huge bouquet of roses in his hand.

“Hello there, Price,” he greeted Bill, in passing.

Bill growled an inaudible reply and walked out to his own car.

“You must have bought our florist!” exclaimed Janice, accepting the roses.

“Do I smell fried chicken?” he demanded, a moment later. “How’d you know I love it?”

“I didn’t but it’s the one thing our Sophia does well.”

Sophia had done especially well today, and Ronald did justice to her handiwork, complimenting her until she beamed.

Toujours gai was certainly the slogan for the meal. Ronald and Janice talked and laughed like old, old friends. And afterwards he suggested that they take another drive. It was just the day for a drive.

“Your Bill seemed rather glum,” he observed, mentioning Bill for the first time.

“Not my Bill,” she corrected him, smiling gently, “The great judge of character seems to have been right.”

“Sorry?” he asked.

“Not very. I guess I have been a fool—thinking about Bill, as I have, all these years. I didn’t realize what changes the years have brought. Bill’s people have been getting richer still poorer and poorer.” She laughed shakily. “And of course it’s up to Bill to marry a rich girl—or, at least, a girl of social position.”

“Do you mean to say?” Ronald began, then stopped. “I beg your pardon. It isn’t my business. But the infernal cheek—”


“Those things are very important to some people, more important than anything else.”

It was hard—finding that out,” he said, putting his hand over hers. “But I’m glad you aren’t hurt.”

“I’m not—now,” she smiled. “Toujours gai.”

JANICE, do you imagine—Well do you think—What I mean is—”

“Heavens, for a talkie star, you seem to have lost your voice!”

He abruptly applied the brakes and swung the car to the side of the road.

“This is what I mean,” he took a fresh start. “I—There is such a thing as love at first sight. Not only in stories, but in reality. I love you, Janice.”

Suddenly his arms were around her and he was kissing her.

“You’re so sweet and genuine and real!” he said. “Isn’t it about time I found, really, some of the romance that has seemed altogether imaginary? Janice, dearest!”

“Then—”

Her objections—and there were so many possible ones—were silenced by his kisses. He kissed her again and again, as she had imagined that one day Bill might kiss her. But now she had no thought of Bill, for she knew what love was.

“Oh, Ronald!” she cried breathlessly, at last. “Wait, my dear! Please! How can you love me? I’m not chic or clever or rich. And I haven’t any social position. And—”

Again she was silenced, by kisses.

“Some people, all those things are important. But to us my dear, only this—another kiss—” is important. Tell me you love me, Janice!”

“Oh, I do! I guess I did—at first sight. Even before that, maybe. But—”

“Then—I’m called back to the studio. Some re-takes. You’re coming with me—say you are!—and then, as soon as I’ve done these last, real honeymoon!”

“Ronald! How can you love me—when every girl, all those beautiful actresses, must be mad about you?”

“They aren’t, silly. And even if they were, I’m mad about you! So—”

“Stop. Janice, I know you’re right—”

Again they kissed—a long, passionate promise of happiness to come.
things that go to make up a home. He likes to fuss around a house. He loves, and wants, children. I would like him to have several. When his brother Arthur's child, who was born at Grinnell, was with us last fall, Gary seldom missed taking them for their daily drive. He mend- ed their toys and played with them all the time.

"I shall never forget when Arthur's first child was born at Grinnell and some of our friends from school at Grinnell to see his little nephew," her eyes clouded with tears of memory.

"Arthur and his father and some friends went to the door to greet Gary, and they crowded around shaking hands and talking. When Gary came toward me, without a word I laid the little wriggling white bundle in his arms. I shall never forget Gary's face. It twisted with emotion and tears came to his eyes: 'Oh, gee! We can't keep this, can we?"

GARY may make a mistake in his marriage. Yes, perhaps he will. He may marry someone who cares nothing for making a home for a man, or for children. This present phase of his life, this motion picture work and its emotional quality, may rush him into a hasty and unfortunate marriage, but it can be remedied. Remedied by divorce. I am not in favor of divorce. My church is very much against it, but if it solves unhappiness and unravels mistakes made in an emotional moment, I am for it. I would have used it myself, years ago, if I had ever felt the need of it. Luckily, I didn't.

"Mothers, I think, as a rule, don't recommend divorce as a cure-all for their sons' and daughters' matrimonial troubles but I think it is far more wicked for a couple to live in an agony of unhappiness than it is for them to be separated by law. I shall always believe so.

"If Gary marries and finds, too late, his mistake, he must divorce. We look upon this motion picture career of his as a passing phase of his life. When the public forgets him, or wearies of him, and contracts are hard to get, we are going to have a profitable business for him to step into. Already we are working to convert our old ranch at Sunny Side, in Montana, where Gary was reared, into a dude ranch—paying guest ranch—with another in Arizona, and perhaps one or two elsewhere. Gary, himself, wants to go back to Montana when his Hollywood success is over. He will need a wife who likes that life, its roughness, its vigor. Gary really craves that life. And some day he will have it again."

AND so will, therefore, Mrs. Gary Cooper. What will she be to? To date, so far as we have measured, has rolled up several engagements. A girl in Grinnell, Iowa; flamboyant Clara Bow; sultry Evelyn Brent; tempestuous Lupe Velez, her current lady. Has his mother approved of any of these candidates?

Mrs. Cooper shook her head from side to side, negatively, and smiled kindly.

Sez Poppa, next month!

This time we gave the mothers a chance, but in our next issue the fathers get a break. Don't fail to read it.

Sez Momma

[Continued from page 54]

SHE grabs off all the visiting scions and lions and they take her to the opera—not to the Culver City night clubs. The honor of being the most sought-after girl in town has progressed, by marriage, from Patsy Ruth Miller to Mary Brian, the little smile-and-dimple girl of Dallas, Texas.

Sought-after men like Rudy Vallée have succumbed to her gentle voice. Buccaneer of the high C's, expert, by self-admission, in the correct method of handling femmies. Crooning vagabond of New York's jazz jungles, he sent orchids and sat patiently, like all men, until Mary was powdered and gowned. He squirmed her here and there, and Buddy Rogers grushed his teeth.

How would mother like a crooning son-in-law about the house, singing in the bain, in the rain and over the breakfast table?

"Oh, Rudy's a very nice boy, but I have never considered any of Mary's young friends as prospective husbands. She is young, you know, and there is plenty of time, especially with her career prospecting as it is.

"I have a feeling, though, that the man Mary eventually marries will be a man whom I like. We seem to admire the same kind of man. I notice it in some of the young boys and men with whom she goes out. They remind me, in some ways, of the boys that I admired when I was Mary's age.

"Mary and I both like masterful men. Men who can provide good, substantial homes—I don't mean extravagant homes—who can bear the burden of maintaining them. 'He-men,'" smiling slightly, "I guess you would call them.

I AM in no hurry for Mary to marry. In fact I would rather that she did not, immediately. There is time enough for that. But if she felt, now, that she had met a boy whom she loved and would always love, I would never prevent their marriage. Nor would I select the kind of boy that she should marry. I don't believe in parents selecting their children's mates. She may feel, when she meets the right man, that she wants to give up her career. As she feels, so shall I, although I think it would be a pity to give it up now, as promising as it is at the moment.

"If she did marry and continue picture work, she would have to marry a man who was doubly kind and considerate. One who would understand the demands made upon a girl who works in pictures, and would not be jealous and intolerant. But Mary will choose wisely."

[Continued from page 55]
In the August Issue of
TALKING SCREEN
A fascinating story about the tremendous risks that are taken in making talking pictures which will thrill you.
You will be amazed at the unusual revelations in this pithy article.

"THAT MAKES IT NICE," a delightful story by Herbert Cruikshank on why Hollywood is such a swell place. You can imagine a few of the reasons yourself, but just wait until you read Mr. Cruikshank’s article—

RONALD COLMAN. An intimate personality story on this little known gentleman. Crowd-shy and retiring, Mr. Colman is one of the least publicized of the stars. This human story of him brings his elusive personality to you intimately.

The third of the WHAT LOVE MEANS TO ME series is by Alice White, as told to Walter Ramsey, of course. What does love mean to Alice? Read it and see—you'll be delighted by Miss White's frank utterances.


Also in this Issue—
Among other personality stories there will be a funny one on El Brendel. There will also be: An expose of the Talkie School racket; a story on life insurance, what it is and what it means to the stars; and other fascinating features.

And—
The usual number of intimate stories of Hollywood, Hollywood folk and Hollywood events in general and in particular. And, it goes without saying, there will be the regular monthly distinctive departments of TALKING SCREEN which are becoming the talk of the town—and country.

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JOHN T. ADAMS, Manager, Dept. B-166. 323 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois

Courage In Yes-Man's Land

[Continued from page 63]

insisted on making Hallelujah because he had faith in it.
Eric von Stroheim's whole directorial career was a battle to make pictures the way that seemed best to him. After every picture his future career teetered in the balance while Hollywood ominously growled, but still he refused to conform.

EVERY so often some obscure studio worker dares to strike out and make an unconventional picture on his own. He invests his efforts, his hopes and every cent he has, and after it is shown Hollywood invariably jeers, shrugs its shoulders, and predicts failure. Paul Fejos made The Last Moment; Josef von Sternberg, The Salvation Hunters, as poor unknowns, and became famous in filmdom; but only after they had surmounted the obstacles that would appall less courageous men. Many others have tried and failed, yet even as this is written some undaunted unknown is planning a venture of the sort.

A few studios have now gone to the extent of employing off-schedule "no-men." Universal, for instance, hired Prof. Lawrence Marston to point out the weak spots in its pictures. But, it must be added, the job of official critic is a highly unpopular one. One of them recently complained, "Every time I come on the lot, some one says: 'Here comes one of those double-blanked professors.'"

It takes nerve to criticize Hollywood and its people when one is living in the town or working in the studios. Yet Arthur Caesar brought the rapier of his wit from Broadway to the film factories, and unconsciously jabbed it left and right into the greatest powers of filmland. Once, so Hollywood says, he flippantly booted an important supervisor, remarking, 'That's what the public thinks of your picture.'

The Warner Brothers needed the courage of their convictions to introduce and develop Vitaphone. They staked nearly everything on the future of talking films. Hollywood jeered. Hadn't the great Edison and others experimented with the talking screen years before and given up the project as impractical? The wiseacres could see nothing but a dime museum novelty in the crude, squawking sound picture of that day. They predicted that the Warners would break their necks with the foot contagion; even as the airplane accident that cost the lives of Kenneth Hawks, Mary Astor's husband, and half-a-dozen of his staff.

But the courage to differ from hard-minded Hollywood, the courage to say "No!" at the sacrifice of a job or a career, is the finest kind. And also the least-appreciated.
Colonel Daniels

[Continued from page 90]

banks romance, and more recently in the Bow-Richman—er—embroglio.

BEN, you see, had been crazy about Marilyn Miller. Before that, Barbara La Marr. After that that Marian Nixon. And in a lesser degree, others. Ruth Elder, for instance. Bebe had been engaged to Jack Pickford, strangely enough, Marilyn Miller's ex-husband; which may make Ben and Bebe some sort of relatives by marriage—or divorce. Before that one of Hollywood's millionaires paid her ardent court. And after that another millionaire, with so much dough that he can buy the other one without having to sell him. With her, too, there were other lesser lights. Robert Castle, for instance.

So the engagement of Ben and Bebe was a sort of a companionate engagement. A friendship that had ripened to a point where they enjoyed one another's presence. Knowing that the Mesdames and Monsieurs Grundy of Hollywood would immediately link them to their names in a romance as soon as they attended a second première together, the sensible youngsters fooled the gossips by beating them to the punch. They announced it first.

But Ben proved to be "a thoroughly bred," attentive, considerate, constant. And he found out just what a peach, what a regular fellow, Bebe is. And now, if anyone should quote that song What is This Thing Called Love? to me, I should say that it is what Bebe feels for Ben. And what Ben has in his heart for Bebe. I took a chance.

"When are you going to marry him?"

But you can catch Bebe napping. And after all it is her business, isn't it?

"When they finish Hell's Angels," she laughed. And if you know Hell's Angels maybe you can figure that one out. It is the Kathleen Mavroune of the movies—"It may be for years and it may be forever." Ben has almost grown grey in its service. For two years it has kept him from other rôles. It's now in its third year and its third million of production money.

Since this interview was written, June 14 has been set as the day on which Bebe and Ben will wed.

I LEFT her there, gazing toward the purpled splendor of the Pacific at sunset. She looked, somehow, like a fair wraith of old Castille awaiting the arrival of some ghostly galleon which bore her phantom lover to her. Or perhaps like a favorite of the films awaiting the completion of Hell's Angels which would bring Ben to her.

Later, a roaring roadster passed my sedate car (courtesy of Radio Pictures studio). A slender hand flashed in greeting. It was Bebe Daniels, forcer of Fate, speeding into the twilight toward greater triumphs, flaming fame, lasting love, happiness.

After all, to interview Colonel Daniels had been an assignment after my own heart.

Captain Courageous

[Continued from page 75]

He trained officers for the front, then was sent on an "interesting mission" to Rumania where he became aide-de-camp to the head of staff and later entered the aviation branch.

Eventually we find Lebedeff in the civil position of assistant to Colonel Essenloff, food dictator in Odessa. Then came the German-Austrian occupation of South Russia, and finally the fall of the Government with Bolshevik control, and complete paralysis of commerce.

"The situation became pretty darn warm," said Lebedeff. "My parents were hidden away in Odessa. My uncle and I were arrested. He was sent to one prison, I to another—the home of a friend which had been turned into a prison. My aunt had started negotiations to get me out by selling her diamonds when I knocked the warden of the prison down one day for smacking a young officer in the face."

Ivan Lebedeff would have been shot the next morning but for the fact that he escaped through a bathroom window that night.

"I did a Douglas Fairbanks act," he laughed. "I landed on the roof of the next house, which I grabbed with my fingers until I broke them."

It sounds just like a real scenario.
school will have the cooperation of the Berlitz School of Languages of New York. Four Berlitz instructors are now on the West Coast conducting classes in French, German, Spanish and Italian. So you see, amigo mio, it will not be long before you hear your favorite speaking in your own lingo.

JOAN—Your spelling of Wallace's surname was right the first time. It's Beery. Wally suffered a stroke some little time ago which halted production on several of his forthcoming pictures. This is the reason you've not seen him much lately. He's now back at work on The Big House a story of prison life. Wallace was born in Kansas City, Mo., and his birthday is All Saints' Day or maybe you call it April Fool's day. He is one inch shorter and fifteen pounds lighter than his equally well-known brother. Noah who is two inches over six feet and weighs 250 pounds.

T. A.—Dorothy Revier and Jack Holt are married—but not to each other. They've been featured in a number of Columbia Pictures but lately both have been busy on other lots, Dorothy at First National and Jack at Paramount.

JACINTA—Charlie Feldman is the lucky man who is beau-ing Raquel Torres around Hollywood these nights. He doesn't have much chance to do this for the little lady is pretty busy. In The Sea Bat she does some strenuous emoting opposite Charles Bickford, after which she is to do the leading talkie role in Never The Twin Shall Meet—the well known book by Peter B. Kyne.

W. W.—Like many of the younger players, Stanley Smith is a graduate of the Hollywood High School. Paramount farmed out Stanley to Universal for The King of Jazz and to Metro for Good News. Robert Montgomerie was born in Beacon, N. Y., on May 2, 1904. He has brown hair and eyes and is still a bachelor. Rudy Vallée was born on a very hot day—to be exact, on July 28, 1901 in Westbrook, Maine.

GLADYS—The only talking picture in which we've heard Doris Dawson was Broadway Scandal when she played the part of Sally O'Neil's little friend. Doris recently became the bride of Pat Rooney, 3rd.

L. C.—The Texan is Gary Cooper's latest released talkie. Fay Wray is the girl in the picture. Gary is now busy in Civilian Clothes and June Collyer will figure in the close-ups and long shots. Thomas Meighan and Martha Mansfield made a silent version of the last named picture.

SUSAN—Walter Pidgeon plays the big bold man in Bride of the Regiment. Walter is tall—being some three inches over six feet. His weight is 190 pounds. First National Pictures, Burbank, Calif., is his address.

A FAN—Yes, sir, any day now you may call Al Jolson the lady of the party for if the truth must be known, Jolson was born in Lithuania on May 26, 1886. When he was a little boy, Azaz Yofilson was the name that other little boys used to call him.

A. W.—The motion picture industry has grown to such tremendous proportions that it now employs more people than General Motors and Ford. Hollywood still leads as the center of motion picture activities. New York's climate is too variable for it to ever seriously become a contender for the capital of movieland.

C. R. — You wouldn't fool us, C. R. Your initials are the same as the star about whom you're inquiring. Charles Rogers was born in Olathe, Kansas on August 13, 1905—which makes him just a quarter of a century old! His folks no longer live in Olathe, having moved to Hollywood to be near Buddy. Black hair and dark eyes and a ruddy complexion is Buddy's color scheme. His next is Follow Thru.

GRACE—Much to the despair of several svelte models, Armanda is only thirty-one inches around the hips. Armanda's voice is gradually becoming more modulated whereas before it was quite high in register. She has just completed a vaudeville tour as Gus Edwards protégée. Armanda is under contract to Warner Brothers.

LAUNCELOT—Fanciful name for a wee bit of a boy. Your favorite he-man of the talkies, George Bancroft, has been very sick—so sick that he lost the use of his voice. He has been forced to take a vacation, thus losing about three thousand dollars per week while he's off, to give his vocal chords an opportunity to stage a come-back. Gary Cooper has replaced Bancroft in The Spaulders so you'll miss this Rex Beach story in the talkies.

RUBY—New York City is the home town for Doug Fairbanks, Jr. He was born there on December 7, 1907. His wife, Joan Crawford started life in Kansas City, Mo., where she was born on March 27, 1908. Joan has blue eyes and brown hair. Norma Shearer's birthday is August 10, 1904 while Janet Gaynor was born on October 6, 1907. Well, Ruby, you're quite a gem, but what a dater you turned out to be. William Powell's birthplace is Kansas City, Kans., being born there on June 29, 1892. "You unsie, unsie darling," greeted Billie Dove on May 14, 1904.

N. C. ADIRISER—You are not alone in your admiration of Nancy Carroll. Nancy almost stopped the show one night in New York while the audience cheered and just gasped, her beauty was so breath-taking. November 19th, 1906 is her birthday, while New York City is her hometown. The red-haired darling is five feet three inches tall and weighs 116 pounds.

B. W.—Van Mastimore is the family name of Richard Arlen who was born on September 1, 1899 at Charlottesville, Va. Jobby Ralston is his present—and second wife.
Savagely he fought the Sea Wolf to save her!

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All appeared lost when suddenly like a blast from heaven a strange thing happened! The Sea Wolf struggled back, reeling, dazed, his hand across his eyes and . . .

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August
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Will Rogers seasick on a liner—riding to hounds with an English lord—as the stern parent—as the not-so-stern parent—enough laughs for a lifetime! You've read his stuff in the papers, heard him over the radio, seen him on the stage and in that hilarious Fox hit, "They Had to See Paris." Now comes the high spot in his career. It's the funniest role Will Rogers ever played! And the best show he was ever in!... A sparkling love-story, too, with an exceptional supporting cast including Irene Rich, Maureen O'Sullivan, Lumsden Hare, Bramwell Fletcher and Frank Albertson.

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GRACE MOORE, American opera star, recently signed by M-G-M, is at work on her first production, Jenny Lind. In her second picture, she will be co-starred with Lawrence Tibbett. What a picture that will be!

For the first time since she reached stardom, Alice White has been "farmed out" by First National. She is starring in Sweethearts on Parade, a Christie comedy. Others in the cast include Lloyd Hughes, Marie Prevost and Ken Thompson.

Pitching into a bar-room brawl with his erstwhile enemy, Jim Tully, Jack Gilbert has started his new talkie, Way For a Sailor, off with a wallop. Gilbert discards gay uniforms and immaculate make-up in this picture, wearing old dungarees, and does not use his famous mustachio.

Lola Lane’s first starring picture for James Cruze Productions is under way. It is tentatively titled Rainbow. Other prominent players are Tom Moore, who fills the rôle of a policeman, Russell Hardie, Roscoe Karns, Wheeler Oakman, and William Davidson. Walter Lang is directing.

Bryan Foy, who has directed 1340 short subjects for Warner Brothers, finally gets a break. He will direct The Gorilla for First National, his first feature-length picture. Joe Frisco, stage comedian, will play the dumb detective.

Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., has announced that he will make two more pictures and then retire from the screen to become a producer. In the first, he will have Bebe Daniels as his leading lady. It will be titled Reaching for the Moon. In his final production, The Dove, he will have Dolores Del Rio opposite him.

Tom Mix, now touring the country with a circus, wired his blessings to his daughter, Ruth, following her elopement with Douglas Gilmore, an actor, then had his attorney go into court in an attempt to cancel the two hundred and fifty-dollars a month he has been paying for Ruth’s support. Ruth is seventeen, and the daughter of the first Mrs. Mix.

Adolphe Menjou is to come back to the American silver-screen. M-G-M has signed him to a five-year contract. Since his return after a year in Paris, Menjou has made foreign versions of two films for Paramount and starred in one for Universal.

Marian Nixon will play opposite Richard Barthelmess in Adios, his new starring vehicle for First National. Fred Kohler also will be in the cast, which will be a big one.

Talkie fans will have an opportunity to view the exterior and interior of Agua Caliente, famous Mexican resort patronized by the stars, when The Life of the Party, starring Winnie Lightner, is released. The film is being shot at the below-border hotel and gambling resort.

Up the River, the Fox prison picture, has a notable cast. Louise Huntington, New York stage actress, has the feminine lead, with Spencer Tracy star of Broadway’s The Last Mile, starring. And supporting them is none other than Joan Marie Lawes, little daughter of the warden of Sing Sing prison.

Nine-year-old Mitzi Green, that clever mimic, will furnish the sex appeal in Paramount’s Tom Sawyer, which co-stars Jackie Coogan and Junior Durkin.

Paramount has announced that it will co-star Ruth Chatterton and Clive Brook in a series of pictures. The first will be New Morals.

Sam Taylor replaces Mickey Neilan as Mary Pickford’s director as America’s Sweetheart renews work on Forever Yours. The film was nearly completed when Mary decided to discard it and start over. Taylor has directed all of Mary’s successes in recent years.

H. B. Warner, that sterling actor who time and again has refused starring contracts from the studios, finally has fallen. He will be starred in Under Cover, Ron Cooper Megnue’s play, which has been purchased by Warner Brothers.

Grant Withers and Loretta Young have returned from a belated honeymoon to Grant’s home town in Colorado. The journey to Hollywood was made by plane, for First National summoned Loretta back to play the feminine lead opposite Otis Skinner in Kismet.

The Merry-Go-Round, famous film written and directed by Eric von Stroheim in the old silent days, will be re-made as a talkie by Universal. Carl Laemmle, Jr., finally has induced the Von to part with the conversational rights to the story. Jeanette Loff will play the rôle once filled by Mary Philbin, while John Boles will portray the part held by Norman Kerry in the original. It is probable that Rupert Julian will direct.

Ben Lyon and Bebe Daniels were showered with silver and linen at the time of their marriage in June, but the biggest gift Ben received was a five-year starring contract from Warner Brothers. He finished Queen of Main Street for that concern two days before his wedding. When he returns from his honeymoon, he will be starred in Hot Heiress.
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TO GIVE YOU A LINE OR SO ON CURRENT TALKIE OFFERINGS

ALIAS FRENCH GERTIE (RKO)—That newly married couple, Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon, are screen lovers as well in this little number about crooks and thievery. The story itself is to the old formula.

ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT (Universal)—One of the most amazing pictures that have come across the 1930 screen. Lewis Ayres in the leading rôle is swell. The entire picture goes over with a bang.

ANNA CHRISTIE (M-G-M)—I guess we don’t have to say anything about this—not even about Marie Dressler’s marvelous performance.

THE ARIZONA KID (Fox)—Warner Baxter endeavors to make a third In Old Arizona. Personally, we like stories that kids move along one at a time. Warner Baxter, though, is gorgeous.

THE BAD ONE (United Artists)—Eddie Love and Dolores Del Rio get this, that and the other. Really a dud in this picture at the tale of the Marseilles waterfront.

BEAU BANDIT (RKO)—A sort of Robin Hood theme which takes place in Mexico with Rod La Rocque playing the leading rôle.

THE BIG FIGHT (Son-o-Art) Reviewed in this issue.

THE BIG POND (Paramount)—Just the thing for the tired business girl, with Maurice Chevalier and big money. The story is what is known as a pedantic but, oh—see Maurice! ’E es magnificent!

THE BORDER LEGION (Paramount)—A cooking western with Richard Arlen and Jack Holt as the leading characters.

BORN RECKLESS (Fox)—The picturization of the novel, Louis Beretti, with Edmund Lowe great stuff as Louis.

BRIDE OF THE REGIMENT (First National)—An all Technicolor picture with Vivienne Segal and Walter Pidgeon doing marvelous work. Ford Sterling and Louise Fazenda shine in comedy rôles.

CHER UP AND SMILE (Fox)—Handsome Amos Lee in a delightful story of America’s youth.

COURAGE (Warner Brothers)—The successful stage play of two seasons ago made into a very interesting talkie. Belle Bennett is lovely in one of her best mother rôles. The hit of the piece, however, is a young kid named Leon Janney. Well worth a trip to see him and Miss Bennett.

DANCING SWEETIES (Warner Brothers)—Great Wibbers and Sue Carol in a good dance hall story.

DANGEROUS NAN MCGREW (Paramount)—Here’s a cooking comedy with Helen Kane and Sue Carol doing some swell dancing. The entire cast is good, including some stage comedians who are new to talkies.

THE DAWN PATROL (First National)—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Richard Barstow and Neil Hamilton in a super-super-special about airplanes in the Great War.

THE DEVIL’S HOLIDAY (Paramount)—Our Nancy Carroll proves that she has many more tricks in her bag than we suspected. She does an excellent piece of emotional work. As her leading man, young Phillip Holmes may well be hailed as a very great find for the motion picture industry. Others in the cast who deserve high praise are Zasu Pitts and James Kirkwood.

DISRAELI (Warner Brothers)—Here’s a picture that needs respect. It is well directed, but alas, its fame has spread far and wide. See it by all means.

THE DIVORCEE (M-G-M)—Whether or not this is the same as the book, Ex-Wife, hardly matters, for it is so gripping and so sweetly true to life that you will love it. Norma Shearer positively does the best work of her movie career.

THE ROGUE SONG for the glorious voice of Lawrence Tibbett.

ANNA CHRISTIE for Garbo’s voice and Marie Dressler’s characterization.

DISRAELI for George Arliss’ brilliant performance.

THE DIVORCÉE for its gripping truth and for Norma Shearer’s brilliant performance.

BORN RECKLESS for its realistic underworld atmosphere.

SO THIS IS LONDON for Will Rogers’ delightful kidding.  

ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT for its sheer emotion.

THE CUCKOOS for its noble fooling.

JOURNEY’S END for its penetrating study of humans under fire.

THE VAGABOND KING for its marvelous singing.

The Ten Best and Why

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HOLD EVERYTHING (Warner Brothers)—A cooking musical comedy about the squared circle with Joe E. Brown and Wallace Beery, piling up—the laughs recklessly.

HOLIDAY (Pathé)—Reviewed in this issue.

IN GAY MADRID (M-G-M)—Ramon Novarro and another talkie, this time with a Spanish background. There are a lot of logical things about this picture, but it’s rather amusing—in fact, you’ll find it entertaining.

JOURNEY’S END (Tiffany)—A thoroughly faithful replica of the stage play of the same name with Colleen Clive as Captian Stanhope.

LADIES LOVE BRUTES (Paramount)—George Bancroft in a little piece of hokum about the underworld and not too bad. But if you like Mr. Bancroft, you will love the show.

LADIES OF LEISURE (Columbia)—A more or less trashy story, but it brings Barbara Stanwyck to the screen for the second time. It gives an interesting performance.

LET US BE GAY (M-G-M)—Norma Shearer in a delightful version of the famous stage play by Richel Crothers. M-G-M seem to be setting a record for putting out intelligent stories.

LIGHT OF WESTERN STARS (Paramount)—Here is the sort of story to which Richard Arlen is particularly well adapted. Don’t miss this if you are a western fan.

LORD BYRON OF BROADWAY (M-G-M)—Pretty much the story about a swell-headed song writer. The acting, however, is considerably better than the story.

LOVE AMONG THE MILLIONAIRES (Paramount)—Reviewed in this issue.

MAMBA (Tiffany)—A splendid story of South Africa done in good Technicolor with Jean Harlow and Lew Ayres. An unusual story, well worth seeing if you like anything out of the ordinary.

THE MAN FROM BLANKLEYS (Warner Brothers)—A delightful satire on middle class English life with John Barrymore cleaning in an amusing and un-Barrymore manner.

THE MAN FROM WYOMING (Paramount)—Reviewed in this issue.

THE MIDNIGHT MYSTERY (RKO)—See it if you like mystery stories.

MOBY DICK (Warner Brothers)—Reviewed in this issue.

MONTANA MOON (M-G-M)—A rather unconvincing story of an heiress who inherits a ranch and what she does with a nice young man from those spaces known as wide and open. Joan Crawford is the heiress and she sings very well.

NUMBERED MEN (First National)—A story of prison life which is not as convincing as it might be.

ONE ROMANTIC NIGHT (United Artists)—Lillian Gish makes a talkie, the story of what she gives an excellent performance. Miss Gish is charming and Conrad Nagel does good work.

OUR BLUSHING BRIDES (M-G-M)—Reviewed in this issue.

PARAMOUNT ON PARADE (Paramount)—Just another one of those reviews and very disappointing. We prefer Olaf Hytten as Chevalier and Nancy Carroll’s short bit.

RAIN OR SHINE (Columbia)—Reviewed in this issue.

REDEMPTION (M-G-M)—John Gilbert, Eleanore Boardman and Conrad Nagel in a dull story about Rusta.
Here are some practical up-to-the-minute hints on how to make your summer wardrobe as smart as a movie star's—at a tiny fraction of what it costs the star

By DOROTHEA HAWLEY CARTWRIGHT

ON AN August afternoon, when it is really much too warm to indulge in our favorite sports, most of us enjoy dolling up in our prettiest summer frocks and spending a few lazy hours with friends. And what perfect ladies of leisure we can pretend to be, in the trailing lines and seductively feminine fabrics of this season!

The two materials most favored for garden-party wear are organdie and flowered chiffon. The fact that very lovely organdie can be purchased for less than a dollar a yard is in no manner a reflection on its suitability for even the swankiest mid-summer party. All Hollywood is wearing it this year. Why, simple little frocks such as any normally clever girl could copy at home for $5—or certainly less than $10—are being sold at the most exclusive shoppes for anything from $25 to $100; and the stars are eagerly buying them!

If you saw Lillian Gish in the film version of The Swan, you must have envied her delightful organdie frock. The bodice fitted snugly to below the hips and consisted of row on row of pin-tucks. The skirt, very full, and just clearing the floor all around, also featured clusters of tucks. A simple little capelet collar completed this truly beautiful gown that any girl handy with the sewing machine could make for $5—provided she had plenty of time and patience to spend on those endless rows of tiny tucks!

IN Our Blushing Brides, Anita Page wore a darling opaline pink organdie—a flattering new shade, by the way—with touches of rose d'esprit on the collar and flounce. French flowers in shades of pink silk outlined the neckline and hips. If you are very, very thrifty in buying your lace, and can make the flowers yourself—for they are terribly expensive to buy!—you could duplicate this charming garden gown or summer dance-frock for $10.

Even in winter, Olive Borden wears organdie about the house of an evening when friends drop by informally. One very clever orchid frock has a form-fitting sleeveless bodice fastening up to the chin with tiny pearl buttons, a cute turn-over collar, and a long, full skirt. The simplicity of this little gown is the secret of its

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Here are the answers to those burning questions asked by talkie fans everywhere. Answers are prepared by the TALKING SCREEN Fan Service Bureau man of Manhattan. Jeanette has been lured by Paramount to make The Lottery Bride for United Artists. She comes back to Paramount to make Monte Carlo under Lubitsch's direction.

The Month's Best Question Will you please enlighten me as to how outdoor talkie movies are made? Does the location party actually carry the same equipment used in the studios or do they first shoot the outdoor scenes and then record the dialog separately? —William C.

In these days of improved sound recording, shooting an outdoor scene means no more difficulty than if the same scene were shot inside the studio. The R.C.A. photophone method, for instance, has a unit which was designed expressly for outdoor and location recording, at any time, in any place. This unit is housed within the specially constructed bodies of two motor-driven trucks, one containing the most modern power supply equipment and the other containing recording equipment. One of the outstanding features of this unit is that all parts of the recording equipment can be removed from the truck for installation wherever desired. A rigid towing bar connects the two trucks, making possible the taking of running shots at high speed. Almost all outdoor talkies are now actually filmed outside studio walls.

M. L.—Contrary to reports, Lew Cody's first part in a talkie was not in What A Widow but in a scene for The Voice of Hollywood, produced by Columbia Pictures. Lila Lee is playing the feminine lead in Chaney's first talkie, The Unholy Three. Lila is still legally married to James Kirkwood, though she is separated from him. First National has Lila's signature to a starring contract.

SALLY, MARCHETA, T. S., et al.—Gee, but this fellow Oakie is popular. More requests for information about him than any other star this month. Well, girls and boys, let's start at the beginning. Jack was born in a little town called Sedalia, Mo., on the twelfth day in November, 1903. This was just about the time when another Jack (surname, Barrymore) was returning to the stage after a lapse of months as an artist on a New York evening newspaper. However, to get back to our Oakie, he was discovered by Wesley Ruggles, who gave Jack his first part in Finders Keepers, with Laura La Plante. He is now under contract to Paramount, who are starring him in The Social Lion. He is five feet ten inches and weighs 150 pounds. Has sandy hair and blue eyes. Not married, but tall, blonde girls interest him. Jack was lately in New York to make The Sap From Syracuse, but letters addressed to him at the Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, Calif., will all reach him.

L. P.—Anita Page was born at Murray Hills, Long Island, N. Y., on August 10, 1910, under the name of Ann Pomares. Mary Brian entered this profession at the age of 17, when she was Just married to Byrde Dantzler on February 17, 1908. Both Anita and Mary are unmarried.

E. A. — Now that Ben Lyon has finished his contract with Howard Hughes, which ran during the making of Hell's Angels, Ben has been busy on other lots. His latest release is with Universal in What Men Want, opposite Pauline Starke and Barbara Kent. Ben was born in Atlanta, Ga., on February 6, 1901. Lloyd Hughes was the hero in The Runaway Bride, Mary Astor playing the bride. Lloyd will soon be seen as Derek in Moby Dick, a Warner Brothers picture which stars John Barrymore and is a talkie version of The Sea Beast.

R. F. — Jean Arthur finds so much pleasure in horseback riding she makes it a real hobby. Another hobby Jean has is that of collecting portraits. Jean is five feet three, weighs 105 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes.

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Queen of the movie gangs, the perfect movie gangster's moll, Evelyn Brent is the one woman on the screen who can be sinister in a way that makes you go for it.

Photograph by Preston Duncan
Here is one of the newer faces—one which you are going to hear a great deal about, following the release of Swing High. Fred Scott is the name, and he is working with Pathé.

Photograph by William E. Thomas
Joan Bennett has a delicacy of personality which is peculiarly her own. It is this delicacy which has resulted in her starring in the talkie version of *Smilin' Through*.

Photograph by Preston Duncan
This eternally young man has not only gained great popularity, but held on to it as well. His clean-cut, virile personality makes Richard Dix forever and increasingly popular.

Photograph by Ernest A. Bachrach
Once again the talkies owe the legitimate stage a debt of thanks. Thanks for Claudia Dell, now working in Sweet Kitty Bellairs, and due for sudden talkie fame.

Photograph by Fred R. Archer
Again the old adage that they can't come back has been smashed. This time by Ben Lyon, who is working terrifically hard on the Warner lot.
Perpetually fascinating, eternally bewitching, this lady by the name of Marian Nixon. She is now working in Adiós, opposite Dick Barthelmess.

Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser
The exotic Garbo will stir the world anew when she is seen as the beautifully becurled and becrinolined Madame Cavallini, in Romance.

Photograph by Harrell
LET Ed Wynn and other nature-lovers paean praises of sylvan solitudes and bosky dells. Hollywood wants war. That is, pictorially. Of course, cabaret or just ordinary mob scenes are good. But wars are best. For they mean the engagement of thousands of extras to serve as soldiers. And at a rate in excess of that paid for fighting a real enemy.

Each year the "atmosphere" people cut themselves from $2,000,000 to $5,000,000 as their piece of the picture pie. On the average, 260,000 extra placements are made annually. For a week, 5,000 jobs is par. Sometimes twice that many work. But never all the 20,000 actors who are always available.

In the ranks of the Hollywood Huzzars are veterans of all the wars from The Birth of a Nation to All Quiet on the Western Front. Many have risen from the ranks to be generals. Or even top-sergeants like Quirt and Flagg. As Carl Laemmle says: "There's a marshal's baton in every knapsack."

THEY LAUGH AT LOVE

SOMETHING must be done about it. The kids aren't going to the talkies as they used to in the olden days. "Too much mush," they say. Meaning that the grand passions of Mlle. Garbo, and other seeresses of celluloid, have replaced the virile drama in which a caption hissed "Curse you, Jack Dalton," while countless redskins bit the dust.

'A kiss in a conservatory may provide sufficient thrill for the cinema sophisticates. But the kids want to get back to fundamentalism. "Give us life in the raw," they insist. And back their demands by withholding their dimes.

NOT A MAMBA SONG

WE GET pretty peevd sometimes about movie titles. DuBarry, Woman of Passion, for instance. But producers do have to make things plain. Lots of so-called souls thought The Lion and the Mouse was an animal picture. Applause was misread as Applesauce. They changed The Admirable Crichton so folks wouldn't expect a sea-story about an Admiral.

In the sticks, which includes Hollywood, Burlesque was billed as A Play Called Burlesque to avoid confusion with a burlesque show. And they paid Havelock Ellis $10,000 for the name of his book, The Dance of Life, to tack on the film version. Just recently a theatr'e playing the dramatic thriller, Mamba, advertised that the title didn't mean something sung by Al Jolson. The management was honest, but not real bright. More people would have come to hear Jolson.

TWENTY YEARS AFTER

WELL, not quite twenty. But fifteen anyway. For it has been that long since the Old Master, D. W. Griffith, took the cinema out of the peep-show class with The Birth of a Nation. Recently, the cast re-assembled at Hollywood's famous Breakfast Club. Lillian Gish was absent in New York. Wallace Reid, Bobby Harron and George Seigmann are still further from Hollywood. But the rest were there. What a list! Mae Marsh, Mary Alden, Marion Cooper, Henry Walthall, Walter Long, Ralph Lewis, Joseph Henaberry, Elmer Clifton, Donald Crisp, and Spottiswood Aiken.

The celebration wasn't meaningless. For the grand old picture is to be refurbished—synchronized to sound, given a full musical score and a talkie prelude. It is still hard to top as screen entertainment.

RUTH AND TALKIES

PERHAPS the talkies should be thankful for Ruth Chatterton. But surely Ruth Chatterton should be thankful for the talkies. She is one of the not-too-many stage recruits who came, and saw, and conquered Hollywood.

Truth to tell, Ruth was pretty well washed up in that branch of the theatre which brags too much on its legitimacy. Her big moment was in Daddy Long-Legs, back in 1914. It came only after five years struggle in stock. Later came the unhappy days of La Tendresse and The Magnolia Lady, and Ruth's sun seemed set.

But along came the talkies. And with them, Ruth. Now she is one of the bright stars in the Hollywood film firmament. Long may she twinkle brilliantly.
THE RISKS THEY TAKE

By HERBERT CRUIKSHANK

Men die. Words live. And the words of dead men often echo through the ages to affect the living.

Long before the talkie era of the movie age, Nietzsche, the mad philosopher, startled his disciples with a commandment:

"Live Dangerously!"

That was what he said. And twisting twice around the world, his words have hurtled through time to every lot in Hollywood. His credo is an anthem of the studios. Not alone do the stars whose brief flame fires the cinema skies abide by his doctrine, but his followers include all those lesser lights enslaved to celluloid. They live dangerously. Each and every one. That you may be amused.

You doubt it? You who are fed upon printed pabulum exploiting their extravagances—their whimsies? Then read on! Not the screaming scare-heads of the sensation mongers. Not the space-grabbing gibberings of misguided press-agentry. But the solemn, sombre statement of that utterly unimaginative body, the State Industrial Accident Commission of California.

That sober-sided, factfull group of statisticians, charts studio tragedy in a grim graph of disaster. And here is the toll paid in the twelfth-month past in order that you may enjoy a Hollywood holiday.

Sixteen human lives were offered in sacrifice to the movie Moloch. Sixteen who lived dangerously, died bravely. Nine more remain earth-bound, condemned to the half-life of cripples' crutches until the end. Many escaped unscathed. But 1,272 men and women suffered sufficiently to require medical ministrations. That is the blood-red balance in the year's account book—that you may laugh.


Men die. Words live. And the words of dead men often echo through the ages to affect the living.

Jimmie Hall, while playing in the celebrated Hell's Angels, had his full share of unpleasant risks.
In such scenes as this one, out of All Quiet on the Western Front, there are frequently real casualties which are never shown on the screen. The men in charge of the fireworks use great care—but accidents will happen.

The sun-dials in Hollywood's rich-flowered patios should bear the legend "It is later than you think." They who live dangerously live in the shadow. And the shadow is that of death.

A LAZY, languorous day on the Pacific shore. Ten boys with scant years of life behind them, welcome an air-jaunt as relief from studio routine. They fly to film a sequence for Such Men Are Dangerous. A sequence that was never made. Three thousand feet up the planes collide. With death as pilot the ten fall in flames, screaming through a half-mile of horror to the solace of the sea's still depths. So passed director Kenneth Hawks and his crew.

One of that studio unit lives on to start from his sleep in the grip of memories. He is "Connie" O'Connell, the cameraman who shot every foot of film in Such Men Are Dangerous—except that where fate flew with the crew.

O'Connell hasn't been in a plane since he filmed The Skywayman. The title tells the story. It was a thriller. There was some aerial stunting to be done at night. The fliers were Ormer Locklear and Milton "Skeeter" Elliot.

"I'll take her up," said Locklear, "you stay with the girl friend."

But at the last minute, "Skeeter" left Viola Dana standing among the mob on the side-lines and took a place in the plane with his pal. Up they went—higher, higher—for altitude. Then, with the great lights blazing through the skies and "Connie" O'Connell's cameras clicking, Locklear sent his ship into the spin that was to give you a thrill upon the screen.

Something happened. The pilot couldn't pull his plane out of it. There was a sickening crash. A blaze. Death scored two. That's why Conrad Wells substituted for cameraman O'Connell when it came to flying for Such Men Are Dangerous.

After The Skywayman catastrophe "Connie" declared that

Bebe Daniels, perhaps more than any other movie actress, has taken risks and chances to thrill you fans. This female Douglas Fairbanks certainly lives decidedly dangerously.
Dick Grace (right) is one of the most celebrated risk-takers in Hollywood. Stunt man supreme, he has had all his bones broken in plane crack-ups. With him is William Wellman, director.

if ever he 'got his' in an airplane accident it would be because the plane fell on him. That day on the Pacific, he went fishing while Wells shot the air scene. The flaming ships hit the water so near his boat that it was scorched by the blazing oil. He recovered a body. Rescue was impossible.

RICHARD DIX jumped and missed. Just to give the fans a kick he was to leap from one side of a deep canyon to the other. "Rich" didn't make it. He broke his nose and three ribs. The same three that Jack Renault re-smashed in another picture in which a realistic fight scene was required.

No one knows how it happened in the case of "Lefty" Hough. "Lefty" was a "grip" working on a picture in which the late William Russell starred. They were shooting an outdoor winter scene at night. The lights were going full force. An order was shouted.

"Hey, Lefty, chuck some more snow on that tree!"

Something like that. Blinded by the light he ran directly into the roaring wind-machine. It decapitated him as though he had bowed his head to the caress of a guillotine. Death grimaced in the darkness. Another victim.

Harold Lloyd thought of a gag to give you a giggle. It was something about an exploding bomb. It was going to be very comical. A great "laugh factor", as the funsters call a screen joke. But something went wrong. Harold carries the scars of this permanent injury to-day. But he continues to live dangerously.

"Red" Thompson thought The Trail of '98 would be pepped up a bit if director Clarence Brown would let him ride an Alaskan rapids in a canoe. It would thrill the audience. But the whirl of waters swept him overboard. Death reached from the maelstrom. "Red" was drowned.

LON CHANEY has been painfully injured in every picture he ever made. It began with his first—Hell Morgan's Girl. The action called for Lon to take a plunge from a rooftop. He landed on his head. In The Unknown, in which he [Continued on page 88]

At left we have Mr. Richard Dix. This young man is well known for the dangerous chances he takes to make his films absolutely realistic.

The funny filmers take chances, too. Louise Fazenda, shown here with Harry Woods in Faro Nell, knows that those knock-about falls are no cinch.
Positively the youngest executive in a business which thrives with young executives, Carl Laemmle, Jr., has more than earned his enviable position and is proving his worth in it.
ZIEGFELD’S VERDICT ON HOLLYWOOD BEAUTY

By WALTER RAMSEY

The man who knows more about show-girl pulchritude than perhaps any other individual, Florenz Ziegfeld. His opinions of the flower of the film capital's beauty are highly significant.

FROM his elaborate suite of offices on the United Artists lot he finds it all "quite interesting." Its living conditions ideal. Its future undisputed. But why that?—it is sheer waste of time to discuss anything but one subject with Ziegfeld...women!

If he has seemed a bit ungenerous in claiming that most of our prize beauties could not make his famous Follies, he modifies the statement with an explanation: "The beautiful women of Hollywood have, fundamentally, more arresting personalities than I would need in a show girl. Many of them are great camera beauties. But it is no secret that the camera lends a flattering glamour to some, is it? On the way" is but one of his more modest titles—and the "King" has abdicated and gone to Hollywood for the moment!...But, we add emphatically, not gone Hollywood.

FLORENZ ZIEGFELD is unable to cast ONE front line chorus from the entire field of Hollywood beauties! This master-showman, whose business it is to "glorify" the American girl, declares that he would be lucky to find a half-dozen picture beauties who could measure up to the rigid requirements of a successful show girl!

Referring to the rank and file of Hollywood’s international pulchritude, Ziegfeld says:

"Greta Garbo is the only woman in Hollywood who would be a sensation as a Follies show girl!"
"Sally Eilers is the most perfect type of American beauty in the film colony!"
"Olive Borden has the most exquisite figure!"
"Dolores Del Rio would be an arresting personality.
"But as for the rest..."

FLORENZ ZIEGFELD is a tactful man. Suavely so. He discreetly fingers the lapels of a gray, perfectly-tailored suit and says in conclusion: "...as for many of your other beauties, I have not seen them all!"

Definite streaks of gray in his hair, but youthful and trim of physique, this greatest American connoisseur of beautiful women is ever gentle in his speech. The most astonishing observation is cloaked in well-modulated tones, unexcited in their delivery. His hands are smooth and graceful. They usually begin or end one of his polished statements. But never for a moment is it possible to forget that Ziegfeld is a personality. A household name. A trade-mark that stamps the most humble of his chosen with fame on two continents. "The King Of Broad-

Sally Eilers was chosen by Mr. Ziegfeld as the most nearly perfect American type of beauty in the film capital. Honor supreme.

The famous impresario declares that Clara Bow would make an ideal Follies girl.
This famous judge of feminine loveliness tells how he would react to the cream of the movie beauties if he were casting them for one of his Follies.

Other hand, a Follies girl must be lovely to the eye. There must be a distinctive beauty of coloring and symmetry of figure. The height, too, is important. Follies girls are either quite tall (the show girl type) or short (the pony chorus type). In direct contrast to those prerequisites, the ideal Hollywood type is of medium height—neither one extreme nor the other.

'Rather strange, isn't it, that the Follies have supplied Hollywood with so much stellar ma-

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THAT MAKES IT NICE

The famous terraced gardens at the M-G-M studios. Pretty nice, to do your days’ work in such beautiful surroundings, eh?

THIS is the season when the current crop of sweet girl graduates is thinking of settling down to the serious business of life. Each has in mind a job or a john, bonuses or babies. The college heroes who hit-the-line-hard on last fall’s football fields are utilizing the athletic acumen accumulated at Alma Mater in punching time clocks. Everyone seems rather engrossed in a career. So, like the man at the funeral, if no one has anything to say, I’d like to speak a few words about the climate of California. And

Telling why Hollywood—and a movie career—are the berries and cream, despite all the hazards and hardships and heartbreaks

By HERBERT CRUIKSHANK

happy days in Hollywood.

The boys who have decided to be President rather than disappoint their mothers, may continue to cherish that laudable ambition. Likewise the girls who plan to marry millionaires for similar reasons. But offered the choice of a career in fresh fish, umbrellas to mend, or the bargain basement of Ginsberg’s, I, personally, would prefer to be a movie star. It is far more alluring to be an actor in Hollywood than to push either a pick or a pen. Of course, it is a bit more difficult than being President or getting in line for a big alimony. But it has its advantages.

Paris is a woman’s town, they say.

No, this isn’t the residence of a wealthy film star, it’s the Hall of Music at the Fox studios. Doesn’t look much like a work shop, does it? But that’s Hollywood.
While London belongs to men. But Hollywood—ah, Hollywood has that certain something found nowhere else. Perhaps a surplus of IT exuded by America's Girl and Boy Friends electrifies the atmosphere. The air is perfumed with the romantic scent of orange blossoms. There is brightness, beauty, color, speed. Life smiles. In fact it laughs out loud. Nature's slogan is "Let Us Be Gay." And that makes it nice.

**EVEN** the lowly extra people who sit and sit on studio sets for $7.50 daily are better off than the mercantile muggs laboring six days a week for that $16 minimum wage. Providing, of course, they secure at least three days work in every seven. They have their own cars. Not block-long motors, surely, but little wagons that will take you there and bring you back. And with gasoline a dime a gallon, it is no difficult matter to enjoy an evening spin along roads smooth as the line of a city slicker. Roads winding through fragrant forests of orange blossoms. Roads lined with roses and red geranium hedges and the glories of rich purple lantana. Roads sheltered by whispering palms and pepper trees that sigh in the caress of soft southern breezes. Roads that lead to the moonlit strands of the Pacific. Roads that are rich in romance.

There are the tiny vine-clad bungalows which inspire theme songs about "roses 'round the door," or brisk, bright apartments which may be transposed from boudoir to living-room by miraculous contrivances that fold into walls. There are flower markets on the corner where blossoms to fill all vases may be had for a few cents. Breakfast grapefruits, fresh figs, lemons, even the golden containers holding the juice to mix with gin, may be plucked in the back-yard. And surely that makes it nice. Every one his own grocer.

This sort of thing goes a long way to making Hollywood the great place it is. You can see the chorus girls rehearsing on the green frequently. These are RKO girls.

The studios themselves are garden spots. Rambling acres studded with stucco—embroidered with flower-flanked paths—at the very toes of towering hills where scurrying rabbits hide, and fox kittens play in the sun that filters through the foliage. In such surroundings you encounter the heroes and heroines of filmdom. You rub shoulders with Gloria and Greta, exchange the time of day with Barrymore or Barthelmess, hear Haines' infectious ha-ha, or Bancroft talking baby-talk to Brent. And there's always that outside chance that one day you'll make a small part big. Then you'll be "discovered," and take your very own seat among the mighty. Ask Jeanie Lang, the latest kid to stop the show and get a long-term contract. That makes it nice. For Jeanie.

Then things are different, after you're a star. Maybe the studio gives you a racing roadster as a little gift. You hire a home in Beverly—maybe Marie Prevost has one of hers to rent. Swimming pool and all. Or you buy a lot from Ruth Roland and build yourself a hacienda. Or move to one of those swanky apartments that face out upon a patio luxuri-
antly shadowed by the protective arms of a banana tree.

You get "yessed" at the studio. If you like the leading man or girl, you get re-takes made of the love scenes. You pal with the director, and have an opportunity to indulge your temperament. Maybe you're allowed to keep the fine feathers worn in the picture. And throughout the time that the picture—your picture—is in the making you attain that fine, high tension of creating something to be seen by the movie millions.

WHEN the "epic" is completed, there's a rest period before the next one. Then every man for himself—and the girl friend. Week-ends at Catalina with its wild goats, descendants of those left by pirate rovers, to be

There's lots of fun reading your fan mail, and don't pretend there isn't. Here's Ruth Chatterton getting a few adulated remarks from an admirer.

It's great when the company goes on location—new and beautiful scenes as a change from the studios. This is the Border Legion company at work.

shot if you can get close enough, and all sorts of deep-sea fishing sport. Parties on yachts. Parties ashore. Parties everywhere.

Or maybe it's Agua Caliente—over in old Mexico. Good old rum, slow horses, women who aren't. The fine Casino, a fairer Monte Carlo, with its speculative thrills. Every game known to gambling ingenuity—roulette, faro, poker, dice, black jack, bird cages with three great tumbling dice that never seem to bring your numbers up. The dog races, music, dancing, wine on ice—all the naughtiness denied us north of the border. That makes it nice!

Then there's the comparative quiet of Palm Springs. Para-

[Continued on page 78]
NOW YOU'RE TALKING

In recognition of outstanding performance on the talking screen, this magazine hereby extends sincere and hearty congratulations to:

Edmund Lowe (top of page), who, in *Born Reckless*, has brought to the underworld character of Louis Beretti a combination of charming sophistication and naive toughness which is delightfully and unusually human.

Ruth Chatterton (above), for her latest addition to her long list of triumphs: that of the actress in *A Lady of Scandal*—it's difficult to be a little ray of sunshine without being irritatingly sweet.

Lewis Ayres (above), whose work in *All Quiet on the Western Front* brings us a juvenile who is young enough to look young before the camera and yet who has intelligence and superb artistry.

Vivienne Segal (above, right), whose unusual magnetism and subtle charm transform *Bride of the Regiment* from just another picture into something unusually fascinating and unusually entertaining.

Maurice Chevalier (right), whose utterly fascinating personality and utterly fascinating songs make *The Big Pond*—itself a dull story—a thing of quality and entertainment.
Tidings from

Sprightly, inside comment about the talkies and talkie folk

The presence of mind of Ruby Keeler, wife of Al Jolson, saved her more than $6,000 worth of gems as well as Al's heavy bank roll when a lone bandit held up the passengers in one Pullman on The Chief, crack transcontinental train, as it pulled out of the Los Angeles yards.

Ruby heard a commotion in the car, and, peering out of her drawing-room door, saw the robber taking a $6,500 diamond ring from Marian Nixon and $500 in cash from Eddie Hillman, Marian's husband.

Without taking a second look, she slammed and bolted the door of the drawing room occupied by Al and herself.

A REPLICA of a whaling ship was built at Warner Brothers studio for John Barrymore's Moby Dick. In one scene, the star was supposed to stand on the deck and address the crew: "Well, men, etc., etc."

After all preparations were complete, Barrymore took his stand. The director signaled and the cameras began to grind.

Just as the star raised his hand, there came the sudden triumphant crow of a rooster.

"Well, men!" cried Barrymore, passionately, "do you all hear that blankety blank blank cock!"

Anyone who is curious as to John's exact phraseology is hereby referred to Warner Brothers studio, which has the whole speech recorded on a vitaphone record!

No longer can directors and stars poke fun at their absent producers while working before the mikes.

All stages are now connected by talkie loud speakers with the executive offices of the studios.

Jack Warner, production head of Warner Bros., started the fad. He had all "mikes" at First National and on the Warner lot wired into his headquarters. One day, while listening to some dialogue on one of the Burbank sets, he heard a director wise-cracking about him.

Jumping into his Rolls-Royce, he sped to First National and fired the humorist.

Now other studio heads are profiting by his experience.

BEVERLY Hills is all het up about the guide racket, which, the stars claim, has made their domain a "rubberneck" town.

Youngsters, with glaring ballyhoo signs, have for the last three years, made right smart wages by taking the Iowa tourists in tow and piloting them through the hills and vales, pointing out the homes of the various stars.

A long list of film notables signed a petition to the Beverly Hills city council demanding that an ordinance be passed to end the nuisance.

POLLY MORAN remembers Gloria Swanson when—

Polly was starring in Sennett comedies in 1916 when Gloria arrived in Hollywood to become one of the bathing beauties. She wanted advice on the apartment house situa-
Talkie Town

By The Talkie Town Tattler

tion, so she appealed to Polly.
"Something about $25 a month for myself and my mother," said Gloria.
Polly suggested a house that had quarters at that price. That night Gloria rented one.

Next morning she arrived at the Sennett lot with a lemon pie that she had baked herself.
"I haven't much money, so this is the only way I can show my appreciation," Gloria told Polly as she presented the pie.
Polly insists that Gloria is a marvelous cook—even today.

Flo Ziegfeld has had to revise his mode of tickling the press beneath the chin.
In New York, he used to send the dramatic writers lengthy telegrams.
But the Hollywood boys and girls are different. They want food and—
So guided by his partner, Sam Goldwyn, who knows the game, Flo has fallen into line with almost a party a week for the writers.
If the glorifier of the American girl remains here long enough, the Western Union and Postal will no doubt have to suspend dividend payments.

Enid Bennett, wife of Fred Niblo, the director, was a star in her own right before she gave up her career to raise three children. Now, I understand, she is doubling in pictures.

It happened this way:
Enid always accompanies Fred on location trips, and when her husband went into the desert with William Haines and his company to film Easy Come, she went along.
The heat and sand were hard on the players, especially on Leila Hyams, the leading lady.
"Now for the long shot on the horse," called Niblo to Leila.
"Fred," cut in Enid, "Leila is all in. Let me double for her in this and give her a chance to rest."
And thus Enid Bennett came back to pictures after a five-year absence from the screen.

Carl Laemmle, Jr., the 23-year-old head of Universal, is the butt of many jokes because of his small stature as well as his youth. Recently, Carl went to New York to attend the premiere of The King of Jazz.
Al Bossberg, the funster of the studios, is responsible for this one:
"Just in order to prove his superiority, Carl, Jr., purchased a full fare ticket."

When Lord and Lady Mountbatten, cousins of the Prince of Wales, visited Hollywood recently, they were entertained at a very formal dinner by Marion Davies.
The hostess asked her Ladyship if there was any star in particular she would like to meet.
"Greta Garbo," she replied
Marion tried to reach Greta on the phone. Always, the
servants would say that Miss Garbo was out.

Miss Davies then told Mary Pickford of her predicament.

"Greta will do it for me," replied Mary.

Mary phoned Greta's home without avail. Then she got in her car and drove to the residence. She found Greta in the patio sunning herself. She explained her mission—it was almost a royal command.

But Greta only shook her head.

"I thank, Miss Mary, I have more enjoyable evening at home with a good book."

Her Ladyship did not meet the great Garbo.


The food was served. Joan toyed with her fork.

I was getting nervous. My beef was chilling. Joan realized I was waiting for her.

"Pardon me, but do you mind if I eat this salad with a spoon?" inquired Joan finally.

Then she explained.

"I've never been able to use a fork," she said. "Even at formal dinners I eat with a spoon—everything from the soup to the meat course."

SUE CAROL was all smiles after she had signed her new $1,250 a week contract with RKO, and she took no pains to hide her feelings.

"I have always wanted to be with your company," she confided to William LeBaron, vice president. "Even its initials, RKO, signify Right-Kind-(of)-Outfit to me."

NED SPARKS was watching a motion picture star at work recently when a small part player, who evidently believes no one capable of making an unaided success, remarked:

"It's nice to have a pull. What has he got to make him famous over me?"

"Well," replied Ned, judiciously. "For one thing he has personality"
That fellow in the big straw hat is our old friend David Wark Griffith in the throes of directing Abraham Lincoln. He's giving orders to his soldiers by way of the microphone.

Here's the newest thing for the showers they don't have in California. Loretta Young models for a combination umbrella-raincoat. When is a cloak not a cloak? When it's an umbrella like this.

plus. Yours is minus."

A NENT the constant shifting between studios that had fallen to her lot recently, Constance Bennett relates the following:

"Moving from studio to studio reminds me of the little lad whose divorced parents insisted he alternate between their homes on week-ends. One day he rushed into the house with this query:

"Mother, whose little boy am I this week? I'd like to know whether to study my Sunday school lesson or go and dig bait."

I VAN F. SIMPSON, the English actor, who has stood for years in support of George Arliss, both on the stage and in all of his talkies, holds two records which make the players of dual rôles look like thirty cents.

The first is the playing of five parts in one play in London. He was doctor and a clergyman in the first act, a lawyer and man about town in the second, and a race-track tout in the third.

The other record was his salary. He received five dollars each and every week.

But Ivan did so well with the five rôles that the management made him assistant business manager at one dollar per week. He sold tickets before the show.

T HERE was little in the youthful vocations of Everett Marshall to indicate the operatic genius he is today.

His first job was as a water boy to a construction gang. His next was canoe instructor and oarsman at a fashionable summer resort.

[Continued on page 74]
OF COURSE, you know me better than anyone else in the world," said Anita Page, carefully smearing bright lipstick on the curve of her upper lip.

"Naturally," said I.

Until two years ago we were as one, you might say. Indivisible. Sharing the same name, house, clothes, life, joys, minor sorrows, everything. And then she went motion picture.

"Surely you've forgiven me that, haven't you?" Anita stopped daubing on lipstick to look at me, quickly, searchingly.

"Oh, ye-es. But—"

"But what?" she said insistently; little finger, bright red, still poised for action. "Oh, I know. You don't want me to be a motion picture actress. You want me to be an artist, and do sketches and things. You're like mother, and dad. But I've won them over. At least I think I have. They don't object, now, to their only daughter being a professional. Maybe dad, sometimes, thinks it would be a lot more suitable for me to be daubing things on canvas and making charcoal sketches. But I don't," shaking her cropped blonde head.

"You're the first person in our family to follow the stage," I disapproved.

"And don't forget your great-grandfather Munoz, who was Spanish ambassador to the United States! Oh, I've heard that before. Don't you dare say that to me."

"And your Grandmother Pomares."

"Bless her dear heart! She left us without knowing that her grand-daughter had gone theatrical."

"And the little town of Pomares in France. Are you sure it would approve of its namesake's progeny being in the cinema?"

"They'd love it, I'll bet. And have a fête, maybe. Oh, don't be contrary, darling. Just think, if I hadn't been a motion picture fan, back on Long Island, I never would have
The third delightful interview in TALKING SCREEN'S series of unique self-interviews

wanted to be an actress. And if I hadn't been an actress I never would have appeared in motion pictures with Bill Haines and Ramón Novarro and Johnny Mack Brown and Joan Crawford and . . ."

"Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.," I hastily amended.

"In The Little Accident," she smiled, and patted a large powder puff against her firm white cheek.

If it hadn't been that Dad did the wiring for that Muriel Ostriche picture at a Long Island Studio and our entire family went to watch the company work and that Mr. Whatyoumaycallme suggested a screen test for you, you might be, today, exhibiting some of your sketches. Or studying in France. Perhaps living in Paris."

Here is Anita in hot competition with brother Marino. Yes, this is the little brother that frequently tags along with Anita when she goes places with the boy-friend.

Anita Page, beautiful, blond and blue-eyed. She gave up studying art to become a motion picture celebrity—and says art school has helped her make up her eye-brows.

"Or doing advertisements for canned heat or a new sausage. Yes, I know! You've been talking to mother and dad. They want me to go abroad, while I'm still young, and see things."

"Well?"

"I couldn't do that, don't you see? Two years in this business and the chances are that I might do something as big and fine as I want to do. To throw it up now. To take a big slice out of a year and devote to travel. I couldn't do that."

"But how about marriage, Anita? If you marry, what is going to happen? You will either have to give up your career entirely or so divide your time and your—

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While at work on the Raffles set, Ronald Colman suffered a birthday. "The crew" gathered around while he cut the cake. Kay Francis is across the table from him.

Here is a behind-the-screen shot, taken during the shooting of Raffles. The property man hands Colman a grip to be used in the scene for which he is waiting.

Ronald Colman flipped away the butt of an expiring cigarette.

"If there are any such men in real life," he said, "I have not met them yet."

"But," I insisted, "Beau Geste, Bulldog Drummond and that thief in Condemned were merely men who exhibited fine traits of character?"

"Exactly! Built toward ideals, in imagination."

"Why stress 'in imagination'?"

"Because they were painted in novelists' dreams, not from true experiences. Their strength, their dating, their lack of fear cast a romance about them, especially in the minds of women. Women day-dream about such unreal heroes."

"But men like them, too!"

"Of course they do! They looked at me playing those roles and said, 'Well, there's a bird being a hero who doesn't look like some collar advertisement, either. May be some chance for me yet.'"

"You mean that women don't require handsome men as idols any longer?"

"No, they don't. They prefer men with a bit of the brute or cave-man instinct—provided there is some polish and refinement to counteract unnecessary roughness."

"The rugged, he-man type, eh?"

"Yes! And almost homely—men such as you encounter every day on the street. Look over the list of those now appearing in pictures as stars. You don't find many 'ballroom beauties' among them, do you?"

"You don't count yourself a 'ballroom beauty'?"

"I do not! I never played but one leading rôle in which I was a ballroom Romeo and I didn't care much for it. That was in Lady Windermere's Fan—one of those perpetual triangle stories. Fact of the matter is, I never played but one rôle at all which seemed actual and true to life. That was in
PHILOSOPHER AND FRIEND

By DOROTHY WOOLDRIDGE

The Dark Angel in which I went to war and came back blind.

The world seems to like you as a rogue,” I volunteered. “I hope they will not have me playing the gentleman-rogue during the entire remainder of my screen career. However, 'Once a rogue, always a rogue,' usually is true—in pictures.

'Wouldn't you, as a gray-haired rogue, be just as acceptable?'

'I'll never be old or gray—in this business.'

'But everyone grows old and gray?'

'So will I. But when that time comes, I will not be here.'

'Where will you be?'

'Gone!'

'Where?'

'Oh, I don't know! Just gone.'

'Doing what?'

'Playing pinochle with Eddie Cantor, perhaps. Eddie's quitting the stage, so the newspapers say.'

'What about 'joining the Foreign Legion in Africa? You did well there as Beau Geste.'

'Sure! Promptly got shot. You're not suggesting anything violent, are you? 'The proposal is declined with thanks.'

'Well then, a detective like Bulldog Drummond? You

Ronald Colman, frequently labelled the screen's mystery man. At heart, Mr. Colman is as simple and unaffected as anyone could well be. It's contact with crowds that makes him withdraw into himself.

ought to be good at something.'

'I am. But it's not in detecting kidnappers of beautiful girls. And furthermore, climbing up to skylights to peer through and fire at a villain is not my idea of a pleasant evening. I'd rather stay home.'

'Well, there's Devil's Island?'

'The community is too highly restricted. The style of dress is exceedingly unbecoming. The trousers men wear are very baggy at the knees. The tailoring is terrible.'

'Have you no idea what vocation or avocation you will follow when you're through with pictures?'

'I might buy an interest in some little business with a friend, just to have something which would occupy my mind. But the friend would have to do most of the business-running. Or, I might be a ship's agent or something if they wouldn't expect too much from my individual efforts.'

'You don't seem to think your screen plays have helped much to fit you for some other profession?'

'What do you think? Beyond the idea of entertaining or amusing people, I have given no thought to other employment. I still have two years under my contract with Mr. Samuel Goldwyn. After that, we

[Continued on page 84]
"When I enter the world of practical living and love I lose the attributes of the type of girl which I portray on the screen." Miss White speaking, believe it or not.

Alice White tells us that she enacts the modern flapper on the screen because that is what the dear public wants. But, Alice goes on rapidly to assure us, she herself does not believe in this screen character.

In this article, the third of a brilliant series, Alice White—whose affairs of the heart have been the talk of Hollywood—makes some revelations about herself which will surprise you plenty.
WHAT LOVE MEANS TO ME

As told by ALICE WHITE to WALTER RAMSEY

LOVE, to me, is a strong force which absolutely rids me of all personal independence! Its coming spells the end of freedom and the beginning of continual sacrifice. And still...

Love is the only thing necessary to my happiness!

To attempt to picture myself without love, is like supposing myself without hope or ambition. It is always with me. Ever since I've been old enough to know the power of love in my life, I have never been without it. It has been my constant source of energy and if I ever reach the point where I know that there is no one who loves me (whom I can love in return) I would no longer desire to live. Life would be a blank wall!

To lose the ever-present love of at least one man would be like not being able to breathe. I would suffocate! This is a conclusion I have reached from the firm conviction that love is the only motivating power I have or need. Not money, fame or travel...but the full love of a man whom I love—that is the only driving and necessary force in my life.

Can this be Miss 1935 talking? Are these the words of the girl known as Alice White? They are! But they are also the verbatim testimony of a girl whom we expected to spout all the modern views on love. We had looked forward to a sort of a dénouement, as it were, of all the newest ideas and formulas on the subject of "Love— as it is practiced in the twentieth century...and Hollywood love in particular"—but we don't seem to be getting it.

We had looked ahead to a new set of ideas as the flappers' outlook on this thing called love. We weren't expecting any such seriousness and genuineness...from Alice White, the Queen of the hey-jay girls. In place of spice, we get intelligence; in place of free-love we receive sacrifice. Has Hollywood been wrong?

I realize that it is rather difficult to conceive of a thing causing the end of personal independence and still believe that it tends toward happiness. But that is the way love affects me. I am lost without it—and I am lost with it. In other words, the Alice White that is known to the fans of the motion picture public is not the Alice White in love. I lose the attributes of the girl I portray on the screen when I enter the world of practical living and love. My everyday existence is not the existence of Alice White, the flapper of the screen—it is a very different thing entirely. The exact opposite, in fact.

Possibly it is this very change that gives me the ability to play that character on the screen. I am so opposite in real life, that I have learned the prerequisites of living without those things that make my actual life worth living. I can truthfully say that I have never portrayed a girl on the screen who had the faintest conception of real love. I leave that entirely out of her personality. The Alice White that you have seen on the screen has never known love! She has been content to enact the modern conception of a flapper for the public because that is exactly what they want. But I don't believe in the Alice White of the screen—in fact, the manner in which she invariably faces a given situation is diagonally opposed to the way in which I would face the same thing in real life.

Even Hollywood, who should really know me better than anyone else, has never

To attempt to picture myself without love," says Alice White, "is like supposing myself without hope or ambition. Love is, and always has been, with me."

Although continually being played up as the gayest member of the jazz-mad, hoity-toity younger generation, Alice White, in real life, is not like that at all. Sports and healthy recreations form a large part of her real life.
Three studies of the volatile Alice in which she is not quite as volatile as usual. Like most of us, Alice, once away from her screen character, has her grave moods and gay. Has her sad moments as well as her mad moments.

They accept the version of the screen Alice White as the only possible one to believe. In that respect, they are very much like the fan public at large. Hollywood has a deep and unchangeable impression of me and it is not going to change it in a hurry. They won’t believe the things I am expressing in this article, but it might cause them to think a bit. Why, the very name “Alice White” means modern flapper to Hollywood. They continue to think of me as a little blonde, passionate, hey-hey girl of the deepest dye—never realizing that they are cataloguing me with nothing more concrete to back up their contention than the type of roles I play.

I wonder how many people in Hollywood, and the rest of the world, know that I have only gone with three different men in the past eight years? Most of the folks who have me down as a little hey-hey flapper without an ounce of sense or seriousness will be quite surprised to hear that. They all have my life mapped out as one continual round of madness of every description. Drinking—dancing—laughing—loving and quick living... that is the accepted conception of Alice White. No one goes out of his way to understand me. I am branded with a reputation and nothing I can do will erase it.

But I don’t drink—don’t even enjoy the thought! I smoke very little and mostly in private! I would much rather play bridge than dance! And my loving and living are on a slow, even keel!

Now that I have told you what I am not—possibly you will take me more seriously when I talk of such a serious thing as love.

Love brings to me a very decided opportunity for refinement of character. Not that it doesn’t give that to any woman who takes it in the right light, but some of them fail to realize it. Every time I have known the love of a man—and for some reason or other, decided to lose it—I have gained a certain refinement of character. This is true because I have always been attracted to men who have strength of character. Not the type of man you would expect me to fall for at all. I suppose the common opinion is that I am not happy without a college sheik or a dance-hall play boy—but that is a misconception. The man I am capable of loving must be a real man... not a clowning excuse!

But, you ask yourself, what does the strength of character of her sweethearts have to do with the character of Alice White? You will readily understand, when I explain what I meant when I said “Love, to me, is the end of personal independence.” By that, I mean that when I fall in love, my personality and individuality are submerged in the personality and individuality of the person with whom I am sharing a mental existence. So completely submerged that I lose my own identity. It is no longer a question of I—it becomes, instead, a question of we. My likes and desires take a secondary place in my life. My personal independence is gone!

Love is also the basis of all my ambitions. Without it I have no ambition. Nothing matters. I am alone. Possibly the reason for this is the fact that I know so few people understand me and I need someone for that purpose. As long as I know that there is one person who believes me to be something fine and real and serious, I don’t care what the rest of the world believes. I am satisfied that they believe I am the Alice White of the screen. It’s really better business that they do. But I couldn’t go on with the thought always in my heart that everyone thought of me in that way.

This last thought is the one which has led me to another belief on the subject of love. Love is a completing process. Love has taught me that a woman is spiritually only half complete—without it. She hasn’t the capability of being anything more than half complete—alone. It takes the deep love and affection of a man to round out her existence to its fullness. It might be compared to a circle: A woman, without love, is like a drawing of a half-circle. It is apparent from looking at the drawing that it is un- [Continued on page 96]
Affairs of the Heart

If Alice White succeeds in winning her release from her starring contract with First National, she will travel to the altar with the handsome Syd Bartlett. In fact, her contract is the only thing that has stood in the way of her marriage for a year.

All Hollywood knows they have been engaged for more than twelve months. Syd now portrays the rôle of her business manager.

By becoming a free lance player, there would be no studio executive to put a foot down on Cupid’s efforts to unite the couple.

Joseph Schildkraut may be a “heavy” lover on the silver-sheet, but Elise Bartlett termed him egotistic and abusive in his own home. She won a decree and $250 a week salary.

Now Joe is reported “that way” with Myrna Loy.

Dorothy Dwan, for several years a popular leading woman, playing opposite Tom Mix in many of that star’s Westerns, shortly will wed Paul N. Boggs, Jr., son of a millionaire oil man.

Dorothy is the widow of Larry Semon, the comedian.

“Matrimony is the bunk” became a stock expression with Roy D’Arcy after he put Lita Grey Chaplin out of his life and remarried his ex-wife a few months ago, according to Mrs. Laura Rhinock Giusti when she appeared in the Los Angeles courts seeking a second divorce from the screen villain.

The plaintiff, a former screen actress, also charged cruelty and non-support. Wonder if they’ll try again.

Film folk who are saying “We will!”—“We do!”—“We’re through!”

One of the most brilliant social functions of the month of brides was the wedding of Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon on June 14 at the Beverly-Wilshire hotel.

More than 150 persons witnessed the ceremony, held in the gaily decorated ballroom. A reception for 500 more guests followed.

Bebe and Ben had planned a honeymoon in Europe, but studio schedules permitted them only three days’ absence. Guess they’ll have a belated honeymoon trip.

Lila Lee and James Kirkwood separated two years ago when the latter went to New York to appear in a stage production.

They have lived apart since, but it was only recently that divorce action was started, the husband charging Lila with desertion of himself and their six-year-old son.

A property settlement was effected before the suit was filed.

Wedding bells will ring soon for Kathryn Crawford, Universal featured player, and Wesley Ruggles, RKO director.

They became engaged more than a year ago when Ruggles directed Miss Crawford in a picture.

Rumors that all is not well in the Janet Gaynor-Lydell Peck household persist in Hollywood.

When Kenneth Harlan decided to try matrimony again after two divorces from Marie Prevost, he picked an Eastern society girl instead of a Hollywood actress. The new Mrs. Harlan was Doris Hilda Booth of Somerville, Mass., and they were childhood sweethearts.

The wedding took place in Hollywood.
Presenting Their Answers

WHAT IS YOUR

- Racing jumping beans.
- Rushing to the pay window on Wednesday.
- Watching the trains come in.
- I'll confess that it's George Bancroft.
- Horseback riding. You get to know a horse, and he knows you, and that's a horse on you.
- Aviation, because it's so elevating.

Charles Mack

Clara Bow

Bert Wheeler

Ben Lyon
to the Big Question:

FAVORITE SPORT?

Ping Pong, it's a great racquet.

Jack Oakie

Reading favorable press notices.

Glamour Truran

Changing the color of my hair to suit the characters in my various rôles.

Laura de Plante

Figuring out how much I've made—by not playing the stock market.

John Boles

Running up and down the scales.

Making faces at my mother-in-law.

Robert Woolsey
SHE was aware of only two things: the rather weak face of the man across the card-table from her, and the pain which seemed to leap and clutch at her throat. Outside, on Spring Street, a dray clattered by. The man shifted restlessly.

"Well, I better be going."

The girl's gray eyes became very wide. Strained lines appeared in her face. Her hands went out toward him in an appealing, helpless gesture and clenched suddenly.

"No, Jack, no! I thought you loved me. We'll make a go of it. We will!"

"It's my chance," he said somewhat petulantly. "I've got to take it. I'll be back Claire, honest."

He moved quickly, almost running to the door, his head bent forward as if the intensity of the girl's passion was some physical danger from which he must escape.

The door slammed shut and Claire Gilbert stood staring at the blankness of the white-washed wall in front of her. Slowly her slender hands came up to cover her mouth, fingers moving spasmodically. The fresh young skin of her face drained of color, seemed suddenly old.

THE faint smell of cooking crept into the room from the apartment next door. The sunlight coming through a window at the far end of the room caught a small mirror and sprang from it toward the girl's face, catching the dark hair over her ears and almost blinding her.

She moved restlessly and there was a fierce intensity in the rounded body.

"I'm not alive," she said fiercely, "I'm not! There's nothing left except enough of me to hurt—hurt like hell!"

Jack White was gone—gone with the road show to get some stage experience in hope that it would help him with the talkies when he came back. And she had thought they would be married in another month!

With a quick, impatient movement she seized a little bit of green felt and slipped it over her hair. The hat fit close like a cast. Some of the dark hair escaped from it and as she stepped out of the house a little breeze caught it so that it fluttered against her face. It caught the green dress too, forcing it against her body. It was one of the new dresses, coming five inches below her knees, and the wind against it interfered with her walking. She caught it up angrily and ran down Spring Street toward Hollywood Boulevard until her breath was coming in gasps. Persons stopped to stare at her. She realized that perhaps her dress had been held high. What of it? Nothing mattered now!

THERE was a car parked at the curb—a big car. She wanted to keep going, but her breath wouldn't let her. She flung the car door open and crawled in behind the wheel. The key was left in the lock. She turned it and stepped on the starter. She heard a man's angry voice shouting at her. She threw the car into gear and let it leap away.

The blood was still running warmly through her with a kind of pleasant bitterness. In the mirror on the windshield

As she came out of the water, the moonlight feil on the glistening smoothness of her body and on the lilies she was clutching rather incongruously in her hand. She heard a woman mutter, "Drunk as a gag man." Another was saying something about "stunt seeker."
The fascinating story of a girl who dramatized herself to the pinnacle of fame

By LURTON BLASSINGAME

...she could see a rapidly receding crowd standing at the corner she had just left. One fat man was running up the street behind her ludicrously. She began to laugh.

She was barely tall enough to look out at the long cowling of the engine. The wind beat back into her face stinging her. Tomorrow she would be in jail. She would lose her job as one of M-G-M's typists. And it wouldn't make a bit of difference. Nothing could make any difference now. Her foot pressed down the accelerator.

She turned off into Beverly Boulevard. The car leaped at the hills. Soon she was passing big white houses with red roofs, palatial in their magnificence, and with irrigated lawns like green velvet. She and Jack had ridden by them many times in his Ford, planning which features of each they would use when they built their house and when he was a success. And now Jack was gone!

She drove down to Santa Barbara and watched the increased movement of life there since the rumor of oil near the town had proved a lodestone to treasure-seekers.

Next day she drove back and stopped at the corner where she had borrowed the car. For a moment she sat defiantly staring out of her gray eyes at everyone who passed. No one stopped and said anything to her. It was really disappointing. Her heart had been beating rapidly. The mental picture of the scene kept her from thinking too much of the softness of Jack White's blond curly hair and the way his blue eyes had looked at her sometimes with an appeal in them that was almost like a child's.

WITH a shrug she opened the door and slipped out. Oh, well, what difference did it make? She might as well go up to the studios.

She had gone perhaps a dozen feet when she felt someone touch her on the shoulder. She whirled and found herself staring into the quizzically smiling face of Warren Barron. His eyes took in the wrinkled green dress, the passionately careless little face under the bit of green felt. "How did the car run?" he asked.

"Fine," she answered, "is it yours?"

"Yes. I'm glad you like it. I think it's rather good. I do appreciate your bringing it back. And now I suppose you want me to call a cop so you can get some publicity, eh?"

"Publicity doesn't help typists. I just wanted a ride. If you want to call a cop, it's all right."

"It would be rather troublesome," he smiled, "unless, of course, you committed some other crimes that I'm doing you out of."

"Oh no," she answered, "except I am being late to work—not that it matters!"

"Nothing seems to matter with you, does it?" he asked, watching her face, beautiful in its strained nonchalance.

"No—not any more."

"Fine!" he answered. "Then I don't suppose you will mind my driving you to work. I imagine the bus is rather

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OPERATOR!
OPERATOR!

By DOROTHY SPENSLEY

Slang-slinging Zelma O'Neal's achievements are nothing if not startling. And her marriage to an Oxford-accented Englishman was the summit of the unexpected.

At sixteen she was handling the Milwaukee board of the Chicago Telephone Company's long distance division. At eighteen she was enjoying a minor nervous breakdown from the sheer thrill of being able to ring the eighteen thousand numbers so temptingly spread before her. Three years later she was teaching the Prince of Wales how to do the Varsity Drag. Gene Tunney's lapel gardenia, sent her between acts, was in her memory. She was a Broadway and London success because she had originated a thump-thump dance that was called Varsity Drag. She was collegiate pep personified—in theatrical eyes. She caricatured her comedy like a Covarrubias cartoon. She who had not gone beyond the John B. Drake Grammar School in Chicago. Orchids, masseuses and adulation. A Vina Delmar heroine, minus the cussing.

Today she has a handsome young husband, of Magdalen...
College and Oxford, named Tony. She calls him Bubs.

She is Alexander Graham Bell's contribution to the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences. A Thomas A. Edison girl who went from transmitters to microphones, and bless T. Alva. A "voice with a smile" girl whose thumping feet sent her to fame. Whose crooning voice gave the right numbers—over the footlights. She's finished her own Follow Through for Paramount.

But this is biography. Yoo hoo, Emil Ludwig!

Amazingly frank, this girl who has pulled herself up by her flapper socks measures life through eyes the color of a stormy sea, outwardly placid, unassuming, poised. She has a pond lily complexion, waxen and white, and windblown auburn hair, with bangs. "Fringe," Anthony Bushell, her young Kentish husband calls it.

"Everywhere, in England, I would see signs 'Bushell's Beer,'" Zelma said, leaning forward, a little Rodin, her elbows on her bare knees and the flaming red woollen dress, fingering the diamond wedding ring banded by two jetty guards. Marriage is still wonderful. "You see, Tony's people are beer manufacturers."

Her first husband is forgotten in this new love, itself barely two years old. That first was an impetuous school girl marriage, soon over. "Other girls were getting married," says Zelma. "There seemed nothing else for me to do. I thought it would be convenient to have a husband." It wasn't.

By that time, Bernice, her younger sister, and she were doing a sister act in vaudeville. Her oldest sister had married a minister of White Pigeon, Michigan. There are just three O'Neal kids. Irish, they must be, but Zelma says "American..." and pauses. "There is something of the Latin, a Mona Lisa look, in her serenity."

Recovering from her attack of fluctuating nerves, Zelma hired out with a chorus. Never had she studied dancing in her life. But don't forget Dreamland at White City. Eventually she played local movie theatres. Then the Orpheum with Bernice..."who is really beautiful," says Zelma. Then Harry Carroll's Revue and the West Coast. She paused long enough in Hollywood to make a series of Mermaid and Cameo Comedies, but not to make a dent in the town. The silents were supreme. The talkies were to come. She is remembered by some as a flaming flapper. By others, as a quiet girl who made few friends.

Doggedly, but with sincere determination, always the fatalist, with that May natal gift (she was born the 28th) that makes her slightly psychic, she forged on to New York. Among her friends, Zelma Ferne is known as a minor seer.
In this unique article, sequel to last month’s *Sez Momma*, Mr. Rogers and Mr. Pomares tell the kind of mates they want their offspring to marry

**What Anita’s Father Says:**

*W*ell, I’d want Anita’s husband to be God-fearing, of course. That goes without saying. And I’d want him to be several other things,” Marino Pomares, alert, middling young, with the flashing dark eyes of the Latin, carefully lighted another cigarette.

“I want Anita’s husband to have some of the characteristics of the Spanish. My grandfather, Munroz,” with pardonable pride, “was Spain’s ambassador to the United States, you know. The Spanish are God-fearing, as I said, and they respect womanhood. That’s what I would want in the man that Anita married.

“I want her to have a complete married life, to devote all her energies to it. I want her to make a success of it, and make it as successful as my wife’s and mine, and my parents’. My mother was married when she was nineteen. She had eleven children

She was eighty-two when she died, and had spent sixty-three years in happy wedded life. My father lost all of his money, once, but she had saved the birth gift that he gave her on the arrival of each baby and turned it all over to him to pay his debts. That’s the kind of devotion that the Spanish, the Latins, expect and give. I want Anita’s marriage to be like that, full and rich in living and giving.

“I’m not insisting that Anita marry a Spaniard. In fact, I would just as soon she did not, but whenever she does marry must have those qualities. I notice that she admires the American boys, but when it comes to an emotional reaction and heart interest I find that Spanish men attract her. That’s all right, of course. But no matter whom she marries I shall insist that the man have good breeding. That is one important thing in the selection of a husband.

“The Spaniards have a saying to the effect that ‘a brewer’s horse and a race horse do not produce another race horse.’ Anita is a good, clean girl and

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What Dorothy Spensley, the Author, Says:

I've been worrying about the kind of girl that Charles "Buddy" Rogers' father wants him to trek to the altar with, and the sort of lad that Poppa Pomares, who is Anita Page's dad, wants her to wed.

As it is now, it has caused me and Hollywood no end of fretting, trying to figure out whom these youngsters are going to marry. Buddy, for instance, is always on the make. And about the mean, don't figure out with the right kind of girls. Nothing as serious of wedding rings and home furnishings? And if he does, what does Daddy Bert Hadley Rogers, Kansas editor-publisher, Methodist, substantial, think about them? 

And about Anita Page, once Pomares, nineteen, and the most chaperoned girl in all picturedom? The girl who never goes out with a person of the male sex unless accompanied by either her father or mother. What would Poppa Pomares say to a dashing caballero wooer? 

What Buddy’s Father Says:

A NY girl that Buddy marries will suit me to a T, yes, sir! declared his father, white-haired, dependable, a respected resident of Olathe, Kansas. Rubbing his hands together, and beaming affably.

"I have perfect confidence in the sort of girl that Buddy will marry. Of course, now," suddenly serious, "there are some girls that, as a father, I would not like to see the boy bring home as a wife, but——" brightening, "I rely upon Buddy's good taste and judgment.

"He's always gone around with the right kind of girls. Never been engaged, though——" with a disparaging gesture, "albeit tolerant. "Never had a great deal of interest in girls when he was a boy in school. Always interested in his music, you know. Saxophone, piano, and his school orchestra. Athletics, too, took a lot of his attention.

"Come to think of it, I don't believe Buddy ever had any particular type of girl that he liked. I mean, he never came home from school with admiration for any girl.Used to take them to dances, and skating and to games.

"Buddy said, just the other day, 'Well, dad—five more years. Last year it was six years. Buddy plans to marry in 1935. That'll make him thirty. A man should be married by the time he's that age, but if he decides to wait a little longer, it won't make any difference to me. I figure that Buddy has his own life that he must make and live."

"I've lived my life. Lived it within a small radius. It was bounded [Continued on page 98]"

Mr. Rogers, the popular Buddy Rogers' father, says this about his son's life: "Any girl that Buddy wants to marry will suit me to a T. Yes, sir!" And he means it.

Here's Buddy with some of the chorus in a scene from his newest picture. Follow Thru. Buddy's real life is like this — surrounded by pretty girls, but falling hard for none.
NIGHT LIFE IN HOLLYWOOD
What, Where, and When

By GRACE SIMPSON

NEWCOMERS to Hollywood, whether they be butchers, bakers, candlestick makers or what have you, seem inevitably to have one great big hankering. And this hankering just hankers and hankers and hankers!
The hanker, if you please, is to know all there is to know about the much-talked-of Hollywood night life, and mayhap to participate in a bit of it.

Now, if you are one of those really truthful souls, like my Aunt Ella back in Chestertown, you will in all probability confess that you do wonder just what the night life of Hollywood is actually like. What the talking-picture players do and where they journey to when darkness descends on our fair city.

Ah, I thought you'd confess! Now, it's up to me to return the favor and I'll do it willingly. I'll give you a nice, generous sample of night life à la Hollywood! 'Fact, I'll give you a whole week of it. Too bad you aren't here in the flesh (so to speak) to take it all in. However, as you aren't, well, you aren't. But you can be here in spirit, anyway!

Tonight is Monday night and our week of gaiety has begun. What say you to supping at the Brown Derby?

All right, hop in the bus—and we're off!

UP SUNSET Boulevard we go, pass Warner Brothers studio—yes, that big white building we just passed on our left, with the hundreds of gleaming electric lights before it, was Warner Brothers. Looks something like the White House, with its great white pillars, doesn't it?

At Vine Street we turn to the right and almost before we know it we are at the Brown Derby. The Derby is a fad with the colony right now—it may be the excellent food or the good service, anyhow, the fact remains—it is popular.

Eating and watching countless screen luminaries at the same time, we marvel at the diplomatic work of Nick Janios, the head-waiter, who always finds a table for the notables, no matter how crowded the café. He is a sort of magic worker, too. Of course, film folk show a bit of temperament when they are not seated in the spotlight. Nick manages by some mysterious power to keep them all happy—and that's saying a lot.

TUESDAY night and the Coconut Grove at the Hotel Ambassador is on our list. The Grove is a glamorous rendezvous for stars of Cinemaland and many are the elaborate entertainments given here. It is a beautiful place—perhaps the most beautiful of all the night life centers.
The room is unique — a long, rectangular dance floor bordered by tall palms above the deep blue of a tropical sky where clouds are made to roll by and stars to twinkle through clever lighting effects. The tables are on all sides of the floor, and at the end of the room is a low balcony, affording a certain amount of privacy to those who desire it. Arches of various paper flowers—roses, carnations, poinsettias, poppies, lilies, violets and gay-colored streamers are used in the decorative scheme, and dreamy music floats through the air.

Henry DeSoto, champion of all local café captains, bows low to members of filmdom's colony as they enter — and
Here are some of those famous places where the famous stars make the famous whoopee when day is done.

Above you have the pleasure of peeping at the interior of Henry's. It's not a dancing place, there isn't even any music. But every night lots of studio folk gather to eat there and discuss this and that till the wee hours. Lois Moran can be seen in the left foreground.

At the left we have an idea of what one of those brilliant opening nights at Grauman's Chinese Theatre looks like.

Leaving the Grove, we skip back to Hollywood Boulevard and drop in at Henry's for a bite to eat. Henry's is just the other side of Vine Street and a mighty popular place with all movie folks. The outside isn't so showy—for that matter, neither's the interior. Just a long counter in the center, tiny booths along the walls and lots of tables in the rear. No music or dancing, but fine food, coffee and studio talk. Here, late at night, plenty of loud pros and cons on the merits of this and that talking picture may be heard. And Henry, himself, is usually around. Genial Henry Bergman, with his fat cigar, insists it is his good food which draws the movie trade. Maybe it is. I've heard more than one star say that a certain three-decker club sandwich that he features, simply can't be beat.

Charlie Chaplin wanders into Henry's whenever he gets a chance. Charlie, by the way, provided the original impetus when he became an almost nightly figure here.
Henry used to be a tenor long ago in the Metropolitan Opera Company in New York. He's been a stage actor and screen player, too. You might even remember him in that Chaplin classic *The Gold Rush*. He had the role of Hank Curtis, the good Samaritan. In every Chaplin picture he plays a part.

MORE night life on Wednesday night — we have tickets to see *Hell's Angels* at the Chinese Theatre, so, of course, we'll go. The Chinese is just beyond Highland on Hollywood Boulevard and is one of the most picturesque showhouses in the world. We find it packed, undoubtedly due to the fact that this film has been so highly publicized.

After the show, we make for the Montmartre, which is only a couple of blocks down the street. Eddie Brandstrater's *Montmartre Café* has so long been a distinctive gathering place for film people that it is almost a Hollywood institution. As we near the square, rather unadorned front, soft strains of syncopation drift through the upper open windows and down into the street. The coffee room is located on the street floor, but the café proper occupies the upper part and that is our place.

We find the place well crowded but manage to get a side table. Every Wednesday night some popular film player acts as hostess and judges the regular Wednesday night dancing contest. Tonight, Sharon Lynn is "it" and she does look very charming. As usual, there's a big sprinkling of tourists present and every blessed one of them is busy twisting his or her neck trying to pick out their favorite stars!

About every star in Hollywood has been in this room where we now are at sometime or other. Many make it a regular habit. Others drop in often after the theatre, as we have done.

At left we have our party at the Moscow Inn, where everything is ultra-modern and Russian. Mildred Harris is being presented with the prize - to - best dancer silver cup. Others in the group are Renée Torres, Betty Boyd and Grace Simpson.

Below we see Tom Mix giving a bachelor dinner at the Montmartre. The little girl sitting on the trick dish is his daughter.

THURSDAY night — and Oza Brown, considered by most THE Queen of Hollywood night life, and Yours Truly are scheduled to give a party out at the Moscow Inn. The Inn is one of those Russian affairs and extremely in favor with the film folk. It is on Sunset Boulevard, our Beverly Hills way. Dancing and a Russian show are featured nightly.

On this night we arrive early, of course, but not quite early enough to escape the clouds of artificial snow which swirls about the entrance. The giant Cossack, as usual, is tramping up and down the walk as we hasten in, the Russian orchestra is just commencing "The Volga Boatman."

We find our tables set in the shape of a great horseshoe, and at the head of them we greet our guests. Oza looks gorgeous in an imported creation of rich blue moire, made on long flowing lines. Her only jewels are earrings and necklace of dazzling sapphires set in platinum. Yours Truly is wearing black velvet. We had invited a goodly number of friends and practically all of them come. There's Ruth Taylor,

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Not A Chance

By ROBERT FENDER

Hollywood marriages, almost all of them, are slated for disaster from the first—this article tells why

HOLLYWOOD—home-wrecker town. That's one way of tagging it and pretty accurately, too. Let a romance show its head and, wow! the hot-stovers there will jump right in to try to break it up. And if the poor couple get married, so much the better. That simply makes it a tighter contest; fun for everyone—except the poor couple.

In no other spot in the world is public opinion so molded and swayed as in Hollywood. The world seems eager to grasp the slightest bit of information (or misinformation) that issues from there. Let it be said, truly or otherwise, that Mr. Profile, the celebrated film favorite, beats his wife, and in less time than it takes to say it they will be retailing the gossip over back fences from Little Hen, Nebraska to Great Wash, South Africa. And more's the pity, inasmuch as when examined, rather than being a wife-beater, Mr. Profile is probably discovered to be passionately fond of his wife; even to the point of bringing breakfast to her every morning, with the toast done just so and the correct amount of sugar in her coffee.

Almost as soon as Janet Gaynor and Lydell Peck were married last fall the news hounds started spiling stories which told of this happy couple's being ready to break up.

WHEN confronted with these true facts the news-monger will exclaim:

"Ah! But that isn't news! The world would rather have it rough! If I wrote that Mr. and Mrs. Profile are as happy as two birds in a nest, no one would read it. But if I hint of dark clouds on the matrimonial horizon, they eat it up!"

We see his point. That's good sound newspaper sense, true enough, but what of the consequences? Has the newsgatherer, in his search for "rough stuff" ever thought of the harm it may (does!) cause? What about, to follow our example, Mr. and Mrs. Profile? With ill-founded and malicious stories floating this way and that, will they remain the same loving couple they were? We doubt it.

AND as exhibit A we offer Mr. and Mrs. Del Rio; Dolores and her husband, Jaime. Look where you will, you could never find a more devoted couple than this. Lovers they were, in the true sense of the word. Those who were close to them marvelled at and were warmed by their devotion. But such devotion wasn't worth a hoot as newspaper copy. If Dolores were to become known, figured the boys who tell-the-world, something had to happen to her worth writing about. And without thinking too much about it, they manufactured a myth to the effect that she and Jaime were about to break up. Using that as a framework, they built elaborate stories about it; false stories; cruel malicious stories.

At that time Dolores was working under director Edmund Carewe. The trouble starters scratched their heads. Couldn't something be made of that? [Continued on page 92]
I had expected a tall, slender blonde. Clara Bow, the red-head, had just breezed in to sit on her knees and her neck, then all-fours. The Bow kid sits all over my apartment when she blows in. She's as fresh and invigorating as an April shower and just as irrepressible.

But this blonde.

I had not met her. She was due at 1:30. So I expected her about 3. It's "just an old Hollywood custom," this habit of arriving late for an interview. I thought Jeanette Loff would appear all arrayed in a Paquin model, freshly imported; would carry a long, amber cigarette-holder and possibly a cane with a crook and a big bow at the end. I wondered if I had not better remove my Dresden candlesticks and put my flowers into a vase with a more substantial standing-base before she arrived.

At precisely 1:30—believe it or not—the doorbell rang.

"It can't be," I reflected. "Something wrong, if that's Jeanette Loff."

She stood in the doorway—a mite of a girl, scarcely more than five feet tall, dressed in a yellow sports suit, yellow hat, yellow gloves and shoes to match. Two eyes as blue as the waters in the Bahamas looked up at me in a grave and steadied smile. She made me think of the exquisite jonquil which comes forth with its delicate coloring early in May.

For a delightful moment we stood there silently. I forgot words in my admiration for this tremendously appealing figure.

I AM Jeanette Loff," she said in a gently modulated voice. "You wanted to talk to me?"

"You haven't been in Hollywood long enough to learn how to be late at appointments," I remarked.

"Four years," she replied. "But I don't think anyone should be tardy. I learned that at school."

"The cigarettes are beside you on the stand," I advised.

"Thank you," she said, with that grave little smile, "but I do not smoke. I don't object to others smoking, yet it's a habit I have not acquired."

Nordic in type, she looked like Vilma Banky, sitting there—only smaller. Her yellow hair bore the stamp of the Danes—silken and unbleached. I later learned that her father, Maurice J. Loff, a widely known violinist, was born in Denmark and her mother was Danish and Norwegian. So, her colorings are her own, and they are inherited, not purchased.

"I do not think there is much of a story in me," she volunteered, deprecatingly. "I haven't had any strange or remarkable experiences. I haven't done anything startling. I did have a dream come true which is a little different from the way girls' dreams usually turn out."

"What was the dream?" I asked.

"A long time ago—O, seven or eight years ago—I played the piano in a little theater at Wadena, Saskatchewan, Canada. I was fourteen then. My birthplace was Orofino.
Idaho, but my family moved to Wadena while I still was an infant. I played the piano for a dollar a night and free admission to the show. My mother played the piano at home and sang. She used to sing me to sleep with Oro Pro Novis and tell me all about the wonderful Jenny Lind until I envisioned her as some angel. As early as I can remember, I wished that I could sing before great audiences as she had sung. I loved music. When I was playing the piano in Wadena and watching the silent motion picture actresses, I wished—'O, if they would only sing!' It was there I developed the yearning, the ambition, to sing, myself, some day and have newspapers print stories about my appearance on the stage.

JEANETTE told me how her father came home in Wadena one afternoon and announced that they were going to move to Portland, Oregon, and how she thrilled at the prospect of getting to a city where she could study music under good masters.

"It wasn't that I disliked Wadena, or its people," she said. "There is a certain friendliness and closeness among families in small towns not felt in cities. But I knew there was little chance for achieving my ambitions away up there in Canada, so I was glad to leave." I gather that Jeanette must have sat on the doorstep with her grip and lunch-box all night when the things were packed, she was so anxious to be on the way. To her two sisters the move was welcomed but they would leave with no such aspirations as Jeanette persistently carried.

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Although she has been in Hollywood for four years, Jeanette has never gone Hollywood. She doesn't smoke or drink and has no use for parties, teas or bridge. Decidedly different!

Miss Loff has the sort of blond hair that nobody could label as peroxide. It's as natural as her Viking blue eyes and fair complexion. As natural as her manner.

Like many another girl, Jeanette Loff had a dream of fame. But, unlike many another, she saw that her dream came true.

Although she looks taller, Jeanette Loff is actually only a little more than five feet. Daughter of a Danish father and Norwegian mother, Miss Loff is truly Nordic.
The talkies have gone into the music business in a great big way. This pithy article will give you some idea of the amazing changes which have come over the music departments of the studios since the coming of the talkies—or rather, the talkie-singies.

Three years ago the only studio music consisted of a violinist and someone to play a wheezy organette on the set between shots for the amusement of bored actors. Occasionally Hearts and Flowers served as an emotional cocktail in a lachrymose scene. The musical advance in the studios has not been a transition but a leap. Almost overnight there appeared under contract at every studio a music staff consisting of fifty or sixty composers, lyric writers, scorers, arrangers, voice testers, orchestra leaders, musical advisers, supervisors, coeurs, synchronizers, musical research experts, and special sound effect men, all under the supervision of a thoroughly qualified musical director drawing a weekly salary in four figures.

When the first musicfilms developed beyond short-subject vaudeville acts, current successes such as The Desert Song and Show Boat were translated quite literally to the screen. It soon became evident that the tremendous penetration of films throughout the country made song hits "old" nearly ten times as rapidly as the stage. The constant playing of big numbers in the picture houses and over the

Fred Fisher, composer of the famous Dardanella, among other things, clowns a tune at the piano for the amusement of Gus Edwards, Dave Dreyer, Fred Ahlert and others.
radio intensified the public demand for "something new." Furthermore, a faithful duplication of a stage presentation lacked "it" on the screen.

These problems have been met in two ways: In filming such successful musical comedy hits as Rita Rita, Good News, and Whoopee, new songs are included with the familiar hits. But primarily, studios are now writing their own musical shows. The Love Parade, composed by the talented motion picture director, Victor Schertzinger, and Oscar Strauss' Married in Hollywood, were the screen's first original operettas.

The work of a music department is fascinating, even to those of us whose repertoire of recognized music consists of Poet and Peasant, Kiss in the Dark and—wasn't there a song about bananas?

One of the foremost musical directors in Hollywood is Erno Rapee, of First National and Warner Brothers. Not only is he a symphonic and operatic conductor, but a song writer, composer, and arranger of distinction. Before joining the motion picture colony he was musical director of a one-hundred-and-ten-piece symphony orchestra at the Roxy Theatre in New York City. In addition to his work there, the dynamic little musician found time to give six hundred radio concerts over the N.B.C. and other national radio networks; synchronize such pictures as What Price Glory and Street Angel; and write song hits that included Charmaine, Diane, and Angela Mia. He is under contract for three years at a total salary of one million dollars. Laugh that off, if you think musicians aren't valuable to the talkies.

Rapee's success lies largely in the fact that while he walks with the kings in music, he never loses the common touch. His work has not been to educate, but to please his public; and because of his many years of experience with the average musical mind, both here and abroad, he is highly qualified to bring to the screen music of wide appeal. New as the film mecca is to him, Rapee has quickly become oriented. On the day he began work at the studio he gave a dinner party; but while his guests dined sumptuously on French menus and made merry around the home fire, Rapee was floating about on a raft in the middle of a lake, hugging a thin sweater about him, and munching on a hamburger sandwich during the all-night recording of a scene in See Naples and Die. And he enjoyed that experience almost as thoroughly as he liked donning a college blazer and a rooter's cap and directing the U. S. C. band for Maybe It's Love! Just now Rapee holds the record of working on fourteen pictures at once for the two studios.

According to Erno Rapee, every individual, if properly trained, could six or seven very good notes.

One of the most delightful personalities in the musical world of Hollywood is Nathaniel W. Finston of Paramount. Like Rapee, he has a comprehensive background for picture work, having spent some time with the Rialto and Capitol theatres in New York and five years with a theatrical firm in Chicago. In his amusing, practical manner, Finston outlined the functioning of his department from the time the script of a story is sent to him until the picture is finally released throughout the world.

Finston first determines the type of music necessary, then assigns the composers and lyricists best suited to produce it. If, for example, an operatic type is desired, the assignment is turned over to W. Franke Harling. Karl Hajos, composer of some really great vocal and instrumental works, handles a rather serious type of composition written in the Viennese style. Sam Coslow does the modern Gershwin sort, such as True Blue Lou. If I Were King, Sing You Sinners, I Don't Need Atmosphere, and Sweeping the Clouds Away, while Newell Chase contributes the ultra-jazz type of music, such as that heard in Behind the Make-up.

In order to get an "all-around [Continued on page 75]
An authoritative guide to the newest talkie offerings

MOBY DICK (Warner)

THAT boy with the profile has thrown over the costume drama and deserted the English comedy field for the rip-roaring ship-snorting atmosphere of them there old-time New England whalers. He did it once before, too, in the silent days—and called it The Sea Beast. But since then the movies have become elevated and now they use the original title of the book from which the synopsis was made.

If you want to know the story of Moby Dick we advise you to go ask your next door neighbor, or else go to the library and read it. We've seen it too often to tell it here. It's enough to say that it's a wonderful yarn about a bad-tempered whaler who knows a harpoon when he sees one.

Barrymore as Ahab is simply grand. He rollicks through the part in a typical sea-faring manner that goes over with a bang. You'd hardly believe it to be the same chap who made you giggle so with his tipsy antics in The Man From Blankley's.

Joan Bennett as Faith is charming. Lloyd Hughes is good as Derek.

THE SAP FROM SYRACUSE (Paramount)

YOUR reaction to this film will depend on just one thing. Whether you are a Jack Oakie fan or not. If you like him you'll be crazy about the picture. If you don't, you won't. Come to think of it, we don't believe we ever met anyone who didn't like Jack Oakie.

Needless to say he plays the title role—the grinning, more-or-less half-wit, nicknamed Littleton Looney by his parents.

An unexpected inheritance decided Jack to give up the salubrious air of Syracuse for the more sophisticated airs of Paris, France. And it is on board the big big steamer that most of the fun occurs.

There is the rich young girl against whom the dirty plotters are villainizing. There are the two little gold-diggers. And there is Oakie's being mistaken for a well-known engineer. Put all these together and you have enough for three good comedies.

It's Oakie's second real big picture and it's a wow. This boy is due for a most amazing popularity.

THE STORM (Universal)

IF ANY one doesn't know the story of The Storm, which was first a play and then a silent picture, it's too bad, because we're not going to retell it here.

It's enough to say that it deals with a blase (pronounced blaze) city dweller who goes to the north woods for a rest cure, an honest woodsman, and the daughter of a Canadian smuggler. The blase feller and the honest woodsman and the daughter of the Canadian smuggler become forced to live together through the winter months.

Well, it isn't so hard to guess that both the fellers fall in love with the girl and then to go on and say that she finally falls for—oh, we almost said it. But we won't.

Incidentally, the forest fire sequence which was so thrillingly done in the play is even more breath-taking in the talkie. The crackle and roar of the fire is amazingly convincing and you can positively feel the heat.

Lupe Velez as the cause of all the trouble does swell as Nanette. Paul Cavanaugh is good as the city feller, while William Boyd (the stage one) is convincing as the honest woodsman.
SCENERY REVIEWS

THE UNHOLY THREE (M-G-M)

THERE'S that fellow who just wasn't going to talk, ever. No, sir. He simply wouldn't. Well, he has, and not only proves that microphones have no terrors for him, but actually brings a new and rich personality to the talking screen. Just as Lon Chaney was outstanding as a man of many faces in the silents, so he will be outstanding as a man of many voices as well as faces in the talkies.

Everyone knows the story of The Unholy Three. Who can ever forget Professor Echo? Well, if you thought The Unholy Three was a swell picture in the silents, just wait until you see it in the talkies. It is a thousand times more convincing, more powerful and more thrilling.

Chaney's voice changes with his make-up. When he's the old lady, his voice is as perfect as his garb. As Professor Echo his voice is deep and snarling. As the ventriloquist's dummy it is weak and quavering.

You must see this picture, it is one of the outstanding things of the year. Besides Chaney, Lil Lee and Elliot Nugent do well in leading roles.

We'd like to make a fair-sized bet that our old friend Lon Chaney will, as soon as everyone has seen The Unholy Three, become one of the leading talkie stars immediately.

WAY OF ALL MEN (First National)

WELL, well, here's the old play, Deluge, and the old silent movie, Sin Flood, here again. This time it's a talkie—of course—and gives a rising young actor by the name of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., his first starring rôle.

And he carries it off very well. There's no use denying it. This young feller has a great deal of charm and furthermore, can act. He has a way of getting over the sympathetic stuff and still seeming to be quite natural.

HOLIDAY (Pathé)

ALTHOUGH this may not appeal to all of you, it's a real conquest for the talking screen that dramatist Philip Barry's charm and cleverness can be so excellently transposed for talkies. Holiday is a great improvement over Paris Bound.

Votes of thanks to an unusually engaging and competent cast and to the adaptor who retained the flare and flavor of the ingratiating original!

Johnny Case has the radical idea of enjoying life young and working old. This scarcely suits the Park Avenue ideals of Edward Seton, one of whose daughters Johnny is to marry. The other daughter, Linda, understands these ideals and stands up for Case even when the Setons fail to bulldoze him into giving up his holiday plans.

Ann Harding, as Linda, does her very best work; Mary Astor, as the fiancée, appears to good advantage; the casting of Edward Everett Horton as Nick and of Monroe Owsley in the rôle of Ned which he created, warmed the cockles of at least one critical heart. And will warm yours, too, or your cockles need looking into.

which is a delight to countless fans.

Probably you all know the story. The main theme is the terrific flood and how humans react when trapped together with only a few hours to live. It's a good, fascinating idea, and holds the interest from start to finish.

The scenes in the saloon where the group are waiting for their death by slow suffocation are gripping in the extreme.

Noah Berry as Stratton, the saloon-keeper, gives a great performance. Dorothy Revier as Poppy shows promise of fine things in the future.
ROMANCE (M-G-M)

CAN you picture Greta Garbo as a character of the nineteenth century? We couldn’t, either, until we saw her. This, her second talkie, in our opinion, is far better suited to glamorous Greta than the rather sordid Anna Christie. Here she is as the famous, charming prima donna, Madame Cavallini. The woman, who, until she falls in love, has been mistress to more than one wealthy man. And who regrets it all the more after she has lost her heart to the good young man.

Greta is simply lovely in the charming hoop skirts and what-nots of the period. You will be thrilled.

SWEET MAMA (First National)

HERE is none other than Alice White in a movie-heroish sort of part in which she saves her boy-friend from jail, a gang of gangsters, what not and not what.

Goldie, as she is amusingly known in the picture, is a fresh but noble-hearted showgirl in a burlesque troupe. The troupe gets stranded in a small town. Just then Goldie gets the telegram from her girl-friend back in the big city telling her that Jim is in jail and calling for help.

She stows away on a train—in the compartment of a detective. Ha, ha! Figure it out for yourself.

Alice has been seen in better rôles than this, but is good.

LOVE AMONG THE MILLIONAIRES (Paramount)

W E knew it was coming! In True to the Navy, Clara sang a song. And now she sings four. But you’ll love Rarin’ To Go.

This time the Brooklyn Bonfire is a waitress in a railroad café owned by her father. And she’s never fallen in love until the son of the president of the railroad, pretending to be a common workman, comes along.

Of course his father objects to the match, and of course Clara pretends to be drunk at a party to shock the boy because she realizes he’ll never be happy with her.

It’s all very sad—the story, that is. But Clara’s swell.

WHAT A WIDOW (United Artists)

W HATEVER else may be said about Gloria Swanson, it must be admitted that she has plenty of courage to be different. Surely a rare quality in Hollywood.

Just as she gave us something quite different in her first talkie, The Trespasser, so she surprises us again in this, her second audible film effort.

This is comedy, and plenty comedy. Gloria is the young, innocent wife of a wealthy man who suddenly dies, leaving her all his wealth. She decides to see the world for the first time, and does—by going to Paris. And, believe us, plenty happens. You’ll love and laugh with Gloria.

Up-to-the-minute talkie critiques to insure well-spent
HELL'S ISLAND (Columbia)

THERE'S plenty of action in this little number. It's a sort of Cock-Eyed World, Beau Geste and what-not rolled into one.

It's all about two pals in the famous Foreign Legion who are all jake until the inevitable female comes onto the scene. Then, of course, there's a split—as usual.

Much fighting and much misunderstanding from then on until the grand finale on Hell's Island—probably better known as Devil's Island.

Jack Holt and Ralph Graves head the cast and, taking into account the rather trashy story, do excellent work.

ROAD TO PARADISE (First National)

A LL those who have a yen for Loretta Young kindly step this way and get an eyeful of the young lady. You'll get your money's worth, for Loretta plays a dual rôle. The dual rôles consist of an heiress and a crook with honest tendencies.

Needless to say, the girl crook gets into the house where the girl lives whom she resembles so closely. And needless to say there's a good deal of the girl crook masquerading as the heiress before the final fade-out.

If you're the kind who enjoys these dual part operas you will certainly like this one. Loretta Young is excellent.

GOOD INTENTIONS (Fox)

T Hese underworld rôles certainly suit Edmund Lowe. Here he is again—this time as a gang leader who tries to give it up because he has fallen in love with a society girl, well played by Marguerite Churchill.

It's pretty much of a complicated story, with the society girl being tricked into unpleasant situations by Lowe's underworld cronies and with Lowe gallantly getting her out of them.

But for all those who like gang stuff we say, see it. Lowe is absolutely splendid as David Cresson. Regis Toomey is his usual delightful self as Richard Holt.

OUR BLUSHING BRIDES (M-G-M)

J OAN CRAWFORD has given up the great open spaces and gone back to city life again. In this number she is a saleslady in a department store. She shares an apartment with two other girls from the store and the yarn concerns their efforts to lift themselves out of their poverty in their respective ways.

Most of the tale is taken up with Joan rescuing the other two girls from their own foolishness, not to say positive dumbness. Although, there is, of course, her own love story interwoven.

You'll like it if you're a Crawford fan.

theatre hours—consult this department every month
GARY COOPER is with us again in a story of the war. A big silent bridge-builder in Wyoming, Gary enlists as a captain of engineers and hot-feet it for the front. While there, silently helping to win the war, who should come wandering around the front but June Collyer. Now, women are simply not allowed to go wandering over battlefields during the busy season so there's nothing to do but arrest the girl. This Gary proceeds to do. Although, of course, he admires her sterling grit while he arrests her.

Don't! Let me say it first! Yes, they fall in love. But that isn't the half of it. A lot happens, all of it entertaining.

WILD COMPANY (Fox)

WELL, well, if it isn't the younger generation on the loose again! It's positively amazing how those movie boys and girls simply can't seem to behave like the people you and I know as next door neighbors.

This is the one about the rich man's son getting mixed up with the cabaret entertainer who, in turn, is the prey of gangsters and crooks and naughty peoples like that.

Even so, though, it's pretty exciting and makes good entertainment for those who like melodrama.

Frank Albertson plays the wild youth in his customary Rotarian Club manner. H. B. Warner does good work.

THE BIG FIGHT (Sono)

THERE was once a great fighter who acted in a play on Broadway. The fighter was Mr. Dempsey. The play was The Big Fight.

Well, here is the play again, this time in the talkies. But our esteemed friend Mr. Dempsey is not, alas, in it. His part is played by "Big Boy" Guinn Williams.

The plot is all about the prize-fighter and the girl, who are not on speaking terms. Then there is the girl's brother, who is in danger of being bumped off by the "gang." Is it necessary to say that the girl goes through plenty to save her brother from those wicked gangsters?

RAIN OR SHINE (Columbia)

A FELLER famous for his anticipated imitation of four Hawaiians is with us in a much-plotted circus yarn. So much plot, in fact, that at times you wouldn't be surprised what happened next.

Joe Cook does well enough in the leading rôle. But someday the movie moguls will realize that comedians shouldn't be put into rôles which suddenly turn serious and melodramatic. They might remember Frank Fay in Under A Texas Moon.

When he's clowning, Cook needs no introduction. When he's serious, well, most anybody could do it.

See the Brief Guide to current talkies, page 6
Somebody certainly ought to help Nancy Carroll out of this hole. Or maybe she's just up a tree. Whichever it is, we know well enough we'd be only too glad to give this little girl a great big helping hand.

Photograph by E. A. Schenbaum
How Eva (Evelyn) Lederer—otherwise known as Sue Carol—made her mistakes and then rectified 'em

By HERBERT CRUIKSHANK

When I'il Eva hit Hollywood things began to happen. She had what it takes to make things happen. Those eyes, those hair, those lips—and oh, boy, them legs!

Right away she met such interesting people. A star, a leading man, a screen-test taker and a casting director. Janet Gaynor, Nick Stuart, Ben Stoloff and Joe Egli. A practically perfect set-up for I'il Eva. So, being a bright little girl, as well as a nice one, what did the child do but become pals with Janet, marry Nick, pass Bennie's test and get a part in Joe's picture. Is That So? Yes, that was the name of it. And that is the story of Sue Carol. Or at least the beginning of it. She's not yet old enough to have a long story. But give her time.

Eva comes from Chicago, where the girls roll their R's and the men roll each other, when not engaged in rubbing out newspaper reporters. But in those days it was a different town. Pineapples were still a fruit. And pansies were flowers.

Her given name was Lederer. She has her father to thank for that. The first name was Eva—maybe mother's choice. But when Eva—Sue, that is—got to attending the swanky Kemper Hall and National Park Seminary, the name gradually evolved itself into Evelyn. And not long later the Lederer part underwent a metamorphosis as well. For Eva, that is, Sue, I mean Evelyn, met a lad named Keifer who convinced her to speak Chicago's motto, "I Will," before the preacher man.

Right there was where she made her first mistake—her first false step. Maybe it didn't seem so at the time. He was an attractive kid. Must have been to make a dent in Sue's heart. But the old folks knew it wouldn't last. How in hell can the old folks tell . . . ? Well, anyway, that was their opinion. And they took the baby's marriage so seriously that the results were sadder than any could foresee. For, according to Sue, that first ceremony so upset her dad that it hurried his passing, and began the series of events that took her to Hollywood and pictures.

The movies were only dimly in her mind at first. But after that first breakfast with Nick (don't be that way—she met him at a breakfast party) it was easier to persuade her to come over to the studio. Then came the screen test. And that was an experience, too.

Sue had rather expected that she might qualify as a society ingenue, or something where she could utilize her Michigan Boulevard wardrobe. But when she got before that camera she had no more costume than a yes-man has no's. The whole ensemble consisted of a ping-pong net and a pair of
trunks that had been falsely guaranteed not to shrink.

It has been noted that she passed the test. But no one who saw it noticed that Sue had soulful brown eyes, and a pair of pouting lips that begged for kisses. However, after Is Zat So she was cast in Slaves of Beauty, so they must have noticed something. In any event, Sue was the season's "discovery," and long-term contracts rained about her like orange-blossoms. The kind that grow on trees—not those in cocktail shakers.

About this time Sue made her second mistake—they go in threes, you know. She signed with Douglas MacLean, and donned her original test costume to show the world. She did. And lil' Eva was on her way up. But MacLean didn't make another picture fast enough. Sue needed to be before the fans constantly. Despite her five hundred letters daily, she was a newcomer and could be quickly forgotten. After Soft Cushions, the title of her MacLean picture, there came a lot of wrangling about her contract. Douglas wouldn't release her. She—and others—offered to buy her freedom. No bet. Then another one of those funny things happened.

SOMEHOW or other the producer forgot the exact date that her contract expired. Naturally, Sue didn't remind him. Neither, it appears, did anyone else. For, sure enough, the date passed without MacLean exercising his option—and—whoopee!—Sue was free. Nor would the courts re-solder the shackles.

So back she went to her first love (no, not Keifer, stoopid, Fox Films) and made a half-dozen pictures right on the lot where Nick was working. They were just good friends—seeing one another about five nights a week. After that she

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**When she played with Douglas MacLean, Sue's salary was $150 a week. Her popularity grew and grew and now she's making ten times that much.**

played heroine to William Boyd and Lew Cody. In a year, this kid, without any previous experience, played in nine pictures—in eight of which she had a leading role. In nine months after her Hollywood début, she had a Wampas Baby Stardom.

From her MacLean salary of about $150 a week, her value had risen to a point where the pay check was ten times as much. She had a Beverly Hills home, and a snappy roadster which carried her to hills or shore under her own skilful guidance. Although Sue's house stuff included a chauffeur, whom she gladly loaned her friends together with her car. After all, she preferred riding with Nick in his.

Then the divorce came along and Sue was enabled to drop the Keifer suffix from her name. Everyone in Hollywood—and New York, too—knew that it wouldn't be long before that state of single blessedness must pass. There were never a cuter pair of sweethearts than Sue and Nick. It came that they were spoken of as one—their names and identities merged as were their hearts. Folks called 'em both Sue 'n' Nick; like Amos 'n' Andy, they were never mentioned separately.

**HER marriage to Nick was the third of her errors.**

[Continued on page 89]
The delightful account of how El Brendel, that rich comedian, won big success because he simply didn’t know enough to be afraid

YUST A

FUNNY, when you come to think of it!

If it hadn’t been for the great tragedienne, Sarah Bernhardt, the inimitable El Brendel might not have exhibited more courage than judgment at a crucial moment in his career, and the screen might have lost a delightful comedian.

At least, that’s the way we’ve got it all doped out. We spent practically all last evening adding up important facts in the case, using an adding machine when we ran out of fingers, and it all sums up like this:

After twenty-one years in vaudeville, El Brendel is here in Hollywood, and we’re glad of it; he’s making one picture after another for Fox, as fast as time and production plans permit, and the public is roaring at them. He’s the candy kid with a Swedish accent, and we don’t mean mebbe!

El had to start somewhere in his business of becoming a famous comedian, and it was at the Palace Theater in New York that he turned the trick overnight, after years in small time vaudeville.

Brendel and his wife, Flo Bert, had never played in big time vaudeville and when they saw their chance to play at the Palace it was just too good to turn down. The opportunity came when all of the recognized standard acts refused to follow Madame Bernhardt on the Palace bill during her farewell tour, realizing the hopeless difficulty of

Meet El Brendel, the comedian with the riotous Swedish dialect which did not come to him by inheritance. For his father was born in Bavaria and his mother is Irish.

At the right we have Brendel as he looked in his vaudeville act which was the beginning of the road to his talkie fame. His newly acquired talkie fans are even more crazy about his antics than his old vaudevillian supporters.

Here he is at the age of three, no less. Even then he had a twinkle in his eye.

It's not surprising that El's act kind a knocked 'em dead—
holding an audience which had just witnessed Bernhardt’s forty-seven minute act. But the pair made good in a big way. “We didn’t know enough to be afraid to try it,” confessed El.

At the close of Madame Bernhardt’s act, the audience, which included a large delegation of French people, come to pay homage to their countrywoman, had risen to their feet, applauding. Her death scene had made them weep and now they were showering her with flowers. The actress was forced to take thirty-six curtain calls. El and Flo stood in the wings in awe, their hearts in their mouths.

Fearless Feller

For when you see these pictures of him as he was on the boards—

When the clamor had subsided, El emerged in his Swede makeup, carrying a little flower stilly in his hand. The audience thought the posy, intended for the “girl friend” who was late to her appointment, was the comedian’s offering to Bernhardt, and burst into laughter, their tension relieved. It broke the ice for Brendel.

For four minutes, minus music entirely, Brendel trotted anxiously up and down the stage, comically pantomiming a rube with a heavy dace, striking a sympathetic chord in the audience which saved the act. Every Frenchman in the theater remained for the act which made a huge hit and was given a hearty send-off in the newspapers next day. Flo and El were overjoyed.

The Brendels’ act was the only one Bernhardt would look at on the bill, sitting in her chair to see it, with physicians and nurses at her side. The actress only recently had had her leg amputated and was firm in her belief that she might die at any time.

As a result of their success at the Palace, the Brendels got a big time engagement on the two-a-day and had fifty-six weeks in fifty-two, doubling up in some of the houses, due to their popularity. They had come a long way from $12 a week, the first salary either was paid.

Ello and El worked together for thirteen years on the vaudeville stage and in shows, and as El has been in the show business for twenty-one years, starting at the age of sixteen, and his wife for nineteen—beginning when she was eleven years old—it is plain to see that it took patience and a whole lot of hard work for them to climb the ladder as they did.

El Brendel was one of a family of seven children, and from early childhood learned to shoulder his share of the burden. His people had a little store in their home in Philadelphia and it was El’s duty to peddle milk and fresh bread around to the customers’ homes, arising daily at 4 A.M., rain, snow or shine.

El had only one pair of shoes and when they got wet he had to put them in the oven to dry before he could go to school. After school the boy would bottle milk and at 5 P.M. would start his rounds with the bread.

“I can still remember how warm that bread felt to my cold hands,” mused El.

Every spare moment he could squeeze out of the day or spare from his studying, El worked at his dancing, practicing in the corner of a room or down cellar.

Père Brendel called it all “damnfoolishness,” but El’s mother believed in him and declared, “He’s good, my Elmer is. He’s better than those in the theater!”

El learned to do German impersonations—his father being a Bavarian—and would work out funny patter along with his dancing, determined on a stage career. The day he put on long trousers, El went to school and told the teacher that he had to go to work and couldn’t attend school any longer. He omitted the formality of notifying his parents of this change in his habits and remained away from home during school hours, going around at that time to amateur theaters to do his dance and patter and magician stunts.

When the family finally learned what the boy was doing, his father told him he must pay board if he was earning money. So at the age of sixteen, El went to work in a nickelodeon, told his crazy jokes and performed at porch parties as well, knocking pictures off the wall with his dancing.

When he was seventeen or eighteen, El went on a vaudeville circuit in the middle west, doing a German impersonation and then went with a big act. The World [Continued on page 94]
The Talkie School Racket

With the futile insistence of fluttering moths, the poor innocents go right on being burnt by the unscrupulous voice schools.

THE Hollywood Chamber of Commerce says that the film city wants no more extra players, bent on seeking fame via talkies, to add to its troubles of unemployment. The Will Hays organization warns beginners to stay away from the sound studios, already greatly overcrowded. The Central Casting Corporation declares that the novice has about one chance in ten thousand of earning a decent living wage in talking pictures.

The twenty or so motion picture studios in and about Hollywood employ on an average about eight hundred extra players a day. And each day there are about 20,000 extras awaiting calls! Despite all this, various newspapers and publications blantly advertise: "Motion picture talent wanted for talking pictures! Let us train your voice and get you in!"

Hollywood has become overrun with these voice teachers. They are just about everywhere. The "voice test" racket is comparatively new, of course, even as its unwitting parent, the motion picture with talking by the players. But the minute talkies threw the industry into a panic, the "talkie schools" opened their doors and bade all enter.

THE simple ones are still entering and digging deep into their pockets for lessons in the art of talking. Wild-eyed and frantic, many screen aspirants rush regularly to have voice "tests" made at various "talkie schools." The cost is generally from $15 to $85 for a single record. When this bit of canned vocalism is handed to the enraptured owner, it is a big moment. There, in that record, may lie a great job, so friend "teacher" says. They would undoubtedly be far more truthful if they'd say that it may contain the makings of a good paperweight or a bit of ammunition to be used on the neighbor's night-prowling cat!

No studio, to our knowledge, ever gave anyone a job from a record made by a "talkie school." Why? It's too simple. Studios—every single one of them—conduct their own voice tests, just as they have always done in filming aspirants. That's an answer to those who tote a "sacred" disk of canned speech around! If they want to listen to themselves on a phonograph, it's perfectly all right to invest the money—but they really shouldn't expect to be allowed to play their speech for busy directors.

SEVERAL years ago, Hollywood supported a similar racket in the "screen test" studio. For a sum varying with the cash the customer had on hand, a few feet of film were made—and usually they were worse than terrible. The "school" heads did as little work as possible for as much cash as the applicant could be pried loose from. Photography is a very intricate craft, but those "screen test" fellows certainly weren't concerned with the excellence of their work.

You can be reasonably sure that those who "can" your voice, and almost all of those who endeavor to train it, have the same benevolent attitude. Many of them don't even know
Here is the low-down on the fake voice-training schools of Hollywood—a racket that right now flourishes in talkie town

By GORDON R. SILVER

what "diction" and "resonance" are all about! Of course, they know that their students shouldn't say "dese," "dose" and "dem" or "Thony Thoid and Thoid Avenoo," but beyond that they aren't so sure of things.

Some of these talkie schools are run by groups of kindly-looking, optimistic gentlemen, who are just as sure as can be that they can train anyone's voice beautifully. Others are headed by worn-out sopranos who sang in church choirs perhaps forty-five years ago. Even ham actors whose lives were spent in small towns are in the game. In fact, almost anyone who doesn't lisp, stammer or use the sign language, seems to be able to qualify as a "teacher of voice"—and the prices for a short course of training are terrible!

SINGING teachers, too, are making big money. Many of them who long eked out an existence through the hopes of fond mammas that their offspring would sooner or later develop into great opera stars, now strut their stuff in classy automobiles.

Lessons in enunciation, voice culture, all the things that were part of the old days under the name of "elocution," are expensive beyond the dreams of those same teachers.

With one wild bound, the prices rose, and if certain teachers snare a star or two—well, the price list of lessons usually reads like a night club menu.

There is no standard set for voice types for talking productions—yet, many of the talkie school teachers solemnly avow that they are experts able to build the voice to meet all requirements.

And the sorriest part is the hardship imposed on extras and those seeking bits in talks with little enough money, who see in a fine voice an opportunity to advance. Now, that would be all very well if they went to some really good teacher, but they usually don't—the clever advertisements take them in. And for the privilege of spending weary hours practicing "Ahhhh! Ahhhh!" at the piano, they pay and pay—getting nothing but a lot of lung exercise.

IT MAY sound funny, but it's not—not if you happen to be some poor, simple Morton, bedazzled by a lot of talk about fame and fortune in the talkies.

The majority of these many "voice academies" in Hollywood are probably within the law. A few are being sponsored by men who in the past have played a less important part in the picture industry as actors, directors or assistants. The business has advanced so rapidly, owing to the coming of sound, that it has left them far behind, without occupation, hence they turned to this voice racket to pick up a little easy cash.

A FEW of these schools have come to the public eye by way of the press, after investigation by the police. We understand that police investigation of more than a few of similar Hollywood voice schools is being carried on, and another arrest was made recently by the bunko squad. One W. E. Wagner is now in custody on a charge of operating without a city license, following the complaint of a girl student that he refused to return any part of the $300 she paid for a worthless course in his institution. Other arrests will more than likely follow, in an attempt to rid the city of the worst of these schools.

Operations of two other talkie schools have been ordered looked into by the Los Angeles district attorney. The inquiry was suggested as a direct result of the trial in a Los Angeles court recently of V. M. Barnett of Cinema Schools, Inc., and U. M. Daily of the United Talking Pictures School.

[Continued on page 93]
LOVE INSURANCE

Hal Wallis and his wife, Louise Fazenda, most emphatically think that love helps both a movie career and a happiness career.

What the leading film players think of the bizarre—but perhaps necessary—scheme of insuring against love

By MABEL DEVONSHIRE

HAVE you taken out love insurance?

Before long, film producers will put this query to all players before they are given contracts, according to Monte Brice, director and producer of short subjects at Paramount’s Long Island Studios.

"I think picture producers will be entirely justified in demanding that their people be holders of love insurance policies," declared Brice. "There are so many cases of young players, and older ones, too, falling in love and permitting their careers to slide, that I think it will be a very sensible step on the part of all studios to protect themselves."

"Whether love insurance would safeguard the studio against the marriage of players while under contract, or whether it would permit marriage so long as it did not interfere with the career of a player, is a moot question. That could be settled later. Certainly, though, something should be done about the matter soon."

Other producers and directors agree with Brice.

But there are other important executives in Hollywood who do not think that love and marriage endanger careers. Hal Wallis, associate executive at First National Studios, and his wife, Louise Fazenda claim that their careers were at the turning point when they met and that, together, they have achieved not only happiness, but fortune and fame.

"Louise was working in The Gold Diggers at Warner Brothers Studio when I met her," said Mr. Wallis. "I immediately sensed the fine womanhood which Louise’s shy nature hides. We fell in love and were married a year later. I feel that my marriage to a girl like Louise put me on my mettle and brought out every bit of energy and business ability I had. My promotions have pleased her more than they have me."

"I did urge Hal forward," Louise Fazenda says. "Not because I want more money, but because my life has been a

Lila Lee seems an example of love and marriage hindering a career. It was not until she separated from James Kirkwood that her movie star began to rise.
hard fight and I made up my mind when I was a youngster that I was going to get to the top. I have worked hard. Hal has been my guidance in every way. He has taught me how to handle money and taught me the value of planning for my future. He has encouraged my work, criticizing me where I needed it and praising me where I earned it. We both feel that until we married we were just drifting about, and ready to turn one way or the other. Marriage furnished the rudder we needed for safety. So you can see that if I had held love insurance, my life could not have worked out happily and successfully as it has."

Miss Fazenda's salary has doubled since talking pictures came to Hollywood and her fan mail rivals that of the industry's biggest stars. She is better known than many beauties of the screen and seldom has more than one or two days between pictures. Hal Wallis has gone forward in the business world just as steadily.

ROMANCE is a help instead of a hindrance to any intelligent actress," claims Edward Sloman, director of *Puttin' On the Ritz* at United Artists. "The majority of feminine stars are happily married and a number have children. Norma Talmadge, Gloria Swanson, and Joan Crawford are a few stars who find their acting matured and enriched by a happy marriage. An attempt was made by an executive several years ago to restrain a star from obtaining a divorce for a long period of time, until a popular film had been shown widely. However, this contract was proved null and void because it was considered to restrain personal freedom. The same applies to the private lives of the artists, who regard their personal activities as entirely separate from studio activity."

The Gleasons, Jim and Lucile, are one couple in Hollywood who decidedly do not approve of love insurance. They [Continued on page 97]
Just a new Parisian costume, avers Fifi Dorsay of Fox Films, a costume in which she would not be afraid to go in the water! Smart, isn’t it?

Raquel Torres, with her gorgeous olive skin for background, selects a white swimsuit, the back of which is cut moderately low. The lattice work below the underarm makes a nice decorative note.

A little dotty over swimming, especially at the Palm Springs pool, Bernice Claire goes dotty in her choice of suits. The shirt of the suit is white with red polka dots and the trunks are red, which makes this a colorful ensemble indeed.

An enthusiastic sun worshiper, Marilyn Miller even has her meals served outdoors. Her smart ocean bathing suit of blue and white jersey is backless, with the straps extending backwards and criss-crossing.
Here are some bathing suits which are the last word in beach smartness. Yours must be just as smart as these if you want to be in the swim.

(Left) A little colleen, of course, would go in for green and Sally O'Neil is no exception. Sally chooses two contrasting shades of green, dark green for her trunks and light and dark green stripes for the top piece.

Dorothy Sebastian makes sure she rides the crest of the waves in smart fashion in this one-piece bathing suit of lavender wool. A little collar of a light yellow shade is appliqued as are the flowers on her suit.

A light grey color with red and white bands is featured in this distinctly different model. Jeanette MacDonald, when she is ready for a dip in that 'ole dawg sea, simply drops her skirt and ambles into the deep in a one-piece suit.

Dixie Lee sees that her back is not blistered by old Sol, for she wears this simple little suit of black silk. Hope it's not the kind of silk that runs if a stitch is caught!
Guess who these piano players are. They are Gloria Swanson, Vincent Youmans, and Allan Dwan, star, composer, and director, respectively, of *What a Widow*.

Draughtsman's assistant in an engineer's office was his third.
His fourth, piano salesman.
The young man's last, before becoming a celebrated Metropolitan Opera baritone, was conductor of church "sings" in Cincinnati.
Like his friend Lawrence Tibbett, Marshall worked his way through preliminary musical schools.

A NEW star has entered the talkie firmament of Hollywood.
Patricia Dolores Wheeler, daughter of Bert Wheeler, RKO comedian, is the new astral arrival.
The moot question, "Who is the youngest star in Hollywood?" has been settled for all time. Patricia is but fifteen months old, a dainty titian-haired beauty.
Russell Mack, the director, takes credit for her discovery. It was Mack who put Patricia where she is today. He noted her great histrionic abilities while visiting the Wheeler home.
"Patricia," Mack says, "is the most promising star in the business. She will never be an ornamental actress. Already her thespian capabilities include the art of optical, facial and oral expression. She can make the most amazing faces I have ever seen."
Mack used Patricia in a scene for a new picture and rewarded her with a $10 check. Papa Wheeler, whose salary under his new contract is $2,700 a week, is having it framed.

*DIXIANA*, starring Bebe Daniels, was being previewed at San Bernadino, 65 miles from Hollywood. Bebe and Ben Lyon boarded their jointly-owned Rolls-Royce and told James to drive them to the neighboring city.
Half way out, Ben saw two kittens playing in the road, with cars swarming about them. "Let's stop and find their owners," suggested Ben. "We can't darling, we're late now," replied Bebe.
Throughout the rest of the journey and throughout the run of the picture, Ben worried about the kittens.
En route home, Ben found the felines still at play in the roadway, and traffic was heavy.
He had the chauffeur halt, picked up the kittens and started on a search for their owners. After canvassing five ranch homes, he located the place.
And the owners didn't even know the cats—valued at more than $100 each—were out of their beds. They were duly grateful.

While Buddy Rogers was working on *Follow Thru*, he cleverly trained his police dog, Baron, to retrieve his golf balls. This makes the dog a retriever as well as a police dog.

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Melville Brown and Richard Dix have been having a friendly little argument over a game of Badminton. Badminton, in case you don't know, is played with funny little rackets and a shuttlecock.
result," Finston combines several individuals. On Chevalier's new picture, The Little Café, Chase contributed the snappy modern touch; Richard A. Whiting, composer of such song hits as Japanese Sandman, Sweeter Than Sweet, Alone My Mammy, and My Future Just Passed, lent a musical comedy flavor; and Robin of Hit the Deck fame, wrote the lyrics. On Monte Carlo, Hartle gave an ethereal quality to the music, while Robin and Chase sprinkled it with spice.

Each picture has its musical advisor, whose knowledge of music enables him to advise the director on musical matters. Arrangers conceive scores to be played by any specified number of instruments. Copyists copy the music with ditto ink so that hundreds of duplicates may be made from the original if necessary.

With the music written, okayed by Finston and the director of the picture, the principals are cast, and the orchestra rehearsed, the music is recorded. Whenever possible, music and photography are recorded together. The scorer and his staff, which represent a wrecking crew of salvage department, then take the film and snip about for flaws. If someone's voice is too close to the mike, or sounds muffled, the scene is re-recorded. Andrea Setaro, scorer and composer, checks up on all sound effects. He makes underbrush crackle, doors slam, sirens shriek, and horses gallop.

According to Finston, good screen voices are largely a matter of luck. Every Monday, Max Terr, in charge of auditions, tests approximately two hundred voices, grading every singer on the quality of his voice and including a detailed physical description. When Finston orders "a demonstrative big basso" or "a thin, shrill little blonde," Terr plucks them out of his bulging files for one of those rare "lucky breaks" in film history. The best male voices are those that are relaxed and very clear. Paramount has an orchestra of recording of fifteen principal soloists under contract and fifty others held by a verbal contract and kept almost constantly busy.

IT IS the general belief among musical directors of Hollywood, such as Finston, Rape, Josiah Zuro of Pathé, Martin Broones of M-G-M, and the distinguished Dr. Hugo Reisenfeld of United Artists, that the studios will eventually produce operas distinctly American. The European opera is too stilte and conventional to appeal to the masses. Finston believes the old type of grand opera could advantageously be included for a brief bash in modern films. For example, what could be a more romantic setting for a love sequence than an opera box in which a young couple tenderly listen to the Lohengrin wedding march scene?

A vital part of every music department is its library. Tremendous research work must be carried on. A music librarian has charge of all scores, and a music proof reader goes over all the copy. Copyists and transcribers carefully, searching for any hint of unintentional plagiarism. A legal office looks up all copyright dates in order to guard against any possible trouble from that source. M-G-M is accredited with having the largest musical library in the country next to that maintained by the Library of Congress, Washington, with Dr. Reisenfeld personally owning one almost as vast.

Incidentally, music manuscripts sent through the mail by individuals hoping to catch the gates are promptly returned without any effort to recognize the names of the persons or to submit little known songs and instrumental selections with the sole idea of later bringing suit under the copyright law. For its own safety every possible protection is taken by a studio to prevent the recording of "copyright blues."

The music conservatory of Fox Films is probably the most beautiful in the motion picture industry, and represents a cost of $125,000. First National, likewise, is wonderfully equipped with a building containing the main studio, a surround-screen recording room, a studio recording room and orchestra, rooms, offices for musical executives, and private rooms for such famous composers as Sigmund Romberg, Oscar Hammerstein II, Jerome Kern, Otto Harbach, and Oscar Strauss. In addition there are twenty-eight specially built song writers' and arrangers' rooms, each containing a piano, a microphine with a direct connection to the main studio recording building, and a playback horn. In the event the song writer, composer or arranger writes out a composition on the piano, to be recorded on wax and then played back to him, he uses a direct telephone line to the recording room, and in five minutes hears his own performance.

The small-time composer, the "single shot" man, has no chance in the Hollywood music racket, with such men under contract as Irving Berlin, Rudolph Friml, who wrote Rose Marie, Sweet Kitty Bellaire, The Vagabond King and many other beautiful and popular operettas; DeSylva, Brown and Henderson, the two-million-dollar boys at Fox, who wrote the hits as Off Broadway, Sunny Boy, Just a Cottage Smell by a Waterfall, Birth of the Blues, and Ye We Have No Bananas, and who are now writing four smashing screen musical comedies; Will Vodery, the colored composer, who was for twenty years P. G. Ziegfeld's chief arranger, and whose best known work is Show Boat, which included some original compositions; and dozens of other equally famous song writers and lyricists.

Musical films have introduced to fans such artists as Lawrence Tibbett, John McCormack, Dennis King, Jeannette MacDonald, Grace Moore, Mary Lewis, Alexander Gray, Bernice Claire, Maurice Chevalier, Al Jolson, Harry Rickman, Fred Scott, Lillian Roth, and little Mirza. It has made happily articulate such film favorites as Ramón Novarro, Bebe Daniels, Gloria Swanson, Walter Pidgeon, and Dolores Del Rio. It is developing latent talent in buddy Rogers, who has a sympathetic voice; Nancy Carroll, whose singing is "sporty" with some truly delightful notes and others equally melodious; Ruth Chatterton, who promises to excel in a type of speak-singe; Charles Farrell; Janet Gaynor, and—yes, actually—Clara Bow.

Three qualities are necessary for the modern film aspirant, according to Josiah Zuro of Pathé. A good voice, good looks, and ability, but it is to the director, breezily states that the really fine singer had better wear a veil or develop the much-lamented IT. To Zuro, Gloria Swanson and Jeannette MacDonald seem most successful in combining all three qualities; but, in general, these film aspirants have to test. A happy mixture of perspiration and inspiration seems to produce the most successful film music, but it was the latter that brought to the screen one of the best lyrics in Song O' My Heart. Kernell worked for three weeks without producing a song that satisfied him. Twenty-four hours before the deadline, he tore up everything he had experimented with and, under pressure, wrote in three hours A Pair of Blue Eyes, which thoroughly delighted John McCormack.

A poignantly beautiful music yet brought to the screen to be heard in Devil With Women, adapted from Lilion. Richard Fall, a Viennese, composed the score, while one of the loveliest lyrics was written by Marcella Gardner, his attractive young translator. The average song writer would have created something banal, rhyming sad and mad and true and blue. But Marcella, who grew up in the old-world gipsy atmosphere, knew the real peasant psychology. The young girl in the picture, like all her countrywomen, must have had a lopsided chest; and, typical of her kind, she must have dreamed of the part it would play in her future with the man she loved. Dreams of Romance is Marcella Gardner's hope-choest song, as truly charming as anything yet heard on the screen.

Recently a television radio talkie was shown at a theatre in Schenectady, New York, on a full-sized screen. Audiences witnessed the unprecedented spectacle of an orchestra in the theatre being led by the lifesize radio television image of its conductor, who in turn labored and inspired. The musician wielded his baton as he received the music of his men by telephone. This suggests the next stride in the music picture industry.

An incident is told of the early days of music department history. Irving Thalberg, that bright, progressive young cocked an attentive ear to the sales talk of an ambitious young musician who had been earning $85 a week in a San Francisco orchestra, and in a burst of enthusiasm decided to give him a job. Having never hired a musician, Thalberg was amazed when it came to talking hard cash; but he finally suggested experimentally, "How about $300?" The musician, equally ignorant of motion picture salaries, did some light work and agreed to accept the $10 cut in his accustomed salary. When he hesitated, crestfallen but not altogether unwilling, Thalberg quickly amended, "Well, perhaps that isn't quite fair. Let's make it an even $500." The much aghast musician was nearly knocked for a long rest when he learned that salaries in Hollywood are paid each Wednesday noon. Imagine his feelings!
used to you by now and we mustn't shift ownership too quick. Where to?"  
"Calver Cay and M-G-M studios."

"I thought," he said, as he pulled the car away from the curb, "that you weren't in pictures."

"Oh, I'm only a tourist!"

Again he let the remark pass. For a few minutes they drove in silence. When he spoke again it was more to himself than her.

"It's rather wonderful how terribly nothing life can sometimes mean at nineteen.

IN SOME way Claire finished her day and received only four reprimands, making rather egregious mistakes in her typing. Her little room was impossible that night. Jack seemed to be there—everywhere—in it, telling her that he was going to leave her, that she was not important enough to keep him—telling her all the things which her mind could conjure up with which to torment herself. Walking along the streets she found herself at Echo Lake. She had come here many times with Jack to see the water-lilies, beautiful as their dreams, floating mysteriously on the dark surface of the water. She had a sudden desire to swim out to them but turned and started away. The idea of it even would have shocked Jack. And with the thought she turned back. Yes, she would shock him!

She kicked off her slippers, slipped her dress over her head, and stood erect in the two scant pieces which were left underneath it. She waded into the water and struck out.

Someone hidden in the shadows, less than a hundred yards away, shouted. A crowd seemed to materialize out of nowhere and gathered on the bank behind her. Jack should be with them. She would show him! She pulled some lilies, tugging at them and then swam on her back holding the lilies above the water.

As she came out of the water the moonlight fell on the glistening smoothness of her body and on the lilies she was clutching rather incongruously in her hand. Some man tried to put a coat around her. Another was saying something about "stunt seeker."

"Drunk as a gag man," some woman remarked. Another added, "Just like all these actresses—no more morals than clothes!"

She pushed through the crowd shaking off restraining hands and pulled on her dress. It was too bad to ruin it this far. She knew it would fade. But she had to show Jack—had to!

A policeman came up from somewhere demanding an explanation. So many were given that he was a little confused. He grabbed Claire's arm.

"What do you mean?" he barked.

"You wouldn't understand," she said, "let's go."

THE desk sergeant told her he was going to lock her up for a week—and then he let her out in an hour with a gruff reprimand, rather surprised that she hadn't been calling friends for bail and the newspapers to get in touch with reporters.

It was inevitable that she should be found by the movies. She went on her way, regardless of opinion, following any caprice in an effort to escape that haunting thought in her mind—she had not been worthy of Jack White's love, that she had been jilted cold-bloodedly.

A quickie company picked her up first for a small rôle in an old-fashioned silent.

Some scout for Perfect Pictures saw the preview and knew before it was half over that she was at her first rehearsal, that fawn home smile which had instantaneously stamped him for the part of the suave villain's rôle, playing on his face.

"So," he said, "you're beginning to make your 'nothing matters' pay dividends!"

"Why not—M-G-M kicked me out for going on an excursion to Los Angeles. You see, I didn't find your car parked anywhere."

"It's parked outside now," he said. "Suppose you use it with me for lunch."

There was no other girl in Hollywood who would not have been thrilled by that offer. Claire Gilbert only looked up at the suave handsome face and shrugged.

"If you really wish—" she said.

THE picture was being based on Homer Hawk's famous detective novel, The Park Avenue Murder, with Ralph Connors playing the leading rôle of the detective. Warren Barron was, of course, the suave night-club owner who had committed the crime. Claire was playing the rôle of Chief Hostess at Barron's Club and, for a time, the chief suspects her as the murderess of Molly O'Shaunessy.

She flung herself into the rôle as if in it she might forget Jack White's arms. It was for this he had left her—that he might succeed. And now, because he had gone, the chance was hers.

Claire's gray eyes were large with excitement as she watched Ralph Connors' stand-in man take his place before the camera, arms outstretched, when big Bill Maughm asked quietly, "Ready Ralph?"

"Inérlock!" The word struck her ears and she heard George Wilson repeat it into the phone to the mixing booth, his voice like an echo of the director's.

She watched Connors take the place of his man on whom the cameras had been focused. He sat, watching the dancers on the stage, and Claire marvelled at the skill which had put them in felt slippers on cork boards to avoid the clicking noise of heels. A pulse beat in her wrists, for as the dancers moved through the wings she must go between the tables singing.

Now! Her voice rose clear despite its throaty quality. She began to lose her self-consciousness at Connors' table. She stopped, teasing for a bill. It was the sign for the detectives to rush into the club.

Travers Elser, playing a plain-clothes man, reached Wallace Barron's table. He was new to pictures; his voice rose high. "We want—!"

"Cut!" Maughm called.

Elser flushed. The detective withdrew. Claire started her singing again. And again Elser became confused.

"Cut!"

A third time to go over the acting! Claire was in the spirit of her rôle now. The constant interruptions, part of all pictures, caused the blood to mount angrily under her face and make-up.

"It's all part of the game," Wallie called softly, "take it easy."

Big Bill Maughm gestured for silence. Interlock! And this time Elser's lines came correctly. The performance went on.

"Jack!" Her voice was fierce and commanding. "Jack, kiss me!"

She looked up and saw his face flush, saw his weak blue eyes wander over the crowd hesitatingly.

Claire Gilbert had stolen the show from Glamor Mackall, despite Glamor's reputation before the talkies forced her out. Claire Gilbert's personality seemed to leap from the screen. A lambent flame glowed in all of her actions these days; and in the intense pathos of her gray eyes. Even the twisted droop of her red lips was vitally alive.

Claire took Perfect's offer without either exuberance or regret. Her audition had been a surprise even to the producers. Her slightly husky voice and slow speech had come through with marvelous precision, bringing with it that unusual vitality of life that so few voices have.

And it was on a big silent set that Claire again met Warren Barron. He came
IT WAS a week later when they were shooting the scene of Claire's cross-questioning that her ability was most clearly demonstrated. She had not slept the night before and in her mind had always been Jack White's face. There were circles around her eyes as she took her place on the set sitting opposite Conners at the little reading table in her apartment. Her gestures seemed born of some inner necessity instead of the rehearsed actions of an actress. She was throwing herself into the part in an effort to forget; she was making that part memorable.

When Maughm finally called "Cut!" at the end of the scene and George Wilson asked for a play-back, her husky voice floated out onto the set, vibrant and thrilling, while Barron applauded almost inaudibly, his lips twisting into their famous cynical smile.

That night she took her to ride in the car which had led to their meeting. As the big engine pulled up into the hills he twisted sidewise in his seat and grinned at her with a sort of shrewd admiration.

"Do you know, Claire, you stand on the brink of history? You're going over, child, and you don't even understand why. This business is in its infancy. They're just beginning to use Technicolor and there are other advances, a hundred percent improvement artistically. In a year you'll be seeing pictures taken in three dimensions. All the effects of a stage with a thousand things that the stage can't have. You're getting in on it—because to you nothing matters." He chuckled softly.

Claire stirred restlessly. "Future?" The word burned in her and set something throbbing in her temples. There was no future, now that Jack had gone. No future until he came back, anyway. But he hadn't come back—he hadn't even written once.

Not a line.

"Let's go down to Tia Juana," she exclaimed impulsively. "We can get there by morning. I want to see the races."

Wallie's chuckles ceased. "Who's the boy?" he asked.

She turned and stared at him, her gray eyes gone suddenly big and misty with tears.

"He doesn't care, Wally," she choked.

"He left me flaring off with Sheila Capparay on tour. Take me to Tia Juana, Wallie. Don't let me think!"

WALLIE BARRON stared straight ahead into the glare from the headlamps. When he spoke, his voice had that impersonal quality of that first day when he had remarked about her age.

"I have forgotten much, Cynara, gone with the wind.

Flung roses, roses riotously with the throng Dancing, to put thy pale, lost lilies out of mind;

But I was desolate and sick of an old passion,

Year 'round the time, because the dance was long;

I have been faithful to thee, Cynara, in my fashion."

She turned on him fiercely. "You're making fun of me."

There was a catch in his voice when he answered.

"Oh, but I'm not, child. I'm only seeing things — for you." His face was sad.

"Are you going to take me to Tia Juana?"

"No, I'm going to take you home. We have our big scene Monday."

The set for the big scene was the same as the one for Claire's inquisition, the living and bedrooms of her little apartment. All the scenes to be taken there were being shot before it was dismantled. She went through the three big padded doors Monday morning and found Maughm, Wallie, and the others waiting for her on the set. If you remember the book or the play, you know what happened. Conners had secreted a dictaphone in the room. It was this which proved to be Barron's downfall when, pleading with Claire to go off with him, he finally confesses that it was for her that he killed his former mistress, Molly O'Shane. As the two prepare to leave, the detectives walk in on them.

The big set was as silent as the House of Usher during those moments between the clang of the gong and the cue which sent Barron into the apartment to awake Claire and begin his plea.

She sensed that he was in fine form. His voice had unusual warmth as he told her of his love for her and she felt curiously stirred by it. If only it had been Jack! And, with a subtle substitution, she placed Jack there in Wallie Barron's form, holding him off, yet promising at the same time with her eyes that she might intoxicate him the more. There was only one retake and that was when they became too vehement; let their words run one into the other so that the effect as it was picked up by the sensitive mike was blurred.

"Take it easy," Maughm cautioned and sent them back over it again.

A FEW minutes later, with a gesture, he sent the bluecoats and detective pounding at the door, knocking softly, but with the mike so placed that the sound rang clearly like hammer blows. The door yielded. Claire flung herself upon Conners who was in the lead. The struggle had almost too much realism for that rather concerted young man. His face was flushed with anger, when Maughm finally called "Cut!"

Claire had only two other scenes that week, most of the picture being taken up with Conners following clues that did not

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dise at the edge of Hell. A desert oasis—
luminous water in a sea of sand. And Sheiks
galore. Not to mention sun-kissed Shebas in
trim bobshirs or scanty, clinging, beauty re-
vealing bathing suits. Or you visit the beach
homes of Malibu with driftwood fires and
the pounding surf to create an atmosphere
fairly throbbing with the love of life—and
a life of love.

THE peace of home in a Beverly canyon,
or perchcd like "Eagle's Nest." Rudy's
place, high in the hills. Gay groups of
friends dropping in for this and that—a
buffet supper—a convivial glass lifted from
the silver tray served by your Filipino "boy"
tennis—bridge—a plunge in the pool—
the latest gossip of the studio—which of the
Lilie Napoleons" will next meet his
Waterloo—laborations in obscure corners be-
ocach magnolia trees where mocking-birds
sing to the moon—and for the stars.

The Big Night comes. The night when
your picture has its premiere. You dress in
your best—and so does everyone. You give
an honor to you. Poils and poses, omimes and
gowns. Your friends all send you wires of
congratulation. The mob in front of the
theatre cheers you. And you calmly chew
your gum as though you'd been used to
salubration from the cradle.

The picture's a hit! Other producers of-
fer you contracts—the old company gives you
another $1,000 a week. You're snowed
under an avalanche of hands—shaking,
swaying, patting, petting. Or perhaps the
petting comes later, after you've signed all
the autograph books thrust toward you by
your fans in the lobby. After that, a big
private party the gang throws just for you
at the Cocoanut Grove in the Ambassador,
or the Roosevelt's Blossom Room, where
wine has been cooling for hours just to
warm you with its chill. That's life in
Hollywood. And it makes it nice.

YOU'RE a Bigger Shot than ever now.
If you're lucky, like John McCormick,
ambitious advertising concerns will supply you
with anything from cigarettes to sox, soap
to chapeaux in exchange for a kind word
that may be quoted in print about your
product. If you like horses, some cowboy
star, likely as not, will send you a colt
from his rancho. And if you go to the dogs,
so to speak, Harold Lloyd may make you a
gift from his Great Dane Kennels, or
Joseph Schuldkrout will send you a terrier.
Almost anything you mention in the proper
place may be yours for a gentle hint. And
that, too, makes it nice.

Of course, discretion is always a virtue.
It's just as well not to mention elephants.
For now that the circus plays L.A., as Hol-
lywood calls its hick neighbor, Los Angeles,
you're liable to find a brace of blood-sweat-
ing-behemoths-of-holy-writ and a pair of
coosing mastodonts tethered to the geranium
hegde in the morning.

THEN there are those location trips to
"establish original atmosphere." Get
chummy with the right people and they'll see
to it that your next picture is shot in
some spot of your selection. They've gone
ev'rywhere from Reno—"lady to
Timbuctoo—"from the South Seas to the
Arctic Circle on little junkets they call "loc-
tation trips." You can make the re-takes in
Griffith Park, where a rock is still a rock and
tree a tree.

What makes it nice, too, is that the lot
doesn't double buy in San Fernando, may
be rich in oil. In California you may still
wake up knee deep in black gold. If Lady
Luck is good to you, it is only necessary to
invest in a sub-division and await the arrival
of an oil gusher. You must be lucky, of
course. But then everyone has some for-
tune. And, believe it or not, there are both
oil and gold right under the pavements
of Hollywood today! There are oil-wells in
back-yards, and gold in them thar hills. The
contractors should pay you for the privilege
of digging ditches.

AND you'll enjoy the delightful little
intellectual sociés, where small, select
group may get together to talk
about Art—and how terrible his last picture
was. And try to think of the name of
a book. Andsnub your rivals and the visiting
celebrities. Hear Charlie Chaplin kid him-
self. Conrad Nagel radiate sweetness-and-
light. Jim Tully and Jack Gilbert go to
the mat, while Greta says "aye tank aye go
home," and Clara sings "Why Was I Born"
—to which no one knows the answer.

While the skies of Hollywood are always
blue—there are plenty of showers. If you
go on trip farther than Pasadena, you'll
have a going-away party, at which you'll be
showered with gifts appropriate to travel.
Then, of course, there's a welcome-home
party when you return the following Mon-
day. Showers for this—showers for that.
Everyone there is a bathing beauty. And it is bound to be
your turn every so often. There is no rain
but they give showers upon all conceivable
occasions. If you have a baby—there's
a baby shower. If you don't—there's a show-
er anyway. Showers for engagements, wed-
ings and divorces. All the vital statistics—
and some not so vital. If you even men-
tion suicide, like as not you'll get a shower

of lethal weapons from which you may select
whichever one you want for the final beau
geste. That makes it nice—to the very end!

YOU'LL hear of Hollywood that its
flowers have no fragrance, its fruit no
taste. That its hills are burned to brown
by the hot dry kisses of the sun. That its
statuary is papier-mache and its architecture
plaster-of-Paris. That the gin is just too
bad. And the girls just too good. That
small men are elevated. Great ones sub-
merged. That there's not a Hollywood home
without a mortgage—not a motor with the
final payment made. But with all the razz-
berries passed to it by the effete East, Holly-
wood's a grand 'n glorious life-long holi-
day. Heats and hair are lighter—skirts and
salaries higher. Romance roams. And
beauty is abundant.

It is the last frontier. The one spot in
America where glorious life has not been
mechanized by the Fords and Babbitts. Stand-
ing in brilliant isolation from an envious
world, it breathes the spirit of adventure
throughout its palm fringed boulevards.
A golden land which lavishes upon you the
rich splendors of its unequaled sky and
air and earth, each heavy-laden with treasures
of beauty, health and wealth.

The folks are gay, too. They're petroxe
Cinderellas, perhaps, called from the kitchen
to wear diamond slippers—or ice-wagon
Apollors with priceless profiles. But they're
all very human. And most of them are
lovable. They pan the place, and one an-
other. But that's just part of the game. A
merry game it is, too. Sometimes rough but
thoroughly enjoyable. All in a spirit of
good, clean fun. It's here to-day—tomorrow
with Columbia. One hour a Poo'h-Bah—
the next just a Poo'h. Now a Mugg—then
a Mogul. From Prop.—to prop.

THINGS move swiftly in the kinematic
kaleidoscope. There's something vital
about it all. And endless variety—a lot of
living—lots of loving. Of course, if you'd
rather be President, it's all right with me.
It's a lot simpler to be a Hoover than a
"Buddy" Rogers. Of course, it doesn't pay
so well. But then you get rent free. It's
easier to marry the boss than to be Bow.
But Clara has a lot more fun. So if you're
still thinking of the Career, and haven't
got some clean, decent job in view—a Bishop
or something—remember they're having hap-
pay days in Hollywood. Go to California
and cut yourself a piece of climate. Walk
with the stars. Eat with 'em. Drink with
'ems. Swim with 'em. That makes it nice!

The Seven Wonders of
Hollywood

What are they? Do you know? Can
you guess? Read what they are in the
September issue of TALKING
SCREEN and you'll be surprised.
By HASSELL BROOKS

I DON'T give a dam for the present day producers"—Lionel Atwill being interviewed. "—They're not craftsmen like the old timers—Erlanger, Dillingham, and Belasco. They don't know their theatre."

This could mean but one thing. "Then Mr. Atwill, in your opinion, the stage is dying."

"Dying—" He turned it over on his tongue. "Yes, the legitimate, or rather professional, stage is dying. But the theatre will always be carried along by the amateur groups; but as a business, it is doomed."

"Why?"

"Why? Because the real talent has turned to the talkie, gone to Hollywood. Listen to me: the stage has been a pretty poor mistress; the present day actor can not look upon it for a livelihood, or as a profession—it's nothing more or less than a gamble, and a mighty poor one at that."

THE actor works like the devil rehearsing the piece for four weeks, and he's lucky if he gets two weeks' salary. In the old days it was different—there was always the road. But what's become of that? Why, it's gone talkie—there isn't a house in the sticks that hasn't got sound equipment."

"And now what's happened? The actor—those of any talent—has made an exodus to Hollywood. To Hollywood, where he doesn't have to worry about first nights, and what the critics think of his play. Thank God the critics can't ruin a picture. Why? Automatic audiences!"

"Automatic audiences? I don't follow you Mr. Atwill."

BY automatic audiences I mean just this: The box office of the Roxy doesn't depend upon what picture is being played there. It matters not whether it is featuring Rin Tin Tin, or starring Gloria Swanson—they go just the same. That's the hold the talkies have over the public today: they go to the Roxy or the Paramount regardless of what's being played there. It's because those houses have become an institution. Now show me one legitimate theatre—leaving out the Belasco in the old days—where the public actually goes, not for the sake of the play but for the house itself. That's what I mean by an automatic audience."

"We were sitting in Mr. Atwill's suite, in the Beverly, and Percy, his man, interrupted our conversation with glasses of a nice cool liquid—that had a warming effect.

"So, Mr. Atwill, you're going to Hollywood?"

He looked up over his glass. "Yes—" he said vaguely.

"When?"

"Soon—listen: I'm waiting to sign up with a company now. Don't ask me which one, because I'm not prepared to give it out yet. But I'll be out there by the time Jack Barrymore returns from his cruise with Dolores. Say did I ever tell you about the time I met Jack in Washington?"

"It was about the time he was playing Hamlet. We were sitting over our beers, and he told me that he was going to chuck it. Chuck it all, and go to Hollywood. I knew what he meant. It wasn't that the work was too hard—for the pictures are harder, if anything—but the strain, the uncertainty, the critics, the bad plays they were putting forth."

DO YOU think there is a wider scope for your work in Hollywood?"

"Yes—ten years ago I wouldn't have said it. But now all the craftsmen are out there on the coast."

"But will it seem as real as your work on the stage?"

"Real—" He jumped out of his chair. "Why, man alive,

[Continued on page 96]"
Just Your Style—and Hollywood's

(Continued from page 7)

charm—you could copy it for $5, I'm quite sure. Why, even suits are being made of organdie this season—both in the tailored and dressmaker types! The tailored models usually have a two-button loop fastening on the coat, while buttonlets are accented as the trimming note on the dressiers types. Incidentally, black organdie is very popular both for suits and for flattering little "dress-up" frocks. In the latter case it is often combined with white or with some delicate pastel tint.

If you want something more clinging than organdie, yet no more expensive, choose voile, which comes in ever so many fascinating shades as well as in prints.

Of course you know there's nothing lovelier for summer wear than printed chiffon. Whether it be combined with the silk sales carefully, you can often buy a really good quality for as little as $1 a yard; otherwise, you'll have to pay $1.95 and up. Rather small, interesting patterns predominate, especially those of a conventional nature; but there are still to be seen many attractive large floral prints.

Janet Gaynor's summer wardrobe contains a charmingly simple and feminine peach chiffon sprinkled with carnations and roses. It is made with the new bloomed waist, molded hips, gored flares in the full, rather long skirt, short sleeves, and a little neck frill that forms a capelet at the back. A narrow belt of self-material completes the garden gown which, though it is "the very latest," could be made by any girl at home. So, too, could the pretty printed frock worn by Norma Shearer in Let Us Be Gay. It featured short sleeves, molded hips, circular flares set on the skirt in scallops, and a velvet sash tying at the left side of the normal waistline.

Then, there's Sue Carol's more elaborate frock, which she wears for formal afternoon occasions and for rather special summer evening dances. The printed chiffon is one of those "different" combinations of orange, yellow, and emerald green. It is made with an orange net yoke (by the way, yokes are very good this season!) and is quite pictorial by reason of the very large orange net sleeves gathered into a tight little cuff at the wrist. The bodice hugs the figure, and sports a tiny little self-belt at the normal waist line. The full skirt, touching the floor in front and trailing a bit behind, is finished with a double gathered flounce of net all around the bottom. Sue looks like something out of one of her very loveliest pictures in this gown; but you could duplicate her frock for a fraction of what she paid for it. The details are all simple, but the effect is stunning.

I could describe indefinitely beautiful little gowns that the Hollywood girls are wearing in print patterns in the most exact details—gowns you yourself could make for comparatively little cost; but space is limited. In general, waists blousé and feature narrow belts of the same material; hips are snugly fitted; skirts are long and full—gathered, circular, or flouncing set-in gored and sleeveless, even except in more formal types, which rival a little behind. The Grecian trend is creeping into the newest formal evening modes. Capes and berths of all kinds are much in evidence, while the bolero is quite the smartest thing of the season. Sleeves are short and distinctive, while there is a leg of mutton, or a little short sleeves, and an o'-mutton sleeves of our grandmothers is rapidly taking its place again in the fashion parade! The summer shades favor white first, combinations of black and white, and old shades of blue, pink, and yellow. It is quite chic to combine cotton and silk materials—let us say a printed chiffon frock with lingerie touches of organdie; or a dotted swiss gown with a velvet sash! You'll find many uses for those little remnants left over from last summer's dresses. Dyed fine-patterned chiffon or organdie trimmed with chiffon, or used alone, is highly popular, too.

In attending a garden party, you must have one of the flattering new hats of lacy cellophane straw or horseshoe, trimmed in flowers or ribbon bows. The "cape-line" style—off the face, down the neck—is especially favored because of its more decorative effect, though brims, even of the wide, floppy variety, are now seen in great numbers. For summer evening wear, berets and turbans of synthetic straws, net, or lace are highly popular in the film circles; while the triangular satin kerchief, that appears to be carelessly knotted gipsy-wise on the head, but is really draped permanently, is one of the season's innovations. Bandeaux have returned to fashion for evening. They not only give the head a well-shaped appearance, but further the Grecian trend of the mode.

The fashionable summer wrap starts at the hip and dwandles to hardly more than a decorative scarf-like garment! Short, shorter, shortest! Brief as they are, they continue somehow to be quite charming and chic, by reason of the attractive materials used, a clever collar, or some ultra-modish bit of trimming. Many of the more formal chiffon frocks have a sleeved bolero, a tie-on jacket, or a capelet that successfully transforms them into suitable afternoon gowns. "Double-date" outfits are certainly practical for the girl who has to watch her clothes budget closely! If your wrap is not to be used as a camouflage for an evening gown, it may be of some contrasting material such as taffeta, moire, satin, or metal brocade. If you particularly like a long coat for summer, chiffon velvet is in again, and is dressy enough for the most fastidious girl who wants to look like a star on a small allowance. At the Hollywood hotels recently I saw a chiffon velvet wrap of eggshell molded closely to the body below the hips, with a skirt falling to the floor—following the lines of the very lovely gown of its wearer. An observer might be tempted to mention the long and the line' of the wrap subject?

Two very feminine fashions are back with us: garden parasols of linen or silk in pastel shades, with matching prairie or wooden handles; and stockings to match panties. The newest hosiery is lusterless and seamless, and is usually worn a shade or two lighter than the dress in order to create the illusion of a shadow on the legs rather than actual covering! Net and fancy cotted stockings are also seen extensively in Hollywood circles, Long to match the pastel frocks are an important part of the summer dress-up mode, while huge handkerchiefs of chiffon or linen add another note of interest to the ensemble. And then, there's the revival of the corsage bouquet tucked into the waist! If we're not careful, we'll be back to the Floradora days before we know it!

Pajamas are going jauntily to garden parties these days, worn by the most modish of modern girls. Satin and chiffon, velvet, crêpes, and brocades are used; and many of the costumes are diversingly original in addition to being—well, a little startling, to those of us who are conservative enough to confine trousers to sport wear or the private boudoir. Carol Lombard wore garden pajamas in Safety in Numbers, you may remember.

Perhaps your garden party is very informal, or you are dropping by after work. Why not choose a simple but attractively designed frock of white or pastel pique or French weight Irish linen? Then, too, there's shantung, so very popular this year, yet so inexpensive. Little handblocked linen jackets are not too dressy to wear to the office, yet are festive enough for any garden party. And have you seen the new pique and linen hats? If you have studied millinery in school, no doubt you can make one from scraps of material left over from your dress or jacket. Any girl who enjoys making her clothes—or who does so for the sake of economy—should have a wooden block on which to sew and shape her hats.

A most necessary item in the summer ensemble is the slippers. How attractive they are this year! Pastel kid and linen are seen in all the shops on Hollywood Boulevard, while some of the most enchanting slippers are of neutral cloth with gay leather heels and trimmings. Many have clever embroidery on the toe, in either self or contrasting colors; and the French heel is getting higher and higher! Often it is greater economy to buy plain white slippers and have them dyed, for colored shoes are sometimes more expensive than plain ones.

Patou, the French designer, is featuring shoe buckles and matching necklaces and bracelets in colored and carved enamel. The few Hollywood hotels recently I saw a chiffon velvet wrap of eggshell molded closely to the body below the hips, with a skirt falling to the floor—following the lines of the very lovely gown of its wearer. An observer might be tempted to mention the long and the line' of the wrap subject?
The new deal" began. Old buildings, virtually useless, were razed. "Barnacles" hung on the pay-roll were cleared out. Sound stages, laboratories, new recording equipment installed, Universal snapped up and before long became a boiling pot of production. The Laemmle fortune went hurtling into steerage and pictures.

"We'll make Shanghai Lady," said young Laemmle. "That's a good tale.

Presently he announced: "Hell's Heroes and La Marseillaise will be next."

Returns from Broadway and Show Boat began coming in. Even New York's radio "sat up and took notice" of the young producer on the west coast.

"Revues are becoming popular," Junior Laemmle remarked. "Get hold of Paul Whiteman and his band. Let's try to get out the best revue of them all."

A couple of million dollars went into the production.

All Quiet on the Western Front appears to offer wonderful opportunities," he remarked. "Let's make it."

Another million went out.

RIGHT now, after little more than a year, the motion picture industry has focused its eyes upon Carl Laemmle, Jr., and looks with concentration as he bulldozes one bank-roll after another into the great melting pot and watches it rebound with increased interest. His very daring is the topic of many conversations and he is often referred to as "the little Napoleon." Old "Uncle Carl" leans back and smiles a smile of great satisfaction and patters around his chicken ranch not far from the studio.

The youthful general manager sits in the most luxuriously furnished suite of offices in Hollywood, sitting in sometimes seventeen hours a day at a desk to which a battery of telephones is connected. He is in immediate touch with each department except the casting office to which the actresses come seeking employment. That line is dumb and the phone operator dead when it comes to arranging a personal interview with young Laemmle for those seeking positions.

"There is a department established especially for selecting players," Junior says. "Responsibility for their selection rests on the head of that department."

"But you pass upon the importan players, don't you?" I asked the other day.

"When I see their screen tests in a projection room."

"Have you never placed any actresses under contract because of personal likes?"

"Yes! But understand what I mean by "personal likes."" I signed Myrna Kennedy to a long-term contract after seeing a few feet of her screen test. At that time I was looking for someone to play the leading feminine rôle in Broadway. The minute I saw her work I decided we wanted her.

The second was Joan Marsh, a fifteen-year-old blonde who had played a rôle with Mary Pickford at the age of 3 and who, after five years on the screen, returned for her schooling. She came back the other day and Tom Reed, scenario writer, was so impressed with her beauty that he wrote a little sketch for her and filmed it. They asked me to come to the projection room and see it.

"Sign her up!" I ordered. Then I signed Jeanette Loff and also Lape Velez. I also elevated Mary Nolan and John Boles to stardom because I believe their work warranted it.

"But isn't there someone among all these pretty screen actresses?" I asked, "who personally attracted your attention?"

"I do not see them personally," Junior replied. "I only see their screen tests. I seldom go out on the lot."

RATHER small in stature, eyes so brown they are almost black, features cleanly cut, perfectly tailored, a dynamo of restless energy, the young man might, if he wished, attract a thousand of Hollywood's widely heralded beauties. But, in his office are only two photographs—one of his dad and the other of his mother, an old-fashioned photographer of a sweet-faced little woman who died a long time ago.

I SUPPOSE I will marry, someday, Junior remarked reflectively. "That's the usual thing but it's far from my mind right now. There is nothing, I presume, which gives greater inspiration to a man than a good, strong, wife. Everyone tells me that. But I know there are two kinds of women in this world—those who take the soul out of a man and those who put it back. I don't want the soul taken out of me and, just at the present time, I do not need to have one put back."

"You have your dream girl, your ideal, haven't you?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," he answered with a smile. "Blonde, blue eyes, rosebud mouth—and all that, you know. Same dream girl the others have."

"And you've never seen anyone who approached that?"

"No! There was one I admired hugely. And the funny part about it is that she was a brunette and exactly the opposite of my dream girl." But I found out that she didn't ring true so I dismissed her from my mind."

He turned in his swivel chair to answer a telephone call—the swivel chair of mahogany which matched the mahogany of his other office pieces—pieces resting on an exquisite Chinese rug. There was a deep tufted divan and silver vases on pedestals, a smoking stand and a cellarette, each costly and of beautiful design. A gas flame burned in a log at one side of the room giving an ultra cozy effect.

"You love luxury?" I remarked.

"Love it," he queried. "I love good food, nice clothes, pleasant surroundings. How many suits have I? Oh, possibly forty. I do not smoke. I can take a drink if occasion requires, but I do not care for it. I play tennis, dance sometimes, have a wonderful go with life. And I believe in destiny. We are all soldiers of destiny."

He arose and walked to a window to peer outside.

"But gee!" he whirled. "I'm having a whale of a time with this job father handed to me!"

THEN this amazing young man who at the age of twenty-one handles millions and is impervious to the smiles of beautiful young women, buckled into work. Somewhere back of one of his chicken houses one of these days, someone will probably find "Uncle Carl" Laemmle jumping up and down on his hat exclaiming exultantly—"I knew my boy was right!"
Among the many actors on the talking screen who can make love thrillingly one of the most outstanding in this charming talent is Edmund Lowe, whose convincing portrayals of the fascinating lover are famous.

Superbly thrilling is the love-making of Edmund Lowe as the dashing sailor in *The Bad One*. Dolores Del Rio is the other half of the fascinating duo in this dramatic story of the Marseilles waterfront.

Nothing rough and ready about Lowe’s screen character in *This Thing Called Love*. His love scenes with Constance Bennett in this picture were as charming and tender as anything could well be. Edmund was as convincingly realistic as the polished lover as he had been as the tough guy.
Below we have our friend Lowe with Marguerite Churchill in a scene from Good Intentions, Lowe’s newest picture. Here, as the polished but crafty underworld boss, Lowe’s love-making carries just the right amount of fervor and restraint.

Surely no one has forgot the picture from which this was taken (right). In Old Arizona was its title and, in it, Lowe added another notch to his fame as the screen’s whirlwind lover.

Below we see Lowe and Yola D’Avril in a scene from Born Reckless, the picturization of the famous novel, Louis Beretti. Again, Lowe proved his ability as a screen lover.

(Left) Lowe’s love-making in What Price Glory is a household word. There are many who consider it one of the outstanding performances in talkie history. Kai, Salka is the girl.

We don’t need to say anything about this picture above. Everyone remembers the famous love-making of Edmund Lowe and Lily Damita in The Cock-Eyed World. And everyone remembers that disgusted look of Vic MacLaglen.
A scene from the famous silent picture, The White Sister. It was in this beautiful production, in which Lillian Gish starred, that Ronald Colman made his first really big movie success.

Guide, Philosopher and Friend

[Continued from page 33]

have an ‘understanding’ which I do not care to discuss."

"You have no dislikes now?"

"Not for screen work. But there are some things connected with it—some things on the side which are very annoying."

"Such as?"

WELL, writing letters of introduction to motion picture producers. Heaven only knows how many persons have asked me for them, received them and gotten nothing from them. I feel that everytime a producer is told there’s a fellow outside with a letter, he says—’Oh, that Ronald Colman is writing again, I suppose.’ "Letters of introduction do not mean a thing in a producer’s life. Sometimes I think they immediately prejudice him against those who bring them. The mere fact that a fellow slows up with a communication saying, ‘This letter will introduce to you my friend Mr. Plumber of Sinko, Mich., whom I have known for ten years, etc.,’ probably wants to make the producer reply, ‘Well, what of it? I don’t care if you’ve known him for twenty years. Why send him to me?’

A NOTEH thing which is exceedingly objectionable, is the proclivity some writers have for describing The Kind of a Girl Ronald Colman Would Marry, or, The Dream Girl As Seen Through Ronald Colman’s Eyes. I never gave out such an interview in all my life. Even if I were free to marry I would not advertise the qualifications and specifications of the young woman I purposed selecting as my mate. Yet such stories keep popping up. One interviewer came to me not long ago and asked:

"What do you think of Mary Pickford’s nose?"

"A very pretty nose,’ I replied.

"And Lily Damita’s ears?"

"Deucedly charming ears!"

"And Joan Bennett’s eyes?"

"Very lovely eyes!"

"A few more questions and the interviewer went away to write a story about Ronald Colman’s Dream Girl. If you want to see me get red in the face and start stuttering, just mention such a subject to me again and I’ll send for Louis Wolheim and tell him to do it for me. Louis, you know, was the murderer in Condemned.

“No, I have no plans for the future. I shall go on with my screen work right up to the point where the public evinces some slight disinclination to view my pictures. Right then, without further notice, Ronald Colman will make one of his most august bows and say to the world:

"‘Bon jour! my friends. You shall see me no more.’"

AFFABLE, roguish, impeneetrable—Ronald Colman is both a delight and an irritation to an interviewer. He parries questions deftly and smilingly. When an interview is over, one looks at the blank scrap of paper on which notes were to be made and wonders what happened. On one thing the genial Mr. Colman has definite ideas: he does not approve of young men or girls, generally, seeking careers in films. There are bigger and better things for most all in other vocations. But, when they are determined to try it, he gives this advice:

"If you are young enough to spare two or three years finding out if you have talent; if you can take it on the chin and smile at the end of that time; if you can look upon it as a lark, an interesting experience and still be young enough to begin a career in some other line—then go ahead! But if, at the end of three years you have gotten nowhere, get out! Burn your bridges behind you and wipe pictures from your mind. This applies to young men or girls contemplating screen work as well as to those among the army of ‘extras’ now bartling the gates of Hollywood.”

To everyone, Ronald is the polished gentleman. Yet the girl at the check-stand gets from him the same impersonal nod that the most illustrious screen actress receives. Electricians, carpenters, painters at the studio approach him respectfully, confident of a friendly greeting. He has a small circle of friends who, rejoice in the privilege of his company. On the tennis court he plays usually with William Powell, Clive Brook or Richard Barthelmess. At the bridge table he passes long hours with one or more of the three, sometimes extending the game far into the night.

The greatest tragedy which has come into his life was the death of his mother in Sydney, N.S.W., last year. Mrs. Colman passed away in a theater when she heard her son’s voice from the screen for the first time in eight years. She had battled adversity with Ronald during his youth and helped bear the burden of restoring their fortune after his father’s business had failed. This resulted in a depth of affection not often felt. When Ronald left England to seek his fortune in America, he believed that not a soul in the British metropolis cared. When he returned there in 1922, he was almost mobbed by his enthusiastic admirers. Now, all his interest lies in pictures. He expects to continue only so long as the public evinces a desire to see them. Which likely means that he will be the delightful rogue for a long, long time to come. And then, as he says, he will doff his hat and say:

"Bon jour! my friends. I go.”
Ziegfeld’s Verdict on Hollywood Beauty

[Continued from page 23]

terial: Billie Dove, Marion Davies, Jane Winton, Lina Basqueta and many others. It is characterized by a must have been intimate tact which caused him to refrain from adding that Hollywood could not successfully repay the compliment.

Of all the primarily picture stars that I have seen, only Greta Garbo could successfully rival the fame of the most glorious show girl, Dolores. Dolores was tall. So is Garbo. Dolores did “nothing” magnificently. So could Garbo. Garbo would not have to do anything in the Follies. She would merely BE. Someone to sighly and intrigue the imaginations of the audience as Dolores did. These women are more than beautiful—they are tremendous personalities, magnificent presences, and they are rarer than the proverbial day in June. A Garbo—a Dolores, comes but once.

Does she, I inquire, really have Holly wood enthusiasm? For a moment it looked that way. But what of the many others? What of Gloria Swanson, Norma Shearer, Mary Pickford, Clara Bow, Norma Talmadge, Vilma Bunge, Corrine Griffith, Loretta Young, June Golley, Mary Brian—on and on my groping mind reeled off the names of our local prides and joys. In his calm, unexcited manner he had an answer to them all—a compliment, a flattering dismissal.

“Gloria Swanson is a great actress and a delightful woman, but she needs a more intimate medium such as the dramatic stage or a camera close-up to do justice to her talents. Gloria was never meant to be one among many. Her strangely beautiful and almost exotic face would never fit uniformly into a row of faces and she is too short of stature to be the ideal show girl in spite of her recognized gift for wearing clothes smartly. The camera tends to give an illusion of height to Gloria that her actual presence fails to carry out. She could fit very nicely into the dramatic sketches, but what we are discussing is the show girl type. And as for the actual work of that type, only a much taller body would carry a face of the strength of Swanson’s—and only a very pretty pretty face would fit the size of her body.

Practically the same thing might be said of Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge and Norma Shearer. A funny thing . . . But once, before her days of fame in the pictures, Norma Shearer came to me in New York and asked for a part in the Follies. I informed her that she was not of sufficient height to play the show-girl rôle—and that, consequently, the only place I could possibly use her would be in the pony chorus. She informed me at the time that she was unable to do any dancing. I advised her to go away and learn how to dance and then return for a position with me. But I never saw the pretty little candidate again. Instead of following my advice, she came to Hollywood and gained fame as a star of the motion pictures.

On another occasion, two very pretty little Irish girls stood before me on the rehearsal stage for a try-out. I chose one of them, but frankly admitted that I couldn’t use her.

But that is the very reason I have chosen Sally Eilers of all the girls in the film capital as the most nearly perfect American type of beauty. This girl is in splendid proportion. Her height carries her type of beauty perfectly, and she has a sister. The girl I refused to accept was Nancy Carroll! Had I been casting for a motion picture, I would have reversed my first choice. Nancy would have obtained a role and her sister would have had to try elsewhere. There again arises the one important feature of choosing stage beauties: Their faces must match their bodies. And their bodies must go with their faces. Tall bodies with strong faces; cute little bodies with cute little faces. This is not at all important to the picture producer—quite the contrary, if we are to take most of the Hollywood stars as examples.

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Amos ‘N’ Andy ‘N’ Talkies

Don’t fail to read this fascinating story on the movie doings of these new-comers from the radio.

In Our Next Issue

So there you have the extent of my choice: Del Rio is, indeed, a dancer. If you go over in a big way as a dancer; Sally Eilers, Clara Bow, Alice White and Olive Borden would do wonderfully well in the pony chorus; Gloria Swanson would fit very well into the sketches for which the Follies are famous BUT . . . there is only one show girl in Hollywood, and that is Garbo!

“Perhaps, way out here at the end of my discussion, you will permit me to leave the subject of beautiful women for just a moment and tell you of a person in Hollywood whom I hope to put into the Follies next year. His name is Maurice Chevalier. Aside from Garbo, he is the only other natural to be found in the film colony. This man has something that no other living man has—and there is no use talking about it. He has personality. He only need to set his foot lights from the very first curtain and continue until the last drop. He is just as sure a bet as Garbo would be . . . and Garbo would be like showing Al Jolson, Eddie Cantor and dynamite on the same bill.

Del Rio, Hollywood:

Please give me Garbo and Chevalier . . . I will call all old debts repaid.

Yours for the show.

FLORENZ ZIEGFELD.
The turns of the wheel of fate following Jeanette's arrival in Portland make her life story seem almost like a fairy tale. Scarcely before the mantelpiece urn had been unpacked and the guest linens stored away, the little Loff girl was enrolled at the Ellison & White Conservatory of Music and had begun learning to play the pipe-organ. Also, she started taking singing lessons. She was sixteen years old then, and developing. Persons were beginning to remark, no doubt, that she was pretty. When a motion picture theater had need of a pipe-organ player, Jeanette applied for and got the position.

As things usually come to those who are ambitious and have talent, they came to her. She advanced from one position to another in Portland until she found herself playing the organ in the largest theater of the city. "Jeanette Loff at the Console," the programs proudly announced. The pipe-organ numbers were held forth as reasons for patronage. The pictures of Jeanette were printed in the newspapers. Success was coming her way.

In 1926 she boarded a train for Hollywood, to pay a visit.

"Why don't you make a try at pictures?" an agent who managed stars remarked when they met.

"Never thought of it!" she replied.

"Well, think it over. Then come to see me."

Now, Jeanette, subconsciously, had been studying screen players in their work. From the old Ruth Roland serials to the modern Garbo plays, she had learned something of screen technique. She had not realized it until that star-manager put the idea of becoming an actress into her Nordic head. The more she thought about it, the more she became convinced that she could do what she saw others doing.

"I could at least try," she soliloquized. "About a million girls have had the same idea and most of them failed. But a few didn't. Maybe I can join the few."

Jeanette found a considerable welcome, I know, when she arrived in Hollywood. Producers saw from the color of her cheeks and in the naïveté of her manner that she was an extremely wholesome type, far different from the perennial hot-house blonde. She was natural. She had poise. Her work in the theaters had put her at ease. Universal used her in two of The Collegians series right after she appeared before the casting director. Then Cecil B. De Mille saw her and placed her under personal contract while he was at Pathé.

Right there the little Wadena piano player began to climb. Tried out in a serial, The Man Without a Face, she delivered the goods and then, for training, Mr. De Mille put her in two Westerns, followed by leading roles in Hold 'Em Yade and Love Over Night with Rod La Rocque. She took a screen test with Stanley Smith for appearance in Treasure Girl, a picture which was not made. She was loaned to Tiffany to play opposite Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in Party Girl and was there when something happened.

Universal executives were in a quandary. A million dollars, possibly more, was to be spent on a great production. The cast had been selected. Some players were assigned to their roles. Carpenters and painters were erecting one of the largest sets ever built in Hollywood. Director John Murray Anderson had been brought on from New York to chart the musical work. A widely known actress had been decided upon for the leading feminine part.

But a cloud was gathering about the brows of the producers and directors.

"Hanged if I believe that young woman we've chosen for the big job can handle it!" one remarked.

"I've been doubting it, myself," replied another.

"A lot of money going into this picture." "Yes! A lot."

Stanley Smith, who was to have an important rôle, heard the conversation. "I'll tell you a girl who can do it," he volunteered. "I took a screen test with her once at Pathé and, gee! I think she's great. Give her a chance, will you? Her name's Jeanette Loff."

They sent for Jeanette.

"Sing this number, The Bridal Veil," the director asked, politely. It was the song Jeanette had sung with Stanley Smith long before.

"Sing it again!" the director ordered, after hearing the play-back.

In a clear lyric soprano, the little piano player from Wadena sang. Not in a strong, powerful, reverberating voice, but in simple, sweetly-toned notes which the microphone picked up beautifully.

"Can you come over here and take the leading rôle in this production?" the executives asked.

"As soon as I'm through with Party Girl. It'll be a week or two."

"Then sign this contract!"

Her fingers trembled as she took the pen. Because her heart was pounding tumultuously.

"And really," she asked, still dubious about all, "you mean—you, you mean that I'm to have the leading feminine rôle in—"

"In Paul Whiteman's King of Jazz Revue," said Carl Laemmle, Jr., completing the sentence for her.

Jeanette stumbled out into the sunlight—into the fresh air and into the cool breeze sighing through the eucalyptus and pepper boughs. Her dream had come true.

"Jeanette Loff at the Console" was a famous phrase back in Portland. It was through studying music so well that Miss Loff made her ultimate success in Paul Whiteman's King of Jazz.
I Have Flung Roses

[Continued from page 77]

point to her. Restlessness, the seed of which was in her mind and breast, flowered into a tropical growth with inactive. When, on Friday, Elser asked her to go with him for a weekend at Tia Juana, she accepted with alacrity. She had never seen the place. She could picture it in her mind—the races, the color and sound and movement of it, and use it as a shield against the memory of that slim, blonde boy who had walked out of her life some months before.

Darkness came on before Elser's small car crossed into Mexico. He slipped his arm around her, drawing her to him. She saw the pupils of his eyes had grown suddenly large and that his nostrils were quivering.

"Come on," he whispered, "a little kiss and promise before we get there. We're going to make a regular party of this." She was his breath on her face that made her fully aware of the situation. She had regarded him only as a means to an end. She had taken no more thought of him than she had of any other pranks.

She pulled away from him.

"What are you talking about?" she asked. "I'm staying alone—and if you think differently, I'm sorry for you!"

The car swerved dangerously as he tried to pull her back against him. She laughed, her voice bridle, and struck him across the face.

She saw the red mark spread and saw his lips tight in anger. She watched them with a curious detachment, but as he stopped the car on the edge of the road, she opened the door and stepped out so that he could turn toward her.

"Drive on, flatfoot! If you get out of that car and touch me, I'll roll you in the ditch!"

She saw surprise and anger chase themselves over Elser's broad, squatish face. The blood was pounding through her now, singing. She wanted him to get out of the car. She wanted him to turn into Jack White and come to her and try to take her in his arms. She would show him!

HER nervous tension relaxed into a little sigh of almost disappointment as she saw his face harden. He threw the car into gear and shot away from her down the road in a cloud of dust. She started walking in the direction of the receding tail-light, hands clenched tight as they swung at her sides.

A half hour later a car drew up alongside her and stopped. It was the sixth that had stopped; she didn't even look up.

"No thanks! I'm walking for my health!"

"You don't need it—you aren't over-weight!" It was Wallie Barron's voice. She turned toward him, grinning a little shame-facedly.

He was out of the car before she could say anything. He had his hands on her shoulders. There was something electric and disturbing in them. She looked up and saw. Her face was no longer humorously cynical. Her mouth was firm with lines of determination around it stretching away from the eyes. Her eyes changed, too. "Claire—do you want me all right?"

"Of course, silly!"

"What's happened to you?"

He pushed her almost roughly into the car, walking around it and climbing behind the wheel.

"You child, don't you see what you're doing? I want you to stop flinging roses. The past isn't worth it. I don't believe it even existed. I know—"

His dark face lost its seriousness. A crooked grin spread over it. "I know it can't mean a thing to you now, but I love you!"

She stared off into the darkness. She could see very little, having been in the glare of the headlights, but somewhere out there in that darkness was Echo Lake with water-lilies floating on it. From underneath one of the Pepper Trees near it there was a man with his arm flung over her—his arms were around her. He was saying, "I love you . . . " Then she had thrilled!" "Well," Wallie asked, "shall we drive on?"

Back in the present, she started. "Oh, Wallie, I'm sorry—sorry dear—only I'm already in love, you know."

"You're an artist," he said as if that explained everything, and threw the car into gear.

"I don't understand, Wallie."

"No, you wouldn't—artists don't."

THE week-end in Tia Juana was a disappointment. She found it didn't thrill her as she had expected. Wallie took her everywhere she wanted to go—anticipated her whims. She came to depend on him and, in the ride back to Hollywood, Sunday, she found a strange comfort in his shoulder against hers. If only she could put that memory of Jack White from her mind! In the moments that she did, something stirred in her. It was warm and fragrant like a breeze in Wallie's garden on Beverly Hills. And then, just as she started to breathe it in, a cold flame that lived within her, leapt up and smothered it in its smoke. She had loved Jack White—did love him—and he had deserted her!

They finished the picture early in December. The streets of Hollywood were decorated with flowers of the Christmas season. She loitered among those streets to Perfection's Studio to sign a contract for a minimum of ten pictures to be completed in three years for which she was to receive $65,000 a year and a bonus of $15,000 per picture for any other pictures made above the minimum.

She had already moved into The Roosevelt and had a suite of rooms there. Soon she supposed she would have a place of her own on Beverly Hills looking out toward the lights of Los Angeles. The thought of it brought a dry taste to her mouth.

She did not sign the contract with Perfection that day. There was a letter awaiting her at the Studio—a letter with an air-mail stamp that had been delayed because of storms in the mountains. It said, among other things, that the writer was returning and would be in Hollywood on the twelfth. And the writer was Jack White. She remembered looking at the calendar on the wall of the office before she ran from the door while secretaries stared at her in astonishment. She looked up at the flowers strung overhead and laughed. It was Christmas! Jack was coming back! The letter said something about the show being a "flop." She didn't remember just what. It didn't make any difference. Jack was coming back!

She ransacked Los Angeles shops for dresses that day, calling up Wallie Barron to come in and help her find the things she wanted, telling him with cruelty of which she was unaware, of her happiness.

DO YOU know, Wallie, it makes me feel that I was a garden—a flower garden—and things were growing in me. Isn't it funny? She turned away laughing and so didn't see the broken smile with which he answered her.

She was waiting at the station in Los Angeles the next day. The longer she waited the more and more calm she became. Then the train pulled in.

The crowd began to mill through the gates around them and finally saw a figure of medium height moving in the bustle. She caught a glimpse of a pointed face with light blue eyes and light curly hair over it. Was it Jack? His face was narrower than she had thought—the eyes were weaker blue than she had seen those months in her dreams. She noticed for the first time that his lips were thin. They twisted into a rather bashful pathetic smile as he came up to her.

She started at him, a hard lump forming in her throat. To be disappointed like this after all these months! Why didn't he do something? Why didn't he say something instead of just standing there and smirking like a little boy who had been kept in after school and tries to bluff his mother when he reaches home?

"Oh Jack!" She flung herself into his arms and hid her face against his brown coat where she wouldn't see. Here she might recapture some of that exquisiteness that she had been so sure would be hers.

"Hello, Claire," he said, "I hear you've been doing big things. Left me all behind. But I got a bum deal."

"Jack!" Her voice was fierce and commanding. "Jack, kiss me!" She looked up and saw his face flush, saw his weak blue eyes wander over the crowd.

"Wait a bit, Claire till we're alone! You always dramatized things so. Let's don't make a scene!"

She backed away from him. "Dramatize things?" Where had she heard that? Wallie had told her that and had said she was an artist. She wondered, with a sudden flash of half-understanding if that was what he meant when he said something about her "living for a thing that never existed."

THE window in her mind opened a little wider. He had been right. She could look back now, with Jack here in front of her and see he had always been this way; he
played an armless rôle, he burst an artery in one of them through the terrific strain placed upon it. When he was The Phantom he was threatened with the loss of his nose because of an infection caused by a device used to add horror to his portrayal. Dick Grace, aerial dare-devil, feels he is cheating death. All the others in his flying film circus have lived dangerously and died game. Dick, who crashed for you in Wings, Lilac Time, Hell's Angels and the rest of them, has broken practically every bone in his body. And, believe it or not, this includes his neck!

Guy Standing was one of the British colony in Hollywood. They were using the lions in that particular picture. One of them was nervous. It was one of those things. Not much to be done by the time they drove the blood-reeking, tawny cat from his throat. Nothing but to notify his cousin, Wyndham Standing, who continues to live dangerously for the film-fans.

Ken Maynard, and all the riders, consider themselves fortunate to come through a picture with no greater hurt than strained muscles. Bruises are nothing. And breaks the usual thing. The spectre gallops with them all.

EN who laugh in Death's face, naturally consider it a huge joke when they elude his gripping talons. Chester Morris actually giggles in telling an experience during Alibi. To save the shooting of an additional scene, Chester told the director it would be all right to pepper with bullets the door of the closet in which he was hidden. The gunner was presumed to be an expert marksman who could avoid sending his bullets on the side against which Morris stood flattened. Later he saw the sharp-shooter reading a paper. The fellow couldn't see further than his nose!

Bebe Daniels, the Lyon's bride, bears scars as souvenirs of her cinematic adventures. From Señorita to Rio Rita, and before and after, Bebe's career has been punctuated with wounds and broken bones. Those duels, those leaps from balconies, all those breath-taking escapes of hers have not been filmed costlessly. But Bebe continues to live dangerously. And likes it.

Oh Jack," she said, "I'm sorry! Yes let's do go. Only I've got to hurry. I can't be very long. I've an appointment out at the Studios."

That contract she had forgotten would now be a good excuse.

BIG Bill Maugham, Ralph Conners, Jesse Sweatman, President of Perfect, Warren Barron, and a rather clever New York critic who happened to be West, were at the minute watching a special running of The Park Avenue Murder.

"By the shades of Bernhardts," the critic was saying, "Sweetman, you've got a find in that kid playing the hostess. She's not an actress—she's an artist. She's one of the three in Hollywood. Have you got her signed up?" Sweatman rubbed his fat hands together nervously and shook his head from side to side anxiously.

"No.

She left the other day without signed. $65,000 a year I offered her—maybe Fox or M-G-M are after her—the dirty cutthroat! Tryin' to take an actress from me! But she wouldn't sign without lettin' me know. That wouldn't be fair. She wouldn't do it. I'm goin' to change that contract—make it $125,000 a year."

Warren Barron smiled. They were finding out what he had known all along—that this child dramatized life—lived it for something bigger than it was. She was far beyond him—far—but he loved her so much that he ached to think about it. If only she could care for him as she did for that other man—God, how happy he would be!

"I have... lung roses," he whispered to himself thinking of her.

The Risks They Take

[Continued from page 20]

But risks are not confined to heavy drama. Comedy has its heroes—and its heroines. Those funny falls leave their marks. And that goes literally. It isn't as easy as it appears for Louise Fazenda to contribute silly sallies to the cinema with her body bruised black and blue as an Eastern football team after the Stanford game.

Not every tale of risks run for your entertainment may be authenticated. There is a reticence regarding admission that death parades in pictures. But there is many a weird whisper. And some are so desperate lack of documentary proof. Others are too awful for contemplation. For instance, that terrible legend concerning the sinking of a galloon with all hands! With the movie slaves shackled to their cars! Or that fable of a film deletion necessitated because disembodied members were hurled across the screen as a result of a premature explosion. Even in peace, war is hell. In Hollywood.

In such epics as All Quiet on the Western Front, the director calls for volunteers for hazardous service in the Hollywood bat- tle. Those willing to face bombs bursting in air receive extra service stripes on their pay-checks. The fire-works men plot carefully. But accidents occur. And in the archives of many a studio are cut-outs showing sights as horrible as any seen in w.w.

Stars, players, directors—all are in jeopardy. And cameramen. Have you paused in viewing some obviously perilous scene to ponder the daring of the man who filmed it? No matter how desperate the position of the player, that of the cinemato- graphers is nearer the end of life's plank.

The electricians, too, clinging perilously to the "cat walks," strung across studio-tops high as trapezes in a circus tent. Property men, too, flirt with death through non-union hours.

So when you read the lush and gush atten- dant upon some exaggerated account of Hollywood whooppee, remember that those who die tomorrow are probably the people in pictures live dangerously. For you. Death takes no holiday in Hollywood. But they are a valiant crew. And the valiant, as Bill Howard says, taste death but once!
Little Eva

[Continued from page 65]

It was clearly a case of all-for-love. For the wedding didn’t meet studio approval. And the method of it was far from pleasing to her friends. Poorly advised, perhaps, the couple fooled not only the public but their pals by slipping away and having the knot tied under their real names. Nick’s, you know, is Nicolai Pratzia. He’s a Roumanian. No one ever thought of Sue Carol as Eva Lederer Keifer, nor of Nick Stuart as a Pratza. So the kids had everyone on the merry-go-round until the news finally leaked out. It hasn’t helped them. But it has brought them happiness. So far. So good. Very good.

Sue is no mental heavyweight. But she is a straight-thinking youngster with no end of appeal in her personality. She is frank—engagingly so—and gives every evidence of sincerity in her manner. If she sometimes tingles her speech with something almost akin to baby-talk—just the trace of a lisp—it is natural for her to do so. She’s pretty well devoid of pretense—no fuss nor feathers. Just the sort of girl you’d like for a pal—the sort your brother would fall for. She seems just fresh from boarding school, and even in the studio creates the impression of a kid home for the holidays and all dressed up for amateur theatricals.

She has a charming smile. When she’s gay it radiates vivacity. When she’s sad, her lips are tremulous. And when she turns the battery of those eyes upon you she can riddle the iron heart of any casting agent, no matter how hard-boiled. Among her claims to fame is that she introduced Virginia Cherrill, a little girl from back home, to Charles Spencer Chaplin, the perennial bachelor (that is, on and off) and for a time it looked as though Virginia might play Charlie’s leading lady in life as well as in pictures. But, you know how things are.

A NOOTHER is that she was born in the same house with Carl Laemmle, Jr., in Chicago. When “Uncle Carl” started in the picture business, Sue’s dad nearly became his partner. But that was another one of those things. When Sue came West, Carl Jr. renewed his boyhood friendship with her, and for a while folks thought she might become Hollywood’s Crown Princess. It didn’t happen. These foreigners have a way with “em, they say. Anyhow, Sue became Nick’s bride instead.

Right now she’s working on the fifth lot which has engaged her during her brief career. First it was Fox. Then the Mac-Lean outfit. Later, De Mille at the Pathé studios, and then Metro. Now she’s featured by RKO. They have ambitious plans for her—and she for them. Her first under the new arrangement is Shet’s My Weakness—probably dedicated to Nick and a lot more fellows scattered over the world where her pictures appear. So everything seems hunky-dory. The fan mail increases. Love letters. And right now we forgive her for the time she brought no booze to her beach party. Let’s hope things continue as well as they’ve begun for Eva Evelyn Lederer Keifer Pratza. Sue Carol to you!

Loretta Young ... First National Pictures, Inc.

Beauty that is envied everywhere

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self as to endanger your career. Unless, of course, you marry a most remarkable fellow."

A NITA sat silently for a moment, looking beyond the set with its harsh lights, beyond the cool dim interior of the huge stage, beyond the studio lot, piercing the future. Then, slowly:

"Yes, I've thought of that. I've thought of it often. And I'm afraid. Yes, I'm a little afraid of love. I'm afraid of what it will do to this other thing I love so well — my career. Don't think that I am a coward. I'm not that. I want to marry and have children. But that's what all actresses say when they give interviews, isn't it? What I mean is that I don't want to marry immediately."

"You're nineteen."

Just my daddy's mother's age when she married. And mother was married when she was seventeen."

"Are you going to lag behind, Anita Paul?"

"I don't know. That is — that's what troubles me. I meet a boy, and like him. But I'm afraid to allow myself to like him too well, for fear I'll love him and I don't want to love any man too well. I want my time meeting men, grand men, and boys, and rush away as soon as I discover that my interest in them is too serious."

"Anita!"

Y ES, that's true. And it's ghouly. I've made friends and lost them because of it. That, and the fact that I treasure the few hours I have away from the studio, I hoard them, jealously. When I am making a picture I go to bed early. As early as nine. On Saturday nights, of course, we go places and do things."

"We?"

"You know, mother and dad and my young man."

"Chaperoned, eh?"

"Well, not that, exactly, but we have such swell times together. My young man adore having them with us."

"Really."

"Sure thing. We usually go to the Biltmore or the Grove. I've been only once to the Brown Derby, and a couple of times to Montmarre. We joined the Embassy Club, too. Sometimes we like to go to the Blossom Room at the Roosevelt. I think Marino —"

"Our brother?" I hastily interposed.

"— he's seven now, and growing like a weed. I think Marino likes the pastries there. And Henry's . . . That's fun. Dad and Bill Newberry, from the studio, you know, and I dropped into Henry's after a midnight performance at the Chinese and sat and sat."

"But how do you handle the smart boys who aren't accustomed to chaperone?"

"What do you mean?"

"Do you warn them? I mean, wouldn't they find mamma and poppa pretty dull company?"

"Oh, that. I say, when they ask me to go out, to come over to the house and meet mother and dad, who always accompany me, and, if they like me with those provisions, they come. Otherwise, they don't."

"Oh. And they come?"

"Oh, yes. It's always been that way, as you recall. In Queens, Long Island . . ."

"I remember when we moved there from Flushing, Anita."

"When dad started his electrical products factory?"

"Uh huh. And when I went to New York to sign that picture contract, mother was with me."

"And you made two pictures and were brought to Hollywood."

"With mother and Marino."

O F COURSE. And then Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer sent for you. You were just a kid—seventeen, weren't you? And your hair came out of curl on the long bus ride from Los Angeles to Culver City and you had a cold."

"And didn't want to take a test."

"Right."

"But were prevailed upon and —"

"— got the job!"

"Yes? But what are you going to do about this marriage situation? Retreat from it all your life?"

"No. Not that, Marry, later. But not until I am financially independent. Don't think I want to support a husband. I want one who can support me. And don't think I am utterly meretricious. I want to be independent, and have a profession, so that in any unexpected event, I shall be entirely able to care for myself."

"Very good," I said. "But it would have been nice if you could have had the same success as an artist."

"Oh, are you going to start that all over again? Isn't it enough that I use the knowledge of line and form that I learned in art school in making up my eyebrows for movie work?"

"Well, I suppose so," I answered, sighing.

Night Life in Hollywood

[Continued from page 50]

Charlotte Merriam, Natalie Kingston, Lillian Rich, Nancy Drexl, Betty Boyd, Molly O'Day, Don Alvarado, Mildred Harris, Renee Torrez, Mona Rico, Kathleen Clifford, David Newell, Rosetta and Vivian Duncan, Doris Dean (Roscoe Arbuckle's ex-wife) and ever so many more. Billy Joy (Leatrice's witty brother) acts as master of ceremonies and does his stuff in master shape, winning the applause of all. The Duncans are persuaded to sing their famous song, Renee, Renee, and then later they give us the theme song of their new picture, Following You. Next, a dancing contest is in order and lo and behold, Mildred Harris and her partner win and Mildred is presented with a huge silver cocktail shaker. All in all, our little party turned out to be a grand success!

FRIDAY night is fight night in Hollywood and most everybody goes. Fact! If I were a tourist and wanted to see the stars real badly and reak informally, I'd go to the fights. Provided, of course, I had a couple of dollars! The fights are held at the Hollywood Legion Stadium, just off the Boulevard on El Centro, and none other than big Tom Gallery, husband of Zasu Pitts, and himself once a film player of note, manages the house. As we enter, the music stops, lights go down, laughter and talk soften to a mere mutter. The light over the ring sputters and then settles into a steady glow. Richard Dix comes regularly. There he is now, in the third row. Al Jolson and his wife are probably somewhere about. They usually come. So does Reed Howes and Dick Arlen. There's Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon! Bebe is dressed for a party after the fights. Her sable coat can't hide her evening gown. Neither can that sleek hat disguise her marcel. Nobody's looking (so they think!) so they hold hands! John Gilbert usually comes to the fights. So does Neil Hamilton. And Warner Baxter. And Ronald Colman. Jack Dempsey, too, whenever he's in town. After the fights are over, we drive over to the Monica Boulevard and stop in at the Pom Pom for a while. This is a popular nite club and many expensive parties are given here. The dancing girls prance around, delighting the big butcher and egg gums.

S A T U R D A Y night sees much of the colon- ony making merry at the Biltmore downtown. Here many formal parties are held, notably those sponsored by the famous Sixty Club, Hollywood's special and exclusive social organization. Sunday night, after an afternoon at Vivian Duncan's home at Malibu, we drive back toward Hollywood. That big white colonial mansion we see, sitting somewhat back from the road, on Washington Boulevard, is the once famous Plantation. Here, not so long ago, Roscoe Arbuckle held sway every night, being very Pagliacci and hiding all his troubles behind a broad, welcoming grin! But "Pappy" is here no more—instead he is working on the RKO lot as a pug man — and somehow, even the outside of the Plantation now seems quiet and cheerless.

Back in Hollywood we drop into the Blossom Room at the celebrated Roosevelt Hotel. Instead of dancing we just sit around and listen to George Olsen and his famous band. Their music is really wonderfully soothing. Yes, we admit it, we are just a little bit tired after our rather strenuous week. Yet, after a night's rest, we are probably all ready to start right out again if occasion demanded.

Hollywood night life is one long endless chain of dancing, partying and theatre-going.
Rôle Call
Who's Doing What and Where

RICHARD ARLEN—The Sea God, Paramount Studio, Hollywood.


ROBERT ARMSTRONG—The Railroad Man, RKO Studio, Hollywood.


LEW ALYES—Saint Johnson, Universal City, Hollywood.

RICHARD BARTHELMESS—Adios, First National Studio, Burbank.

WARNER BAXTER—This Modern World, Fox Studio, Hollywood.

JOAN BENNETT—Smilin' Thru, United Artists Studio, Hollywood.

JOHN BOLES—Strictly Dishonorable, Universal Studio, Universal City.

WILLIAM BOYD—The Last Frontier, Pathé Studio, Culver City.

JOE E. BROWN—High Life, First National Studio, Burbank.

LEO CARRILLO—Senior Manana, Tiffany Studio, Hollywood.


JON CHANEY—The Penalty, M-G-M Studio, Culver City.

CHARLES CHAPLIN—City Lights, Chaplin Studio, Hollywood.

CHARLIE CHASE—Untitled comedy, Hal Roach Studio, Culver City.


VIRGINIA CHERRILL—City Lights, Chaplin Studio, Hollywood.

BERNICE CLAIRE—Call of the East, First National Studio, Kabul City.

JUNE COLLIER—Beyond Victory, Pathé Studio, Culver City.

BETTY COMSON—The Lie, RKO Studio, Hollywood.

JACK COOGAN—Tom Sawyer, Paramount Studio, Hollywood.


MARIAN DAVIES—Five O'Clock Girl, M-G-M Studio, Culver City.

RICHARD DIX—Big Brother, RKO Studio, Hollywood.


EDDIE DOWLING—Honeymoon Lane, Metropolitan Studio, Hollywood.

MARIE DRESSLER—Razzle-Dazzle, M-G-M Studio, Culver City.


DOUGLAS FAIRBAIRN JR.—Forever After, National Studio, Burbank.


LOUISE FAZENDO—Untitled Comedy, Darmour Studio, Hollywood.


WALTER甘肃WANG—Remote Control, M-G-M Studio, Culver City.


OLIVER HARDY—Unlimited comedy, Hal Roach Studio, Culver City.


IAN KEITH—The Big Trail, Fox Studio, Hollywood.


STAN LAUREL—Untitled comedy, Hal Roach Studio, Culver City.


HAROLD LLOYD—Feet First, Metropolitan Studio, Hollywood.


FREDERIC MARCH—The Royal Family, Paramount Studio, Hollywood.

EDWARD MARSHALL—The Chocolate Soldier, RKO Studio, Hollywood.

MARIILYN MILLER—Under the Lone Star, Chas. Davis Studio, Culver City.


POLLY MORAN—Razzle-Dazzle, M-G-M Studio, Culver City.

CHARLES MURRAY—The Cobens and Kellys in Ireland, Universal Studio, Universal City.


TIM MCCOY—The Indians Are Coming, Universal Studio, Universal City.


MARIAN NIXON—Adios, First National Studio, Burbank.

MARY NOLAN—Outside the Law, Universal Studio, Universal City.


MARY PICKFORD—Forever Yours, United Artists Studio, Hollywood.

MARJORIE RAMBEAU—Her Man, Pathé Studio, Culver City.

DOLORES DEL RIO—Bird of Paradise, United Artists Studio, Hollywood.


GEORGE SIDNEY—Cobens and Kellys in Ireland, Universal Studio, Universal City.


OTIS SKINNER—Kismet, First National Studio, Burbank.


NORMA TALMADGE—Deception, United Artists Studio, Hollywood.

HELEN TWELVE TREES—Her Man, Pathé Studio, Culver City.


LUPE VELASQUEZ—Blind Rafferty, United Artists Studio, Hollywood.

BETTIE WHEELER—Half Shot at Sunrise, RKO Studio, Hollywood.

ALICE WHITE—College Widow, First National Studio, Burbank.

ROBERT WOOLSEY—Half Shot at Sunrise, RKO Studio, Hollywood.

FAY WRAY—The Sea God, Paramount Studio, Hollywood.

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Dolores and Carewe were together much of the time; most of the time. True, their association was a strictly business affair but that needn’t be mentioned. Nor would that show in photographs. So they lit on it as a swell idea and played it for all it was worth. Dolores and her husband were estranged, ran the whispers, and Dolores loves Edmund Carewe. Hot stuff! Tell everyone you meet! Dolores has outgrown her husband and is after a fancier one! Great! Think of the possibilities there for the boys with nimbble pens! And now give a thought to Dolores and Jaime. Imagine, if you can, her feelings, when she had returned from location with Carewe and was at home with Jaime. If you think their marital condition remained unchanged you are mistaken. Laugh it off as much as they would, it was no use. The seed of discontent had been sown. Gone was the old normalness and simplicity. Gone was naturalness. And in its place was man-made friction. The end, you all know. Jaime died of a broken heart in Europe. Today Dolores lives sadly and quietly with her mother in Hollywood. Nor did Carewe escaped unscathed. The rumpus caused an estrangement and divorce with his wife that has been but lately patched up. The stunt went over as far as the trouble makers were concerned. The world got its thrill. But now that the show is over and the damage done, who should be permitted to admit his part in it? Yet those same forces are at work today in Hollywood to cause more trouble of the same kind.

WHEN Janet Gaynor and Lydell Peck decided to marry, I heard an old-timer of Hollywood say: “They haven’t got a chance!” That man is close to the press and the great publicizing organization of Hollywood. He sees the wheels go round; knows how they make it. It is only natural, therefore, that his prediction is coming true. For it is a fact that Janet and Lydell are today fighting unmerited odds to save their marriage. Their trouble began the moment they became man and wife. Because she and Charles Farrell had appeared together and were known as America’s Sweethearts, ambitious publicists and ‘idea men’ sensed that Janet’s marriage to another man had probably broken Charlie’s heart. Ergo: press stories immediately appeared carrying the title: The Boy She Left Behind Her, or malicious rubbish to that effect. And just to make their point perfectly clear, the bright boys ran huge pictures of a slightly weepy Farrell (the tears were painted in) apparently alone in his grief. Other pictures too. One that showed our Janet beside her plain looking husband, dressed in his rather worm-knitted business suit and none too romantic looking. Alongside of which, on the same page, was one of Charlie, in soft-focused, charming mood. Leave a hack-writer alone with a half-hour after the result will be a vicious little indelible: Did She Choose Wisely? or its equivalent. They’re doing that now. A newspaper writer, one of the first to predict disaster for the match, repeatedly uses the Gaynor-Farrell-Peck business for copy. And when Lydell booked his, as he stood talking with Janet he quite freely admitted that he had tried to buy a ticket for the trip. And although no one actually believes Charlie or anyone else as well known would try a dumb trick like that, still you will probably see stories soon, if indeed you have not already, of Janet’s frustrated attempt at a second honeymoon with her dream-man in the magic isles of the Pacific.

But can’t you see,” you may say to the gossips, “that if they intended to be together in Honolulu, they would at least be discreet enough to take different boats—at different times”? Isn’t it perfectly plain that two such world-famous people would never think of chapping so brazenly? Doesn’t the fact penetrate that they made no attempt to conceal their identities and so could have been up to no mischief? Better not to argue, though. Far better to save your breath on those people. Because if there’s the least chance for scandal they’re going to grab it. Just as they did when, directly after Janet’s marriage, they attributed a trip East by Charlie to the fact that he simply couldn’t stay and face her; even after it was repeatedly explained that business, and nothing else, took him East.

It is not the news-hungry reporters and word-jugglers alone who are to blame, though. After all they are only servants of the people. If the world weren’t so all-fired romantic; forever on the search for bigger and better romances, the stuff would never be written. And the world, stern taskmaster, seems intent upon seeing Janet and Charlie married. It was, of course, seeing them together in Seventh Heaven and Street Angel that did it. Those two were more than movies to most people; things of flesh and blood that somehow got under the skin.

And the idea that, after playing in them, Janet could imagine marrying anyone other than Charlie, or Charlie not marry Janet, is one which the world would rather not believe. To most of us these two are not actor and actress. Rather are they a boy and girl; two children who belong to each other, movie or no. The powers in Hollywood who match couples for the pretty screen romances this time went further than they, or indeed anyone else, ever dreamt. The Universality of the love they represent has lifted them clear out of Hollywood. The world has claimed them for its own.

IT IS not right that we look avidly for signs of Janet to break with Lydell and marry Charlie. But as far as that goes, we, the public have never let moral rightness in or wrongness sway us in making our decisions. The demands we make are prompted by instinct rather than by calm and sound reasoning. The Roscoe Arbuckle case is enough proof of that. Although the courts found Arbuckle guilty of no crime, public opinion of him, shaped largely by the press, is such that he may never return to the screen. That which he violated was a power far stronger than our laws. It was public confidence and for that he received public exile, a punishment far more awful than any of the lawmakers have on their books. As far as this generation goes, white-wash doesn’t come white enough to cover up the tragic San Francisco murder in which he figured. You and I and our next door neighbors have written fines to his career.

And what,” we ask ourselves, “is happening to Hollywood today? Any news? Any scandal? The gossips stir themselves. Surely, they say, with all that demand for scandal we should be able to find some. They study the list of married couples. They scout around at parties, teas and dances. And failing to find the dirt for which they’re looking, they rely on hearsay, conjecture and pure invention to fill their pages. Failing, in short, to find scandal, they make it!

Did my friend say a decent normal marriage hasn’t a chance of succeeding in Hollywood? I’d change that. I’d say it hasn’t the remotest possibility of success.

Janet Gaynor Interviews

Janet Gaynor

This treat is in store for you in the September issue of Talking Screen. This latest self-interview is one of the finest of this entire exclusive series.
The Talkie School Racket

[Continued from page 69]

Both defendants were convicted, but since there had been appeals from the decision.

Another case, which came to the notice of the local newspapers, was that of a sailor who had borrowed $100 from a friend, answered one cleverly-worded advertisement, and then lost his $100 to the 'school.' This young man had no more chance in talking pictures than the proverbial celluloid cat in Hatfield, Alabama, but the school turned him loose to await a call from some leading studio—a call that, needless to say, never came.

OF COURSE, in the 'voice' business as in any other profession, there is good as well as bad. Hollywood, in common with other cities, has many excellent instructors in voice who are really sincere in their work and who will inform those applying whether or not they can help them. These are, of course, not true for the 'easy-marks.' And their prices are not so exorbitant, either. For example, Felix Hughes, one of the best and most popular voice teachers in the film city, charges but five dollars for a lesson and he numbers many stars among his pupils, including Madge Bellamy and Jackie Saunders. Also, Réine Torres, Raquel's sister, who recently signed a five-year contract with Pan-American Pictures and will be starred in The Birth of Texas, has been studying singing with Mr. Hughes for some time now and she gladly admits she is getting her full money's worth.

Another bona fide voice school is headed by Guido Caselotti, who trains many singers for motion picture work.

Makers of talking pictures seek actors and actresses who possess natural voices, unhampered by 'stacey' accents or trick modulations. To make these pictures, the producers desire a certain 'talkie presence' in delivery of the lines. In the beginning, players versed in the technique of the talking stage found it rather difficult to make voice films. But the producers foresaw that and accordingly placed many of Broadway's most prominent stage directors under contract to their studios so that picture folks would be shown the 'how' of speaking.

Now and then, cautious hints are dropped by certain 'instructors' in the voice culture gypsy, to the effect that 'doubling in voice' for the stars may pay large sums to those whose larynxes function pleasingly. Which is, to those in the 'know,' one long, loud laugh. For not one of the prominent player in Holly-

wood ever uses a voice double at any time! They couldn't afford to do so—if they did and anyone found out it and got into public print, well, it would be just too bad for that player's career.

The Better Business Bureau of Hollywood says that the number of these 'talkie schools' are 'legal, but that is just all.' And so they thrive merrily along—for the time being, at any rate.

'The Talkie School Racket,' though—all of these 'voice test' concerns and the majority of the 'voice training' schools are a wonder-

fully good thing—for the men and women who start them! For the 'young hopeful' who is 'caught'—well, not so good!
Yust A Fearless Feller

[Continued from page 67]

War was the cause of his turning Swedish in his impersonations and he has continued Swedish ever since. So far, he has been a Swede in all his pictures.

So far as he knows, El hasn't any Swedish blood and the nearest approach to a Swede that he has ever talked to is an American of Swedish descent. His father was born in Bavaria and his mother was of Irish descent. Strange as it may seem, El looks rather German but closely resembles his blonde mother instead of his dark-complexioned father, even his features being like hers.

When El played in Minneapolis, billed as "The Poor Swede," a manager who feared El might offend some of the Swedish customers, cautioned him to be careful. But the Swedish folk liked him so well that they called around to see him in great numbers, talking to him in Swedish, which he didn't understand in the least. They took him for a Swede!

Eventually in his small time vaudeville playing, El met Flo Bert, who was in another act, and when the two acts merged, the two were teamed together. Before long they were teamed for life.

Although Flo is a little too plump for pictures, she did appear with El in Happy Days, which followed Sunny Side Up and Hot for Paris. But she is content to be a homemaker now and when El starts work in The Oregon Trail, Flo will be planning delicious dinners for him in their cozy duplex flat, high on a hill far from the Hollywood studios in a part of Los Angeles where you'd never think of looking for motion picture people.

Flo is a pretty brunette, a pleasing foil for her blonde husband, and both of them are charming, friendly people. I'll bet their neighbors like them.

El's chief dissipations are baseball and prize fights. The couple love to have their friends in, but never go to whoopee parties.

All this talk about having to be a good fellow and mix with people to get along in pictures is not true," declared El. "If you can do your stuff, that is the point."

El wants to do better and better work, but has no desire to live in a palace and have a great deal of money, he says.

Flo is busy with piano lessons, for her own enjoyment, and often El dances at home for his own amusement. He let me in on a secret. El has no ear for music!

"Sometimes," said El, "when I sing in pictures, I just learn the words and sing any tune I happen to think of. It usually fits in all right."

E.L.'s great joy is in making people laugh, in making them happy. It has always been so with the Brendels. Even when things had become sozy and prosperous with the couple, if their act failed to make an audience laugh as heartily as usual at one performance, they would steal back to their hotel room and have a good cry.

Brendel was in silent pictures for a year, in 1926, but didn't like them. But so thoroughly have talking pictures weaned him away from the stage, that it would break his heart to have to go back to legitimate.

"Yes," said El emphatically, "I like the talkies so well, I'd go into news reels before I'd go back to the stage!"

Operator! Operator!

[Continued from page 45]

reading palms and characters. She has been around.

"They wanted it hot in New York, so I gave it to them," she says, shaking her aurora mane. Thump thump. Varsity Drag-a-g! She tried out in Newark on the Joisy side. Schwab and Mandell saw her and grabbed her for Good News. It was hot. Zelma became a Broadway addiction with her berets, her socks, her flashy sports attire. Her perky bows and flapping shoe ties were soon trademarks. She was so good they made cracks about her plainness. Good News ran two years and then went to London. So did she. There she met An- thony Bushell, who remembered her very, very favorably from New York. They were married in two weeks, this girl from Dream- land Dance Hall and Broadway, and this boy from Oxford, whom you have seen in the film Divertel.

Strangely assorted, this couple, but obviously blissful. A boy who likes Shakespeare and cricket, and a Broadway baby who talks her songs, and dances thump-thump. This feminine paradox who, off-stage, says she is shy and retiring, who says she is too frank to have many friends, who has plunged her bare hands into the thick of life and wrested fame from it. Who has climbed the frenzied ladder of glory from that little town of Rock Falls, Illinois, without- help.

She wants to give it all up for a child. But she won't, for she has this rare gift of being a born comedienne. She can't give it up. It is in her soul. She has worked and starved and sweated for success. Even mat- ernity would not make her forego it—this amazing ambition.

So far from the Royal Academy of Drama- tic Arts, all this, and The Herbert Tree, Bond Street, Mayfair, Peter Pan, and the Piner of her husband. This "hello girl" who has made good, with the smiling voice, who once listened in on dull Sundays to the coast-to-coast conversations of film celebrities, and this tall rapping Englishman. Life has thrown them together, and happily.

Now she sits in the copper and red splendor of a Hollywood Spanish apartment and awaits talkie triumph. A fortune teller has told her that she will marry twice again. Sweely, earnestly, she shakes that auburn head. Marry again? No, never while Tony is alive. There could be no other for me.

Unhampered Education

Why should I winter away from the city? Why should I watch summer highways unravel?

Why do you speak with a voice full of pity. Just to describe what I'd see if I'd travel? Nothing can tempt me to pack up and go—

Plead till you're weak and your face be- comes chalky—

I'll see the world from a seat in a show; —Give me the thrills of a travelogue talkie.

Touring brings nothing but temper and trouble—

Punctures occur and need fixing with patches—

Yachting is sporty but anguish is double—

Ocean spray drenches the decks and the hatches.

Shine up your passport or car, if you must! Send me some postals; I'll bear you no malice—

Swallow some spray or eat somebody's dust—

I'll see the world in a cinema palace!

When you return, be it winter or summer, I'll have the news from the far-away places—

"Oh, but my climb in the Alps was a hum- mer!"

"What did you think of the Prince of Wales' braces?"

Here is a tip that you should not forget: Punctures and passports consistently bore me; I buy a seat in a movie and let Newsreel photographers see the world for me!

—C. Warden La Roe
In the September issue of TALKING SCREEN
"THE TALKIE MURDER MYSTERY", Irving Stone's gripping story of baffling crime and horror in one of Hollywood's giant studios, begins in this issue. Don't miss this fascinating story of what happened when an evil tangle from Chicago's gangland reached out to spread terror to everyone engaged in the production of a feature picture.

In the same issue
"FAMOUS MOVIE FRIENDSHIPS" is the title of the first article of a powerful series telling, in intimate and revealing detail, of the always absorbingly interesting and frequently startling friendships of the movie capital—staunch alliances that have influenced movie history since the first struggling, silent days of the industry. These forces are even more influential and interesting now that Hollywood has become Talkie Town.

"AMOS 'N' ANDY 'N' TALKIES" is a gaily informative article telling of the arrival on the talkie scene of the famous pair whose hilarious conversation via radio has become an institution and a daily shrine. Just how these two boys became what they are, and a world of inside stuff about them personally and about their careers, is the fascinating information supplied by this brilliant feature.

Also
A bright and generous array of unusual features concerning Talkie Town and its celebrated and interesting—also, non-celebrated but interesting—residents, reviews of the latest talkies, and many other items of absorbing interest to modern-minded talkie fans.

At All Newsstands ON SALE AUGUST 15

Brief Guide
[Continued from page 6]

ROMANCE (M-G-M)—Reviewed in this issue.
THE ROAD TO PARADISE (First National)—Reviewed in this issue.
THE RETURN OF DR. FU MANCHU (Paramount)—Another one of those spooky mystery plays based on this frightful character. Well worth a visit.
ROUGH ROMANCE (Fox)—Here's that heroine, George O'Brien, in a thrilling, exciting story about lumber jacks and stark emotions. Swell.
THE RUNAWAY BRIDE (RKO)—Mary Astor and Lloyd Hughes in a typical melodrama with a plot, with shootouts. Kind of confusing, but O. K.
SAFETY IN NUMBERS (Paramount)—Buddy Rogers as a struggling young song writer, tries too hard, it gets along on an inheritance of three hundred and twenty million dollars with three chorus girls to "educate" him.
SALLY (First National)—Martha Wilcox is just as lovely in the talkie version of this famous musical comedy as she was in the stage version. Alexander Gray's voice, too, is as effective as usual.
THE SAP FROM SYRACUSE (Paramount)—Reviewed in this issue.
SARAH AND SON (Paramount)—We don't suppose that we need to tell you to see this one for Ruth Chatterton's sterling performance. There is, as well, it is much better than the general run of mother love effusions.
THE SHADOW OF THE LAW (Paramount)—William Powell in a story about the inextricably tangled tale is not up to much, but Powell is, as usual, magnificent.
STEPS OUT (Fox)—One of those human little comedies based on middle class family life with a very good cast.
SHOW GIRL IN HOLLYWOOD (First National)—Alice White is a jolly McVey story that kids the movies. That is, it starts out that way, but soon goes serious, and then it's just too much.
THE SILENT ENEMY (Paramount)—One of those movies based on the trials and tribulations of people who live in far off places. The Indian chief is good.
THE SINGER OF SEVILLE (M-G-M)—Ramon Novarro in another talkie-singie of Spanish life.
SLIGHTLY SCARLET (Paramount)—A sophisticated crock story with Clive Brookland and Evelyn Brent being crocked and sophisticated in very good style.
SON OF THE GODS (First National)—Not up to Richard Barstow's usual high standard. It's all about the Chinese boy, you know, who turned out to be United States after all.
THIS IS LONDON (Fox)—The excellent Mr. Rogers in a talkie adaptation of the well known play. The story isn't so very original, but, oh—when Will Rogers starts pulling his gag, everything is totes hooty.
THE SOCIAL LION (Paramount)—In keeping with its title, the first Jack Oakie starring picture goes over with a roar. Story cross between The Smart Set and Fast Company. If you like this sort of thing, don't miss it.
SOLDIERS AND WOMEN (Columbia)—Great Witwer in a drama of love and intrigue in the U. S. Army.
SONG O' MY HEART (Fox)—If you like John McCormack's voice don't miss this one.
SONG OF THE FLAME (First National)—Mr. Gershwin contributed some of the music to this. Alexander Gray and Bertie Ellis contribute their voices and personalities. Result: an excellent show.
SONG OF THE WEST (Warner Brothers)—It's up to Joe E. Brown to save this one from being just another single. He does save it, as a matter of fact, with his very excellent clowning and his touching pathos.
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[Continued from page 38]

What Love Means To Me

A THOUGHT occurs to me as Alice is taking that is certainly worthy of mention. She is so utterly serious in what she is saying that it suddenly strikes me that I have never seen a story about her that has given her the chance to talk as she wants to talk. When a writer in Hollywood goes to Alice for a statement, he always goes to her with a preconceived idea of just what she will say in answer to the question he is going to ask. And he always has a question to ask Alice White "OF THE SCREEN." Never does it occur to him that her judgment on any subject but parties—dancing—hey-hey—and riotous living would be of any value. I am sure of this statement, because I have gone to Alice on more than one occasion with those very ideas in mind! I have never given Alice White an opportunity to speak her own thoughts on a subject which she enjoyed! The writing fraternity has limited Alice White for the public! She has never talked for publication before without certain well-defined boundaries in which she had to confine her opinions! I am frank to admit that I, in this very instance, called upon Alice to speak on the subject of love for the single reason that I expected her to give me a riot of color and spice in her answer. But she didn't, and this marks the last of that sort of ideas concerning her.

I SINCERELY doubt whether my ideas and ideals on this great topic will be of any assistance to the majority of fans. By that I mean my fans. Many of the faithful audience I possess are girls who are working for a living . . . just as I did before I started in pictures. Not that working as I do isn’t just the same thing as they are doing—but my work allows for so much more financial freedom. Money, home and clothes never enter into the thoughts of love. I have all of those things that I can use. Protection, in a financial way doesn’t limit my ideas of love as it does most women.

The average woman must seek the protection a man is able to give her at the same time she is looking for love. And while love may mean as much to her as it does to me—there is plenty of opportunity for it to mean less. The longing for protection takes away from the strength of love—as taken by itself.

That is the main reason why love is the most important thing in life to me. I have all the material things that love is liable to afford a woman who hasn’t those material things to start with. I am not hampered by anything in the world—but myself.

As I have said: Love takes away my personal independence, submerges my real personality and makes for a great deal of sacrifice—which ends in love. I will go even further to say that you love is the greatest thing in life to me, by telling you, truthfully, that love has been responsible for every big mistake I have ever made! That sounds almost as though love were something I should wish to avoid—but the opposite is true. I am GLAD of the mistakes I have made for the sake of love. It’s the greatest thing in my life—or I might say: Love is the only thing necessary to my happiness!

And thus Alice White terminates her surprising revelations on the deepest of all emotions.

[Continued from page 79]

Legitimate Criticism

In the next issue be sure to look for the amusing and informative feature entitled "They Are Clay in Her Hands". The startling and absolutely true story of the work accomplished by Sylvia, famous muse to Hollywood’s famous.

the stage is artificial compared to the picture...

"But—"

"But nothing—The stage is artificial compared to the pictures. Wait a minute and I’ll show you what I mean: when I saw George Arliss is Disraeli—the talkie—I actually believed he was in 10 Downing Street. When he fed the peacocks, I felt it. His stage production didn’t affect me that way. Sure, they had a set of this and that—but it was an attempt at it; while the picture had exact replicas of it. You could see the exteriors as well as the interior. The pictures are not only real, but they are action proof as well."

DO YOU see what I mean?” he pleaded.

"Of course,” he went on. It would seem strange, playing comedy to no laughs—that wouldn’t be real I grant you.”

"Have you anything else on your mind besides acting when you get out to Holly-

wood?" I asked him. "Yes—" he said, filling my glass.

"You mean directing?”

"With the advent of the talkies there’re any number of things that can be done from that angle—directing. I’ve got some pet ideas, but let’s not discuss them, they’re so vague.

As we sat there in silence, sipping our drinks, I thought of the many things he had done in the legitimate field both in acting, and directing. But I especially dwelled on that revival a few seasons ago of Bernstein’s Theif, in which he acted and directed, and I wondered if he had it in mind for the talkies.

Lionel Atwill clinked the ice in his glass, breaking my reverie. "Here’s to that red heeled gal, the talkies.” He toasted. "She has it all over her sister, and she’s here to stay.

"Why even the country of her birth is different. California here I come.”

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"Why even the country of her birth is different. California here I come.”

[Continued from page 79]
Love Insurance

Lila says frankly that for two years she didn’t have a new dress. About two years ago they separated and a change for the better occurred. Today, Miss Lee is far more important in the industry than she was when she married and is doing excellent work in talking pictures.

Harry Richman, popular Broadway and now a film actor, replied when asked if he thought love interfered with a career: “My Heavens no, it is a career in itself.” Of course, Mr. Richman couldn’t be expected to feel otherwise as he was to Clara Bow. “I was married 1918,” he said seriously. “It was a great disappointment to me when it turned out to be a failure.”

“Men need responsibilities for success. Marriage is the greatest responsibility of all. It is the greatest thing in the world, I am for it—career or no career.”

Elon Fair was at the height of her career when she and William Boyd were married. She had just played the lead in The Volga Boatman, a picture, they closed and secretly wed. It was rumored at the time in Hollywood that Cecil B. De Mille was much displeased. Whatever the reaction of the studio, it is true that Miss Fair was allowed to drop back until she entirely passed from the picture world. Now that she is divorced she may flash back into prominence as Lila Lee has done.

It was written in Vera Reynolds contract with Cecil B. De Mille that she was not to marry, so she and Robert Ellis slipped off to Europe and were quietly married. The ceremony was kept secret until Vera’s contract expired two years later, and then announced to the world.

Anthony Bushell never was in love until he met Zelma O’Neal, his wife of a year. He hasn’t changed his mind at all in that year. “Love is the only thing which puts a fellow on his feet and makes him stay put”—says Tony.

“What good would love insurance do you?” asked the pert little Mrs. Zelma O’Neal Bushell. “You don’t know what ‘cases’ mean. Love insurance is for such as I—falling in love until I met you, Tony, was just like getting a cold. One day I had it and the next, I didn’t. Personally, I don’t think he needs a career, but Tony is always so serious about everything.”

If film producers would speak frankly, undoubtedly there are any number of them who would be willing to pay heavily for divorce insurance on their players. Many producers see their stars enter what they feel certain will be an incapacitating marriage which will end shortly in the divorce court.

This publicity, in turn means loss of fans and harm to the box office values.

While there are a few instances such as the Wilma Bushell and Joe Crawford-Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., weddings which contradict any suspicion of a need for love insurance in the film industry, there are countless examples of careers and studio fortunes in Hollywood that might have been saved had there been in existence such a thing as “insurance of the heart.”

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Mr. Bushell’s letter is just what I was after. As all artists do, I work, and kept on growing. In about a week I had the whole top of my head covered with hair, which has been perfect ever since.”

The statement by Mr. Bushell was but one of many which voluntarily attest that Kotalo’s has stopped falling hairs, eliminated dandruff or added new, plentiful hair growth where the roots were alive. Hair casts that usually rob hair of its natural surface hair are lost and, indeed, there is an external power through proper engagement. The process of hair growth depends on proper nutrition and the nourishment they receive. Women also report new hair growth through Kotalo whose health was undoubtedly good and whose hair roots were not dead.

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ETHEL—Yes, ma'am, Francis X. Bushman, Jr., the young man that you saw in William Haines' The Girl Said No, is the second generation of Bushman appearing on the screen. Francis, Jr., is twenty-seven years old and married to Beatrice Danti. There's a little daughter, Barbara, who is four and a half years old. Francis, Jr., is three inches taller than his pappy who is five feet eleven.

A. W.—Both Warner Baxter and Ronald Colman have passed their thirtieth birthdays. Warner made his first squawk on March 29, 1892 while Ronald was cutting his third or fourth tooth, for Ronnie was born on February 9, 1891.

ROLF—Ten years ago Joseph Schildkraut did not know a word of English. Three months later after his arrival in America he had learned the language and the Theatre Guild was starring him in Liliom. Joseph's latest talkie is Cock O' The Walk in which Myrna Loy was his leading lady. His wife? Well, I'm afraid he's going to be widowers for a while because Elise Battenberg has obtained a divorce from him.

ELIZABETH—Well, figures on record show that Marjorie White, who appears in Fox Films, and Armida are about the oldest adults on the screen. Marjorie may have an edge on Armida, for she's only four feet ten and a half inches while Armida is four feet eleven inches. Armida weighs less, however, than Marjorie.

WHOOPEE—Ken Maynard, Buck Jones, George O'Brien and Hoot Gibson are among the best known movie cowboys. Richard Arlen, Gary Cooper, James Rennie, William Haines, Sidney Blackmer and Walter Huston are joining their ranks for Arlen is in The Border Legion, Cooper in The Texan, Blackmer in Under Western Skies, Rennie in Girl of the Golden West, Haines in Easy Going and Huston in The Bad Man.

DOUBTER—You old doubting Thomas, the date on the birth certificate for Lorena Young reads "Salt Lake City, Utah, January 6, 1912." So you see she's really very young. Her sisters are Polly Ann Young and Sally Blane. A letter addressed to her at First National Studios, Burbank, Calif., will reach Lorena safely, Try it.

GEORGE—Ann Pomares is none other than Anita Page. Paul Page is not related to Anita. She's not old enough to vote yet but on August 4, 1931 Anita will celebrate her twenty-first birthday.

SING SING—The songs that you listed were not really the theme songs of the productions they were in but were only featured songs. Here are the names of the productions: Applause, in which Helen Morgan sang What Wouldn't I Do For That Man; Lord Byron of Broadway, in which Charles Kraley sang Should I Revel Exactly How I Feel; and Vagabond Lover in which Rudy Vallee crooned, I Love You, Believe Me I Love You.

INQUISTIVE—So you've heard much about a "Mixer" and want to know more about his job. Well, to put the thing very simply, all the mixer does is to make the stars' voices louder or softer. He sits in a specially constructed booth. All microphones lead into the mixer's booth, and from the booth they send the impressions, after being modulated, to the wax discs in a special building a few blocks away. The mixer changes many things that come through the mikes. He eliminates the noise of the cameras, the pop of the incandescent lights, and the sound of traffic noises, and even the sounds that are part of the action that would be heard in a stage play, but which when a camera is focused on two persons speaking lines, only serve to distract attention. Sometimes an unexpected sound is caught before the mixer can get to the proper knob on his control board, in which case he picks up his telephone and tells the assistant director to shoot over again.

O. S.—Conrad Nagel celebrates his birthday on March 16, for that's the day he was born on in 1897. Gloria Swanson claims Chicago, Ill., for her home town where she was born on March 29, 1898. Gloria has black hair and blue eyes. Bebe Daniels has black hair but her eyes are brown. Bebe was born on January 14, 1901, which makes her only twenty-three days older than Ben Lyon.

SWEDIE—Sorry to disappoint you, but your favorite comedian is not a countryman of yours. El Brendel, if the truth must be known, is a Philadelphian, his first name being Elmer. His ancestors came from England two generations ago. His "Swedish" dialect which has been heard on the vaudeville stage for years is purely synthetic. Brendel is married. In the old Espanay days, Wallace Beery was nicknamed "Swede" because he impersonated a big Swedish maid in his comedy roles.

Sez Poppa

[Continued from page 46] by three blocks, practically, in Olathe. My home, the Santa Fe station where I'd pick news for my paper, the bank and the church. Buddy has chosen a wider field from which to draw his experiences. He's the one to do the choosing, and that goes for selecting a wife.

On the Wall was a fan's sketch of Charles "Buddy" Rogers, sent from some far-distant country. Musical instruments, for "Buddy" plays them all, were shown about the room in orderly disarray. A school's year book lay on the low table. Matches. A friendly place to lounge. Somehow one gets a feeling of sincerity in Bert Rogers' words. That he means them. That he has a sane, sensible reasoning. A confidence bred of understanding. Roots in the dark soil of Kansas. His offshoot flowering in the tropical sun of theatrics. Blooming under a million incandescents. But, beneath the plus-fours of "Buddy," "America's Boy Friend," beneath the Canary Island yellow and poudre blue sweaters, the French cravats, the English slacks, the herringbone linens, the llama topcoats, beneath the whole collegian veneer, is Bert Rogers' oldest, rooted in Kansas.

Three have been in Buddy's life, Claire Windhorst, poised, adult, helpful; Mary Brian, sweet, gentle, his leading woman; Florence Hamburger, a non-professional from Los Angeles' social world, charming, refined; June Collyer, a New York débutante who took a fling at pictures and decided to stay, successfully. All these women bespeak the excellence of Buddy's taste in femininity. Rumored engaged to each of them, but never actually, Buddy waits until 1935 before he singles out the girl who will wear, and forever, because the Rogers are that way, the name of Mrs. Charles Rogers.
When purchasing Maybelline Eye Shadow, select Blue for all shades of blue and gray eyes; Brown for hazel and brown eyes; Black for dark brown and violet eyes. Green may be used with eyes of all colors and is especially effective for evening wear. Encased in an adorably dainty gold-finished vanity, at 75c.

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The third and final step is a touch with Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil to artistically shape the brows. You will like this pencil. It is the clean, indestructible type, and may be had in Black and Brown.

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